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Poetry

THE SYMPATHIZING HIGH PRIEST.

"We have not an High Priest, which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
On him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain.
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul astray,
From heavenly virtue's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
And do the sin I would not do;
Still he who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well;
He shall his pitying aid bestow
Who felt on earth severer woe:
Desertion, treachery, and scorn,
By all who shared his daily bread.

When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismayed my spirit dies;
Then He who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, and streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend;
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For thou hast wept o'er Lazarus dead.

And oh! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for thou hast died,
To guide to realms of endless day,
And wipe the latest tears away.

Christian Lyrics.

THE DEAD OF THE PAST YEAR.

"Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord."

...ey dread no storm that lowers,
...e perished joys bewail;
...y pluck no thorn-clad flowers,
...ow drink of streams that fail:
...ere is no tear-drop in their eye,
...r change upon their brow;
The ...ed bosom heaves no sigh,
The ...ed earth's idols bow.

...o are so truly blessed?
...From whom hath sorrow fled?
Who find such deep unbroken rest,
While all things toil?—The dead!
The holy dead!—Why weep ye so
Above their sable bier?
Thrice blessed! they have done with woe,—
The living claim the tear.

We dream, but they awake;
Dark visions mar our rest;
Mid thorns and snares our way we take,
And yet we mourn the blessed;
For those who throng the eternal throne,
Lost are the tears we shed;
They are the living, they alone,
Whom thus we call the dead.

THERE COMES A TIME.

There comes a time when I must die,
When I must draw my latest breath,
While weeping friends around me sigh,
To see me in the arms of death.

There comes a time when I must be
Borne to the cold and silent tomb,
That bell will sweetly toll for me,
Which fills so many hearts with gloom.

There comes a time when I must give,
Account for all I've done below,
When the just Judge will bid me live,
Or banish me to endless woe.

These things must all, may soon, transpire,
How soon is known to God alone,
My earnest wish, my heart's desire
Is that my Father's will be done.

J. B.

Mount Pleasant, Pa., Dec. 1861.

Selections.

IRRELIGION OF MEN.

There is a cause which we suspect (and we say it without consciousness of feeling towards our clerical brethren) is quite influential in producing the evil in question. It is the manner in which religious truth has been presented too often from the pulpit. While there is here and there a case in which the preacher deals too exclusively in truths, and in modes of presenting them, which are suited to the nature and taste of strong men, has not the rule come to be, to revel in ideas and imagery which, though they may amuse or beguile men for the moment, yet lay no strong arrest either upon the understanding or the conscience?

* * There is a prevalent habit, among clergymen of the present day, of dwelling only on the lighter relations of truth, and of shaping thought very much after the fashion of modern works of fiction. Artistically rounded periods, a profusion of metaphor, something like a sentimental strain, a studied, artificial delivery are marks of too many pulpits. Now, men are quick at detecting the unreal. They see too much of it in the world of business and pleasure, to like it in the sacred desk, or, at least, to be influenced by it there. If the minister do not reach their understanding or conscience, he will probably fall of all salutary influence over them. They will attend church, perhaps, but without any serious purpose, and listen to the discourse as a matter of course. Slowly they will conclude that there is no truth in Christianity, or that their minister is but little under its power. In either case, they will turn the whole subject of serious religion over to their wives and daughters, and the preacher. This is, indeed, a deplorable result. How far the prevailing indifference of men to the Gospel is traceable to this cause, we cannot determine; but we, who have, to such a fearful extent, the responsibility of their salvation on our shoulders, should see to it that we are not to blame by our preaching. Let us so preach that men will be forced to hear, and through the Spirit's power, to heed.

Protestant Churchman.

"I SAT DOWN under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste." Intimacy with the Saviour is happiness, and from that adoring and affectionate communion there should be seen to arise a decisive effect on the temper and conduct.

DIFFICULTIES OF AUTHORS.

As regards works of sterling merit, an author at the present day is at a greater disadvantage, because he must write for the many, and not for the few. As to the few—men of sound sense and pure taste—their wants are nearly all supplied. New truths or new principles no one can attempt to supply, and they readily detect the old story, however ingeniously disguised. This is true, to a great extent, of prose; but as to poetry, all the figures and resources of the poet, and all the similes and metaphors are so familiar, that men regard new poetry like new sermons—as a very unnecessary re-production of things long familiar to the mind. But those who cater for the many must remember, as Aristotle said, that they must calculate on an audience composed of a "very ordinary or unsophisticated set of people." The consequence is, said Thomas Moore, that since those

"Who live to please, must please to live,"

authors will learn to write down to the lowest standard. For literature, like legislation, is soon found to suffer by that kind of universal suffrage which results from extending the circle of your judges.

Authors had need to be men of patient industry, for they labor under serious disadvantages; for authors, like public speakers, have often complained that, without practice they can never be perfect; and, till they are perfect, they have few opportunities of practice.

No reader will buy, and no publisher will offer, anything that is only "very good, considering." Of oratory, it has been remarked that there was never any good speaker who did not acquire his proficiency at the expense of his hearers. There was Charles James Fox, a man who, as said Wilberforce, could commence at full speed, and go on for hours without fatiguing himself or his hearers—even his talents were gradually developed by practice; for, he made a point of speaking as often as he could—once every night if an opportunity offered—expressly with a view to his own improvement.

But, as to Authorship, readers are not quite as indulgent as hearers, and by no means so easy to satisfy. The author soon learns that mere mediocrity will not pass current; and is therefore tempted to aspire to excellence to which he might attain by practice to an ambitious and unnatural effort to appear perfect in a day. The author is still further cramped and discouraged by critics to conciliate, by arbitrary rules and models from which it is dangerous to depart, and by some conventional standard to which his taste must conform. What wonder that the free spirit of genius should be impatient of such leading-strings, and that society should often lose the benefit of the noblest creative powers by exacting a style assisted to their bent! just as the noblest of Grecian architects might have been lost to the world in an age when nothing but Gothic could be understood.

STRANGE VERSION OF THE "PARADISE LOST."

Milton is also a witness to the truth that the highest poetic genius must stoop to patient toil.

The first rude sketch of *Paradise Lost* is preserved in the form of one of the ancient religious dramas, called Mysteries, and bearing the name of *Adam the Un-paradised*. Voltaire tells a wild story of a farce from which, he says, Milton derived some hints while in Italy, called the *Adam of Andenisi*, and opening, as Dr. Johnson delighted to quote, with something no less curious than the line, "*Let the rainbow be the fiddle-stick of the fiddle of Heaven.*"

That the *Paradise Lost* was written after the most mature preparation, that it was the disburdening of a mighty spirit, and the outpouring of a mind "rich with the spoils of time," and laden with the treasures of widely-varied and comprehensive research, there can, indeed, be no kind of doubt. At the commencement of the 9th book, Milton has left on record that, at that stage of his wondrous work, if not before, his sight was gone. And since it is through the eye that all the beauties of the present, and very much of the wisdom of the past, gain admission to the mind, Milton presents to us the interesting picture of genius engaged in the greatest of all intellectual works, and solely depending on a store which it was from that moment forbidden to replenish or increase.

Milton composed with much rapidity. The silence of the night and the freshness of the early dawn were the hours most congenial to his powers. At these times "he would pour out with great fluency his unpremeditated verse." "Versification,"—it is Dr. Johnson we are quoting—"free, like Milton's, from the distresses of rhyme, must, by a work so long, be made prompt and habitual; and, when his thoughts were once adjusted, the words would come at his command." No small part of the *Paradise Lost* was composed while the poet was playing on his organ, or swinging in his chair, which at times was the only kind of exercise he could enjoy. For Milton suffered severely from the gout: so much so, that he used to say that, were it not for his gout, his blindness would be tolerable.

A POET WORKING BY CONTRACT.

Having thus been indulged with a glimpse, not only at Goldsmith, but at Milton, in the hour of their inspiration, let us our turn to look into the study of Alexander Pope.

Pope obtained, by practice, such facility of versification, that his thoughts eventually began to clothe themselves more naturally in poetry than in prose. But this proficiency was the merited reward of pains and practice, and not the free privilege of unaided talent. Pope's *Iliad* was published by subscription, as also were Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Dryden's *Virgil*, and several other works of the same early date. Pope engaged, with a list of five hundred and seventy-five subscribers, for six hundred and fifty-four copies (the first impression was only six hundred and sixty,) to supply a poetical translation of the *Iliad*, in six quartos, at the price of six guineas each set. Having committed himself to this bold undertaking, "he was for a time, timorous and uneasy, had his nights disturbed by dreams of long journeys through unknown ways, and wished, as he said, 'that somebody would hang him.'"

Pope's facility increased with practice; and he represents himself as despatching regularly fifty lines a day, and making sanguine computations of the duration of his labors. At the rate of fifty lines a day, the *Iliad*, numbering nearly sixteen thousand lines, would have been translated in three hundred and twenty days; this would be about one year's work, if we deduct the Sundays. But the actual time of the performance was nearly six times that period. For Pope began the *Iliad* in the twenty-fifth year, and ended it in the thirtieth year of his age.

The following passage from Johnson offers so feeling and so sensible an apology for this wide difference between the plan and the performance of Pope's *Iliad* that we venture to introduce it, more especially as it furnishes an excellent specimen of that language which Lord Macaulay aptly called *Johnsonese*; though, at the same time, it exemplifies an opinion we very strongly entertain, that it was the fulness and the accuracy of Johnson's mind, as well as his measured and dictatorial manner, which betrayed him into such cumbersome sentences. When the subject was weighty and worthy of his diction, so much may be said, certainly in its favor; but we cannot deny that sometimes he reminds us of a giant cracking nuts. So, Goldsmith told Johnson, very wittily, that, if he were to write a book about little fishes, he would make them all talk like whales.

The passage in Johnson to which we allude is the following:—"According to this calculation, the progress of Pope may seem to have been slow; but the distance is commonly very great between actual performances and speculative possibility. It is natural to suppose that as much as has been done to-day may be done to-morrow; but on the morrow some difficulty emerges or some external impediment obstructs. Indolence, interruption, business, and pleasure, all take their turns of retardation; and every long work is lengthened by a thousand causes that can, and by ten thousand that cannot, be recounted. Perhaps no extensive and multifarious performance was ever effected within the term originally fixed in the undertaker's mind. He that runs against time has an antagonist not subject to casualties."

JOHNSON: WHY LESS EASY THAN ADDISON.

Some readers may observe, How different is this writing from the ease and the elegance of Addison! True; but only try to express the same number of ideas with equal precision in Addison's style, and see what will be the result. Johnson could as easily have clothed his nowise gaudy gems in the garments, as have clothed his thoughts in the language of Addison. If, however, we are asked whether Addison would not have been contented to say less, and to give the same general idea with less detail and limitation, we say, Certainly he would; and we should have admired his good sense for so doing. But still we must maintain, that one great cause that Johnson's sentences are so heavy is, that they contain so much; and, to use rather a homely illustration, we can hardly expect that Johnson's cake should be as light and digestible as Addison's, because it had so many more plums. At the same time, we fully admit that, with the same materials, Addison had much the lighter hand.

THE AMERICAN REFORM TRACT AND BOOK SOCIETY.

This society held its Annual Meeting at the Society's room, No. 28 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, Nov. 6th, 8 o'clock, P. M. The President, Rev. John Rankin, of Ripley, O., opened the meeting with prayer. Mr. A. S. Morrell, Recording Secretary, read the minutes of last meeting. The Treasurer, Mr. G. L. Weed, then read his report. The receipts and expenditures during the year were $6,362.50. The Corresponding Secretary then read the Directors' Report. It spoke of the liberality and unflagging spirit of the society. "The society seeks to unite Christians of every name in opposition to a common foe." It reaches all classes. There is a variety in its publications. By logical argument, didactic teaching, and interesting narrative, it instructs, warns, and encourages every class. It rebukes all sin. To this end was it formed. Similar organizations had failed here. While faithful in reproving certain sins, they did not condemn, in an equally certain and loud voice, all sin. Expediency, policy, fear, or other motives which we could not justify, made them silent respecting some. The society is represented as a national organization, and the term *American*, in its name, is not meaningless. While it has special claims on Western Christians, it has friends, and sympathisers, and supporters in the distant East, and even in the far off South.

It is an evangelical society. Let the reader note this. It is one of its brightest traits. "Bible doctrines are its principles, and only as it presents those doctrines does it claim approval and support!"

At the last Annual Meeting, the Board of Managers expressed the hope that the society would be able to publish a considerable number of new books this year; but the unsettled state of the country, and the consequent embarrassed condition of financial matters, have rendered this impossible. "We have," say they, "however, printed new editions of some of our stereotype works. In all, we have published 8000 bound volumes, and 108,000 tracts, making 1,500,000 pages during the year. Our circulation this year has been, of books, 10,577, and of tracts, 126,000, amounting to 2,167,000 pages; 1,736 bound volumes, and 624,000 tract pages, of this circulation have been on donation account, or at the society's expense, amounting to $758,00. In addition to this gratuitous circulation, we have sent out, without charge, some 12,000 of the 'Christian Press' to donors, and such persons as we hope to influence in favour of our society and its work." "The total circulation of books and tracts during the past six years has been nearly 20,000,000 pages, including 100,000 bound volumes, and of the Christian Press 500,000 copies, equal to 14,000,000 tract pages." Their books and tracts are sold by colporteurs and booksellers from Massachusetts to Kansas.

The "Christian Press," the organ and record of the society, is in universal favour among its 50,000 readers. "Its out-spoken sentiments on universal freedom meet a response from many Christian hearts that sigh for our country's guilt in the sin of oppression. Its first page of aids to the devout Christian, endears it to many hearts, and in some cases gains a place for it in the family reading where its anti-slavery sentiments have not been sufficiently appreciated. It aims to make reform, in its highest sense, a prominent theme, and secures Christian confidence. Its 'Children's Corner,' where children learn something of the evil and sin of slavery, secures it a place in Sabbath Schools; and its soliciting agency reminds patrons of our aims and wants, and secures their contributions."

The society does little in the way of employing soliciting agents. They have an arrangement with "The Western Tract Agency," located at Chicago, by which money is collected for the society, and its publications are distributed. "The Western Tract Agency" operates (in the territory) west and north of Indiana. Messrs. A. Lord and O. Davidson, of Elgin, Ill., have agreed to pay, in part, the cost of 4,000 copies of the "Christian Press" for one year, when sent to such families or individuals as do not receive any religious paper, and will pay the postage (6 cts. a year) on the "Press."

The assets of the society are 4,876 pages, stereotype plates, copyrights, and engravings, costing	$4,536.55
Tracts and books on hand, bound and in sheets,	1,473.85
Tracts and books out on sale,	3,000.00
Paper on hand for tracts, books, and "Press,"	236.00
Office furniture,	66.50
Cash on hand,	654.25
	$9,957.15

The society has recently had opened up to it a new field for tract distribution—the army! "By the circulation of former publications, and the preparation of new ones especially adapted to the times, (such as the tracts 'What are we fighting for?' etc.) an effort has been made to give our soldiers right views of the conflict in which they and we are engaged, to inspire them with proper motives in the prosecution of the war, and to fit them for suffering and death, to which they are so constantly exposed."

They have sent many thousands of tracts and the "Press" into the camps, not only in their own vicinity, but into Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri, on account of which many a care-worn, foot-sore, wounded, and dying soldier, no doubt, has blessed them; and blessed, too, those Christians and churches who have put the means, to do this good work, into the hands of this truly philanthropic society! Reader! if you have a dollar to spare, send it to the Reform Tract Society, Cincinnati, to buy books, papers, and tracts for the soldiers. Rest assured, that here, you can get the right kind—just such reading as our army and navy need—as, for instance, the following tracts:—"The Sinner's Friend," "Not Careful, but Prayerful," "Our Country's Greatest Danger and True Deliverance," "Slavery in Rebellion an Outlaw, and How to Meet It," "Think of Your Soul," "You are Immortal," "Awake and Repent," etc., etc.

Terms of the "Christian Press:" Single copies, 20 cts; 20 copies to one address, postage paid by the society, $2.00; 20 copies, to one address, postage paid by the receiver, $1.20. At the same rate for any greater number. OCCASIONAL.

THE GOOD SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

At a Sabbath School Convention held last month in Camden, N. J., Rev. David Cole spoke as follows:

He would "plunge at once into the middle of things, and catch his fire from the inspiration of the hour and the occasion that had called them together." The question of the church's duty to the Sabbath-school had borne with full weight on his mind and heart, but he would now address himself first to the subject-matter of the Sabbath-school—the things to be taught. These were the truths of God's word. God had designed to give a revelation of his will. It made known two leading truths: that men were sinners, then God had provided a Saviour. Sin and salvation. Around these two points clustered all the truths of inspiration. It was the work of the teacher, with all the ability God had given him, to impress these two truths on his scholars' minds. These great facts should be bound up in the teacher's heart, as a part of his thinking, his being. They should be most present with him, animating, controlling, possessing him. Then he might be in position to impart something of their sublimity, to gain something of the ear and heart of his pupils. Does the church realize that its great mission is to teach the rising generation the word of God?

The work of teaching was a delightful one. The acquisition of knowledge, even of a secular sort, was a spring of pure delight, and the communication of it gave exquisite pleasure. To see the mind grow and expand under one's guidance, to watch the eye sparkle, the face light up, as new facts were appropriated, was a happy employment. But O, what infinite joy to unfold the knowledge of God and of the soul's destiny! What honor to be intrusted with the education of immortal souls! Will any teacher say, "I knew all this before; tell me something new?" The reply will be, "Dear teacher, here's the trouble with you: you have never filled your soul with the thought; it has never taken possession of you; you have not been brought under the thrilling power of that conviction." O, it seems as if Christ's workers were lying supinely on their back, when we cast our eyes over a perishing world, and then sum up the little self-denial, the small sacrifices which they are willing to make to save it.

Again, what measure of time and thought have we, as teachers, devoted to the study of God's word, our text-book? Do we search it as the miner for his treasures? Do we believe there are treasures hidden worth seeking? Do we know from experience that the seeking is rewarded? Have we ever realized the surprising joy that delights the soul at new-found views of truth and duty? Have we, by the grace of the Holy Spirit, had our hopes encouraged, our energies fired, our souls transformed, by pondering on heavenly things? If we have, how shall we teach? Certainly with corresponding zeal and devotion.

A good teacher, again, must have this characteristic: He must be a man earnest, fervent in prayer. The great objection the speaker had against employing unconverted teachers was, that they could not pray over their work. They had no sympathy with God over souls. But can it be that any teacher will do less than pray for his scholars? Will he do less than take them *often* to the mercy seat, and agonise for them? Will he forget to ask for gifts, for wisdom, patience, grace, to teach aright? Does the teacher want souls for his bite, trophies of divine grace to be gems in the crown of his rejoicing? The apostle labored and prayed that he might present every man perfect in Christ Jesus his Lord. The faithful teacher's language would be, "Lo, here am I, and the children thou hast given me." His heart was large. It was not enough to be clothed upon at Christ's right hand himself, but he desired his scholars there—a long train of redeemed ones. His language was, "No one will satisfy me, no two, no portion of them, will satisfy me." I want all I ever have anything to do with, every little child upon whose plastic soul I can make an impress of the loving words of my Saviour's—all for whom I ever pray and labor, to be given to me, for my Saviour's sake." This is the spirit of a faithful teacher's prayer. Do we have it?

The teacher must, again, be a working man and woman. Some think they never can be useful workers! The reason is they never honestly, earnestly try. First be a student of the Bible; then be fervent in prayer; and, as a natural consequence, you will be useful in your life—an energetic worker. This will give a new value to the material. It will beget love for souls, and love for the work. Some lazy teachers, who do not work with a will think the Sabbath-school a dull place, and the hour a long one that they spend there. They get through with the lesson in a few minutes, and then seem drained out, positively emptied; and they really shout more over their escape, when the hour is up, than they would over the salvation of a soul!

Then, something else must be done by the faithful teacher. He must bear his scholars on his mind during the week, visit them at their homes, study their circumstances, natures, habits, that he may sympathise with them, watch for them, and pray over them. He must, in short, be full of his work. It must be before his secular business. The glory of God, through his scholars, must be above all, before all earthly considerations.

S. S. Times.

TRAINING OF CHILDREN—ITS DIFFICULTIES.

The comprehensiveness or solemnity of the moral obligations or responsibilities resting upon those in the married state, appear most fully, when the duties required to be performed by them towards their offspring are considered. For there is not a greater moral problem than that of the training of children. He who has never been actually engaged in the work can have no adequate idea of its important claims upon those on whom it rests; nor how severely it tests their individual capacity at each successive step. Our mode of conducting it, its success or failure, forms the criterion by which others determine our own moral worth; or if not, if others should not so judge of us, our own consciences will invariably refer the principal part of the blame attached to an unsuccessful training of our children to ourselves. We cannot but see our faults reflected in those of our children, and whatever we see amiss in them is only calculated to increase and deepen our own humiliation. He who does not become sensible of his own defects after having thus seen them re-appear in the conduct of his children, gives but little promise of ever acquiring in any way a knowledge of himself.

Yet it cannot be denied, that there are certain facts, which seem to contradict what conscience so clearly affirms. It is indeed one of the most enigmatical phenomena in human life, or one, too, of such frequent occurrence, that it needs no proof, namely, that the children of good parents often become degenerate, whilst careless and corrupt parents are as often favored with good children. Many a child for whose proper training the parents did, *apparently*, all that could be done, in the way of admonition, example, instruction and watchfulness, falls into evil courses, whilst others, left to themselves, and for whom no one seems to care, grow up to be useful members of society and sincere and exemplary Christians. Pleasing instances of this latter kind may easily be accounted for. For who does not recognize in them an evidence of a special Divine providence, a confirmation of the promise, that God will be a father to the orphan; and surely the most important of all orphans are those whose parents fail to hold up before them an example worthy of imitation. Thus forsaken of father and mother, such a child is taken up by the Lord, becomes an object of his special care, and is compensated by Him, in an extraordinary way, for the loss it sustains, by being deprived of the sheltering influences of family life.

The greater mystery attaches to instances of the opposite kind, even as they are recorded in the sacred Scriptures. They are frequently met with in pious families at the present day, and are becoming, it seems to us, more numerous than formerly.

The investigation of the causes of this fact should not be entered into in a censorious spirit, but only with a desire of increasing our self-knowledge.

First of all, it is true that every one must bear his own burden. Our maintaining with Aristotle and Herbert, that education is every thing, does in no wise affect the well-established principle, that every one is personally responsible for his moral or immoral conduct. His actions are, and ever must remain his own, to whatever extent he may have been influenced by others. If they spring from deep-rooted and confirmed habit, he is so much the more culpable for permitting such habit to grow upon him. If they are the manifestations of an evil temper, our sentence of condemnation is, as Kant observes, still more severe. A man's moral peculiarities are imputed to him as his own work. To deny this, is to deny the right to judge of moral actions. If this be so, then may his evil tendencies also be his own work, even in opposition to better educational influences. There is a possibility that a child may, without a parent's or teacher's fault, take to evil courses.

There is a possibility of this being so, but in no single instance can we say with certainty, in this case it has been so. Our sympathy for the parent may incline us to assume that the child's evil tendencies are entirely its own fault. But the degenerate child has also a claim to our sympathy, and this admonishes us so lay part of the blame upon the instructor. Nor will any one, who has in any way shared the responsibility of the training of children, ever venture to clear himself entirely of all blame.

If we examine these unhappy instances more closely, numberless cases will appear, in which the errors committed in the training of children, are clearly discernible even by the eye of man; for acquaintances and friends, though greatly deficient themselves in the proper performance of this particular duty, are, nevertheless, in most cases, able to form a tolerably correct opinion of the deficiencies of others. Follies, which appear insignificant to ourselves, often exert an after-influence upon the child, which may prove a snare and become productive of incalculable mischief. But could we see as God sees; could we, with his omniscient eye, penetrate all those secrets which are known only to parents, and frequently, perhaps, to only one or the other of these, our knowledge would be infinitely increased. Our most secret faults, known, besides ourselves, only to God, are sometimes permitted to re-appear in our children, and being thus constantly held up to our view, they administer a reproof, which is more galling to our consciences, because understood only by ourselves. The Holy Scriptures show a connection between the secret actions of parents, and the conduct and destiny of their children. This is plainly set forth in the history of David. The ruin he had brought on the house of Uriah, resulted in the destruction of his own hitherto happy family. He had, by his double crime, destroyed both honor and life. His sons committed similar crimes against himself and also against each other. He had sinned in secret, the retribution overtook him openly before the world.

He who has witnessed instances similar to these, will not scoff at, nor comment hypercritically upon the Divine declaration that "God will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children." He will rather tremble in view of such evidences of retributive justice. The consciousness that every evil deed will be attended with consequences which will injuriously affect even his children, must rather be *to* him, as Tertullian observes, a solemn warning to guard carefully against every act of disobedience. God, who has ordained this connexion, does not, on that account, perform an act of injustice against the child. It is His law for this world, that the sons be partakers of the wrong committed by their fathers, even as the individual is a partaker of the wrong committed by the society with which he stands identified, or the government under which he lives. This is a fact, which, even though it had not been declared in God's word, would still be evident, for our daily experience bears witness to its truth. A different law, however, obtains in the world to come. There, every one will receive according to *his own* works, and suffer only for the wrong he has himself committed.

In all this we would, however, not be thought as indulging a taste for censure or hasty judgment. These considerations address themselves to the conscience of every one. They cause us to turn our eyes from others, back into the innermost recesses of our own hearts. There, the solution of much that is mysterious in the destiny of the family, stands already recorded, if we would only endeavor to read and understand it.

A GOOD HEARER.

We often read about *good preachers*, and we wish there were hundreds of them where there is now but one. But we are disposed to think that *good hearers* do much to make good preachers. Ministers often find that they can preach far better to some hearers than they can to others. This shows that hearers have an effect on preachers, as well as preachers on hearers. I propose to characterize a good hearer.

1. He comes to the house of God with a desire to be instructed and profited by the word preached. Do not many attend church without any such desire? But the good hearer has an object in view in visiting the sanctuary—he wishes to increase in divine knowledge and grace.

2. That he may be profited by what he hears, he humbly asks God to make his heart like the good ground, which brings forth a hundredfold when the good seed is sown upon it. He that prays well before going to church, will be likely to hear well when he gets there.

3. The good hearer endeavors to fix his mind on divine subjects while on his way to the place of worship. Men are too apt to think and talk on worldly matters when going in company to the house of God. The good hearer guards against this.

4. When he arrives at church, he goes directly to his seat, and raises his earnest aspirations to Heaven, that he may not be a sleepy or forgetful hearer, but a doer of the word. People are too apt to linger about the steps, to meet old acquaintances, shake hands, and talk on worldly subjects. The good hearer seeks to avoid this.

5. He gives devout attention to each part of divine worship. During prayer, he puts himself in a devotional attitude, instead of sitting erect with his eyes open. He looks out the hymn, and *sings with the spirit and the understanding*, if not with his voice. During the singing, instead of looking at the singers, he looks at his hymn-book, and follows the sacred song with his eye and mind as it proceeds.

6. Instead of gazing about the house, below or above, or putting his head down in a comfortable attitude for sleeping during the delivery of the sermon, he keeps his eyes most of the time on the speaker.

7. If he does not make a memorandum on paper of the text and main thoughts of the discourse, he endeavors to fix them in his memory and conscience.

8. He endeavors not to have his attention so taken up by the manner and style of the speaker as to lead him to forget the truths which he utters. He does not hear to *criticise*, but to *remember* and *practise*.

9. While he is charitable enough to desire *all* the hearers to "receive with meekness the ingrafted word," yet he hears for himself as well as for others.

10. After returning from the Lord's house, he endeavors to recall to mind as much of the discourse as possible, and inwardly digest it, that he may grow thereby in knowledge and grace. And perhaps he recounts the main points of the sermon in the presence of others, for his own and their profit.

11. And finally, the good hearer is careful and conscientious *in paying his regular allowance to his minister* as soon as it is due, that his minister's mind may be free from worldly cares.

Good hearers, as well as good preachers, are quite too scarce in our day. Well for all to seek to improve.

WHAT WOULD BE THE EFFECT OF THE EMANCIPATION OF THE SLAVES?

In days past, pro-slavery orators had always a ready answer to the above query. It was something like the following:

1. Emancipate the slaves, and they will overrun the entire North, as the frogs did Egypt in the days of Moses, and eat out all its substance. Or, 2. Emancipate them, and they will refuse to work, and will engage in robbery and murder, to obtain the means of living.

We have never heard or read of proof being adduced in favor of the first proposition. On the contrary, notwithstanding the fact that to-day there are more free colored people in the South, persecuted and down-trodden though they are, and liable to be sold into slavery, than in the Free North, *e. g.*: Ohio has only about twenty five thousand colored people, while Maryland has some seventy-four thousand, more indeed than all New England,—yet, notwithstanding this, the first proposition is supposed by many to partake of the nature of an axiom, and needs no proof. The fact is, the proof is all the other way—even free colored people prefer the South to the North, and would gladly remain in it.

The West India Islands have been time and again referred to, in proof of the second proposition, and the fact that for some years after emancipation there, there was a falling off in some of the Islands of the amount of sugar exported, has been deemed sufficient proof. It is taken for granted the decrease was owing to the refusal of the emancipated negroes to labor, and after assuming their idleness, then it was thought safe to infer, without regard to facts, that they engaged in robbery and murder. Hence the truth of the proposition. Strange logic, say your readers; nevertheless it has been accepted as sound, by many a mind, and to-day they tremble at the word Emancipation. To quiet the nerves of such we call attention to the following facts:—

1. It has only been a few of the Islands where there has been any decrease in the amount of sugar produced, as the following statistics will show:—

Average annual export of sugar:—

	From 1826 to 1829 slave.	1856 to 1860 free.
British Guiana,	98,000,000 lbs	100,000,000
Trinidad,	37,000,000 "	62,000,000
Barbadoes,	32,800,000 "	78,000,000
Antigua,	19,500,000 "	24,400,000
Imports during the same time,	$8,810,000	$14,000,000

But why was there a falling off in any of the Islands? The answer is furnished by the report of the English Commissioners appointed to ascertain the workings of emancipation as quoted in the "Free Nation," viz., "Labor was thrown into other channels, and is more productive in its new forms than in the old ones. The planters in most cases refused to hire their slaves after they became freemen, and they were reduced to the necessity of taking up government lands for themselves. Hence there are now thousands of farms, ranging in size from a garden spot to a plantation, owned and cultivated by these freemen;" at the present time there are more than one hundred thousand freeholders (colored) working in their own little properties, and accumulating capital. To this we might add another reason; namely, an increased consumption at home after emancipation—we cannot now give the amount, but it is stated by authorities to be considerable.

But take all the Islands concerned in emancipation together, and what do we find?

1. As to population, in 1834, (slave,) it was 827,224. In 1851, (Free,) it had increased to 1,069,885.2. As respects Revenue, in 1833, under slavery it was £432,999. In 1851, under Freedom it was £716,719. 3. As respects Imports, in 1833, under slavery, it amounted to £2,205,523. In 1851, under Freedom, it amounted to £4,737,295. 4. Morals. From 1678 to 1832, no fewer than 28 insurrections took place, accompanied with fearful cruelties, involving both the loss of life and property; but since emancipation, no insurrection has taken place, and crime has gradually diminished. In 1851, in a district embracing a population of nearly half a million, nineteen twentieths being colored, there was not a single murder, and only 336 commitments for lesser crimes to the Penitentiary.

Before taking leave of our figures, we may remark that the character of the imports after emancipation indicate a great increase of prosperity, embracing as they do what may be termed, in reference to the population, luxuries; *e. g.*, from 1835 to 1838, the last years of slavery, the number of yards of calicoes imported was 38,301,930. From 1839 to 1851, the first three years of freedom, the number was 110,018,528 yards.

What then is the voice of the figures to us? Is it not, "Your not to do right, and restore to those we have robbed their liberty?"

Yes, their language is, It is our interest to emancipate the slaves of both the rebel and loyal citizens, for it will not only *crush rebellion, but increase our prosperity,—decrease crime in our midst, and prevent insurrections with their fearful horrors.*

For ourselves, we care not for the language of figures. We know that the word of God declares, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." We know that only to the nation that observes to do God's commandments, will he fulfil his promise: "The Lord shall open unto thee his good treasure, the heaven to give the rain unto thy land in his season, and to bless all the work of thy hand, and thou shalt lend unto many nations, and thou shalt not borrow." Nor is it a question with us, nor can we see how it can be one with any professor of Christianity, whether prosperity would follow the performance of a just act or not. Surely in this respect we should go as far as the old heathen and say, "Let justice be done if the heavens shall fall." We scorn the paltry selfish argument, even if it were true, "Our commerce would be injured, and our wealth decreased by emancipation." Is wealth of more value than liberty, and will its accumulation answer at the bar of God for neglect of duty?

May God give our rulers the patriotism and the courage, to adopt such measures as shall free us from the blighting curse of Slavery; and bring down upon us again the blessing of God and its consequent prosperity. A. R.

SPEAKING WELL OF OTHERS.

If the disposition to speak well of others were universally prevalent, the world would become a comparative paradise. The opposite disposition is the Pandora's box, which, when opened, fills every house and every neighborhood with pain and sorrow. How many enmities and heart-burnings flow from this source! How much happiness is interrupted and destroyed! Envy, jealousy, and the malignant spirit of evil, when they find vent by the lips, go forth on their mission like foul fiends, to blast the reputation and peace of others. Every one has his imperfections; and in the conduct of the best, there will be occasional faults that might seem to justify animadversion. It is a good rule, however, when there is occasion for fault-finding, to do it privately to the erring one. This may prove salutary. It is a proof of interest in the individual, which will *generally* be taken kindly, if the manner of doing it is not offensive. The common and unchristian rule, on the contrary, is to proclaim the failings of others to all but themselves. This is unchristian, and shows a despicable heart.

"The figures are taken from Martin's work on the British Colonies as quoted in the Free Press.

THE COSTS OF WAR.

Some one has said that "war is an expensive luxury." It is a luxury that a nation cannot afford to indulge in very often. A glance at the late report of the Secretary of the Treasury will show something of the cost of our present war. If the war should continue until July 1st, 1862, the national debt will be about $518,000,000. If continued until July 1st, 1863, the debt will be $900,000,000. Suppose it should terminate at the first named time, the debt will be a heavy one. It will require some time to liquidate it, and a considerable burden to support it. Seeing the figures in the report referred to above, we could not but think of the good that might have been done with this vast amount of means. Suppose the above amount, $518,000,000, were put at interest, at seven per cent. per annum, we could have an annual income of $36,260,000. If this amount were employed in establishing and sustaining the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, throughout our land, it would foot up about thus: It would employ sixty thousand four hundred and thirty-three missionaries at an average salary of $600. According to the late census, the number of inhabitants in the loyal States is near 22,000,000. This would give one minister, or missionary, to every 364 inhabitants in the loyal States. This would be a very nice little congregation.

Suppose the debt in the seceding States to be the one-half of what it is in the loyal States, (they have a population of about 9,000,000,) their debt, at seven per cent., would yield an income of $18,130,000. This would employ, at the above salary, 30,200 missionaries. Each missionary would have a congregation of 278 persons. Suppose, now, the government would undertake, not only to pay the interest on this debt, but to cancel the debt during the next fourteen years. This would enable it to employ twice as many missionaries. This would give to each minister, all over our land, North and South, a congregation of only 160 persons. Now, if each of these missionaries should be zealously engaged, during the fourteen years that would be necessary for paying off this debt, might we not reasonably expect that they would be able, with the blessing of God upon their labours, to evangelize every inhabitant of our land?

This done, and we, of this land, would enjoy something of a millennium. We would be in that state in which we would not need to learn war any more. We might beat our swords into ploughshares, and our spears into pruning hooks. Had we commenced this process fourteen years ago, we would, to-day, with God's blessing upon his Gospel, be enjoying peace

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, January 4, 1862.

NOTICE.

Will those who owe for the *Recorder*, up to the 1st of January, 1862, and those who have been taking copies to sell, forward us the money by the return mail? You will oblige us very much indeed.

NOTICE.

All persons who do not pay their two dollars in advance, will pay, hereafter, five cents for the *Recorder* per copy. We are compelled to do this, because it does not pay at four cents per copy; for after the carrier gets his pay, there is not much left to pay expenses.

NOTICE.

Will those ministers who have been taking our paper for six months—a few owe us for a year—send us their subscription? If not complied with, we shall stop sending them our paper after this number.

NOTICE.

In our statement of terms, on the first page, the price of single copies should have been changed to five cents. Our note directing this change was overlooked by the printer.

NOTICE.

Mr. Editor:—Please notice that I will preach at Bristol on the 30th, and at Trenton on the 31st of December, and remain over the next Sabbath to the Quarterly Meeting; and, on the 8th, I shall preach at Pennington, N. J., and at Louisville.

W. Nazrey.

RIGHT AND WRONG.

Rev. W. R. Revels, who loves so much, only show your love by regarding the written law, and your love will continue. 1. Please read the 14th and 15th pages of the General Conference Minutes of 1800, on Canadian Affairs, on the 32d page, and see how much free will is to be exercised there. 2. Please correct your quotations; give the language of the General Conference, and my language in relation to the doings of the Indiana Conference, and leave the world to judge, as well as we. Yours for doing right at any expense.

W. Nazrey.

CARD.

Joshua Woodlin, pastor of the A. M. E. (Bethel) Church, Sixth Street, above Lombard, returns his heartfelt thanks to those sisters for their pleasant call on New Year's day, and their munificent present. Their written address, with twenty-six signatures, will be duly acknowledged by their brother and pastor.

A WORD TO THE SUBSCRIBERS.

Beloved Friends:—Allow us to say to you, as this is the new year, and those who have not paid their subscription, that it was due at our last week's issue. However, we will send you this number, and if you do not send us without delay, to continue the *Recorder*, we shall be obliged to stop it, though we shall be very sorry to lose you from our list, for we need your support to enable us to pay the debts, which must necessarily accrue. We do hope that nothing will prevent you from renewing your subscription. It is generally conceded, that the paper is well-arranged—that it is just the paper adapted to the wants of our people, and to Methodists generally, and ought to be in every Methodist family, and is worth more than it costs. Though we do not pretend to say that it pleases everybody, for that would be an impossibility, for men differ in taste and in ability.

Times are hard, but we hope this will not be any excuse for you.

In conclusion, we appeal to the Church and friends in every direction, to the preachers, local and itinerant, trustees, stewards, class-leaders, old men and young men, old ladies and young ladies, Superintendents, and teachers of Sabbath Schools, take hold and help us to keep this paper in the field another year. We remain yours, for the cause of the Church and humanity.

We refer our readers to the article written by our friend and brother, A. Field; and especially to the ministers of the A. M. E. Church, upon the Book Concern, and paper. It is an article well-timed, and ought to be read, and re-read by our brethren, and members of the Church.

SMALL POX.

This horrible disease is said to be raging in Pittsburgh, Pa.

JOHN S. ROCK.

A few weeks ago, we spoke of having paid the above named a visit. We now give the following particulars in regard to him.

The subject of this sketch is a colored man, whose name is a household word among the colored people of this country. He was born in Salem, N. J., in 1825. A short sketch of his life appeared in the *New York Independent* in 1856, an extract of which we copy. "John was a bright boy, but dull with his book. He was three quarters learning his alphabet. After he commenced to learn, his progress was rapid. His teachers all seemed to become interested in him, and he received considerable assistance from them in his private studies. During his youth, he seldom indulged in amusements of any kind—his time was almost entirely absorbed among his books. When thirteen years of age, he went to live with F. L. M'Culloch, Esq., then State Attorney. He remained with him two years. Mr. M'Culloch tells many anecdotes about him. He used to say, no matter what he sent John to do, he must always have a book to accompany him. He would do his work with his book open before him. He had often sent him to build the fire in his office, and in a couple of hours, he would find him still there, *reading law*, and often so deeply absorbed as not to recognise his presence. One day, Mr. M'C. went to his office a little earlier than usual—John heard some one enter, but did not raise his head—saying, "Take a seat, sir; Mr. M'C. will be in about nine o'clock." He was a great favorite with Mr. M'C and his wife, and they always extend to him a cordial welcome whenever he visits Salem.

For the next three years after leaving Mr. M'C. his time was divided between working on the farm, and going to school. In 1843, when 18 years of age, he was examined and approved as a teacher of public schools. He took charge of, and kept a school for colored youth, from 1844 to 1848. The teachers of the Academy in that town, after having paid several visits to Mr. Rock's school, published a card, in which they bear testimony to his superior skill in conducting his school, and, in imparting instruction. Mr. David Allen writes, "I believe Mr. R. thoroughly capable of teaching the higher branches of an English education. His was certainly the most orderly and the best conducted school I have ever witnessed, although myself a teacher for nearly twenty years." During the time Mr. R. was teaching school, Drs. Sharpe and Gibbon kindly opened their libraries to him, and he commenced the study of Physic—teaching in the public school six hours, studying eight, and giving private lessons two hours every day. Finding that his plan made it impossible for him to get into a Medical College, he abandoned his object of becoming a physician, and went with Dr. Herbert, and studied dentistry. He finished his studies in the summer of 1849, and devoted the balance of the year in canvassing the state, lecturing and using his influence to secure the Right of Suffrage for his race. In Jan. 1850, he went to Philadelphia to practice his profession of Dentistry. There there was not at that time a single anti-slavery man in that part of the state—yet Mr. Rock was liked and respected by all, and when he left that town, every physician, and every lawyer, and nearly every merchant signed a testimonial commending him. He soon made his mark in his profession. In 1851 he took a silver medal for artificial teeth; during the same year he took a silver medal for a prize essay on temperance. After the apprentices' High School had been established, and while it was still an evening school, Mr. R. had charge of it for several months, until it was merged into a day school, under the direction of Professor Reason. Mr. Rock being ambitious and desirous of excelling in every thing, soon found that in order to rank with the first of the Dental profession, he must be a medical man. He accordingly attended lectures in the American Medical College, (the only college in that city open to colored students) and graduated in the spring of 1852. After this he practised both of his professions. About this time he married Miss Catherine Bowers, an accomplished young lady of Philadelphia, and a member of one of the oldest and most respectable colored families of this country. In 1853, Dr. Rock sent a communication to the Philadelphia *Dental News Letter*, on the "Education of Dentists." The proprietors of that Journal, though friendly to him, thought it best not to publish it, as he was a colored man! A few months after, he sent it to the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, where it was published the week after it was received. The Baltimore Quarterly Journal of Dental Science copied it in their next issue (June 1854) as did also the *Dental Register of the West*, which is published by the Mississippi Valley Association of Dentist, who added to his title of M. D., that of D. D. S. (Doctor of Dental Surgery) In 1853, when Dr. Rock left Philadelphia and went to Boston, where he now resides, most of the professors of the Dental College gave him letters bearing testimony to his high professional skill, and high moral character and integrity. Professor Elisha Townsend, the first among the best dentists in the country, writes, "Dr. Rock is a graduate of a medical school in this city, and is favorably known and much respected by the profession. Having seen many of his operations, also his mechanical adaptations, it gives me great pleasure to bear testimony to his superior abilities." Prof. J. F. B. Flagg, writes, "I have witnessed his operations, and am much pleased with them. As a scientific man, I shall miss the intercourse I have so long enjoyed in his acquaintance." In 1855, Dr. R. delivered several lectures on various subjects in Boston, and vicinity, which were received with much favor. In 1856, he accepted an invitation to deliver a lecture before the Massachusetts Legislature, on the "Unity of the Races." The lecture was well attended, and won for him a place among literary and scientific men.

In 1857, he accepted the invitation, and delivered the oration on the occasion of the dedication of the new Masonic temple in 11th street, in Boston. This was considered his most brilliant effort. Before this, however, by his intense application and hard intellectual labour, he had undermined his health, so that in the summer of 1856, he was obliged to give up all business—he contented himself with delivering only an occasional Lyceum lecture. After several surgical operations here, and when nearly all hope of the restoration of his health was gone, he went to France, where he submitted to a very severe surgical operation, which was performed by Dr. Nelaton, the greatest of living surgeons, who took a deep interest in Dr. R. and attended him throughout his long sickness. Knowing that Professor Nelaton charged enormous prices for his services, Dr. R. asked early for his bill, when Dr. N. replied with much feeling, "I never take money from my professional brethren—never." The operation proved successful, and the Doctor returned home in 1859, with his health much improved. Dr. Nelaton advised him to give up Dentistry altogether, and as his shattered health forbade the exposure necessary for the practice of medicine, instead of becoming discouraged, he said, "I will now take hold of a profession that will allow me to take care of my health," and suiting the action to the word, he bent all his energies to the study of the law. In 1860, he was invited and accepted an invitation to deliver a lecture on Madame de Stael, before the Legislature of Mass., which he did with credit to himself and with satisfaction to the very large audience in attendance. This is said to be a literary production of no mean order. The Boston papers put him down among the first speakers in this country. On the 14th of September, 1861, on motion of Assistant District Attorney, Thornton K. Lothrop, Dr. Rock was examined before Judge Russel, and admitted to practice as an Attorney and Counsellor at Law in all the Courts of Massachusetts. Having heard of Mr. Rock's admission to the Bar, we called upon him when in that city, and got a copy of his diploma. Here it is.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Suffolk s. s [seal.]

Be it remembered, that at the Superior Court for the transaction of criminal business, begun and holden at Boston, within and for the said County of Suffolk, on the first Monday of September, A. D. 1861,—

Said Court being a court of Record, John S. Rock, being found duly qualified in that behalf, and having taken and subscribed the oaths required by law, was admitted to practise as an Attorney, and by virtue thereof, as a Counsellor at Law, in any of the Courts of the said Commonwealth.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of the Court, this fourteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and sixty one.

P. H. Underwood, Clerk.

On the 21st of September, 1861, Mr. Rock received a commission from the Governor and Council as a Justice of the Peace for the city of Boston and the County of Suffolk.

In the history of this young man, there is much to encourage all of us. With obstacles all the way along, and thorns at every step, as every colored man must know, and with pecuniary misfortunes and loss of health, in spite of all, he, like a cork in the water, refuses to stay down, but takes his place beside others more favored; and it is well known to-day, that he is a man possessed of a most through education, refined feelings and manners, and possesses quite the accomplishments of speaking, in addition to his own language, the Spanish, German, and French languages. Young men of all races may learn in the history of this young man, to appreciate what energy, perseverance, and courage may do. We omitted to say he is a Christian man, striving to walk in the narrow path.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. WALTER PROCTOR.

BY REV. JOSHUA WOODLIN.

On Monday, the 16th ult., the last tribute of respect was paid to the corporeal remains of this venerable servant of God. Many of the ministers of the Philadelphia District, itinerant and local, not less than forty in number, with some from the Baltimore District, formed in procession at Bethel Church, Sixth St., and proceeded to the residence of the deceased, accompanied by a noble band of sisters, known as the Daughters of Conference of Bethel Church. With the members and connexions of the bereaved family they soon returned, a selected portion of the ministry bearing the remains of their departed friend. The Bishop, Rev. Willis Nazrey, Rev J. M. Brown, A. W. Wayman, and W. H. Waters were in procession. The corners of every street by which they passed were thronged with crowds of spectators, colored and white, to witness the passing, solemn, and impressive scene.

On arriving at Bethel Church, after the ministers and relatives of the departed were regularly seated, the vast expanse of that spacious building was soon filled; hundreds could not be admitted for want of room, and officers closed the gates to prevent further passage.

Divine service was opened by the Rev. W. D. W. Schureman, who read the 15th chapter of the 1st Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians.

The Rev. Stephen Smith announced the hymn commencing, viz.:

"Rejoice for a brother deceased,
Our loss is his infinite gain,"

and after singing, he humbly and fervently addressed the throne of grace. After which the pastor, Rev. Joshua Woodlin, addressed the audience, viz.:

"Christian friends and brethren, we are here assembled to pay the last sad office of duty and respect to the memory of a great and good man, who has fallen in Israel. Our father is dead! Nay, not dead, but sleepeth! The Rev. Walter Proctor has fallen asleep in the arms of Jesus.

"According to the best accounts I have received of his history, he was born Dec. 20th, 1790, in the state of Maryland, near Port Tobacco. He came to Philadelphia to live in 1814, and in the same year embraced religion. On July 14th, 1818, he joined Bethel Church under the administration of the Rev. Richard Allen, who was made Bishop of said church. He married in the same year, Oct. 31st. He was present in the convention of 1816. Soon after embracing religion he engaged in the ministry; with verbal license he was two years an exhorter. He was then given written license as a local preacher. And after two years he was ordained a deacon. Such was the religious deportment and conduct of this servant of God, as induced his superiors in office to elevate him to these various stages in the ministry without any regular examination in regard to his gifts, graces, or usefulness. His example was a satisfactory recommendation, and he continued to be a zealous and faithful minister of the gospel. Doubtless he has performed more baptisms, marriages, and burials for the dead, than any minister now living in the A. M. E. connexion.

"On the first Sabbath in the present month, during the administration of the Lord's Supper, I missed that venerable servant of God. After the sacrament, Brother Josiah Eddy and myself visited his residence, and found him ill. But he inquired of us, 'What kind of a time had you this morning?' I told him very good. Said he, 'I felt it, I was praying for it.'

"We again visited him on Friday, the 6th inst., and found that he was fast failing. After some inquiry, he said to us that his business was all right, except a few temporal matters, for which all necessary provisions would be made. 'But my internal part, my soul,' said he 'is all right; and had I the voice of thunder, I would tell it to the world.'"

On Saturday morning, the 7th, he called his family together, all being present except his son John and daughter Barret. And after singing the following hymn,

"Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high," &c.,

he said to his wife, "Mary, pray for us," which she did. After singing another hymn, which was,

"Father, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know," &c.,

he himself earnestly prayed for each of the family. Commencing on behalf of his eldest son, John, he said, "Lord, I do not see him, but thou seest him. He is out of the ark of safety. Oh, put it into his heart to be good, and see after his mother. Take care of my daughter Elizabeth, and may she also help to take care of her mother." And after praying for each of the family as he saw was needful for them, he addressed his wife in the following manner:—"Mary, my dear wife, you have been a great help to me in the gospel. I have been forty-six years in building this bridge; now it is safe, and you have been my spiritual helper. I have had no education, but I have done as the Lord told me. My work is done," &c.

On Monday he had become so feeble that he could not speak aloud, but he whispered to his adopted daughter, saying, "It will soon be over."

On Tuesday morning, December 10th, he departed this life. During his expiring moments, his wife, with a firm faith in God, and with an humble submission to his divine will, prayed him to still Jordan while her husband crossed over. And without the least struggle observed, he passed out of time into eternity.

"Though Father Proctor," said the pastor, "is dead, he speaks to this audience to-day, in the silent remembrance of departed worth. His example, wise counsels, and good advices have this day had their bearing upon our feelings. I fancy that the echo of his voice is sounding in our ears, and that his spirit is hovering over us, saying, in gentle whispers, 'You have fully known my doctrine, manner of life, purpose, faith, long-suffering, charity and patience.' May we, like this great and good man, so live that our last end may be like his." So concluded the pastor's remarks.

After the choir sang, the Rev. A. W. Wayman arose, and asked the following momentous question, "Is it true, a great man has fallen in Israel?" The speaker answered the question by showing that, in the person of Walter Proctor, a great man lived, and in his death a great man has fallen.

After which, the pastor announced that the funeral sermon of Rev. Walter Proctor would be delivered at a future period, in Bethel Church, Philadelphia, by Revs. James P. Campbell and James Frisby; in Baltimore, by Rev. J. M. Brown; and in Washington, by Rev. A. W. Wayman. After dismission, the remains of the deceased were conveyed to the Lebanon Cemetery, and interred.

"His long aching head is at rest;
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
His quiet, immovable breast,
Is heav'd by affliction no more."

Observer.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE A. M. E. CHURCH BOOK CONCERN.

Mr. Editor:—The publication department of the Church, the most useful, and, perhaps, the most reliable for the diffusion of knowledge, is of all departments the most neglected. True, there are a few among the ministry and laity who speak and write, so far as their means of communication will admit, for the general good; but the Church generally is silent Both in word and in deed, and the true source of information to ourselves and to the world around us, is almost entirely cut off—the book store. Retailing useful books and stationery in the midst of a large community, is a source of local good with which it would not be wise to dispense. It is slowly and silently, by the force of influence, educating the community that there is an African Methodist Episcopal Church—which, by the way, is not so extensively known as some would seem to think, and especially where this information is the most needed. This truth is demonstrated wherever the paper finds its way; it is hailed with the exclamation, that we never heard before of such a Church! The store is a source of convenience as well as of usefulness, and is a standing evidence that the colored people are doing something for the diffusion of knowledge, and the advancement of morality and religion. The paper is a silent, but most efficient missionary, operating in an enlarged field of usefulness—carrying forward all the information the store gives socially, and the increased knowledge of the extent of the organization and its influences. Such means of communication ought not to be dispensed with, or suffered to fall into disuse for the want of united support—and especially when it is shown that such unity will keep them in opposition. The paper goes where the colored preacher or teacher is seldom, if ever, heard of, much less, suffered to speak, and seems to obtrusively answer every word spoken for or against the colored man. The writer has personal knowledge of the paper having found way into the parlour, among a large circle of ladies and gentlemen, and become the subject of conversation and commendation. I know also of one circumstance where a lady affirmed to a company of friends she liked to read that paper (the *Christian Recorder*) better than any religious paper she had seen.

We have the means of giving the paper an extensive circulation, and being the means of doing much good. A large number of our subscribers live at service, and the paper ioveriably falls into the hands of, and is read by members of the family. Thus the *Recorder* is introduced—and there are instances where it is weekly asked for and read; thus the subscriber is unconsciously a missionary of good, bearing the tidings into every family, all which the colored people are doing for their own regeneration. The paper is silently doing the work of enlightening the community, and of drawing attention to the A. M. E. Church and its usefulness. I know of instances where families not only inquire for the paper, but urge a renewal of the subscription, and pay for the subscriber. How many similar cases there may be, I know not; but the position gained in the respect of the community, ought to be maintained. Can the Church afford to throw away these most efficient means of information? I think not. When its ministry clamor about the promotion and extension of the gospel, and neglect these most important means, then the question may be reasonably discussed, as to whether it would be more economical to keep our churches open or close them.

As to the ability of the Church to keep these means of information in successful operation, no one ought to doubt. If we are to credit the returns of membership made to the several Annual Conferences, it is shown that we have a membership of over forty thousand. Out of that number we ought to have at least twenty thousand who could afford to subscribe and pay for a weekly paper; but I am sure that less than ten thousand will insure the successful publication of the paper, and give a profit for other purposes. It has already been published one year, with less than one thousand subscribers; and I question whether it has sunk the Book Concern three hundred dollars. If not, it shows how little effort it takes to keep alive the vital principles of progress. I question, though, whether the counting of dollars and cents is to be considered with the amount of good done in the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom.

I am not aware how the subscription list of the *Recorder* compares in other locations, but in this city those that do not belong to our Church are in the majority. Whose fault is that? The Church, independent of subscriptions, could give annually to the Book Concern a very handsome amount for publication purposes, without making any special effort. By the published Minutes of the several Annual Conferences, the following items are obtained:—

APPOINTMENTS.

Philadelphia,	19
Baltimore,	23
New York,	17
New England,	8
Ohio,	24
Indiana,	22
Missouri,	7
	120

Leaving out the California Conference work entirely.

Now could not each of these appointments give an annual collection to the Book Concern of ten dollars? If so, independent of everything else, we have a revenue from that source of twelve hundred dollars ($1200.00) per annum. Taking this, in connexion with the other fact, that the paper is published one year, with a sinking of less than three hundred dollars, and a subscription list of less than one thousand, and that we have the insured publication of a weekly paper, with evidences of doing more good than all the sermons delivered in all the appointments together in the same length of time; and to those who will count dollars instead of good, a surplus of at least six hundred dollars per annum. Can any Christian man hesitate to be instrumental in bringing about such a result, and, as I think, so easily reached? I think not. Any appointment that cannot give ten dollars per annum to the general Church to promote the cause of Christianity, ought not to be encumbered with the support of a preacher; and any preacher that will not direct his Church beyond its own immediate limits, ought not to be encumbered with an appointment—for he genders a selfish Christianity, and defeats the mission of the gospel. Let the bishops resolve that this department of the Church shall receive attention from the preachers, and we shall soon have a creditable book department. Set apart days in each appointment when discourses shall be delivered and collections taken in aid of the Concern. A preacher would hardly disobey the mandate of a bishop, if he would disregard the request of a Book Steward.

A. Fields.

CHURCH SLEEPING.

Mr. Editor:—I think one of the most disgusting, unchristian, and sinful practices in which many of our church members indulge, is that ugly habit of sleeping in church. It is *disgusting* in the eyes of our sober-minded and intelligent people, whether religious, or non-religious. It is *unchristian*, because a person who thus indulges in God's sacred house, bears no mark of a Christian, or even a church member, but is the appearance of a night marauder, or an intoxicationist, more than anything else.

It is *sinful*, because it is treating God's holy temple with contempt, not only so, but it is disrespectful to his precious truths, his minister, and all the means of grace. It is also setting a sinful precedent before an irreligious multitude, for if the wicked world can keep all their church hours away, how many converts would be made by the preached gospel? It further contradicts our profession, for we profess to love God supremely to every other thing, and when we have to sleep away God's holy message, which we claim to esteem most of all others, it is a demonstrable proof that we are not interested in that which we so loudly proclaim. An old proverb, which is philosophically true, says, Actions speak louder than words.

But some people will not only try to justify themselves in this most hateful habit, but will become quite incensed, if told about sleeping in church. I recollect of once reproving a brother relative to this pernicious habit; he challenged me for a fight in the church, he was so exasperated. But I concluded words were as good a missile as I cared for, (as the fisticuff business did not pay very well,) so for a while we shot at each other by the word of mouth, and I flattered myself as being the victor, as he did not sleep next Sabbath.

Again, I recollect of reproving a certain sister some time since about the same thing. And she had the most reasonable, as well as the most justifiable excuse I have yet heard:

She remarked, that when she was a sinner, she had a great fear of hell, and the dread of dying and going to that place very frequently drove sleep from her eyes, so much so that she had spent many sleepless nights in thought over that subject. But, after being thoroughly wrought upon by the word of God, and sin-convicted to the heart, she seldom knew what it was to sleep at all. But, bless God, since she had been born again, the fear of hell was gone, and she had peace with Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, with angels, and all mankind. Therefore, the Bible says, "He giveth his beloved sleep," and she felt to be one of God's beloved, and to this end, sleep was sweet to her. And she intended to sleep, till she slept herself over Jordan. Glory and honor to God's name, that she could sleep.

Now, just such ingenious winding out of a thing as this constitutes the justification of a great many who sleep in church. They will present you a kind of pseudonymous logic, and twirl around it some little risible joke, and away go all its grave and fearful results.

Like the man whom Dr. Pearce, of Georgia, asked why he always slept when he was preaching; he said, "Ah, Dr., whenever I hear you announce your text, I am satisfied; I know you know what to do with it, Doctor; you don't need my assistance at all, so I take a *nap*."

Great excuse for laziness, indeed; like a great many persons who sleep all day on Sunday, because it is rest-day, which is a wicked habit. No, sir; the secret of church sleeping is founded upon a worthless, careless, indifferent, and uninterested disposition.

H. M. Turner.

Baltimore, December 30th, 1861.

For the Christian Recorder.

RELIGIOUS UNION.

This is the title of an article which appeared in the 42d number of the Christian Recorder, with the signature of Rev. Singleton T. Jones. In relation to that article, we remark first, that it has not been lost sight of; and there are two reasons why we have not said something about it before now.

1. We have been so much engaged, in a pecuniary interest for the welfare of this paper and Book Concern, that we did not find time to think of much else.

The 2d reason is, that we were waiting to hear some of the older brethren speak out, for we *hold* that there is no impropriety in discussing a matter of so much magnitude as these precious words, viz., *Religious Union*. Now, the writer, in his article, refers to us, as we preached the first discourse on the day in which he refers to, in Bethel Church, in obedience to the national proclamation issued by the President. He says, that "presuming from our discourses on the same day, that we were fully committed to the Union policy." We would just say, that according to our understanding of the word *union*, we could not be of any other opinion; for, if religion mean anything, it means love, and where there is *love* there must be *union*.

In relation to what the writer says in his article, that there should be but the one colored Methodist *Church*, we most heartily and sincerely endorse *his views*, that there ought not now, nor ever ought to have been, but the one colored Methodist Church in this country. I suppose that we would be safe in saying, that we speak the sentiments of our church, or at least the most of them; for we believe that there is no Methodist, or rather true Methodist, but what is in favor of a Religious [illegible]. Now, we propose to ask a few questions [illegible] answered by some one or more.

1. What is the cause of our not being a great and glorious body now?

If that query is answered, the second question is, What is the most healthy and effective means to be raised to remove the *cause*? The means being solved, the third is, Who will set about the work to remove that cause? and in the event the cause shall be removed, the fourth question is, When, where, and how shall we meet to amalgamate?

We hope that our brethren will speak out freely and frankly upon this subject, and let us know the drift of the minds of the *church*, and her ministry. Therefore, as Rev. Dr. Jones has led the way for some thinking and discussing to be done, and we have asked some several questions to be answered by or from either side of the house, we will, therefore, wait for further information.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM BALTIMORE.

The old year is about to take leave of us all forever, and make her annual report to eternity.

The past year has been one of many strange incidents, yet amidst them all, our churches in the Baltimore Conference have enjoyed a great peace and prosperity.

Our people are looking forward to New Year's eve with delight, anticipating a pleasant time in taking leave of the old year, and welcoming in the new.

Yesterday, (Sunday,) was a day of some interest to the members and friends of Bethel Church, in this city, as the pastor and trustees were making extra efforts to raise the amount of fifteen hundred dollars, which is the last note due on the church for the recent repairs.

The morning was pleasant; the congregation assembled in high spirits to do what they could to comply with the requirement of the trustees, at 11 o'clock. Rev. R. S. Vinton preached an able sermon, which was very cordially received. It was then announced that the Rev. J. G. Baughan, of Philadelphia, would preach at 3 o'clock. Accordingly at the appointed hour, a large congregation assembled. The Rev. old gentleman appear with the impress of age upon his cheeks, and a head silvered over with the frost of eighty-six winters. And, although the buoyancy of his youth is gone, he gave out the hymn in a clear voice, and prayed with great zeal. He had been requested by some of the friends of his youth, to preach from one of his old texts, Joshua i. 11.—"Pass through the host, and command the people, saying, Prepare you victuals, for within three days, ye shall pass this Jordan."

After an elaborate introduction, he showed, that in three days (if prepared,) the congregation would be able to go over Jordan; first day, youth, second day, middle age, and third day, old age. In one of these three days, they would have to cross over Jordan.

After the close of the sermon, Brother Frisby Richfield, the Superintendent of the Sabbath School, presented the sum of fifty-four dollars to the Church, as the gift of the Sabbath School managers. Mr. B. Murphey, the leader of the choir, presented ten dollars and sixteen cents, a donation from the choir.

Rev. Mr. Rowe, of the Ohio Conference, preached at night an able sermon, the collection was continued, and the result was that it amounted to three hundred and two dollars, and twelve cents.

The congregation and trustees went home believing that they will be able to meet their responsibility, on the 5th day of January, 1862.

A. W. W.

Baltimore, December 30th, 1861.

MASONIC NOTICE.

At the Annual communication of the Union R. W. Grand Lodge of A. Y. M., for the State of New Jersey, (under the authority of the M. R. W. National Grand Lodge of A. Y. M., of the United States of North America,) held at their Grand Hall, in the city of Burlington, State of New Jersey, December 27th, 1861, A. L. 5861, the following brethren who had been previously elected for the ensuing Masonic year, were duly installed to their respective offices, as follows:

Brother John B. Rowe, R. W. G. Master.
" Charles Williams, R. W. D. G. Master.
" John F. King, R. W. G. S. Warden.
" James Burgess, R. W. G. J. Warden.
" Ebenezer Mar, R. W. G. Treasurer.
" Joshua Woodlin, R. W. G. Secretary.

The Right. W. Grand Master was pleased to announce the following appointments for the ensuing Masonic year:

Grand Chaplin, Rev. John Grahm.

District Deputy, G. Masters Bro. Charles Johnson for Salem and Cumberland counties, Bro. William Lodine for Camden and Gloucester counties, Bro. Charles Faurot for Burlington and Mercer counties, Bro. Matthew Smith for Cape May and Atlantic counties, Bro. James Smith for Monmouth, Middlesex, Essex, Sussex, Bergen and Warren counties.

Brother Elwood Waterman, S. G. Deacon.
" Charles Lopeman, J. G. Deacon.
" Isaac Wells, S. G. Steward.
" John Thompson, J. G. Stewart.
" Charles L. Gardner, G. S. Bearer.
" Perry Mitchell, G. Marshall.
" James A. Hill, G. Pursivant.
" James Dalphin, G. M. Ceremonies.
" James Mac, G. Tyler.

Committee on Charity, Charles Dumont, Henry Fussell, David Young.

Committee on By Laws, J. Woodlin, C. S. Davis, H. Mackey.

Committee on Lost Marks, Alfred C. Stevens, John H. Henry, John Garrison.

Committee on Finance, Henry Carter, Daniel Wilkins, William Tucker.

Committee on Correspondence, O. L. Davis, Freeman Gould and J. Woodlin.

By order of the R. W. G. Lodge,
J. Woodlin, R. W. G. Sec.

WHAT THEN!

If the British demands of our Government are unmistakably just, there is but one sentiment among thoughtful men: we should yield to them cheerfully. The honor of a nation never requires that she should do wrong, or defend wrong-doing.

If the demands of England are, in whole or in part, such that doubts of their justice may be felt, what then? We reply: By all means, situated as we now are, give England, and, in so doing, give ourselves the benefit of those doubts.

If the demands of England are clearly unjust, what then? We reply: Accede to any demands, not inconsistent with integrity and honor, which we are satisfied she can make good by force. In other words, yield *before* war what we are satisfied we would be forced to yield *after* war.

If the assassin presents the alternative, "Your money or your life," we give him the money, knowing that the other side of the alternative really is, "Your money *and* your life." It involves no loss of honor to yield to force, unless the thing we do is immoral. We may give our money to save our life, though we may not deny our God, or wrong our fellow man to save it.

Good generalship in national policy, like good generalship in the field, requires sometimes the postponement of a battle; and it is better to retreat to escape a defeat, than to retreat because we have sustained one. Our united country, with a just cause, could defy a world in arms. Our loyal States, if their hearts were undepressed, and their arms free from the necessity of warding off the murderous blow aimed by insane parricides, could meet England and vanquish her. But this is the hour of her strength and of our weakness. "This [illegible]

THE LOGIC OF [illegible]

It is said everywhere, with a perfect [illegible] shows that it is thought to settle the qu[illegible] that the right of search which led to the c[illegible] of the rebel ambassadors, is one which Great [illegible] tain has contended for and practised in in many cases. Undoubtedly it is. It is admitted in the English papers, and has been demonstrated very much at large in our own. But there is a vital question here which has been singularly overlooked by the able writers and speakers who have taken up this topic, not only here, but in England, and that is, by what principles is the conduct of nations to each other to be tested, and how is the spirit in which they act to be construed when they are put upon their trial in any case? [illegible] should say, indubitably by the principles of the nation which ACTS in the case. The spirit and [illegible] of what we do as a nation is to be judged by the principles we avow. If we say there is no right of search, then when we do search we [illegible] that we say we have no right to do, in other words, we do wrong; and in dragging out an English vessel, to do what we say neither we nor others have a right to do, and what we have not done to others nor allowed them to do to us, we seem to [illegible] out for a course of special offensiveness the greatest maritime power on earth. The case against us on the *abstract question of the right of search* is stronger than it was against England in our last war with her, for she did on a *claim of right what she was willing to allow, and what we had practised indiscriminately against all*; while we, against what we have maintained, practised and fought for as right, have practised what we will not allow, and that with a discrimination against England.

Nor is it logical to say, England claims the right of search, and therefore, we (who deny that we have the right to search her vessels. That means that we have the right to search her vessels, but she has no right to search ours. We are going to have two principles, one for England and one for ourselves. Now common sense, without puzzling itself with any logic in the matter, sees that if we have the right to search her vessels, then *a fortiori*, she has the right to search ours; but we deny the latter, how then can we maintain it? Common sense will insist that what we do, defines our principles more clearly than what we say. We hardly mean to stultify ourselves by saying: *We may search her vessels because she claims the right of search, but she may not search ours, for we deny the right.*

Hence, it follows, that England is not so illogical and inconsistent as some imagine in objecting to our course. For her theory of the right of search involves of necessity *that it shall be reciprocal*. She asks it, and she grants it; but, in the nature of the case, she can only grant it to those who grant it to her. England does not claim, as some of our logicians seem to argue, the right *of being searched*, nor does she claim a right of search for us. She simply claims the right for herself, and lets other nations determine their own claim. No nation claims directly rights for other nations. She may, incidentally, by logical sequence, concede them to others; but that is their concern. We cannot draw England's inference, therefore, without accepting her premises, nor avail ourselves of them against her, while we declare she has no right to use them for her own welfare. We cannot insist on our right of search without granting hers, and till we actually grant it to her we cannot logically claim it for ourselves.

Our nation must have *one* principle, and carry it through. When England and we have a conflicting principle, we must carry through *our own*, not hers, whether it makes for or against us in the particular case. We have carried *our own* through when it made for us, we must carry it through just as faithfully when it makes against us. It is better to give up Mason and Slidell than to give up principle. To claim the right to seize them, on the purely abstract idea of the right of search, is to abandon our avowed principle, with the interpretation which our policy of the entire past has given it; and is, in the future, to encounter a precedent which we may be very desirous to set aside. We can maintain no right to search the ships of Great Britain without admitting the general right of search, and her particular right to search ours; or if, denying or refusing the right, we may still exercise it, much more may England, who admits and grants it, exercise it upon us. If we stand to the legality of the seizure, we meet a dilemma move whither we may.

It is said, however, we are in a state of war, and are forced to this course. But that very question within the greater question, has already been settled by the policy of our country. That was exactly the condition of England when we went to war with her in large part upon this question. She was struggling for her existence, and, apart from that struggle, never would have accepted a war with this country on the question. She acted not on the abstract principle, but on a practical application of it, which she thought essential to her being. We fought with her against the principle of the right of search, denying alike her right to search our ships, and our right to search hers. Surely, after engaging in one war with England against the principle, we are not going to engage in another for it; and this is not putting the case strongly enough: it would be a war for our right to search others, while we may not be searched. So much for this question, as it involves the *abstract principle of the right of search*.

Other principles are involved. We are laughing at England, because she seems to say, that part of the offence is, that we did not go to greater extremities, did not, on our allegation, that the vessel contained what is contraband of war, take her, and her passengers, and crew to a port where legal process could have been instituted to test the matter. We affect to think that her cry is:

"My wound is great because it is so small;"

and we might think it a happy stroke to rejoin:

"Then 'twould be greater were it none at all."

But the reply may be made that England might justly prefer that very great inconvenience and distress should be experienced by individuals in this case, to the establishment of a practice, or of a precedent in itself wrong and mischievous. It would be a great personal relief just to take the money from a thief, and let him and the witnesses in the case have no further trouble; nevertheless, the law considers such a course criminal. It is the compounding of felony, and would work great mischief in the end. England's logic is not so bad as her spirit; *that* is detestable. She will urge her claim, not because it is logical, but because she thinks she is strong enough to enforce it. Nevertheless,

"Logic is logic. That's what I say."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Discontinuances.—Papers are forwarded at the option of the publishers until an explicit order is received for their discontinuance, and until payment of all arrearages is made, according to law. Such order should be given by letter, not by returning a paper. Notice given to an agent is not sufficient.

Change of Address.—Subscribers wishing the address of the paper changed, will please state where they remove FROM as well as TO.

Remittances may be sent by mail at the risk of the publishers, and receipts will be returned in the next issue of the paper.

Post Office Address.—It is useless for subscribers to write on business, unless they give the name of their Post Office and State.

Domestic Items.

The Trent Affair Settled.—Mason and Slidell to be given up.—Mr. Seward's letter to Lord Lyons closes thus:

If I decide this case in favor of my own Government, I must disavow its most cherished principles, and reverse and forever abandon its essential policy. The country cannot afford the sacrifice. If I maintain those principles, and adhere to that policy, I must surrender the case itself. It will be seen, therefore, that this Government could not deny the justice of the claim presented to us in this respect upon its merits. We are asked to do for the British nation just what we have always insisted all nations ought to do to us.

The claim of the British Government is not made in a discourteous manner. This Government, since its first organization, has never used more guarded language in a similar case.

In coming to my conclusion, I have not forgotten that if the safety of this Union required the detention of the captured persons, it would be the right and duty of this Government to detain them. But the effectual check and waning proportions of the existing insurrection, as well as the comparative unimportance of the captured persons themselves, when dispassionately weighed, happily forbid me from resorting to that defence.

Nor am I unaware that American citizens are not in any case to be unnecessarily surrendered for any purpose into the keeping of a foreign State. Only the captured persons, however, or others who are interested in them, could justly raise a question on that ground.

Nor have I been tempted at all by suggestions that cases might be found in history where Great Britain refused to yield to other nations, and even to ourselves, claims like that which is now before us. Those cases occurred when Great Britain, as well as the United States, was the home of generations which, with all their peculiar interests and passions, have passed away.

She could in no other way so effectually disavow any such injury as we think she does now, by assuming as her own the ground upon which we then stood. It would tell little for our own claims to the character of a just and magnanimous people, if we should so far consent to be guided by the law of retaliation as to lift up buried injuries from their graves, to oppose against what national consistency and the national conscience compel us to regard as a claim intrinsically right.

Putting behind me all suggestions of this kind, I prefer to express my satisfaction that by the adjustment of the present case upon principles confessedly American, and yet, as I trust, mutually satisfactory to both of the nations concerned, a question is finally and rightly settled between them, which, heretofore exhausting not only all forms of peaceful discussion, but also the arbitrament of war itself, for more than half a century alienated the two countries from each other, and perplexed with fears and apprehensions all other nations.

The four persons in question are now held in military custody at Fort Warren in the State of Massachusetts. They will be cheerfully liberated. Your Lordship will please indicate a time and place for receiving them.

I avail myself of this occasion to offer to your Lordship a renewed assurance of my very high consideration. WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

Lord Lyons to Mr. Seward.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 27, 1861.

The Hon. Wm. H. Seward, &c., &c.—

SIR—I have this morning received the note which you did me the honor to address to me yesterday in answer to Earl Russell's despatches of the 30th of November last relative to the removal of Mr. Mason, Mr. Slidell, Mr. McFarland and Mr. Eustis from the British mail packet Trent. I will, without any loss of time, forward to her Majesty's government a copy of the important communication which you have made to me.

I will also, without delay, do myself the honor to confer with you personally on the arrangements to be made for delivering the four gentlemen to me, in order that they may be again placed under the protection of the British flag.

I have the honor to be, with the highest consideration, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

LYONS.

Popular Opinion on the Surrender of Mason and Slidell.—Washington, Dec. 28.—The settlement of the Trent affair affords much gratification among all conservatives. Prominent Union-loving men, whatever may have been their previous opinions on the subject, regard the adjustment as removing a serious impediment in the prosecution of hostilities against the insurgents, and as depriving the enemy of the strength which they would have derived from a war between the United States and Great Britain, and possibly with France. There is a generally expressed acquiescence in the course of the Government, while the despatches of Secretary Seward are viewed in the light of the highest statesmanlike ability.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 29, 1861.—The surrender of Mason and Slidell is generally approved of by the Unionists in this city; but the Secessionists are woefully disappointed, as it completely annihilates their most cherished hopes of a war with England.

NEW YORK, Dec. 29th.—The surrender of Slidell and Mason to the British Government has been the theme of every tongue, since the correspondence on the subject was made public yesterday. The popular feeling is one of deep regret that a necessity should exist for giving these rebel "contrabands" up, but that the necessity being recognised, Mr. Seward has performed a very disagreeable duty with as much grace as the nature of the case would permit. On all hands, the disposition is to let the subject drop as speedily as possible; only treasuring it up in remembrance, for use some day when John Bull has another rebellion in India, or Ireland, or Canada, or Australia.

BOSTON, Dec. 28.—The public have received the announcement of the surrender of Mason and Slidell to the British Government very philosophically, having generally anticipated such a finale. Of Philadelphia the same may be said.

Effects on Money, Stocks, and Markets.—Philadelphia.—Saturday, December 28th.—The Stock market has been active and buoyant to-day under the very gratifying intelligence that the publication of the correspondence between Secretary Seward and Lord Lyons warranted the conclusion that we had escaped the danger of a collision with England on the Trent affair; and the tone of feeling excited late in the day, upon reading the despatches themselves, gives rise to the belief that the upward movement now inaugurated will be continued with increased force by outside orders. The dignified and able manner in which Secretary Seward presents the points of the case in controversy, and maintains the hereditary policy and honor of the nation, while he at the same time satisfies the demands of England, will meet the approval of every unbiassed mind, and will be especially gratifying to the business community, which has manifested every anxiety to avoid a war. It will also be a subject of general congratulation, and of no little weight in restoring confidence, to find that the tone of the despatch of the English Government was marked with a scrupulous regard to the temper of our people, and an earnest desire to avoid hostilities, if it could be done in any way consistent with the honor and rights of England. The effects of to-day's news, therefore, no matter in which way regarded by politicians, cannot fail to be of the greatest importance, and produce the most decided effect upon business interests generally. No greater calamity could be forced upon us at the present time, than a war with England. This we have feared, and now it passes away. A sensitiveness, at times excusable, but not advantageous in enabling us to form right opinions, has led us to regard England's position as a neutral with envy and distrust, and, overlooking the difficulties which it forces upon her, to construe her every act into a covert design to draw us into a war. The tone of Lord Russell's despatch will go far to modify this impression, and public confidence will be in a corresponding measure restored. The fear of foreign complications has caused a rise in exchange, shipments of gold, a nervousness about the banks, an advance in the rates of interest, a timidity among capitalists, and a decline in Government loans, from all of which a re-action must take place, as the cause has been removed, and as they were all unjustified by the condition of our trade and finances. A country importing little or nothing, and exporting upwards of $4,000,000 per week, in which the great business demand for money has almost ceased, whose specie has increased upwards of $80,000,000 in the last twelve months, and whose banks hold nearly double as much of gold as they did a year ago, has nothing to fear commercially except in so far as great political events shall counteract the legitimate effects of its favorable financial position; and as the public have learned to measure the effect of the rebellion already, the taking away of the fear of a war with England, must be productive of general confidence and buoyancy. We are now free to discuss the plan of raising funds to overthrow the rebellion, and as no one doubts that the wealth of the country is equal to this emergency, with an increase of difficulties, it will only be a question as to how that wealth is to be made available for the Government use.

The news, although only vaguely reported until late in the day, has already had the effect of increasing the transactions in stocks to a much larger amount than for some time past.

New York.—Saturday, Dec. 28—P. M.—Without marked activity, the Stock Market, to-day, was firm at the opening, under favorable rumors from Washington. The advance was quite general throughout the list, ranging from ½ to 1½ per cent. The advance was not resisted with any vigor by the bears, who have in some cases changed their tactics, and taken a long line. Toward the close of the session, it was understood that the release of Mason and Slidell had been ordered, and the market closed very strong. After the Board, prices showed a still further improvement, when the despatches from Washington announced officially that the complication with England had been amicably settled, and that Messrs. Mason and Slidell had been given up to Lord Lyons. At the second Board there was a very active market, and prices were established at a still further important advance. There was but little disposition shown to put out sellers' options, and the shorts were free buyers. The action of the Administration in regard to the rebel Ambassadors was received with almost universal approval, and the howls of rage anticipated by the Confederate journals in case of such an event were not heard.

The leading Papers on the release of Mason and Slidell.

THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER:

Mr. Seward's renewed assurances of very high consideration for Lord Lyons, and the honor of the latter in subscribing himself the most obedient, humble servant of Mr. Seward, have closed for the present, with a flourish of formal courtesy, the diplomatic discussion of the *Trent* affair. Whatever views may be entertained by individuals, or by classes of politicians, upon the law of the case or the policy of our action, certain we are that everybody must experience a direct sense of relief, and this sense of relief may lead the way to a feeling of active acquiescence. War at any time, to a community whose renown arises from a successful cultivation of the arts of peace, is, in its immediate effects, a wholesale disaster; and while we would shrink from nothing which honor or duty called upon us to endure, we cannot but feel gratified at the conclusion that neither one of those considerations imperatively calls upon us now to bear a double burden of such calamity. The painful suspense and feverish anxiety of the public mind, the perturbation of opinion, and the fluctuation of finance occasioned by the pendency of the question, and the secrecy of its management, have for the present an end, and for the time being we are glad to adjourn our speculations about hostile combinations, foreign interventions, and, mayhap, a general world-war. The rising vision of "fierce hosting" suddenly dissolves into thin air, and we once more breathe freely.

England selects the period of our supposed extremity as that of her actual opportunity. Her entire course, instead of being marked by nobleness and magnanimity, is one of treachery and cowardice, and the blow with which she would thus strike an adversary under such circumstances, is, even in the slang of bullies, a foul one. Not long since the heir to her throne passed in an ovation through the country, and the present sad bereavement of her Queen is even now calling forth in our midst expressions of sincere and respectful sympathy. Unfortunately, such sentiments have met with a sudden rebuff, and we should not be surprised if there sinks down deeply into the American heart a desperate grudge, a cherished animosity, a lurking revenge, lying latent until it, in turn, may select an opportune day of retribution. We feel that the future may disclose that her triumph of to-day has been dearly bought, and that her statesmen have sacrificed, to the impulses of the moment, the far-reaching interests of years to come. By committing the blunder of accompanying a diplomatic note by an obtrusive display of warlike preparations, it has been sought to give to the offering of our reason the false color of a concession, extorted by our fear, which, besides gaining no practical result beyond what would have been secured by a courteous and considerate manner, has, at the same time, laid up in the memory of the country a store of bitter recollections, to haunt and stimulate the popular mind as the keen reminiscence of an unavenged indignity.

We nevertheless find in the settlement of the difficulty matter for public congratulation. The friends of peace and progress in England could not suppress apprehensions that we were incapable of dealing dispassionately with the case, and the organs of Government and of the aristocracy were loud in proclaiming that reason and reflection would be powerless before the influence of the mob, and that amid a wild and turbulent Democracy, all regard to British rights and British honor would be clamorously overborne. But how different the result! Reason has been appealed to, and reason has promptly responded. Our sense of justice has been invoked, and it has quickly justified the appeal. We, ourselves, have sat upon our own case, and with judicial rigor of reasoning, and judicial freedom from bias, have decided against ourselves. No nation has, within the present century, yielded such a thorough, calm, noble, and frank tribute to the great principles of international amity.

THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS:

The tone of the English journals received by the mails of the American indicates that, while a war, for which gigantic preparations were being made, would inevitably have ensued if Mason and Slidell had not been promptly surrendered, the course adopted by the Administration will be entirely satisfactory, and will be hailed with delight by all the friends of our country in the old world. There are some important interests in England which anxiously desire the commencement of hostilities, because they imagine that they would result in the total downfall of republican institutions, and that by opening the Southern ports British manufactures would secure an abundant supply of cotton. But, on the other hand, the British capitalists who have immense investments in American securities, and a very large portion of the English people who either sympathize with the national cause in this country, or keenly realize the horrors of a protracted contest with America, will now, since what they deem the national honor of their country has been vindicated, resolutely oppose all hostile measures, and do all in their power to secure a lasting peace.

It is difficult to decide who will be most annoyed and indignant at the action of the Federal Government in the release of Mason and Slidell—the traitors in arms against the Union, or the despots of the Old World. And loyal men, who are disposed to complain of this action, should carefully await the wrathful explosions from both these classes before committing themselves too far. When the traitors, Slidell and Mason, were captured, a thrill of joy was felt throughout the entire Rebellion. Daily diminishing in numbers, in courage, and resources, terror-stricken at the tremendous preparations of the Federal Government, and at the daily evidences of dissatisfaction among their own people, Jefferson Davis and his associates hailed the prospect of a difficulty between the United States and England as a sure promise that they were about to secure an ally that would prove a most effective assistant in the destruction of our sacred Constitution, and our beloved Union. Their whole treachery, was on the eve of sinking into oblivion, and, like drowning men, they caught with desperate avidity at the straw thus held out to them. They were ready to see Slidell and Mason hung in chains, and in fact greeted their arrest and imprisonment as the only fortunate sign that had appeared to them for months.

THE NEW YORK HERALD:

The evident disposition of the American people was not to apologize, and not to deliver the prisoners, if the right should turn out to be on our side. Rather than do so the American democracy were willing to lose their last man and their last dollar. They believed they were right, substantially, and paid little attention to the nice discriminations of international law. Their blood was up, and "*No Surrender*" was the watchword. Fortunately for England, there was a cool statesman at the helm of the foreign affairs of this country, who was not led away by the syren voice of passion. His masterly analysis of public law, his calm dignity, and his imperturbable courage in deciding against the United States upon the technicality of the case, while he fearlessly asserts that the principle and the merits are on our side, ought to fill the English government with gratitude, and put to shame the disgraceful conduct of the press which professed to represent it.

There is another vital point established. It is the entire neutrality of England and France in our domestic strife. They are now both nailed down to their own stewals before Europe and the world. We are thus left free from doubt and difficulty in the prosecution of the war for the Union, and will be enabled to put forth the undivided energies of the nation in crushing a rebellion which was only formidable because we were not prepared for it, but which will, ere long, be swept away before our advancing armies, like the grass of the prairie before the devouring flame.

THE BACKBONE OF THE REBELLION BROKEN.—Mr. Seward was right in his opinion communicated to our Minister at London, that this Southern rebellion lives upon its hopes of European intervention, and that with those hopes destroyed this rebellion would collapse in ninety days. The settlement of our difficulty with England, and according to the friendly suggestions of France, in putting an end to the calculations of help from England and France, or from either, breaks the backbone of this rebellion.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE:

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.—I. For a series of ten years, during her protracted, desperate struggle with Napoleon I., Great Britain, through the commanders of her vessels of war, was accustomed to stop on the high seas the merchant vessels of the United States, muster their crews, and take therefrom such persons as those commanders decided, without adjudication or appeal, to be natives of the British dominions, therefore liable to impressment into and service in the Navy of Great Britain.

II. The persons so impressed from our vessels, though mainly seamen of British or Irish nativity, were by no means wholly such. On the contrary, hundreds if not thousands of native Americans were thus impressed and compelled to work, fight, and die for an alien government.

III. So early at least as 1804, our Government called the attention of the British to this practice of impressment from our vessels as at war with all our ideas of international law and neutral rights. But, though our representations were frequent and urgent, we never received any satisfaction or apology whatever.

IV. Great Britain was offered by our Government, soon after her various and persistent outrages on our maritime rights had compelled us in 1812 to declare war against her, an immediate suspension of that war, (her Orders in Council having, unknown to us, been repealed before she heard of our Declaration of War) on the sole condition that she should stipulate for a renunciation of her alleged right to impress seamen from our merchant vessels. But Great Britain peremptorily refused to give any such stipulation, or to surrender or qualify in any manner her asserted right.

V. Though we had been suffering from this British practice of impressment from our vessels through at least ten years—down to the outbreak of war in 1812, we had never threatened Great Britain with hostilities because of this wholesale and persistent violation of what we regarded as our vital maritime right.

VI. Even on the return of peace, after Napoleon had been dethroned and all Europe restored to amity with Great Britain, her Government peremptorily refused to stipulate that she would not in future resort to impressment from our merchant vessels whenever she should be at war, and judge such impressment essential. This ancient right of Great Britain, so vital to her maritime strength, was in no manner disavowed or renounced by her, nor has it been to this day, unless in the peremptory demand made by her that Mason and Slidell, native-born Americans, taken by us from one of her merchant vessels, should be surrendered to her, and their capture apologized for. After this should a British cruiser ever venture to stop an American merchant vessel in quest of British born seamen, even though deserters from her service, we cannot say that the attempt would be promptly and sternly resented—for it might be made at a time when it would be impossible to give that practical effect to our just indignation; but it would constitute an outrage so flagrant that all but those who fancy whatever she deems essential to her maritime ascendency is her undoubted right, would cry shame upon her. We hold therefore, that the capture and release of Mason and Slidell has brought Great Britain herself to acknowledge, after sixty years of confident denial or of obstinate silence, that in her aggressions on neutral maritime rights which drove us into the war of 1812, she was flagrantly, obstinately wrong.

Let none imagine that we object to the release of the Rebel Commissioners, or to the manner in which Gov. Seward has conducted the discussion on our part. On the contrary, we heartily approve both the fact and the terms of our Government's compliance with the British demand. We thoroughly agree with the general spirit both of Gov. Seward's and of M. Thouvenel's suggestions that it ill becomes the United States, after their honorable struggles and sacrifices in behalf of the Freedom of the Seas, to be even accused of unfaithfulness to that great principle. If we are ever again to be brought into hostile collision with Great Britain on a question involving, or claimed as involving, the Maritime Rights of Neutrals, we insist that our flag shall be unfurled and upheld, as hitherto, in accordance with all our National instincts and traditions, on the side of the recognition, the establishment, or even the enlargement of those rights—never on the other. If Great Britain should to-morrow object to the treatment of anything as contraband of war, except in the case of a vessel violating, or intending to violate, a blockade, we hope our Government, at whatever present inconvenience will at once assent to the new doctrine thus asserted—new, at all events, from that quarter.

Latest Intelligence—Arrival of Fugitives—Drafting.—A number of fugitives from the vicinity of Waterford, Loudon county, Va., six miles above Leesburg, succeeded in making their escape through the rebel pickets, and crossed the Potomac on Tuesday night. More besides themselves have escaped from that vicinity in various ways, and others are expected nightly.

Suspension of Specie Payments by our Banks.—At a conference of New York banks on Saturday evening last, by a unanimous vote, they resolved upon an immediate suspension of specie payment.

NATIONAL ODE.

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.—BY REV. DR. GILMAN, CHARLESTON, S. C.

The song we publish beneath is not new. It was printed ten years ago, perhaps earlier; but it is, we think, not generally known. What has since become of the author, we know not—whether, like so many in that latitude, he has eaten his words, and become as loud in praise of Rebellion as once of Union; or whether he remained true to his principles, and for their sake has been robbed and exiled, we cannot say. But the song, as an expression of patriotism and political orthodoxy, coming from the very birth-place and hot-bed of treason, is at least a curiosity. It sounds as if it had been written in view of the false doctrine and false faith which have for thirty years infested South Carolina.

It is interesting to compare the present position of the Rebels with their former professions; and we need wish no severer punishment to our enemies than that which their own words, often spoken, have suggested and denounced. Read the spirited verses below, (the Italics are our own;) notice whence they came; remember that by the guns of that same city the "banner" was first "torn;" that it was her machinations which prevailed to "sever freedom's shrine," to break "the tie of country," to "stain the blessings sent" from heaven. The "solemn vow"—how has it been kept? Can we wonder that the peculiar curse of the Almighty rests, even now, upon that wicked city by the sea?

Hail, our country's natal morn!
Hail, our spreading kindred born!
Hail, thou banner, rent yet torn,
Waving o'er the free!

While this day, in festal throng,
Millions swell the patriot's song,
Shall we not the notes prolong?
Hallowed jubilee!

Who would sever freedom's shrine?
Who would draw the invidious line?
Though by birth our spot be mine,
Dear is all the rest—

Dear to me the South's fair land,
Dear the central mountain band,
Dear New England's rocky strand,
Dear the prairied West.

By our altars pure and free,
By our laws' deep-rooted tree,
By the past's dread memory,
By our Washington—

By our common kindred-tongue,
By our hopes—bright, buoyant, young,
By the tie of country strong,
We will still be one.

Fathers! have ye bled in vain?
Ages, must ye droop again?
Maker, shall we rashly stain
Blessings sent by thee?

No! Receive our solemn vow,
While before thy throne we bow,
Ever to maintain as now,
"Union—Liberty!"

Advertisements.

THE UNITED Brothers and Sisters of Rev. Willis Nazrey Society, are requested to attend their regular stated meeting, the 19th of this month, at 8 o'clock, P. M., on the corner of Quince and Locust Streets. Punctual attendance is strictly requested, by order of the President.
AARON BELL, *President.*
E. MALONEY, *Secretary.*

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 10th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

From Garnet Union No. 4, D. of T.; from Phœnix Union, No. 8, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 16, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Dr. Bias' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 12, D. of T.; from Vanbrackle Union, No. 15, D. of T., of Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—

Grand P., Sister Bennet; Grand Associate, Sister Burris; Grand Treasurer, Sister Fawcett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dulihurt; Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall.

G. P. P.,	Sister E. ROBERTS,	G. P. P.	Sister ANDERSON,
" "	" E. BOWERS,	" "	" J. F. BLACK,
" "	" M. H. BURDY,	" "	" E. A. CLARK,
" "	" S. NEWMAN,	" "	" WHITE,
" "	" S. DAVIS,	" "	" S. HALL.

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Strangers should not fail to call and examine.
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DEALER IN
NEW AND SECOND HAND
CLOTHING,
No. 225 South Second Street,
No. 17—3mo. PHILADELPHIA.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY.
THE STATED QUARTERLY MEETINGS of the Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August, and November.
The meetings of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the society.
Mrs. SARAH CARTER, President.
Mr. L. B. SEYMOUR, Sec'y.

MRS. JOHNSON AND MRS. WARE
Beg leave to inform the Public in general that they continue
LAYING OUT AND SHROUDING THE DEAD.
REFERENCES.
Thomas Charnock, No. 427 South Sixth Street.
James Le Count, No. 830 Rodman Street.
Thomas W. Allmond, No. 1027 Rodman Street.
☞ ALL ORDERS ATTENDED TO AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE.
Mrs. JANE JOHNSON, Residence—618 S. 8th St. | Mrs. ANN WARE, Resid'ce—641 Lombard St.

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AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,
No. 619 *Pine Street*,
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We keep on hand, in connexion with our other books, Sabbath School books of various kinds; Question Books; Catechisms, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. We have a good assortment of such books as are generally used in the Public Schools. Also, Stationery, inks, Pens, Paper, Envelopes and Blank Books.

WANTED.—The charge of a Public School. References as to ability can be given. Apply to
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STOVE STORE,
107 NORTH FIFTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
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BOURNE.
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CURE
Sick Headache
CURE
Nervous Headache
CURE
All kinds of
Headache.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the *Nausea* and *Headache* to which females are so subject.

They act so gently upon the bowels—removing *Costiveness*.

For *Literary Men, Students*, Delicate Females, and all persons of *sedentary habits*, they are valuable as a *Laxative*, improving the *appetite*, give *tone* and *vigor* to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of suffering from Headache, whether originating in the nervous system or from a deranged state of the stomach.

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety without making any change of diet, and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.
The genuine have five signatures of Henry C. Spalding on each Box.
Sold by Druggists and all other Dealers in Medicine.
A Box will be sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of the
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All orders should be addressed to
HENRY C. SPALDING,
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CEPHALIC PILLS,
WILL CONVINCE ALL WHO SUFFER FROM
HEADACHE,
THAT A
SPEEDY AND SURE CURE IS
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As these Testimonials were unsolicited by Mr. SPALDING, they afford unquestionable proof of the efficacy of this truly scientific discovery.

MACONVILLE, OHIO., Feb. 5, 1861.
MR. SPALDING.
SIR:
I have tried your Cephalic Pills, and *I like them so well* that I want you to send me two dollars' worth more.
Part of these are for the neighbours, to whom I gave a few out of the first box I got from you.
Send the Pills by mail, and oblige
Your ob't Servant,
JAMES KENNEDY.

RAVENSDALE, PA., Feb. 6, 1861.
MR. SPALDING.
SIR:
I wish you to send me one more box of your Cephalic Pills. *I have received a great deal of benefit from them.*
Yours, respectfully,
MARY ANN STOKHOUSE.

SPRUCE CREEK, HUNTINGDON CO., PA., January 18, 1861.
H. C. SPALDING.
SIR:
You will please send me two boxes of your Cephalic Pills. Send them immediately.
Respectfully yours,
JNO. B. SIMONS.
P. S. *I have used one box of your Pills, and find them excellent.*

BELLE VERNON, OHIO, Jan. 15, 1861.
HENRY C. SPALDING, Esq.
Please find enclosed twenty-five cents, for which send me another box of your Cephalic Pills. *They are truly the best Pills I have ever tried.*
Direct A. STOVER P. M.
Belle Vernon, Wyandot Co., O.

BEVERLY, MASS., Dec. 11, 1860.
H. C. SPALDING, Esq.
I wish for some circulars or large show bills, to bring your Cephalic Pills more particularly before my customers. If you have anything of the kind, please send me one.
One of my customers, who is subject to severe Sick Headache, (usually lasting two days,) *was cured of an attack in one hour by your Pills*, which I sent her.
Respectfully yours,
W. B. WILKES

REYNOLDSBURG, FRANKLIN CO., OHIO, January 9th, 1861.
HENRY C. SPALDING,
No. 48 Cedar st., N. Y.
DEAR SIR:
Enclosed find twenty-five cents, (25,) for which send box of "Cephalic Pills." Send to address of Rev. Wm. C. Filler, Reynoldsburg, Franklin Co., Ohio.
Your Pills work like a charm—cure Headache almost instantly.
Truly yours,
WM. C. FILLER.

YPSILANTI, MICH., Jan. 14, 1861.
MR. SPALDING.
SIR:
Not long since I sent to you for a box of Cephalic Pills for the cure of the Nervous Headache and Costiveness, and received the same, and *they had as good an effect that I was induced to send for more.*
Please send by return mail. Direct to
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Ypsilanti, Mich.

From the Examiner, Norfolk, Va.
Cephalic Pills accomplish the object for which they were made, viz.: Cure of headache in all its forms.

From the Examiner, Norfolk, Va.
They have been tested in more than a thousand cases, with entire success.

From the Democrat, St. Cloud, Minn.
If you are, or have been troubled with the headache, send for a box, (Cephalic Pills,) so that you may have them in case of an attack.

☞ A single bottle of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE will save ten times its cost annually.☜

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SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!
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ECONOMY! DISPATCH!
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As certain unprincipled persons are attempting to palm off on the unsuspecting public, imitations of my PREPARED GLUE, I would caution all persons to examine before purchasing, and see that the fac simile
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is on the outside wrapper; all others are swindling concerns.

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SILVER-PLATED WARE.

Sets of six Forks,	(plated on German Silver.)		
" " Table Spoons,	"	"	"
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Pairs of Butter Knives,	"	"	"
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Cream Cups,	"	"	
Knife and Fork,	"	"	
Pairs Napkin Rings,	"	"	
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March 2—1y

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All kinds of Photographic Pictures and Ambrotypes at prices to suit everybody. No establishment more extensive. March 2—1y.

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Catalogue of

COFFEE DRINKING.

How strong should coffee be taken, is an inquiry of much practical importance. How much should be taken at a meal, is scarcely of less moment. Coffee, like any other beverage, may wholly ruin the health; the very use of it tends to this ruin, as certainly as does the use of wine, cider, beer, or any other unnatural, stimulating drink. There is only one safe plan for using coffee, and that is never under any circumstances, except of an extraordinary character, exceed in quantity, frequency or strength; take only one cup at the regular meal, and of a given, unvarying strength. In this way it may be used for a lifetime, not only without injury, but with greater advantage than an equal amount of cold water, and for the simple reason that nothing cold should be drunk at a regular meal, except by persons in vigorous health.

One pound of the bean should make sixty cups of the very best coffee. If a man takes coffee for breakfast only, one pound should last him two months, or six pounds a year.

One pound should be made to last a family of ten persons, young and old, one week. Put about two ounces of ground coffee in a quart of water, or rather, divide the pound into seven portions, one for each breakfast in the week, and make a quart of coffee out of it, which will be sixty-four tablespoonfuls. Give the youngest two tablespoonfuls, and the oldest a dozen; the remainder of the one cup being filled up with boiled milk. This will give a cup of coffee sufficiently strong for all healthful purposes, for the respective ages; and for various reasons, pecuniary as well as physical, some such systematic plan as this should be adopted in every family in the land. How to make the cup of coffee? is a third question. It is perhaps as good and as easy a plan as any to buy the coffee in the grain, pick out those that are imperfect, wash it, parch as much as will last a day or two, with your eye upon it all the time until it is of a rich brown, with no approach of black about it. Grind only enough for the day's use; grind it fine, for the greater the surface exposed to the hot water the more of the essence you will have; pour the boiling water on the coffee, close it up and boil it ten minutes, let it stand to clear ten minutes, then use.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

FOR CONSUMPTION.

CREAM VERSUS COD-LIVER OIL.

During a few years past "cod-liver oil" has been the great popular panacea for consumption; tons of thousands of barrels of so-called cod-liver oil have been sold at enormous prices, and consumed. We say "so-called," for it is quite certain that a very large proportion of material sold under this name has been mainly *lard oil.* We think little harm has been done by the deception, except by the cheat involved in selling for $1 per gallon. There is no doubt that thousands of cures have been effected by the use of both, the pure cod-liver oil, and the spurious lard oil. Faith is the article, (that is, in the label on the bottle, and in the advertisements of the sellers,) has, in many cases, dispelled fear, and started the patient on the high road to health; while the real nourishment afforded by the oil is often just what is needed by the dyspeptic patient, suffering for lack of nutriment. Indeed, it is believed that to the carbonaceous elements of the oil, which are essential to good respiration, is mainly due the benefit that has been derived from the much-lauded cod-liver oil. Acting upon this belief, one of our first physicians, Dr. Alonzo Clark, who is, perhaps, the highest authority of our city, has proposed the use of pure sweet cream as a substitute for the oil. Cream is essentially an oil, very similar in its composition to the cod-liver oil, and others of like character, while it is far more palatable, and vastly cheaper. The *Medical Reporter* says that a consumptive patient, now under treatment, is taking cream with better effect than was experienced under the cod-liver oil previously tried.

Our advice is, for all who have, or think they have, consumption, to adopt a cream diet. Eat the pure sweet cream abundantly, as much of it as the stomach will digest well. Eat it alone, on bread, with baked sweet apples, and at every meal. Eat it, believing it will cure, and we doubt not that it will prove quite as effective as the purest cod-liver oil that can be bought.—*American Agriculturist.*

Family Circle

DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Suppose the little cowslip
Should hang its golden cup,
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower,
I'd better not grow up."—
How many a weary trav'ller
Would miss its fragrant smell;
How many a little child would grieve
To lose it from the dell!

Suppose the glistening dew-drop
Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dew-drop do?
I'd better roll away."—
The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The trav'ller on his way,—
Who would not miss the smallest
And softest one that blow,
And think they made a great mistake,
If they were talking so?

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom, too!
It wants a loving spirit
Much more than strength, to prove,
How many things a child may do
For others by his love.

LIVES OF PIOUS CHILDREN.

CATHERINE HALDANE.

You know, children, that the good example of a good child like yourselves is a great help to you in trying to be good; just as the bad example of a bad boy or girl, unhappily, leads other boys and girls to become bad like them. Now, as I wish that you will all become good and pious, I propose to give you short accounts of the lives of some pious children; who, like many of yourselves, were once foolish, and perhaps wicked; but who learned to be sorry for their sins, and to love the blessed Saviour; and who are now perfectly happy with Jesus in heaven.

Let me, before I begin, entreat you, my young friends, to read these *lives of pious children* with attention, and to try to recollect what is told of them; and while you read of them, to pray that God, for Christ's sake, would make *you* also good and pious like *them.* Be assured you never can be happy till you love Jesus, and try to please God, as they did.

The first I shall tell you about is Catherine Haldane. She was born December 3d, 1795, and died June 5th, 1802. If you count the time between these two dates, you will find that this good little girl lived only about six years and a half. When she died, she was younger than the most of you. And yet she was a remarkably healthy child, and promised fairer for long life than any of her brothers or sisters. But this did not prevent her taking sick, and dying so very young. If you look at the graves in the cemetery or church-yard, my young readers, you will see many of them which are shorter than yourselves. God took away their little inmates when very young, while he has spared you. But perhaps *you* may be the next. Then, get ready to die, for you know not how soon you too may die, and be laid in the dust. "All flesh is grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away."

Catherine Haldane had a pious father and mother. Her father was a minister of the gospel in Edinburgh, Scotland. He was once a wicked sea captain, but, when converted, became a famous preacher, and his preaching the means of converting many. From the time that Catherine could understand anything, her parents taught her that she had to give an account of her thoughts, words and actions to God. It is a great blessing to have religious parents. If God has given you this blessing, you should be very thankful to him; and you should love your parents the more for teaching you to love and please God. Catherine's parents early taught her to listen to the reading of the Scriptures; (before she could read herself, I suppose,) and also such little religious books as are adapted to the capacities of children. She soon began to attend to the parables, and some of the stories of the Old Testament. Her mother usually spent two hours daily in reading and talking on what she read, to Catherine and her elder sister. They were never led to regard this as a task; and as they found it entertaining, and were not desired to continue when they began to tire, they always looked forward to it with pleasure, and were disappointed if anything occurred to prevent it.

Her father tells us that Catherine early became fond of reading accounts of pious children. In this, my dear young readers, I hope you will resemble her. As I have said already, the good examples of others are well fitted to strengthen and engage us to walk in the good ways of the Lord.

No particular impression appeared to have been made on Catherine's mind by the word of God till she was five years of age. She had listened to some parts of Scripture with seeming attention, but never appeared to consider herself particularly interested in what she heard, till one Sabbath evening, when her younger sister was asked the meaning of being born again. John iii. 3, Catherine immediately replied—"To get a new heart from God."

Her mother said she feared she did not know what a change of heart meant; and spoke seriously to her. Catherine was much affected, and after she went to bed, said to the excellent and truly pious servant who was her attendant,—"I have been thinking on that verse, 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.'"—Ezekiel xviii. 20.

One evening her attendant spoke to her of the love of Christ to children. Catherine desired her to read the passage of Scripture which speaks of Jesus riding in triumph to Jerusalem, and about the children crying: "Hosanna to the Son of David." Matt. xxi. 15. She asked if these children had been always good. She was told that they had had hearts and evil natures as well as others; but that the Lord had probably changed their hearts, and given them love to Jesus; and that no child's heart was so bad, that the Lord could not make it good. After she was in bed, Catherine whispered to her attendant to pray that the Lord would give her a new heart; and, shortly afterwards, she was observed to be herself on her knees, engaged in prayer.

My young readers, do you think that God heard little Catherine's prayer, and gave her the *new heart* which she prayed for? Oh, yes, he did! *He always hears and answers prayers for a new heart.* Do you desire a new heart also? If so, pray heartily to God for it, as did Catherine Haldane. Without a new heart you cannot love God, nor the Saviour Jesus Christ; and unless you love God, you cannot keep his commandments. *Without a new heart you cannot be saved,* nor get to heaven. Oh, think what shall become of you, if you should die before you get a new heart. Your soul should be forever lost. You should be driven to hell forever. Let me teach you a nice little prayer for a new heart; which you will find in the 51st Psalm, 10th verse; learn it, and put it with your morning and evening prayer:—"Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."

You will recollect, my young friends, that I told you, that this little girl, when less than five years old, through the blessing of God on the instructions of her godly parents, felt herself to be a sinner, and that she prayed to God for a new heart. You will now learn from the remaining part of her history, that the Lord heard and graciously answered that prayer, and made her one of his own lovely and loving children.

The account we have of her was written by her father, who, as I stated before, was a pious minister. He tells us that one Lord's day having heard the Gospel preached, she was talking with her attendant and her sister about the sermon. Her sister remembered a good deal of what she had heard; Catherine could say but little. They alleged that she had not been attentive. She burst into tears, and said,—"Elizabeth, although I cannot remember so much of the sermon as you, I love to hear paps preach, and I hope I shall soon love my Saviour."

While she showed such seriousness in speaking on these things, she was notwithstanding very fond of her play, and no child enjoyed it more than Catherine.

Her younger sister being asked if she loved Mr. H——y, answered, Yes. Why? Because he gives me good things. The same question was put to Catherine. She replied, Yes; but not because he gives me good things; but because he is one of the Lord's people. She then said to her sister, If you love Mr. H. for giving you good things, you should love Jesus much more, for he gives you all things. She added, you should love the Lord's people; for Jesus said, "Love one another."

Her mother having corrected her for a fault, told her to pray God to make her sensible of her faults; to wash her in the blood of Jesus, and to give her a clean heart. She was much affected. O, said she, I am very sorry for doing it; for I have offended my Saviour too. I do not know what to do. The 103d Psalm was read to her, and she was told that she must believe that "the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin," for that nothing she could do would recommend her to God, or procure her pardon. Catherine answered, I think I do believe it, but I do not know; for I often think I will do well when I do not.

On another occasion, after her father had been conversing with her, she said to her attendant who had expressed doubts whether she loved the Saviour—"I do love Jesus."

In February, 1801, when a little more than five years of age, Catherine began to grow ill; and although her fond parents did all that could be done for her, she gradually grew worse. During her illness, she took pleasure in hymns, and in having the Scriptures read to her. She was particularly fond of the 25th chapter of Matthew.

Her illness made her fretful, especially when medicines had to be administered to her. When afterwards spoken to on the subject, she was always sensible it was very sinful, and expressed much sorrow. Sometimes her mother spoke to her seriously before she gave her medicine, and at such times Catherine would pray earnestly that she might behave like a child of God; and would then, with great gentleness, submit to what was judged proper for her.

But I have not room to tell you much more of this pious child. What more I say of her must be short. As her illness increased, she attended to hymns and the reading of the Scriptures, and conversed as formerly upon religion. Your parents, no doubt, teach you to learn and repeat Psalms, which are better than any hymns. Catherine showed much earnestness in prayer. One day her father desired her to pray aloud, which she did; she not only prayed for herself, but for her brothers and sisters individually with much affection.

When her mother told her that she thought her dying, Catherine said, if she was sure of going to Jesus she should be happy; but that she was afraid she had not a new heart.

During her illness, her temper was observed to become more gentle and patient. She spent more time in prayer than formerly, and in hearing about Jesus, she had long been accustomed to hear a chapter of the Bible read to her after she was in bed. She would never allow this to be neglected, either before or after she became ill.

One Lord's day her mother, on going out, desired her to keep a Sabbath School. When she returned, she heard Catherine praying with the rest, that if it were the Lord's will, he would restore her to health: if not, that he would prepare her for death, and take her to himself.

She suffered much with great patience. Some time before she died, she wished to see her papa, who came and spoke with her, and prayed. She then told him that she loved Jesus Christ. She ever afterwards enjoyed comfort of mind, and never expressed a fear of death. A short time before her death she said, "I have just been thinking how happy I shall be when papa, mamma, Elizabeth, and the rest, meet me in heaven." She added, "It was a pretty chapter that papa read this morning, (at family worship,) that there would be no need of the light of a candle there."

This dear little girl died soon after; giving her sorrowing parents every satisfaction they could desire, that she had obtained a new heart, that she was sorry for her sins, and that she loved her Saviour. She is, without doubt, now happy in the presence of Jesus in heaven. My young reader, have you yet seen yourself to be a sinner? Have you got a new heart? If not, we entreat you to seek it—to pray earnestly for it. You cannot be saved without it. Remember that little prayer for a new heart in the 51st Psalm, 10th verse, and, as I formerly recommended, put it into your morning and evening prayers,—"Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."

W. S. B.

From the Youth's Evangelist.

REMEMBER THE SABBATH TO KEEP IT HOLY.

One Saturday evening Nettie Lewis put away her doll and other playthings; for she said tomorrow will be the Sabbath, and I must not play, but keep it holy. How much better I am than other little girls; for their mothers have to tell them to put away their toys. My little readers, take your Bible and read in Luke xviii. 9, the story of the Pharisee and the Publican, and tell your teacher which one you think Nettie was the most like. The first thing she did, when she woke the next morning, was to draw aside the window curtain to find out what kind of weather it was. Upon seeing it bright and beautiful, she did not once thank Him who made it so, but clapping her hands, said, I can wear my new bonnet and dress to-day, and look as nice as Flora Lee. In Sabbath School Nettie stood up with the others at prayer, but whispered with her cousin Mary. When the congregation united in singing the praises of God, she joined them, but thought only of her fine voice. When she went into church, she looked to see who came in, and how they were dressed.

During the sermon she read her paper and library book. In the afternoon she went to visit a little friend, who took a walk with her. They spent the time in silly conversation, not speaking, or even thinking, of that best Friend, whom they were grieving. While out a shower came up and spoiled her new bonnet, which made her cry with vexation. Thus in tears and anger closed this day, spent for herself. Do you think it was a holy Sabbath? We will now glance at sweet Winnie Brown, who lives in the same village. On this same lovely Sabbath morning, Winnie rose early and asking her Heavenly Father to show her how to keep it holy, sat down and read about Christ taking little children up in His arms, and blessing them. Her heart was filled with love to him, and she longed to get to his House that she might worship Him with his people.

In Sabbath School during the time of prayer, she closed her eyes, and followed the minister while praying that the Good Shepherd would make each little child there a lamb of His fold. When afterwards they sang, Winnie also could be heard, but she was singing with the spirit and understanding, as we are directed to do in the Bible. Then her teacher explained the lesson and she listened closely, that she might remember, and practise all the week what she there heard. Then Winnie went into church and endeavored to worship God in Spirit and in truth, as he commands us. In the afternoon, she pleased her brother Harry, who was beginning to grow weary of the day, by telling him some Scripture stories. Then this dear little girl went next door to read to a poor blind woman and told her about the sermon, for which she was very grateful to Winnie. Was not Winnie much happier than Nettie? although she, like the Publican, could say, God be merciful to me a sinner. Which one kept the day holy?

Boys, you are just as much bound as girls to obey the 4th Commandment, although this story is meant for them. You can break it just as easily as they. Pray then for aid to "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."

MYRTA.

A GOOD BOY.

One cold frosty morning, little John Miller, after wrapping himself up warm, gathered his books and started for school. He was running along whistling merrily, when he saw something glittering in the path before him. John stopped and picked it up—a bright silver half dollar. How many careless little boys would never have thought of the loser, but have put the money in their pocket. So with little John. He was very glad on account of his prize, and as he ran away, thought how many good things he could buy with the money. But as he went along, he asked himself what his good mother and Sabbath School teacher would say. He tried to persuade himself that he was not doing wrong. Yet still his conscience whispered, "Try to find the owner." Now I don't know what my little readers would do, but I hope they would all do as little John Miller did, who ran back to the place where he had found the money, to look for the person who had lost it. After looking up and down the street, he saw a little ragged boy sitting upon a step crying bitterly. John went up to him and asked what was the matter. The little boy told John, that his mother had given him her last half dollar to buy some food with, and he had lost it, and the little boy cried more than ever. John's eyes filled with tears as he saw his trouble, and putting his hand in his pocket, drew out the money and gave it to him.

A bright smile overspread the little boy's face, as he said, "Oh how glad I am." John too was glad and taking the little boy's hand, they went together to John's house, where he told his mother everything. She gave the little boy some breakfast, and then taking a basket full of those things which she thought would be useful, went with the little boy to his mother, and carried joy with her, feeding a starving family. All that day, you may be sure, John Miller was a happy boy, and as he said his prayers that night at his mother's knee, he thanked his Father in heaven, fervently, who had supported him when he was tempted, enabled him to do his duty, and thereby relieved the distress of some of his fellow-beings. Now, my little readers, would not you all like to do as John Miller did?

LOVE.

One of our first efforts as Sabbath School teachers should be in gaining the affections and confidence of our scholars. Love has often more influence than wisdom. The one applies to the reason, the other to the affections; the one speaks to the intellect, the other goes straight to the heart. "It is beautiful," says one, "to believe ourselves loved, especially by those whom we love and value." Yes, it is beautiful, certainly; but we to us if we neglect the responsibilities attached to it. When God permits us to win the regard of others, he places in our hands a sweet and powerful influence, which we should be very careful to use in His service, and to His glory.

Human affection, sanctified by the divine blessing, may be made the instrument of much good; wanting that, it is but a burning light without life or warmth. The lowly and loving may frequently do much more, in their limited sphere, than the rich and noble. We must never forget that we are all appointed to the station which we fill in this life, by the wise Disposer of all things, who knows what is suited to our various capacities and attainments much better than we do ourselves and who would not have placed us there if he had not something for us to do.

There are few who live up to their power of being useful. This is our dwelling place, where each has his or her sphere of usefulness—their mission of love and duty to perform as they pass on through life.

PRESS ON.

Press on, my loved ones, don't delay.
The time is passing fast away:
Go, print your names where all is love,
Where endless joy is far above,—
Where all is pensive, bright, and clear,—
Where none are parted, all are dear,—
Where no proud one dare his foot place,—
Where we shall see Christ face to face.

MATTIE.

If is with the warning voices of our souls as with the tones of nature around us; often inaudible in the glare of the day, they are heard distinctly in the darkness.

DOMESTIC MARKETS.

The Flour market continues dull, and without any change to note in prices or demand.

WHEAT.—There is very little doing, and prices are unsettled and lower, with sales of forty thousand bushels prime Pennsylvania red at $1.30 and 1.33, closing as the former rates. Southern do. at 1.35, and white at 1.40 and 1.45 per bushel. RYE.—About three thousand bushels Pennsylvania brought 72 and 73 cents, and some Southern 63 cts. Corn is in fair request at quotations, with sales of twenty-five thousand bushels at 62 and 64 cts. for old yellow, 53 and 54 cts. for new, and 60 and 62 for old and new mixed. Oats are unchanged, but dull, and thirty thousand bushels sold at 39 c. for prime Delaware, and 39 and 40 c. for Penna.

PROVISIONS.—There has been very little movement in Pork, except on Government account; sales city packed mess at $12.50 and 13.00, and 12.00 New prime is held at 9.00, but without sales. City-packed mess Beef is worth 12.50 and 14. Dried Beef is dull. Bacon.—There is very little demand for any kind; sales of one hundred and fifty casks, including Hams, at 8 and 9 c.; Sides at 6 c., and Shoulders at 4½ and 5 c., cash, and short time. Green Meats.—There is rather more offering; sales of Hams at 5½ and 6 c.; Sides at 5 c., and Shoulders at 4 and 4½ c. Lard meets with a limited inquiry, and prices are steady; sales of tierces and barrels at 9 c.; one hundred mixed packages country at 8½, and kegs at 9½ and 9¾ c. Butter.—There is very little coming in, and it is in fair demand, only with sales of solid-packed at 9 and 9½ c.; two hundred kegs choice dairy grades at 16 cts., and two hundred and fifty tubs Pennsylvania at 15 and 16 c. Cheese is dull at 7 and 8 c. per pound, and Eggs seventeen and eighteen cts. per dozen.

BARK comes forward slowly, and is held firmly at last week's figures, with sales of sixty hogsheads fine ground No. 1 Quercitron at thirty dollars per ton.

BEESWAX is scarce and held firmly, with further sales of prime yellow at 33 c. per pound.

CANDLES.—Sperm are sold at 20 c., on time, and there is little or nothing doing. Prices of Adamantine and Tallow Candles continue as last quoted, with limited sales.

COFFEE.—The market is nearly bare of stock in first hands, and it is in good demand, at a further advance, with sales of one thousand five hundred bags, including Rio at 19 and 20 cents, Laguyra at 22 and 22½ c., and St. Domingo at 19 c. per pound, cash, and time.

FISH.—Mackerel are held with more firmness, and most of the recent arrivals here have been stored; sales at $10 and 10.50 for No. 1, 8 and 9 for No. 2, and 4 for small No. 3s. Codfish sells by retail at $3 and 3.25 per 100 pounds. Herring are worth 1.75 and 3.50 per barrel, as in quality.

FEATHERS.—There are but few here. Sales of three thousand pounds good Western at 38 c. per pound.

FRUIT.—There is a moderate demand for Bunch Raisins. A lot of Malaga Lemons sold at $9, and Messina at 6 per box. Domestic fruit is in steady demand. Green Apples range from $3 to 4 per barrel, as in quality. Dried Apples from 6 to 7, old and new. One hundred bags unpared Peaches sold at 10 c. for halves and 6 for quarters. Cranberries range from seven dollars to ten dollars per bbl., as in quality.

GINSENG is scarce, and crude, if here, would command 50 and 55 c., cash.

GUANO.—The sales are light, and prices unchanged, as the season for active operation is now over.

LUMBER moves slowly. Among the sales we notice two cargoes Southern yellow sap Boards, at $13 and 14 per M feet, and twenty thousand red oak barrel staves at 16.00. Laths are held at 1.20 and 1.25, but sales are in a small way.

MOLASSES is held firmly, but the demand continues quite limited. Sales of clayed Cuba at 25 and 27 c., on time.

OILS.—There is no falling off in the demand for Linseed Oil, and further sales have been made at 83 and 87 cts., cash. Ten thousand gallons sold last week on private terms. Fish Oil is firm. Lard Oil sells at 70 and 80 c. for fall and prime winter. There is no movement in Red Oil. In Coal Oil there has been more doing. Further sales of refined at 45 and 50 c. cash.

PLASTER is unchanged. Small sales of soft at 2.25 per ton.

RICE is held firmly, but there is very little demand; small sales at 6¼ and 7 c.

SALT has advanced. The two last imports of Liverpool have been duted for higher prices. An invoice of thirty-six hundred sacks Liverpool ground sold privately.

SEEDS.—Cloverseed is dull, and prices have declined; sales at $4 and 4.50 per bushel from wagons. Timothy ranges from 1.75 and 2.35. The market is bare of Flaxseed, and it is wanted at 2.10 per bushel.

SUGAR.—There is a firmer feeling in the market, but not much inquiry. Sales of one hundred and fifty hogsheads of Cuba at 7¾ and 8¾ c., and two thousand seven hundred bags of Pernambuco at 7¾ cents.

TALLOW is unchanged; we quote city-rendered at 9¼ and 9½ cents, cash, and country at 8½ and 9 c., cash.

TEAS.—Prices are tendering up for both black and green, but the sales are limited.

WOOL.—There is no falling off in the demand noted for some time past; free sales of medium and low grades at 50 and 60 cents, cash. The stock of low-grade wool throughout the country is nearly exhausted.

Advertisements.

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Two thousand stitches or two yards of work, can be done in one minute without dropping a stitch.

These Machines so simple and accurate in their construction, as to permit the use of the shuttle; and with one thread produce a all the practical results of the two thread machines; and more, for they do all without tucking, and hem the finest muslin without puckering.

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OLIVER CRANE.

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What I claim as my invention is the substitution of keeping accounts current, of whatever kind, description, or variety, in printed form, by keeping the statements of the current accounts standing in printed type, in their equivalents, the type being so arranged in form as to admit of being readily and quickly re-adjusted to any particular point, whenever necessary, for the purpose of making a change in the form of time to the current of business transactions; so that, when readjusted in all such parts or in any given degree as an impression from such form of type, or sheet exhibit of a printed form, the true state of all the accounts so kept, severally represented by all the balances or conclusions, in accordance with the said or such conclusion, is found to be correct, requiring it to compensate business, a balance sheet of the most complete and perfect character, the details of management being substantially as recited in specification, wherein it is shown, that the said or like to be recorded, may be represented by figures, words, letters, or characters, or any other symbols, or in combinations or by whatever else will indicate the fact or facts as desired, and further shown, based on this primary invention, I also claim the same in the form or modification of rendering or presenting accounts in partial or full statements when the statement of statements as now are done, or substantially thus kept in type, by the employments of my invention, to the maximum of transcription what is now, but the particular mode of so doing appears in the form of the Dispatch Machine, constituted of Apron Movement, Book and Cutter stamp, I claim in the finished and ballast wrought and also in the machine itself, embracing all the forms and modes of operation, as indicated in describing it, either as a single hand instrument, or as propelled by machinery. And in connection with these specific claims, and based upon them, I also claim all other means and applications substantially the same as these herein claimed or intended to be claimed. With these claims duly acknowledged and protected as above, this invention has already passed the Patent Office, Canada, Somerset House of the American Courts, and in Great Britain, and it is now used in more than one hundred Newspaper Offices. Its immense value in banking and similar institutions will be shown to a stranger which will make its appearance soon. Meanwhile, applications for information, "Cards of Right," or "Dispatch Machines," will receive due attention, when addressed either to

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Poetry.

"THAT * * WHICH WE HAVE SEEN WITH OUR EYES * * OF THE WORD OF LIFE."

If Jesus came to earth again,
And walked and talked in field and street,
Who would not lay his human pain
Low at those heavenly feet?

And leave the loom, and leave the lute,
And leave the volume on the shelf,
To follow him, unquestioning, mute,
If 't were the Lord himself?

How many a brow with care o'erworn,
How many a heart with grief o'erladen,
How many a man with woe forlorn,
How many a mourning maiden,

Would leave the baffling, earthly prize,
Which fails the earthly weak endeavor,
To gaze into those holy eyes,
And drink content forever!

His sheep along the cool, the shade,
By the still watercourse he leads,
His lambs upon his breast are laid,
His hungry ones he feeds.

And I, where'er he went, would go,
Nor question where the path might lead,
Enough to know, that, here below,
I walked with God indeed!

If this be thus, O Lord of mine,
In absence is thy love forgot?
And must I, when I walk, repine
Because I see thee not?

If this be thus, if this be thus,
Since our poor prayers yet reach thee, Lord,
Since we are weak, once more to us
Reveal the Living Word!

O nearer to me, in the dark
Of life's low hours, one moment stand,
And give me keener eyes to mark
The moving of Thy hand.

Owen Meredith.

ETERNITY.

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
A little bird, with fretting beak,
Might wear to naught the loftiest peak,
Though but each thousand years it came;
Yet thou wert then as now the same.
Ponder, O man, Eternity.

Eternity! Eternity!
How long are thou, Eternity!
O man, fall off thy thoughts should dwell
Upon the pains of sin and hell,
And on the glories of the poor,
That both beyond all time endure.
Ponder, O man, Eternity.

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
Who marks thee well would say to God,
Here judge, here, smite me with thy rod,
Here let me all thy justice bear;
When time of grace is past, then spare.
Ponder, O man, Eternity.

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
Lo, I, Eternity, warn thee,
O man, that thou oft think on me,
To sinners, punishment and pain,
To them that love their God, rich gain!
Ponder, O man, Eternity!

From the German of Wuiper.

Selections.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MOHAMMEDAN MOSQUES IN THE EAST.

MOSQUE OF MOHAMMED ALI.

The Mosque of Mohammed Ali was commenced by the great Pasha whose name it bears more than thirty years ago, and was yet unfinished when its founder died; indeed, it is not even yet finished according to the original plan, although it is doubtful whether any more money and labor will be bestowed upon it. It is the first and last thing seen of Cairo, for it stands upon the most projecting part of the citadel hill, and at a little distance seems to rest as a splendid coronal upon the brow of the capital city. Its form is rectangular, and its size about 250 by 400 feet. The walls are said to be four feet thick, and must be no less than forty or fifty feet high. These walls are built of the stone quarried from the neighboring hills, and were designed to be entirely encased with oriental alabaster, both on the outside and the inside, although this outside casing has not yet been put on, and probably never will. The western part forms the usual open paved court, surrounded with covered galleries resting internally upon alabaster pillars. The eastern end is enclosed and finished as a house of prayer. This forms a large hall, and is faced throughout with alabaster; it is surmounted with one large, and I think, two smaller domes, which rest upon massive columns. The arches of these domes are painted with elaborate arabesques of green, blue, crimson, and gold. The paved floor is covered with carpets of orthodox green. The great dome is hung with circles of lamps, alternating with ostrich eggs, the circles becoming more elevated as they approach the centre, forming on feast occasions, when lit up, a magnificent pyramid of light. On the eastern side is the usual niche, which informs the worshipper which way to turn his face that he may look towards Mecca when he prays. In the south-west corner, in a little chamber railed off, lay the coffin of the great Mohammed Ali, with nothing but a heavy velvet pall thrown over it. One afternoon, a company of six Americans, two from New York, two from Pennsylvania, one from Ohio, and one from Minnesota, spent an hour in rambling through this splendid Mosque, during which time we met with but one worshipper, a poor fellow who had selected a spot near the tomb of the founder, where he was going through with his prayers at a tremendous rate, talking away while drawing in his breath, as a boy would do who was counting a hundred upon a wager. Poor fellow! he felt the necessity of prayer, but as the duty was irksome, he tried to get through with it just as soon as possible. And what worse was he than those in Christian lands, who won't pray at all, or who go through the form in the most listless and careless way. This man was doubtless sincere, he certainly was intent, for he never suffered his eye to wander, or his lips to rest a single moment, although for several minutes we walked and talked, and stood around him, while satisfying our curiosity in viewing the tomb; we, however, respected his piety so far as never to stand between him and Mecca.

It is not lawful for any one to enter a mosque with shoes on, hence the Turk and Arab slips off his loose slippers at the door, and enters bare-footed. The Frank, however, does not like to run around on the cold stone floor in his stockings, so a compromise is made for their benefit. Two or three Arabs will be found squatted at the door of the mosques visited by Franks, having in their possession a few pair of large rude slippers, made of twisted straw or cloth, without any leather soles; for one or two piastres, you get the use of a pair of these, which you draw on over your boots, and then it is all right, you can go where you please.

This mosque is peculiar for its elaborate finish, and for its freshness. All the other mosques are old and dingy, most of them resting under the dust of three or four centuries, while this is new and fresh. It is also distinguished for its tall and reed-like minarets; they are much higher than ordinary, and they are exceedingly slender; it seems that they must bend with the slightest breeze, and it remains to me a mystery yet to know how the muezzin can possibly crawl up them when he goes to call the faithful to prayers.

MOSQUE OF SULTAN HASSAN.

This mosque stands immediately below the citadel, and on an open space used as a market, although the entrance is from a side street, and up a flight of narrow steps, where is perhaps the most elaborately carved, and magnificent door-way to be found in the whole Mohammedan world. The entire structure was built of the stone with which the great pyramid of Ghizeh was encased, for originally that pyramid was finished like the others, with smooth inclined planes on its four sides, instead of the step-like risers as it now is, the casing having been removed for building purposes, and mainly for the building of this mosque. This edifice is generally regarded as the most imposing and majestic building ever erected for Mohammedan worship, with the single exception of the great mosque at Delhi, in India, built about two hundred years ago, by the Emperor, Shahjehan. The walls of this mosque are very high and massive. They surround a large rectangular court, and the covered galleries on three sides are very narrow, and very high, supported by immense pointed arches. On the eastern side there is no house of prayer, but the gallery is very deep, and resting upon its massive arches forms a great alcove, the floor of which is elevated two or three steps, and in the midst of it is a high, rude, wooden pulpit, from which the Koran is read, and sermons delivered on Fridays. Back of this alcove, is a large domed chamber, which contains the tomb of its founder, Sultan Hassan. This tomb is only two or three feet high, covered with a carpet, and inclosed with a rough, unpainted, wooden paling. From time immemorial, the most splendid copy of the Koran known in all Islam, lay at the head of this tomb, but it is there no longer. Two or three years ago, it was carefully removed to Constantinople, as belonging rightly to the head of the faithful. The open court is paved with fine marble, and in its centre stands a canopied fountain, where the worshippers perform their ablutions before they go to their prayers.

To show the great change which has taken place, and is still going on here, in the matter of public opinion, I would simply elucidate the fact, that less than twenty years ago, Dr. Durbin tells us that he had considerable difficulty to get into this mosque at all; and then only upon the condition that he would walk upon but two sides of the court, and even there keep close to the wall. With me it was very different. The keepers seemed glad to get a customer, and they very readily supplied me with the requisite orthodox slippers, when I stepped over the low rail which bars the entrance and went just where I pleased, and lingered just as long as I pleased. This was the only mosque that I visited twice, and neither time did I find a worshipper within the entire edifice.

MOSQUE OF TOOLOON.

This is the oldest mosque in Cairo, being founded in the year 879, or ninety years before the conquest of Moez, which fact in itself is sufficient to show that a city stood here before the rise of the Fatimite Caliphs. It is said to be an exact copy of the great mosque of Mecca. It must be five or six hundred feet square, and consisted merely of an open court, surrounded with covered galleries. These galleries rest upon pointed arches, showing that this style of architecture was in fashion among the Saracens at least two hundred years before its appearance in Europe.

But one of the galleries of Tooloon remains unencumbered, the others are walled off, and built up with a great many small rooms for the accommodation of paupers, so that this mosque has become, in reality, a great poor house. My impression is, that it is no longer used as a place for Mohammedan worship, but turned to a better purpose, that of practical charity.

This mosque is principally distinguished for the very peculiar minaret which stands upon its western wall. Instead of the tall, slender, and very graceful minaret which prevails so generally, this is a stone tower with the stairway outside. It was so built, tradition tells us, that the founder might be able to ride up it on horseback. Whether he ever went up this minaret or not, I know not; but up it, one clear sunny afternoon, I went to the very top; and was rewarded by a very fine view of the city; second only to that from the citadel. And I must confess that I experienced very peculiar emotions when I found myself standing upon the spot where the crier stood as he called the city to prayer four times a day for the last thousand years. There is something in antiquity which commands our homage, so that a creed, even although false, becomes magnificent as a matter of sentiment, when it has dictated the devotions of millions for ten or fifteen centuries. To venerate the aged is one of the instincts of our natures. And that which has been associated with the daily worship of the one living and true God, for a thousand years, must become, in some measure, hallowed to our affections, even although the worshipper has been a fanatic or an imposter. The fault of the worshipper cannot, and should not, wholly dissipate the reverence we feel for the Being falsely or ignorantly worshipped.

OTHER MOSQUES.

I was very anxious to visit the Mosque El Azhar; and as Brother Barnet had never yet been through it, we made an appointment to visit it together; but other arrangements finally prevented, and I had to leave the city without the pleasure of seeing El Azhar. This I regretted, for it is the grand collegiate mosque of the city; indeed the most celebrated educational establishment in all Islam. It has twenty-four apartments; one for each of the recognised nations in the Mohammedan world, and youth are here instructed from all the countries where the religion of the false prophet prevails. The course of study is mainly confined to the Arabic language, and the literature and the interpretation of the Koran. In the study of the Arabic, the scholar must master five different volumes upon the verb, and six upon the noun, besides sundry others upon syntax, &c.; after and during which he is expected to listen to not less than seven years of oral lectures. The study of theology is about as elaborate. The student first commits the Koran to memory; he then learns to chant it. Then he applies himself to the ten volumes of commentary; some of which are huge folios; after that he gives himself to a careful study of the eight collections of the Traditions of the Prophets. How true is it, that every false religion exacts of its votaries more time and toil than does the religion of Jesus. Its founder knew well man's wants and capacities, and ordained a religion suitable to both. El Azhar has, in late years, fallen off considerably in its many resources and its renown, because of the diminished esteem in which the religious sciences are now held in Egypt. Still it is estimated that from 2000 to 3000 students, from all countries, are yet in attendance. There are about 150 professors; some of whom are allowed to receive any fee from his pupils. Some of these receive the income of endowed professorships, and others lecture gratis, expecting thereby to acquire religious merit.

There are now between 300 to 400 mosques in Cairo. Most of them were built between the 12th and 17th centuries, which was the era of this city's greatest glory. Quite a number are in the ruins; very few have been built within a century; all seem dingy and less cared for than formerly. And no person seems to feel the necessity of building new ones, or even keep the old ones in repair. The spirit of fatalism rests upon not only the mosques, but some other things in and around this city. The Arab sits and calmly smokes, and looks on with indifference as time and decay slowly but surely do their appropriate work; he leaves all things to God. Come what may, he receives everything as the decree of necessity, and simply, and without any emotion, ejaculates, "Praise be to Allah." J. B. S.

HOW POPE STUDIED ENGLISH. HOW TO IMPROVE IN ENGLISH.

In Johnson's *Life of Pope* we have some interesting copies of portions of Pope's manuscript, with his own genuine corrections and alterations, showing by how much even a poet's second thoughts are best. "Of these specimens," says Johnson, "every man who has cultivated poetry, or who delights to trace the mind from the rudeness of its first conceptions to the elegance of the last, will naturally desire a greater number, but most other readers will be tired." We so far concur with the learned Doctor in this opinion that we decline to transcribe the blotted page, but would refer the more curious reader to Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* for some interesting specimens.

The smooth and harmonious numbers of Pope, so far superior in cadence and rhythm to any poetry of an earlier date, are said by Johnson actually "to have tuned the English language; for, since the days of Pope, no writer, however deficient in other powers, has wanted melody." It is also remarked by Dr. Waits, that there is scarcely a happy combination of words, and scarcely a phrase poetically elegant in the English language, which Pope has not inserted in his version of Homer. And Johnson remarks, "How Pope obtained possession of so many beauties of speech, it were desirable to know."

This question, How Pope, born and bred in England, learned that poetical phraseology which seems only part of his mother-tongue?—this is, indeed, a question which it would hardly occur to any but an author to propose; so much a matter of course does it appear to ordinary readers that a poet should be able to summon all the stores of the language to do his bidding. But this opinion, however natural, agrees not with the experience of men of genius.

That choice language which we find in the poems of Pope and in the prose of Addison, is hardly the language of our mother-tongue; or, at all events, it must be admitted that such smooth, and chaste, and varied diction is a form and dialect of that mother-tongue, far superior to what we learn by nature, and only to be acquired by art.

Let us explain ourselves a little more at length. We once heard a sensible country Rector inform a new Curate that the lower classes could not understand above one-fourth part of that English which the higher classes speak; and, consequently, that as often as a preacher deviates from this very limited vocabulary he is virtually speaking in an unknown tongue.

Now, if one word out of every four in the dictionary is as large a proportion of the language as the ploughman can understand, the word out of four is about as many as the Squire or the Parson are able commonly to use. Words, the instruments of thought, are like other instruments, or other tools. A first-rate workman carries a great variety of tools in his flag-basket; and attains an additional finish and accuracy by the skilful application of each. But the rougher and ruder kind of labourer can handle only one or two of a sort. So it is with the ordinary vocabulary of common conversation. One word acts many parts. Nearly all persons, without special study, may be detected in ringing the changes on one set of words, and of moving round and round in one narrow circle of trite phraseology. It is one thing to understand every word in the language; but another thing to have every word ready and available for its proper use and application. Even Goldsmith, so choice and so chaste in his writings, was singularly careless and inaccurate in common conversation. It was remarked of him by one of his friends—"Goldsmith, for instance, would say, 'This is as good a guinea as was ever *learnt*;' *coined*, he ought to say; but such a word as *coined* would never occur to Goldsmith."

It is obvious that persons who read only on one subject are likely to find their style limited to a confined circle of phraseology. They will add a few nautical or maritime expressions after a trip to the seaside; they will say their ideas feel *under* high *pressure*, after the steamship; they will designate one friend as a *specimen of Early English*, another as *Decorated*, another as *Gothic*, after a smattering of Church architecture: and, perhaps, after a month at geology, they will speak of peculiarities of character as *cropping out*, and call old-fashioned people *antediluvian*. They will thus astonish their brothers and sisters with a new vocabulary of terms almost as striking as a new language. The truth is, they have been pressing into their service one or more classes of words never used before. The advice which these observations naturally involve is this: "Vary your reading if you would enrich your style."

Let it be granted, therefore, that one column of the dictionary out of four is as large a proportion of our language as any one person will use by nature. It is by art—by variety of reading, and minute observation of every word in every sentence of the most effective writers—that all the great masters of composition have studied to enrich their style; their endeavor being to incorporate and make habitual as much of the other three columns as they can.

In this study of language, Pope had succeeded so far as to lay the whole language under contribution, to supply words in unison with every tone of feeling, and words expressive of every shade of thought. So, Johnson, struck with admiration at these varied beauties, immediately raised the question, How much command of language ever was attained?

To indulge our curiosity, we are permitted to know that, first of all, Pope prepared himself by endeavoring to start from the point at which Dryden, his predecessor in the art of translation, had left off. By perusing the works of Dryden, Pope first of all discovered the most perfect fabric of English verse, and habituated himself to that only which he pronounced the best. In the next place, as Johnson believed, Pope gleaned from authors, obscure as well as eminent, what he thought brilliant or useful, and preserved it all in a regular collection. For it is remarked, that when, in Pope's last years, Hall's *Satires* were shown him, he expressed a wish that he had seen them sooner—a wish which would seem to imply a life-long habit of enriching his poetic style by incorporating with it any beautiful expressions that might occur. Poets adopt the same mode of improvement as painters. A painter will study nature not only in the original at rivers, rocks, and flood and field, but also in the pictures drawn from nature by artists of acknowledged genius. For, the study of fine paintings opens our eyes to the beauties of nature before unseen. So also the poet will learn the beauties of language from observing the combinations of words and phrases by which poetic beauties have already been achieved.

Rev. Dr. A. A. Lipscomb, well known as a leading Methodist Protestant divine, is now captain of the Carroll Guards, a Louisiana rebel military company.

THE LIBRARY.

One of the most perplexing subjects for the Superintendent is the management of the Sabbath-School Library.

In a large school the books are destroyed or lost with a wastefulness that is frightful, and yet it seems next to impossible, without a degree of harshness that few superintendents will venture on, to enforce such a degree of responsibility in regard to the use of the books as to prevent this shameful abuse.

The return of the books, the selection of others, and their distribution take up a large part of the time that the school is in session, and unless the business is conducted with more system than it is in most schools, it not only consumes a large amount of time, but it produces endless disorder. Some teachers are not satisfied unless they are allowed to go to the library, and make the selection of books for their class by actual inspection of them on the shelves. They take umbrage at the superintendent if he interposes any objection to this course. We have seen schools in which two, or three, or even half-a-dozen teachers at a time would be at the library, rummaging among the books, while their classes in the meantime would be left to run riot in disorder.

If the superintendent is decided in the matter, and will not allow any such irregular proceedings, then there is dissatisfaction among the scholars. Neither they nor their teachers have any acquaintance with the books, and the mere titles in the catalogue give little clue to their real character. They are obliged to select from the catalogue pretty much at a venture, and when the librarian brings round the books selected, they are found in half the cases utterly unsuitable. A child just beginning to read gets some book of antiquities or of didactic theology. A member of the Bible-class gets a book of nursery rhymes. More frequently still, the book selected is out, or lost, and the scholar gets no book at all.

A valuable book, that has cost fifty cents, or a dollar, is taken home by a poor child. It is borrowed by some of the neighbors and not returned. It is mislaid in the general irregularity and disorder that so often prevail in the homes of the poor, and it cannot be found. It is played with by some of the smaller children, and is so soiled and defaced that it is no longer fit to be placed in the library. The child and its parents are too poor to replace the book. Yet if a dozen such cases occur, as they may easily occur, every week, and without remedy, the library soon disappears altogether.

Besides the loss of time, the waste, the interruption and disorder, attendant upon the use of the library, there are other evils even more serious. Books creep into our libraries that have no business there. We never saw a Sabbath-school library yet, in one of our large city schools, which would not have been enriched by having half its contents committed to the flames. Not that one half the books are bad, in the sense of containing what is in itself objectionable. But some are merely exciting stories, that convey no religious instruction or Scriptural truth. Still more are utterly dull and heavy, such as a child can by no possibility be induced to read. Look over the shelves. You know a book of this kind the moment you see it. There it stands untouched and clean, year after year.

But how can the evil be avoided? Some of these libraries contain many hundred volumes. They must do so, in order to have enough to accommodate the children. But how can the superintendent or the teachers sit down to read all the books that are offered for their choice, and make an intelligent selection? It is impossible. The books now published by the various houses engaged in supplying this species of literature, cannot be less certainly than three thousand. No teacher can expect to be acquainted with them all.

Disturbed by a sense of responsibility in this matter, and vexed by the petty annoyances which the library gives in the school, some superintendents are disposed at times to throw the whole thing overboard, and not to have any library in the school at all. This would certainly be a great mistake. We speak from no small experience in this matter, and from actual observation among the class of people to whom the Sabbath-school itself is most important, and we feel quite sure that the institution would be shorn of one of its main elements of usefulness, if the library were abandoned. The library book, and the child's paper, carry the blessed influence of the Sabbath-school home to the father and the mother, to the older and the younger children, to friends and neighbors. These silent messengers preach weekly to hundreds of thousands who can be reached by no other agency. By means of the library, skilfully used, the teacher may continue and supplement his lessons all the week round. The library, therefore, cannot be given up. It is too great an element of usefulness. It is too dear to the children, particularly to the children of the poor.

Cannot the difficulties of its management be remedied?

The main difficulties, in our opinion, are two—first, in getting a proper selection of books; and second, in having the teachers sufficiently acquainted with them. These two points once secured, there is no other difficulty that cannot be readily met by any superintendent of ordinary executive ability. If the library contains no trash, that is, if there is in it no book that is not both valuable and attractive, and if the teachers in the main are so far informed in regard to the books as to guide the children intelligently in their selections, all the other troubles can be managed without difficulty. Indeed, there have been half-a-dozen plans proposed by different correspondents of this paper, any one of which would have been satisfactory, but for these primary and radical defects. In regard to these two essential points, we shall have something to say in a future number.

"TRUST IN THE LORD AT ALL TIMES."

Paul Gerhardt, a German poet and divine, was born in Saxony, in 1805. He entered the ministry, and for ten years performed the duties of his sacred office in the Nicolai Church at Berlin. "But his religious sentiments," writes his biographer, "did not wholly coincide with those of the king, and Gerhardt, too conscientious and too decided to affect opinions which he did not entertain, was deprived of his appointment, and ordered to quit the country. Utterly destitute, not knowing where to lay his head, or provide for his helpless family, he left the house where he had spent so many happy years. But no affliction, however terrible, could shake his confidence in Divine wisdom and mercy. After some consideration, he determined on directing his steps to his native land, Saxony, where he yet hoped to find friends. The journey, performed on foot, was long and weary. Gerhardt bore up manfully; his heart failed him only when he gazed on his wife and his little ones. When night arrived, the travellers sought repose in a little village inn by the roadside, where Gerhardt's wife, unable to restrain her anguish, gave way to a burst of natural emotion. Her husband, concealing his anxious cares, reminded her of that beautiful verse of Scripture, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not to thine own understanding; in all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."

"The words uttered to comfort his afflicted partner impressed his own mind so deeply, that, seating himself in a little arbor in the garden, he composed a hymn," of which Madame de Pontes gives us the following translation:—

"Commend thy ways, O mortal!
And humbly raise thy sighs
To him, who in his wisdom,
Rules earth, and sea, and skies.
He who for all has found a spot,
Wind, wave, and ocean dread,
Will find a place, oh! doubt it not,
Thy feet can likewise tread!

In him alone confide thou must,
Ere he will bless thy deed;
In His word must thou put thy trust,
If thy work shall succeed.
Murmur, and vain repining,
And effort—all will fail;
God will not listen unto these—
Prayer can alone prevail.

All means and ways possessing,
Whate'er he does is right;
His every deed a blessing,
His steps one path of light!
To thee it is not given
The tempest's rage to quell;
God reigns supreme in heaven,
And all he does is well.

True, it may seem a moment
As though thou wert forgot,
As though he were unmindful
Of thine unhappy lot;
As though thy grief and anguish
Reached not the eternal throne,
And thou wert left to languish
In sorrow and alone.

But if, though much should grieve thee,
Thy faith shall on'er have ceased,
Be sure he will relieve thee,
When thou expect'st it least.
Then hail to thee victorious!
Thou hast, and thou alone,
The honor bright and glorious,
The conquest and the throne."

Not many hours after Gerhardt had thus expressed his unshaken faith in the Most High, he found by experience that God indeed had not forgotten him. "Evening had now deepened, and the pastor and his wife were about to retire to rest, when two gentlemen entered the little parlor in which they were seated. They began to converse with the poet, and told him that they were on their way to Berlin to seek the deposed clergyman, Paul Gerhardt, by order of their lord, Duke Christian of Merseburg. At these words Madame Gerhardt turned pale, dreading some further calamity; but her husband, calm in his trust in an overruling Providence, at once declared that he was the individual they were in search of, and inquired their errand. Great were the astonishment and delight of both wife and husband when one of the strangers presented Gerhardt with an autograph letter from the duke himself, informing him that he had settled a considerable pension upon him to atone for the injustice of which he had been the victim. Then the pious and gifted preacher turned towards his wife, and gave her the hymn which he had composed during his brief absence, with the words, 'See how God provides! Did I not bid you confide in him, and all would be well?'"

Let us all take this lesson to our own hearts—those hearts so prone to sink under the burden of anxieties, forgetful of him who has commanded us to cast our cares upon him.

How many, faint in prayer though praying still,
Feel God can help, mistrustful if he will!
Which to a parent most unkind would prove,
To doubt his power or to doubt his love?

The Friend.

THE ETERNITY OF THE WICKED.

The fact that there is so much wickedness unpunished in this world, leads to the supposition that there will be punishment for man hereafter. Without the Bible, this goes no further than supposition: "To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."

The existence of man does not terminate with this life. There is an eternity before him of happiness or misery, an eternal heaven, or a never-ending hell. The future condition of the wicked is plainly pointed out; sin will be punished. God is displeased at sin, and looks upon it with abhorrence. Of this displeasure man has not been left in ignorance. The doom of the impenitent is plainly written. "Woe unto the wicked; it shall be ill with him; for the reward of his hands shall be given him." "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." The righteous go to the grave as well as the wicked, hence the Psalmist must refer to hell as a place in which the wicked will inevitably be punished for their sins.

The wicked will be punished after death. The early Christians were exhorted not to fear the persecutor who had power to kill the body, but could go no farther. "Fear not them," says Christ, "which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." Fear God. Avoid sinning against him, that after death you may not be cast into outer darkness where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth. At the resurrection, some will awake to shame and everlasting contempt, and on the day of judgment some will be sentenced to eternal perdition; showing that the punishment of the wicked is not confined to this life. Their torments will commence immediately after death. In the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, where death did its certain work, the one lifted up his eyes in torments, the other was conducted by angels to Abraham's bosom; the one found himself in the flames of hell, the other in the home of the blessed. To the wicked there is no rest; as death finds them, so their eternity will be. Their doom will be forever sealed; it will always be the same. "The smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever."

While there are some who deny that there will be any punishment after death, others affirm that the punishment of the wicked will be limited in duration, that the wicked will be reformed and purified, and prepared for heaven. Each of these theories is alike contrary to the teaching of divine revelation.

The Saviour, when speaking of the necessity of giving up sin of all kinds, however difficult it might be, or whatever effort it would be necessary to make, says it must be done or heaven will be lost. It may be like taking off a hand, or a foot, or like taking out an eye; a painful operation, but it must be done. "If thy hand offend thee, cut it off; it is better to enter into life eternal maimed, than having two hands, to go into hell; into the fire that never shall be quenched, where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." The worm will continue to live, the fire continue to burn, and each act its part in the punishment of the sinner. The one will never die; the other will never go out.

The sentence of the wicked, on the day of judgment, will be: "Depart from me, ye cursed, into *everlasting fire*, prepared for the devil and his angels." "These shall go away into *everlasting punishment*, but the righteous into life eternal." The fire, which is an emblem of the punishment of the wicked, is everlasting. The punishment of the wicked in hell is the same in duration as the happiness of the righteous in heaven. No one doubts that the righteous will be eternally happy, nor is there any more room to doubt that the punishment of the wicked will last forever.

If anything further is necessary to prove the proposition, that the punishment of the wicked will be eternal, there will be no difficulty in producing additional testimony. When the Lord Jesus comes the second time, he will take "vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ;" they "shall be punished with *everlasting destruction* from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of his power." This destruction, whatever it may be, is everlasting, and of the nature of punishment. While this language does not convey the idea that the wicked will be blotted out of existence, it signifies that they will be destroyed as to the great end of their being—eternal life, with all its enjoyments, will be lost.

There is a sin unto death. Sin may be committed under such aggravating circumstances that there is no hope for pardon seen in this life. Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. He that is guilty of this sin, and may we not hope the number is small, "hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of *eternal damnation*." "It shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come." Here is a sin that is never pardoned, and, therefore, the transgressor must be forever punished. Punishment must necessarily be continued until there is pardon. Thus, we see, from a somewhat extensive examination of the Scriptures, that the punishment of the wicked will have no end. The language of inspiration is certainly sufficiently plain. So plain, indeed, that he that runs may read. On the supposition that it was the design of the Author of the Bible to teach us this doctrine, what stronger language could have been selected? He has told us that their punishment will be "everlasting;" that the smoke of their torment will ascend "forever and ever." If you examine the written Confessions of the different churches who hold this doctrine, you will not find it expressed in any stronger language than is contained in the Bible itself. The strongest terms in which I find it written in the standards of the U. P. Church, are as follows:—"The wicked, who know not God, and obey not the Gospel of Jesus Christ, shall be cast into eternal torments, and be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of his power." The greater part of this quotation is couched in Scripture language, as if it were unnecessary or impossible to express it in stronger terms. A doubt will not arise in the mind of any one as to the teaching of this Confession of Faith on the subject of future punishment. It is written with equal clearness within the lids of the sacred volume.

The punishment of the wicked will be indescribably awful. It is represented as a lake of fire and brimstone; everlasting fire; everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of his power; a place where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth. The suffering inflicted by fire is most intense; no great, perhaps, as anything within the reach of our conception. Such language certainly teaches that the torments of hell are great. It is not probable that the sufferings of all will be alike. That there will be degrees of punishment, scarcely admits of a doubt. Some are much more guilty than others; the sins of some are committed under peculiarly aggravating circumstances; the opportunities of some are greater than others; and we know that where much is given, much will be required. Each one will receive according to the deeds done in the body. This principle could not be carried out, if the punishment of all the finally impenitent were the same.

The woes of the wicked may be increased in a future world, and especially of such as have labored to bring their fellow men under the influence of evil. The writings of Paine, Voltaire, and others are leading victims down to hell from time to time, and adding new poignancy to the sufferings already endured. Why the anxiety of the rich men of the Parable, about his five brethren, doubtless companions in crime, unless it be a consciousness that their presence in the world of woe would add new fuel to his torment?

But why pursue the subject farther? Why even attempt to portray the wailings of the lost? Their misery no human tongue can describe. In vain will they call upon the mountains to fall upon them, and the hills to cover them from the face of an angry God, and from the wrath of the Lamb. Truly Christians should work out their salvation with fear and trembling; they should strive to enter in at the strait gate, to secure the end of their faith, even the salvation of their souls. They should be constant and in earnest, in seeking the conversion of the impenitent. Their time for labor is short, and hence whatever is done must be done quickly. Those who know not God, and obey not the Gospel of Christ, will be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power.

Impenitent and careless ones! take warning in time. There is a heaven to be gained and a hell to be avoided. Angels will rejoice over your rescue from the power of Satan, and your deliverance from the wrath to come. To-day, if you will hear his voice, harden not your hearts. Accept the offer of pardon, believe in Christ, repent of sin, and all will be well.

S. F. T.

Lutheran and Missionary.

DR. BRECKINRIDGE ON THE WAR.

The December number of the *Danville Review* contains an able article on this subject from this eminently patriotic Kentuckian. We most heartily commend the views here presented to the consideration of every citizen. What he says of the character of the rebellion, is in strong contrast to the sentiments of such persons in the North, as have sought to palliate and excuse the conduct of those in arms against the Government:

THE MORAL CHARACTER OF THE REBELLION.

This rebellion begins in an outrage upon many of the clearest obligations of Natural Religion; loyalty, love of country, fidelity to public trusts, gratitude for honors bestowed, truth and manhood in the discharge of obligations voluntarily assumed, nay eagerly sought; how many of the leaders of this rebellion are free from the stain on their personal honor, of deliberately transgressing some, or all of those natural obligations, which no contingency under heaven can justify any one in violating! We speak not of the mere fact of treason, as defined by human laws. What we speak of is the perfidy, in every revolting form, which has marked this treason in its birth, in its growth, and in its present frantic struggle. Men seeking to overthrow monuments, cemented by the blood of their immediate ancestors! Men dishonoring names, illustrious through many generations! Men betraying their friends, their neighbors, their kindred. Men seducing children to take up arms against their parents—and then handing them with savages to desolate their own homes, with fire and sword. It is a madness—a fearful madness. No madness can be greater, except the madness that could induce this great nation to suppose that God allows it to let this go unpunished.

NO NEW TRUTHS TO BE DISCLOSED.

The service we are doing is not so much to disclose new truths as to make a clear statement of the grounds of a common and fixed conviction, which the public mind has widely and instinctively adopted. It is a conviction just in itself, and noble both in its origin and impulses. We will not agree to the ruin of our glorious country; and so we are not grieved to see that we cannot do it with any hope of peace thereby. We will not allow the Constitution to be subverted, the Union to be destroyed, and the nation to be divided; and so we are glad that in the order of God's providence, the alternative to which the nation is shut up—is victory. If the people in the States which have taken up arms against our national life, will rise up in their might, recover their liberty, and put an end to the traitorous dominion of the cruel and perfidious class minority, which is degrading and oppressing them; the nation has no further cause of war with them. If they will not do this, or if they cannot do it in their present miserable condition, it must be done for them—and it will be. The American people have not sought this war, they were led to the brink, not only of ruin, but of infamy, in the attempt to avoid it. The American people have neither approved nor participated in the injuries or the insults, inflicted on any portion of the nation, by any other portion of it; on the contrary their whole national history attests, that whatever factions or sections may have done or attempted, the nation has been faithful in its lot, and true to its sublime mission. And now, in this great crisis, if God will own our efforts, we will retrieve our destiny—and teach mankind a lesson which after ages will be slow to forget.

FINAL ISSUE.

It is more certain now than it was at first, that the conspirators have reason to dread, and that loyal persons may confidently rely on the resolute purpose of the American people to uphold the Union, the Constitution, and the laws; so that the assurance of unavoidable failure to the one, and of speedy and complete deliverance to the other, becomes day by day the nourishment of the reaction which is inevitable in its set time. That which is thus unavoidable, in the nature of the case as it exists, cannot be called in question by any one who confides in the capacity of mankind for self-government, by any one who knows that to deceive a people, and then betray them, and then oppress them, and then impoverish them, are crimes which no people ever forgive; by any one who understands that the indignation of mankind is relentless, in proportion as the sacrifices have been costly and bitter, which the folly of corrupt rulers forced them to make, to no end but ruin and ignominy; by any one who accepts the assurance of God that civil society is an ordinance from heaven, and is incompatible with the permanent reign of anarchy. Nor do the innumerable acts, which, in a thousand ways, reach us from the whole area covered by the usurped power of the Confederate Government, fail to confirm, in the public mind, the conviction already stated. On the one hand, there comes up a subdued but incessant wail of a loyal people groaning for deliverance; on the other, a fierce cry for blood and plunder, mixed with a wild clamor about cordial unanimity. The nation pities and heeds that wail of our brethren, and, by God's help, will make it audible throughout the earth, as a lesson to the conspirators.

CONCERNING SELF-GOVERNMENT.

ITS USES AND ABUSES.

It is a good thing to have self control. The wise man has said concerning it, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." It is more important to subdue the lusts and passions of the heart, than to take a city, or conquer a country. There is more moral courage required to subdue our stubborn wills, and go, in the spirit of meekness, and ask forgiveness of another for the fault we have done, than is required to charge with a regiment up to the cannon's mouth.

How often have we seen the leader of armies, led by their own lusts—and the conqueror of nations subdued by their own passions. History records but to one, the name, the conqueror of the world; and that is only comparatively; and whilst many others, actuated by a fire ambition, have sought for the same distinction, yet all have signally failed. But Jesus has said, "Blessed are the *meek*; for they shall inherit the earth." Whilst the pathway of the conqueror is marked by scenes of desolation, "the path of the just shall be as a shining light." Whilst positions of honor, and trust, and profit, and influence, are held in high estimation by the world, "The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is, in the *sight of God*, of great price." It should be our emulation, therefore, to believe what the motto of each one should be, "Vincit, qui se vincit."

Another view of this subject is very worthy of consideration. *

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, January 11, 1862.

NOTICES OF ANNUAL CONFERENCES.

The Philadelphia Annual Conference will meet in Trenton, N. J., on the 10th day of May, 1862, in the Mount Zion Church, at 9 o'clock.

The New England Annual Conference will meet on the 31st day of May, at New Bedford, at 9 o'clock, A. M., in the A. M. E. Church.

The members of these Conferences will strictly attend to the financial duties as laid down in the Discipline, and without which our itinerant progress will be impeded. Punctual attendance is requested.

A notice of my visits will be given in the future. W. NAZREY.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS FOR THE YEAR 1862.

Rev. George A. Rue, of Providence, R. I., for three dozen of catechisms, and on account for paper sold, $2.00; Miss Mary Alsop, of Glenecve, L. I., $1.00; Julia Schenck, of Glencove, L. I., $1.00; John E. Onley, Brooklyn, L. I., $2.00; Miss Ellen King, Newark, New Jersey, $2.00; Henry Price, Attleboro, Pa., $2.00; Charles Montier, Germantown, Phila., Pa., $1.00; Miss Emma Daniels, Newport, R. I., $1.00; Gabriel S. Thompson, Medford, N. J., $1.00; J. T. Salter, Terre Haute, Ind., $1.00; Theodore Counis, Moorestown, N. J., $2.00; Rev. R. H. Cain, of Brooklyn, L. I., for paper, $5.00; also for Hymn Books, on account, $2.00; Mr. Charles Bristol, of Cold Spring Harbor, $2.00.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

From Rev. Joseph H. Smith, Burlington, N. J., $1.00; for Rev. A. Johnson, of the Lewistown Circuit, Pa., $1.00; also for A. Smith, of Mifflin, Pa., $1.00.

THE BIRTH-DAY OF REV. RICHARD ALLEN.

We would recommend to the Superintendents of all our Sabbath Schools, teachers, and people, in order that the little folks may be instrumental in doing good, to give an exhibition on the birth-day of the sainted Allen, which will come on the 14th of February. We hope that every station and circuit, where there is a Sabbath School, will be encouraged to pursue this course. It will be a credit to the managers, children, and parents, as well as doing much for the sustaining of the organ of the church, which is in much need at the present time.

ACTIVITY.

The Rev. Henry Davis, of Union Church, in this city, deserves much credit for his perseverance and activity on behalf of the Christian *Recorder*, in disposing of papers and procuring subscribers. We hope that Brother Davis will have his Sabbath School children to give an exhibition on the day we have referred to in another part of this paper.

NOTICE.

We call special attention to the advertisement headed "Good News," under the head of Advertisements, in another column.

WHERE ARE BISHOPS PAYNE AND QUINN!

This question is asked us nearly every week, and we are seldom able to render an answer satisfactory. We really would be glad if our Bishops would keep us posted occasionally. Their arrangements could be made for the winter, spring, and summer. The Christian *Recorder* is a medium by which it can be done at no expense to them, but to great satisfaction to their friends.

LINDA.

This is the title of a new work put into our hands by the author, Mrs. Jacobs, of New York, a colored lady, who was born a slave in North Carolina, but managed so as to wend her way to the so-called Free States. It is a work of more than three hundred pages, giving a history of her life in slavedom, and the various transactions which came under her notice. We most cheerfully commend the work as worthy of perusal. She is in this city for a few days, and those who wish the book can procure it of her, at No. 107 North Fifth St.

NOTICE.

We understand that the Hon. Frederick Douglass will lecture in this city, at the National Hall, on Tuesday night, the 15th inst. Also Mr. Anderson, a young man of fine literary taste and ability, from Canada, will lecture in Rev. Joshua Woodlin's Church, (Bethel,) in Sixth St., Philadelphia. Subject: "The Christian Recorder," and literature in general.

P. S. The lecture will be on Thursday night, the 17th inst. After the lecture a collection will be taken up; one-half to be appropriated to the Christian Recorder, and the other half for the benefit of the speaker. We hope to see Bethel full.

NOTICE.

ARRANGEMENT OF THE BORDENTOWN QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

Cookstown, first Sabbath in January, 1862; Bordentown, second Sabbath; Allentown, third Sabbath; Cranberry, fourth Sabbath. The Quarterly Conference of the Freehold Circuit, at Manalopin, February 1st, 1862, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

We joined, by holy matrimony, December 31st, Mr. John Washington to Miss Julia Blair, both of Allentown, N. J.; and, on January, the 1st, 1862, Mr. Philip Benson to Miss Cornelia Morris, both of Philadelphia, Pa. Our watch-meeting we held at Bordentown, having the assistance of Rev. W. J. Fuller, who preached an able sermon, while God walked among his golden candlesticks. From a previous engagement, we expected Rev. Caleb Woodyard in our midst on the occasion, but as, on the previous Sabbath, he severed himself from the A. M. E. Church, and joined the Baptist denomination, we suppose accounts for his absence.

W. D. W. SCHURRMAN, *Elder.*

NOTICE.

In our last issue we find the following blunder committed by the printer:—At the head of the article "Religious Union," the words "For the Christian Recorder" are inserted, whereas they should have been omitted.

NOTICE.

We call attention to the advertisement of our friend, Mr. William Still, in relation to the price of Lehigh coal, and hope that all will give him a call.

THE BETHEL CHURCH SABBATH SCHOOL.

We, for the first time, had the pleasure of being present last Sabbath to hear the Bethel School catechised up in the main audience room; and, to the great credit of those who were volunteers for the prizes, which Dr. Armstrong, a member of the Methodist Church, promised to give. There were seven who contended for the prize, and the number of verses committed by the highest scholar was over four hundred. Francis Seymour, the successful one, after the Doctor's remarks to him, replied as follows:—

DR. ARMSTRONG:—Respected Sir,—I return my sincere thanks to you for your kindness in rewarding me with this valuable prize, for recitation of Scriptural verses, it being no more than my indispensable duty.

Dear Sir:—This, your manifestation of interest for my improvement, will ever be remembered by me, let my future destiny be where it may. And this sacred volume I will ever appreciate.

After the pertinent remarks of the Doctor, little L. A. replied as follows:—

Sir:—I will also prize your valuable and precious gift, and will read its pages, and will endeavour to obey its precepts; and from it learn instruction and the road to heaven. I hope we shall both meet when time shall be no more.

REPLY OF ANNA M. FINER TO DR. ARMSTRONG, ON RECEIVING A BIBLE.

SIR:—I thank you for this valuable present. I shall read its pages and try to obey its precepts, hoping that they may do me good in time, and save me in eternity.

CLASS MEETINGS.

Perhaps there is no one wing of the Church (Methodist) to which so much importance may be attached as that of class meetings. It is one of the fundamental principles in Methodism. It is a source by which true believers may meet weekly together and speak freely of the hope they have in that rest which remains for all the faithful in Christ Jesus. The sainted Wesley, the founder of Methodism, saw the great advantages which he conceived would be to all those of this persuasion, if properly conducted.

We say class meeting, because it differs a little in form from that which is termed speaking meeting. Class meetings are arranged off in classes, and each are called upon individually by a leader to speak of what progress, if any, he or she has made since they last met. The course pursued by a speaker's meeting is about the same in substance, but differs a little from that of class meetings. Each one, with his own accord, if opportunity will admit of it, rises to his feet, and speaks as long as he may think it prudent of his or her desire and determination to go to heaven.

We love class meeting, because it was, and is, intended to assist each other to work out their salvation. We love them because they are to have leaders, and their duty is to see each person in his class once a week, at least, in order to inquire how their souls prosper. And, now, what is his duty next? 1. To advise; to give counsel to; to offer an opinion as worthy to be followed in God's name. 2. To reprove, blame, chide, rebuke, and correct, by showing such a one the folly of such a course, and the displeasure of the Almighty God. This is what is meant by reproving. 3. Comfort or exhort; to invigorate, to enliven, to cheer, to advise, or persuade. These three specified items devolve upon the class leaders heavy responsibility. O how important it is for class leaders to live near the throne of grace, in order that they may be prepared to give the members of their class wholesome instruction in the most solemn and impressive way that can be given. But a question arises here, whether class meetings are, in reality, conducted now, in this our day, as originally intended? We fear not in many instances. We wonder sometimes if some leaders do not think, when they are appointed to lead a class, that they are equal in every sense of the word to that of an elder? We shall leave this for you to answer in your own mind. O how much of the Holy Spirit is needed to properly lead class; nay, a mind after Jesus Christ, the man God!

We have been visiting some of the classes in Bethel Church; and, from the manner in which some address their class, a stranger would take it for granted that they were preachers, and that preaching was more essential than to advise, reprove, comfort, or exhort. We think that the more solemn and impressive a leader is, the more lasting will the exhortation be. We say this because we know, from experience, that the more weighty and solemn, the deeper root it takes. For instance, in protracted meetings, we have seen those little excitable hymns sung, the professing Christians would give vent to their feelings, and thus the poor penitent souls, who are seeking to find the blessed Jesus, are in a measure lost sight of, and the singing only excites the poor penitent, instead of making a weighty impression on their mind and heart. Hence the beauty of indoctrinating.

For the Christian Recorder.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

There are many ways, through life, that men seek for what they call true happiness. Some seek it one way and some another. Some seek it around the card-table, others in the billiard room; some in the theatre, others in the drinking saloons; some in the ball-room, others in the social circle; some by their fireside. The latter is happiness, indeed, where there is that mutuality with the heads of that family. But alas! some accursed crime creeps in to mar their comfort and happiness, and the whole family is torn asunder. Some seek it in their wealth, but riches take to themselves wings and fly away. Others think, by living a strict moral life, there is happiness; they pay their just debts, and do to all men as they would have all men do to them, and they think they are now ready for death. Now the only happiness that man can boast of, is, in a crucified and now risen Saviour, who is ever making intercession for us at the right hand of his Father, that we may enjoy true felicity throughout the endless ages of eternity. Then seek for the gracious love of God. Make thyself acquainted with his precepts. Love the people of God. Seek their society. Love the house of God, then thou shalt have happiness when thou goest out and when thou comest in; when thou liest down and when thou risest up. E. M. FREEMAN.

Philadelphia, Jan. 3d, 1862.

NOTICE

A Quarterly Meeting will be held in the A. M. E. Union Church, on Coates Street, near Fifth St., on the 18th and 19th of this month. Preaching on Saturday evening; on Sabbath at 10, 3, and 7 o'clock; and love feast on Monday evening at 7 o'clock, on the 20th January, 1862.

HENRY DAVIS, *Elder.*

LETTER FROM BISHOP NAZREY.

To the members of the General Conference of 1860 of the A. M. E. Church in the United States of America:

I have, some weeks ago, brought to your notice a question, which is as important as it is grave, in relation to the treaty made, in 1856, between the A. M. E. Church in the United States, and the B. M. E. Church in Canada West, in their attempted separation, on account of which I have labored under many and grievous wrongs, and especially for the last few months. A personal knowledge of the legal ability of what composed the General Conference at Pittsburgh in 1860, has prompted me to look for a proposal of some plan by which a question, fraught with so much mischief, may be set at rest; but as it has not yet appeared, I am compelled to bring before you the important Christian duty devolving upon those with whom God has intrusted the legislative work of his Church and people. I am unwilling to believe, even from the long silence on the subject, that the majority of the members who composed the last General Conference of the A. M. E. Church, are willing to be parties to, or even witness the destruction, by their legislation, of the B. M. E. Church, which they justly acknowledge to be a part of the great family of Methodists. I, therefore, ask or request some person or persons, who desire the peace and future prosperity of these two Christian bodies, to offer some plan, either through the columns of the RECORDER, or to the Philadelphia or New England Annual Conferences, by which peace may be restored, and the Canadian Church be properly cared for in the enjoyment of her legal rights.

It is a truth, known to all who have noticed my past history as an itinerant minister during the last twenty-two years, that my policy has been to make, and endeavor to keep, peace in the Church of God. It has been said by some that if Bishop Nazrey would resign, the whole matter would be settled. Well, let us notice that question. Many of us are acquainted with the affliction through which Bishop Quinn past a few years since, and how it might or might not affect his mind with the increased labor, and the liability, with the rest of us, to the common diseases of mankind, is unknown; and also the feeble health of Bishop Payne. I say, that these things, considered with my past labors in, and love for the Church, forbids me to commit so rash an act, until the matter has been brought to the notice of those who are so deeply concerned. Again, if the rumor that I had separated myself from the Church, when I was doing the work I was sent to do, be true, what would it be to go off without a notice? Again, it is a violation of the express will of the General Conference, to resign in the interval.

W. NAZREY.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM BROTHER R. H. CAIN.

BRO. WEAVER: The events transpiring in this section, constrain me to pass the bounds hitherto marked out for myself, relative to obtruding my thoughts on the readers of the RECORDER. But the transactions of the past few weeks in these parts, demand that I should no longer hold my peace. The cause of human elevation, Christian reform, and intellectual improvement, has long demanded that there should be sacrifices made for the restoration of fallen humanity. Man, selfish man, has too long stood in the way of Christian light; he has too frequently interposed his own unjust claims, in matters which belonged to a universal *brotherhood*. The one idea class have long stood between the refulgent rays of the sun of righteousness, which sheds its benign light upon the world of mind, making it what it is destined to be by its beneficent Creator. But these interlopers must be gone; and liberal, high-minded souls must assume position, and truth; living, almighty truth, must have its legitimate place in the affairs of man's deliverance, from the bondage of ignorance and error. Humanity has struggled for ages for a complete emancipation from the slavery of priestcraft, and prejudicial domination; and it behooves all lovers of humanity, to bestir themselves to make good their calling, and demonstrate that mind is destined to soar above matter, and assimilate with its great Author, in a higher sphere.

We have had illustrations of these facts lately in our midst, which clearly indicate that there are advances making toward a better understanding of our true relations to each other, as fellow laborers, in the great work of moral, social, intellectual, and religious reform. A reunion of the members of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in N. Y., was the occasion which practically illustrated what true intellectual greatness can do for its possessors. The company assembled—the character of the entertainment—the mode of conducting it—addresses delivered, and the general gathering of the clergy of all denominations—the complete unanimity of sentiment and feeling, which pervaded the gathering, crowned all; and low and grovelling must have been the mind that could not see that intelligence is as superior to ignorance, as the rays of the sun at high noon are to Egyptian darkness. Ministers should have no strife, but who can save the most souls, and who can best agree in doing good? Blessed are they, whom, when the Master cometh, shall be found so doing. The churches and schools begin to understand that, in union there is strength, not a mere union of material forms but a union of thought, a consonance of ideas. A combination of mental forces, which is the leaven that moves all material forms; and, consequently, gives moral force and real strength to all enterprises, which develope human genius and intellectual greatness.

Had a stranger directed his course toward Bridge St. chapel, on the night of the 10th of this month, and quietly taken his seat in that spacious edifice, at the hour of 8 o'clock, P. M., he might have been astonished and delighted with what his eyes did see. A company of Sabbath School scholars, all neat and clean, with smiling faces and bright eyes, would have greeted his gaze.

A large, respectable congregation had assembled to listen to the sweet singing of the scholars, who were about to repeat a concert which they had formerly given, with great satisfaction to all. After prayer, by the pastor, Miss Victoria Price began the exercises by throwing the magic wand over the piano, compelling it to give forth the Star-Spangled Banner, in the sweetest symphony, to the delight of the audience; in fact, it seemed to inspire the little urchins so, that they came forth with renewed confidence to perform their various parts.

Mr. Robert Hamilton, the *vocalist*, of Brooklyn, was in *his* place as the director of the music, and I assure you it was well done. The children acquitted themselves well, both in singing and speaking; it was a complete success on their part, and the superintendent and teachers may well be proud of the effort, and the parents should be encouraged to renew their efforts to induce their children to be more diligent in their attendance in the school. If the sweet music which these children, by a few weeks' training produced, is an exhibition of what the human voice can be made to perform in a state so imperfect as this, what might not be accomplished by right kind of training, in all the departments of human relations? The investigating mind could not but muse, as it listened to those girls and boys, as they thus gave proof of their immortality, and capabilities for chanting the praises of the great Eternal. If there are such wonderful effects produced upon us as was evidently experienced by that eager and attentive multitude of people, of the various shades of mind who witnessed this exhibition, surely, when these same spirits, disenthralled, and free from the material form which hinders the immortal soul from giving full flow to the lofty strains of harmonious sound of which it is capable—when they shall be fully developed, and removed to a higher sphere in the realms of light, then they should be attuned in harmony with that divine nature, while in this preparatory state.

The Sabbath School cause is gaining interest in these parts, and we may hope for much in the future from this department of our labors. There is a hopeful prospect that the youth will be gathering into the school, and a healthful influence will be exerted in the community. Our school now numbers seventy scholars, and is on the increase. When the present pastor entered upon his labors, it numbered about twenty. It has required much labor to raise it to its present numbers: the children have been encouraged by a Christmas present, given to them by the Sabbath School Association, which has been formed for the purpose of looking after its interests, by devising means, and elaborating measures for the advancement of so noble an enterprise. Christmas night was a pleasant, happy one to children, and parents, and the friends of improvement. At the hour of 7½, the children met in the basement, all neat and tidy, for the purpose of forming in procession and marching up stairs, to listen to remarks from several clergy of this city, on the improvement of the mind, and the interests of the rising generation. Two beautiful Christmas trees, tastefully trimmed, and laden with a selection of choice books and other articles, as Christmas presents for the scholars, graced the stand. At 8 o'clock, the exercises began by prayer, by Rev. Mr. Gloucester, present pastor of Shiloh Church, (Presbyterian,) N. Y. Then the pastor announced that he was pleased to inform the audience, that there were so many friends of the cause of moral, social, and religious improvement present, who would participate in the exercises of the meeting. Rev. Mr. Thompson, of the M. E. Church was introduced, and sung one of those soul-stirring hymns, peculiar to the warm-hearted Christian; and then, in an interesting strain, poured forth truths, which all seemed to feel the force of, directing the minds of the children to that Saviour, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." His remarks were received with marked attention by the large audience which had assembled on the occasion.

The children, (bless them,) then sang a sweet hymn, led by one of their own members with life and vigor. Then Rev. Charles Thompson, of Siloam (Methodist) Church, addressed the school and parents, with marked effect. They who have heard his clear, distinct voice, while setting forth truth, may well feel that it is not a loss of time to listen to his elucidations. Grasping his subject with a master hand, or I should say with a master *mind*, he always puts the blows in the right place. He showed the necessity of a proper training of the mind, that it might be prepared to fill its high mission. A theme befitting a mind like his own, who has made much sacrifice to cultivate it for usefulness.

Rev. Dr. Leroy, followed—an old and tried friend of the despised and down-trodden of this land—one who has long stood and plead for desponding humanity—his remarks were received with much pleasure by the children and friends. He was happy, in his anecdotes, which pleased and delighted the little ones. Rev. Gloucester then arose and cast light over the audience with his strong and logical truths, which every unbiassed mind could not but recognise. Always at home when advocating reforms and education, he was peculiarly so on this occasion.

Professor Wilson, of *Ethiopic* fame, was truly in one of his most happy moods, as he made the closing address of the evening. He came forward, and delighted every one by bringing forth the importance of educating and improving the condition of the rising generation, the hope of the young man in the future. The events transpiring in the land, and the prospect of an abundant harvest in the fields of thought, he closed amid the applause of the congregation; then came the distribution of the gifts for the Sabbath School scholars, which made their lovely faces shine, and eyes sparkle. The meeting closed with a general good feeling, and all were repaid for our gathering together on the occasion. The work goes on, and still there is room for more. Let the church of Christ continue her labors for the good of all her members, not forgetting the dear little children, the lambs of the flock. R. H. CAIN.

Brooklyn, L. I., Dec., 29th, 1861.

A CARD.

On the 18th ult., the Executive Committee having the Superintendence of the A. M. E. Book Concern, assembled in Bethel Church, Sixth Street, in obedience to the call of the General Book Steward.

And whereas, the General Book Steward informed said Committee, that the change effected in the editorial department of said Book Concern, *i. e.*, in separating the Editor and General Book Steward, had been, and still continues to be, detrimental to the financial interests of the *Christian Recorder*; causing many who believed as he did, *i. e.*, that the duties of the Editor and General Book Steward should be combined in the person of one, to cease their subscription for the paper.

And whereas, it is an acknowledged principle in science, "That every effect has a cause," and *vice versa*, "every cause an effect," consequently if the cause is removed, the effect must cease.

I, therefore, for the future welfare of this much needed organ in our Church, and with the best of feeling toward those with whom I have been associated, do hereby signify my withdrawal from the editorial department of the A. M. E. Book Concern; and announce, that from the above date I am not responsible for the matter which may appear in the columns of the *Christian Recorder*.

A. I. STAMFORD.

OUR "SAY."

MR. EDITOR:—If 'coming events cast their shadows before,' then the present generation will mark a new era in the history of that anciently honorable, but now despised and oppressed race, the African nation. This thought forced itself upon my mind while perusing that interesting article which appeared in the 'Anglo' of December 14th, headed 'hints and queries.' The author is, evidently, a thinking man, and comprehends the true interests of the human brotherhood.

As no race, class or condition of men, ever attain to eminence and distinction until they take the work of improvement and self-elevation into their own hands; so also they must be united in a clear and well-defined principle of action, that their intelligence, wisdom, and discernment may be apparent to all. Then will their 'say' be heard, and their rights respected—first, because they respect themselves, and in that they also respect others; second, because they give the most convincing proof that they are worthy of such respect. For there is an intuitive perception in most men which leads them to acknowledge and respect the rights of those who give proof of their ability to vindicate and maintain them.

My mind was forcibly impressed with the writer's sound logic, and the importance of his closing sentences, the last of which allow me to quote:

'The British Government also recognised this 'say' of ours, when it sealed up Abbeokuta by seizing upon Lagos. Some among us think it is about time that we should initiate this 'say,' by a combined expression of opinion emanating from our Northern States, in the form of a 'say' which shall find an echo in the West Indies, and on the African coast. Dr. Delany is of this opinion, and is it worth thinking about—'say?'

Yes, it is worth 'thinking about.' Let the 'combined expression of opinion' come forth, accompanied with, and sustained by the convincing proof of sincerity and ability, viz., ACTION.

When I see such men as Dr. Delany, who I consider has really done more for Africa than any other live man, as his 'report' and lectures show, with Dr. James McCune Smith, the Rev. H. H. Garnet, Rev. W. J. Alston, Rev. R. H. Cain, and a host of other intelligent and far-seeing men, working, 'shoulder to shoulder,' for the establishment of a great and fundamental principle of action, I entertain the strongest hope that their 'say' will be received with becoming deference. Nay, more, it will inscribe on the page of history a monument that will endure when the temples and monuments of art have fallen in dust. Unborn millions will celebrate the event in songs of joy, and bless the day of freedom's birth.

The finest continent possessed by man, rich in all the varied productions of earth, peopled by an ancient and noble race of two hundred millions; and her exiled children are to be redeemed, and neither the paw of the British Lion, nor clutches of the American Eagle shall hold them as prey any more. This is the work of the people. Let them put their "hands to the plough," and not "look back," till it is accomplished.

JUSTICE.
Anglo African.

For the Christian Recorder.

MR. EDITOR:—Blind men always think every man is blind, because they cannot see. So with that learned writer, Mr. "OBSERVER." He says in his last article that I attempted to make Bp. Nazrey responsible for what the Canadians said or did, when such is not the case. He further says, "The Bishop plainly shows all who are willing to be convinced that he claimed the right at the General Conference of 1860 to exercise his own will in going either with the A. M. E. Church or the B. M. E. Church." I ask Mr. OBSERVER why did not Bishop Nazrey tell the Episcopal Committee so? If he had, it would have been settled in five minutes—but, on the contrary, to a question put to him by one of the Committee, he said, (putting his hand in his pocket,) "Here I am, ready to go now;" and then, to another of the Committee, he said, "I am with you as formerly."

Mr. OBSERVER says, "The exercise of a man's own will is the legal right; but the General Conference, by a vote, denied him that right." I ask, Is that so? Did the General Conference deny to Bishop Nazrey the right to remain in Canada if he should have desired to do so? We answer, No! If he had told the General Conference that he desired to stay there, they would not have requested him to resign; and a majority of the Committee who recommended his resignation did not believe he would accept of it. It was only out of respect to him, not wishing to show any design upon their part to get rid of him.

The General Conference only requested him to resign whatever relation he sustained to the B. M. E. Church, (that of General Superintendent.) He was not compelled to do it, for it was only a request. He could then have said where he desired to go.

Mr. OBSERVER says that Bishop Nazrey yielded for the time being—that is to say, while the General Conference was in session in Pittsburgh—but when he got home to Canada and met the General Conference there, he no longer yielded—for the time being was past, and there was then nothing to yield.

This is what is called by Mr. OBSERVER truth, nothing more nor less. I do not think he intended to admit this; for, if he did, he places Bishop Nazrey in a very unfavorable light, for if the Bishop only yielded to a vote of the General Conference for the time being—that is to say, while the General Conference was in session, or for the present time, for that is the meaning of the phrase, for the time being—then he only yielded to satisfy the General Conference, and did not intend to do it.

The learned Mr. OBSERVER is not a good lawyer, for he admits the guilt of his client, which is, in law, equivalent to his having pleaded guilty.

He next refers to the Convention of 1816, and the powers granted to the General Conference. We say the General Conference of 1856 did not revoke or change our articles of religion, nor did they establish any new standard of doctrine, or destroy the Episcopacy. Mr. OBSERVER lays great stress upon the right of the General Conference to give away a Bishop, and yet he admits that it was a Bishop's right to go where he pleases. Oh, what consistency! The creator dare not say what the creature shall do; yet the creature has power to say to the creator, I'll go where I please. If this is what Mr. OBSERVER calls truth, nothing more nor less, he certainly has been to some other place than the feet of Gamaliel.

Mr. OBSERVER is so very learned that he thinks I have committed a great error when I say that the same General Conference that elected Bishop Nazrey said he might go to Canada, and to show my great error he tells you that New York is nine hundred miles from Cincinnati, and that 1852 was four years before 1856. Mr. OBSERVER is certainly acquainted with Geography and Astronomy when he tells these wonderful things. Does not every man know that it was the same General Conference, and although one session was held in New York and the other in Cincinnati, one at one time and the other at any other, still it is the same General Conference? PRESBYTER.

For the Christian Recorder.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

Rev. ELISHA WEAVER, EDITOR:—*Respected Friend:*—I have been much interested in the perusal of the 51st number of "the *Christian Recorder*," and desire for it a successful continuance, believing, that if properly conducted, it may prove an instrument of great good in a direction where profitable reading is much needed for the encouragement of improvement in all that tends to religious and moral elevation, to the development of those inward resources, which are the gift of God to every rational, intelligent being. As this shall be made the aim of those interested in preparing the food which is to be handed forth to us readers, we cannot doubt that the blessing of Heaven will rest upon their labors.

It is a day of great unsettlement and outward-looking in the religious world, wherein God is robbed of his honor, by the exercise of human reason and wisdom, and a dependence upon them for religious advancement, as well as upon outward ceremonies and mere human inventions and performances, such as leave the heart at ease in an unregenerate condition, under the belief that mere outward observances are all that are required in order to secure the Divine blessing and favor. But what saith their holy Author? "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." And what is this new birth but a change of heart and affections, wrought out by a faithful co-operation with the spirit of grace, "which hath appeared to all men, teaching that denying all ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world?"

This great change, whereby we are qualified for religious service here on earth, and prepared for a happy hereafter, is no less than the purging of our souls of all their evil desires and lusts, and raising in our hearts fervent breathings of spirit unto the Father and fountain of all grace and goodness for help and preservation, whereby we may be enabled to work out our soul's salvation with fear and trembling. And "prayer is the soul's sincere desire, unuttered or expressed." True, inward, spiritual prayer, is the gift of God, whereby the soul is strengthened and made alive unto Him; and it was with feelings of concern and sorrow, that I observed in the "*Recorder*" an apparent endeavor to exalt the outward means above the inward power of the spirit of prayer, by the exercise of which the windows of Heaven are opened, and a blessing poured out.

The work of true religion is essentially an inward work between the soul of man and his Creator, and outward observances and performances may or may not be the result and representatives thereof. We may preach, and pray, and perform what we may call worship, by the observance of times and ceremonies, and yet be utterly destitute of the mediating power and influence of the Holy Spirit, whereby "intercession is made for us in groanings which cannot be uttered." Christ is the only Mediator between God and man, and without Him, or his Spirit, we can do nothing; so that I have desired that none may waste their time and strength in the fruitless endeavor to perform works that shall meet with Divine acceptance, without the influence and aid of the Spirit of our holy Redeemer.

The same Divine power which opened the eyes of Saul, enabling him to see the error and wickedness of his course, and to turn from the evil way in which he was walking, is alone able to enlighten and qualify us for service in the church of Christ, in the power and authority of the gospel, of which Paul was made an able minister; and it is a great mistake to say that calls, conversions, illuminations of the mind, and similar exhibitions of Divine grace, do not now occur as in the case of Paul, or any other apostle. By what power and means were the eyes of Luther opened to see that "it is neither by wisdom, nor by arms that the renovations of the church will be accomplished, but by humble prayers, by a faith full of courage, that puts Christ on our side?" By what influence was he led to deny the Pope and acknowledge Christ, and to labor to establish the truth, that without Christ, we are nothing, and can do nothing?

Is not every conversion of the sinner, and the spiritual enlightenment of every heart, an exhibition of the work of the same grace which illuminated the great apostle of the Gentiles, and turned him from his wicked purposes, to become a follower and advocate of Christ? Surely the same God ruleth and reigneth now, that sent Christ into the world, and raised up the prophets and apostles to do his will, and he is still at work in the hearts of his people every where, enlightening their understandings and committing unto them his gifts, through Him whom He hath appointed and exalted to be a mediator between us and Him—through Him, who it is declared, hath ascended on high, receiving gifts for men; so that it seems to savour of a denial of the faith of the saints, to question the continuance of the workings of the same Spirit by which the apostles were inspired and led.

I make not these remarks from any feeling of unkindness, but rather in defence of what I believe to be gospel truth, and with a desire to encourage a simple and humble reliance upon the power and teachings of the Holy Spirit, which has ever been the strength and guide of all who have been redeemed from the world, and its delusive, destroying spirit. By this was Luther led to see and declare, "We can do nothing of ourselves. It is impossible for a man to be a Christian without having Christ, and to find peace, save in him, by despairing of (or denying) ourselves; or to attain to an understanding of Scripture either by study or by the intellect; but our first duty is to begin by prayer," to which he gives a very high place as the fruit and means of grace. "None can believe," said he, "how powerful prayer is, and what it is able to effect, but those who have learned it by experience. The upright prayer of a godly Christian is a strong hedge; it is a strong wall and fortress, and preserves the church;" but, said he, "Trust solely in God, and in the influence of *his* Spirit, and hope for nothing from *your own* labors, from your own understanding."

He distinguishes between what he calls "external and bodily prayer,"—the mere fruit of the lips, and "prayer in spirit and in truth," which, says he, "is the *inward* desire, the motions, the sighs which issue from the depths of the heart." "This," said he, "is a godly Christian's weapon, which no man knows or finds, but only he who has the spirit of grace and of prayer." And he defines the bread for which we are taught to pray thus, "Give us this day our daily bread," to be Jesus Christ, or the Holy Spirit, and not any outward food. "To believe," said he, "is none other than to eat this bread from heaven." "By the word Father," said he, "the bowels of the Lord are moved,"—that is, by prayer, in which we are qualified to call him Father, even the fruit of the Spirit of adoption, known only to those who are born again, and are thereby enabled to cry, "Abba, Father." To as many as receive Christ in his inward, spiritual appearance, to them is given "the power to become the sons of God."

So that I would have as more fully persuaded to regard the saving religion of the gospel as [illegible] inward work, depending more upon the spirit, prayer and worship, than upon any or all outward forms, which are but mere types and shadows of the true and living substance, leading to outward-looking and dependence. Baptism, saving baptism, is described by Paul as "not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience;" and by John as the work of fire and of the Holy Ghost, whereby the heart is cleansed and purified. This is the work of which the cleansing by water, under the law, was only the type of which the work of the Spirit is the reality. The true Christian baptism is the work of separating the precious from the vile, wrought by the word of God, which "is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword,"—by the Spirit of our holy Redeemer, who himself was made perfect through suffering, and queried with his disciples, "Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?" which no doubt was that of great suffering.

And the communion of the saints was thus described through the evangelist: "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." This spiritual communion is the true supper of the Lamb, unto which we are called, and of which all may partake without money and without price. This is the true marriage supper, unto which all, without respect of persons, are bidden, and in which all may participate, by having on the wedding garment of gospel purity and love, wherein they are engaged to wait upon the Lord, with the heart and mind turned unto him in humble aspiration for the blessing of health and preservation—for the visitations of his power and love, whereby the hearts of the humble are made to rejoice.

Religion, when divested of all Jewish and Popish rites and ceremonies, is a very simple thing, and should be thus represented to the seekers after truth. The way-faring man, though a fool as to this world's wisdom, need not err therein, for the grace of God which bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all, teaching them what to do, and what to avoid, or leave undone; and by this grace are we saved and not of ourselves, lest we might boast. The teachings of the Holy Spirit or grace of God is sufficient for our direction; for we need not, saith the Scriptures, that any man should teach us, save as this anointing teacheth, which is truth and no lie.

Wherefore it seemeth meet that all should be directed to this inward teacher, which "teacheth as never man taught," and "cannot be removed into a corner," but must have the chief and uppermost place in our hearts, if we would be led aright. "God will not give his glory to another, nor his praise to graven images;" he will not allow any flesh to glory in his presence, nor any mere human invention or representation, any mere creaturely wisdom or work, to receive the praise which is due to him alone, but his works, either in or through us, alone will praise and glorify Him who worketh in the hearts of the faithful, both to will and to do of his good pleasure; and this by the Spirit of his dear Son, by whom in these last days, he is speaking unto us, as the secret of our souls.

Please receive this somewhat lengthy epistle, as coming from one who desires to behold the prosperity and triumph of the simple truth, and the dependence upon empty forms and ceremonies come to an end, by the embrace of the substance, of which these were, before the coming of Christ, the types and shadows. With sincere regard and well-wishing, thy friend,

WM. P. BANGS.

Philada., 1st mo., 4, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

GRAND LODGE—ELECTION OF THE OFFICERS.

At the annual commencement of the Grand Lodge, held on St. John's, the Evangelist, Day, at their Hall, South Eleventh St., below Pine St., the following named brethren, having been elected on December 2d, were duly installed, to wit:—

Brother James Needham, R. W. G. M.,
" Nathaniel L. Durham, R. W. S. G. W.,
" Frederick C. Revels, R. W. J. G. W.,
" Theodore Young, R. W. G. T.,
" Aaron P. Faucett, R. W. G. S.,
" Jonathan Davis, M. D., R. W. D. G. M.

After the installation, the R. W. G. M. was pleased to announce the following appointments:—

Brother Redmon Faucett as District Deputy Grand Master for the county of Montgomery.

Brother Joseph C. Bustill, of Harrisburg, for the counties of Dauphin, Lycoming, Lancaster, and Cumberland.

Brother John F. Williams, of Harrisburg, for the counties of Franklin, Adams, and Perry.

Brother John L. Griffith, of Lewistown, for the counties of Juniata, Mifflin, Centre, Blair, and Huntingdon.

Brother George T. Vashon, of Pittsburgh, for the counties of Allegheny, Westmoreland, Fayette, and Washington.

Grand Chaplains:—Brothers James Prisby, William Douglass, James Underdue, and William G. Cooper.

Brother Jonathan C. Miller, Grand Marshal.
Brother George Tingley, Grand Sword Bearer.
Brother Uriah Kelly, Grand Senior Deacon.
Brother James Harris, Grand Junior Deacon.
Brother J. C. Green, Senior Grand Steward.
Brother James T. Robinson, Junior Grand Steward.
Brother David Clark, Grand Pursuivant.
Brother Lewis Dennis, Grand Tyler.

Committee on Correspondence:—Brothers S. Morgan Smith, Lewis R. Seymour, Philip R. Judah, William Cooper, and John G. Dutton.

Committee on By-Laws:—Brothers Jonathan Davis, M. D., Frederick C. Revels, and Francis R. Belasque.

Committee on Charity:—Brothers John Coulter, George Woolford, Charles Simpson, James S. Hallowell, Thomas C. Burton, and George Junior.

Committee on Landmarks:—R. W. Brothers William H. Riley, William E. Gipson, and Hans Shadd.

Attest, AARON P. FAUCETT, *Grand Sec'y.*

NOTICE.

All persons who do not pay their two dollars in advance, will pay, hereafter, five cents for the *Recorder* per copy. We are compelled to do this, because it does not pay at four cents per copy; for after the carrier gets his pay, there is not much left to pay expenses.

Domestic Items.

English Fortifications for Shelling American Towns.—Within a few weeks past a corps of English engineers arrived at Windsor, in Canada West, opposite Detroit, and proceeded to lay out fortifications, bringing that city within range. The works have been commenced, and if continued, will be ready for mounting the guns in a short time. The fort is situated on an eminence, and completely commands the whole river front, and the principal business portion of Detroit.

This is a circumstance of some significance. It seems to be more than a general defensive structure which is proposed to be erected. It is a fortification built for the express purpose, if need be, of bombarding and destroying the city of Detroit.

The Nation's Hopes.—A force of half a million Unionists is about to be launched from various points upon the defences of slaveholding treason. As we wait in solemn earnestness, but in reverent trust the shock of the opposing hosts, let us calmly, considerately note the grounds of our conviction that the ultimate result must be favorable—that the national integrity and authority are to be vindicated and restored by the events of 1862. These grounds are briefly as follows:

I. The danger of *surprise* is past. The Federal Metropolis, which was to have been captured in May, remains unfisited by a hostile shot, and in no serious danger of changing masters, at the close of December. It might have been seized in April; it could have been successfully assaulted in July. Henceforth, its safety is almost if not quite beyond contingency.

II. We must have reached the bottom of our disasters by imminent *treachery*. The forts, armories, and arsenals, now held for the Union are held by loyal and true men. We may be worsted in battle; but we shall no more see regiment after regiment basely surrendered to the rebels by Confederate traitors, who eat the bread and wear the uniform of the nation. It must be that the traitors in responsible, influential positions have been nearly or quite weeded out of the national service. What ships, what ports remain to us, are held by men who will not betray their trust.

III. The nation at length is *armed*, or very nearly so. The treason of Floyd and his confederates in the Cabinet of Mr. Buchanan had nearly stripped the loyal States of arms, when the cannon of Sumter pealed the knell of war. We had neither field-artillery, nor small arms, nor camp equipage, nor munitions, at all adequate or suitable for the contest so suddenly forced upon us. We have now all these, with the fit men to put them to use. Henceforth, whatever reverses we may encounter will have some other cause than our lack of arms. If not now nearly ready for the strife, we never shall be.

IV. We have measured and tested *the strength of our adversaries*. They have had the advantage of a most extraordinary and unexpected triumph. The prestige of success, the moral advantage of a menacing attitude, have been theirs for months. They have been expecting and preparing to seize Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri, and advance into the free States; but they have never been able to cross the slave line in any force. The tidings of Bull Run—grossly magnifying the extent of the rebel triumph, called to their camps every one disposed to fight for their cause. They enlisted expecting to be rewarded in the plunder of Philadelphia and New York before this time; they find themselves still shivering behind their breast-works around and in front of Manassas, awaiting and expecting an attack from General McClellan, no longer even meditating an assault on his lines. The *morale* of the offensive is lost to them.

V. The nation has gained ground in the confidence and co-operation of the *Border States*. Maryland, by a great majority of her votes, has placed herself unequivocally on the side of the Union. Kentucky, by the results of two popular elections, and the action of her Legislature, has done likewise. Missouri is two-thirds held by Unionists to-day, and her legitimate government is strongly for the Union. We are more likely to regain Tennessee than to lose Kentucky. The signal triumph at Port Royal, establishing a Union force solidly in the heart of rebellious South Carolina, is felt as a stunning blow throughout Jeff. Davis' dominions. At Fort Pickens, the Union flag has been solidly upheld. The new position of our forces at Ship Island threatens the whole Gulf-coast of Louisiana and Alabama. Western Virginia is silently relinquished by the traitors, after months of desperate efforts to subjugate it. And though the gallant uprising of the Unionists of East Tennessee has probably been ruthlessly crushed, the spirit that impelled it still lives in thousands of loyal Southern hearts, and will soon find new and fairer opportunities for decisive manifestation.

VI. Finally, the nation is at length fully *aroused*. It has measured itself with its implacable enemy, and seen reason to distrust its ability to conquer him. It realizes that victory is the soul of the rebellion, and is ready to strike telling blows at the very lifenest of this flagitious treason. Everything indicates sharp, decisive work at hand. It seems hardly possible that Spring shall again have put forth her buds before we may assemble around our several altars to thank God, the Father of Mercies, that the backbone of this atrocious conspiracy against right, law, and liberty is broken. God grant it, and His be the glory evermore!

Numbers of Men Able to Bear Arms.—In the nineteen millions of the thoroughly loyal States and Territories, there are 3,800,000 fighting men. New York has 778,000; Pennsylvania, 581,000; Ohio, 468,000; Illinois, 342,000; Indiana, 270,000; Massachusetts, 246,000. All the rest fall below 200,000 each.

"If the Constitution cannot be maintained without meeting these scenes of commotion and contest, however unwelcome, they must come. We cannot, we must not, omit to do that which, in our judgment, the safety of the Union requires. Not regardless of consequences, we must yet meet consequences; seeing the hazards which surround the discharge of public duty, it must yet be discharged."—*Daniel Webster.*

"Dark as are the Clouds upon our sky, and long and anxiously as we have watched for the light to penetrate them, my faith in the ultimate triumph of the Government remains unshaken. If I did not believe that our beneficent and glorious institutions would survive the atrocious treason by which they are now so remorselessly assailed, I would pray for the mountains to cover me, and for the grave to open at my feet."—*Holt, of Kentucky.*

On the Right of Secession.—No man, no association of men, no State, or set of States, has a right to withdraw itself from this Union of its own accord. The same power which knit us together can unknit. The same formality which formed the links of the Union is necessary to dissolve it. The majority of States which forms the Union must consent to the withdrawal of any one branch of it. Until that consent has been obtained, any attempt to dissolve the Union, or obstruct the efficacy of the constitutional laws, is treason—treason to all intents and purposes. —*Richmond Inquirer, Nov.* 1, 1814.

Gratifying News from our Troops in the South.—Late advices from the South, via Richmond, give us the gratifying intelligence of the further advance of our troops into the rebel domain.

While a portion of General Sherman's command were landed on Edisto Island, off the coast of South Carolina, and from thence penetrated inland to an important station upon the line of the Charleston and Savannah Railroad, of which they took possession, a portion of General Butler's Division have crossed the Mississippi Sound from Ship Island and taken possession of Biloxi, one of the fashionable watering places upon the Gulf coast.

Edisto Island is about twenty-five miles south-east of Charleston.

It is a flat sea-island, upon which long staple cotton, rice and sugar, are grown. It is ten miles in length, and about five in width. The waters of the North and South Edisto rivers, flowing eastwardly through the main land, mingle their waters in the narrow strait between the latter and the island. Seaside of Edisto is Hutchinson's island.

Edisto is occupied by about a hundred plantations, and has, moreover, a collection of houses upon the coast, where many of the planters reside during the summer, when the interior is unhealthy.

Adams' Run Station, Colleton District, which is undoubtedly the point upon the Charleston and Savannah Railroad occupied by our troops, is twenty-three miles south of Charleston, and has a population of less than two hundred.

Advices from Hilton Head, dated the 30th ult., stated that preparations were then being made for an expedition to an unknown point, which was to leave on the following day.

The seizure of Adams' Run places the Union troops in possession of an invaluable strategetical position, as it effectually severs the railroad communication between Charleston and Savannah. The water communication between Hilton Head and Adams' Run is perfect, and practicable for vessels of light draught.

Biloxi is a small village in Harrison county, Mississippi, about ninety miles to the eastward of New Orleans. Within a short distance of Biloxi are Pass Christian, Mississippi City, and Pascagoula,—all places of summer resort for the citizens of Mobile and New Orleans.

The War in South Carolina.—[From the Charleston Courier, December 14th.]—Our enemies are powerful on the water. Our navy, in comparison with theirs, is absolutely contemptible. They have determined to make the most vigorous use of this advantage. Thus far, notwithstanding their loud boasts and terrible threats, they have done nothing with their frigates and gun-boats that has justified their confident promises and intemperate exultation. Their first naval expedition was a miserable abortion. The second, far more expensive and formidable than the one under command of the illustrious Butler, though partially successful in attaining some of the cherished objects for which it was raised, has reflected no glory on their cause. But their naval force will enable them to disturb and damage us on our long line of sea-coast without giving us the opportunity to repel them. As they care nothing for glory, but only care to destroy and plunder, this mode of warfare exactly suits their natures. They will land at weak points, make raids upon plantations, burn houses, and commit all manner of depredations and atrocities, and, their work accomplished, they will hasten back to the protection of their vessels.

Fortress Monroe—Treatment of the Prisoners at Richmond.—The prisoners confirm all heretofore said concerning their hard treatment, and their stories only add to the barbarous doings and history of the pseudo-Southern Confederacy.

Reaction in the South—The Army Dissatisfied.—We learn from many of the prisoners the pleasing intelligence that there is a great reaction at present going on in the South in favor of the Federal Union, that Jeff. Davis and the Confederate Southern Army are both getting unpopular, and that there is a vast number of Union men in Richmond and the South who would gladly throw out the Stars and Stripes if they dared to do it.

The Southerners are very much vexed at present with the anticipation that their troops will refuse to re-enlist in the Spring, and that McClellan will have nothing to do but march into the South and re-establish Yankee supremacy. The term of enlistment of the entire Southern army expires in the Spring, and the desire of the men to re-enlist is about as strong as Philadelphia milk.

The Richmond papers, for some time past, have amused themselves by gloating over the prospects of a war between England and the United States, but the leaders of the rebellion, as well as the editors, are now biting their thumbs in despair since they have heard that Mason and Slidell have been given up. Many Southerners openly acknowledge that their cause and their Confederacy are in a wretched state.

Military Affairs in Richmond.—There are but about six hundred men in Richmond at present. All of the soldiers who have arms have been sent away—some to Yorktown, some to Manassas, and some West and South.

The guard around Richmond is worked to death. The six hundred have no relief but among themselves, and not half of them have arms, so that when new guard relief is sent upon duty, the men have to take those of the guards who are relieved, which certainly is a very unmilitary system of guard-mounting.

The Care of the Prisoners.—The care of the prisoners was left to persons picked from among their number, who were released on their parole of honor, and allowed to travel around the city, and get what they could from private citizens for the feeding of the prisoners.

Incendiarism.—There has been a fire almost every night in the towns of the South for some weeks past, and the people are very much terrified with a rumor that the South was full of Union incendiaries, and who are bent upon destroying every city, town and village of the South.

Negro Insubordination.—The slaves have been and are still most unruly, and large numbers have been shot, and hung, for insubordination.

Fears of a Federal Attack.—The rebels firmly believe that General Wool will take Yorktown this week, and that Burnside's Expedition is about to sail up the James River to make an attack, in conjunction with General Wool's forces, upon Norfolk in the rear, and after taking that place make a grand advance upon Richmond from all points.

Great Bethel Deserted—Advance of General Weber.—This morning General Weber, acting upon information received by a contraband on Sunday last, to the effect that a stampede of the rebels had taken place from Great Bethel, on Saturday last, proceeded to Hampton with about two thousand men, and thence across the Newmarket Bridge, as far as Great Bethel. He found the entire region vacated by the rebels, who had left for Yorktown, fearing an advance of our forces.

After making an extensive and useful reconnoissance, resting his troops and securing a considerable amount of forage, General Weber returned, without a casualty among his men, to his camp, this evening.

Praying for the Federal Government.—Many of the best people in the Valley of Virginia are united together in a covenant to pray every day for the success of the Federal Government. Brother Lambert and five brethren, ever since the 17th of July last, have been praying, at a set time each day, for the overthrow of treason and the triumph of the Federal cause. And they have persevered in this for months together, when not a ray of hope illumined the horizon. All the papers which they could read spoke only of the disasters and the villany of the Union cause; but, hoping against hope, they have not ceased to pray. For two or three weeks past the light has been breaking in a little. The secessionists in Virginia are becoming disheartened, and the faces of the Union men are beginning to brighten up a little.—*Religious Telescope.*

Important from Point of Rocks—Attack of the Rebels—The Federal Troops Retire—The Railroad and Telegraph Destroyed—An Artillery Fight.—Point of Rocks, January 5th.—Six thousand rebels attacked the Fifth Connecticut Regiment, near Hancock, yesterday, while protecting the railroad. After a slight skirmish, our men retired to this side of the Potomac to await reinforcements.

Meanwhile the rebels destroyed the railroad and telegraph lines, breaking our communication with Cumberland.

General Lardner is marching to the relief of the Fifth Regiment with a sufficient force. The loss on either side is unknown, but is believed to be trifling.

The rebels have been shelling our position at intervals all day. Our artillery has responded. The rebel shells did no mischief.

Destruction of the Richmond Theatre and other Buildings by Fire—Great Loss of Property.—The performance given at the Richmond Theatre on Wednesday night was destined, as subsequent events have proved, to be the last ever given in that "Temple of the Muses."

At 4 o'clock yesterday morning, just as the bell announced the hour, the theatre was discovered to be on fire in sundry places, and hardly before the astonished members of the Fire Brigade could draw a long breath, the flames burst forth from the building, casting a lurid glare over the sky, illuminating the whole.

Up to a very late hour on Wednesday night, as we learn, there were no traces of fire in the building, and as it burst out, when it did make its appearance, from every conceivable spot, and burnt, from the combustible nature of the building, with the rapidity of thought, the inference is that the author of the mischief knew his business, and performed it with a master's hand. In two hours' time nothing but the fragments of two of the massive walls of the theatre remained to tell the passer what it once was. We have seldom seen the "fire god" more energetic in the performance of his duties. If anything was saved, we did not learn the fact, and therefore suppose that, not only the building, but all of its adjuncts, in the way of scenery, decorations, wardrobe, manuscripts, old plays, costly furniture and pictures, went also by the board.

The Upper Potomac.—A gentleman arrived here this morning from Harper's Ferry. He says that the rebels are evidently concentrating a heavy force along the line of the Upper Potomac. It is believed that they have a force of twenty thousand at Leesburg.

Rev. Dr. Van Ingen, of St. Pauls', Minnesota, has accepted of the chaplaincy of Col. Curtis' Regiment, at Rochester, Minn.

Rev. Charles Woodward, of Rochester, has been elected chaplain of the 3d Regiment Minnesota Volunteers.

Ministers and Soldiers.—There are six Methodist preachers in the fifty-seventh Indiana Regiment. The Colonel is Rev. J. W. T. McMullin; Lieutenant-Colonel, Rev. F. A. Hardin, of the North Indiana Conference. Captain Bradford, and Rev. Messrs. Black, Hoback, and Charles Disbro, are also members of the same Conference.

Rev. J. C. Cromack, Chaplain to the Massachusetts Twenty-second, writes as follows to *Zion's Herald*: "Our social religious meetings are most profoundly interesting. Since my return from Massachusetts three hopeful conversions had occurred, and previously we had one anxious inquirer and one backslider reclaimed. Christians of all denominations are much encouraged and take hold cheerfully to sustain the meetings. I hope the churches at home will continue to pray for the soldiers."

A Soldier's Feeling.—A chaplain reported to the Fulton Street prayer meeting, a conversation he had held with a soldier in the regiment, which concludes as follows:—"Chaplain, I have been very thoughtless and wicked since I came into camp, but I am going to quit it. I will break off my wicked ways. My mother shall not pray in vain for me. I have got something to do about it." "And what are you going to do?" "Seek the Lord and be a better man." I know my mother prays for me. When you told us what kind of prayers you heard offered for us poor wicked soldiers, it seemed like a cannon-shot through my heart. I am going to seek the Lord and become a praying man."

Deaconesses.—In some quarters in this country there has been manifested quite a disposition to revive the office of Deaconesses. The design seems more specially to secure proper attention to the sick. The *German Reformed Messenger* gives the following particulars:

The care of the sick, which commenced in 1836, in a house at Kaiserwerth, with one sick person, by one deaconess, is now attended to in fifty-three hospitals, extending from Alexandria and Jerusalem to Pittsburgh, in North America, by deaconesses from Kaiserwerth Institute. Twenty-nine deaconesses, set apart to the work by the Church authorities, have been laboring for the relief of the poor and starving families which attach to our city like a cancerous affection. Besides these, a number have been entirely engaged at poor-houses, institutions for the blind, and female asylums, one of the latter of which at Berlin has, during the seven years of its existence, furnished shelter for over two thousand females. The care of the imprisoned was commenced already in 1833, before the founding of the Deaconess Institute by the asylum in Kaiserwerth for discharged female prisoners and *reclaimed* females, and is now carried forward abroad in prisons by deaconesses. The nurture, education, and instruction of children is attended to by deaconess-teachers, of whom there are sixty connected with the Institute, in schools, orphan houses, and seminaries, and also by more than nine hundred teachers and governesses, who have been educated in the Seminary at Kaiserwerth since 1836. The special success with which the Lord has crowned the work at Kaiserwerth, remarked the reporter, cannot fail to awaken to all who have been engaged in it, feelings of the deepest humility and gratitude. Still, it is to be admitted that the work was often carried forward in the midst of great difficulties, especially of a pecuniary nature.

Foreign.

The amount of TRAVEL abroad may be understood in some degree from the fact that during the usual travelling season of the past year, nine thousand persons visited Chamounix, the highest peak of the Alps, in Switzerland. Among these there were four thousand one hundred and sixty-nine from England and the United States, one thousand nine hundred and eighty-three from France, seven hundred and twelve from Germany, and three hundred and fifty-six from Russia.

A case of State interference with the rights of conscience has just occurred in England. A Mr. Charles Winkworth, a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, and a laborer in the employment of a farmer at Beedon, refused to attend the Established Church as Mr. King, his employer, wished. This refusal was founded, as he said, upon conscientious objections to that Church; but on his persisting in it, he was arrested, tried before a bench of eight magistrates at Newberry, Berks, and fined five shillings, together with four shillings and sixpence, also, for costs. The case is exciting much attention. The dissenting portion of the community are taking it up, and meetings of much interest are being held in regard to it. Surely, the time is passed in Great Britain when a man is to be forced to attend a church contrary to his clear and determined conviction of duty.

The DEBT of England is enormous. At present it is about *four thousand million of dollars*—the interest of which (at as low a rate as 3½ per cent.) is about one hundred and thirty-four million three hundred thousand dollars per year, or three hundred and sixty-eight thousand dollars a day, fifteen thousand three hundred and thirty-three dollars an hour, two hundred and fifty-five dollars a minute, or four dollars and twenty-four cents a second. Truly, such a debt must be a heavy burden. It began more especially as early as in the reign of Charles the Second, about two hundred years ago. About a hundred years later, in 1763, it was about six hundred and ninety-five millions of dollars. In 1802 it had become two thousand eight hundred and fifty-five millions of dollars. In 1856, at the close of the Russian war, it was about $4,000,000,000, which is about the amount at the present time. This would seem to most people a doubtful capital upon which a new and expensive war should be commenced.

A CONFERENCE of great interest has been recently held by prominent ministers of the Free Church of Scotland on the subject of Missions. The meeting was convened in Edinburgh, and Rev. Dr. Tweedie presided. It mainly considered the Missions of the Free Church in India, and especially the question as to whether a sufficient prominence had been given to the matter of preaching the gospel in India. Much has been done for Schools. Dr. Duff's efforts had been powerfully put forth at Calcutta to train up the young mind in the knowledge of the truth, but it was feared by the Conference that a sufficient reliance is not being placed upon simple preaching. And, therefore, while no resolutions were adopted and no discouragement was given to schools as now existing, it seemed to be the spirit of the meeting that more and more must be done to have the gospel preached. The proceedings are of a deeply interesting and important character, and occupy no less than fourteen columns of the Edinburgh *Witness*.

Scotland does honor, though sometimes slowly, to its noble men. An instance is lately seen in the placing of a tablet to the memory of THOMAS BOSTON, on the wall of the house in Duns where he was born. As a laborious pastor and faithful preacher, and especially as the author of such works as "The Fourfold State," "The Crook in the Lot," &c., Boston has a memory peculiarly precious in the hearts of thousands—both in the Old World and the New.

A somewhat unusual step has been proposed to be taken at the next General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland. It is to elect a layman to the Moderatorship. Usually, in all Presbyterian bodies, we believe, Sessions, Presbyteries, Synods, and Assemblies, it is customary to give the presiding office to the Ministry—but in this case, as Murray Dunlop, Esq., member of Parliament, has rendered important services to the Church in various ways, it is urged this distinction should be conferred on him. Nothing of the kind has ever been done since the time when the memorable George Buchanan was made Moderator of the Church of Scotland. At present, however, it is finally concluded, we believe, to have Rev. Dr. Guthrie chosen.

Advertisements.

THE UNITED Brothers and Sisters of Rev. Willis Nazrey Society, are requested to attend their regular stated meeting, the 19th of this month, at 8 o'clock, P. M., on the corner of Quince and Locust Streets. Punctual attendance is strictly requested, by order of the President.
AARON BELL, *President.*
E. MALONEY, *Secretary.*

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 19th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—
From Garnet Union No. 4, D. of T.; from Phœnix Union, No. 8, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 16, D. of T.; Welsh's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Dr. Bias' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 19, D. of T.; from Vaubrecaks Union, No. 18, D. of T., of Norristown, Pa.
Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—
Grand P., Sister E. ROBERTS, G. P. P. Sister ANDERSON,
" " E. BOWEN, " " J. F. BLACK,
" " M. H. RUSSEY, " " E. A. CLARK,
" " S. NEWMAN, " " WHITE,
" " S. DAVIS, " " S. HALL.

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THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY.
THE STATED QUARTERLY MEETINGS of the Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August, and November.
The meetings of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the society.
Mrs. SARAH CARTER, President.
Mr. L. R. SEYMOUR, Sec'y.

MRS. JOHNSON AND MRS. WARE
Beg leave to inform the Public in general that they continue
LAYING OUT AND SHROUDING THE DEAD.
REFERENCES.
Thomas Charnock, No. 427 South Sixth Street.
James Le Count, No. 930 Madison Street.
Thomas W. Allmond, No. 1057 Madison Street.
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OF THE
AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,
No. 619 Pine Street,
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We keep on hand, in connexion with our other books, Sabbath School books of various kinds; Question Books; Catechisms, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. We have a good assortment of such books as are generally used in the Public Schools. Also, stationery, Inks, Pens, Paper, Envelopes and Blank Books.

WANTED.—The charge of a Public School. Reference as to ability can be given. Apply to
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To Tailors, Dress makers, and to those wishing to be such. Also, to the users of sewing machines, store-keepers, and large families,—for in one day (by the Black Alligator which each Defiance has) you can learn to cut and fit perfectly, Ladies' Dresses, Boys' and Men's Pants, Vests, Jackets, Sack and Over-coats.
Local and Travelling Agents Wanted.
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(Or, apply to Mrs. Mary C. Weaver, wife of the Editor of this paper,) 610 Pine St., Philada., Pa. Jan18—1y

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The subscriber is selling the best qualities of Lehigh and Schuylkill Coal at the following very low prices:
Lehigh Stove Coal, per ton, $4 25
" Egg " 4 25
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" Nut " 4 00
Schuylkill, stove, and Egg, and Broken, and Screened, 4 25
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Orders left at the Store Store, No. 107 North Fifth St., will be promptly attended to. W. M. STILL.
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PERRY & FITZGERALD'S
PROCESS FOR MAKING LIGHT, NUTRITIOUS, AND UNADULTERATED BREAD, WITHOUT FERMENTATION.
The new process of bread-making, patented by Perry & Fitzgerald, removes all the obstacles which have hitherto rendered it impossible to manufacture perfectly pure, sweet, and nutritious bread. The entire process is performed by mechanical means, and is eminently cleanly.
The process consists in mixing the flour in a closed vessel, and the application of pure carbonic acid, under pressure, by which the dough-room is made thoroughly light, and ready to be discharged into pans, for baking, in the brief space of *fifteen or twenty minutes*. The "change" is usually 200 pounds, and each machine completes the operation, in all its details, from the putting in of the flour to the discharging of the dough, in from twenty-five to forty minutes.
The Invention of Perry & Fitzgerald effects a revolution in the preparation of bread, by establishing a system of wholesale manufacture not subject to the vicissitudes and evils of fermentation, but exact and certain in its results:—1, because, by the substitution of mechanical for mental labor, and in the superior value of the article produced, it promises large profits upon the capital employed. 2. Because such employment of capital, as well as the protection afforded by the patent, gives adequate security against competition. But whilst preventing undue competition it produces none of the evils of a monopoly, because it leaves the consumer of all times in possession of his former means of supply, to be resorted to, should the monopoly become prejudicial.
The application of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure, in a mechanically kneaded dough-room, on the plan invented by Perry & Fitzgerald, did not occur to Dr. Dye; though he seems to have had a clear foreshadowing of the importance of the artificial use of the gas, since he states, hypothetically, that "if water, highly impregnated with carbonic acid gas, be used for kneading the dough, the resulting bread will be somewhat spongy. Could a light article," he continues, "be produced in this way, then, as the sugar would remain undecomposed, the bread would be no much the sweeter and more nourishing."
What, to Dr. Dye, was evidently a merely comprehended chemical truth, has been practically developed by the brilliant invention of Perry & Fitzgerald. Posterity will hold their names in grateful remembrance, as among the most eminent benefactors of mankind.
ITS SUPERIORITY.—The superiority of unfermented bread is by no means new. Dr. Cullen, who wrote more than seventy years ago, says:—
"In Scotland, also (unlike to the lower class of people, and that is the greater part of the whole), live upon unfermented bread, and unfermented farinaceous in other forms, and there are not a more healthy people anywhere to be found. In the course of fifty years, that I have practised among them, I have had occasion to know this, and have hardly met with a disease, of any consequence, that I could impute to the use of unfermented farinacea."
At a later period, Professor Thompson, of Glasgow, in his work on the "Food of Animals," after alluding to the facts referred to above by Dr. Cullen, and other kindred facts, observes:—
"Such, then, being sufficient evidence in favor of the wholesomeness of unfermented bread, it becomes important to discover in what respects it differs from fermented bread. The result gained by this process (fermentation) may be considered to be merely the expansion of the particles of which the loaf is composed, so as to render the mass more readily divisible by the preparatory organs of digestion. But, as this object is gained at a sacrifice of the NUTRIMENT OF THE FLOUR, it becomes a matter of interest to ascertain the amount of the loss sustained in the process."
The result of Professor Thompson's experiments showed a difference in favor of unfermented bread of nearly seven per cent. over that made by the ordinary process. In other words, there was a loss of *near one-fifteenth* of the nutritive properties of the flour, which, by the process of fermentation, was driven into the air and lost.
We common to a more particular consideration of the superiority of the Bread made without fermentation, or the use of chemical agents over the Bread made by those processes. Although, from what has already been said, this superiority appears in most vivid contrast, yet the public will be better satisfied to have the points stated specifically; for it only needs that the advantages secured by this method be clearly understood in order to its universal introduction in the manufactures of Bread.
I. ITS CLEANLINESS.—Instead of the dough being mixed by the naked hands *or feet* the bread, from the putting of the flour to the completion of the baking, is cut, and scarcely can be touched by any one. "One deficiency attached to its manufacture," says Dr. Willard Parker, "is its entire cleanliness." Says Dr. Waterbury: "The process is not only purely scientific, but pre-eminently cleanly."
II. ITS PRESERVATION OF ALL THE NUTRITIVE PROPERTIES OF THE FLOUR.—As the raising of the dough is by the mechanical introduction of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure, in a closed vessel or receiver, it takes a perfect vulcanizer or spongy texture. All the constituents of the flour remain wholly unchanged, while the process of raising bread by fermentation inevitably sacrifices some of them, as has been already shown.
III. ITS UNIFORM CHARACTER.—Bread made by the New Process is uniformly light, sweet, and nutritious. The conditions being simple, and not liable to variation, no failure can occur in always producing bread of the same quality. It retains its moisture much longer than fermented bread, and may be eaten warm with impunity. The process also hastens a perfect freedom from all acidity, even in the hottest weather. Says the London Times:—
"The objectionable consequences of fermentation being avoided, the constituents of the flour are left both unchanged and unmodified, and the resulting loaf being absolutely pure."
IV. ITS WHOLESOMENESS.—Being free from the deleterious substances which are the product of fermentation, or chemical reactions, by the old modes, the bread made by the New Process is easy of digestion, and agrees with the most delicate stomach. "Dyspepsia," says Dr. Coe, (late of the N. Y. Medical College) "will be inevitable, as they will be able to use it when the fermented manufactured bread has been found to have equally failed on an article of diet." Says the London *Medical Times and Gazette*:—
"Since the introduction of the new unfermented bread, there have already been received from members of the medical profession, who have recommended it in their practice as well as from non-professional persons, accounts of the really astonishing results that have followed its use in cases of deranged digestion and assimilation. Many persons have reported their recovery in health, after years of suffering and misery, by the simple use of the bread as a diet. Many cases have also been reported by medical men of position, in which certain distressing forms of dyspepsia, which had remained intractable under every kind of treatment, have yielded as if by magic, almost immediately after adopting the use of the unfermented bread.
"The beneficial effects of the new bread are attributable in two causes. The one to the absence of the peculiarly noxious ingredient to ordinary bread by the process of fermentation; and the other to the presence in the bread, unchanged, of those elements which are the essential agents of digestion and assimilation."
The most eminent members of the medical profession, both in Great Britain and in the United States, not only agree in the highest terms of the one with which it is clothed, and of its rich, nourishing qualities, but especially of its peculiar palatableness, and wonderful keeping properties. The absence of acidity and other strong flavors, which, in a greater or less degree, are characteristic of fermented bread, renders the new bread peculiarly delicate to the taste.
V. ITS ECONOMY AND ECONOMY.—By the use of mechanical means, instead of manual labor, a barrel of flour is converted into baked loaves in forty-five minutes; whereas, by the ordinary process, four or five hours are occupied in the formation of the "sponge," and a further time in kneading, raising, and baking the dough.
"The excellence of the consumption of bread," says a correspondent of the *Journal of the Institute of Arts*, "renders it an article peculiarly suitable to be prepared and supplied by a public company. And since the new process removes all the objections of manufacturers, and the expense of the machinery even a comparative monopoly, the supply of bread is placed at once in the same category with gas, water, or other articles of prime necessity."
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CephalicPills
CURE
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All kinds of
Headache.
By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.
They seldom fail in removing the *Nausea* and *Headache* to which females are so subject.
They act so gently upon the bowels—removing *Costiveness*.
For *Literary Men, Students*, Delicate Females, and all persons of *sedentary habits*, they are valuable as a *Laxative*, improving the *appetite*, give *tone* and *vigor* to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.
The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of suffering from Headache, whether originating in the nervous system or from a deranged state of the stomach.
They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety without making any change of diet, and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.
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A Box will be sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of the
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CEPHALIC PILLS,
WILL CONVINCE ALL WHO SUFFER FROM
HEADACHE,
THAT A
SPEEDY AND SURE CURE IS
WITHIN THEIR REACH.
As these Testimonials were unsolicited by Mr. Spalding, they afford unquestionable proof of the efficacy of this truly scientific discovery.
MADISONVILLE, COND., Feb. 5, 1861.
MR. SPALDING.
SIR:
I have tried your Cephalic Pills, and *I like them* so well that I want you to send me two dollars' worth more.
Part of these are for the neighbours, to whom I gave a few out of the first box I got from you.
Send the Pills by mail, and oblige
Your ob't Servant,
JAMES KENNEDY.

HAVERSTRAW, PA., Feb. 6, 1861.
MR. SPALDING.
SIR:
I wish you to send me one more box of your Cephalic Pills. *I have received a great deal of benefit from them.*
Yours, respectfully,
MARY ANN STOKHOUSE.

SPRUCE CREEK, HUNTINGDON CO., PA., January 16, 1861.
H. C. SPALDING.
SIR:
You will please send me two boxes of your Cephalic Pills. Send them immediately.
Respectfully yours,
JNO. B. SIMONS.
P. S. *I have used one box of your Pills, and find them excellent.*

BELLE VERNON, OHIO, Jan. 15, 1861.
HENRY C. SPALDING, Esq.
Please find enclosed twenty-five cents, for which send me another box of your Cephalic Pills. *They are truly the best Pills I have ever tried.*
Direct A. STOVER P. M.
Belle Vernon, Wyandot Co., O.

BEVERLY, MASS., Dec 11, 1860.
H. C. SPALDING, Esq.
I wish to send circulars or large show bills, to bring your Cephalic Pills more particularly before my customers. If you have anything of the kind, please send to me.
One of my customers, who is subject to severe Sick Headache, (usually lasting two days,) *was cured of an attack in one hour by your Pills*, which I sent her.
Respectfully yours,
W. B. WILKES

REYNOLDSBURG, FRANKLIN CO., OHIO, January 9th, 1861.
HENRY C. SPALDING, No. 48 Cedar st., N. Y.
DEAR SIR:
Enclosed find twenty-five cents, (25,) for which send box of "Cephalic Pills." Send to address of Rev. Wm. C. Filler, Reynoldsburg, Franklin Co., Ohio.
Your Pills work like a charm—cure Headache almost instanter.
Truly yours,
WM. C. FILLER.

YPSILANTI, MICH., Jan. 14, 1861.
MR. SPALDING.
SIR:
Not long since I sent to you for a box of Cephalic Pills for the cure of the Nervous Headache and Costiveness, and received the same, and *they had as good an effect that I was induced to send for more.*
Please send by return mail. Direct to
A. R. WHEELER.
Ypsilanti, Mich.

From the Examiner, Norfolk, Va.
Cephalic Pills accomplish the object for which they were made, viz.: Cure of headache in all its forms.

From the Examiner, Norfolk, Va.
They have been tested in more than a thousand cases, with entire success.

From the Democrat, St. Cloud, Minn.
If you are, or have been troubled with the headache, send for a box, (Cephalic Pills,) so that you may have them in case of an attack.

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SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!
SAVE THE PIECES!
ECONOMY! DISPATCH!
☞ "A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE." ☜
As accidents will happen, even in well regulated families, it is very desirable to have some clean and convenient way for repairing Furniture, Toys, Crockery, &c.
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE
meets all such emergencies, and no household can afford to be without it. It is always ready, and up to the sticking point.
"USEFUL IN EVERY HOUSE."
N. B.—A Brush accompanies each Bottle. Price, 25 cents. Address,
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No. 48 CEDAR Street, New York.

CAUTION.
As certain unprincipled persons are attempting to palm off on the unsuspecting public, imitations of my PREPARED GLUE, I would caution all persons to examine before purchasing, and see that the full name,
☞ SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE ☜
is on the outside wrapper; all others are swindling concerns.

VISIT
CLARK'

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE ON THE CREEK.

(DAR ALT SCHULHAUS AN DER BRICK.)

[A free translation from the Pennsylvania German.]

To-day it is just twenty years
Since I sought Northern lands,
Now, living still, I come to seek
The quaint old school-house on the creek,
Near Arty's house that stands.

In hundred houses I have been,
Of marble, stone, or brick,
Yet of those mansions grand and tall,
I'd any day forget them all
For the school-house on the creek.

He who forsakes the good of home,
In peace I'd let him go;
Still, let me say, ere he sets forth,
It is all humbug in the North,
As he full soon will know.

To every corner I have been,
And traveled, well or sick,
But ne'er in any spot have found,
Such joy as caused my heart to bound,
In the school-house on the creek.

Sweet home-joys here I always found:
Now, as I stand and gaze,
Old scenes before my mem'ry wave—
Old forms arise as from the grave—
The ghosts of vanished days.

The stream plays by just as of old,
When I the blithely played;
And where you elder whistles the stream
The little fish still gladly gleam;
Time yet no change has made.

Still stands the white oak by the door,
And shades the old roof-tree;
The old grape-vine, too, still is green,
And look! the swallow's nest yet seen!
A strange thing seems to me.

Over the fields the swallows play
Their game of "Bat is base;"
From gable end, so quaint and old,
A house of straw and dirt behold!
That is a swallow's nest!

There lie the young birds very still,
In sleep all scattered round:
Wait till some worm the parent brings,
Then for their shrilly twitt'ring rings,
Till distance bears the sound.

Yes! all the scene is as it was
When here a boy I ranged,
Yet dearer things no more are here,
And all must change and disappear:
I too, myself have changed.

Like Ossian, by his desolate hall,
I watch the clouds flit by,
And half in joy, in sorrow half,
My tears come trickling, yet I laugh,
Your hearts can tell me why.

I used to go to this old school,
When but an urchin small;
There was the master on his stool,
There was his switch, and there his rule,
I seem to see them all.

The desks, the clothes-rings on the wall,
The school-room's ample bound,
And on *this* side the big girls sat,
The boys (but half so coy) on *that*—
See how they peep around.

The master's eye is on them now,
They'd better have a care;
That chap who writes the billets doux,
And he whose tricks the boys amuse,
And you lad laughing there!

For big and little, one and all,
Are 'neath one equal rule,
Which is most just, for who doth break
That canon must a licking take,
Or get turned out of school.

Inside, around the cozy stove,
Sit all the little chaps,
They study very hard, you see,
For who shall miss his A B C,
His care shall meet hard raps.

Uneasy are the benches high,
Which keep the feet from floor;
One's back feels often strained and sick,
In that old school-house on the creek,
And *just about* right sore.

Poor little souls, ah! there they sit;
Just think how ill at ease!
It is no wonder, I declare!
They learn so little, perched up there,
On forms so high as these.

With all the drawbacks, say how,
It was a first-rate school;
For pedagogue in vain you'd look
Like ours, he ciphered though the book,
And never skipped a rule.

Cross was he, yes! I can't deny,
He flogged us all around;
Yet he most equal rules observed:
Who felt the birch, the birch deserved
Completely!—I'll be bound.

At dinner time when school was out,
We felt "as good" just then,
And some the flying ball did chase,
While some amused them in the race,
And some played soldier men.

The big girls swept the school room out,
The boys hung round the spot,
Pretending but to help about;
But soon the master drove them out,
The rules allowed it not.

The girls did "Copenhagen" play
On yonder sod, so green,
But when the big girls crossed the ring,
Why, then, (it was a curious thing,)
The big boys, too, "pitched in."

Big boys did always big girls *toy*,
And small ones always *woo*.
How swiftly ran they up and down!
And this you may depend upon:
Who won did earnest kiss!

On Christmas was the right good time,
With memories gay 'tis blent;
When we did bar the master out,
From door and sill, with timber stout:
"Now master! gifts present!"

Thus did he struggle mightily,
By force to burst within,
But while he knocked, 'neath door so stout,
A written treaty we thrust out—
Sign this! we'll let you in!

Then cut the master launched his gifts,
With sheepish looks,—but he
Chestnuts and apples, and much more,
Spread out our joyous eyes before;
We swallowed them with glee.

Oh! where are now my school-mates all,
Who studied here of yore?
Ah! some have wandered far away,
With some did fickle fortune play,
And death took many more.

My heart is swelled with thankfulness,
Yet grief my voice makes thick,
Could weep o'er memories of the past:
And yet, a joy it brings at last,
This school-house on the creek.

Good bye! old school-house! echo's voice
"Good bye! Good bye!" calls back
Oh! school-house! school-house! must I go
And leave you standing lonely so,
You school-house on the creek?

Oh ye! who'll live when I am gone,
Yet once more hear me speak:
I beg, entreat you hear my prayer,
Oh! take forever kind good care
Of the school-house on the creek.

ZANZIBAR.—On the lowest portion of the Zanzibar coast is the mission established a few years ago by the devoted Pastor Harms, of Hermannsburg, Germany. The missionaries proper, of whom there are fifteen or twenty, are accompanied by about a hundred missionary colonists, men of deep piety, and trained expressly for this work, who have taken up land in the country, and serve their Master alike in the field, the family, and the house of God; and their influence on the natives has been very great, leading them to see and to desire to imitate the virtues of a Christian community, its industry and enterprise, and its integrity and God-fearing spirit. A mission-ship, owned by the church at Hermannsburg, plies regularly between the mission and their native country, bringing supplies and additional settlers, and carrying home the products of their toil.

TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

If we examine more closely what, at the present day, is called piety, in a special sense, our surprise at the poor success that attends the training of children will be greatly diminished. For it is particularly in this, that the difference between a Christianity, which consists merely in profession, and one which manifests itself in the power of example, is most apparent. If there be hypocrisy in the parent, much will certainly occur in the development of the child to condemn it. If the piety of the parent be unsound and sickly, which is the case with the prevailing religious tendencies of the age, by what, we may ask, can the malady be more certainly known, than by the morbid results of training? It must be openly confessed, that our austere ancestors laid a better foundation, even with their dry morality, than many of the pious-minded, in our day, with their verbose, religious sentimentalism, combined with absurd management and instability of character.

Hence we would say to every one who inquires concerning the principles and particular mode of the training of children, *first be yourself that to which you would train others:* be it with all your heart. If what you require of your children be in any way contradicted by your own conduct in secret, you need look for no success, no blessing; but, on the contrary, be assured, that your efforts in the training of children will prove abortive, and only reflect dishonor upon yourself. There are many parents who, without being religious themselves, would yet like to bring up their children in the ways of religion, like that class of statesmen who, whilst they regard religion as excellent thing for the people, allow a different rule of action for themselves. From parents and children of this description, nothing can be expected; they can only be pitied.

Before you assume the responsibility of training up others, be yourself, first of all, trained of God. This is the fundamental condition, and *must* be complied with, if your labors in behalf of your children are to be successful. And yet, nothing is more common than to meet with parents, who, whilst they are living in violation of the law of God, entertain the foolish and presumptuous expectation of raising obedient children. Ernest, the Pious, Duke of Goths, was wont to say: "A ruler who would have obedient subjects, should himself be obedient to God." But as there are rulers who expect loyalty from their subjects, whilst they themselves renounce allegiance to the King of kings, so also are there many fathers laboring under a similar delusion. But as that mode of governing undermines all obedience, loosens all ties, and is a certain means for preparing a people for revolution, so also is this mode of training nothing but a source of ever-increasing disorder. But this fundamental condition, so salutary in its effects on education, is not only disregarded in practice: it is frequently set aside even in theory. Machiavelli's system in politics is practically applied, by many, in pedagogical science.

It is unreasonable to expect our labors to be attended with moral success, as long as we do not ourselves render submission to the requirements of the moral law. For should children once entertain even only a suspicion as to our sincerity, all our admonitions, precepts, and disciplinary regulations will fail to produce the desired effect. Let no one presume it an easy thing to keep his own transgressions of the Divine commandments concealed from the knowledge of his children. They take many a look at that which transpires behind the scene, and though their reasoning powers may lack activity, they have an intuitive perception, that something is not right.

But such an attempt is not only foolish, it is also presumptuous. For, supposing it possible to guard the child against the evil influences of our inconsistent and deceptive conduct, what then? We have, indeed, succeeded in deceiving a child, but we have not succeeded in deceiving God. We presume to accomplish a moral master-piece, without having the author of all morality on our side. We act as if the fountain of blessing was not in God, but in ourselves. We labor, as if we could dispense with Him, who is alone able to influence the heart, and as if the moral law, by which he governs the moral world, had been surrendered to our keeping. We bid defiance to Him, and if we had intended to demolish the works of our own hands, we could not have taken a more effectual plan to do it.

Christ speaks of a man who built his house upon the sand. The building went up rapidly, and with ease; but when the floods came, and the winds blew, the house fell, and great was the fall of it. So it is with every one who hears his sayings without doing them." So also is it with him who undertakes the teaching of them to others, whilst he neglects to obey them himself. It is an easy and agreeable task to build up out of Christ's doctrines a beautiful system of knowledge, or to make a show of it before the world; but, on the day of trial, the fall comes suddenly; the entire fabric crumbling into pieces, to the disgrace and terror of its builder. No one should, therefore, permit himself to be deceived by the apparent success which seems to attend the pedagogical efforts of those, who endeavor to inculcate the principles of the Christian religion, without themselves obeying its precepts. The absence of piety in the teacher is the sandy foundation, which, though it may, perhaps, be concealed from human observation, will one day be brought to light by Him, from whom nothing can be concealed, and who will show wherein they have built.

He who is sincere will find, in all this, much to comfort and encourage him. A conscientious man might become greatly discouraged, in view of the manifold mistakes committed in the training of children. He inquires concerning the rules and regulations prescribed by pedagogical science, introducing him only more fully to what he is expected to perform, might cause him to distrust his own ability to exercise that care and watchfulness which may be necessary. The task imposed is so many-sided and so great, that parents are after all only able to train their children "according to their pleasure." Hebr. xii. 10. And whose condition will allow him to devote so much time and means to training? For most theories presuppose wealth and leisure, whilst many parents, who are deeply concerned for the welfare of their children, are neither wealthy nor independent.

In view of all this we are comforted and encouraged by the thought, that it is God, who trains by our instrumentality. This he will surely do, if we will only comply with this one fundamental condition, namely, permit ourselves to be taught of Him. He trains us by His providence. And to permit Him to do this, we must submit patiently to His severe dispensation, be grateful to Him for the good we enjoy, and bear willingly the burdens our domestic and other relations may lay upon us. Yea, more, we must permit Him to discipline our own hearts, and impart for us His consolations. We must listen to Him as often as His Spirit corrects us, either by His servants or His word. We must seek and hold fast the consolations of His grace, which are vouchsafed to us, either in the sanctuary or during the secret intercourse of our hearts with Him. This is meant by being trained of God. The wisdom which He displays in training up men is the most exalted and the only perfect. From Him alone can we learn how to do it aright. What human systems and books can communicate to us on the subject is very little. It lacks vitality. It is knowledge, but not wisdom. Wisdom is something that is ever present, something that accompanies him who is imbued with it wherever he goes, something that maintains a vigorous growth within him. It is action, even under new and trying circumstances; it can only come from above; it is only to be acquired in the school of the Spirit. Christ alone can change our pedagogical knowledge into wisdom. Whoever does not permit himself to be taught by Him, can be benefited, neither by any other educational system, nor by what we have written.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Literary Lady.—Did you ever see an old abbey?

Retired Tradesman.—O yes! There used to be one at Brighton who taught the Miss Browns to *parly-voo*.

Among the buildings that adorn London, no one is more worthy the visitor's attention than the Abbey Church of St. Peter, at Westminster. Without being able to allow the claims of the monks of former days, that their Church was originally consecrated by St Peter in person, and having nothing but dim tradition to connect the Abbey with the Christian Church which, in the seventh century, was standing on Thorney Island, and may have been called the Minster of the West, it is beyond controversy that an abbey was erected on the site by Edward the Confessor, eight hundred years ago, and that portions of that structure yet remain. The chief part of the building is somewhat less ancient, dating from the reign of Henry III., a little more than six hundred years since. But whoever the pious king to supply the requisite funds, the direction and care of the great work must be attributed to the mysterious guild of Freemasons, whose skill and taste have adorned all parts of Europe with, so-called, Gothic Abbeys and Cathedrals, dedicated to the service and glory of God.

Proceeding southward from the National Gallery, Nelson's Column, and the equestrian statue of King Charles, we pass the Horse Guards and Admiralty on our right hand, edifices of no architectural pretensions, and, on our left, the Banqueting House of Whitehall, a fine structure, in the Italian style, built by Inigo Jones, and in modern times repaired and restored. It was from one of the windows of this building that Charles I. stepped on to the scaffold where his earthly career was sadly closed. We come next to the Treasury Building, with its handsome modern front, adorned with columns and pilasters of, I think, the Corinthian order. We are now at the end of the celebrated Downing street, and here the street divides. Choosing the narrower division on the right, King street, we shall get one of the most picturesque views of the Abbey, especially of the beautiful Rose Window of the Northern Transept; and passing through St. Margaret's church-yard, literally paved with grave-stones, we find ourselves close to the Abbey walls. This portion of the Abbey, the northern aisle of the nave, has been recently repaired, and, with its new buttresses, wears rather a modern aspect. Returning from the church yard into Parliament street, we wind around the east end of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, now the extreme east of the Abbey, and by a narrow paved court, between St. Edmund's Chapel and the old Chapter House, whose walls show too evident traces of the fingers of Time, we enter the south transept through a narrow door, and find ourselves at once in Poets' Corner. How appropriate and poetical the name! Probably in no other spot on this earth's surface, can one-half the number of memorials of men of genius be shown. Here are monuments to Shakespeare, Milton, Ben Jonson, Spenser, Butler, Goldsmith, Gray, Prior, Dryden, Chaucer, Garrick, Handel, and a host of others, many of equal renown. Some of them are buried elsewhere, but this south transept covers the earthly remains of a large proportion of these honored men. Here the visitor is tempted to linger; often have I stayed so long amid these memorials of the glorious dead, that, unable to explore the other parts of the Abbey, I have been compelled to return at once to the busy world without.

Proceeding along the southern aisle of the choir, we enter the nave with its two aisles, formed by lofty clustered columns, that seem, with their groinings, to lose themselves in the dim vault of the roof, carrying the spectator's eye up and up, till his thoughts perforce transcend the limits of the earthly structure, and mount to the throne of God; while the lettered pavement beneath his feet soon calls to his remembrance that his every step is on a grave. Over these portions of the Abbey the visitor is permitted to roam as he pleases, excepting on Sundays, and during the time of the daily morning and evening services; but for the chapels and some of the more ancient monuments, he must be accompanied by a verger, to whom a small fee has to be paid. But here is enough to occupy the contemplative mind for hours; and I should not envy the man who could walk through these solemn aisles without becoming wiser and better. For though the obscurity of some whose names are to be read on the sculptured tablets, was an appropriate theme for the satire of Addison and Goldsmith, the only wonder being, as of the fly in gold in amber, how they ever got there, there is still a great preponderance of names familiar in our mouths as household words. And if perchance the organ of the choir should begin to play, the dullest ear must feel the power of the almost celestial music—

> Here where the fretted aisles prolong
> The silent notes of holy song,
> As if some angel spoke again,
> All peace on earth, good will to men.

It has, of course, been understood from what I have said, that the ground plan of the Abbey is cruciform. The choir is situated west of the transepts, and the head of the cross, beyond the transepts, is occupied by chapels; the chapel and shrine of Edward the Confessor being in the centre, and, beyond the whole, the most elaborate specimen of the florid Gothic in the world, Henry the Seventh's chapel. The length of the whole structure is 530 feet.

Accompanied by the guide we proceed to examine the curiosities of the various chapels, and in them Mosaic pavements, sculptured screens, monumental brasses, and full-length recumbent statues crowd upon us. Under these chapels lie buried several of the ancient kings of England, and many of the ancient abbots of Westminster; and though much injury was done when Cromwell's troopers stabled their horses in these chapels, and to deface the monument of a saint was to do the State good service, we may rejoice that so much that is interesting has escaped the hand of the spoiler. One of the most striking of the monuments is that of Mrs. Nightingale, by the great sculptor Roubilise, representing Death in the form of a skeleton, coming forth from the opening door of a tomb, pointing his dart at the breast of the lady who has fallen, in the agonies of dissolution, into her husband's arms, while he vainly strives, with his hand, to turn aside the fatal weapon. The figure of the dying wife, and the countenance of the agonized husband, exhibit the very perfection of the sculptor's skill. Close by it stands the monument of Sir Francis Vere, the canopy supported by four kneeling knights; and it is related that while Roubilise was superintending the erection of the Nightingale monument, the Abbey mason, happening to enter, found the enthusiastic artist standing, lost in contemplation of one of the kneeling figures; and, as the mason drew nearer, Roubilise laid his hand upon his arm, and pointing towards the figure, exclaimed: "Hush! he will speak soon."

In the chapel of Edward the Confessor, we see two common-looking old wooden chairs; these are the coronation chairs which, covered with crimson velvet and gold, are the regal seats of sovereigns at their coronation. One of them is nearly six hundred years old, having been made by order of Edward I., and has a block of sand-stone fastened to its seat by iron clamps. This rough stone, about two feet long, is one of the historic stones of the world. Scotch antiquarians tell us that it is the very same stone that Jacob took for his pillow at Bethel: it is, at least, certain that, centuries before the Christian era, it was the mystic coronation seat of the kings of the Picts; that it was removed by Kenneth II. from Dunstaffnage, where it had long been kept, to Scone; and that Edward I., after his defeat of the Scotch, removed it to Westminster, and fastened it to the coronation seat of the English kings, and there it has since remained. Every English monarch, at the coronation ceremony, from Edward I. to Victoria, has been seated on the stone which was supposed to give title to the sovereignty of Scotland. But we must pass on to the north transept, which might be called "Statesmen's Corner" with almost as much propriety as the south has been named Poets'. Here, among a multitude of others, lie entombed Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Grattan, Canning, Castlereagh, Mansfield, Follett, and Warren Hastings. Here friend and foe lie side by side, their ashes commingling; Pitt and Fox, whose contest in life agitated the whole British empire, in death rest close together.

Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier;
O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,
And Fox's will the notes rebound.
The solemn echo seems to cry,
"Here let their discord with them die."

Should it not also cry to us to lessen the bitterness of party strife, and make us anticipate the not very far distant time when, forgetting all our hatreds and enmities, we shall lie down, each in his narrow house, awaiting in silence the coming of the great Judge, who shall render unto every man according to his works?

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER

Should be diligent and zealous. To be successful in anything, it is as necessary to be diligent and zealous, as to be punctual. The Apostle says, "It is good to be *zealously* affected always in a good thing." It is not necessary for us to say a word to teachers as to the *goodness* of the cause in which they are engaged. We hope all who are engaged in it, know that they are engaged in a good work. Before we engage in any work, we should examine if it is right, and then go to work with diligence and zeal. We should not be diligent in its, and then give up; but should be steady in our application to the work.

We should make *constant* effort in the good work. And if we are diligent, no exertion of body or mind will be considered too much. How many refuse to teach in the Sabbath School, on the ground that it is too much to attend the church services, and teach Sabbath School! And how many teachers think they have done enough if they teach Sabbath School in the morning, when they are asked to teach in any of the mission schools in the afternoon. This is not being zealously affected in a good thing. If the teacher has a due appreciation of the work, he will be attentive, industrious, and assiduous. Diligence, it is said, is the celebrated philosopher's stone, that turns everything into gold. The wise man, has said, "Seest thou a man *diligent* in his business? he shall stand before kings."

Teacher, be diligent, be zealous for the success of the cause of Sabbath-schools; for the salvation of the souls of the little ones committed to your care and for the glory of your Master. You should be diligent in improving the opportunity you have every Sabbath, of telling your scholars of the love of Christ, as you do not know but your next Sabbath may be the last time you will enjoy the privilege. We visited a mission school last Sabbath, and the Superintendent announced, in appropriate terms, the death of a little girl, who had been in the school, on the previous Sabbath, and urged the teachers to be diligent in the performance of their duties to the scholars.

In view of the importance of the work in which you are engaged, and in view of the fact that you may not long enjoy the privilege of being engaged in this work, is it necessary for us to urge you to be diligent and zealous in it? May God enable us all to be faithful to the trust he has committed to us.

DOMESTIC MARKETS.

The Breadstuffs market is without any material change since the receipt of the foreign news, and Flour meets a steady inquiry, both for export and home consumption, at full prices. Sales, in lots, to the retailers and bakers are reported at $5.25 and 5.50 for superfine, 5.50 and 5.75 for extras, 5.75 and 6.25 for extra family, and 6.50 and 6.75 for fancy lots, as in quality. Rye Flour is steady but dull at four dollars per barrel. In Corn Meal there is nothing doing, and Pennsylvania is held firmly at $3 per barrel, and very scarce.

WHEAT.—The receipts have fallen off, and it is held with more firmness at an advance on last week's rates. Western and Pennsylvania reds at 1.30 and 1.35 per bushel. Mixed red and white at 1.35; Southern at the same rate; and white at from 1.38 to 1.45. Rye comes forward slowly, and Pennsylvania commands 70 and 71 cts. New Corn is in good demand, and prices are fairly maintained, with sales of twenty-five thousand bushels yellow at 56 and 61 cents, including some mixed, with new at 59 and 61 cents, and old at 62 and 64 c. Oats are dull; twenty thousand bushels sold at thirty-eight cents per bus. for Delaware, and thirty-eight and thirty-nine c. for Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS.—There has been some movement to fill Government contracts, but otherwise the transactions are extremely limited. Butter—The receipts are light, and it is in moderate demand; sales of solid-packed at 8½ and 9½ c.; prime Ohio, in kegs, at 12 c.; tubs, 15 c.; and roll at 13 and 16 c. Cheese is steady at 7 and 8½ cents, and Eggs at 17 cts. per dozen.

BARK comes forward very slowly, and meets a steady demand. Sales of fifty hogsheads 1st No. 1 Quercitron at thirty dollars per ton. In Tanners' Bark there is nothing doing.

BEESWAX is scarce. One thousand five hundred pounds prime yellow sold at thirty-two cents per pound.

CANDLES are dull; Sperm ranges from 29½ to 30 cts., and Adamantine from 16 to 18 cents, four months. Tallow candles are dull at 11 and 12 c. per pound.

COTTON.—The market is firmer, but very quiet, there being very little inquiry from the manufacturers.

COFFEE.—There is very little in first hands, and the market is firm at the advance, with sales of about 800 bags to note at 18½ and 20 cents for Rio, 22 cts. for Jamaica, and 22½ and 22¾ c. for Laguayra, cash and time.

DRUGS AND DYES.—The excitement noted in some articles has subsided. Nitrate of Soda and Saltpetre are lower. Opium is firmer. The demand for Brimstone has fallen off. Sales of Soda Ash have been made at 2¾ and 3 cts. six mos.

FEATHERS are unchanged, with sales of three thousand pounds good Kentucky at 38 cents per pound.

FISH.—The demand for Mackerel, as usual at this season, is limited, and the only sales reported are small lots from store at $10 and 10.50 for 1s, 12 for extra do., 6 for 2s, 6.50 for large, 5 for medium, and 4 for small 3s. Of Codfish, some 800 qtls. sold at $3, now held higher. Pickled Herring sell at 1.75 and 2.50 per barrel, as to quality.

FRUIT.—There is less doing in foreign, but prices remain without change, sales of fifteen hundred pkgs. bunch and layer Raisins on private terms. Green Apples sell at 3.87½ and 4 per barrel, as to quality. Dried Apples range from 5 to 7 c. for old and new; one hundred bags unpared Peaches, halves, sold at 10 cents, and quarters at 8 and 9 c. Pared Peaches are scarce. Cranberries are worth $7 and 10 per barrel.

GINSENG is quiet; a small sale of crude at 50 c., cash.

HEMP is rather higher, and Jute has advanced considerably the last month.

HIDES are but little inquired for, and prices are unchanged. The last sales of Carocoas were at 21 and 21½ c. per pound.

HOPS are dull; sales at 20 and 31 c. per pound or Eastern and Western.

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Selections.

"THIS YEAR THOU SHALT DIE."

This is the language of God to the false prophet Hananiah. Still, if we were able to read God's sentence with reference to the eight or ten thousand readers of the paper now in your hands, the great probability is, that the sentence of from three to five hundred of them would be, "This year thou shalt die." Would it not, therefore, be well for each one, as we are just beginning a new year, to inquire, "Lord, is it I?"

The beginning of each new year is usually a period of great rejoicing. And, truly, we have great reason to rejoice, when we remember God's goodness to us during the past year. We should rejoice, with thankfulness to God, when we remember the manner in which he has watched over us, and guarded us from dangers which we could not have foreseen. We should rejoice in the means of grace he has afforded us during the past year;—that we have been permitted to live in religious families, where the word of God has been enjoyed;—that we have been permitted to spend Sabbath after Sabbath in God's house.

But while we should rejoice over the mercies of the past year, still the return of a new year is well calculated to produce serious reflection. When we remember the sad misimprovement we have made of the mercies enjoyed, the inquiry, How will this misimprovement of privileges appear in God's sight? is worthy our serious thought. When we remember, that, possibly, this year may close upon us in the eternal world;—that before it closes we may be called to appear before God to account for our conduct in life, should it not be matter of very serious thought how we shall then appear?

The book of men's destiny is in God's keeping. The wisest cannot tell what will happen him on to-morrow. This arrangement is a striking evidence of God's goodness to us, and his care over us. Man is often striving to know what is in the future. He has planned some scheme by which he hopes, at some future time, to become enriched in the world's goods, and he is very anxious to know how he will succeed.

Had man the power of reading the pages of his future history, he would thereby be incapacitated for *present duty* and *present enjoyment*. Perhaps, dear readers, many of you, as you butter upon this [illegible] like to know how it will terminate with you. Perhaps you have some darling scheme before you, for the success of which you are extremely anxious. Perhaps you are particularly anxious to know how our country will succeed in its present terrible struggle. But God, out of kindness to you, has hidden those things from you.

Suppose the book of your destiny, for the year upon which you have just entered, was placed in your hand, and each one was allowed to read an account of the course marked out for you, in the providence of God, do you think you would be any the better prepared for the performance of the duties of the year? One would behold in that book a record of personal affliction. He would read of sickness and suffering, which he must endure. Or he would read an account of the suffering and death of some dear friend. Another, who is now prospering in his worldly business, would there read an account of the sudden change which his business would take, reducing him, perhaps, to poverty. Another would see written in that awful book the sentence, "This year thou shalt die." He would learn, that the material for his winding sheet was already woven;—that the plank for his coffin was already dried. Another still, would learn how he would grieve away the Spirit of God, and he be given up to hardness and impenitence of heart. Now, would accounts of this kind fit you any better for the enjoyment of the blessings of the year? Would it fit you any the better for doing the work God has given you to do? By no means; just the reverse would be the case.

Since there is a probability, nay a certainty, that some of you, kind readers, will have to meet this sentence during the year upon which you have just entered, it would be well to inquire into the *probabilities*, that such will be your case, and the effect which such probability should exert upon you. It is *probable* that such will be the sentence of some of you, from the doubtful tenure by which life is held. When we remember, that disease and death has as many doors by which to enter the body, as there are pores in our skin, the great wonder is, not why we should die, but why we should live. This probability is increased by the indications of old age. What mean those gray hairs; those trembling limbs; that tottering gait; your dimness of sight?

The probability that some of you will die this year should lead to serious inquiry. You should inquire what it is to die, and from what death removes you. It removes you from the world in which you now live; from the society of kind friends; from the sanctuary and means of grace. There will be no churches for you to attend then. No minister to care for you. No Saviour to entreat you. No Spirit to strive with you. You should remember that death introduces you into the immediate presence of God. Thence to heaven or hell. To heaven, where are mansions prepared for the people of God; where is nothing impure or unholy; where is an eternal rest remaining for the people of God. Or to hell, where is nothing but misery; the worm that never dies, and the fire that is never quenched.

We do not like to think of death—are disposed to look upon it as something away in the future. When God, in his providence, calls to our mind the solemn thought, we endeavor to banish it as soon as possible. How foolish! One desire to forget it will not keep it away. Death will come sooner or later. The part of wisdom is to prepare to meet it.

Should any impenitent one read this, let such a one reflect, how awful if you should die in unbelief! If you have never been born again; if you have never believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, how can you appear before God to answer for your conduct? "He that believeth not the Son of God, shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." How terrible! *The wrath of God abideth on him.* Friends, we beseech you, consider your ways, and be wise. Think of death—your meeting with God after death—your appearance at the judgment bar—the awful sentence you must receive, unless you flee to the Saviour. Repent of your unbelief. Flee to the Lord Jesus Christ. His arms are stretched out to receive you. His call is, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." His Spirit is striving with you. Deceive not yourselves with the thought, that there is time enough yet. You know not but your sentence may be written in the declaration, "This year thou shalt die." Your Judge may be even at the door, and this night you may be summoned to appear before your God. Hence, as you value your immortal souls, delay not to come to Jesus.

M. M.

THE CONVICT'S RETURN.

A CLERGYMAN'S NARRATIVE.

"When I first settled in this village," said the old gentleman, "which is now just five-and-twenty years ago, the most notorious person among my parishioners was a man of the name of Edmunds, who leased a small farm near this spot. He was a morose, savage-hearted, bad man: idle and dissolute in his habits; cruel and ferocious in his disposition. Beyond the few lazy and reckless vagabonds with whom he sauntered away his time in the fields, or sotted in the ale-house, he had not a single friend or acquaintance; no one cared to speak to the man whom many feared, and every one detested—and Edmunds was shunned by all.

"This man had a wife and one son, who, when I first came here, was about twelve years old. Of the acuteness of that woman's sufferings, of the gentle and enduring manner in which she bore them, of the agony of solicitude with which she reared that boy, no one can form an adequate conception. Heaven forgive me the supposition, if it be an uncharitable one, but I do firmly and in my soul believe, that the man systematically tried for many years to break her heart; but she bore it all for her child's sake, and, however strange it may seem to many, for his father's too; for brute as he was, and cruelly as he treated her, she had loved him once; and the recollection of what he had been to her, awakened feelings of forbearance and meekness under suffering in her bosom, to which all God's creatures, but women, are strangers.

"They were poor—they could not be otherwise when the man pursued such courses; but the woman's unceasing and unwearied exertions, early and late, morning, noon, and night, kept them above actual want. Those exertions were but ill repaid. People who passed the spot in the evening—sometimes at a late hour of the night—reported that they had heard the moans and sobs of a woman in distress, and the sound of blows; and more than once, when it was past midnight, the boy knocked softly at the door of a neighbor's house, whither he had been sent, to escape the drunken fury of his unnatural father.

"During the whole of this time, and when the poor creature bore about her marks of ill usage and violence which she would not wholly conceal, she was a constant attendant at our little church. Regularly every Sunday, morning and afternoon, she occupied the same seat with the boy at her side, and though they were both poorly dressed, much more so than many of their neighbors who were in a lower station—they were always neat and clean. Every one had a friendly nod and a kind word for 'poor Mrs. Edmunds;' and sometimes, when she stopped to exchange a few words with a neighbor at the conclusion of the service, the little row of elm trees which leads to the church porch, or lingered behind to gaze with a mother's pride and fondness upon her healthy boy, as he sported before her with some little companions, her care-worn face would lighten up with an expression of heartfelt gratitude; and she would look, if not cheerful and happy, at least tranquil and contented.

"Five or six years passed away: the boy had become a robust and well-grown youth. The time that had strengthened the child's light frame, and knit his weak limbs into the strength of manhood, had bowed his mother's form, and enfeebled her steps: but the arm that should have supported her was no longer locked in hers; the face that should have cheered her, no more looked upon her own. She occupied her old seat, but there was a vacant one beside her. The Bible was kept as carefully as ever, the places were found and folded down as they used to be; but there was no one to read it with her—and the tears fell thick and fast upon the book, and blotted the words from her eyes. Neighbors were as kind as they were wont to be of old, but she shunned their greetings with averted head. There was no lingering among the old elm trees now—no cheering anticipations of happiness yet in store. The desolate woman drew her bonnet closer over her face, and walked hurriedly away.

"Shall I tell you, that the young man, who looking back to the earliest of his childhood's days to which memory and consciousness extended, and carrying his recollection down to that moment, could remember nothing which was not in some way connected with a long series of voluntary privations suffered by his mother for his sake, with ill-usage, and insult, and violence, and all endured for him; shall I tell you, that he, with a reckless disregard of her breaking heart, and a sullen wilful forgetfulness of all she had done and borne for him, had linked himself with depraved and abandoned men, and was madly pursuing a headlong career, which must bring death to him, and shame to her? Alas for human nature! You have anticipated it long since.

"The measure of the unhappy woman's misery and misfortune was about to be completed. Numerous offences had been committed in the neighborhood: the perpetrators remained undiscovered, and their boldness increased. A robbery of a daring and aggravated nature occasioned a vigilance of pursuit, and strictness of search, they had not calculated on. Young Edmunds was suspected with three companions. He was apprehended—committed—tried—condemned to die.

"The wild and piercing shriek from a woman's voice, which resounded through the court when the solemn sentence was pronounced, rings in my ears at this moment. That cry struck a terror to the culprit's heart, which trial, condemnation, the approach of death itself, had failed to awaken. The lips, which had been compressed in dogged sullenness throughout, quivered and parted involuntarily; the face turned ashy pale, as the cold perspiration broke forth from every pore; the sturdy limbs of the felon trembled, and he staggered in the dock.

"In the first transports of her mental anguish, the suffering mother threw herself upon her knees at my feet, and fervently besought the Almighty Being, who had hitherto supported her in all her troubles, to release her from a world of woe and misery, and to spare the life of her only child. A burst of grief, and a violent struggle, such as I hope I may never have to witness again, succeeded. I knew that her heart was breaking from that hour; but I never once heard complaint or murmur escape her lips.

"It was a piteous spectacle to see that woman in the prison-yard from day to day, eagerly and fervently attempting, by affection and entreaty, to soften the hard heart of her obdurate son. It was in vain. He remained moody, obstinate and unmoved. Not even the unlooked-for commutation of his sentence to transportation for fourteen years, softened for an instant the sullen hardihood of his demeanor.

"But the spirit of resignation and endurance that had so long upheld her, was unable to contend against bodily weakness and infirmity. She fell sick. She dragged her tottering limbs from the bed to visit her son once more, but her strength failed her, and she sank powerless on the ground.

"And now the boasted coldness and indifference of the young man were tested indeed; and the retribution that fell heavily upon him, nearly drove him mad. A day passed away, and his mother was not there; another flew by, and she came not near him: a third evening arrived, and yet he had not seen her; and in four-and-twenty hours, he was to be separated from her—perhaps for ever. Oh! how the long-forgotten thoughts of former days rushed upon his mind, as he almost ran up and down the narrow yard—as if intelligence would arrive the sooner for his hurrying: and how bitterly a sense of his helplessness and desolation rushed upon him, when he heard the truth! His mother, the only parent he had ever known; lay ill—it might be, dying—within one mile of the ground he stood on; were he free and unfettered, a few minutes would place him by her side. He rushed to the gate, and grasping the iron rails with the energy of desperation, shook it till it rang again, and threw himself against the thick wall as if to force a passage through the stone; but the strong building mocked his feeble efforts, and he beat his hands together and wept like a child.

"I bore the mother's forgiveness and blessing to her son in prison; and I carried his solemn assurance of repentance, and his fervent supplication for pardon, to her sick bed. I heard, with pity and compassion, the repentant man devise a thousand little plans for her comfort and support, when he returned; but I knew that many months before he could reach his place of destination, his mother would be no longer of this world.

"He was removed by night. A few weeks afterwards the poor woman's soul took its flight, I confidently hope, and solemnly believe, to a place of eternal happiness and rest. I performed the burial service over her remains. She lies in our little church-yard. There is no stone at her grave's head. Her sorrows were known to man: her virtues to God.

"It had been arranged previously to the convict's departure, that he should write to his mother as soon as he could obtain permission, and that the letter should be addressed to me. The father had positively refused to see his son from the moment of his apprehension, and it was a matter of indifference to him whether he lived or died. Many years passed over without any intelligence of him; and when more than half his term of transportation had expired, and I had received no letter, I concluded him to be dead, as, indeed, I almost hoped he might be.

"Edmunds, however, had been sent a considerable distance up the country, on his arrival at the settlement; and to this circumstance, perhaps, may be attributed the fact, that though several letters were despatched, none of them ever reached my hands. He remained in the same place during the whole fourteen years. At the expiration of the term, steadily adhering to his old resolution, and the pledge he gave his mother, he made his way back to England amidst innumerable difficulties, and returned, on foot to his native place.

"On a fine Sunday evening, in the month of August, John Edmunds set foot in the village he had left with shame and disgrace seventeen years before. His nearest way lay through the church-yard. The man's heart swelled as he crossed the stile. The tall old elms, through whose branches the declining sun cast here and there a rich ray of light upon the shady path, awakened the associations of his earliest days. His pictured himself as he was then, clinging to his mother's hand, and walking peacefully to church. He remembered how he used to look up into her pale face; and how her eyes would sometimes fill with tears as she gazed upon his features—tears, which fell hot upon his forehead as she stooped to kiss him, and made him weep too, although he little knew then what bitter tears hers were. He thought how often he had run merrily down that path with some childish playfellow, looking back, over and again, to catch his mother's smile, or hear her gentle voice; and then a veil seemed lifted from his memory, and words of kindness unrequited, and warnings despised, and promises broken, thronged upon his recollection till his heart failed him, and he could bear it no longer.

"He entered the church. The evening service was concluded, and the congregation had dispersed, but it was not yet closed. His steps echoed through the low building with a hollow sound, and he almost feared to be alone, it was so still and quiet. He looked round him. Nothing was changed. The place seemed smaller than it used to be; but there were the old monuments on which he had gazed with childish awe a thousand times; the little pulpit, with its faded cushion; the Communion table, before which he had so often repeated the commandments he had reverenced as a child, and forgotten as a man. He approached the old seat; it looked cold and desolate. The cushion had been removed, and the Bible was not there. Perhaps his mother now occupied a poorer seat, or possibly she had grown infirm, and could not reach the church alone. He dared not think of what he feared. A cold feeling crept over him, and he trembled violently, as he turned away. An old man entered the porch just as he reached it. Edmunds started back, for he knew him well; many a time had he watched him digging graves in the church-yard. What would he say to the returned convict? The old man raised his eye to the stranger's face, bid him 'good evening,' and walked slowly on. He had forgotten him.

"He walked down the hill, and through the village. The weather was warm, and the people were sitting at their doors, or strolling in their little gardens, as he passed, enjoying the serenity of the evening, and their rest from labor. Many a look was turned towards him, and many a doubtful glance he cast on either side to see whether any knew and shunned him. There were strange faces in almost every house, in some, he recognized the burly form of some old school-fellow—a boy when he last saw him—surrounded by a troop of merry children; in others he saw seated in an easy-chair at the cottage door, a feeble and infirm old man, whom he only recollected as a hale and hearty laborer, but they had all forgotten him, and he passed on unknown.

"The last soft light of the setting sun had fallen on the earth, casting a rich glow on the yellow corn sheaves, and lengthening the shadows of the orchard trees, as he stood before the old house, the home of his infancy, to which his heart had yearned with an intensity of affection not to be described, through long and weary years of captivity and sorrow. The paling was low—though he well remembered the time when it had seemed a high wall to him; and he looked over into the old garden. There were more seeds and gayer flowers than there used to be, but there were the old trees still—the very tree under which he had lain a thousand times when tired with playing in the sun, and felt the soft, mild sleep of happy boyhood steal gently upon him. There were voices within the house. He listened, but they fell strangely upon his ear; he knew them not. They were merry, too; and he well knew that his poor old mother could not be so cheerful, and he away. The door opened, and a group of little children bounded out, shouting and romping. The father, with a little boy in his arms, appeared at the door, and they crowded around him, clapping their tiny hands, and dragging him out to join their joyous sports. The convict thought on the many times he had shrunk from his father's sight in that very place. He remembered how often he had buried his trembling head beneath the bed-clothes, and heard the harsh word and the hard stripe, and his mother's wailing; and though the man sobbed aloud with agony of mind as he left the spot, his fist was clenched, and his teeth were set, in fierce and deadly passion.

"And such was the return to which he had looked through the perspective of many years, and for which he had undergone so much suffering! No face of welcome, no look of forgiveness, no house to receive, no hand to help him—and this, too, in the old village. What was his loneliness in the wild thick woods where man was never seen, to this!

"He felt that, in the distant land of his bondage and infamy, he had thought of his native place as it was when he left it—not as it would be, when he returned. The sad reality struck coldly at his heart, and his spirit sank within him. He had not courage to make inquiries, or to present himself to the only person who was likely to receive him with kindness and compassion. He walked slowly on; and shunning the roadside, like a guilty man, turned into a meadow he well remembered; and covering his face with his hands, threw himself upon the grass.

"He had not observed that a man was lying on the bank beside him; his garments rustled as he turned round to steal a look at the new comer; and Edmunds raised his head.

"The man had moved into a sitting posture. His body was much bent, and his face was wrinkled and yellow. His dress denoted him an inmate of the workhouse; he had the appearance of being very old, but it looked more the effect of dissipation or disease, than length of years. He was staring hard at the stranger—and though his eyes were lustreless and heavy at first, they appeared to glow with an unnatural and alarmed expression after they had been fixed upon him for a short time, until they seemed to be starting from their sockets. Edmunds gradually raised himself to his knees, and looked more and more earnestly upon the old man's face. They gazed upon each other in silence.

"The old man was ghastly pale. He shuddered, and tottered to his feet. Edmunds sprang to his. He stepped back a pace or two. Edmunds advanced.

"'Let me hear you speak,' said the convict, in a thick, broken voice.

"'Stand off,' cried the old man, with a dreadful oath. The convict drew closer to him.

"'Stand off,' shrieked the old man. Furious with terror he raised his stick, and struck Edmunds a heavy blow across the face.

"'Father—devil,' murmured the convict, between his set teeth. He rushed wildly forward, and clenched the old man by the throat—but he was his father; and his arm fell powerless by his side.

"The old man uttered a loud yell which rang through the lonely fields like the howl of an evil spirit. His face turned black; the gore gushed from his mouth and nose, and dyed the grass a deep dark red, as he staggered and fell. He had ruptured a blood vessel: and he was a dead man before his son could raise him from the thick, sluggish pool.

* * * * * * *

"In that corner of the church-yard," said the old gentleman, after a silence of a few moments—"in that corner of the church-yard, of which I have before spoken, there lies buried a man, who was to my employment for three years after this event; and who was truly contrite, penitent, and humbled, if ever man was. No one save myself knew, in that man's lifetime, who he was, or whence he came. It was John Edmunds, the returned convict."

THE NUMBER SEVEN.

BY REV. R. C. TRENCH, D. D.

I will take the opportunity of a pause here between this, the Introduction to the seven Epistles, and the seven Epistles themselves, to say a few needful words on the mystery of the number seven; which only I have left unsaid so long, because unwilling to interrupt the exposition by any thing in the shape of dissertation; not to say that I found it difficult to attach to any one of those important sevens which have already occurred, considerations which properly belonged to them all.

Even the most careless reader of the Apocalypse must be struck with the manner in which almost every thing there is ordered by sevens. Thus, besides the seven Churches, and their seven Angels, we have already in this first chapter the seven Spirits (ver. 4,) the seven candlesticks (ver. 12,) the seven stars (ver. 16;) and then further, the seven lamps of fire (iv 5,) the seven seals (v. 1,) the seven horns and seven eyes of the Lamb (v. 6,) the seven heavenly Angels and the seven trumpets (viii. 2,) the seven thunders (x 3,) the seven heads of the dragon, and the seven crowns upon these heads (xii. 3,) the same of the beast rising out of the sea (xiii. 1,) the seven last plagues (xv. 1,) the seven vials (xv. 7,) the seven mountains (xvii. 9,) the seven kings (xvii. 10;) not to speak of other recurrences, not so obvious, of this number seven as the signature of the Book; as, for instance, the distribution of it into seven visions, the sevenfold ascription of glory to the Lamb (v. 12,) and to God (vii. 12.)

But indeed the recurrence, and, as I shall seek to show, the symbolic dignity of the number seven runs through the whole of Scripture from first to last—to say nothing of the echoes of this sense of its significance which abound in every religion of heathendom; and if it is more strongly marked in the Apocalypse than in any other book of Scripture, it is only that this, like so much else, has culminated here. Should it be asked, What is the special significance, and what the sacredness and peculiar dignity of seven, of what is it the signature, the answer is not very hard to give. A careful induction from all the passages where this number cannot be regarded as fortuitous, but is evidently of Divine ordinance and appointment (I call fortuitous such sevens as occur, Acts xix. 14; xx. 6.) will leave no doubt that it claims throughout Scripture to be considered as the covenant number, the sign and signature of God's covenant relation to mankind, and above all to that portion of mankind with which this relation is not potential merely, but actual, namely, the Church.

The evidences of this reach back to the very beginning. We meet them first in the hallowing of the seventh day, in pledge and token of the covenant of God with man (Gen. ii. 3; cf. Ezek. xx 12,) as indeed is the binding up of seven in the very word Sabbath. So too circumcision, being the sign of a covenant, is accomplished on the eighth, or after seven days (Gen xvii. 12; Lev. xii. 3.) And as seven is the signature of God's covenant with man, so of all man's covenants with his fellows, resting as these do and must, on the anterior covenant with God; thus of treaties of peace (Gen. xxi. 20.) of marriages (Judg. xiv. 12.) Nor should it be left unnoticed that the word seven is again bound up in the Hebrew word signifying an oath, or a covenant, confirmed with an oath. Seven is the number of sacrifice, by aid of which the covenant once established, is continually maintained in its vigor and strength, and the relations between God and man, which else is evermore disturbing, and threatening to bring to an end, are restored (2 Chron. xxix. 21; Job xlii 8; cf. Num. xxiii. 1, 14, 29.) It is the number of purification and consecration, as the fruits of the sacrifice (Lev. iv. 6, 17; viii. 11, 33; xiv. 9, 51; xvi. 14, 19; Num. xix. 12, 19,) of forgiveness (Matt. xviii. 21, 22; Luke xvii. 4.) Then, again, seven in the number of every grace and benefit bestowed upon Israel; which is thus marked as flowing out of the covenant and a consequence of it. The priests compass Jericho seven days, and on the seventh day seven times, that all Israel may know that the city is given into their hands by their God; and that its conquest is a direct and immediate result of their covenant relation to Him (Josh vi. 4, 15, 16.) Naaman is to dip in Jordan seven times, that he may acknowledge the God of Israel the author of his cure (2 Kings v. 10.) It is the number of reward to those that are faithful to the covenant (Deut. xxviii. 7; 1 Sam ii. 5;) of punishment to those that are froward in the covenant (Lev. xxvi. 21, 24, 28; Deut. xxviii. 25; 2 Sam. xii. 8; xxiv. 13,) or to those who injure the people in it (Gen iv. 15, 24; Ps. lxxix. 12; Exod. vii. 25;) or again of punishment, regarded in the light of a making of amends, a readjusting of the disturbed balances of justice, and so a restoring of harmony between the sinner and the outraged law of God (Prov. vi. 31.) All the feasts, as must be obvious to every one, are ordered by seven, or else by seven multiplied into seven (7 by 7,) and thus made intenser still. Thus it is, not to recur again to Sabbath, the mother of all feasts, with the passover (Exod. xii. 15, 16,) the feast of weeks (Deut. xvi. 9,) of tabernacles (Deut. xvi. 13, 15,) the Sabbath-year (Lev. xxv. 2, 3; Deut. xv. 1,) and the jubilee (Lev. xxv. 8.)

Further, we may observe that wherever God is at work in the history of other nations outside of the covenant, while yet He would make it plainly to appear that it is for Israel's sake, and having respect to the covenant, that he is so working, this signature of seven in his dealing with these nations is never wanting. Thus it is the number of the years of plenty and of the years of famine, in sign that these were sent not so much for Egypt's sake, as for Israel's, and as conducing to the divine preparation through which the chosen people were to pass (Gen. xli. 26, 27.) Seven times pass over Nebuchadnezzar, that he may learn in his abasement how that the God of his Jewish captives is indeed the King over all the earth (Dan iv 16, 23, 25.) But it would be endless to go through all passages in proof; it would need to quote or refer to a great part of Scripture. I prefer leaving to the Student of God's Word to fill up the sketch which I have drawn, and to find for himself further confirmation of what has been asserted here.

But if it should be further asked, *Why* has seven been selected for this, what are the grounds of its adoption to this high dignity and honor, the answer does not seem very far to seek. I am indeed aware that in all speculations upon numbers we may very profitably lay to heart the wise caution of Fuller, clothed, as is ever the case with his wisdom, in witty words: "For matter of numbers fancy is never at a loss, like a beggar never out of his way, but hath some haunts where to repose itself. But such as in expounding of Scripture reap more than God did sow there, never eat what they reap thence, because such grainless husks, when seriously threshed out, vanish all into chaff." And yet I feel very sure that in this matter we need not dread lest we should be threshing barren ears, with only chaff for our pains.

To the question then asked above it may be replied by first calling attention to the fact that the number seven results from the combinations of three and four. But can it be shown that these in Scripture have severally any symbolic significance of their own? Assuredly yes. Three, the signature of God; four, that of the world; and thus seven, or those numbers brought into contact and relation, the token and signature of the covenant between these two.

That three is the number of God, of the ever-blessed Trinity, this of itself needs no proof. And it is so recognised in Scripture. There are vestiges of this in the Old Testament, in the *Trisagion* of Isai vi. 3; in the blessing as from three distinct persons, Num vi. 24–26; in the prominent position assumed there by the Angel of the Covenant, hereafter to be acknowledged as the second person of the Trinity, in the often mention not of God, but of the *Spirit* of God, hereafter to be acknowledged as the third (Gen. i. 2; Ps. li. 11.) These footprints of the Trinity are purposely more or less obscure, and only clear when they are read in the light of a later revelation; for the office of the Church of the Old Testament was to guard the truth of the unity of the Godhead, not to declare the Trinity; which indeed, so long as polytheism was not overcome, but still had its roots even in the minds of the chosen people itself, could not yet have been safely declared. Here is explanation amply sufficient, of the reserve with which the number three is employed in the Old Testament as the signature of Deity; the reason why this is only perfectly plain and clear in the New.

Four, the next number to three, and growing immediately out of it, is the signature of the world—of the world, not indeed as a rude undigested mass, but as a cosmos, as the revelation, so far as nature can be the revelation, of God. Four is stamped everywhere on this the organized world. Thus, not to speak of the four elements, the four seasons, neither of which are recognised in Scripture, we have there the four winds (Ezek. xxxvii. 9; Matt. xxiv. 31; Rev. vii. 1;) the four corners of the earth (Rev. vii. 1; xx. 8;) the four living creatures, emblems of all creaturely life (Rev. iv. 6,) and each of these with four faces and four wings (Ezek. i. 5, 6;) the four beasts coming up from the sea, and representing the four great world-empires, which in the providence of God should succeed one another (Dan. vii. 3;) the four metals composing the image which sets forth the same phases of empire (Dan. ii. 32, 33;) the four Gospels, or the four-sided Gospel, in sign of its designation for all the world; the sheet tied at the four corners (Acts x. 11; xi. 5;) the four horns, the sum total of the forces of the world as arrayed against the Church (Zech. i. 18;) the enumeration, wherever this is wished to be exhaustive, of the inhabitants of the world by four, kindreds, tongues, peoples, and nations (Rev. v. 9; cf. vii. 9; x. 11; xi. 9; xiv. 6; xvii. 15.)

These are reasons then amply sufficient why seven, being thus, as it is, made up of three and four, should be itself the signature of the covenant. No mere accident or caprice dictated the selection of it. And if this number of the covenant, then we can account for its constant recurrence in this Book; for admitting, as few would refuse to do, that the idea of God's covenant with his Church as the key to all history, comes to its head in the Apocalypse, it is nothing wonderful that this book should be more markedly ordered by seven, and have this number stamped upon it even more strongly, than any other portion of Scripture.

DAYS are lost in lamentation over the loss of days.

GOOD READING.

"The English clergy are taught most things except English, and can do most things except read." This sharply turned, epigrammatic sentence, we quote from one of the literary journals of London, not to endorse it—for we suspect the writer sacrificed truth to point, and we cannot forget that among the clergy stigmatized as so ignorant of their own tongue, is to be found that master of the English language, Dean Trench—but to say a few words concerning the occasion of its utterance, and the general subject which drew it forth.

The Bishop of Rochester, one of the prelates of the English Establishment, lately issued an order, that every candidate for holy orders in his diocese, shall produce a certificate to the effect that "he has powers of voice sufficient for his public ministrations, that he has no impediment or hesitation in his speech, and that his manner of reading is not heavy or monotonous, but such as is well fitted for the sacred functions he will have to discharge." He further gave notice that he would require "every candidate to read before him previous to ordination."

We suppose that these regulations, sensible as they seem to be, would have the effect, if strictly adhered to, of diminishing somewhat the annual crop of young divines in the English Church, or in any church in which they might be put in force. But it is obvious from the manner in which the promulgation of the rule has been received in England, that it did not come forth from the Episcopal palace a day too soon. It is just as if the English nation, long silent, as becomes the proprieties of the house of God, had suddenly found an opportunity to tell their clergymen what they thought of the pulpit performances to which they had listened so uncomplainingly. The rescript of the Bishop has been made the theme of innumerable editorials, and of communications to the newspapers as abundant almost as the autumn leaves which are falling around us. The London *Times*, which has an unfailing scent for a popular subject, "thunders" in the following style concerning the manner in which the service is performed by the clergy in the English Church.

"Some simply grind through the service, sermon and all. Some raise their voices, or drop it, by some rule best known to themselves, but fatal to the meaning. Some read so thick that half the words are reduced to one unintelligible mass. Some uniformly misplace the emphasis, and so ruin, and even alter the sense. Some consider the ceremony an exhibition of sound lungs, and bawl the service much in the same tone as a man recommends to a street the contents of his truck-load of vegetables or fish. It is 'Yarmouth Bloaters' or 'Caller Ou' with them from beginning to end. Some, on the other hand, whine the service, as if it were a penal exercise delivered on a pillory. Some are content with an audacious irreverence, as if to show that they are, at least, no hypocrites, and will not be too devout even when they have to lead the devotion of the people. Some are nasal, some drone, some mince, some intone, some stammer; all of them faults of education and early habit, and capable at least, of mitigation by care. The misfortune now is, that these are thought matters of indifference by many clergymen. It may be a matter of indifference to a good many. They may have a succession to a living, or the means of buying one, or very powerful and partial patrons. It is not a matter of indifference to congregations, or to incumbents who wish for good assistance in their work. Accordingly, many a clergyman who, in early life, would take no steps to improve his elocution, and who thought good reading foppery, and good preaching hypocrisy, has, at a later age, the mortification of being denied curacies, and even livings, on the ground of his bad voice and delivery."

This sudden and wide-spread exhibition of popular feeling upon this subject is an intimation to the clergy of all churches, that there is a defect in the public services of the Sabbath, to which they would do well to take heed; and a hint also of a method by which their ministrations might receive new or additional attractiveness. They will give fresh interest to their pulpit, and to the services of God's house, by simply learning to read well—by getting rid of the mincing, and stammering, and bawling, and nasal whining, which the *Times* catalogues among the elocutionary sins in England, and which are not, by any means, unknown on this side of the water. And if they go beyond a mere negative excellence, and aspire after positive perfection in one of the most delightful of all arts, they will be able to send their people home often with new and vivid impressions of the truth and beauty which there is in God's holy word.

It is a matter of real concern that so many of those whose business it is to read the sacred Scriptures in the hearing of all the people, should totally neglect all endeavors to fit themselves for the performance of this duty. Some consider any attempt at improvement, in this respect, as tending to artificialness of manner, and do not give sufficient attention to it, to cure their own glaring faults, while others content themselves with ridiculing those who think worth while to make the trial. But the great masters of the art of preaching have not so thought or acted. One of the greatest of these was the late Dr John M. Mason, an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures. But we have the authority of Mr. L. G. White, (a teacher of elocution still living in Philadelphia, and beyond all comparison the best instructor in his art we have ever known,) for saying that he has been with Dr Mason in his study until the night was far spent, discussing various readings of portions of holy writ, and the most effective methods of delivering truth in the presence of the great congregation. The consequence of this labour was, that the students of Dr. Mason who survive, all testify that his simple reading of the word of God threw a flood of light upon it, such as the expositions of other men could not at all equal. We could wish that many, in our day, would give the same study to the blessed word, in the same spirit, and with the same end in view. They would find their reward in the freshened interest with which their people would listen to what is now, too often, a tame and lifeless part of the public service of God.

Presbyterian.

ADVICE ON PULPIT SPEAKING.

We find the following sensible remarks in an English paper with regard to pulpit speaking—a subject which is sadly neglected among us:

"Allow me to add one or two suggestions on pulpit vocal efficiency:—1. The pulpits of more than half the churches of England are too high. The *maximum* force of the voice naturally rises at an angle of forty-five degrees. The consequence is that the voice of a preacher stuck up in a very high pulpit exerts its greatest effort on the roof and among the rafters. Conscious of this, the preacher bends his head downwards, and, if he produces no other result, he turns for himself what is technically called 'the clergyman's sore throat.' In the House of Commons, in courts of justice, in lecture halls, and wherever common sense rules, the speaker is on the floor or slightly elevated, and the audience rises above the level of his head. I preach from a low pulpit in a church not the best adapted for hearing, and 1,700 people can hear a whisper. 2. More than half the churches are built and arranged in utter defiance of all the laws of acoustics. A Gothic building, with its broken surfaces and protruding lines and angles, arrests and shatters the waves of sound, and thereby proves that however well adapted for saying mass, which it is not necessary for people to hear, it is not adapted to hearing sermons. A Protestant place of worship is meant to enable the people to hear and the preacher to be seen. No mediæval beauty can compensate for the absence of these essential elements. 3. A preacher should not raise his voice into a key louder than that of his ordinary conversation. Some preachers mar out their sermons, and others intone them, and the people that listen do not hear, and they that do not listen are lulled to with them. Common people require this. Age requires it. Young men require it.

Differing as I do from Channing, and protesting as I do against him, I can never cease to honor and admire him for this; that he always wrote and preached on those things which he considered the great things.

There is as real an order in the evolution of parts in a tree, as in the successive additions which build a house; and if a discourse proceeds by an inward law, which disregards symmetrical plans, it may have more coherence and vitality than could be produced by rule and square.

Constant perusal and re-perusal of Scripture is the great preparation for preaching. You get good even when you know it not.

Where there is more voice, more emphasis or more gesture than there is feeling, there is waste, and worse, powder beyond the shot.

Dr. J. W. Alexander.

WEBSTER'S BELIEF.

The following inscription was, in brief, Mr Webster's confession of faith, or testimony in favor of Christianity. It was dictated by Mr. Webster a fortnight before his death, and may now be read on his monument:

"Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief."
Philosophical
Argument, especially
that drawn from the vastness of
the Universe, in comparison with the
apparent insignificance of this globe, has
sometimes shaken my reason for the faith
which is in me; but my heart has always assured
and re-assured me, that the gospel of Jesus Christ
must be a divine reality. The Sermon
on the Mount cannot be merely human
production. This belief enters into
the very depth of my consciousness.
The whole history of
man proves it.
DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE SABBATH.

The Sabbath is a divine institution, appointed and instituted by the Almighty directly, and that it did not cease at the introduction of Christianity, but was then re-established or re-appointed by the Church. The Church only incorporated the institution of the Sabbath into her system, the same as she did matrimony and other original institutions, and all the designs and uses that were designed in its institution, at the beginning, have entered with it into the system of Christianity, leaving out all the appendages and ceremonials that entered the Jewish Church with it!

God rested, he sanctified and hallowed it, set it apart for holy purposes. And it becomes a holy rest to us, when we are made holy, wise and good, by the use of the means that are placed before us, and in the use of those means we sanctify and keep holy the day.

The design, obviously, of fixing the time, by the Almighty, to the seventh day, was, that uniformity and harmony might everywhere prevail. Were it not so, every one might select his own day, and while some would be attending to the secular affairs of life, others would be engaged in worship, and their devotions interrupted by the noise and clamor around them.

How lovely, when the first rays of the morning sun begin to beam over a world just emerging from darkness and inactivity, how forcible the impression on the Christian's soul, that Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, rose from the dead, and dispels the gloom of night, and scatters the shades of night from the soul! How full the sensation, when like the calmness of morning, the quiet of the rest of eternity is foreshad

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, January 18, 1862.

NOTICES OF ANNUAL CONFERENCES

The Philadelphia Annual Conference will meet in Trenton, N. J., on the 10th day of May, 1862, in the Mount Zion Church, at 9 o'clock

The New England Annual Conference will meet on the 31st day of May, at New Bedford, at 9 o'clock, A. M., in the A. M. E. Church

The members of these Conferences will strictly attend to the financial duties as laid down in the Discipline, and without which our itinerant progress will be impeded. Punctual attendance is requested.

A notice of my visits will be given in the future. W. NAZRET

REV. RICHARD ALLEN'S BIRTH DAY

The birth-day of Rev. Richard Allen, the Founder of the A. M. E. Church, comes, this year, on *Friday*, which is the fourteenth day of February. Now, as his name ought to be held in remembrance, by the young as well as the old, we would suggest to all of our Sabbath School Superintendents and Teachers that they have their schools to give an exhibition for the benefit of the *Christian Recorder*

We have some three hundred dollars to raise, and in the event that all our Sabbath Schools hold exhibitions on that day, or on the Thursday preceding, or the Tuesday following, we entertain strong hopes of being able to liquidate the debt. If our call is met by all our Sabbath Schools, or complied with, the not will be worthy of handing down as a bright example to future generations. We earnestly hope that the managers of the Sabbath Schools will see to the matter, and we shall take great pleasure in publishing the name of each school, and the amount contributed by them for the benefit of the *Recorder*.

NOTICE.

There will be a Quarterly Meeting in Union Church, Coates Street, on the 19th instant At 10 o'clock, A. M., Rev. Bishop Nazrey; at 3 o'clock, the Rev. Elisha Weaver; at 7 o'clock, P. M., Rev. A. L. Stanford.

HENRY DAVIS,
Elder in Charge.

REVIVALS.

The Good Spirit seems to be visiting many of the churches. The power of the Holy Ghost, Rev. F. Myers, of Bloomington circuit, Ill., says, has fallen upon many souls, and converted them to God, and thus added materially to the Church. The Rev. Wm. J. Davis, of Jacksonville, Ill., writes quite encouragingly. We would refer our readers to his letter in another column, for full details.

NORTH-WESTERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE AND JOURNAL.

This is one of our exchanges, and it is always received with a welcome hand. We entered into a fraternal relation when under the administration of that great and noble-hearted, freedom loving divine, the sainted WATSON, who is gone to rest with kindred angels. After his departure, our old friend and brother, Rev. T. H. Eddy, was promoted to the editorial chair, and since then he has attained to the degree of D. D. We think we like the paper equally as well under his management as when conducted by brother Watson. May it continue to prosper, and have a long life.

We copy the following interesting items from one of its columns in relation to Missionary effort We recommend the one from Rev. Bishop Burns, of Africa, as every way worthy of special attention:—

Arrival of Missionaries out.—Rev. R. S. Maclay, in a letter to the corresponding Secretary, dated Foh Chau, September 28th, 1861, says:—"We have at last reached the end of our long voyage. On Thursday, September 19th, we arrived safely in this city, and were permitted to greet all our friends and associates in this field of labor. Brother and Sister Sites are more than pleased with their situation and prospects For the present, and until their house is prepared for their occupancy, they find comfortable quarters and a cordial welcome with Brother and Sister Martin, of our mission. Their health is good, and they commence their missionary career in China under the most encouraging auspices. Allow me again to solicit for them an abiding interest in the prayers of God's people."

Africa.—Bishop Burns, under date of October 5d, writes to the Corresponding Secretary:—"I have nothing of special general interest at this moment to communicate, beyond the information that we are now having a season of refreshing in the Church in Monrovia. Several have experienced the forgiveness of their sins, among these a number of natives. The work has principally been with the Baptists, with whom many of our people have united in carrying on the meetings. We are now endeavoring to 'bless our own household' by having meetings twice a day in our church. At eleven o'clock last night James Midwinter Freeman, one of our youth on Bishop Scott's plan, a lad of fifteen years, came to our bed-room door, and told us, with streaming eyes, that 'God had given him religion.' The native portion of our city is sharing largely in this revival. Oh, where are the holy men and women for this work! O Lord, if thou help not, we are in trouble. This lad, a little over four years from the forest in the Vey country, now reads the Bible with ourselves and children in the family every morning, with another fellow of Vey, about the same age and opportunity. They both attend the primary department of the seminary, and will, I think, next year enter the higher department with several, principally Bassas Oh! if with our present prospects we had but the number of intelligent, disinterested, devoted workers required, to live at the points at which such service is now the requirement, I would say—oh yes! with a glad heart, I would say—'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.' On the last Sabbath I baptized three natives, and received them into the church."

A Life Directorship.—The standing of a man among his brethren, and of a pastor with his flock, is fairly inferrible from the honor they choose to bestow upon him through the missionary cause The Frank Street Church, Rochester, started a subscription last Sabbath to constitute S. S. Wood, Esq., a Life Director of the Parent Society, and determined not to leave the house until it was accomplished. Of course they did not detain themselves very long, though they took the good brother by such a "surprise" as caused him to find that he had forgotten to bring his "cambric" with him. Somebody was amusingly telling us that he actually had to borrow one. We do not pity him at all; he is used to serving other people just so. We only wish that a thousand other congregations in the land would moisten the eyes of their beloved brethren by just such service to the missionary cause

We also observed a very interesting statement from a very dear friend of ours, who is a missionary to India—JAMES HAVEN We used to meet together at the Preachers' Meeting in Chicago. We give the closing sentences of his letter, which read as follows:

Speaking of the troubles of his country, he says: "May the great God of nations bless our country, bring good out of evil, restore lasting peace as the fruit of the sore conflict and baptism of blood, nerve the arm that must strike for good government, humble the proud and exalt the lowly, give us back the days of the years of our fathers, and cause the wrath of man to praise him for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen"

A CARD

We call attention to the advertisement in our third column, of Mrs. S. Shorter Hawkins Mrs. Hawkins is a lady who has been in the hosiery, trimming and domestic goods business for a number of years. She is now disposing of goods at a reduced price, and lower than they can be bought elsewhere. *Let everybody* go to No 615 Lombard Street, and get a bargain

SPEECH OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS

As there are many who desire to see his speech in full, we take great pleasure in laying before our readers in the issue of this week the masterly address of FREDERICK DOUGLASS on the War, delivered in National Hall, Market Street, on Tuesday evening, the 14th inst

When Mr. Douglass came upon the platform, at 8 o'clock, P. M., precisely, he was greeted with the most enthusiastic applause by the large and respectable audience that had gathered, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, to hear the great orator. For ourself, we confess to an agreeable surprise as to his physique We had heard that his tall and manly form, his grand and kingly bearing, his dignified carriage, were bent beneath the weight of heavy care and thought—that the flash of his eye, the fire of his countenance, all lit up with the blaze of intellect, were gone—and, more than all, that the magnetism and melody of his wonderfully elastic voice, the soft and bewitching cadences, or the towering and majestic swell, in which it was wont to fall upon the ear in former days, were no more. But we saw, almost at a glance, that the Frederick Douglass before us was the Frederick Douglass of former days—and even more: his majestic bearing and dignity were *not* gone—the fire of his eye and the glow of his face were there—the power and influence of his voice, the cutting logic and lofty eloquence of other days, were not diminished. And to all these were added the depth and breadth of thought, and the candor of expression which constant investigation and increasing years cannot fail to bring. The printed words of his address will give our readers a fair view of the *ideas*, but no printed sentences can convey any adequate idea of the manner, the tone of voice, the gesticulation, the action, the round, soft, swelling pronunciation with which Frederick Douglass spoke, and which no orator we have ever heard can use with such grace, eloquence and effect as he.

EXPLANATION AND CORRECTION.

We are desired to state that the letter which appeared in the *Recorder* of last week, headed by us "Religious Instruction," was published without the authority of the writer, and that it was addressed to the editor by way of encouragement, and to point out to him what was deemed an error in the 51st No. of the *Recorder*, headed, "The means of grace," in which prayer seemed to be assigned a secondary place, and the continued inspiration power and workings of the Holy Spirit called in question

In the first paragraph of the letter as readers should read *its* readers, and "calls, conversions, illuminations of the mind, and similar exhibitions of Divine grace, do not now occur as in the case of Paul, or any other apostle," in the fifth paragraph, should have been credited to the author of the article on "The means of Grace," by quotation marks, as in the original.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Rev. Jos. P. Shreeves, of Bridgeport, Conn., per Rev. Thomas Strother, of Terre Haute, Ind.,	$1 00
Thomas Black,	1 00
George Smith,	1 00
Rev James A Shorter, of Zanesville, Ohio,	1 00
Sylvester Beckus, Bristol, Pa.,	1 00
Rev. J. Lynch, of Washington, D. C., for papers sold,	5 00
From Rev. J. D. S. Hall, of New York, as follows:	
Floyd Miller,	1 00
Mary Lawrence,	1 00
For papers sold on account,	6 00
Rev. Jeremiah Murray, of Reading, for papers sold,	2 00
From Rev. Henry Davis, of Union Church, as follows:	
Jame E. Hall,	1 00
Jacob Baseist,	1 00
Garrison James,	1 00
Redman Fawcet,	1 00
Charles Simpson,	1 00

HOW WE SPENT LAST SABBATH

In the morning we were at Bethel Church, and heard a sermon from these words:—"Behold, I will come quickly, to judge every man according to his deeds." Brother Eddy, who is a local deacon, not being well, spoke but a few moments, and we were requested to close after him At 3 o'clock, P. M., Mrs Weaver and myself attended the Union Church, Coates St. We had a sermon from the elder in charge, Rev. Henry Davis, from the following blessed words: "We would see Jesus." The speaker was truly doctrinal in his elucidation of the subject We don't know that ever we heard a sermon more appropriate for the occasion. There was a feeling of deep solemnity, and as for the doctrine and the plan of arrangement in which the speaker laid out his subject, we would judge from our feelings, and from the appearance of the audience, that all felt the power of truth dealt out to us. The only objection we found to it, it was a little too long for a sacramental occasion; but this is the fault, we think, generally down East. After sermon we were invited to consecrate the Sacrament of the Lord, after which there was a general rush for the table, among white and colored. O, blessed Jesus, it was a time, we think, long to be remembered! There was one thing about the administering of the Lord's Supper that we like, and ought to be observed on all occasions of this kind,—it is—brother Davis would not suffer the bread and wine to be served while the congregation were singing After they would stop, then the communicant would be supplied. This is what we believe is. At night we were at Little Wesley Church. The Rev. A. L. Stanford is in charge. We heard another very good sermon from Rev. Henry Davis again, as our ministers change pulpits occasionally; and had a very good meeting; On Monday night we were at Little Wesley's love feast, and they had one of the old time love feasts Nearly everybody seemed to have been full of the Holy Ghost

SUBSCRIPTION LIST

Our subscription is swelling some, but not near so fast as it ought to. Will the subscribers in our city and friends generally send in their subscription, at once, and not delay? We cannot work without money, you all know.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM REV W. W. GRIMES.

New Bedford, Jan 10th, 1862.

REV AND DEAR BROTHER —I have not written anything for the *Christian Recorder* for some time, but my much esteemed brother, H J. Johnson, has furnished you with all the news of importance from this quarter Dear brother, I wish you and your family a happy new year, and as you have been re-appointed by the Executive Committee to the editorial department, I hope you will meet with great success, and that the brethren from the East, West, North and South, will respond to your call, that the *Recorder* may live. One year has passed away; the prophecy of many has failed, and the paper still lives. May it continue to live a long life!

The Rev. Jacob Mitchell has come home, and is very sick, and has been, for the last three weeks. I am sorry to inform you that he is quite sick at this time. Christmas morning we had a glorious meeting; we had cause to rejoice, for God was with us; we had also a glorious watch meeting. The services commenced with a prayer meeting, short sermons by brother John Brown and Dr. Thomas Bayne, and at 11 o'clock I spoke from Deuteronomy v 3: "Who are all of us here alive this day." The Lord was with us. After watching the old year out in silent prayer, the members and friends presented the church with a donation of $41.59, as a new year's gift.

The Juvenile Sewing Circle, attached to the Sabbath school of this charge, held a fair for the benefit of the church during Christmas week, notwithstanding the hardness of the times, and the sister churches in the city had entertainments in some way or other. The young ladies did well: they presented to the trustees the sum of $25, for which they returned a vote of thanks. Great praise is due to the President of the Sewing Circle, Miss Mary Jane Banton, and the ladies that assisted her, Miss F. Ames, Miss Frances Banton Miss Columbia Wilkins, Miss H. Reame, Miss Mary C. Wilkins, and Miss Caroline Wilkins. May the Lord bless the young ladies!

Our Choir held a concert on Christmas night, but did not do so well. The singing was excellent, but met with poor patronage, so you see that we are not asleep in the East.

The *Recorder* for 1862 has come to hand, and I am trying to do more this year than last for its support. I think I will be successful. The times are hard, no work for the people to get, money scarce, those that would subscribe have not the money to do so. I will get them after awhile. Next Wednesday, the 15th, our annual election of trustees comes off Pray for us.

Yours fraternally,
WM. W. GRIMES.

For the Christian Recorder

LETTER FROM REV. W. J. DAVIS.

Jacksonville, Ill., Jan. 4th, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—Permit me, through your paper, to say something about this part of the Lord's vineyard I was very much discouraged when my appointment was read out to take charge of Jacksonville station, knowing that Jacksonville had no regular minister last year, but I entered immediately on my work, and truly I never was received more kindly on any station or circuit before. Our first quarterly meeting was held on the 2d and 3d of November. I wrote to Rev. B. Bridges, in Springfield, Ill., to come and help me, but owing to the embarrassed state of the church, he could not come. I then called on Rev. Charles Adams, President of the Female Academy, to assist me, which he did; and on Sabbath morning his text was in Luke xv. 17—19. His sermon was accompanied by the Holy Spirit. We protracted our meeting some five weeks. Six professed religion and joined church. Dr. Adams preached some three or four times for me, and other ministers assisted me. Truly the God of Jacob is our refuge.

I will now say something about the *Christian Recorder*. I have been rather discouraged about the *Recorder*, for I have not seen one for three months until this week. My paper stopped coming the last of October. I kept waiting for it to come, and at last I wrote to brother E. Weaver about my paper; so I have just received some six back numbers, for which I thank him. Such is my love for the *Recorder*, I expect to take it as long as it is in existence, and expect to keep it before my people. I expect to send you some money next month, and also some new subscribers for the paper.

W J DAVIS

For the Christian Recorder

AN UNKIND SPIRIT.

There are those who, if they see colored persons begging, point to it as evidence that they are incapable of taking care of themselves, and also as evidence of inferiority. Then again, if they are seen respectable in appearance, it is said that they are impudent and cunning; if they apply for work, the answer is that they don't give work to negroes. Such is the case at the present, notwithstanding the large amount of government contracts, for army clothing, and the necessary haste, in some respects, for the comfort of the soldier in the field. If colored women apply for work, they are answered that they give no work to colored people. We would have no complaint to make in this respect were the women incompetent to the task; but, through some liberal-hearted friends, some few have been furnished with work of every kind for the Government, and it is in evidence that they have invariably turned out the best work And now that, perhaps, the contracts of these friends have run out, these women are told when they call at other places—even where hands are published for—that they can have no work, though they may have the evidence of good workmanship on hand.

If such feelings were universal, property-holders would soon have cause to complain of increased rate of poor tax. To say the least of it, it is exceedingly thoughtless and unkind for its tendency is only to lighten the weights above, and increase the depths below.

A FIELD.

For the Christian Recorder

BISHOP NAZREY, OR THE TRUE STATE OF THE CASE.

Within a few months past the peace and quietude of the A. M. E. Church, in some quarters, has been not a little disturbed, by a discussion of the question, What relationship does Bishop Nazrey sustain to the A. M. E. Church in the United States?

Much has been said and written within the time to which we have alluded, concerning the Bishop, all of which, we think, may be fairly reduced to the above stated question.

To this question three general answers have been returned by parties differing; one of which, and only one, can be true. 1st. It is assumed that Bishop Nazrey is legally one of the Bishops of the A. M. E. Church,—that he was duly elected and ordained to that office in 1852—and that he has occupied, and faithfully performed the duties of that office, in the said church, without any the least interruption from that time unto the present—that there has been no time whatever, when he for one moment ceased to be a Bishop in the said church—and that he is not now a Bishop in any other church whatsoever—that whatever relationship he may have sustained to the B. M. E. Church, in Canada, prior to the General Conference of the A. M. E. Church for 1860, ceased with his resignation, presented subsequently to the General Conference of the B. M. E. Church for 1860, and that since that resignation, and that time, he sustains no episcopal relationship to that church, and now is only one of the Bishops in common of the A. M. E. Church as formerly, prior to the formation of the B. M. E. Church. But, 2d It is assumed that Bishop Nazrey is the Bishop, and the only Bishop of the B. M. E. Church—that he was, upon the request of that church, according to her wishes expressed by an election in her General Convention for 1856, and in accordance with an expressed provision made for the same by the General Conference of the A. M. E. Church for 1856, elected and installed their Bishop, by the Bishops and delegates appointed for the purpose by the A. M. E. Church. It was understood by that church, that Bishop Nazrey was granted to the B. M. E. Church for all time to come—during his natural life, in view of which fact that church does not and will not quit claim to the mother church. It is claimed, that the A. M. E. Church having once granted to the B. M. E. Church one of her Bishops, in accordance with the wishes of the said B. M. E. Church, the said A. M. E. Church has no moral right, under heaven, to recall a Bishop so given—that Bishop Nazrey was in this way, and no other, given to the B. M. E. Church by the A. M. E. Church, therefore, he is the Bishop of the B. M. E. Church by and with the consent of the A. M. E. Church. But again, 3d. It is assumed, that Bishop Nazrey is legally and lawfully a Bishop in both of these churches for the following reasons: 1st. He is a Bishop in the A. M. E. Church because he was duly elected, and regularly ordained to fill that office in 1852, the duties of which he has faithfully performed from that time until the present When the Canadian Church asked the General Conference of the A. M. E. Church, in 1856, to allow Bishop Nazrey to resign his relationship to said Church, that he might be able to serve the church in Canada, the A. M. E. Church granted that request. While it is certainly true that she did pass a unanimous vote to grant the Canada Church one of her Bishops, that General Conference did not provide that the said Bishop, chosen by the Canadian Church, should cease to be a Bishop in the A. M. E. Church whenever he might become the Bishop of the Canadian Church So far from this, it is a well known fact, that Bishop Nazrey did become the Bishop of the B. M. E Church, and after that did exercise the episcopal office, as formerly, in the A. M. E. Church without interruption.

The two Associate Bishops, in all the Conferences which they held from 1856 to 1860, decided that Bishop Nazrey was legally and lawfully a Bishop in both the A. M. E. and B. M. E. Churches. In this capacity, they not only acknowledged him, but did also labor and act with him. This state of things continued until the General Conference of 1860. That Conference did not decide that Bishop Nazrey was not a Bishop of the A. M. E. Church, but rather decided he was one of her Bishops, and requested him to resign his official relation to the B. M. E. Church, and give them the form of his letter of resignation, to be presented at the next ensuing General Conference; this he did in accordance with their request He would have left the A. M. E. Conference, but she would not let him go. He came to the Pittsburgh Conference, expecting nothing less than to receive the blessings of his brethren, and like Paul and Barnabas be separated for the work to which the Holy Ghost appointed him. But no, says the Pittsburgh Conference, we cannot let you go, you must remain with us yet awhile longer, and resign your relationship as Bishop to the other church, to take effect after you have met with the church in General Conference. Here is no alteration in the relationship of Bishop Nazrey to the A. M. E. Church up to this period. The Conference adjourned, and we have heard of his making no alteration from that time until the present. Therefore, he is a Bishop of the A. M. E. Church in common with Bishops Quinn and Payne. He is not dead. He has not been expelled. He has not withdrawn, nor has he removed by certificate. In none of the above stated ways has Bishop Nazrey gone out of the A. M. E. Church. But these are the only ways in which he could be removed, therefore he is a member and a Bishop in the A. M. E. Church.

Secondly. But the B. M. E. Church claims Bishop Nazrey, legally and lawfully, by and with the consent and will of the A. M. E. Church, to be her Bishop, because he was given to her in accordance with her wishes, 1856, as provided by the General Conference at Cincinnati in that year. This grant was without limitation, restriction, or reservation The B. M. E Church General Conference of 1860, in view of the previous action of the A. M. E Church in 1856, and their own action in consequence of and upon the authority of that, and at that time, now refuse to receive and approve of the resignation of Bishop Nazrey from the B. M. E Church, but still hold him as their legal and lawful Bishop in accordance with the doings of both these bodies of Christians in their official capacity for 1856. Therefore Bishop Nazrey is the Bishop of the B. M. E. Church according to her own acts for 1860.

That Bishop Nazrey now sustains the double relation of Bishop, in both the A. M. E. Church and the B. M. E. Church, will appear from the following actions

First The A. M. E General Conference passed the following resolutions:—1st. *Resolved*, That Bishop Willis Nazrey alone is the General Superintendent of the B. M. E. Church in Canada 2d. *Resolved*, That the General Conference must respectfully request Bishop Nazrey to resign whatever relation he sustains to the B. M. E Church. 3d *Resolved*, That this resignation take effect immediately upon the passage of these resolutions, provided, nevertheless, that he shall have sufficient time to meet the General and Annual Conferences of the B. M. E. Church

In accordance with the above stated action, Bishop Nazrey presented the following:—

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that I do hereby resign my official relation as General Superintendent of the B. M. Church in Canada West. The above resignation is to take effect on and after the rise of the General Conference, which will sit in Toronto, Canada West, on the first Monday of September, 1861

(Signed,) WILLIS NAZREY

By these acts Bishop Nazrey's relationship to the A. M. E Church, as one of her Bishops, was perpetuated, and continueth until the present hour

Secondly. Bishop Nazrey met the B. M. E General Conference, and offered that body his resignation, whereupon they received it and laid it upon the table. After which they passed a resolution declaring him to be the permanent Bishop of the B. M. E. Church, in accordance with their own previous action, approved and confirmed by the action of the A. M. E. Church in General Conference assembled. The last acts of the B. M. E. Church needed one thing only to make them legal and permanent acts binding upon all men; that one thing was, the consent of Bishop Nazrey to allow them to use his name as formerly in connexion with their publications, though he might not, for the time being, exercise the episcopal functions, as the active General Superintendent of that body This they obtained He granted to them the use of his name, with the distinct understanding that he would not exercise or perform the active duties of the office of a General Superintendent, only for the time being. This agreement between the Bishop and the B. M. E. General Conference, confirmed him as the legal Bishop of the B. M. E. Church. It should also be taken into the account that the General Conference of the B. M. E. Church at that session, provided that any one of the Bishops of the A. M. E. Church should be invited, and have full power to hold the Annual Conferences of the B. M. E. Church.

Now it follows, necessarily, that if the General Conference of the A. M. E Church of 1860 had the more right to request Bishop Nazrey to resign from the B. M. E. Church to serve the A. M. E Church, then the B. M. E. Church had the more right to request Bishop Nazrey to allow them to use his name in their publications, and also to request any one of the Bishops of the A. M. E. Church to hold their annual Conferences from time to time during the then ensuing four years And, moreover, they had it in their power to make the acts of those Bishops legal within their own border, during that term of four years, all of which they have done. Bishops Quinn and Payne have both the moral and legal right to accept of an invitation to hold the next ensuing Annual Conference of the B. M. E. Church, and their acts in that Conference, upon such invitation, will be lawful beyond the possibility of reasonable doubt

Does not this state of things require that the Bishops and members of the A. M. E. Church should come together, in the name of the Lord, and make a friendly settlement of these disputed questions? It can be done, it should be done, and the men who love the cause of God and his Church more than they do endless disputations, should meet together and settle them.

J. P. CAMPBELL.

Trenton, Jan. 13, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE OVER MAN.

The instant a woman tries to manage a man for herself, she has begun to win him. The lovely creeper clings in its feebleness with grace to the stately tree; but if it outgrow, as if to protect or conceal its supporter, it speedily destroys what it would otherwise adorn. When the serpent had persuaded Eve that she should induce her husband to take her advice, and become as knowing as herself, she no longer felt made for him, and both for God, but rather that he was made to admire her. When she prevailed, they soon bickered out their right places, no doubt, for God's law was lost sight of by both. One grand purpose of woman's power over man's heart, now that both are falling, is the maintenance of man's self respect A man who loves a true hearted woman aims to sustain in himself whatever such a woman can love and reverence. They mutually put each other in mind of what each ought to be to the other. To the formation of manly character, the love and reverence of the virtuous feminine character is essential. One must see in the other's love the reflection of the character desired. Hence, the pertinacity of true love and reverence often recovers a character that otherwise would be lost forever. If once mutual respect depart, then farewell the love that once can rectify what is wrong; then farewell the heart rest, without which life becomes a delirium and an agony. If it be the faculty of woman to love more tenaciously than man, hers might surpass his, so far as he is ever showing it. In expressing love, without at the same time indicating her faith in the inherent dignity of man, however obscured, she only repels him to a worse condition, by exciting a reckless sense of his own worthlessness, together with a hatred of her forgiving patronage. When man hates himself, what can he love? Give him time, and he will love the soul that clings to him to save him. MISS R. A. JACKSON

Philadelphia, Jan 6th, 1862

THE LETTER FROM REV J. P CAMPBELL.

The letter from Rev. J. P. Campbell, one of our corresponding editors, on the relation of Bishop Nazrey, will be read with much interest As it has just come, we have no time to comment on it, it having been the last piece set up

A SAD CASUALTY

The body of Mr. Samuel Woodlin, who resided in Thirty-ninth Street, and was employed as waiter on the steamer Isaac Newton, was found in the ice near Castleton, on the 26th ult. It is supposed that he was walking on the railroad, and the night being dark and stormy, he fell through an opening on said road, and thus met his terrible fate. He was a native of Philadelphia, where, we understand, he has relatives living. A wife and two small children are left to mourn his loss

THE GREAT SPEECH.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS ON THE WAR.

My purpose to-night is not to win applause. I have no high-sounding professions of patriotism to make. He is the best friend of this country, who at this tremendous crisis, dares tell his countrymen the truth, however disagreeable that truth may be.

Many things have been said against the free colored people of the north, and a strong current is turned against them; but I believe that up to this time, no man, however malignant, has cast the shadow of a doubt upon the loyalty and patriotism of the free colored people, in this the hour of the nation's trial

Without exulting, but with thankfulness, I may say it, while treason and rebellion have counted upon aid and comfort all over the North, among those who have every reason to be true and faithful to the State, no rebel or traitor has dared look at the free colored man of the North, but as an enemy.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I am to speak to you of the civil war, by which this vast country—this continent is convulsed.

The theme is most solemn. The fate of the greatest of all modern Republics trembles in the balance. To be, or not to be, that is the question. The lesson of the hour is written down in characters of blood and fire.

We are taught, as with the emphasis of an earthquake, that nations, not less than individuals, are subjects of the moral government of the universe, and that flagrant, long continued, and persistent transgression of the laws of this Divine Government will certainly bring national sorrow, shame, suffering and death.

Hitherto, we have been content to study this lesson in the history of ancient governments and nationalities. To-day, every thoughtful American citizen is compelled to look at home. Egypt, Palestine, Greece, and Rome, *all* had their warnings. They disregarded them, and they perished

To-day, we have our warning, not in comets blazing through the troubled sky, but in the terrible calamity of wide-spread rebellion.

The American Republic is not yet a single century from the date of its birth. Measuring its age by that of other great nations, our *great* Republic, for such it truly is—great in commerce, great in numbers, great in mechanical skill, great in mental, moral, and physical resources, great in all the elements of national greatness—fills but a speck on the dial plate of time, and stands within the inner circle of childhood.

In the brief space of three quarters of a century, this young nation, full of promise and the hope of political liberty throughout the world, rose from three millions to thirty millions. Its mighty heart beats with the blood of all nations. It was literally sown in weakness and raised in power. It began life in toil and poverty, and up to the present moment, it is conspicuous among the nations of the earth for opulence and ease.

In the fulness of our national strength and glory, we had already begun to congratulate ourselves upon the wisdom and stability of our government. When all Europe, a few years ago, was convulsed with revolution and bloodshed, America was secure, and sat as a queen among the nations of the earth, knowing no sorrow and fearing none.

To-day, all is changed The face of every loyal citizen is sickled over with the pale cast of thought. Every pillar in the national temple is shaken. The nation itself has fallen asunder in the centre. A million of armed men confront each other. Hostile flags wave defiance in sight of the national capital. Our riches take wings. Credit is disturbed, business is interrupted, national debt—the mill-stone on the neck of nations—and heavy taxation, which breaks the back of loyalty, loom in the distance. As the war progresses, property is wantonly destroyed, the wires are broken down, bridges demolished, railroads are pulled up and barricaded by fallen trees; still more and worse, the great writ of *habeas corpus* is suspended from necessity, liberty of speech and of the press have ceased to exist. An order from Richmond or Washington,—one stroke of the pen from Davis or Lincoln, sends any citizen to prison, as in England three centuries ago, British subjects were sent to the Tower of London. A hateful system of espionage is in process of formation, while war and blood mantles the whole land as with the shadow of death. The scene need not be further portrayed. It is dismal and terrible beyond all description We have it burnt into our very souls. I will not mock you by further painting this dreadful calamity.

The spoilers of the Republic have dealt with the nation like burglars—stealing all they could carry away and burning the residue. They have emptied your treasury, plundered your arsenals, scattered your navy, corrupted your army, seduced your officers, seized your forts, severed the sea with pirates, heated your enemies, cooled your friends, insulted your flag, defied your government, and have converted the national defences into instruments of national destruction. All this and more has been done by the very men whom you have honored, paid, and trusted, and that too, while they were solemnly sworn to protect, support, and defend your constitution and government against all foes at home and abroad

To what cause may we trace our present sad and deplorable condition? A man of flighty brain and flippant tongue will tell you that the cause of all our national trouble lies solely in the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency of the Republic To the superficial this is final. Before Lincoln there was peace, after Lincoln there was rebellion. It stands to reason, that Lincoln and Rebellion are related as cause and effect. I hardly need waste your time in showing the folly and falsehood of this explanation. Beyond all question the facts show that this rebellion was planned and prepared long before the name of Abraham Lincoln was mentioned in connexion with the office he now holds, and that though the catastrophe might have been postponed, it could not have been long prevented, nor long delayed

In dealing with the cause of our present troubles, we find in quarters high and low, the most painful evidences of dishonesty. It would seem in the language of Isaiah, that the whole head is sick, and the whole heart is faint, that there is no soundness in it. After-coming generations will remark with astonishment this feature in this dark chapter in our national history. They will find in no part the document emanating from the Loyal Government, anything like a frank and full statement of the real causes which have plunged us into the whirlpool of civil war. On the other hand, they will find the most studied and absurd attempts at concealment. Jefferson Davis is reticent. He seems ashamed to tell the world just what he is fighting for. Abraham Lincoln seems equally so, and is ashamed to tell the world what he is fighting against

Our astute Secretary of State is careful to enjoin it upon our foreign ministers to remain dumb in respect to the real causes of the rebellion They are to say nothing of the moral differences existing between the two sections of the country. There must be no calling things by their right names, no going straight to any point, which can be reached by a crooked path. When slaves are referred to, they must be called persons held to service or labor. When in the hands of the Federal Government, they are called contrabands—a name that will apply better to a pistol, than to a person. The preservation of slavery is called the preservation of the rights of the South under the Constitution. This concealment is one of the most contemptible features of the crisis. Every cause for the rebellion but the right one is pointed out and dwelt upon Some make it Geographical, others make it Ethnographical

"Land-locked, seized by a narrow frith abhor each other,
Mountains interposed make enemies of nations,
Which else like kindred drops had mingled into one."

But even this cause does not hold here. There is no geographical reason for national division Every stream is bridged, and every mountain is tunnelled. All our rivers and mountains point to union, not division, to oneness, not to warfare. There is no earthly reason why the corn fields of Pennsylvania should quarrel with the cotton fields of South Carolina. The physical and climatic differences bind them together, instead of putting them asunder.

A very large class of persons charge all our national calamities upon the busy tongues and pens of the abolitionists. These according to a handful of men and women everywhere despised, a power superior to all other classes in the country.

Others still explain the whole matter, by telling us that it is the work of defeated and disappointed politicians at the South. I shall waste no time upon either. The cause of this rebellion is deeper down than either Southern politicians or Northern abolitionists They are but the hands of the clock The machinery moves not because of the hands, but the hands because of the machinery. The ship may be great, but the ocean that bears it is greater. The Southern politicians and the Northern abolitionists are the fruits, not the trees. They indicate, but are not original causes. The trouble is deeper down, and is fundamental; there is nothing strange about it. The conflict is in every way natural. "How can two walk together except they be agreed? "No man can serve two masters." "A house divided against itself cannot stand" It is something of a feat to ride two horses going the same way, and at the same pace, but a still greater feat when going in opposite directions.

Just here lies the true explanation of our troubles. We have made the mistake, the great and deplorable mistake of supposing that we could sow to the wind without reaping the whirlwind. We have attempted to maintain our Union in utter defiance of the moral chemistry of the universe. We have endeavored to join together things which to their nature stand eternally asunder. We have sought to bind the chains of slavery on the limbs of the black man, without thinking that at last we should find the other end of that hateful chain about our own necks.

A glance at the history of the settlement of the two sections of this country, will show that the causes which produced the present rebellion, reach back to the dawn of civilization on this continent.

In the same year that the *Mayflower* landed her liberty-seeking passengers on the bleak New England shore, a Dutch galliot landed a cargo of African slaves on the banks of James River, Virginia. The *Mayflower* planted liberty in the North, and the Dutch galliot slavery at the South. There is the fire, and there is the gunpowder. Contact has produced the explosion.

The statesmanship of the last half century has been mainly taxed to perpetuate the American Union. A system of compromises and concessions has been adopted. A double-dealing policy—a facing-both-ways statesmanship, naturally sprung up, and became fashionable—so that political success was often made to depend upon political cheating. One section or the other must be deceived. Before railroads and electric wires were spread over the country, this trickery and fraud had a chance of success. The lightning made deception more difficult, and the Union by compromise impossible.

In order to have Union, either in the family, in the church, or in the state, there must be unity of idea and sentiment in all essential interests. Find a man's treasure, and you have found his heart. Now, in the North, freedom is the grand and all-comprehensive condition of comfort, prosperity, and happiness. All our ideas and sentiments grow out of this free element. Free speech, free soil, free men, free schools, free inquiry, free suffrage, equality before the law, are the natural outgrowths of freedom. Freedom is the centre of our Northern social system. It warms into life every other interest, and makes it beautiful in our eyes.

What freedom is to the North as a generator of sentiment and ideas, slavery is to the South. It is the treasure to which the Southern heart is fastened. It fashions all their ideas, and moulds all their sentiments. Politics, education, literature, morals, and religion in the South, all bear the bloody image and superscription of slavery. Here, then, are two direct, point-blank, and irreconcilable antagonisms under the same form of government. The marvel is not that civil war has come, but that it did not come sooner.

But the evil is now upon us, and the question as to the causes which produce it, is of less consequence than the question as to how it ought to and can be thrown off. How shall the civil war be ended?

It can be ended for a time in one of two ways. One by recognising the complete independence of the Southern Confederacy, and indemnifying her for all the expense to which she has been put, in carrying out this tremendous slaveholding rebellion; and the second is by receiving the slaveholding states back into the Union, with such guarantees for slavery as they may demand

In either of these two ways it may be put down for a time; but God forbid that any such methods of obtaining peace shall be adopted; for neither the one nor the other would bring any permanent peace

I take it that these United States are to remain united. National honor requires national unity. To abandon that idea would be a disgraceful, scandalous, and cowardly surrender of the majority to a rebellious minority and would draw after it a train of disasters, such as would heap curses on the very graves of the present generation.

As to giving the slave states new guarantees for the safety of slavery, that I take to be entirely out of the question. The South does not want them—and the North could not give

them, if they could accept them To concede anything to these slaveholding traitors and rebels in arms, all their atrocious crimes against justice, humanity, and every sentiment of loyalty, would be tantamount to the nation's defeat; and would substitute in the future, the bayonet for the ballot, and cannon balls for Congress—revolution and anarchy for govern ment.

There is therefore no escape. The only road to national honor, and permanent peace to us, is to meet, fight, dislodge, drive back conquer, and subdue the rebels.

When a man and woman are lawfully joined together for life, the only conditions upon which there can be anything like peace in the family, are that they shall love or fear each other

Now, during the last fifty years the North has been endeavoring, by all sorts of services and kindnesses, to win and secure the affection of the South. It has stepped sometimes a little beyond the requirements of true manly dignity to accomplish this, but all in vain

At this hour there is everywhere at the South, nursed and cherished, the most deadly hate towards every man and woman of Northern birth We, here at the North, do not begin to understand the strength, and bitter intensity of this slaveholding malice. Mingled with it is a supercilious sense of superiority—a scornful contempt—the strutting pride of the turkey—with the cunning and poison of the rattlesnake.

I say again, we must meet them, defeat them, and conquer them. Do I hear you say that this is more easily said than done? I admit it Nevertheless there is a way to do it, and to do it effectually

I have not a very exalted opinion of Southern courage, notwithstanding the successes attending their arms, thus far, during the rebellion. Their domestic habits make them passionate and cruel, but not calm and brave. They will readily fight when they have every advantage. They can whip a negro with his hands tied, catch a Connecticut peddler a thousand miles from home, beat and ride him out of town on a rail—capture a hospital full of sick folks—bombard, with ten thousand men, a starving garrison of seventy men

I never got into a dispute with one of these Southern braves yet, but that he expressed the wish that he had me in the South—where, of course, he would have every advantage.

But how shall the rebellion be put down? I will tell you; but before I do so you must allow me to say, that the plan thus far pursued does not correspond with my humble notion of fitness.

Thus far, it must be confessed, we have struck wide of the mark, and very feebly withal. The temper of our steel has proved better than the temper of our minds. While I do not charge, as some have done, that the Government at Washington is conducting the war upon peace principles, it is very plain that the war is *not* being conducted on war principles.

We are fighting the rebels with only one hand, when we ought to be fighting them with both. We are recruiting our troops in the towns and villages of the north, when we ought to be recruiting them on the plantations of the South. We are striking the guilty rebels with our soft, white hand, when we should be striking with the iron hand of the black man, which we keep chained behind us. We have been catching flies instead of arming them. We have thus far neglected our natural friends to win the worthless and hellish friendship of our unnatural enemies. We have been endeavoring to heal over the rotten cancer of slavery, instead of cutting out its death-dealing roots and fibres. We pay more attention to the advice of the half-rebel state of Kentucky, than to any suggestion coming from the loyal North. We have abandoned all the burdens of slavery, and given the slaveholders and traitors all its benefits; and robbed our cause of half its dignity in the eyes of an on-looking world.

I say here and now, that if this nation is destroyed—if the government shall, after all, be broken to pieces, and degraded in the eyes of the world—if the Union shall be shattered into fragments, it will neither be for the want of men, nor of money, nor even physical courage, for we have all these in abundance; but it will be solely owing to the want of moral courage and wise statesmanship in dealing with slavery, the cause and motive of the rebellion.

Witness the treatment of Fremont's proclamation. When that memorable document was given to the public, all truly loyal men felt that the path-finder of the Rocky mountains had found the true path out of our national trouble. His words were few and simple, but strong enough to vibrate the heart of a continent. The weakness and imbecility of the letter of the President condemning that proclamation, have thus far characterized the war The President attests that he approved of the proclamation generally, but disapproved of one feature of it. What was the proclamation generally? Why this: the establishment of martial law in Missouri. The President approved of that. I have been often asked since this war began, why I am not at the South battling for Freedom.

My answer is with the government. The Washington Government wants men for its army, but thus far, it has not had the boldness to recognise the manhood of the race to which I belong. It only sees in the slave an article of commerce, a contraband.

I do not wish to say aught against our government, for good or bad; it is all we have to save us from anarchy and ruin; but I owe to my race, in view of the cruel aspersions cast upon it, to affirm that, in denying them the privilege to fight for their country, they have been most deeply and grievously wronged

Neither in the revolution, nor in the last war did any such narrow and contemptible policy obtain It shows the deep degeneracy of our times—the height from which we have fallen—that, while Washington, in 1776, and Jackson, in 1814, could fight side by side with negroes, now, not even the best of our generals are willing so to fight. Is McClellan better than Washington? Is Halleck better than Jackson?

One situation only has been offered me. We have recently had a solemn fast, and have offered up innumerable prayers for the deliverance of the nation from its manifold perils and calamities. I say nothing against these prayers Their subjugative power is indispensable; but I know also, that the work of making and the work of answering them, must be performed by the same hands If the loyal North shall succeed in suppressing this foul and scandalous rebellion, that achievement will be due to the amount of wisdom and force they bring against the rebels to arms

Thus far we have shown no lack of force. A call for men is answered by half a million. A call for money brings down a hundred millions. A call for prayers brings a nation to its altars But still the rebellion rages. Washington is menaced The Potomac is blockaded Jeff Davis is still proud and defiant, and the rebels are looking forward hopefully to a recognition of their independence, the breaking of the blockade, and their final severance from the North

Now, what is the remedy for all this?

The answer is ready. Have done at once and forever, with the wild and guilty phantasy, that any one man can have a right of property in the body and soul of another man

Have done with the now exploded idea, that the old Union, which has hobbled along through seventy years upon the crutches of compromise, is either desirable or possible, now, or in the future.

Accept the incontestible truth of the irrepressible conflict. It was spoken when temptations to compromise were less strong than now.

Banish from your political dreams the last lingering adumbration that this great American nation can ever rest firmly and securely upon a mixed basis, part of iron clay—part free, and part slave. The experiment has been tried, and tried under more favorable circumstances than any which the future is likely to offer, and has deplorably failed. Now lay the axe at the root of the tree, and give it—root, top, body, and branches to the consuming fire. You have now the opportunity

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men
> Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune.
> Omitted, all the voyage of their lives
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
> On such a full sea, are we now afloat
> We must take the current when it serves,
> Or lose our ventures."

To let this occasion pass unimproved, for getting rid of slavery, would be a sin against unborn generations. The cup of its iniquity is full and running over—now let it be disposed of and finished forever Reason, common sense, justice and humanity alike concur with this necessary step for the national safety

But it is contended that the nation at large has no right to interfere with slavery in the States. That the Constitution gives no power to abolish slavery. This pretext is flung at us at every corner, by the same men, who, a few months ago told us we had no Constitutional right to coerce a seceded State, no right to collect revenue in the harbors of such States, and it is part and parcel of the same nonsense.

In the first place, slavery has no Constitutional existence in this country. There is not a provision of that instrument which would be contravened by its abolition

But if every line and syllable of the Constitution contained an explicit prohibition of the abolition of slavery, the right of the nation to abolish it would still remain in full force. In virtue of a principle underlying all government—that of national self-preservation, the nation can no more be bound to disregard this, than a man can be bound to commit suicide. This law of self-preservation is the great end and object of all government and constitutions. The means can never be superior to the end. But will our Government ever arrive at this conclusion? That will depend upon two very opposite elements

First, as to the sum of Northern virtue

Secondly, as to the extent of Southern villany.

I have much confidence in Northern virtue, but much more in Southern villany. Events are greater than either party to the conflict. We are fighting not only a wicked and determined foe, but a maddened and desperate foe. We are not fighting serviles, but our masters; men who have ruled over us for fifty years. If hard-pushed, we may expect them to break through all the restraints of civilized warfare.

I am still hopeful that the Government will take direct and powerful abolition measures That hope is founded upon the fact that the Government has already travelled further in that direction, than is promised. I have great hope that the Government will come to this We have seen great changes—everybody has changed—the North has changed—Democrats have changed,—Republicans have changed—and even the Garrisonians, of whom it has been said that repentance is not among their virtues, even they have changed; and from being the stern advocates of a dissolution of the Union, they have become the uncompromising advocates of the perpetuity of the Union. I believed ten years ago that liberty was safer in the Union than out of the Union, but my Garrisonian friends could not then accept it, and of consequence dealt me some heavy blows My crime was in being ten years in advance of them But whether the Government shall directly abolish slavery or not, the war is essentially an abolition war. When the storm clouds of this rebellion shall be lifted from the land—the slave power, broken and humbled, will be revealed Slavery will be a conquered power in the land. I am therefore for the war, for the Government, for the Union, for the Constitution in any and every event

Personal.

Hon. Anson Burlingame, United States Minister to China, has safely arrived at London and would in a few days proceed to the capital. He was well received

Wm. M Brown, an Englishman and formerly editor of the *New York Journal of Commerce*, it is stated in the Richmond *Enquirer*, is the acting Secretary of State in the Cabinet of the Southern Confederacy, in the temporary absence of R M T Hunter. If this be true, it favors the report at one time current that Messrs Hunter and J C Breckinridge have by some means left this country as new Confederate commissioners to Europe.

Sir Joseph Paxton of England has been returned by the Imperial Government of France, to superintend the erection of the building for the great exhibition in Paris in 1866—a building whose dome shall be 500 feet high, and all the rest of the structure shall be of proper proportions with it.

Hon. H J Raymond, of the New York *Times* has been elected Speaker of the House of Assembly in the Legislature of New York.

P T Barnum, so well known in connexion with the *New York Museum*, recently tendered the use of the lecture room of his Museum to the Christian Alliance for a Union Prayer Meeting, on the last night of the old year, and was to allow meetings in the same room every Sabbath, commencing at 3 o'clock. P M

Ex-Governor Moorehead, of Kentucky, who has for some time been confined at Fort Warren, Boston, for complicity with the Southern rebellion, was released on the 8th inst.

NOTICE

Mr A Burris and his troupe announce a grand prize concert, to come off on Wednesday evening Jan 22d inst. at the Franklin Hall, ninth street, below Arch, at which time he promises a rich and rare treat to his friends, lovers of music, and the public in general

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Religious Intelligence.

Africa—**Catholicism and Protestantism in Africa**.—In the official report of the Niger Valley Exploring Party, Mr. Delany, the editor, says, in all his travels in Africa, he never saw or heard of Roman Catholic missionaries; but that it is a surprising fact, that at every slave-trading point where the traffic is carried on, is either a Roman Catholic trading post, or a native agency protected by Roman Catholics. The slave trade is carried on in its worst forms at all those places where the Jesuit missionaries are stationed, and slaves are held by white foreigners at the old Portuguese settlements along the southern and eastern coasts, though the King of Portugal, three years ago, proclaimed liberty to all the people in his dominions. Roman Catholic Spain, the only professing Christian government which still tolerates this inhuman traffic, has expelled every Protestant missionary from the island of Fernando Po, that they might command it unmolested as an export mart for the African slave-trade. The other hand, he states that wherever Protestant missionaries are found in Africa, there are visible evidences of a higher and purer civilization, in the Sabbath and secular schools, in the introduction of the manners and customs, the arts and sciences of civilized life, and in the high regard set upon the Christian religion, and the faith reposed in the moral integrity of the missionaries.

For Liberia.—It is supposed that between one and two hundred colored people from the neighborhood of Wilmington, Delaware, will leave for Liberia in the bark Mary Caroline Stephens, on the first of April

Religion in our Navy.—It is remarked, with satisfaction, that the navy displays strong evidences of religious convictions. It is stated that Com. Stringham would never fire a salute on Sunday; but when one was due on that day, would send word that he would do so on Monday. Three other commanders, whom recent events have brought into notice, are also said to be men of consistent Christian character. The *Observer* states that the Niagara has enjoyed an almost constant revival since she left the country to convey to their homes the Japanese Ambassadors, and has had some seventy praying men among her company, twelve of them being officers. The same authority also states that there are members of the Mariners' Church, in New York, on nearly thirty ships of war, as many of which the daily prayer meeting is observed, and that the pastor of that church has correspondents on board nearly fifty of these national ships.

France—A writer in Mac Millan's Magazine, London, says of France, that "Germany was far less prepared for religious reform when the Monk of Wittenburg placarded his thesis on Indulgences. A single man would, probably, not do now a work which needs to go farther than his, which must be more reconstructive than destructive. But a single earnest Bishop, and half a dozen earnest priests might, I believe, under God's Spirit, entirely change the face of Christianity in France, and give a noble nation that which, most of all things, it wants, a truly Christian, but at the same time truly national church."

Rev S. F Mines, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Bull Run, while he was acting as chaplain of the Second Maine Regiment, has been released from his long imprisonment at Richmond, on an exchange with Rev. N. G. North of Charlestown, Va., who was captured by the Federal troops in a battle near Harper's Ferry, and had been confined at Fort Warren.

Rev M. P Parmelee has resigned the chaplaincy of the Third Regiment of Vermont Volunteers, for the purpose of entering the foreign missionary field, under the direction of the American Board

The Rev Henry Ward Beecher's Church.—The Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, had its annual pew renting on the 7th inst. The highest premium paid was $100, and the lowest $1—the average being $30 to $40 for each choice. Between thirty and forty pews were left over unsold—a circumstance without precedent. Among those who paid the higher premiums I see the names of Moses S. Beach, of the New York *Sun*; A. Claflin, of the firm of Claflin & Miller, and Charles Gould, the publisher. The total sum realised by the sale is $12,050

Domestic Items.

Our Army and Navy.—Their Movements.—Army of the West.—The several detachments of the powerful column of General Buell, in Kentucky, from different points, are closing around the rebel inland stronghold of Bowling Green; while from our own stronghold of Cairo a formidable flotilla, with a corresponding land force, is on the eve of starting towards the fortified rebel camp at Columbus, on the Mississippi River. The rebel army at Bowling Green is supposed to be not less than sixty-five thousand men, and their army at Columbus is set down at about twenty thousand. On our side, the advancing forces of General Buell will, it is believed, present an aggregate of not less than seventy thousand men; and that the column of General McClernand, from Cairo, with some important reinforcements from General Smith, at Paducah, will amount to full thirty thousand men. Both of these moving columns are admirably equipped, and amply provided with good artillery; and from the splendid fighting qualities already displayed in every sort of encounter by our Western Union troops, we have no hesitation in submitting the prediction that before the end of the present month we shall have some grand and decisive Union victories in the West.

Our Navy.—The Burnside naval expedition has moved down from Annapolis to Hampton Roads, (Fortress Monroe) and is only waiting the signal for a dash upon the enemy at some important point or two on the Southern seaboard. The practical knowledge derived from the Cape Hatteras and Port Royal expeditions has contributed materially to make this expedition of Burnside a certain success against any point which it may assail, and to justify the opinion that Burnside, having dislodged his enemy from his first position, will instantly follow him up, disperse his forces or capture them, and strike at their main arteries of inland communication between Virginia and the cotton States. Simultaneously with the thunders of our artillery in the West, we may expect to hear of the shelling out of the enemy somewhere in the South-east by the Burnside expedition.

Army of the Potomac.—Is General McClellan, with his two hundred thousand men, to remain stationary all this time? Beauregard, it appears, is under this impression; for he has put his troops at Centreville, and along Bull Run and the Occoquan, actively to work in the erection of log huts for their winter quarters. But this signifies nothing. We presume, on the contrary, that, as General McClellan has not proceeded to the building of log huts, he as soon as he put his army in motion. We think, too, that the intelligent reader will be able to discover, from the other army movements indicated, that they are but parts of a grand system of combined operations, in which the army of the Potomac will strike the heaviest and finishing blows. The facts we have recited are sufficient to show that the grand winter campaign of our army and navy which will inevitably crush this rebellion, has already begun, and that, so far as our army and navy are concerned, there is no longer any ground for complaint of a wasteful and demoralising inactivity. The army and navy are in motion, and we shall not have to wait much longer for some decisive results

Financial Difficulties—Their Cause and Cure.—The House of Representatives, paid off in gold, appears still to be ignorant of the fact that gold is selling at three to four per cent premium And why this premium, with a specie basis of three hundred millions in the country? Is it risen from the absence of any provision on the part of Congress for the ultimate and final redemption of the present and prospective paper money issues on the part of the government An expenditure of six hundred millions a year upon a cash basis of sixty millions of receipt is shaking the confidence of the country in Treasury paper and all other sorts of paper money. The safety of the Treasury and the interests of the financial, commercial, and all other business classes of the country demand a cash basis for these war expenses of the Treasury of two hundred millions, or additional direct and indirect taxation on the part of Congress equal to one hundred and fifty millions income to the Treasury.

Southern Despondency.—It seems to be the popular impression—we see it in men's faces when we do not hear it in their words—that the military affairs of the Confederacy are not very cheering just now. The affair at Dranesville contributed its mite to the depression of public spirit. We are so unused to adversity, that any thing which is not a brilliant success seems defeat. They have crossed that river, which many thought would be their Styx, and are advancing in force. In Missouri, too, our banner seems to trail, for the telegraph tells us that Price is in full retreat. Thus the enemy seems to be progressing along our northern frontier, while all around us he lords it on our coast, organising his expeditions on our soil and threatening us with future invasion These are the points of the situation

A lull, a pause, a suspense ensues preceded by minor events which cause a feeling of apprehension more than of confidence, as to the future. Perhaps we are to part for too long hours suggested by the Trent affair in the troubling dependence which it seems in case of disappointment as to the result This will be a profitable lesson, teaching us last the reliance of the South is in its own stout arms, not on the uncertain hope of a short road to independence through foreign intervention

Mobile Register and Advertiser.

Southern conjectures on the Union policy

"The public mind has been puzzled for a solution of M'Clellan's long-continued inaction upon the Potomac. That he has a large and well-appointed army is a well-ascertained fact. For three months the North has had a force at Washington which, according to its own account, outnumbered our own, ten to one, which has had abundant time for discipline, and has at its command an immense amount and infinite variety of arms, ammunition, and equipments of war.

Among the variety of speculations upon the real cause of this long-continued delay, the theory is going round that M'Clellan does not intend to advance till the period arrives when the term of enlistment of our volunteers expires, and when, in consequence of their return to their homes, the Southern army will be so reduced in numbers as to present but a feeble barrier to his immense masses. The belief is now gaining ground that M'Clellan will await that moment before making his onward movement, and that then, when our camps are deserted, or the vacant places supplied by troops who cannot, by any possibility, in the interval now remaining, be made the equals of the present volunteer army in drill and efficiency, the Federal forces will make their grand and long-promised onward movement.

We are aware that Congress has legislated with a view to encourage re-enlistment, but we have not learned that its legislation has, to any great extent, secured the object designed. Our volunteers did not enter the army for money, though they have had a right to expect the treatment due to gentlemen and to soldiers—treatment which would have been of far more service in attaching them to their cause, than any pecuniary advantage. This treatment they have not always received. There have been civil and military officials whose heartless and brutal neglect have put the Southern cause in more peril than all the armed legions of the North —*Richmond Dispatch, Jan 2.*

The Cherokee Indians.—The Cherokee Indians, having become about equally divided on the question of loyalty and rebellion, are now fighting among themselves. The loyal party—headed by John Ross, who has for so long a time been their faithful chief recently gained two victories over the rebels. The Cherokees at first evinced a strong desire to remain neutral in regard to the present disturbances, and the Government was disposed to allow them to maintain such a position, but some wicked and unscrupulous emissaries of Jeff. Davis went among them and succeeded in getting a large number to forswear their allegiance to the government that has fostered them, and the result is that they are now engaged in slaughtering each other.

Present tone of Feeling in England No English journals of a sufficiently late date, to describe the effect of the reception in that country of the news of the surrender of Mason and Slidell, have yet been received; but there are strong indications that that intelligence will be hailed with joy by the great majority of the English people. Public opinion there undoubtedly demands a war if the *Trent* affair is not satisfactorily settled, but signs of deep reluctance to wage hostilities against us if they can honorably be avoided, have rapidly been increasing in number and significance

The mails by the *Canada*, however, bring a far different feeling in Great Britain than has heretofore been manifested since the receipt by them of the news of the seizure of the rebel emissaries. The hot-headed rush to arms has cooled down, and the dread of the horrors of war and dangers to commerce, are making themselves manifest, while some are considering the chances of "no war at all," and begin to count the cost of their hostile demonstration. It is asserted that the money expended, would have relaid the Atlantic cable, by which means no vast a waste of cash would have been saved Deputations from several religious bodies, peace societies, and other corporations, have waited on the Premier, and memorials have been presented, to induce him, if possible, to refrain from war, and arbitration, if not recommended, is broadly hinted at. England is very anxiously awaiting the arrival of the answer from this country relative to Mason and Slidell, to relieve them of an intolerable suspense, and decide the question of either peace or war between England and America.

The people of England will exhibit far more of real joy at the release of Mason and Slidell than they did of indignation at their arrest; because it will deprive those who were bent on plunging them, against their true interests, and, to a great extent, against their will, into a war with us, of a plausible pretext for hostilities. And having thus narrowly escaped a desperate conflict by the prudence and magnanimity of our Government, they will not easily again suffer themselves to be misled into a foolish, false, and dangerous attitude towards us.

John Bright on the Rebellion.—Mr. Bright, in his address to his fellow-townsmen, in Rochdale, said:

"There may be those persons in England who are jealous of the States. There may be men who dislike democracy, and who hate a republic. There may even be those whose sympathies warm toward the slave oligarchy of the South. But of this I am certain, that misrepresentation the most gross, or calumny the most wicked, cannot sever the tie which unites the great mass of the people in this country with their friends and brethren beyond the Atlantic (Applause.) Whether the Union will be restored or not, or the South will achieve an unhonored independence or not, I know not, and I predict not. But this I think I know, that in a few years, a very few years, the twenty millions of free men in the North will be thirty millions or fifty millions—a population equal to or exceeding that of this kingdom. When that time comes, I pray that it may not be said among them that, in the darkest hour of their country's trials, England, the land of their fathers, looked on with icy coldness, and saw, unmoved, the perils and calamities of her children. As for me, I have but this to say: I am one in this audience, and but one in the citizenship of this country. But if all other tongues are silent, mine shall speak for that policy which gives hope to the bondsmen of the South, and binds in generous thoughts, and generous words, and generous deeds, between the two great nations who speak the English language, and, from their origin, are alike entitled to the English name."

France.—An article in the French *Opinion Nationale*, shows that France considers that a war made by England upon the United States, would disturb the whole of the other Powers in Europe, and calls on the French nation not to aid England in such an act.

Austria.—Austria has sent a courteous but decided protest against the capture of Mason and Slidell, declaring that the act is not in accordance with international law.

A Bloodless Victory in Eastern Kentucky.—Cincinnati, Jan. 11.—The *Gazette* says

"On Monday last, Colonel Garfield's forces, including the Forty second Ohio, Tenth Kentucky, and one thousand eight hundred cavalry, had proceeded up the Big Sandy to Painesville, within seven miles of the rebel encampment, when they were met by a flag of truce bearing a message from Humphrey Marshall, asking if matters could not be arranged without a fight

Colonel Garfield immediately replied that he could offer no arrangements except either to fight or to surrender unconditionally

Marshall then addressed his men, informing them that they had no alternative except to surrender or disband, and giving them their choice, they immediately collected and set fire to all their wagons, tents, camp equipage, supplies, etc., and then each man was permitted to take care of himself, the whole force scattering in confusion No attempt was made to save anything except their cannon, which were hauled off

Col. Garfield despatched his cavalry in pursuit They expect to capture the guns, and perhaps pick up many of the flying rebels.

The rebels in North-eastern Kentucky, from the high estimation in which Humphrey Marshall's military abilities were held, had strong hopes of success under his leadership. A sufficient Federal force will be left in that region to secure its future peace and safety."

Resignation of Secretary Cameron.—Edwin M. Stanton Nominated as Secretary of War.—January 14th.—Our present relations with Europe are deemed highly important and interesting, and as Russia seems to be a strong friendly Power the President was anxious that some one should act as Minister to the Court of St. Petersburg to whom he had entire confidence, who can ably and fairly represent his views, and aid our cause in Europe

General Cameron accepted the office of Secretary of War with great reluctance, preferring to retain his seat in the Senate, and has always declared his intention to vacate the place when the interests of the country would allow, and he could have a proper successor. The gentleman selected, Edwin M Stanton, is a warm personal friend of Gen'l Cameron, is from his own State, and has accepted the position at the latter's solicitation. Mr Stanton it will be recollected was Attorney-General toward the conclusion of President Buchanan's Administration. In taking the arduous position he must sacrifice immense private business to serve the Government. His appointment is popular as it is generally conceded that he is a man of sterling integrity, will act any political affiliations to the contrary notwithstanding, and will prove an able counsellor as the Cabinet, and most reliable officer in his Department.

The change in the Cabinet creates much consternation

Advertisements.

The Union Brothers and Sisters of Rev. Willis Nazrey Society, are requested to attend their regular stated meeting, the 19th of this month, at 8 o'clock, P M., on the corner of Quince and Locust Streets. Punctual attendance is strictly requested, by order of the President.

ANDREW HALL, *President*

E. MACKEY, *Secretary*

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 10th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

From Garnet Union No 4, D. of T., from Phoenix Union, No. 8, D. of T., from Northern Union, No. 10, D. of T.; Wood's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Dr. Rees' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 19, D. of T.; from Vanbrunkle Union, No 15, D. of T., of Harrisburg, Pa

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—

Grand P., Sister Bonnet; Grand Associate, Sister Barria; Grand Treasurer, Sister Fawcett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson, Grand Sentinel, A. E Dunbar; Grand Chaplain Sister Hall

G. P. P., Sister K. Kenard, G. P. P Sister Anderson,
" " S. Bowen, " " J. F Beach,
" " M. H Burley, " " E. A Cuffee,
" " S Newman, " " Watts,
" " S. Davis, " " S Hall.

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The meetings of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the society

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Mr. L. R. SEYMOUR, Sec'y

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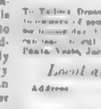

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" Gold Propelling Pencils
" " Finger Rings (different styles)
" " Breast Pins " "
" " Watch Keys " "
" " Ribbon Studs " "
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Fine Hair Brushes, Inlaid " "
" Cigar Cases " "
Ladies' Reticules " "
" " Cakes " "
" " Enamelled Combs " "
" " Engraved " "
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THE PICKET GUARD

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie dreaming of battle-fields gory,
Dreaming of victory, honor, and light,
Or the [illegible]
A rose-mantled cheek, and a brow full and fair,
Fringed with its curls of the maiden's own hair,
Kept guard [illegible]

There's only the [illegible]
Or the [illegible]
And the [illegible]
Far away in the [illegible]
His musket falls slack
Gleams gentle with memories of [illegible]
As he mutters a [illegible]
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seemed [illegible]
That night, when the [illegible]
Leaped up to [illegible]
Were pledged [illegible]
Then drawing his [illegible]
He dashed off tears that [illegible]
And gathered his gun [illegible]
As if to keep down the heart [illegible]

He passes the [illegible]
The footstep [illegible]
Yet onward he goes, through the [illegible]
Toward the shades of the [illegible]
Hark! was it the night wind that [illegible]
Was it [illegible]
It looked like a rifle:—"Ha! Mary, good-bye!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and [illegible]

All quiet along the Potomac to-night
No sound save the rush [illegible] river
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever.

TRAINING OF CHILDREN

The fundamental and only condition upon which domestic happiness and prosperity can be secured, must first of all be exhibited by father and mother, in their conduct to each other Where this is not the case, where parents are ill-assorted in their marriage relations, however we expect to find their offspring well bred The development of our children is by no means an isolated process, which may arrive at a successful termination in spite of surrounding circumstances. They are members of a moral organism, and their welfare can only be ensured by their understanding to comprehend the relation they sustain towards it, and to perform the duties required of them by it." They are entirely dependent on the family; they form part of it, and are incorporated with it, and hence, in order that they may be preserved from harm of any kind, the foundation upon which they rest as their support must necessarily be sound Now, this foundation is entire agreement between father and mother; and this again is based on the conscientious conviction, on their part, that each occupies the position assigned to them by God himself. History records many tragical instances where the dire effects of unhappy discord, between father and mother, continued to operate as a curse on their descendants down to remote generations

But there is no need of actual crime in the parents to prevent their children from being properly trained. The most trifling inconsistencies in their conduct are not unfrequently attended with the same result. Yes, even though they live in peace, yet if this peace does not rest on the proper foundation, their influence on children is already crippled. Wherever we find a family of disobedient children, we may almost invariably conclude that the mother is in the habit of contradicting the father, of disregarding his wishes, or of thwarting them behind his back Now, for all this she is made to suffer the penalty in her children, who are as disobedient to her as she is disobedient to her husband. She tried to assume an authority which did not belong to her, and thereby forfeited that which was rightfully her own, and this utmost endeavoring to exert, improperly, her influence in a position where she has no right, she loses it in that in which it should ever remain unimpaired

A mother can never weaken a father's authority, without undermining at the same time her own, for whatever authority she possesses depends on that of her husband and hence though that of the wife is subordinate to that of the husband, it is yet, in fact, only one authority, which neither of the parties exercising it may abuse without inflicting injury on both Every mother must, therefore lay it down as a fixed and inviolable law of family discipline never to contradict her husband, even in affairs of trifling moment, in presence of their children except in cases admitting of no compromise, and then only with a modest abnegation of her superiority, and a discreet acknowledgment of his prerogative to decide finally in all cases of difference But it is on the other hand, no less the solemn duty of the husband to respect the authority of his wife in presence of his household, and in all cases where he cannot be honorably obliged to overrule or silence her decisions, to do it in a spirit of kindness, tenderness and forbearance Should he neglect this important duty as head of the family, children's carelessness, or heatiness in his disposition and behavior, he will not only augment the affliction of his wife, but weaken the power of that moral influence by which children should ever surround themselves surrounded In that moment in which a mother is denounced in their presence, as foolish and refractory, and is thereby placed on one and the same level with children and servants, from that moment vanishes that halo which, in the eye of the child, surrounds the heads of father and mother alike

Every Divine institution has its origin in heaven, whence, also, it derives its increase This is the case with the Church, whose chief corner stone is in heaven This is also the case with the family. The blessing does not flow from children to parents, but from parents to children They are the chosen instruments by whom the power of God is most effectual in the training and preservation of children If the relation these sustain to one another to in any way disturbed, the supply of the blessings will be interrupted. For, though children should remain in entire ignorance of a mother's refractory spirit, and a father's severe and disdainful behavior, secretly manifested to each other, they can never escape the blighting effects they produce

All these are requirements with which every Christian can comply to whatever degree of culture they may have attained, or whatever their calling or condition in life may be; in this the humblest may equal the highest, for the necessary measure of discernment and grace may be found, in the Christian Church, by one as well as by the other. If the bond of union between husband and wife resembles that which exists between Christ and his Church the training of children will be successful. It is on this account that the New Testament says so much about the Christian marriage relation, and so little about the training of children; for if the former is not what it ought to be, the latter will prove a failure; but if its ideal is realized, the Christian family-life will unfold itself also in children, as it were, of its own accord

---

JOHN HOWARD, the philanthropist, is said never to have received from a prisoner a single curse but one, and that one he himself provoked in a way of which he was ashamed to the end. God should have it, not I.

MANY have puzzled themselves about the origin of evil. I observe that to avoid that difficulty is easy to escape it, and with this I propose to end the Notion.

THERE are persons who forgive injuries, but cannot forget; they bury provocations, but not at the gate.

A HORSE BOUGHT AND A LAWYER SOLD

By a Counsellor at Law

[illegible] wife and three small children. My [illegible] and we [illegible] there I would [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] for us. We [illegible] and a large [illegible] [illegible] comfort and [illegible] [illegible] owned several [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

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Poetry.

GATHERED TO REST

BY OPHELIA RAINEY.

Gathered to rest.—life's weary journey o'er,
Another soul has reached the eternal shore,
Gone home at last, from cares a sweet release,
From earth's long pilgrimage to rest in peace.

Gathered to rest—the soul has spurned the clay,
And soared rejoicing to the realms of day,
Eternal day, where God is life and love,
Where dwells the ransomed soul in heaven above.

Gathered to rest—oh! fleet that long have trod
The way so long and steep, yet leads to God,
Pierced by the thorns affliction's hand had spread
Rest, weary feet—no cares disturb the dead

Gathered to rest—oh! meekly cross the hands
O'er the still heart—no more it [illegible] the hands
Of life's frail armor—trembling fingers rest
In voiceless prayer above the pulseless breast.

Gathered to rest—close the dim eyes to earth,
No more surcharged by tears of sorrow's birth,
Close them to weary life—The light of perfect day
Beams on the vision, from along the heavenly way.

Gathered to rest,—oh! lips where grief is mute;
Oh! perished voice, (what phrase shall anguish suit)
Forever hushed to earth, all fears, and strivings cease,
Sorrow no more shall utterance find, for all is peace

Gathered to rest,—thy God hath called thee home:
What are the joys of earth, to thy blest recompence,
Ransomed, and glorified, to swell the song of praise
Angelic hosts, above, eternally shall raise

Pine Bank, Sept. 16th, 1861.

Selections.

EASTERN CORRESPONDENCE

BOOLAK.

Boolak is situated about a mile west of the city of Cairo, and is connected with it by a broad, level, and well-shaded avenue. It is located close upon the bank of the Nile, and to the port of the city. The shore is crowded with the river craft which is necessary to take to market the great production of this fertile country. There are a few steamers owned by government, and used for go[illegible] purposes, but with these exceptions, there is [illegible] but one style of vessel, a kind of sloop, varying from thirty to perhaps eighty feet in length, propelled by a huge lateen sail. Some of the best of these have, in the stern, a very comfortable cabin, twenty-five or thirty feet long, so as to accommodate four or six passengers for the usual two-months trip of the upper Nile. There is no dock, or graded quay, or any kind or manner of facility for loading or unloading vessels. Everything must be carried up and down a steep and dusty bank, upon the backs of men. Camels, donkeys, and men, are the universal carriers of this country.

This place was burnt by the French under Napoleon, but has been entirely rebuilt, and is a place of very considerable bustle and activity. Mohammed Ali established many of his government works here, and these give employment to thousands of laborers. The government has here a boat-yard, a school for engineers, a large establishment for spinning, weaving, printing, and dyeing cotton, a very extensive foundry for the casting of cannon, a printing press, &c. Between this and Kostat, the land is almost entirely monopolized by Egyptian grandees, who have congregated their residences here. Private enterprise has also largely grown up around the government centre, so that this place exhibits a life and activity very unusual for this land of sloth and indolence.

NILOMETER.

Opposite to Boolak, and for two miles above, lies the island of Rhoda, upon which the late Ibrahim Pasha had his palace, and the whole island was elaborately laid out in pleasure grounds, and planted full of all kinds of shrubbery and fruit trees. Since the Pasha's death, both palace and garden have been somewhat neglected. At the upper point of this island, and immediately adjoining the palace, is the famous Nilometer, for indicating the height of water during the annual inundation. This Nilometer consists simply of a square well of perhaps fifteen feet in diameter, in the midst of which stands a graduated stone pillar, divided into spaces of about twenty-two inches; across the open mouth of this well lies a square beam which receives the upper end of the stone pillar. During the rise of the inundation, the height of water as indicated by this pillar, is publicly proclaimed by criers every morning in the streets of Cairo. The river begins to rise during the latter part of June, and attains to its maximum about the middle of October, when it begins gradually to recede, and falls to its minimum the last of May. The whole fertility of Egypt depends upon this overflow. If the rise of water at Cairo should exceed thirty feet, immense damage must be the result, for houses, cattle, and everything throughout the valley of the Nile and the Delta must be swept away; whereas if the rise should not reach eighteen feet, then the harvest must fail, and all Egypt suffer a famine. When the rise is about twenty-four feet it is regarded as the most favorable. The large canals which conduct the water during the period of inundation all over the face of the country, are not permitted to be opened until the water rises eighteen feet, when the canal running from Kostat to Cairo is opened with great pomp and rejoicing.

When standing upon the portico of Ibrahim's palace, close by the Nilometer, with my face turned to the South, I saw the Nile in all its majesty, for the first time. And a noble river it is. I have seen no river in Europe [illegible] Mississippi, which is a still nobler river, of longer sweep, and greater volume. Its water is turbid, but very sweet and palatable, in color and taste very similar to that of the Mississippi. The making of this Nilometer is attributed by the best authorities to the reign of Caliph Amin, somewhere between [illegible] and it is rude enough in construction to be the product of that date.

Opposite the head of this island, on the mainland, is a spot to which the local guide will always call the traveller's attention, and assure [illegible] it was there that [illegible] Moses was found amid the rushes by Pharaoh's daughter. But as we have no [illegible] to believe that [illegible] was within ten miles of [illegible] place, it is to be supposed that the [illegible] would that distance for her daily bath.

THE MONKS.

There are the monks of Mohammedanism, and are to be found everywhere throughout Islam. [illegible] in convents, and are under [illegible] an austere piety, religious [illegible] population, poverty, chastity, modesty, patience, humility, and charity. They are not permitted to beg but are required to live by the labor of their hands. Their convents are, however, generally endowed, so that they live without labor, and are to be found lying around in lazy vagabonds [illegible] imposed. Their dress consists ordinarily of a coarse robe, which leaves the breast and legs uncovered. Most of them are said to be intemperate, and many of them are [illegible] notwithstanding their high professions ab[illegible] the vilest portion of the community.

In the northern suburb of Kostat, these monks have a convent, or as it is styled here, a college, where from eighty to a hundred have their residence. Having read much of their strange mode of worship, and their apparently superhuman endurance in the manner of its performance, I resolved to see for myself. So when Friday, the Mohammedan's day of worship came round, I rode out in company with several others. In a large hall, I found some sixty or seventy rough-looking fellows, arranged in a semi-circle around the [illegible] point toward Mecca. Several musical instruments were used as an accompaniment to the religious services; these were mainly of the flageolet and tambourine kind. The service itself consisted in swinging forward and backward in concert, keeping time with a leader who is within the circle, and every time the body swung forward a violent groan was uttered. This swinging motion, as performed by most of the circle, was no half-way affair, for with their long hair they would sweep the floor when bowed forward, and then they would throw themselves back until they would sweep the floor again. This motion was kept up with all the regularity of machinery, and with a rapidity that was really fearful, for the hair never rested for one moment upon the head, but was continually extended by the centrifugal force arising from the motion, so as to describe larger circles than the head. This extremely violent motion was kept up for an hour and a quarter, and I was told that frequently it exceeded that very considerably. When the services ended, all the performers seemed to be very much exhausted, and ten or a dozen fell to the floor in convulsions. As a mere physical feat, the whole thing was a perfect marvel. How heads filled with a reasonable amount of brains, could go through with such protracted gyrations, was more than I could clearly comprehend. And it was, if possible, a greater mystery to understand how God, even the Mussulman's God, could be worshipped by such a perfectly senseless ceremony. And yet I did not see it all, for unfortunately for me none of the whirlers happened to be present. Ordinarily, there is within this semi-circle a whirler, who wears a long hooped dress, which is tight at the waist, and more than twenty feet in circumference at the bottom of the skirt where the hoop is. This person will spin himself like a top, with a velocity of from fifty to sixty revolutions in a minute, and will continue this whirl uninterruptedly for more than an hour. The power of endurance necessary for such a performance must be not only constitutional, but also of a long and laborious practice, for practice can accomplish almost everything. I remember once, while stopping at the Union Hotel, in Saratoga, of seeing a delicate, fragile young lady waltz down three strong men, one after the other, and still she seemed not fatigued in the least; and yet she was so delicate that I question whether she could dress herself in the morning without the assistance of a waiting maid.

SALADIN'S AQUEDUCT.

Returning from Kostat, I rode most of the way to the city along Saladin's Aqueduct. This is a stone canal elevated some seventy or a hundred feet high, resting upon three hundred stone arches, running from the Nile at Kostat to the Citadel, a distance of about three miles. The water is raised from the Nile by the usual wheel and jars, and poured into the end of this aqueduct, along which it flows to the base of the Citadel, where it is again elevated to the Pasha's palace, and distributed to the various buildings located there. This aqueduct is called Saladin's, and is popularly attributed to him, upon the common principle of attributing all great works to their greatest Caliph. It was built, however, at least three hundred years after Saladin's death, and most probably by one of the Mameluke Caliphs. It was a great work, and still serves a noble purpose.

NECROPOLIS.

Near the end of this aqueduct, at the South west of the Citadel, is the city of [illegible] dead, is the great Necropolis of Cairo. Here the dead, small and great, noble and ignoble, have been largely buried for the last thousand years. They are all surrounded by the same lifeless waste, although they [illegible] form. The tombs of the multitude are very simple. The commoner is placed, without any coffin, in a vault, over which is a platform about a foot high, and on this platform is turned a semi-cylinder of brick work, perhaps two feet high, and the length of the vault, and the whole plastered and white-washed. While wandering among these tombs, I saw a company of half-a-dozen bring their friend to the sepulchre. They set down the bier at the family vault, and with a pick-axe soon broke a hole into the end of the vault, slipped in the corpse feet foremost, built up the vault, threw a few shovelsful of sand against it, and departed. Thus daily, for a thousand years, have the millions of the dead been deposited here.

A little further on, many of the tombs are enclosed with stone walls, showing that the wealthy sleep there, a little apart from the commoner. Still farther on in the desert, are more splendid and costly monuments, consisting of stone or marble quadrangles of twenty or thirty feet square, covered with cupolas, or airy canopies resting upon graceful, but very slender columns. Here, the brave and the powerful rest, separated from the multitude. Near to this is the family mausoleum, built by Mohammed Ali, where his wives, and sons, and grand-sons are buried. This is a large irregular enclosure, covered with a number of flat domes, resting upon arches. Beneath these domes, in raised and costly sarcophagi, lie the members of the builder's family. The favorite Toussoun, the great Ibrahim, and the dearly-loved and favorite wife of his youth, are there. Near the tomb of the latter is a wide space, which Mohammed Ali left for himself, but even the great know not where they shall be buried, for while the great Pasha prepared his own tomb, [illegible] buried there. The tomb of Ibrahim is regarded as the most superb sepulchral monument in the world, with the [illegible] which doubtless remain forever without a rival. I doubt very much whether all the [illegible] of the world could produce its equal. The situation and surroundings of this great mausoleum certainly harmonize with its design, for everything speaks of desolation and death. Vegetation and life are ignored: not even one blade of grass testifies of their existence. The stricken one [illegible] the shady tree, the verdant grass, and the blooming flower whose the dead [illegible] to speak of life and joy, of a land of pure delight beyond the grave. While the marble tells of pain and death, they tell of life and immortality brought to light in the gospel [illegible]

[illegible] upon by means of [illegible] to [illegible] bear Canada to [illegible]

BRIEF REMARKS

He saith unto them, But whom say ye that I am? And Simon Peter said unto him, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. And Jesus said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. Also I say unto thee that thou art Peter, and on this rock will I build my Church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Matt. xvi. 15–18.

The infallible rule for the interpretation of Scripture, is Scripture. Verbal criticism may be [illegible] is his own best expositor—a better expositor than [illegible] Captain or Lieutenant who [illegible] men, were among the first to mislead the church by a false exposition of the passage which we have quoted from Matthew; to which they were tempted, in order that, by magnifying the office of the Bishop of Rome as "the successor of St. Peter," his authority might be available for the suppression of sects and heresies, instead of relying, as they should have done, on the "word of God and prayer." Having more confidence in Peter, than in a whole Synod of his pretended "successors," we are willing to leave the question of the "supremacy" to [illegible]

Peter was right. To whom can we go but unto a living stone, disallowed indeed of men, but chosen of God and precious, ye, also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house, a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ. Wherefore, also, it is contained in Scripture. Behold I lay in Zion a chief corner-stone, elect, precious: and he that believeth on him shall not be confounded."—1 Peter ii. 4—6. The "Scripture" to which he evidently refers us, is Isaiah xxviii. 16.

Now, Peter says that those who come to the Lord Jesus (Christ) as to "a living stone," are built up "as lively stones, a spiritual house." They are built up in the house, are the materials of which the building is composed. The Temple at Jerusalem was built of stones brought from the quarry; but this is "a spiritual house." The materials which enter into it are far different. The stones of which the temple was built, were dressed, and each one fitted for its place before they were brought to the spot; the materials of this spiritual house are also prepared before-hand: they are "begotten again to a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." Chap. i. 3.

Peter was one of those who are best fitted as "coming to Christ, as to a living stone:" for he testifies that he was "with him in the holy mount," and was an "eye witness of his Majesty;" he includes himself among those who were "begotten again to a lively hope;" and Christ testifies, that flesh and blood had not revealed to him the faith which he professed, but his Father in heaven. Peter was, therefore, taught of God; but Christ further testifies, (John vi. 45.) "Every one that hath heard and learned of the Father cometh unto me." Peter, therefore, was built up in the house as a "lively stone." He was a part of the building, and so could not be the foundation on which the building rested.

Peter testifies that Christ is laid in Zion, a chief corner-stone, (for a *foundation*, see the passage in Isaiah to which he refers us,) "and he that believeth on him shall not be confounded." But faith rests on Christ. He is a sure foundation. And other foundation can no man lay, than that which is laid. Now, if Peter had been the rock on which the church was built, what would have become of the Church when Peter denied his Master, saying, "I know not the man?" If his fellow disciples had believed that Peter was the "rock," which was to give stability to the church, the house of God, though the rains should descend, and the floods come, and the winds blow and beat upon it, how would they have been "ashamed or confounded," when a word from a servant girl, threw him into such a fright!

When exhorting the elders or Presbyters among the churches, Peter speaks of himself as "also an elder," or Presbyter, (chapter v. 1,) that is, a fellow-elder or co-presbyter. When he wrote this, he was certainly ignorant of his "supremacy," or he was not so fond of claiming it as his successors have been.

And now, if any good, honest Romanist happens to cast his eye on what I have just written, I want [illegible]

DR. KILLEN, professor of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, in his work entitled THE ANCIENT CHURCH, speaking of the Council at Jerusalem, says: "When the question concerning the circumcision of the Gentile converts began to be discussed at Antioch, there were individuals in the city, quite as well qualified as any to Jerusalem to pronounce upon its merits; for the Church there, enjoyed the ministry of prophets: and Paul, its most distinguished teacher, [illegible] of the Apostles.' But the parties proceeded in the matter in much the same way as Israelites were accustomed to act under similar circumstances.

An appeal, or a reference, is not made from an inferior, to a superior court, because the superior [illegible] of deciding on the merits of the question, though this may sometimes happen to be true, but because

1. In difficult cases, men naturally wish to hear the opinion of others.

2. It is often well to let important cases have a second hearing.

3. The question, or the decision on it, may concern the whole body, in which case it is proper that the voice of the whole body should be heard.

4. The question may have excited a good deal of heat and temper in a particular locality, and therefore it may be proper that it should come before men who can look at it coolly and with an unprejudiced eye.

The decision of the superior court is regarded as final, not because it possesses superior wisdom; this is not the formal reason, for in some cases, it is not true; but because it is necessary that there [illegible] must terminate. It cannot but be of evil tendency to teach that the reason is because the superior court possesses some peculiar wisdom. It encourages litigious persons to act at caught the judgment of the session or Presbytery to which they are immediately, or in the first instance, accountable, to which they are always sufficiently [illegible] Without any such encouragement, [illegible] become men are apt enough to despise the minister and session, or the Presbytery which has the immediate oversight of them; imagining that, as far off fowls are far-fetchered, if they can only [illegible] carried to some body of wise men [illegible] they will come off with flying colors.

D.

ENDLESS REST

"There remaineth [illegible] rest to the people of God." Heb. [illegible]

How sweet is rest to the weary, yet how little rest do many of the Lord's people enjoy here! But the troubled spirit shall rest in the presence and enjoyment of its God, and the poor wearied and diseased body shall find rest in the grave. Weariness is limited to time, but our rest will be lasting as eternity. There are no weary heads, or weary limbs, or weary hearts, on the other side of Jordan. The rest of heaven will be the sweeter for the toils of earth. The value of eternal rest will be [illegible] hanced by the troubles of time. Jesus now [illegible] bring us to rest in His Father's house. His rest will be glorious. A rest from sin. A rest from suffering. A rest from conflict. A rest from toil. A rest from sorrow. The very rest that Jesus enjoys himself. We shall not only rest *with* Him, we shall rest *like* Him. How many of earth's weary ones are resting in [illegible] undisturbed rest. Here the rest of the body is disturbed; but there are no troublesome dreams or alarming occurrences there. Thanks be unto God for the rest we now enjoy in Christ! Ten thousand [illegible] Christ for [illegible] Christ! Weaver [illegible] of success in the charge He [illegible] them. He indeed requires [illegible] but He gives much, and has engaged himself to [illegible] with His [illegible] very tool ends [illegible] sacrifice [illegible] lered, in reliance on Him in this cause.

A mother who considers the care of her children to other hands, in order the better to follow her own pleasure, stands already condemned by the prevailing moral sentiment. And that, too, most deservedly—most justly. A mother who prefers ease, pleasure, and amusement to the care of her own children, is infinitely more unfeeling, more inhuman than a brute. Whatever she may outwardly be, however polished, however attractive, intelligent, amiable, she is within inwardly a monster. Nor is that father deserving of less censure, who, for the sake of accumulating wealth, or obtaining honorable distinction to which no duty urges him, would [illegible] part of the responsibility attached to the training of his children. Who has told him to choose a position in life, which prevents him from attending to their spiritual welfare, or who has given him the right to devote himself to his chosen or appointed calling exclusively, and with such an eagerness for gain and material success, that he has no time left for his family? That man neither knows his duty nor his dignity as a father, who is not prepared, at any sacrifice of time and money, to perform that duty and maintain that dignity, personally, for the welfare of his house. As the Christian ceases from his temporal pursuits on the Lord's day because he knows that God will abundantly reward him for so doing, by blessing his labor during the six working days, so also must the father be able to cease part of each day from his customary pursuits to serve God in his children. And surely the fruits of this labor will be far sweeter than all other gain; and whilst he, for God's sake, devotes himself to the discharge of this duty, he may the more confidently look in all he does, for that assistance and protection which comes from above.

As a good mother persists in suckling her own child, even though it cause her pain for a time, so also should both father and mother persist in their attention to its spiritual life, and omit nothing calculated to cherish, elevate, and preserve it. Wherever this is done, it will soon be found, that these efforts do not only promise to meet with a rich reward in future, but that they form in themselves one of the most essential ingredients in the cup of domestic happiness.

Christian parents should hold fast the conviction, that the family is the fittest place for the operations of the Spirit of Christ, and that no school, no institute, no seminary, no academy can be made to serve as a substitute. No one should, therefore, presume himself better fitted for the discharge of the duties connected with the training of children than parents. He may, indeed, in some cases, excel them in discernment and piety, yet is the same charge not committed to him, which is committed to them, nor does he enjoy the promise which they enjoy. Let no minister venture to take this matter out of the hands of the father, for the paternal authority is as absolute and inviolable in the family, as is the spiritual authority in the church. The minister, as the head of the church, has no right to supplant the head of the family; for the hedge that surrounds the family is sacred, and the minister possesses no more right to tear it down than any other man. Moreover, the family and parental authority existed prior to the church. The one is as certainly a divine appointment as the other, and God would be a destroyer of His own institutions and works, if He had designed, when He created the spiritual, to set aside the paternal authority.

The Roman Catholic church has acted on the belief, that the cause of religious education among children could be best promoted, and the young most effectually guarded against evil influences, by committing the task, as far as possible, to the clergy and religious orders. However praiseworthy this design may be, and with whatever success it may in some few individual cases have met, it must nevertheless be confessed, that the entire system is based on the erroneous supposition, that God has bestowed greater ability on priests and nuns for the training of future generations, than he has bestowed upon parents. It is not right to relieve parents in this way, of the most important part of their family duties; it is treating the laity as if they never attained to years of maturity, and fosters among them that spirit of servile submission, which the Roman Catholic system so greatly favors. Parents, as members of the church, should receive from the clergy that kind of instruction which will qualify them for the work of training their children, no less than for the discharge of every other duty connected with their calling. But never, and under no pretext, should they be permitted to be removed from the paternal roof, for the purpose of being educated by the clergy.

It is just as great a mistake, on the part of the Catholic church, to educate its future priesthood in a "*seminarium puerorum*" rather than in the bosom of the Christian family. The advantages which are here enjoyed, for the refinement and elevation of both heart and mind, cannot be supplied from any other source. The supposition, that the priest takes the place of the father, and the church that of the mother, is erroneous. It cannot be, for it must not be. It must not, for it is contrary to that divine arrangement, on which all moral improvement [illegible] depends.

But bad as it is, when parents on whom the [illegible] on the priest, it becomes still worse, when they depend for it on the schoolmaster. Yet this fatal mistake is much more frequently committed than the other and has, in this country especially, become so universal in its application, that it seems altogether beyond the power of man to arrest the evil it has produced. To send the child, as soon as possible, to school, to abandon it as much as may be, to its influences, in order thus either to rid themselves altogether of the labor of education, or to render it the more easy for themselves—this appears to be the pernicious principle on which many of our American parents are accustomed to act. These principles have their origin in [illegible] the natural man, who is prone to keep at a distance the noble aims of life; and these principles are supported by popular prejudice and by laws, which so completely accord with it, that few, even of those who entertain opposite convictions, venture to break through this evil custom.

THE REFUGE

[illegible] shelter a child [illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible]

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, January 25. 1862.

LECTURE IN BETHEL CHURCH.

Mr. Anderson, who was announced to lecture in Bethel Church on the 16th instant, promptly fulfilled the appointment. At the hour fixed he came forward, and was introduced to the audience. He arose and spoke of the claims of the *Recorder*, giving a sketch of its origin, and of the importance of the press, and of keeping the paper in the field; for, he said, there was never a time when one was more needed.

Dr. Armstrong, being present, was called upon, and made some very pertinent remarks. A collection was then taken up, which resulted in the sum of $12 82, and was disposed of per announcement

OVERLOOKED

In looking over some communications that Rev. A. L. Stanford gave us after his resignation, we find an article upon the death of the wife of our esteemed brother, Joseph H. Smith, of Burlington circuit, N. J.

We are sorry that it was not discovered sooner. It will be found in this week's number, under the head of obituaries. We refer our readers to it. Brother Smith is a worthy minister.

SETTING ABOUT THE WORK.

Our good Brother Seymour, the Superintendent of A. M. E. Bethel School, Philadelphia, and his assistant, Brother A. Fields, feeling for the great cause of our beloved Zion and its general features, have responded in a most Christian like manner to our appeal and proposition in relation to giving an exhibition with the school for the birth-day of Rev. Bishop Allen, and have set about the work of making preparations. We hope our other brethren will do likewise.

NOTICE.

A quarterly meeting will be held in the A M. E. Bethel Church, Sixth Street above Lombard, on Sabbath, the 26th inst. Preaching, Saturday evening 7½ o'clock. Band love-feast, Sabbath morning 5½ o'clock. Preaching, 10 o'clock, A. M., by Bishop Nazrey—3 o'clock, by Rev. A. L. Stanford—7 o'clock, by ——

Love-feast on Monday evening, the 27th inst., at 7 o'clock. Joshua Woodlin,
Elder in charge

Jan. 22d, 1862.

NOTICE.

Rev. John H. W. Burley, a local preacher of good standing, has been appointed by the minister and trustees of A. M. E. Church of New Haven, Conn. We have also empowered him to receive subscriptions for the Christian Recorder while travelling around, and hope that he may be successful in the great cause.

AN EXAMPLE.

A good and Christian example, and the first of which we have any knowledge from a colored person in the direction from which it is bequeathed, has been set recently.

Mrs. Ruth Hooper, who departed this life on the 10th instant, in the 84th year of her age, was a member of Bethel Church, in good standing She had been acting as cook in the service of the late Mrs. E. H Budd. Through her industry and economy she had laid by some fifteen hundred dollars ($1,500.) Before the good Lord had taken her home, she seemed to have been possessed of the proper mind.

She bequeathed for the benefit of the itinerant preachers of her Church the sum of *six hundred dollars*. *Her* Christianity ran in the right channel. But, after all, there is a nice point of law to be settled, viz.: whether it is confined to us of the Philadelphia district, or whether it is to be for the itinerant preachers in general. If it is in the latter sense, it comes to the Book Concern, where we think it ought to be. However, for our part, we are willing to aid in making a business matter of the Book Concern.

A CARD.

We would just say that our friend, Mrs. Hawkins, is selling her stock of goods at very reduced prices. We would recommend, not only our citizens, but friends at a distance, Wilmington and other places, to patronize her. Now is the time to get bargains. Go to Mrs. Hawkins.

PREJUDICE.

We are sorry to say it, but must speak the *truth*, the whole *truth*, that there is more *prejudice* in the city of Philadelphia against the people of color, than in any other Northern city. We have been in all the larger, and a great number of the smaller ones, but have never seen any to equal Philadelphia. We are almost ready to say that it will be difficult to find one south of Mason and Dixon's to equal it. We have travelled considerably in the South, and we have stepped into the cars and sat down, and not a word was said. We have done the same in Louisville, Ky. We also find no difficulty in Boston, Brooklyn, New York, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, nor in Chicago. But let a *decent* colored lady or *gentleman* undertake to get into any of the City Passenger Cars in Philadelphia, they must either stand in front or walk, if it is ten miles. But if he had a *white skin*, just out of some *old* alley, both ragged, dirty, and greasy, he can go in by paying his fare. The negro pays the same, if he conducts to ride in front. With all this God is angry, and demands justice.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Mr. F W. G. May, of Boston, Mass.,	$1 00
Mr. John H. Beal,	1 00
From Rev. Wm Jackson, of Vincennes, Indiana, as follows:	
For this year, for Mrs. E. A. Jackson, his wife,	2 00
On account for Recorder last year,	1 00
Per Mr. Charles Brown, Mount Carmel, Ill.,	1 00
For Hymn-Books,	8 00
	12 00
From Rev. Charles Burch, of New Albany, Indiana,	2 00
From Miss Phillis Dixon, of Newark, Del.,	1 00
From Rev. Daniel Moore, of Washington, D. C., for papers,	5 00
From Rev James Lynch, of Georgetown, D. C., for papers,	5 00
From Rev. Wm. Johnson, of Canaschie, New York, for papers sold,	1 00
From Rev. Wm. Johnson, of Canaschie, New York, for subscriptions for paper,	2 00
From David King, of Springfield, Ill	2 00
From Rev. J. P. Campbell, of Trenton, New Jersey, for papers,	3 60
From T. Gould, of Princeton, N. J., for papers sold,	1 00
From T. Gould, of Princeton, N. J., on account for books,	1 00
From Lectures of Bethel Church,	5 52
From Rev. J. Hamilton, of Binghamton, N. Y., for papers,	2 00

PEACE ON EARTH AND GOOD WILL TO MEN

Nations like individuals, are often led from mutual jealousy and hard and abusive language, to wicked blows, and it is a cause of regret to witness this disposition, now so apparently prevalent, to suspect and accuse of evil design England has her faults, and so have we, and it would be well for both them and us to look at home, and seek to correct our own errors; for such is seek to remove the beam from our own eyes before we undertake to remove the mote from the eye of the other It is much easier to make excuses than to *restore* friendship; wherefore it seems to behoove us to refrain from all unnecessary altercation of feeling, lest in the end we reap the bitter fruits of a cruel enmity. By unfounded suspicions and jealousies, leading to animosity, we may provoke a cruel hostility which may result disastrously both to them and us, so that when it may be too late we may find occasion to regret our indulgence of those feelings, words, and things which may lead [illegible] to mutual breach. It seems well for us to be warned in time before the madness of mutual dislike and hatred may kindle a fire not easily quenched, remembering that "a soft answer turneth away wrath, while grievous words stir up anger." The angry tone of some of the press is an occasion of much disquietude and ill feeling; and it may safely be asserted that "the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God," but rather the wickedness of the spirit of unity, whereby nations are led to lift sword against nations, and brother against brother. The present is a time of great excitement and want of true Christian feeling, and it is to be hoped that the turnings and overturnings that are now going on may tend to humiliation and purification, and to the restoration of the Church to the faithfulness of earlier times when the spirit of covetousness and idolatry did less prevail, and when the hearts of the people of God were more subdued and chastened by manifold sufferings from persecution, humbling themselves under the mighty hand of God who is still seeking to gather us under the banner of His love, to the end that violence may cease throughout the earth and the kingdom of His dear Son be established in our hearts. As we submit to the will of his Spirit, whereby our hearts are purged from enmity and entrance is made for Him who "maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth," we may hope in witness that holy communion which He hath promised to those who hear His voice and open unto Him, to strengthen our minds against the assaults of enmity, and prepare us for the glory of God, and promoting "peace on earth and good will to men." Love and enmity are two principles which are at war one with another in our hearts, and according to the prevalence of the one or the other is the enjoyment of peace or the suffering from confusion and shame. "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." Let us pray for the welfare of the Church and the hastening of that happy time when all strife and contention shall cease, and wars and oppressions no more be known, when "the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ" and oppression and violence no more prevail, but instead thereof, the fruit of the Spirit, "love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, against which there is no law"

THE BLUES.

For some weeks past we have had the blues most shockingly bad, but since the new year has come in, they have commenced to disperse gradually. There is a flattering prospect of the life of the *Christian Recorder*; much more than there was this time last year, and if we had not fallen in debt some months ago, we should begin to have some hope of making a small ratio to each of our Bishops. We hope the friends will do their duty all over the connexion, so as to help us out of debt. We shall then have a handsome stock of books on hand. Our expenses are, of course, very great, and if it was not for the paper, which is the life-blood of the Book Concern, we should have to bundle up baggage and all, and make for the West from whence we came. We have store rent, house rent, gas, fuel, reams of paper, printing, and many other expenses, and for all this we have managed not to owe more than two hundred and seventy dollars. Now, after all, who would have believed it. Just think of the tight times with money affairs, and yet we have been able to reduce the debt of last year to what we have already stated. We know one thing, brethren, we work hard day and night for you, and we do it honestly, and we are hoping yet for better times.

GOOD NEWS FROM INDIANA.

Our Western Indiana brethren are not all asleep. Rev. William Jackson, of the Vincennes circuit, one of the poorest circuits in the district, has clearly shown that where there is a will there is a way. Notwithstanding Bro. Jackson was tempted to leave his circuit, yet the good Spirit prevailed upon him and his beloved companion to remain. The result has been the conversion of many precious souls, and also of getting subscribers for the paper. And knowing the embarrassed condition of our finances, he did not demand of us to send him our books on time, but went to work and raised the money for as many books as his people wanted, and forwarded it to us by express—in all, twelve dollars—which will be seen under the head of "Acknowledgments"

We have also received a letter from Dr. W R. Revels of Indianapolis, Ind., assuring us that we are not forgotten, and that a meeting has already been appointed in behalf of the *Recorder*, which shows that he, too, is concerned, since the *Recorder* has proved a success during the last year, and is yet progressing. We shall look with much interest for the doings of the meeting.

We have also received a letter from Rev. Chas Burch, of the New Albany station, Indiana. He has been thinking and talking much about our wants, and has sent his own subscription, and is looking every day to receive money from others who have promised to take the *Recorder*, so we think that there is beginning to be, in some quarters, much feeling in behalf of the *Recorder* among our brethren.

A CARD.

This may certify that Rev. J. H. W. Burley is the duly appointed agent for the purpose of soliciting means to aid in lessening the pending debt upon our church. All monies, donations, &c. contributed to our agent, will be thankfully received I. I. Williams,
Pastor.

New Haven, Jan 8th, 1862

We omitted to say, when speaking of Mrs Hooper's will, that the executors are Revs Stephen Smith and the late John Cornish of Philadelphia

A VOICE FROM NEW YORK.

BINGHAMTON CIRCUIT

Mr. Editor:—I have not remained silent because of indolence, but because I have been waiting for the fathers and pioneers of this district, and especially him who was assigned the duty of writing from this district, therefore. I have waited until my humble pen will not rest any longer, and she, moving upon the face of the ruled paper, breaks the silence and says, let a portion of the rural country of the Empire State send in her tidings, and it is so. The third Quarterly Meeting of this conference year, commenced in Owego, Jan 11th, at which place the Lord who is mighty in battle was present to bless. On Sabbath morning at 8 o'clock, the doors were open, and at half past 8 o'clock, love-feast was open by singing and [illegible] second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and we had a refreshing season from the presence of the Lord; and at 11 o'clock we had a soul-stirring discourse from Bro. Stephen Brown, (text from Mark ix 3; and at 2 o'clock we were favored with a practical religious and intellectual discourse from the Rev. Mr. Potter, of the M. E Church from John viii 17, Subject, Human Happiness. "If ye know these things, happy are ye, if ye do them." On this occasion all hearts seemed to be deeply melted in love, and the Lord did let the opening heavens around us shine with beams of sacred bliss, and Jesus showed his mercy ours and whispered we were his. At the close of this sermon, we attended to the sacrament of the Lord's supper, when our joy appeared to be perfect; and in the evening at 7 o'clock we came together again, and after listening to a short discourse from Henry E. Chelly, (local) we entered into prayer-meeting, when the Lord convicted two souls and converted one, and the work continued until Friday, when three souls were added to the church in this place. There is also here a very interesting Bible-class among the young people, and there seems to be quite a thirst for divine knowledge among them On the 14th and 15th, the Quarterly Meeting came off to Binghamton, where the Lord met with us again and poured out his spirit on the church. Sabbath morning at half past 9 o'clock love-feast was open by singing and prayer and reading the second Epistle of first John, and we had a time long to be remembered. At 11 o'clock the present Pastor tried to preach from the Acts, second chapter and 24th verse Subject, the resurrection; and the Lord did truly pour out his spirit on his handmaidens, and at 2 o'clock the present pastor tried to preach again from Isaiah lxiii. last clause of the first verse, Subject the power of Christ to save: after which we attended to the sacrament of the Lord's supper In the evening we had another glorious time Thus ends the Quarterly Meeting. I have been trying hard to get subscribers for our paper, and I have the promise of some, and I hope soon to send you their names with their money

Yours in Christ for the onward march of the Recorder, J. H

For the Christian Recorder

RIGHT AND WRONG.

Mr. Editor:—I did not intend to trouble your columns with another word on this subject, but Bishop Nazrey has called me out by name, and I must, therefore, ask a small space to reply.

First, I have examined the General Conference Minutes of 1860, to which the Bishop refers me, and the result of my examination reveals the following facts, though not new to me, namely, that the General Conference of 1860 decided that Bishop Nazrey was at the time of the sitting of that Conference, a member and Bishop of the B. M. E. Church. See General Conference Minutes, page 14, 12 lines from the bottom.

Your readers are also referred to page 15 of the same minutes, where it will be seen after the Bishop declared his identity with the A. M E. Church to be at that time as formerly, the Conference adopted a resolution, requesting him to resign his relation to the B. M. E. Church; forthwith the said resolution was amended by Rev. Stephen Smith, allowing the Bishop time to meet the Conference of the B. M E. Church. The above was adopted as amended

It will also be seen under page 32 of General Conference Minutes, that the Committee on Canadian Affairs reported against the practicability of exercising double Episcopal functions, showing it to be contrary to the lessons and spirit of our Church government, and our General Conferences have uniformly held the opinion that the acts and deeds of a Bishop of the A. M. E. Church in the United States would not be valid in a foreign country, hence the necessity of a separation

We are asked to give the language of the General Conference and also the language of the Bishop in relation to the doings of the Indiana Conference. We have given a brief synopsis of the doings of the General Conference above, and we admit further, as will be seen by reference to the Minutes, that the General Conference of 1856, authorized one of our Bishops to be given for an indefinite period to the B. M. E. Church when properly solicited, which was done, resulting in the choice of Bishop Nazrey.

But at the General Conference of 1860, Bishop Nazrey resigned his relation to the B. M. E. Church, and it was upon this authority the Indiana Conference based its action. The Bishop wishes our quotations in reference to his language, in reference to the doings of the Indiana Conference, corrected. We confess ourself unable to see what corrections, if any, it is our duty to make. It will be recollected that the Bishop in an article that appeared in the Recorder some time since, complains of the Indiana Conference among others, for neglecting to raise means to assist in defraying his expenses to California, and in this connexion, he refers to the communication of Bishop Green to the Indiana Conference, upon which the Conference expressed its disapproval of the Bishop's course as reported to us by Bishop Green and others. He, the Bishop, said, when this communication was received, some person must be *killed*. In replying to this statement we said it was the privilege of the Conference to examine his episcopal statutes without thereby being constituted man slayers or killers.

With no ill feeling toward the Bishop we must continue to hold the same view, and in conclusion must say that it is either right for Bishop Nazrey to exercise Episcopal functions, or it is wrong. If it be right, the Indiana Conference is guilty of presumption, and should make suitable apology to the Bishop. If it is wrong, he has no cause of complaint.

Yours, for justice to all men,
W R. Revels.

Indianapolis, Jan. 18th, 1862

The stars and the musical sea-wave,
Though it oft seem to fall and die,
Still sweep with their enchantful dues
An endless reach of sky
And though the halls of death
May hide the bright array,
The marshalled brotherhood of souls
Still keeps its upward way.

For the Christian Recorder.

A RELIGIOUS UNION.

Dear Christian Recorder, while perusing your most useful Recorder, my eyes fell upon a most heart-cheering piece, entitled Religious Union, which struck my attention with great force; and while seriously engaged carefully reading it, I found its sentiments truly religious, according to my knowledge of the Christian religion, and with which it is my candid opinion, that every true Christian heart must concur. The sentiments of which I speak are the Christian importance, so far as we are concerned, of the Methodist Episcopal Church uniting in one consolidated body of Christians, who may wield mighty influence in this land of suffering, and be more abundantly accepted of the great Founder and Head of the church.

Now, with regard to the letter you refer to, written by Rev. S. T Jones, in your 45th No, I think it is of the greatest importance, and with it I do most heartily concur. But with regard to the propriety of the young, waiting for the older to speak out first, I cannot see; because this subject is one of the greatest importance to the church; and it regards neither old men nor young preferable in its advancement, but calls on all to duty, because we are all one in Christ Jesus.

Dear Christian, in reference to a Religious Union, I find in your Recorder several important questions asked, and answers requested from either side of the house. Sir, as there can be no impropriety in making a trial, I proceed to answer, as follows:

1. What is the cause of us not being a great and glorious body? Ans. 1st. The founders of us as a church, in separate bodies and of different names, did not see eye to eye—did not think alike, and did not love alike—and this state of sight-feeling and love has been fostered and prepared more or less up to the present time

2d. And we their sons are partakers of and hold most sacred their sight-feeling and love of denominational distinction, with their peculiar titles one saying, I am a Bethel, the other is a Zion, this idol must be nailed to the cross, then the cause referred to will be demonstrated, and a gloriously great religious body will be brought together and consolidated: the effect that will necessarily follow is inexpressible by man

3d. What is the most healthy and effective means to be raised to remove the cause?

1st. Let brotherly love be in the clerical department of the church, which, as a general thing, has hitherto failed—yes, to our great disadvantage. Then let love absorb itself into will, and let will take hold on faith, hope and perseverance; then the cause alluded to will be removed.

4th. Who will undertake the great work of removing the cause?

Ans. 1st. Who should or who can do it? But the legislative department of each body or church who form their foundation as a church, have had the control of such matters; for there never has been any material difficulty in the way of a Religious Union, only by the priests; therefore, it belongs to them to do it.

But I am asked, How shall they or we do it? To answer this, let me suppose a case, for example: let twelve Ministers, more or less as the case may require, of character, veracity, and integrity—from both bodies, meet somewhere convenient, as members interested for the Union: let them draw up and present to each Annual Conference ensuing, a suitable memorial for their concurrence—then let there be called a general convention of the two bodies, who shall sit when and where appointed to legislate, and whatever is enacted by that body, by it we will all be governed henceforth in a general compact

Having answered, as I suppose, the question asked, I will close by saying,

For Union I'll subscribe my name
Now, hencef rth, and forever;
For Union I cannot be blamed
No, no, not now, nor never

United we may walk alone
But severed we must crawl,
United we may stand approved,
Divided we must fall.

Sweet Union is the Christian band,
Who claim they are forgiven
Tried Union is the only hand,
That takes fast hold of heaven

Come, then, dear Christians, let's unite,
And on Jesus let us fall
Then in the glorious morn of light,
We'll crown him Lord of all

John A. Williams,
Pastor of Bethel Church, Philadelphia.

THE REPOSITORY FOR 1862.

Mr Editor:—By request I pen the following in regard to the able periodical, entitled *Repository of Religion, Literature, Science, and Art.* Many have been the conjectures concerning the future of this periodical, which have only been equalled by the hopes expressed, that it might be kept in existence.

A meeting in relation to the *Repository* was held in Baltimore, on the 13th and 14th insts. The following brethren were present:—Bishop D. A. Payne, Revs. J M Brown, A. W. Wayman, D W. Moore, H. M. Turner, and James Lynch.

Bishop D. A. Payne was chosen Chairman, and James Lynch, Secretary. Several other brethren who deeply sympathised with the object of the meeting, were represented by proxy. A brief synopsis of the doings of this body is as follows:

1. It was resolved that the *Repository* should be kept in existence.

2. That hereafter it should be issued monthly at five cents a copy; the size to be the same as the quarterly, and the number of pages reduced to twenty. By this means do we propose to give the people a first-class periodical at a lower price than any published in the United States.

3. That the brethren there present and those represented, should be responsible for the expenses of the monthly publication

4. That Rev J. M Brown continue as chief editor, and Bishop D. A Payne appoint the associate editors.

5. That a financial committee be appointed by the Chairman: they are Revs A. W. Wayman, H M. Turner, D W. Moore, James Lynch, J. M. Brown.

6 That the Secretary prepare and send to the Recorder, a brief synopsis of the proceedings of these meetings.

Members of the A. M. E. Church, lovers of education, pioneers of improvement, and friends of the colored race, this grand enterprise is started under the most auspicious circumstances; because the pecuniary burden which will settle on those who take hold of it *is light;* because talent has been secured that cannot be surpassed in colored literary circles; because it offers encouragement ample, and opportunity unequalled for the development of talent, or the combat with error; advocating at all times the varied interests of Bethel connexion, wherever borne by hand or mail, stage or steamboat, to the populous city or the country town, it will sow the seeds of *Methodism* We forbear saying more, as the first issue which will appear in a few days, will contain both prospectus and appeal. Yes, every issue of a newspaper or magazine, *the real production of colored persons*, carries on its own face its own appeal that must go to the heart of every man who has been duly influenced by civilization.

Yours on behalf of the Publication Committee of *Repository*. James Lynch,
Georgetown, D. C., Jan 15th, 1862.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Editor:—You inquire why I am silent, and why I have not lately remitted for the *Recorder?* I sent you $5 during last week, and my failure to furnish your readers with my productions, may be credited to my humanity.

The interest in the *Recorder* in this section is not abating, but on the contrary, would have been on the increase, but the *Recorder* made the same mistake that a certain very poor man did, who proclaimed that he had a fatal disease, while he was searching for a wife—for he is searching yet. Well, the *Recorder* has been proclaiming that it was sick,—dangerously ill for some months, and a great many would not take it, lest it should die. But the *Recorder* comes to us looking hale, healthy, &c. May her disease not prove fatal.

Matters stand *status quo* in our churches; and of late have been the houses of amusement, and in a small degree, of instruction, creditable or discreditable, it is a fact. "The Black Swan," "The American Nightingale," *et al.* gave a series of grand operatic concerts, in Union Bethel. Fashionable audiences attended; and we had a Niblo's, or Academy of Music, on a small scale. The Hutchinson Family, singing comic and patriotic, and anti-slavery songs, in the Colored Presbyterian, and M. E. Church, Georgetown, (Old Side,) also gave great satisfaction to our people

The event of the week with us, is the lecture of Hon. Owen Lovejoy, of Illinois, at the Israel Church, Capitol Hill. We are told the Church was densely crowded with our people, and the Hon. M. C., descanted on the future of the colored people after the war, logically, prophetically, clearly, and forcibly carrying his audience clear through the vast wilderness of prejudice and slavery, into the fruitful "promised land" of equality. Not being present ourselves, as we were engaged in Baltimore, we cannot give an accurate synopsis of what is certainly the most valuable speech about us extant. The trustees having procured a permit to have the assembly, in order that it might not be unlawful, we are told that Mr. Lovejoy indignantly tore it into fragments, thus recording his bold and positive protest against this species of despotism

The emancipation thunder of Dr. Cheever, which has shaken the Smithsonian, and the walls of the Capitol—the interest which it called forth, the general approval it received, is certainly a harbinger of the good times coming, when a man shall be considered a man, whether his face be black or white, his hair woolly or straight, his nose flat or sharp, his lips thick or thin.

The great trouble here seems to be the protection of a certain part of our city. Despite all the vigilance that can be exercised, the enemy has been, and still is, making awful depredations there; that part of the city is the Treasury Department. Certainly during the hurry and bustle of the last Congress, they must have passed a bill to amend the eighth commandment, by striking out the word "not." The most unfashionable thing in these parts is honesty, either in the expression of opinion, or in business transactions One thing is certain, men may enjoy the fruits of wrong doing for a season, but even in life, evil deeds are apt to exercise a punitive power, and in death when conscience plies the lash, and hell affords the flame, the exclamation will be, how dearly I am paying for the ill-gotten gains! O! for an outpouring of God's Spirit! O! for the charge of the Holy Spirit upon the allied hosts The heavens are black with the fiery indignation of God against this nation for their sins. The sunlight of prosperity is hid, and lowly hangs the shroud of adversity. The brilliant recollections of the past flash across the mind, but they are like the forked lightnings, whose lurid glare amid the storms of the dark night, only serve to show its dangers, and add terror to the scene.

A great number of colored men are here from the North, "prospecting," instead of going right into business. I here put on record, that colored men are letting opportunities for getting wealth, slip through their fingers, that they will never again behold—"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood, &c., &c." May we learn before it is too late. Most of them have too much pride; they study about what Mr. A. or Mr B, the Misses so and so will think, if they do this or that, and Mr. A. or B., and Misses so and so will not be three cents advantage to them under any imaginable circumstance. I must conclude by giving you the French motto, "*Bontes on avant pul bien sans peine*"

Yours Sagg

LETTER FROM BROTHER ROCK

Brother Weaver: Your favor of the 1st inst. came duly to hand—and for which you will please accept my thanks I take this opportunity also to acknowledge the receipt of the paper containing what purports to be a synopsis of my life as copied from the *Independent*, and written by one of my old school teachers. It is in the main correct, and this I suppose is enough for all practical purposes. The time to write a man's biography is after he is dead, then men will render that impartial judgment which they will seldom give during his lifetime. While I thank you most sincerely, I must confess that it is not the most pleasant thing that has happened to be spread out so before the public because you know too well that the less the people know of a public man, the better they like him

With regard to writing for the Recorder, I regret to say that it is not in my power to be a regular contributor, but I will try to drop you a line occasionally on some subject of general interest to our people, or to send you a news letter from this city. I am highly pleased with your desire to devote a portion of your paper to the temporal wants of the race. Let it be a religious family newspaper, and I think it must succeed.

Your paper presents a handsome face. Its selections are most excellent, and with a little more help in the editorial department, I think you will make a paper, such as we have long felt the need of. Where are the ministers of the widely extended A. M. E. Church? have they no pride in this matter? I hope you will not be discouraged It is great enterprises that try men. I shall take great pleasure to say a word for the Recorder when I can, and I wish you that success which I believe you so richly deserve.

Yours very truly,
Rock.

Rev. E Weaver:—In looking over the Minutes of the last Session of the New England Annual Conference, a resolution came under my notice touching Publications, which reads as follows:—

"*Resolved*, On motion of Rev. W. W. Grimes, that the Christian Recorder be our organ for making various publications."

We hope that the brethren of this district will respond generally to the demands of the several Editors, not only by writing, but by getting as many subscribers as we possibly can. Let us hear from each other through the columns of the Recorder. Let them hear from us in the West, laboring faithfully, not with the Editors only, but with every one connected with us in this great field of labor, irrespective of denomination or creed; that we feel a general anxiety for the dissemination of religion, morality, literature and science.

Many of us have children; if they are to be trained up for usefulness as shepherds and as pastors, we must look to our own household first, for he that cannot, nor will not rule his own household, cannot be adequate to rule the household of God If they are properly trained they will be useful in their generation, some of them very probably will fill our places, and may consummate a great amount of good that will tell throughout the annals of vast eternity, and which we shall see in the realms of bliss. We shall there know that we have trained them up for usefulness and for heaven. In most of our charges there are very many children, let us present our thoughts in the Recorder as well as the *Repository*, and in each other's charges we may preach a sermon throughout the entire country to parents, guardians, and so by recommending a proper example, recommend a proper course of instruction and give knowledge of the great necessity of parents having some idea of human nature and thereby be prepared to train up the different members of their respective families as stewards under God, raising their little ones for his use, not for the ball-room, nor for the ale house, nor any other sinful practice, but alone for a blessing to humanity and for the glory of God.

The ladies of our church held their fair during a part of Christmas week, which was attended with considerable success considering the present state of the times. After the fair was over and current expenses paid, the ladies presented the trustee, for the purpose of lessening the pending debt, $25.80.

Mrs Sarah Wright, *President*; Mrs. Sarah Anthony, *Vice President*; Mrs. Mary Hardy, Mrs. Maria Boco, Mrs. Drusilla Lowe, Miss Lucy Bently, Miss Maria Morris, Miss Hannah Freeman, Miss Margaret Hardy, Miss Josephine Hardy, *Committee*. Yours, for the spread of truth,
Ebenezer T. Williams.

New Haven, Conn., Jan 23d, 1861.

SABBATH SCHOOL CELEBRATION IN BETHEL CHURCH.

A very interesting ceremony took place in Bethel M. E. Church, on last Sabbath, the 5th inst., on the occasion of the quarterly Anniversary of the Sunday School of said Church,—Messrs. Seymour and Fields being superintendents. The house was well filled by a respectable and literary audience. The school was opened with singing by the elder of the church, and the Rev. Elisha Weaver was called upon to pray. After which Mr. Fields catechized the different classes composing the school, and was replied to promptly and correctly, after which the scholars on the part of Dr. Armstrong, were then called up to him and took their stand upon the platform facing the audience, and each was allowed five minutes to repeat from memory the Scripture verses they had learned. Time would not admit them to repeat all they had committed to memory. Consequently they were limited to five minutes each; this being gone through with, they were then taken by the hand separately by Dr. Armstrong, who addressed them as follows: "I am here to fulfil my promise; you have fulfilled yours, in repeating from memory 1362 Scripture verses. It is a pleasing duty, and one the angels delight to look upon, and I believe will be recorded in heaven. You have performed your duty nobly, and for which I present you this Bible, this beautiful book. This precious gift from God contains the revelation of his will to us Receive it and let it be the man of your counsel; consult it often, for in it you will find wisdom, counsel, strength and comfort, in all the trying hours of life. As you pass along through life's uneven ways, and following the precepts therein taught, you will be happy in life, and in death crowned with immortality beyond the grave.

The following are the names of the scholars, with the number of Scripture verses committed to memory, who received their Bible and Testament.

Francis M. Seymore,	401.
Anna M Piner,	268.
Louisa Allen,	238.
Harry Dorsey.	72.
Mary Allen,	134
Charlotte Scott,	136.
Adam Parler,	118.

After the three first named scholars received their gifts, the crowded audience was then addressed by Dr Armstrong, on the subject of the benefit of Sunday schools, not only in our day, but in all time to come, with a word of encouragement to teachers, and Superintendents, which was followed by an address from Coulson Hilskill, Esq., Rev. Charles Parker, and the President of the Sunday-school, Rev. Stephen Smith. The meeting was then closed with prayer and benediction, by Rev Joshua Woodlin.

CONTINENTAL RESTAURANT.

The advertisement of this most popular establishment (kept by Brother Joseph H. Cole, No. 717 Lombard Street) will be found in another column in the advertising department. We most cordially recommend our friends and the public generally to give Brother Cole a call—for he is a gentleman of good standing in Bethel Church—now we believe a class leader, but formerly a Trustee of the same: and he is well worthy of the liberal support and patronage of all well-wishing and Christian friends. Everything about his entire establishment is kept neat and tidy, and all conducted in the most business-like manner Every one who would indulge in a good dish of those most delicious bivalves, *Oysters*, should just "drop in" at Brother Cole's Restaurant

For the Christian Recorder.

NOTICE

Rev Brother Editor:—Having been appointed by the Bishop and Conference to the oversight of the Camden, N. J. Circuit, of which Brother Thomas H. Cooper is preacher in charge, I accordingly held a Quarterly Conference in the A. M E. (Bethel) Church at Woodbury, on Saturday the 11th ult., for Camden, Woodbury and the Mission School House at Kaighnsville, said Conference consisting of sixteen members. We had a very agreeable time in the Conference; we had preaching on Saturday evening, love feast on Sunday morning, and sacrament after preaching, and at 3 o'clock, P. M., and also in the evening. The good Lord was pleased to meet with us in a very powerful manner, to the convincing and converting of several precious souls; and twelve came forward to the altar, and joined on probation. May the good Lord continue with Br. Cooper in his charge, and may he be a bright and shining light in the ministry. We want good, intelligent, and industrious men for the itinerant work—men that will "study to show themselves approved unto God—workmen that need not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth" from error, for the redemption of our race from the ruins of sin and death which seem to be advancing. Yours fraternally,
Joshua Woodlin.

Philadelphia, Jan. 20th, 1862.

PSALMS AND PSALMODY.

We can remember the day when the radical notion of singing, in most of our churches, seemed to be noise. If a man roared along with the precentor, he flattered himself that he was singing; and his private conviction was that the louder he roared, the better he sang The consequences were appalling. Everybody shouted at the pitch of his or her voice; shrill, quavering cries, howls, and deep bass groans rose tumultuously together; and over all, the precentor with stentorian lungs, attempted either to drown the wild discord, or reduce it to something like harmony. It is well for us that He to whom such praises were sung, listens to the music of the thankful heart, rather than to the discord of the untutored voice.

There is another feature that has been undergoing rapid improvement of late; we mean the relation of the tune to the words. Fifty years ago, such a thing was never thought of. The precentor who could get through a tune without going wrong, and stick by the same tune through successive verses, and, moreover, sing loud enough to control the voices of the people, was reckoned the right man in the right place; if not, indeed, the realised ideal, the just precentor made perfect. Many churches, however, thought themselves exceedingly well off when they could secure a precentor who, if he fell out of one tune, had a knack of easily getting into another; or, if he began a long-metre psalm to a short-metre tune, contrived to cram the lines into the short-metre without having to stop and begin over again. Such a thing as harmony between the tune and the psalm, does not seem to have entered into the heart even of a precentor to conceive. Different tunes were expected for the sake of variety; but the performance of one on the ground of its consonance with the sense of the psalm was never thought of. If a precentor had picked up a lively tune, he would use it once for a paraphrase like,

"Few are thy days, and full of woe," etc.

without any perception of incongruity; while he would sing other verses, like,

"Hark! the glad sound!"

to some tune as mournful as the wail of a cemetery. There are now in circulation several admirable books classifying the tunes according to the special emotions they are fitted to express or excite, and indicated the tunes that are most suitable to each psalm, paraphrase, or hymn.

Even when the tune harmonizes with the sentiment, there are sometimes ludicrous effects produced by repetitions and suspensions of the voice. These can be avoided by little attention, but this little attention is not always given. A few Sundays ago, we were amused to hear the choir of a church proclaim that they were about to engage in an entomological pursuit as expressed in the following line of a hymn:

"And we'll catch the flee—
And we'll catch the flee—
And we'll catch the flee—sing hear!"

SINGING IN POTTAWOTTAMESE.

A Western paper reads a severe lecture to a certain church chorister; and we copy part of the castigation for the benefit of the "haw-haw-ing gentry the world over:

"My Dear Sir—You are a chorister. Your chare of worship of the sanctuary is no slight one, and would that you appreciated it more fully. Let us illustrate the point by calling to mind, and placing before the eye, what you actually did last Sunday. The hymn had been given out. It was a familiar and beautiful one, that minds, long in glory, loved to sing while on earth, and whose spirit they did not exchange in the songs they sing now. With those words before you, this is what you sang; for our short-hand reporter, whom we had detailed for this express service in the loft, took it down *verbatim*.

"Waw-haw, waw, daw aw waw,
Thaw saw, thaw law aw waw,
Waw-haw, law thaw raw-raw-raw-braw
Aw thaw raw-jaw-saw aw."

"Now, that is what to the eye looks like pious Pottawottamie, and might be a translation for the sacred edification of that lost tribe. But to the ear, of what advantage was it? Not the most careful listening could detect the faintest approach to articulate intelligible sound. And, dear chorister, what you really ought to have sung were words that need not to have been cloaked. They were full of the spirit of the Sabbath, a very ointment box of psalmody. These were the words you travestied:"

"Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes."

"Well, what did you gain in giving the version which as stated has a startling resemblance to Pottawottamie? Was devotion heightened by your efforts? Why should you do this? Music should be the vehicle of the sentiment. Dear chorister, does not your vehicle greatly resemble one of those conveyances known to the traveling caravan, and useful only in defeating the purpose of surreptitious inspection of the animal enclosed? Don't you remember how painfully futile were your own juvenile exertions to see the kangaroo or some other hairy exotic, through a crevice? You knew the animal was there; you were none the wiser for what you saw; and the menagerie man was the most delighted party to the transaction. Now yesterday, the poor hyme (poor only because exposed to your murderously-musical assaults) was similarly shut up, and enclosed from all the senses; and for the life of us, we could not have told by any process Chironomic, whether you were vociferating in English, Iroquois, or native Indian Chorister, don't do it any more. Call your choir together during the week, ask the clergyman to give you the hymns to practise upon, and then devote time enough to the rehearsal, if time be all that is wanted, to give the sentiment and pious fervor of the hymn as clearly as from the desk itself, while your rendering of the music shall bear it higher and nearer the throne than the reader can, be his intonations the best the pulpit can produce

The above piece is well timed, and it would be well for leaders of choirs to read it.—Ed

Religious Intelligence.

American Bible Society.—The stated meeting of the managers was held at the Bible House, Astor Place, on Thursday, 2d inst., at half past three o'clock, P. M., the Hon. Luther Bradish in the chair, assisted by Wm. B. Crosby, Esq.

The decease of the Rev. Dr Turner, for many years a member of an important committee of this Society, a life director, and constant friend, was announced. Whereupon the Rev Dr De Witt read, as appropriate to the occasion, the 90th Psalm and offered prayer.

Three new auxiliaries were recognized, two in Connecticut and one in Indiana.

Communications were presented from several agents in regard to the state of the work, and the supply of soldiers; from the Rev. Ludwig S. Jacoby, Germany, in regard to publishing the New Testament and Psalter at the expense of the Society, and the large demand for them, and also in regard to preparation of the plates of a pocket German Bible with references; from Rev. Mr. Dennison, at Hilton Head, acknowledging receipt of books for South Carolina, and giving account of their distribution among soldiers, seamen, and colored persons who are learning to read; from R. C. Henderson, Demerara, B. G., returning thanks for books granted by this Society for distribution; from Rev. Isaac G. Ross, Constantinople, stating the high appreciation of the Armenian reformers Bible, electrotyped and printed at the Bible House, with some account of the distribution of the Scriptures in the East; from Rev. A. L. Blackford, Rio de Janeiro, acknowledging the receipt of books granted by the Board, with some account of the Bible work in South America.

Grants were made for the Leake and Watts' Orphan Asylum; to the Presbyterian Board of Missions; to the American S. S. Union for Hayti; to the American and Foreign Christian Union for Carthagena; to Hickman County Bible Society, Ky.; to aid in supplying two destitute counties in Michigan; fourteen volumes in raised letters for the blind; and over 11,000 volumes for supply of soldiers and sailors in the service or in the hospitals, and for colored persons at Hilton Head and Beaufort. These were granted by request of agents, chaplains, auxiliary societies, or responsible persons. This is in addition to what auxiliaries have done on their own account.

Africa.—Catholicism and Protestantism in Africa.—In the official report of the Niger Valley Exploring Party, Mr. Delany, the editor, says, in all his travels in Africa, he never saw or heard of Roman Catholic missionaries, but that it is a surprising fact, that at every slave-trading point where the traffic is carried on, is either a Roman Catholic trading port, or a native agency protected by Roman Catholics. The slave-trade is carried on in its worst forms at all those places where the Jesuit missionaries are stationed, and slaves are held by white foreigners at the old Portuguese settlements along the southern and eastern coasts, though the King of Portugal, three years ago, proclaimed liberty to all the people in his dominions. Roman Catholic Spain, the only professing Christian government which still tolerates this inhuman traffic, has expelled every Protestant missionary from the island of Fernando Po, that they might command it undebated as an export mart for the African slave-trade. On the other hand, he states that wherever Protestant missionaries are found in Africa, there are visible evidences of a higher and purer civilization, in the Sabbath and secular schools, in the introduction of the manners and customs, the arts and sciences of civilized life, and in the high regard set upon the Christian religion, and the faith reposed in the moral integrity of the missionaries.

Revival in Glasgow.—The revival in this city still goes cheeringly forward. A number of young men, who work all the week, are preaching to the common people with great power and benefit. The labors of the Free [Scotch] Church, the daily union prayer-meetings, and the efforts of an association of Christian ladies, are all much blessed. It is said that there are 100,000 people in Glasgow who attend no place of worship.

Personal.

Mr John Goodno, a Bookseller of Boston, lately deceased, left, in his will, three acres of land and twenty-five thousand dollars in cash for the establishment of a library in Sudbury, his native town.

Hon. Jacob M. Howard, of Detroit, has been chosen United States Senator from Michigan in place of the late Senator Bingham, whose term would have expired March 4, 1865.

Chauncey F. Joslin, a Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Union College, at Schenectady, New York, for a number of years, and since [illegible] President of the city of New York, died in that city on the 21st ult., about sixty-five years of age.

Colonel Samuel Colt, who has obtained a world-wide notoriety from the manufacture of Colt's revolving fire-arms, died on Friday morning, the 10th inst., at his residence in Hartford, Ct.

Hon Horace Binney, one of the ablest and most distinguished jurists of this country, and now in the eighty-second year of his age, has lately given to the world a pamphlet on "The Privilege of the Writ of Habeas Corpus under the Constitution," and conclusively shows that the right to suspend it is vested in the President, and not in Congress.

Horace Greeley delivered a lecture recently to a crowded audience in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D. C., on "The Nation," and had among his hearers, President Lincoln, Secretary Chase, and several members of Congress

Messrs. Ellis, Britton, and Eaton, of the Novelty Works, Springfield, Vermont, have proposed to give the United States fifty thousand dollars a year, for ten years, for a lease of twenty thousand acres of the land confiscated near Port Royal, South Carolina, with a guarantee of possession and protection until they propose also to give employment upon the land, support and schooling, to five thousand liberated negroes—this proposition to be accepted on or before the 20th of January, 1862 in order that arrangements may be made for the next cotton crop

Hon. Simon Cameron, having resigned his seat in the Cabinet as Secretary of the War Department, Hon E. M. Stanton has been appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate in his place.

Henry Kern, a well known citizen of Philadelphia, and an active public man during the administration, of General Jackson and President Polk, died on the 12th inst. in the 76th year of his age.

Domestic Items.

General McClellan and His Plans On Wednesday, as our readers learned yesterday by telegraph from Washington, General McClellan appeared before the Joint Committee of Congress on the Conduct of the War, and the result was that those members who had been most prejudiced against him confessed that they had done him injustice, and that they were completely in the wrong. According to all accounts, his explanations of the campaign, past and prospective, were most satisfactory, and inspired the fullest confidence in his generalship. His magnificent plans startled and astonished the Congressmen.

The interview of General McClellan on Wednesday with the Congressional Committee on the War is said to have resulted in satisfying the Committee that the plans of the Commanding General will surely effect the speedy suppression of the rebellion and the termination of the war. General McClellan is now thoroughly restored to health, and will vigorously prosecute the campaign upon the safe and wise ground he has laid down for himself.

The New York *Times* conspicuously publishes a letter, "written by a person who speaks from the highest possible authority," in defence of General McClellan's plan of military action. "The war will be over," says the correspondent, "and their dearest wishes, perhaps, be realised by the logic of events sooner than their wildest dreams anticipate." "Any attempt to weaken him with the army would be a calamity to be deplored by the whole nation. The full fruition of all our hopes is at hand." "General McClellan has caught the rebels in their own trap. They are like a fox in a burrow with one hole, where they must soon be forced out, and then General McClellan will fall upon them like a thunder-bolt. The public will not then complain of his want of energy I tell you, it will be so fearful as to have waiting and reasoning to go up from every Southern household) Knowing what I do, and have thus but barely hinted at as the grand plan of the campaign, I repeat that the rebels are doomed, and Secession will never again raise its hydra head in the land."

The Philadelphia *Press* says: "No newspaper in this country has recognized General McClellan's ability with more enthusiasm than the Press. We are his friend, and have always trusted him with the frankness of friendship, and it is with the frankness of friendship that we represent to him how earnestly and earnestly the people of this nation long for an advance movement, for 'the full fruition of all our hopes.' When he chooses to strike the blow, the rebellion must reel into perdition. There is a state of demoralization among the Southern people, they are suffering from a ruined currency, a ruined commerce, general ruin and desolation every where. Harassed, and hemmed in, the spirit is gone, and the protests against secession from all parts of the South are heart-rending The natural momentum of such an army as General McClellan commands would sweep it, if used away from the Potomac in Patagonia, and, guided by a commander entrusted and beloved, it would very soon bring peace and dignity to the Republic and eternal honor to his name."

Grand Combinations, and their Probable Success.—If General McClellan, by skillful strategetical combinations, should be able to force Beauregard from his intrenchments, the latter must retreat, probably through North Carolina. His supplies would not be drawn to any great extent from that State, but must be obtained from Tennessee and Georgia. But these links are becoming daily more uncertain. If Generals Buell and Halleck's combinations should be successful, their forces would speedily control the Virginia and East Tennessee Railroad, and thus break one great artery of supply. Burnside's column on the East, and Sherman's on the South, we may suppose would soon cut off many [illegible]

If Beauregard should make his retreat among the mountains, apart from the difficulty of transit and support, he would be among a comparatively unfriendly population, as nearly all the mountain inhabitants of the South are notoriously Unionists in sentiment. If the course be near the seaboard, our lines of communication would be easily made with the sea. Indeed, it is not probable, in any case, that the Grand Army of the North would depend upon the long line of land communications for supplies, but would connect directly with our fleet and transports in the Southern ports. Furthermore, in case of the success of General Buell's forces, there would be an army of 120,000 men in Beauregard's rear, who might either cross the mountains into Virginia, or, if his retreat were continued beyond that State, would at once march into Georgia, and support themselves on her rich grain districts, thus threatening the rebel army in front and rear. During this time General Halleck's army of 100,000 men would have been at tempting the perilous task of conquering the Mississippi Valley. With this accomplished, he would be prepared, from New Orleans as a base, to march his army through the Gulf States, and join the other victorious columns in some central point in Georgia or South Carolina.

This sketch of our campaign is, of course, outlined on the supposition that each column is to be successful—an hypothesis hardly probable. But supposing a disaster in any one of the flank and rear movements, that Halleck, for instance, is unable to force the batteries on the Mississippi, or that Sherman is detained by his next work of creeks and rivers, or Burnside is defeated, we still have the two great conquering columns of McClellan and Buell for it is difficult to believe that either of these armies can be beaten, even if for a time held in check, and these alone, or either one, ought to be able to settle the question and end the war

Where and When the War May Terminate—From a common sense view of the matter, and from observing all the movements in progress which are open to public view, it appears evident to us that, instead of the first battle being fought at Manassas, the last battle will be fought there, and then the country will reap the fruits of the victory, and be well satisfied of the profound military wisdom which planned the campaign.

We have this rebellion now so completely invested and overshadowed by an overwhelming military strength, that if the administration and the army, for even a month longer, are sustained instead of being thwarted and embarrassed by Congress, we shall have peace with the return of Spring

CONDITION OF THINGS AND STATE OF OPINION IN THE SOUTH

The Situation of the South Carolina Seaboard—The Charleston correspondent of the Richmond *Examiner*, writing under date of January 5th, gives the following as "the situation of the seaboard:"

"All accounts seem to agree as to the fact that the Yankee gunboats are admirably managed. They range at will up and down the little lagoons of the coast, and their rifled guns are always served with great precision. It was probably the consideration of this great advantage which the enemy possesses that has induced General Lee to fall back from the shore line of the main, and to choose his position for a final stand about three miles from the Ocean river. The position of the hostile forces at this time may be briefly stated as follows: The enemy, by means of his gunboats, holds command of Broad river and St Helena Sound, with all the intervening islands. His troops also occupy the main land just opposite Port Royal ferry, and can now possess themselves, when ever they please, of the rest of the shore opposite to Port Royal Island, making, in all, a tract of about six miles long and half a mile wide, immediately bordering on the Ocean river. This tract has been abandoned altogether by the Confederate forces, which have receded about three miles toward the railroad, leaving a strip of rice lands, averaging two miles in width, separating them from the positions yielded to the enemy. These rice fields have all been 'flowed' or inundated, by military authority, so that there are now only a few narrow roads by which the Yankees can push forward toward the interior. Should they advance, of course they must abandon the support of the gunboats, and trust to their own strength upon the land."

Southern Depression The Southern papers afford conclusive proof of the increasing discontent and demoralization of the rebel army. It is admitted by the Richmond journals that the insertion and consequent which has fallen upon the troops is working out terrible results. The Richmond Examiner says that, while the rebel army is accomplishing nothing, the Northern government has been making movements and assaults, and carrying on plans of attack to suit themselves, without any delays or alarms, ever since they were compelled to make hasty preparations for the defence of Washington several months ago. The whole tone of the Southern papers would seem to indicate a fear that the rebellion is in immediate danger of breaking up.

Virginia.—[Special correspondence of the New Orleans Delta.] Centreville, Va. Dec. 30th, 1861

General Beauregard's name has been from the commencement, so intimately associated with this army, that no other commander is identified with it in the popular mind. He is the idol of the army, he excites the enthusiasm of the soldiery who never he appears among them, the troops have unbounded confidence in his ability and his valor; yet Gen. Beauregard has no power to carry out any idea he may form, no opportunity to develope the plan of a campaign, no right even to execute a single movement Richmond governs, directs and plans, as far as any plans have influenced the campaign. Richmond dictates not only the policy of the war, but its method, while in the public mind expectation is directed to the generals, and high hopes are formed from their enterprise and skill. In addition to all this, General Johnston is in chief command—a soldier amply capable of conducting our army to victory, but whose admitted skill and acquirements would be far more useful to the country in a separate and independent theatre of action. The truth is, that the presence of both General Beauregard and General Johnston in the army, so far from being needed, is a means of paralyzing the usefulness of both and distracting the minds and the confidence of the soldiers.

We copy the following extract from the Richmond *Examiner* of the 8th inst.

The effect of this obstinate adherence to the defensive programme has been very deplorable upon the lists of mortality. While we have lost thousands by disease, we have lost only tens by the casualties of the battle field. The whole country is filled with mourning, and the sad lament of mother, father wife, sister, all, is that their kinsmen died the [illegible] death of the hospital and not the glorious death of the soldier on the battle field. Our noble spirits that, in volunteering for their country's defence brought to seek glory in the camp with, have paid the debt of nature upon beds of fever in fetid charnel houses of disease, where those who mourn attend to them knew not their names, and where they were lost to all possibility of discovery from anxiously seeking friends.

The Exchange of Prisoners So far almost one thousand prisoners on each side have been exchanged, nearly five hundred of whom were connected with the army of the Potomac. The system of exchanges inaugurated by our government is fully reciprocated by the rebel authorities.

The Kansas Contested Seat in the Senate The contested election case of Frederick P. Stanton against General Lane is considered one of the most interesting that ever came before the Senate. Gen Lane's right to his seat was confirmed by a vote of 24 against 16.

General Pillow's Resignation—The resignation of Gen. Pillow, I respect [illegible] federate army, is confirmed.

The Cultivation of Cotton and Sugar in the Non Slaveholding States.—The Commissioner of Patents has issued a circular, in which he says

"The cultivation of cotton in the middle portions of the free States is beginning to attract general attention. To prevent failures in its cultivation, it is proper to remark that it is a principle in vegetable physiology that tropical plants can never be acclimated in the North, except by a repeated reproduction of new varieties from seed. The attempt to grow Sea Island cotton, such as is now brought from Hilton Head, would prove a failure in any portion of the free States. The only varieties capable of successful cultivation in these sections now seeking introduction in the green seed cotton, such as is now being raised extensively in Arkansas, Missouri, Tennessee, and portions of Kentucky, and which produces the white fibre. Seed should be obtained from those localities. The acclimation of soil and climate will influence the size of the plant, the length and fineness of the fibre, and the product of the crop. No reasonable doubt is entertained of success of the culture in all mild portions of the Middle States, and efforts are now making by this division to procure the proper seed for distribution.

Puzzled by Circumlocution.—The Cincinnati *Gazette* illustrates the vexations of official circumlocution by the story of a darkey, who waited upon a certain military gentleman with a bill of $1.15, for washing done at the camp hospital, which, after undergoing a rigid scrutiny by the officer, was returned with the following explanation, which the astonished son of Ethiopia listened to with an equal amount of wonder and perplexity. "This bill," said the military gentleman, "will first have to be sent to the Quartermaster-General at Washington, and he will report to the Adjutant General, who will lay it before the Secretary of War for his approval. The Adjutant being satisfied, it will be sent to the Auditor of State, who will approve of it and send it to the Secretary of the Treasury, who will send it to the United States Treasury, who will at once dispatch an order to the collector of this port to pay the bill." The darkey relieved himself of a long-drawn sigh. "Then, masse," he remarked, "dat last gemblan you spoke of pays for de washing, does he?" "No," continued the other, "he will hand it to the Quartermaster: but, as there is no such officer at present, some proper person must be appointed by the Secretary of War, under direction of the President, and his appointment must be approved by the Senate. Congress not being in session now, the commission cannot be issued until after it meets. When this commission is received, the Quartermaster will show it to the collector and demand the funds. You will then call upon him; he will examine your bill, and if correct, he will pay it. You give your receipt." The unfortunate negro first scratched his head, then shook it, and finally said, "I guess I'll hab to let dis washing slide, but it am de last job I does for Uncle Sam, shu'e!"

Our National Coin.—It is said that the Secretary of the Treasury has ordered the devices on our national coin to be so changed as to signify the religious faith of the nation, and its trust in a Supreme Being

Although a large number of men were arrested and severely punished in Arkansas for expressing sentiments friendly to the Federal Union, it appears by a rebel paper published in Little Rock that some of those who sympathized with them were not intimidated by the threats and punishment of the rebels. It appears that a Mr. Edmundson, one of the prominent conservative Union men, who betrayed the secrets of the league of Union men, and thus carried a number of them to be hung, and others to be incarcerated in prison, was shot dead by a party of men in disguise.

The Latest News—If we may judge by the signs of the times, we are on the eve of extraordinary movements. Gen. M Clellan has issued an order, stating that no more furloughs will be granted to officers and men, except in cases of the most urgent necessity. Gen. Wool, no doubt thinking that the Burnside Expedition has struck an effective blow, has sent a notice to Gen. Huger, commanding at Norfolk, to immediately remove the women and children out of that town, as he has determined to make an attack on it. Several of the Federal frigates at Fortress Monroe, were making extensive preparations to carry out the orders of General Wool, and a French man-of-war had gone to Norfolk, to protect French interests in that place. The people there were in a high state of excitement, not relishing an attack from General Wool in the front, and Burnside in the rear, and troops were continually arriving there in large bodies. In General Halleck's division, everything wears a brightening aspect, and betokens movements of an extensive character. A large portion of his troops have gone in quest of Price, whose object it is believed is to retire into Arkansas, while another portion is making preparations to take part in the Mississippi Expedition, whenever it is ready to start. The utmost activity prevails in Buell's division, and preparations are being made by him to clear effectually of rebels that portion of Kentucky embraced in his department.

One hundred and fifty more released Federal prisoners arrived at Fortress Monroe, from Richmond, on Friday. The names of those exchanged, and the regiments to which they belong, will be found in another column. They met with a hearty reception at the Fortress, and it is said that their enthusiasm at once more beholding the old flag they had fought, and bled for, was unbounded.

If we may believe the Richmond papers, Union feeling in Richmond is not yet entirely smothered. Hon. James Lyons was appointed by the rebel War Department to visit several persons confined in the Richmond jail on the charge of expressing Union sentiments, and he has just made a report that he finds six of them guilty. He recommends that they be hung as traitors. His recommendations, so far as we can learn, have not yet been carried out.

Romney has been occupied by the Federal troops, and the rebels, under the command of General Jackson, have marched into the town and occupied it. Our forces fall back to Patterson creek, where they have been reinforced.

Com. Tatnall, one of the most distinguished U. S. navy officers who espoused the rebel cause at the commencement of the war, has recently resigned his position in the rebel navy, and retired from the service in disgust.

The Richmond *Examiner* of the 10th inst., says, that up to the 12th inst., 540 Confederate soldiers had been buried in the Hollywood Cemetery, near that city. It endeavors to explain this great mortality by asserting that a large proportion of the sick soldiers of the rebel army are sent to Richmond when they are in the last stages of fatal diseases.

The same journal contains an article which complains bitterly of the present position of affairs in the South. It alleges that McClellan holds Beauregard and Johnston in a vice—that the Union armies are preparing to make terrible demonstrations in every direction, and that the only hope for rebel success, is so to strengthen the forces of General A. S. Johnston at Bowling Green, as to enable him to break through our lines in Kentucky, and force his way into Ohio.

The New Orleans *Bulletin*, of the 7th, mourns the effectiveness of the blockade of that port It admits that New Orleans has been hermetically sealed to the commerce of the world for the last six months, and urges the citizens of Louisiana to make an effort to destroy it, as they have long "waited in vain for the Confederate Government to perform that service."

The War in Kentucky.—GREAT VICTORY!—Gen. Zollicoffer, learning that the Federal forces had appeared in his rear marched out of his entrenchments at Beech on Sunday morning (19th) and attacked General Schoepff in his camp. Our [illegible] were driven in at an early hour and before daylight the attack was made. The battle raged with great fury until three o'clock in the afternoon, when Zollicoffer having been killed, the whole force of rebels fled in confusion to their camp. The loss is not stated but it is thought to be heavy.

The Rebel Peyton, Jr., who is among the killed, is a son of the distinguished ex-member of Congress of that name from Tennessee.

Our [illegible] have been very decisive, and will result in the rout of the whole force defending the right flank of the rebels' position at Bowling Green.

General Thomas, on Sunday afternoon, followed up the rebels to their entrenchments, sixteen miles from his own camp. He found their entrenchments deserted—the rebels having left all their cannon, quartermaster's stores, tents, horses, and wagons, which fell into our hands.

The rebels, in dispersing, had crossed the Cumberland river in a steamboat and nine barges, at White Oak creek, opposite their encampment at Mill Spring. Two hundred and seventy-five rebels were killed and wounded, including Zollicoffer and Peyton. The dead were found on the field.

The Tenth Indiana Regiment lost 75 killed and wounded.

Zollicoffer disgraced himself by committing many fearful outrages in Southern Kentucky. The loyal inhabitants of that region have been most unmercifully maltreated and plundered by his prowling bands. His forces were mainly relied upon to prevent the march of our troops into Eastern Tennessee, and his death and the defeat of his army will probably not only render Southern Kentucky free from the ravages of the enemy, but greatly diminish the difficulties of a forward movement through the Cumberland Gap.

Gen. George H. Thomas, the senior Union general engaged in the late battle, is a native of Virginia, and is one of those loyal officers in the regular army from the seceded States who resisted the machinations of the rebels. When the rebels first invaded Kentucky, he, with Generals Sherman and Schoepff, was sent in that State to take charge of the Federal troops, and repel the invaders.

General Schoepff, his associate brigadier, is a Hungarian by birth, who came to this country to escape the persecutions inflicted on his countrymen. At the commencement of the present rebellion, he held a position in the Patent Office; but, being known to possess military qualities of a high order, he was, on the recommendation of [illegible] appointed to a brigadier-generalship, and assigned to duty in Kentucky.

The Latest—Further particulars of the recent battle at Somerset have been received. The rebels in their precipitate flight from Mill Springs, left two hundred dead and wounded on the field, besides all their cannon, ammunition, and commissary and quartermaster's stores. Their rout was complete, and as no official intelligence from General Thomas was received yesterday at General Buell's headquarters in Louisville, it is presumed that he is busily engaged in following up the enemy, and making prisoners of a large portion of them. The affair was one of the most brilliant victories achieved by the Federal arms since the present rebellion broke out, and too much praise cannot be awarded to the gallant officers and privates who were engaged in it.

Ex-President Tyler died at Richmond, on Friday night, after a very brief illness.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Jan. 18.—A letter received here from a reliable source, at Newbern, dated the 15th inst., says that forty-three Federal vessels are at Hatteras.

An official despatch received at Wilmington, January 19th, from Goldsboro, N. C., January 16th, says that thirty-four small steamers and sixteen sailing vessels were inside, and several large steamers were outside of Hatteras. More are reported at Pamlico Sound

The Recognition of the Southern Confederacy—Comments of the English Press.—[From the London Morning Herald of December 24th—Lord Derby's Organ.]—It may be represented to us that it is impolitic to take open cognizance of a State that, after all, may enjoy but an ephemeral existence; that it were, at all events, wise to wait until the impossibility of the conquest of the South shall be more conclusively demonstrated. And yet we must admit that a pretty strong case could be made out for an immediate recognition of the Confederate government, even whilst we are on peaceful terms with the North!

Thus, all precedent in Europe, and certainly the practice of the Federal Government itself, appears to warrant us in an immediate recognition of the Independent Confederate States.

More Cotton in England Now than at the Same Period Last Year.—[From the London Star, Dec. 23.]—The planters of the Confederate States have made an egregious blunder in supposing that, by retaining their cotton, they could coerce England into an interposition in their favor. So far as they are concerned, cotton is no king. It is not like Tokay, or Johannisberg wine, to be produced only on one given spot of the earth's surface. The demonstration of this, as a fact, is due to the revolt of the Southern States; and the continuance of the blockade, or of whatever other obstacle exists to the exportation of Sea Island cotton, will make the fact an extensive and permanent one.

Now, nine months after the work of Secession began, although the policy of the South has concurred with the objects of the North in prohibiting the export trade of the former, we, in England, find ourselves as well off, nearly, for cotton, as a year ago; that is to say, we have now as large a stock of the article on hand as we had this time twelvemonths. A return which we printed yesterday shows, indeed, that on the 20th of this month there was actually larger stock of cotton at Liverpool than on the 20th of December, 1860.

Our real and enduring interest, therefore, concurs with our clear duty in recognizing the decree of the Federal Government which closes the ports of the South. It is really for our interest that the cotton supply should continue for some time longer, for it will necessitate our getting cotton elsewhere, and not from one country only, but from several.

Curious things are doing in FRANCE. The Church of Rome is about to come again into civil court. Not long since a Romish priest, M Bronet, I believe formerly incumbent of Cendrieux, in Dordogne, requested the Mayor of that place to perform the marriage ceremony for him. The Mayor, assuming that it was wrong for a Roman priest to marry, refused. M. Bron asked for the law, upon which the Mayor refused. It could not be produced, and M Bron, claiming that as a citizen of France he had the same rights and privileges as other citizens, and as the Mayor still refused, he has instituted legal proceedings to compel him to do his duty. Surely France has changed from the day when the word of Rome was law.

Died.

Departed this life, December 3d, ELIZABETH ANN SMITH, the wife of Elder J. H. Smith, of the A. M. E. Church.

She had been sick for the last two years, and during the principal part of that time she suffered much—but, with Christian fortitude she bore up under her afflictions, and left the world in full triumphs of faith in a living Redeemer, for her Christian watch-word was, "I know that my Redeemer liveth; for he liveth in me—the hope of glory; and that my record is on high, and my witness is in heaven." Sometimes she would say, "I wonder why my Lord leaves me here so long to suffer. I long to be gone to my long and never-ending home." And then she would say, "I must have patience and wait till my change comes, and then I will suffer no more." The soul of our sister has gone to heighten the triumph above—to add to Jesus' throne, and clasped in the arms of his love.

The funeral sermon of Sister SOPHIA ANN RESSY was preached on Sabbath, the 5th inst., in Mount Pisgah A. M. E. Church, West Philadelphia, by Elder J. H. Smith, of Burlington circuit. The services were opened by reading the 23d Psalm. The hymn sung was on page 427—

"Hosanna to Jesus on high,
Another has entered his rest,
Another has 'scaped to the sky,
And lodged in Immanuel's breast."

After the singing, Brother James Frisby addressed the Throne of Grace in a manner well suiting the occasion, after which the choir sang, and then Brother Smith arose and announced the text from the 21st chapter of Revelation, part of 4th verse, "There shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

Sister Berry departed this life April 4th in the full triumph of faith, having been converted in her early childhood days. She told Br. Smith, a few days before she died, when he visited her, that she was going to heaven to shout one eternal round of praise.

She had been a member of the Mount Pisgah Church about twelve years, faithfully adhering to all the rules of government, and also a member of the Benevolent Daughters of Harmony for the past twelve years, and had been their Treasurer for ten years, up till the day of her death. The Benevolent Daughters turned out and made a good appearance on the occasion.

Brother Acorn followed Brother Smith in a very pleasing exhortation, having been a class-mate of Sister Berry, and once he had been her leader. The concluding hymn was sung.

"Jerusalem, my happy home,
O how I long for thee,"

after which the Benediction was pronounced by Bro. J. H. Smith.

Amityville, Jan 11, 1862.

From the Huntington Circuit to the *Christian Recorder*

As our Quarterly Conference met at the above date, in calling the roll it was found that since we last met the Lord had see fit to take from our number Rev. Brother James Sayres.

The Chairman, Rev. L. C. Speaks, then stated to the Conference that we ought to pay some token of respect to our Rev. Father, as we have an organ by which it may be communicated. On motion, it was resolved by Henry C. Thompson that we should draw up a memoir of the life and death of our departed brother and father

We, your Committee, to whom was referred the duty to draw up a memoir of the life and death of the departed brother, beg leave to submit the following:—

In memory of Rev. Jacob Smith, who departed this life at Roslyn, L. I., Oct. 15, 1861

A mighty man has fallen in Israel—Rev. Jacob Smith. He was a man of most exemplary and devoted piety and Christian zeal. It is due to his memory to say he was a man of God. Our brother lived a Christian life, and when he had accomplished, as a hireling, his day, he quitted the world, dying in the full triumph of faith.

Before his death he requested Brother Anthony Kato to preach his funeral sermon from the text, 2d Timothy, fourth chapter, seventh verse—"I have fought the good fight." He also requested the hymn on page 419 to be sung.

"And let this feeble body fail."

He was buried Oct 17, in the Cedar Swamp burying ground

He was one of the first pioneers [illegible] among the early Fathers. Soldier of Christ, well done!—the battle's fought—the victory's won

The names of the Committee are,

HENRY C. THOMPSON,
LEWIS BURRIS,
GEO. M. APPLEBY

THOS. BURTON, Secretary
[illegible] Speaks,
Presiding Officer.

Died in New Bedford Mass January 14th, 1862, Mr. ARCHY CLARK, in the eighty seventh year of his age.

Brother Clark was born in Prince George's Co, Maryland; in 1812 he emigrated to the North; the principal part of the time he has resided in this city for the last twenty-five years he has been a faithful member of the Christian Church. He was much beloved by all that knew him; truly a father is to rest to gone to rest. After six months' severe affliction he fell asleep in Jesus. W W G

Advertisements.

The UNITED Brothers and Sisters of Rev. Willis Nazary Society, are requested to attend their regular stated meeting the 19th of this month, at 8 o'clock, P. M., on the corner of Quince and Locust Streets. Punctual attendance is strictly requested, by order of the President

E. MASSEY, *Secretary* ANDREW BELL, *President*

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth session, April 10th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

From Garnet Union No 8, D. of T.; from Phœnix Union, No 3, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No 10, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa from Dr Rue' Union, of Carlisle, Pa, from Mount Olive Union, No. 13, D. of T.; from Vanbrakle Union, No 15, D. of T., of Norristown, Pa

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—

Grand P., Sister Bennet; Grand Associate, Sister Rurdin, Grand Treasurer, Sister Fawcett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dubbard; Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall

G. P. P., Sister E. Bennett, G. P. P. Sister Abrahams,
" " E. Bowen, " " J. F. Reed,
" " M. H. Bruce, " " E. A. Crane,
" " S. Newman, " " White,
" " S. Davis, " " S. Hall.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY

The Stated Quarterly Meetings of the Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August, and November

The meetings of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the society.

Mrs. SARAH CARTER,
Pres. pro tem

Mr L. R. SAUNDERS, *Sec'y*

MRS JOHNSON AND MRS. WARE

Beg leave to inform the Public in general that they continue

LAYING OUT AND SHROUDING THE DEAD.

REFERENCES.

Thomas Charnock, No. 427 south Sixth Street
James Le Count, No. 930 Richmond Street
Thomas W. Allmond No. 1627 Rodman Street

☞ ALL ORDERS ATTENDED TO AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE

Mrs. JANE JOHNSON, Residence—618 S. 8th St. | Mrs. ANN WARE, Boarding-house—541 Lombard St

THE BOOK DEPOSITORY
OF THE
AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,
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We keep on hand, in connexion with our other books Sabbath school books of various kinds, Question Books, Catechisms Nos 1, 2 and 3. We have a good assortment of such books as are generally used in the Public Schools. Also, Stationery, Inks, Pens, Paper, Envelopes and Blank Books.

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GOOD NEWS

To Tailors, Brass makers, and to those wishing to be such Also, to owners of sewing machines, silver lacquers, and large families. Go to no shop (by private) dare those which such Publishers that you can learn to cut and fit perfectly by Our Process, Boys' and Men's Pants Vests, Jackets, Sack and Over coats

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Jan16—1y

MRS. E. A. PALMER'S
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[illegible] of the best varieties of Lehigh and Schuylkill [illegible] at the following rates, payable

Lehigh Chestnut per ton, ... $4 25
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Schuylkill, Stove, and Egg, and Broken, and Screened, ... 4 25
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CLOTHING,
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WILLIAM STILL'S
STOVE STORE,
107 NORTH FIFTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and all in want of good stoves, that he has now on hand a general variety of excellent PARLOR, COOK and CHAMBER STOVES, including Gas-burning, as well as other patterns, which he is selling at very low rates He buys entirely for cash, of the best wholesale foundries, and of course can sell much cheaper than those buying on the usual credit system. At any rate his friends are invited to give him a call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere, as he feels that they would be convinced that it would be to their interest to give him their patronage Coal orders constantly on hand. WM STILL.

Mr. A. Burris and his troupe announce a grand prize concert, to come off on Wednesday evening, Jan 7th 1862, at the Franklin Hall, 816th Street, below Arch, at which time he promises a rich and rare treat to his friends, lovers of music, and the public in general

ADMISSION 25 CENTS

☞ Give them a call

MRS S. SHORTER HAWKINS

Would call the attention of her customers and the public generally to her stock of millinery, trimmings, clothing, and domestic goods, selling at prices to suit the times, and ten per cent. cheaper than can be bought elsewhere. Regalia trimmings for Secret Orders, viz.: Knottips, fringe, gimp tassels, stars, &c., always on hand At the old establishment

615 LOMBARD STREET

JOSEPH H. COLE,
CONTINENTAL RESTAURANT,
NO. 717 LOMBARD STREET, PHILA.,
(Above Seventh St., under Philadelphia Institute.)

Where he continues to keep always on hand the very best assortment of OYSTERS and other refreshments hoping that all his friends and the public in general will favor him with their patronage

☞ Meals served at all hours. Farmers supplied with Oysters of the best quality and flavor at the short est notice

☞ Also, parties and private waiting done on the most reasonable terms

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Winter Term of 14 weeks opens Dec. 6th

AN EFFICIENT CORPS OF TEACHERS,

[illegible] beautiful location and well appointed buildings present unsurpassed advantages to those studious and gentlemanly, wishing to pursue a thorough course of study either in Classics, Sciences, Mathematics, Modern Languages Music Organ, Guitar, and Singing) Ornamentals, Penmanship or Book Keeping

Board and Tuition in Common English $30 per session

Send for a Catalogue. Address

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WILLIAM DONALDSON
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The best quality of Pine [illegible] White Ash family [illegible]

VISIT
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THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD!
Jewelry and Silver Plated Ware

The following is a partial list of the Goods offered for ONE DOLLAR EACH—the same as are usually sold at from 62½ to $1 each

ONLY ONE DOLLAR EACH!
SILVER PLATED WARE.

Sets of six Forks, (plated on German Silver.)
" Table Spoons, " "
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Pairs of Butter Knives, " "
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Nut Crackers, " "
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Goblets, " "
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Knife rests, " "
Pairs Napkin Rings, " "
Silver Pencils, (with Gentns Gold Pen.)

The above Goods are nearly all manufactured by me, and warranted to give satisfaction

YOUR CHOICE FOR ONE DOLLAR!
JEWELRY AND FANCY GOODS

Ladies' Came

THE CELESTIAL ARMY

I hear the tramp of unseen armies
And the sound of marching feet
As I hear the westward-moving throng
Pass slowly out of sight.

Slowly the bright procession
Wends its way [illegible]
And my soul discerned the [illegible]
Of marching troops in mail.

I hear the great celestial army
Marching to the [illegible]
It seems the starlit [illegible]
Of the mighty martial beat.

Onward, forever onward,
Red Mars led down his clan,
And the moon, like a mailed warden,
Was riding in the van.

And some were bright in beauty,
And some were [illegible]
But these might be, in their greatest height,
The noblest of them all

Downward, forever downward,
Behind Earth's dusky shore,
They passed into the unknown night,
They passed [illegible]

No more! Oh sad note!
And I cried aloud in my grief
For the sight is weak and the sense is dim,
That looks through heated dust.

For stars and the moon I mourn,
Though they seem to fall and die,
Still sweeps with the [illegible]
An endless reach of sky.

And though the hills of death
May hide the bright array,
The marshalled [illegible]
Still keeps its upward way.

Upward, forever upward,
I see their march sublime,
And hear the glorious music
Of the conquerors of time.

And long let me remember
That the gulest Unrest is
May to diviner vision be
A bright and blessed sun

MY DARLING.

Out in the darkness, blinded by pain,
I reach for my darling, in vain, in vain,
For the death angel far over the river,
Carried my baby forever, and ever.

Baby, oh, baby! were you afraid
While in the arms of the angel you laid?
Did he caress you, and kiss you to sleep,
On the long journey, for fear you would weep?

Does the dear Jesus, now, as of old,
Take little children into his fold?
Plead with them, little ones, [illegible]
Is my soul's dream-land sometimes to roam,
Then shall my spirit, forgetting its pain,
Clasp you with rapture, again and again;
And when each morrow comes day after day,
I'll take up my burden and search for the way.

At dawn never more her blue eyes shine
Out of the darkness, searching for mine,
Fairy tones, lisping word after word,
In the heart's chamber may only be heard,
The little feet wearied day after day
Struggled, how vainly, to keep on the way;
Then in its weariness seeking for rest,
Sank the hot forehead close to my breast.

Tiny hands gathered the snow-drop no more;
Long grew the butter-cup close to the door;
Weeping, the violets clung to the ground,
Their beauty unheeded.—Their treasures unfound.
She lay on my bosom, all wordless with pain,
But kissed me, and kissed me, again and again,
One long last look—the last—oh! the last
And out of our home a cherub she passed.

Softly the sunlight stole in the room,
Lifting the shadows out of the gloom,
All, save the one that fell on my heart,
No light had reached it—how could it depart?
I called her my own, forgetting that He
Who asked for her new, *lent* her to me,
When a bright angel bearing His love,
Said that my darling would lead me above.

Pigeon Creek, June 1st. E. FRANCES R.

A CHICKEN STORY,

WHICH TURNED OUT TO BE ABOUT A DUCK.

"Susy," said George, "let's go and tell stories."

"Well," said Susy.

So George and Susy went down the garden and through the barn-yard, and climbed up by a rail fence to the roof of a shed that was built against the west side of the barn. This was the place where they often went to tell stories. They liked it because they were sure to be free from interruption, mounted up so high, and also because it commanded a very pleasant view. They could see from here the great poultry-yard, and the round pond that bordered one side of it, and, across the pond, the woods which edged its further bank.

"What kind of stories shall we tell?" said Susy, when they were comfortably seated on the shed.

"We will tell chicken stories," replied George, looking down on the clucking, squawking throng in the poultry-yard.

"Well," said his sister, "you begin."

George looked all round among the chickens, and ducks, and turkeys, to find a proper subject for his story. Finally he began thus:

"Early one spring morning, an old duck that had a nest in the bushes on the very edge of the pond, hatched all her ducklings. As soon as they were fairly out of the shell she gave them some breakfast, and then made them go to sleep in the nest. You see, Susy," said George, going back a little, "that the nest was not in our poultry-yard, but on the other side of the pond, near the woods. She made her nest over there to be quiet. Well, when the ducklings were all asleep, as she was very tired of sitting still, and as it was a warm morning, she thought she would just take a swim. So away into the water she went, clear out to the middle of the pond. As she was ducking, and diving, and splashing there, what should come out of the woods but a most dreadful hungry, savage fox, hunting for his breakfast! He smelt out the nest, and spied the fat old duck, swimming about just beyond his reach in the water. Now, you know, Susy, the fox did not care to eat the ducklings, because when they are just hatched they are not much else but bills and legs—though, I suppose, if he had chosen, he could have gobbled them, bills and all, at a mouthful; but he was determined to have the old duck. He was afraid to venture into the water after her, for he was a coward as he was a thief; and so he set all his wits at work devising a plan to make her come on shore." Here George stopped a little, and began to set his own wits at work.

"Well," said Susy, much interested, "what did the fox do?"

"First," continued George, "he hid himself behind some bushes, for fear the duck should see him, and set up such a squawking as would bring somebody down to the pond to see what was the matter. And then he began to consider his plan.—It happened, Susy, that he had been prowling round here so often that he had heard you when you had sometimes come very early to feed the chickens; and he thought he knew just the way you always call them: 'chick,' 'chick,' 'chick.' He was as awfully conceited fellow, who thought himself so clever and cunning that he could do anything, and he concluded that he could make the call just as you did. So this was the plan he formed, that he would call—chick, chick, chick; and when the duck, thinking you had come to feed the fowls, came to take her ducklings over to breakfast in the poultry-yard, he would spring upon her from behind the bushes, and carry her off to his den to devour her. He was so pleased with this thought that he waved his bushy tail to and fro, and his mouth watered, and he licked his jaws with his tongue.

"Well, his plan was all very good; but when he tried to work it, don't you see? he could no more call 'chick,' 'chick,' than you can sing like a canary. 'Cr-e-ock, cr-e-ock,' he barked, and it sounded so much like his own natural voice that the duck fluttered in the water, quite alarmed, and glanced fearfully around; but as she saw no fox, she soon went on again with her ducking and diving.

"When the fox saw his plan had failed, he almost growled out loud with disappointment, but was afraid to make a noise because he did not want the duck to discover him. So he set himself to thinking of some other way to get her [illegible] like the young ducks. He knew that if their mother heard them crying, she would come to a [illegible] but call like a young girl, it was no reason why he should not cry like a young duck. So he [illegible] possible; but when he had done his very best, it sounded most like Bezy whining at your chamber door in the morning, only a great deal more shrill and hoarse, and the old duck took no more notice of it than she would of the wind or the cat birds. The fox was terribly enraged, but as he stood snarling to himself in his anger, an ugly thought came into his wicked old head. 'I'll [illegible] like the ducklings,' he growled, 'I'll make the ducklings cry for me.' He went down to the nest, that was built on a mass of dead leaves and sticks lodged round the root of the old tree that hung over the water, and put his great, rough paws right among the little soft ducklings, rolled up asleep?"

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"George," said Susy, "was that the fox that was caught in our trap last night?"

"Yes," said George; "and I am going to have a pair of mittens made out of his skin."

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This language is none too strong. It is positively wicked to subject tender children to such treatment, which would be fatal to adults of vigorous constitution. In our changeable climate, especially, too great precaution can scarcely be taken to guard the throat and lungs from disease They need not be kept muffled with warm clothing, but should always have sufficient protection to guard against the sudden changes, for which this country is noted. Keep the children's chests and arms covered if you would have them healthy.

HYACINTHS IN WINTER

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THE SIN THAT KILLED THE BABY.

A correspondent writes to the *American Agriculturist* to the following effect:—"I recently attended the funeral of a child of three or four summers. The minister, during his remarks, dwelt upon the fact, that death is the result of sin, which I agreed with. But I thought, while looking upon the lifeless form, that the sin which killed this little one was sin against natural as well as spiritual laws. She was clad for the grave in the garments she had worn while living, and the bare neck and arms, exposed while the child was in health, to gratify the vanity of the parents, had invited the disease which proved fatal. That was the sin which killed the baby, and which is making fearful work with hundreds of others, whose parents prefer fashion to health, and the exhibition of their children's beauty to the safety of their lives."

This language is none too strong. It is positively wicked to subject tender children to such treatment, which would be fatal to adults of vigorous constitution. In our changeable climate, especially, too great precaution can scarcely be taken to guard the throat and lungs from disease They need not be kept muffled with warm clothing, but should always have sufficient protection to guard against the sudden changes, for which this country is noted. Keep the children's chests and arms covered if you would have them healthy.

HYACINTHS IN WINTER

Butler and McCullough's extensive catalogue of Dutch and Cape Bulbs, just published, lays down the following directions for the winter culture of hyacinths: "Place the bulb on the top, and fill the glass with pure rain or soft water, as as almost to touch its base. The glasses should then be placed in a perfectly dark, cool, but not damp, situation, and, in the course of three or four weeks the bulbs will have become sufficiently rooted, and may be removed to the light. In all cases a flower stand or table close to the window is the most desirable position; nevertheless, the hyacinth may be grown successfully on the mantel-piece, or on the centre-table of the room, provided there be sufficient light. The Dutch have another very interesting mode of culture—they take a flat dish, either crystal or porcelain, about the depth of a soup plate, and, according to its size, place three, six, nine or twelve strong, healthy bulbs in about half an inch of water In a few days the roots begin to spread out horizontally, and so clasp each other, that, in the course of a few weeks, they form a natural support for the group. The bulbs may or may not be covered with moss

MENTAL LABOR MORE EXHAUSTING THAN MANUAL.

The Dublin *Agricultural Review* has the following: To the Rev. Professor Haughton, of Trinity College, Dublin, a philosopher who has enlarged the boundaries of many departments of science, we are indebted for an admirable physiological investigation the results of which have established the curious fact, that the greatest, or we should, perhaps, say the lowest manual [illegible] the greatest eater. The Professor asserts that a man who labors neither bodily nor mentally, but who merely lives, will excrete, for every pound of his weight, two grains of urea per diem. Thus, a man weighing 150 pounds, and engaged in no physical or mental employment, will excrete 300 grains of urea. The urea being the product of the complete decomposition of the nitrogenous animal tissues, it is necessary that the man should consume a quantity of food capable of yielding an amount of nitrogen equivalent to that contained in 300 grains of urea. This quantity of food sufficient, according to the Professor, to keep alive 150 pounds weight of man and the whole of the food is termed by the Professor [illegible] In the case of a working man of standard (150 pounds) weight, the amount of motive power developed by him is indicated by the quantity of urea eliminated from his body, which, in the case of hard-working laborers, is about 400 grains.—We find, then, that a man employed in manual labor, of an unintellectual character, must employ a quantity of food sufficient, by its decomposition, to yield 400 grains of urea, and of this quantity, of aliment three-fourths are expended in keeping the body alive, and the remaining fourth in mechanical work—*opus mechanicum*. A man engaged in mental labor eliminates a quantity of urea varying, according to Professor Haughton's experiments, from 481 grains to 516 grains, clearly proving that mental work causes a much greater waste of tissue than manual labor.

Professor Haughton states that men employed in more unusual routine labor require only a vegetable diet, while those who are engaged in pursuits requiring the mental [illegible] intellectual faculties must be supplied with food of a better kind.

If you wish to be happy, keep busy, idleness is harder work than plowing, a great deal, there is more fun in sweating an hour, than there is yawning a century

Domestic Markets.

The Flour market has undergone no change, and holders are firm in their demands, but there is very little inquiry, except for high grades of extra family, at 5.25. The sales to the retailers and bakers range from 5.31 to 5.50 per barrel for common and good [illegible] for extra family. 6.37 up to 7 for fancy lots, according to quality. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are dull; sales of the former at 3.75, and the latter at 3 per barrel. A sale of 300 barrels Brandywine was made at 4.124

WHEAT.—The market is fairly supplied, and the [illegible] at 1.50 and 1.57 per bushel, and small lots of white at [illegible]

BEESWAX is scarce, and prime yellow, if here, would command 32 and 33 c per pound.

CANDLES.—Prices are at only for both Sperm and Adamantine, but there is very little demand for any description.

COFFEE.—The stock has been increased by the [illegible] demand is moderate, but holders very firm; sales of 2,200 bags Rio at 17¼ and 21 cents, 300 bags Laguayra at 22 c., and 140 bags Jamaica at 22 cts., on [illegible]

COTTON.—The latest foreign advices have had [illegible] light and holders very firm in their demands, with small sales of low and good middling Uplands at 15 and 16 cts, and South American at 15 and 16 c.

FEATHERS are steady, with further sales of good Western at 37 and 38 c per pound

FISH.—Mackerel are very dull, there being very little demand, except for small lots from store; sales of No 1s at $10 and 10.25 per barrel, 2s at 8, 3s at 6.25, for large, 5.50 and 5.75 for medium, and 4 for small. Six hundred barrels Eastport Pickled Herring sold in small lots at 2 and 3.50 per bbl; Codfish are held firmly at 4.25.

HIDES.—There is very little doing and the stocks of all kinds are nearly exhausted. Of Oranges and Lemons there are few or none here. Domestic Fruit comes forward slowly. Sales of Green Apples at $3 and 4 per barrel, and Dried Apples at 5 and 7½ c. per pound, for old and new, as to quality. Unpared [illegible] quarters and halves. Cranberries are worth $5 and 10 per barrel, for common to choice quality.

GLASS.—There is nothing doing, and no trade is anticipated until the opening of navigation.

HEMP is held with more firmness, and there is very little stock here to operate on.

HIDES are dull. An import of twenty six hundred and thirty Porto Cabello has arrived, and remains unsold.

HOPS are very dull, and sell in a retail way at 20 and 22 cents per pound for new Eastern and Western.

LUMBER.—The demand continues limited for all kinds, but prices have undergone no change. A cargo of yellow pine sap Boards sold at 13.50 per M feet Lathe are held at 1.20 and 1.25.

MOLASSES is but little inquired after, and the market is quiet; sales of Cuba Muscovado at [illegible] New York Syrup at 32 and 36 c.

OILS.—Linseed continues to sell freely at 85 and 86 c. per gallon. Fish Oils are firm, and for winter Sperm holders have put up their prices, and are now demanding 165. In Red Oil there is nothing doing. Lard Oil is quiet, with sales at 70 and 75 c. for City and Western winter; of Coal Oil, prices are less firm; sales at 45 and 50 c.

PLASTER.—There is more coming forward; the last sale was at 2.25 per ton.

RICE.—The stock is very light, and holders have put up their prices, sales at 7 and 7¼ c., cash.

SALT.—Prices are looking up; an invoice of three thousand sacks Liverpool, ground and fine, and two cargoes of Turks' Island, have arrived since our last notice, one of which has been disposed of privately.

SEEDS.—There is more demand for Clover seed, with sales of two thousand bushels fair and prime at 4.25 and 4.50, including some from second hands at 4.40 and 4.50. [illegible] to [illegible] Timothy [illegible] works of God proceed from love, [illegible] even his punishments; thus all the works of the Christian proceed from love. God has set before us the mirror of love in all his creatures. The sun and stars, do not shine for themselves, but for us: air, earth, water, and all creatures serve men; thus also do thou give thyself wholly to the service of thy neighbor.

Tongues are unprofitable without love, (1 Cor xiii. 1,) because without it, the knowledge of tongues puffs up, but love edifies, (1 Cor viii. 1.) The knowledge of mysteries does not profit without love (1 Cor. xiii 2,) because mysteries are known to the devil, but love is peculiar to the truly pious. Faith also, which removes mountains, does not profit without love, (1 Cor xiii. 2,) because such faith is only that of miracles, not saving. Love is superior to the gift of working miracles because it is the undoubted [illegible] true piety. Miracles are sometimes wrought by the wicked. It is unprofitable to give all your goods to feed the poor, if love be wanting, (1 Cor. xiii. 3.) because the external act is hypocritical, if love be not present: streams of beneficence are unprofitable if they do not arise from the fountain of love. Love is patient, because no one is easily offended with him whom he truly loves. Love is kind, for how can he refuse inferior benefits, who, through love, has given his heart the highest good of the soul. Love exults not, because it regards the good things of others, as it does its own. Love does not act rashly, because no one easily injures him, whom he loves truly from his soul. Love is not puffed up, because by it we become members of one body, but one member does not prefer itself to another. Love does not behave itself unseemly, (1 Cor xiii. 5, 6,) because it belongs to an angry person to confine himself in [illegible] to promptly moderate all assailable points in the United States [illegible] Domestic Exchange, payable on demand, and interest allowed on [illegible] Drafts and Loans bought and sold on commission, and Business Paper negotiated

Refer to Messrs. [illegible] and Commercial Banks, Philadelphia; Rich, Drexel & Co., Winslow, Lanier & Co., New York, and Citizens' and Exchange Banks, Pittsburg.

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[illegible]

Downingtown, Chester County, Pa., April 9th, 1860

Messrs. Baugh & Sons: Gentlemen.—I have been using your article of Super Phosphate on wheat and corn for several seasons, and can well call [illegible] its value as an active and paying fertilizer. I have applied it broadcast on wheat at the rate of 200 pounds per acre, alongside of barnyard manure, and manure kept distinct, and have the same and the result was that wherever the wheat where the Phosphate was put was much the better looked and heavier with the grain and when more ears and than on the other portions of the field. I have also used the Phosphate by the side of Potatoes, and in connection with the same manure, and in regard to [illegible] and grass the same result appeared. [illegible] Respectfully yours, [illegible] JAMES [illegible]

Yours respectfully, ISAAC T. LEWIS

Newtown Square, Delaware Co., Pa., July 23d, 1860

Messrs. Baugh & Sons:—Being anxious last season to test some properties of your [illegible] for sale, I was induced by your agent to [illegible] Phosphate of Lime (one of the most popular) in mixture with your *Raw Bone Super-Phosphate*, and used them as above stated During the growing, as well as the gathering of the crop, the best results followed [illegible] dry in favor of the latter

All whether it is from the seeds and care in preparing or in the superior quality of the material used in your Raw Bone Super-Phosphate [illegible] Adams in the raised of June Institute Wheat [illegible] was fully equal to the best, when had a heavy [illegible] Yours &c., JAMES [illegible]

Plymouth, Montgomery Co., Pa., August 10th, 1860

Baugh & Sons' Gentlemen,—Having used your Super Phosphate [illegible] Adams in the raised of June Institute Wheat [illegible] was fully equal to the best, when had a heavy [illegible] Yours &c., JAMES [illegible]

Also apply to WM. [illegible] Penn. Chile, Penna

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Poetry.

ANGELS REJOICING.

"I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."—Luke 15 : 7.

Joy in heaven! what else but joy
Could angels' harps or tongues employ
So near the throne above?
Can they, who see their Father's face;
Whose glory fills the heavenly place,
Want themes their hearts to move?

Joy in heaven! since yonder spheres
Have measured time's revolving years
A moment has not flown,
But angels with their spirit lays
Have lifted high Jehovah's praise,
And shook his awful throne

When bursting from eternal night
Myriads of starry systems bright
Their glittering march began;
The "Morning Stars," with measured song
Observed the bright hosts their paths along,
As through the heavens they ran

And when on rapid wings they fly
Amid the wonders of the sky
And list the chiming spheres,
As round the throne of God they roll,
And fling from heaven's remotest pole
Sweet echoes on their ears:

O what upon this atom ball,
Obscured, accursed by Adam's fall,
A den of rebels vile;
O what could win from angels' pure—
Whose minds no evil can endure,
A sweet, approving smile?

Can they from starry homes look down,
Where roots Jehovah's angry frown,
With aught of true delight?
No doubt our glittering mountains fair,
Our fields and floods and ocean air,
Might please an angel's sight.

No doubt, a seraph's flaming eye
Might in our groves or fields espy
Some sweet sequestered bower,
Where murmuring brook and vernal lay
Might o'er from Gabriel steal away
A calm and pensive hour.

But Oh, 'tis neither field nor flower,
Nor vernal lay, nor blooming bower,
Fills angels' hearts with joy:
'Tis not our mountains bathed in light,
Nor gems, nor gold, nor rivers bright,
Nor heavenly harps employ.

'Tis not when fiery storms of war,
Pursuant to Freedom's conquering car,
Sweep down the tyrant foe;
'Tis then when oppressed millions rise,
With Freedom's shouts to rend the skies,
So angels raptures know.

But when a soul with sin oppressed,
And hands upon his contrite breast,
To heaven for mercy cries.
When tears of true repentance flow,
And storm rise in mountains grow,
And soon to pierce the skies!

O then, when from the coming wrath
From sinner's dreaded doom of death,
The guilty rebel flees;
When to the cross his soul repairs,
And through the storm of rising fears
His bleeding Saviour sees:

Then, then, O THEN, his angel flies
Back with the tidings to the skies,
Nothing his wing delays
Far through the regions of the air,
He rushes like a flaming star,
Nor yet his speed delays:

But on through circling systems bends,
He scorns their churning tones attends,
So eager in his flight;
And when the walls of heaven appear,
He mounts them like a rising star,
Sweeping his path of light.

To eyes around the throne he seems
Like Venus when the morning gleams
With blush of coming day;
But soon the hills of heaven o'erpast,
He smites the great white throne at last,
Seraphs their songs delay.

And when in heard the joyful sound,
"*The dead's alive, the lost is found,*"
'Mid heaven's enraptured throng:
When zeal on zeal their harps resound
The dead's alive, the lost is found,"
Millions the strain prolong,

"Salvation! O thou risen Lamb
The First, the Last, the Great I am,
Salvation to thy name;
Let heaven's eternal thrones resound;
"*The dead's alive, the lost is found*"
And earth resound, Amen!"

SWARTS.

VANITY.

Taught by long experience, Lord,
By thy Spirit taught, I see,
True is thy covenant word,
All an earth is vanity
Empty all our bliss below,
Seeming bliss, but real woe

Turning, then, from earth away,
Seek, my soul, the joys above—
Solid joys without allay;
Saviour, in thy heart-felt love,
Heavenly comfort I possess,
True, substantial happiness.

Now I find the good of man,
Now I answer thy design,
All in Thee alone obtain
Plenitude of grace divine;
Plenitude of glory too,
Thee, when face to face, I view.

WESLEY

SIMPLICITY.—Some able and excellent men are never able to get down to the level of children. A man of this class, a learned theological professor, was once engaged to address a Sunday-school. He read a number of verses from the Bible, and then said: "Children, I intend to give you a summary of the truth taught in this portion of the Scriptures." Here the pastor touched him, and suggested that he had better explain to the school what "summary" meant. So he turned round, and said to the children: "Your pastor wants me to explain what summary means, and I will do so. Well, children, summary is *an abbreviated synopsis of a thing.*"—*Christian Intelligencer.*

WHILE we are coldly discussing a man's career, sneering at his mistakes, blaming his rashness, and libelling his opinions,—that man, in his solitude, is perhaps shedding hot tears because his sacrifice is a hard one, because strength and patience are failing him to speak the difficult word, and do the difficult deed.

Selections.

TAKING THOUGHT FOR THE MORROW

The last No. of the "Evangelical Review" contains some remarks on Matt 6 : 24—ed, which it seems to us should not pass unnoticed. Their amiable author will not take it amiss if we differ with him in regard to the application of the passage and frankly state the ground of our difference. Every mistake in the interpretation of Scripture, especially when the error is recommended by an influential name, may be mischievous in its consequences, and it is because these remarks in question seem to us open to a construction which tends to lower the standard of Christian morality, and thus to offer some encouragement to that self righteousness and impenitence which is natural to us all, that we would here make some observations upon the subject.

That our Saviour's prohibition of taking thought for our life in respect to meat, and drink, and raiment, is not to be restricted to the first disciples merely, appears to us sufficiently evident from this fact alone, that in the absence of any intimation in the passage itself, and of any necessity in the "proportion of faith" requiring it, such a restriction is entirely arbitrary. For it is not claimed that our Lord uses language which limits this portion of His sermon to particular persons, any more than any other part of it; and the assumption that its general application would bring the passage into conflict with the duty of providing for one's own house by industry and thrift, is entirely gratuitous, as neither expressly, nor by implication, is it said that, because we must take no thought for to-morrow's food and clothing, we should spend the day in idleness and neglect of the duties of our calling.

But there is everything in the argumentation of the passage to refute such a restriction. The care for to-morrow is represented as foolish and faithless, and one, therefore, be just as little permitted to other Christians as to the first disciples. For it will not be presumed that though it was wrong for them, it is right for us to do that which is indicative of littleness of faith and of a Gentile disposition. That which is presented as a reason to one has just as much force as an argument to another. "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on" Why? Because, in the first place, it avails you nothing; "Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?" A little man may think and torment himself with thoughts about becoming larger until his life closes, and what will he have gained? Growth depends on God, not on man. A man may grieve all the day and all the morrow about his meat and raiment without increasing his store in the least, and this for the simple reason that it is God who giveth the increase. It is just as useless for one to take thought now as it was then; just as vain for any other man as for one of those who first followed the Lord. Nay, it is worse than useless; for, in the second place, this taking thought increases the trouble. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." We have enough of sorrow, and enough of harassment in our daily toil and daily duty; why impose upon ourselves additional burdens by harboring thoughts, which in their very nature are harassing, about the results of our toil and the quantity and quality of the blessings which God may be pleased to bestow? Just as soon as you begin to take thought about your life, for which God alone can properly care, and for which He has promised to care, you have taken an oppressive weight upon yourselves; for as you cannot provide, in the best case, and are not content to let God provide without your intermeddling, your thoughts can only be unremitting anxiety. And this is true of all men alike, for God alone provides for all. Thirdly, such taking thought is rebuked by the birds and flowers. These chirp and sing, these bloom and scent the air, and God feeds and clothes them bountifully and beautifully They accomplish their end in adorning and gladdening the earth, and that is all they need. They do their part in singing and blooming, and God does His in feeding and clothing them And shall man be put to shame by inferior creatures? True, the very fact that we are endowed with intelligence makes more incumbent upon us; we have received more and of us more is accordingly required. But this is indubitable, that among those things which are required of us, this is not one, that we should forego all trust in God's providence and set about providing for ourselves. We shall do God's will, as the birds and flowers do it, and then let God take thought for our life, what we shall eat, and drink, and wear, as He does for the birds and flowers. And this is the duty of not only a few, but of all. Fourthly, such taking thought manifests a want of consideration that is by no means honorable to men, for it is surely reasonable to trust that God since He gave us life, will bestow upon us what is necessary to sustain it, and that since He formed the body He will also furnish raiment to clothe it "Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?" Our taking thought can just as little support life as it can impart it; our preservation is just as much in God's hands as our creation; and our knowledge of this should banish from our souls those thoughts about to-morrow's bread, the harboring of which betokens the prevalence in the mind of the vain and sinful notion that, after all, man must provide for himself, and therefore, be careful for everything. And, finally, the taking thought for to-morrow, as it manifests a want of faith in our heavenly Father's care for us, is heathenish. "After all these things do the Gentiles seek" The Gentiles who know not God may trouble themselves about to-morrow's sustenance, to whom should they trust but to themselves? But we have a kind Father who cares for us as surely as He does for the fowls and the lilies! Him shall ye trust—have faith in God! The refusal to do this is a departure from Him—is straying into pagan paths. "Ye cannot serve two Masters." Serve God, seek His kingdom and righteousness, and you will have no need to trouble yourself about the necessaries of this life: He will care for these—He will add them unto you. But if you labor for gold, or even if you seek for the means wherewith to support life and render it comfortable as an end in itself, as though they were not wholly God's gracious gifts, you are serving some other master: mammon or the flesh God will have us to be His, and trust wholly in Him, letting Him provide, while we seek to do his bidding, and to be without those thoughts about the ways and means which, so long as we cannot see into the future, must necessarily be anxious. We are to live by faith, and ever call to our wayward hearts, when we find them taking thought about that which is not at all our business, "O ye of little faith." And most assuredly if taking thought comes from littleness of faith and heathenish distrust of our heavenly Father's tender care over us, it cannot be intended that all may indulge these thoughts excepting only the first disciples. We cannot but think them sinful, and the struggle against them necessary to our best Christianity.

It does not follow from the unrestricted application of the passage to all, that idleness would be promoted and all business frustrated. If this were the necessary result it is not easy to see why it should not be so in the case of the few, to whom it is proposed to restrict the application, as well as in the case of others. If other Christians require something more than merely the knowledge that it is God's will, to induce them to labor, why not the disciples also, seeing they were sinful beings like ourselves? They were active men, "not slothful in business," because the God whom they served desired them to labor. Is it right for us to labor from other motives? Must we take thought for the morrow and perceive that our industry is a condition of prosperity, before we can be induced to apply ourselves to the duties of our calling? The Gentiles may do this, but it would ill become Christians. These take thought to serve God, and God takes thought for their life, what they shall eat and what they shall drink

That men are required in the sweat of their brow to eat their bread to be diligent in their calling, to labor with their hands, those who read the Scriptures need not be told. To do this is just as much a service of God as to pray or search the Scriptures. Thus the Christian cheerfully complies with from love to God who enjoins it That we are bound to pray for our daily bread as well as for those spiritual blessings upon which our everlasting welfare depends, all are aware The Christian attends to this with the assurance that it is no mere empty form, but that the necessaries and comforts of life are actually bestowed by our Father who is in heaven, that these gifts, like all others, come from Him And that we are forbidden to squander the gifts which God imparts, and enjoined to exercise frugality, and take up the fragments which remain, that nothing go to waste, is also manifest from the Bible We cannot conceive how those who labor, and pray, and save, as God wills it, could become reckless idlers because they seek to do God's will in this other respect also of taking no thought about the necessaries of life. For these God takes thought. The Christian asks for his bread, and knows that his Father, who bids him ask, will not withhold it. That he will have enough he knows, for God rules, and what He gives is enough; and whether he shall receive barely sufficient for each day, or be prospered far beyond his petition, he properly leaves to the wisdom of his Father, who doeth all things well. Why then should he take thought about that which God has reserved to Himself? He has enough to do without presuming to interfere with God's prerogatives. The apostle Paul expresses the same command when he urges upon all the words: "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your request be made known unto God;" and St. Peter when he says: "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you"

The effect which it will have upon us to believe ourselves embraced in the command, will be, not to make us idle and careless in regard to our duties, but humble in view of our great weakness and the littleness of our faith, earnest in clinging to Jesus as our only hope through grace, and all the more diligent to serve God, who gives and forgives so much, in our temporal as well as our spiritual calling. — OLENTANGY.

NATIONAL EDUCATION:—COMPULSION. IS TOO LITTLE RELIGION TAUGHT IN OUR SCHOOLS?

(From the German of Thiersch.)

BY REV C A WENZEL.

National education and ecclesiastical education, are the appellations for two equally perverted systems; for they assert their influence by setting aside that of the family, and assume an unwarrantable authority over that of the father, who alone possesses the right to determine the mode and manner, time and limit of the education and instruction to be imparted to his children. After having deprived the family of its own peculiar sphere of action, schoolmasters, to whose hands it has been committed, are thus brought to regard their position in a light which is as presumptuous as it is false. They declare themselves "the teachers of the nation," and, in this conceit, find ample encouragement from the authority of the State, from their own education and the demands made upon them. By the multiplicity of educational branches, taught in our academies and normal schools, where a superficial knowledge can only be imparted, they are systematically misled to overrate their own abilities, and whilst being thus puffed up with pride, and put forth most immoderate claims, they are afterwards permitted to pine away in that poverty, to which teachers of the simple method of by-gone days might possibly have submitted, but which, to one of our modern public teachers, must be insupportable, and form a continual cause of dissatisfaction, discontent, complaint and discouragement.

The dangers arising out of this system are beginning to be felt here and there, and a simplification of the educational plan, is justly demanded Many ask, as a radical cure of the evil, that more religious instruction be given in our schools. They contend, that the want of this is the cause of whatever evil exists. But this is not true, though well meant by those who urge it. There is *too much religion* taught in our schools at least so much that fathers and mothers, out of whose heart religion should flow into that of their children, believe themselves justified in neglecting their religious education altogether; so much, that all the world seems confirmed in the delusion, that religious may be acquired like reading and writing; so completely has it become a part of school instruction, that the sacred name of God and the mysteries of the Christian faith, have sunk to the same level with the multiplication table, and become a senseless prattle for life.

There is not too little religious instruction in our schools. But there is too little religion among our teachers. Those who would remedy this want by appropriating more time to the subject, but better see to it, that the mere want is not turned into a dangerous poison. It would be far better to have no religious instruction at all, than that it should be imparted by an irreligious person Orthodox instruction, imparted by a teacher who is morally obtuse, is even more injurious than rationalism itself. He who is left in ignorance in this respect, is usually found susceptible of Christianity in later years, whilst he who acquired a knowledge of the truths of Christianity by compulsion, under an unsanctified teacher, has his moral sensibilities often so blunted, that no impression can be made upon him. He is, indeed familiar with the mysteries of the Christian religion; but they are to him a dead letter, which even the most strenuous efforts of a faithful minister fail to quicken into life.

The religious instruction of a child, devolves, according to the natural order of things, first upon the mother, then upon the father, and then upon their pastor; and, if these do their duty, the aid of the schoolmaster need not be called into requisition. The Christian Church existed a thousand years, without knowing any thing about or needing religious instruction in schools. If it be true that during the Middle Ages, the popular schoolmasters were chosen from the lower orders of the clergy, commonly called readers, the religious instruction of the young may have been partly committed to them; but as soon as schools become national institutions, and schoolmasters the servants of the State, religious instruction, in them and by them, should cease. Nor is there any longer a necessity; for a knowledge of the elementary principles of Christianity is more general among parents now than formerly, and the ministry is also abundantly able to attend to Biblical instruction, at as early a day as possible. If parents receive the necessary direction and encouragement from their ministers, the poorest of them may succeed in imparting to their children a knowledge of the most important parts of Biblical history and the Catechism, long before they are given over to receive instruction, preparatory to confirmation.

Children are born to the parents, and not to the State. Hence parents should not be relieved from their share of the responsibility in the bringing up of their children, both as regards this world and that which is to come.

It is true, that parents are, generally speaking, incapable to assume the entire management [illegible] imparting to their children a knowledge of the elementary branches, as they are disqualified to instruct them in the arts and sciences. Schools, which will aid them in this, are therefore an absolute necessity, and a great benefit But the schoolmaster's authority must be derived from the parents, it must have been voluntarily conferred, and in no instance go so far as to lead parents to consider themselves released from the responsibility of educating their children. As to the Church or State contributing any thing towards the education or support of the teacher, this is a matter of but secondary consideration, as long as the sanctuary of the family and the parental prerogative remains undisturbed Small schools, conducted by private teachers, are always greatly to be preferred to large classes, conducted by public teachers Instead of crowding children into these, it should rather be the endeavor both of secular and spiritual authorities to encourage, in every possible way, the erection of the former

It is a well established fact that, in France, the increase of crime kept equal pace with the enlarged facilities for public instruction. It is equally indisputable that, in Germany, moral culture falls far short of what their comprehensive system of public instruction might lead one reasonably to expect. The spirit which prevailed among the youth of that country, has exhibited itself during 1848 and 1849, these two years of lawlessness and insubordination, in such a way as to fill with disquietude and apprehension even those inclined to put the most charitable construction on things. All parents of correct principles complain bitterly of the difficulty of conforming their children in these principles. One of the chief causes of these complaints is to be found in the preponderance of their school-system. The same spirit which sways the popular mind, also prevails in their public schools, and as no time is man so susceptible to the influence of the spirit of the age, as in the days of his youth. If its current flows in a wrong direction, the youthful mind is irresistibly carried along with it, as soon as he enters the threshold of the school-room. For the influence which the scholars of any school exert on the new-comer outweighs, by far, that which may be exerted by the teacher. What, therefore, can be more hazardous, or be fraught with greater dangers to children, than the sending of them to a public school as early as possible? As long as it can be done, even though it should involve some sacrifice, they should not be exposed to the chilly frosts and withering blasts of the popular mind, but be kept within the genial warmth of family life, where a father's and a mother's eye watches over them, where every tender emotion is nurtured into life, and where they are constantly surrounded by the pure enjoyments of the domestic hearth.

There is something of infinitely greater importance to the child, than that it should be able to read, write and cipher in the course of six years; namely, the cultivation of family feelings, and its establishment in the spirit and principles by which parents of correct moral habits regulate their domestic affairs. There must, above all things, be an increasing consciousness in the child, that it is the child of Christian parents, and that it may not engage in any thing which might be unworthy of them, or of its own Christian name. It should be taught to find its greatest honor and purest joy by filling its allotted place in the household, and by taking an active interest in all that concerns its parents or elder brothers and sisters. It must grow up a member of a particular family, fully developed by it, in perfect consciousness of its position in it, and inseparably connected with it. The convictions which here prevail must become deeply and firmly rooted in its own heart and mind. Then, and not till then, should parents venture upon sending their children to a school, where they are exposed to the danger of encountering views and examples of an opposite nature. We, of course, do not mean to say that such a child will not have to undergo any trials and temptations, for these come to all, at one time or another, and virtue never attains a vigorous growth without them; but it is only after such a foundation has been laid under the paternal roof, that virtue is able successfully to withstand them.

It is, however, not to be denied, that there are numbers of families who, in consequence of extreme poverty, are forced to act in opposition to these principles. And this in the darkest part of the picture presented to us by the increase of poverty around us; it obstructs the proper development of family life. Those who find themselves in this unfortunate situation, cannot, of course, be expected to force themselves and families out of it. But they can and should feel these misfortunes, and earnestly endeavor, with the assistance of God and man, to free themselves from a situation which is as unnatural as it is contrary to the will of God. In the meantime, let them confidently look to Him, in prayer and supplication, who will exercise his care also over orphans of the kind, but only them, when parents have done, in the performance of their family duties, whatever they could.

WHAT IS HUMILIATION FOR NATIONAL SINS?

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In looking at the subject for this day, as stated in some of the papers, I find it recommends all Christians to humble themselves for, and make confession of their own sins, as individuals; and to extend this humiliation and confession to the sins of families, churches, and our own nation.

I would like to call the attention of your many Christian readers, to one question,—What is the duty of Christians in this land in regard to the sins of the nation? The subject for to day, answers, "be humbled for them, and make confession of them." This is certainly very correct. But then the inquiry arises in the mind, What is implied in being humbled for and confessing the sins of the nation? There are many things implied I propose noticing a few—and so point out a few Christian duties in regard to the sins of the nation.

1. It implies a knowledge of the nation's sins How can a person be sorry for or make confession of sins that he is utterly ignorant of? So Christians must endeavor to know what the nation's sins are; how numerous they are, what are their aggravations and deserts. Many do not care about knowing these things; they would rather not hear or read anything on this subject. The language of Hosea iv. 6, is very appropriate to such, and contains a dreadful threatening: "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge because thou hast rejected knowledge, I will also reject thee." The true Christian endeavors to know as much as he can on this subject; he searches into it in the light of God's holy word. He learns from the word of God the duty of nations, hence he learns from it also, the sins of the nation. As he searches he prays, as Job xiii. 23; "How many are mine iniquities and sins? make me know my transgressions and my sins." In being humbled under the mighty hand of God for the sins of the nation, the Christian will say to God, "Do not condemn me; show me wherefore thou contendest with me." The Christian wishes to come into the light, so as to be able to see clearly the sins of the nation, for which God is visiting it in wrath. They are many and great,—atheism, infidelity, Sabbath-breaking, oppression, corruption, dishonesty, &c., &c.

2. Being humbled for and confessing the sins of the nation, implies that the Christian is grieved and truly sorry for them. Sin is a great burden to a truly pious person, whether in himself or others around. "Lot was vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked. For that righteous man, dwelling among them, in seeing and hearing, vexed his righteous soul from day to day with their unlawful deeds." David was grieved and sorry for the sins of those around him. "Rivers of water run down mine eyes, because they keep not thy laws I beheld the transgressors, and was grieved, because they kept not thy word." Jeremiah was sorely distressed for the sin of God's ancient people "But if ye will not hear it, my soul shall weep in secret places for your pride, and mine eye shall weep sore, and run down with tears, because the Lord's flock is carried away captive." Thus the prophets of God are distressed from others: "Fools make a mock at sin," but the wise "sigh and cry for the abominations that be done" in the land and world where they dwell. Christ beheld the city of Jerusalem and wept over it. Let Christians see the dishonor done to God by the sins of the nation, and the wrath pending over it for these, and mourn sore like doves for all these

3. This implies, that the Christian must stand aloof from all these sins How can one be truly humbled for that which they are actively employed in carrying on? "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them" The call is distinct, "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues" It is very difficult to live in a nation and not partake of its sins Joseph was corrupted by the common swearing of Egypt—Lot, by the uncleanness and drunkenness of Sodom—Noah, by the corruptions of the antediluvians. The prevalence of sin around him, affects more or less every child of God in this imperfect state. "Because iniquity abounds, the love of many shall wax cold." To live in the midst of sin and wickedness and not be corrupted thereby, is a strong evidence that grace is strong and active in the heart. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to *keep himself unspotted from the world.*" Hatred to all sin is the best thing in the world to preserve a person from falling into its commission. "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?"

When a person runs sin as God does, (Jeremiah xliv. 4: "this abominable thing that I hate,") then he is prepared for hating it, and not partaking with others in what is forbidden them.

4. When properly humbled for the sins of the nation, this will influence Christians to oppose these sins, and use all lawful means in their power for reforming the nation. The attention of rulers and citizens must be directed to them. They must be taught that these sins are the procuring cause of God's wrath against the land. The command in Isaiah lviii. 1: "Cry aloud, spare not! lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgression, and the house of Jacob their sins," is given to the church of God. This is to be done by her watchmen; but the membership of the church must uphold their hands while they are engaged in this hard and unwelcome duty. Let the church by her pulpits and press say to the nation, in the language of Hosea iv. 1, "Hear the word of the Lord, ye children of Israel, for the Lord hath a controversy with the inhabitants of the land, because there is no truth, nor mercy, nor knowledge of God in the land. By swearing and lying, and killing, and stealing, and committing adultery, they break out, and blood toucheth blood. Therefore shall the land mourn, and everything that dwelleth therein shall languish, with the beast of the field, and with the fowls of heaven; yea, the fishes of the sea also shall be taken away." Much may be done by Christians, by petitions to Congress for the repeal of all unrighteous laws, such as the infamous Fugitive Slave law. Efforts ought to be honestly, unitedly and prayerfully made by all God's people in the land, for amending the Constitution of the United States—so as God will be acknowledged, his law taken as the supreme rule, and none but "just men" allowed to fill the offices of the nation. Isaiah ix. 16, 17, appears to describe the state of things in our nation now: "For the leaders of this people cause them to err; and they that are led of them are destroyed. Therefore the Lord shall have no joy in their young men, neither shall have mercy on their fatherless and widows; for every one is a hypocrite and an evil doer, and every mouth speaketh folly. For all this his anger is not turned away, but his hand is stretched out still."

H. P. M.

THE WAY GOD LEADS.

One of the circumstances in God's dealings with the children of Israel in the wilderness, which served to arouse their impatience was, the circuitous way by which God led them. A direct course from Egypt to Canaan, would have made their journey comparatively short and easy. But it pleased the Almighty to conduct them otherwise He led them by a way they knew not. He kept them marching up and down, hither and thither, in the wilderness; so that, as the record is, "the soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way." When they became hopeful and joyful in the prospect of soon reaching their "desired haven," he would turn them back, as though to lead them to Egypt again. This aspect of their experience was indeed trying. Failing as they did, to recognize the divine hand in it, it is no wonder they became dispirited The cup of joy was no sooner placed to their lips, than it was dashed to the ground; the sun of prosperity no sooner began to shed its healing beams upon them, than the cloud of adversity overshadowed them Truly believing hearts would still have clung to Jehovah, amid all the trial. But Israel, alas, was blind, and could not comprehend the ways of the Lord: his heart became more and more hardened; and his arm was lifted up in unholy rebellion against God.

So God still leads his people, betimes, by a circuitous way. There are many shifts and turns, many retracings of former steps, many strange vicissitudes in their experiences. Bitter is mingled with the sweet, sorrow with joy, gloom with brightness, adversity with prosperity. One day God's children are on the mount, the next day in the valley. Now they are exalted, now depressed; now steadfast in the faith, now encompassed by doubts and fears; now bright in hope, now overshadowed by some dark, lowering cloud; now strong, now weak; now joyous, now sorrowful Every Christian has passed through this variable experience God leads us in this round about way, in order to lead us more fully to himself, to take off our thoughts from earthly things, and to advance us in preparation for his service on earth and for the enjoyment of himself in heaven Shall we become disheartened then? Shall we doubt our Father's wisdom and goodness in this discipline? No. Let God lead as he will, we ought not to be shaken in our confidence in him. We know in whom we believe, and we ought not to depart from our stronghold With the afflicted patriarch we ought to say, in view of the trials to which God subjects us, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him" No matter how often he turns us back in our journey, no matter how low he casts us down, no matter how long he hides his face from us, we ought not to be so discouraged as to let go our confidence in him, for if we are deserted of him, who shall sustain us? If he be against us, what though "whole troops of friends" be on our side?

Changes, vicissitudes, sorrows, trials, sickness, death,—these all, and whatever other things are kindred to them, lie in the way that conducts to heaven. They belong to our earthly lot. They are our sad inheritance. But let us not murmur on account of them. God sends them, and there is a good mission Let us receive them humbly and improve them faithfully, staying our hearts on the blessed assurance, that there is a life beyond the grave which enjoys a perfect immunity from them all. "Why art thou cast down, O, my soul," when there is such a glorious prospect for thee, as a world of infinite and imperishable happiness? God may lead us and down in the wilderness, but he will lead out of it too. He may give to his children a mingled cup to drink, whilst they sojourn on earth; but when they gain the heavenly rest, their souls shall be satisfied. Let none of our earthly experiences serve utterly to cast us down. Let us hope in God; and we will yet praise him who is the health of our countenance, and our God When we come to understand God's ways with us, as they shall be illuminated by the light of eternity, we will perceive how wisdom and goodness were interwoven in them all What we know not now, we shall know hereafter. "Now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part, but then I shall know even as also I am known." While we have the assurance that God is our Leader, that his hand is conducting us in all the paths of our feet, we have all that our hearts could desire. It is for us only to follow, with devout hearts and willing steps: the reward of our so doing will exceed our fondest expectations.

P.

NEW VS. OLD

St Paul in speaking of the characteristics of a man who is "in Christ Jesus," declares that with him "old things have passed away, and all things are become new." The truth of this can hardly be appreciated until we view, in the way of contrast, the man as he is, with the man as he was. For religion is not a thing that can be hid. Just as sin covers the natural man from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot,—so does the religion of Jesus, in those that are His. It affects not merely the brain, and makes a man orthodox, nor the heart, and makes him enthusiastic, nor his conduct, and makes him circumspect—but the entire man is changed,—he becomes a new creature,—old things pass away, behold all things become new. To appreciate this idea of Paul, look at the contrast

OLD.	IN HIS RELATIONS.	NOW
Child of Satan	changed into Child of God	
Slave of Sin	" Freeman in Christ	
Citizen of the world	" Stranger and pilgrim	
Enemy of God	" Son of the Kingdom.	
	IN HIS VIEWS.	
God as a tyrant	changed into God as a friend.	
Bible as dull	" Bible as inspiring.	
Sin as innocent	" Sin as abhorrent.	
Duty as irksome	" Duty as delightful.	
Christians as stupid	" Christians as interesting	
Life as a period for gratification.	Life as a period for preparation	
	IN HIS AFFECTIONS.	
Contempt	changed into Pity	
Indifference	" Compassion	
Impudence	" Liberality	
Enmity	" Love	
	IN HIS CONDUCT.	
The trifling	changed for The earnest	
The wicked	" The righteous	
	IN HIS PRAYER.	
	changed into Praise.	
The	" Victor.	
One	" Piety	

Any man who finds this contrast in himself, who can say, the first column tells my past,—but the second my present, has "the witness in himself" that he is born again. And we should not be satisfied without this,—for we must remember that "in Christ Jesus neither circumcision nor uncircumcision availeth anything, but a new creature." If any man looks this change, what more fitting time to seek it than now, when we have just entered upon a new year? With the old year let all our "old things" pass away. With the new year let "*all* things become new."

WATCHMAN

THE FIRST THING IN WRITING.

But to return to the subject of slow composition. We have no doubt that what Johnson meant to imply was that habit of waiting for words, and attending rather to the expression than the thought, a habit which we have already characterized as leading to a stiff and unnatural style Dr. Johnson, presuming, no doubt, that a writer could hardly sit down till he had something to say, would impress that our ideas should be written down in the order in which they present themselves, and also that the readiest words are the best—the best, that is, not absolutely; but the best that the particular writer could command, subject, of course, to any obvious corrections.

ROBERT HALL.

Robert Hall had, like Johnson, a singular facility for continuous mental composition. He had only to think closely on a subject, and the topics became associated with appropriate terms and phrases. Writing was a pain and fatigue to him; he had, therefore, disciplined his mind to compose without the help of his pen. He could follow out a connected chain of ideas at pleasure, and accompany them with a series of elaborately finished sentences. Whoever adopts this system of mental composition, will, of course, find the practice of writing an admirable preparation for the art of speaking also; for, it is a habit which enables us to fix the memory upon some substantial mental product, instead of the eye being listlessly employed with only a few words at a time.

One of the greatest masters of composition, we have ever had the pleasure of knowing, evolved his mighty powers during a season of temporary blindness. From the experience of this gentleman there is little doubt but the pen is used too much by authors, and mental composition too little, to do full justice to their abilities. We should accustom ourselves to sketch our subject less on material tablets and far more on the tablets of the mind. In this quarter lies an intellectual mine, which yet remains to be worked—a powerful, though a dormant faculty—which, we have good reason for saying, admits of a degree of growth and development almost incredible to those who have not seen mental composition, like mental arithmetic, fairly tried by a gradual course of systematic exercise.

An American gentleman lately astonished all the first chess-players in Europe by playing blindfold, and actually winning eight games of them at the same time, though opposed by the best players of the day! What a wonderful power of mental composition or combination was there displayed! An eye witness related to us how this wonderful man sat composedly in his chair behind a screen, with his head resting on his hand, dictating, in most cases without an appreciable time for thought, his move as fast as the empire called out the move of his adversary, (my) "At table No. 1, Queen's pawn moves two squares." His memory as well as his patience was frequently tried by his adversary taking the usual time to decide on each move; whereas this master of the game only took time to consider in one single instance, and then he reflected for about two minutes, during which time his whole mind must have been abstracted from every other game, yet without losing the power of recalling the exact positions of each set of pieces when that interval of abstraction was over!

We will suppose, however, that this instance of mental combination was wholly exceptional, though the power of playing a single game of chess, without seeing the board, has been evidenced by many persons—still, the following fact, which up to this time has never been published, will show how far the powers of an average mind may be developed in a similar respect;

A gentleman of our acquaintance, for many years engaged in education, presented a few years since some twenty pupils as candidates for confirmation. Being struck with their acuteness and general intelligence, we inquired as to the principles of their education, and heard that the master laid great stress on mental arithmetic.

Now, what is commonly called mental arithmetic, consists very little in any mental exercise, but chiefly in some easy rules tending to shorten the usual process, and to avoid the difficulty of any sustained mental effort. But we soon learnt that our friend's mental arithmetic was a severe exercise indeed; for, his method of sharpening the faculties consisted in making his pupils use the tablets of their minds as they used their slates, and to work by memory came in the usual way. To say that such a row of ten figures as these—"54 868886547," was multiplied or divided by one figure, and the product or quotient read off correctly, may seem incredible: yet, positively, there were few pupils in the school of long standing who were not quite equal to the task. Even fourteen or fifteen figures,—for instance, imagine and commit to memory such a row as 8058695218768697,—even this could be multiplied or divided by some of the clever pupils, while a row of from twenty to twenty-five figures had been grasped in the mind and correctly multiplied or divided, and the product or quotient enunciated by the most promising boys in the school. Nay more, one pupil, now the Rev. ——, second on the list of Wranglers of his year, we are credibly informed, had operated correctly on a row of no less than thirty-five figures, without either pen or pencil! And all this self-command resulted from a little daily practice continued during the years of education, first of two or three easy figures, then of the same number of figures more difficult, till a fourth figure, or a fifth or a sixth, was successively added to the exercise.

Are we not, then, justified in saying that the power of mental composition admits of wonderful expansion? And, how valuable is this habit! How often do men lose themselves in their very inability to grasp all the terms and conditions, all the premises and data of a lengthened argument! And yet, for the orator, as we shall in due course explain, the same twofold operation of holding fast the data and working out the natural conclusion is really indispensable.

ROBERT HALL AS A WRITER.

But, to return to the case of Robert Hall—a writer who, in point of force and fluency combined with a copious yet chastened style of speech, has, perhaps, never been surpassed—notwithstanding his strong natural powers of composition, Robert Hall, when preparing for the press, composed with extreme slowness: simply because his standard of excellence was too high to be realized, and he could never satisfy himself. His perception of beauty was delicate and refined, and his taste was fastidious to excess. The consequence was, that when he sat down to compose he went on re-writing, improving, and rejecting one improvement after another; and often ending with the form of expression which had originally occurred. This habit of composition is not to be imitated. Hall used often to lament this slow and laborious habit he had formed; he used to say it gave an air of stiffness and formality to his style, so that he had very little satisfaction in anything he wrote. Dr. Gregory said, "Notwithstanding the exquisite harmony and beauty which characterised every thing that Robert Hall has published, they were, even in point of felicity of diction and the majestic current and force of language, inferior to the winged words that escaped from his lips, when 'his soul was enlarged' in the discharge of ministerial duty"

COTTON GROWING AT THE SOUTH.

The difficulties to be encountered in our attempts to grow cotton in the North may be better understood by coming to a knowledge of the manner that staple is grown in the Southern States; and in proportion as we understand the subject completely beforehand, will our efforts be wisely directed

Cotton is the only crop which consumes the labor of those engaged in its cultivation the whole year round. In the more southern regions where it is grown, the preparation of the ground begins in January. The planting is done in February and March. This process is not finished until the first planted seed is up and the plant requires "weeding." The farther the season advances, the harder the hands are driven to keep the weeds down. "Scraping" the ridges and "hoeing" continue until August, when the "picking" season commences. "Ginning" so

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, February 1, 1862.

A MISTAKE

We take this opportunity of saying that the *New York Independent*, one of our exchanges, in [illegible] Frederick Douglass, recently, in Philadelphia, and while giving a very neat and appropriate notice of the *Recorder*, and of the fact of its publishing the speech entire, commits (unintentional [illegible] ship of the paper to Bishop Payne While we cannot but feel highly gratified by the graceful compliment thus unwittingly paid us by our worthy contemporary [illegible] efforts to please for the emanations of that most classical scholar and fervent divine, the Right Rev. Bishop Payne, we, at the same time, feel that we [illegible] tion and doing our duty in respectfully referring our friend of the *Independent* to the heading of *this* paper for the desired correction.

NOTICE.

Brothers Davis' and Lynch's, and several other communications, came to hand too late for this number, but shall promptly appear in next week's issue

BISHOP QUINN.

We have received a letter from our Senior Bishop, Quinn, giving the arrangement and the time of the meeting of his Conference, together with an account of his visits, all of which, no doubt, will be interesting to the Church and all of his friends.

BISHOP NAZREY.

Last Sabbath we had the pleasure of hearing Bishop Nazrey preach upon this text, found in Zechariah, fourth chapter and seventh verse:—"Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel, thou shalt become a plain, and he shall bring forth the head-stone thereof with shouting, crying Grace, grace unto it."

The Bishop showed clearly that the mountain is an obstacle in the way of Christians, and we must confess that we never heard the Bishop speak with so much logic as he did on that occasion. It was one of the Bishop's strong efforts, and it will have a lasting impression upon the minds of the people.

At three o'clock, P. M, we heard Rev. A. L. Stanford preach from the 9th Psalm, tenth verse—"And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee, for thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee."

Brother Stanford's language was at once both chaste and elegant. He reasoned out the subject in his usual masterly style.

OUR PAPER.

We still extend an invitation to our friends in general to come forward and subscribe for the *Recorder*, for we do not hesitate to affirm that it is a family paper, adapted to the wants of our people. Therefore, let all of our brethren set about the work at once. Bishop Nazrey and Quinn are doing what they can for the support of the paper.

We have on hand copies of the *Recorder* containing Frederick Douglass' great war speech, and will forward a copy to any one sending us 6 postage stamps.

EXHIBITION OF ART.

Our friend Thomas, of Washington, has written a very excellent article upon the importance of the people of color in this country to get up an Exhibition of Art, which, we think, will be of interest to all lovers of art, literature and science. We are greatly in favor of just such a movement of our people, annually exhibiting to the world a fair. It would reflect no little credit upon us, and if we did not get what we richly merit from those in this country who claim to be our lords, after such productions are exhibited from those of our people who we know are fully able to give, we shall be satisfied that we have come together and exhibited our skill and genius in the arts and sciences—while we fully believe that all other countries, England, France, Germany, &c., will give us full credit for all our humble endeavors merit.

We have already seen displayed by our people some specimens of art and genius which we don't believe can be surpassed by those claiming to be our superiors in this country. As they have met with no encouragement, their light is kept under a bushel; hence nothing to stimulate them has been offered—but if we all should consummate an arrangement something after the order that friend Thomas speaks of, there will be something to emulate them

PORT AU PRINCE, HAYTI.

Dec 21, 1862

We have received a letter directed to the Rev. A. L. Stanford, from one of our subscribers in Port au Prince. He states that he has been unable to see much of the country up to the time of writing He also states that he has been [illegible] with the Rev. Mr. Allen, one of our ministers, and that the Ministers' Quarterly Meeting came off on the 22d inst.

It seems that our beloved Zion is set up there, and the work of the Lord is working to some account. Brother Blake does not speak discouragingly, but expresses the hope of seeing a great work out there.

POETRY.

The piece of poetry which will be found in a subsequent column, was written by the Rev. W. Biddle, of Baltimore, Md., who is now on the Trenton circuit of the Zion Church. His family is still in Baltimore.

EXHIBITION.

The Bethel Sabbath School, with Brother Seymour as Superintendent, has set apart Tuesday, the 18th instant, for the benefit of the *Christian Recorder*. Fuller particulars will be given next week

OLD FOLKS' CONCERT

There will be an Old Folks' Concert given on the 20th instant, in [illegible] Hall by our friend, Mr. A. Bunris—half of the proceeds to be presented to E Weaver, for the benefit of the *Christian Recorder*. We were most agreeably surprised at the announcement

How to [illegible] Procure some new subscribers, and send in their names, accompanied with the cash.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

From John H Henson, of Bridgeton, N. J.,	[illegible]
Rev Thomas Strother, of Terre Haute Ind, on account for books,	2 00
Rev. B L Brooks, of Louisville, Ky, for papers sold,	[illegible]
From our [illegible] ton, N J, per Brother Burley, who gave them a call:	
Miss M. L. Davis,	[illegible]
[illegible] and one for this,	2 00
[illegible]	1 00
Miss M S Thompson,	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
From Rev John A Williams of Brick Wesley,	1 00
Miss Mary Still, Mount Holly, N. J.,	1 00
Guglielma Waterman,	1 00
Mr Wm Whipper, Columbia, Pa.,	1 00

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS

MR. EDITOR—In the last issue of the *R.* in my article in reply to yours on the subject of Union, I find, in the first answer to your inquiries, the word "propagod" should have been *perpetuated*. Fourth question and answer, the word "form" should have been *formed;* and at the end of the article it should have been

JOHN A. WILLIAMS,
Pastor of *Wesley* (not Bethel) Church.

ACCIDENT.

Sister Anna Lawa, among the most influential members of Bethel Church, Philadelphia, and one of the teachers and managers of the Sabbath School, slipped down, on the 27th instant, and broke her arm. We sympathize with the misfortunes of our sister. She is a stanch friend of our paper.

THE WEATHER

Is very disagreeable at present, and it is almost as much as one can do to keep his feet when [illegible] turing on the side-walk, it being extremely slippery

IS CONSCIENCE A CORRECT GUIDE IN OUR CONDUCT?

Some time ago this question was discussed in the Literary Society of Bethel Church, and there were different opinions about it. Some took the ground that conscience was a correct guide to the moral conduct, and others took the ground that conscience was not a correct guide, &c. We inquire, what is conscience? Conscience is the secret testimony of the soul, whereby intelligent beings are enabled to judge right from wrong. It is impossible, however, to draw the lines of distinction between the moral judgment and the moral sentiment. They are inseparably connected. We feel and we judge at one and the same time or moment. In regard to the moral action, it is enough to know that our moral judgment is like our intellectual intuition, immediate and certain; so that we cannot deny them without denying the very existence of our moral constitution, &c. Considerable controversy has been with men of distinction upon the correctness of conscience being a sufficient guide to the moral conduct of men through life. There is something certain, that conscience is a part which constitutes man a responsible being to his Creator, according to our way of thinking.

Man has a law which follows him, that he is bound or ought to obey the dictates, and when he violates them there is a voice which proclaims his criminality and liability of punishment. We believe that idiots and insane people are not in possession of a conscience of reason; for the insane man has been deprived of his conscience of reason by means which cannot be accurately defined. But all intelligent men and women in possession of reasoning faculties, we claim for conscience, a sufficient guide to them; and if we are asked by what authority from God that we claim so much for reason, our answer is this:—The great apostle of the Gentiles affirmatively asserts, "That he had always a conscience void of offence, towards God and towards men." (Mark always,) hence the sufficiency of conscience.

Again, when a man overleaps the reason of conscience, that inward monitor maliciously and violently attacks a stranger or his neighbor, the person whom he attacks may be provoked and excited to such a pitch all of a sudden, that conscience may not be discovered by the man attacked, and hence he may be provoked to take the life of his assailant, believing at the same time that it was life-defence. This, of course, comes under a different rule. But we believe that, if men were guided more, pay more attention to that inward monitor of conscience, we would have a much better world than we now have There would not be so many precious lives hurled into eternity before having time to think; there would not be so many houses broken open and plundered; there would not be so much discord among brethren and the people at large; there would not be so much oppression, nor advantage taken of the poor.

EPISCOPAL VISITS

I will preach at Woodbury, N. J., on the 28th of February, and will be at Bridgeton, on the 1st of March; and the elder in charge will make arrangement up to the 7th, at which time I will leave for Salem. The elder, in charge of that circuit, may make appointments up to the 14th; and on the 15th, I shall be on the Norristown Circuit. The elder will give information at which point to commence; and on the 21st I will go to the Burlington Circuit. The elder can give me his arrangements Notice of the other visits will be given in time.

W. NAZREY.

RIGHT AND WRONG

The Rev W. R. Revels has not attempted in all that he has written to show, that the Indiana Annual Conference acted in relation to myself, in accordance with the law in the case of bishops, as stated in an article entitled "Right and Wrong [illegible] in No 4 of the CHRISTIAN RECORDER

2d I referred the Rev gentleman to the Minutes of the General Conference, for one specific item, singled out from anything else, found on pages 15 and 33, and he has failed to answer the questions, or he wished to keep back or misrepresent the case I wish the readers of the RECORDER to compare his article with the Minutes of the Conference as stated above, and see how he has avoided the question or item referred to in a card, in No 52, and judge the intention

I [illegible] for such tautology and will in future treat with contempt, anything that does not relate to the subject or law in the [illegible]

W NAZREY

For the Christian Recorder

MEETINGS OF ANNUAL CONFERENCES.

Richmond, Ind., Jan. 23d, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—Please to insert the following and keep it as a standing notice:

The Ohio Annual Conference will meet in Zanesville city, Ohio, April 15th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

The Indiana Annual Conference will meet in Indianapolis, Ind., August 15th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A M

The Missouri Annual Conference will meet in Louisville, Ky. August 28th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A M W. PAUL QUINN.

I have recently visited the following places, which will be of interest to the friends:—

Chicago, Ill, and established the second station of our Church in that city; also Freeport and Galena cities, on Severn River, Ill, St Paul, Minnesota Territory, Berea, Ill, Urbana, Ill., St. Louis, Mo, Brooklyn, Ill., Alton, Ill, Decatur, Ill., Terre Haute, Ind., Indianapolis, Ind, Dublin, Ind, Richmond, Ind, Oxford, O., Hamilton, O., Cincinnati, O, Dayton, O., Xenia, O., Columbus, O., Zanesville, O, Cambridge, O., Wheeling, Va., Washington, Pa., Brownsville, Pa., Monongahela city, Pa., Pittsburgh, Pa., Cleveland, O., Toledo, O., Detroit, Mich., Windsor, Canada, Chatham, Canada. I was treated by Bishop Nazrey in Canada, Green and Jones, and all the brethren as Christians. I also visited BelleFontaine and Urbana, O., and a great many other places that I have not mentioned.

There will be a great Union Camp Meeting held in Kansas, July 10th, 1862.—near Leavenworth city I now extend to Bishop Nazrey and Bishop Payne a friendly invitation to attend all of my Conferences, and my Camp Meeting, and assist me I do hope some of our aged elders from the East will accompany our Bishops to the West. W. PAUL QUINN.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, MASS

MR. EDITOR:—During your visit to Boston, you and Bro. Mitchell talked with me on the subject of my taking the oversight of the people at Plymouth, giving, as I thought, good reasons why I should After maturing the matter over, I concluded that I would do so, and received a paper from Bro. Mitchell to that effect. According to my promise I went to Plymouth, and found things in a different state from what I expected. I found but few colored people, and they were divided and disputing one with the other, and there was no organization of any kind that I could find. In this state I spent the Sabbath with them. Then I went a second time and spent another Sabbath, and found them still divided, and the key of the chapel given up. Neither party could give any information in regard to the organization of the Sabbath-school or the church. Indeed, the brother who was said to be the superintendent of the Sabbath-school which was pointed out to me, declared that there had never been an organization of either Sabbath-school or church, neither party being able to sustain the church. I, therefore, left them as I found them. Some time afterward there appeared a communication in the *Recorder*, from New Bedford, stating that a new church had been organized in Plymouth, Mass. Now, sir, I felt it my duty, with all due respect to the brethren who have been preaching in Plymouth, to make an explanation, lest it might be thought hereafter that that church became extinct through negligence on my part. Therefore, as the statement of the existence of a church in Plymouth was made a public matter, I thought it my duty to make some explanation, that I might stand right in this particular.

If ever there was an organization in Plymouth, one or other of the parties there must have destroyed it. I wish, however, to be understood in this, for I would not by any means, without a just and lawful cause, cast a reflection to the hurt of any brother, for I think it below the dignity of a Christian and a gentleman. It is too often done to the injury of the Church and the progress of the gospel of Christ. Every brother ought to raise himself by his own merits, and not by the destruction of his fellow. We ought to be all one in Christ, and indeed we are all one in Christ, if we be right.

With regard to the present condition of the church in Boston, as member of the Quarterly Conference and agent of the trustees to strive to get money to save the church, I here take the liberty of saying that the financial affairs are deplorable indeed at this time. But we will not reflect on the present minister or his predecessors, for they have all done what they could, under God, by the aid of the friends. Some of them are still willing to do what they can, while others seem to be discouraged and ready to give up altogether. This I say in good faith to many of the members; but I trust that, with God's help, we may be able at the end of the next three months to speak more favorably of this matter. You shall hear from me again soon, the Lord willing.

Yours in the bonds of the gospel of Christ,
JOSEPH P. TURNER.

Boston, January 23th, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder

THE SLAVE'S COMPLAINT

BY WILLIAM TO WAS CHILDS

What broke the tie of social band,
That made me take the parting hand,
And threw me in a distant land?
Slavery.

What closed from me the precious light
Of freedom's [illegible]
And forced me into ignorance night?
Slavery

What caused me [illegible]
To be obvious in my fellow's eyes,
That would not grant me equal rise?
Slavery.

What caused my mind to be so dark,
[illegible]
Why [illegible]
It's slavery

What makes the [illegible]
[illegible]
She hears the sound of clanking chains
[illegible]
Why slavery.

What caused the mother's tear to roll
Down on her cheek that uncontrolled,
Drawn from her very inmost soul?
Why slavery.

O, what has rent the nuptial tie,
That God has sealed in heaven on high,
And caused fond ones to weep and cry?
Slavery.

Ah, what has fixed my present fate,
And left me in this forlorn state?
The answer is, without debate,
Why slavery

Thou God, that rules the sea and land,
Stretch forth, *stretch forth* thy mighty hand,
And break this cruel iron band
Of slavery!

Trenton, N J., Jan. 15th, 1862

For the Christian Recorder.

TERRE HAUTE. 1862

MR EDITOR:—I thought it might be somewhat entertaining to you and your readers to hear a word from Terre Haute. The spiritual condition of our church and people here I do think, is improving. Encouragingly of this fact, you will no doubt be satisfied, when you are informed of the fact, that the young ladies and gents here are beginning to take a considerable interest in the temporal and spiritual welfare of the church, as also of the cultivation of their minds. Mrs. Strother and myself have had through the past part of the winter, some sixty to seventy pupils in our day and night schools, and she has still a very large day school on hand, the number of which is still increasing. We have also a very good Sunday school, numbering seventy-five, more or less, in which I have an interesting Bible class of young men, numbering from eight to ten, who are in pretty regular attendance. I would not omit mentioning another circumstance of importance, and that is that a company of tasteful young ladies of my congregation have taken it upon themselves to repaint our church, a job much needed. They have already succeeded in furnishing and hanging a beautiful set of oil window curtains, or shades all around the whole extent of the building; and besides this, the same thoughtful set of young ladies have raised money for the purpose of having the pulpit painted and set off, which piece of work they have also accomplished; and the pulpit now, and all of its appurtenances, are beautifully painted and grained. So, could you now see the A. M. E. Church of Terre Haute, you likely would hardly believe with your own eyes that you had ever seen the edifice before.

And while speaking of progress, by-the-by, permit me to inform you of the wonderful marriage revival, which has recently occurred among us. I have had to marry three couples quite recently, of which I will give you the particulars in another place. The subject of mental culture is being really aroused here. Mrs. Strother has in her school room forty-eight pupils, and a number of these are young ladies and young men. We have also succeeded in waking up an interest among the reading classes of this community, and they are beginning to call for the CHRISTIAN RECORDER: three have already sent on to you by me, their subscriptions, and some three or four more are now getting up their money to send on

The spiritual condition of this charge is tolerably fair. We have had no real revival, but we have had several secessions to the church in the last few months, and those already on the way, seem to be trying to hold on their way, and to live so as not to lose anything, though they may gain slowly, and but little.

T. STROTHER.

Terre Haute, Ind.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

All the sons and daughters of Adam, without distinction of nation, sect, or color, are the children of one heavenly Parent—heirs of one common inheritance, notwithstanding the many *outward* distinctions of rank and position found among them. All are objects of divine regard and mercy, however much they may be wronged and oppressed by their fellows; and it seems the part of wisdom with those who may deem themselves the down-trodden and despised of the earth, to seek, through divine aid, *to raise themselves* into a position where their own pleadings may be heard and regarded, even by those, who, through pride and prejudice, have been wont to look down and frown upon them. Let us, therefore, hail the appearance of the *Recorder*, as a medium through which the advocacy of righteousness and mercy may be carried on, as well as the encouragement of every virtue, whereby the people of color may be raised to a higher and nobler position, than the one they now seem generally to occupy; even that of an industrious, enlightened, frugal, and God-serving people.

When we consider that all nations are of one blood, that in this world we are but sojourners, that we are subject to the like afflictions, and infirmities of body, the like disorders and frailties of mind, the like temptations, the same death, the same judgment, and that the All-Wise Being is Judge and Lord over us all; it seems to raise an idea of *general brotherhood*, and a disposition easy to be touched with a feeling of others' afflictions. But it appears by Holy Record, that men under high favors have been apt to err in their opinions concerning others. Thus Israel, according to the description of the Prophet Isaiah, lxv. 5, when exceedingly corrupted and degenerated, yet remembered they *were* the chosen people of God, &c., says: "Stand by thyself, come not near me, for I am holier than thou!"

To consider mankind otherwise than brethren, to think favors are peculiar to one nation, and to exclude others, plainly supposes a darkness in the understanding; for as God's love is *universal*, so where the mind is sufficiently influenced by it, it begets a likeness of itself, and the heart is enlarged towards all men. But when self-love presides in our minds, our opinions are biased in our own favor; and in this condition, there is danger of using ourselves to an undisturbed partiality, until by long custom, the mind becomes enamored with it, and the judgment steeled against [illegible] Wherefore, it is very needful to apply humbly to God for wisdom that we may thereby be [illegible] things as they are, and as they ought to be. Hereby, the hidden things of darkness may be brought to light, and the judgment made clear; we shall then consider mankind as brethren [illegible] treated as become the sons of one Father, agreeably to the doctrine of Jesus Christ, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do you even so them"

[illegible]

Man is born to labor, and experience abundantly showeth, that it is for our good. A supply of nature's lawful wants, joined with a peaceful, humble mind, is the truest happiness in this life; and if we arrive at this, and continue to walk in the path of the just, our life will be truly happy. Though we may have our children little else but wise instruction, a good example, and the knowledge of an honest employment; these, with the blessing of Providence, are sufficient for their happiness, and are more likely to prove so, than laying up treasure for them, which are often rather a snare than a benefit; for, where children are educated in fulness, ease, and idleness, evil habits are more prevalent than in common amongst those who are prudently employed in the necessary affairs of life.

Evidences of divine wisdom, appear in those things which we read of, the patriarchs, prophets and apostles, of whom it is written, that they were either chosen from among the poor, and those in the lower stations of life, such as illiterate herdsmen or fishermen, or that those who were intended for high stations, have first been reduced very low that truth might be [illegible] their hearts, and that the characters there imprinted by bitterness and adversity, might, in after years, remain, suggesting compassionate ideas, and quicken their regard to those in the like condition, as in the following instances:

Abraham was called of God to leave his country and kindred, to sojourn among strangers. Through famine, and danger of death, he was forced to flee from one kingdom to another; yet, at length, he not only had the assurance of being the father of many nations, but became a mighty prince. Genesis xxiii 6. Remarkable were the dealings of God with Jacob in a low estate, and the just sense he retained of them after his advancement, appears in these words:—"I am not worthy of the least of all thy mercies." The numerous afflictions of Joseph are very singular; the particular providence of God therein no less manifest; he at length became Governor of Egypt, and famous for wisdom and virtue. The series of troubles which David passed through, are also very remarkable, and yet he afterwards became as one of the great men of the earth

Let none, therefore, be discouraged, because of their sufferings, depressions, or difficulties; for He whose ear is still open to the cries of the poor and afflicted, and his hand stretched forth for the help of the weak, will in due time, plead the cause of all the oppressed, as their hearts are raised unto Him in fervor and humble supplication, for the extension of his mercy and aid, to raise them, as it were, out of the dust, and bring them to the enjoyment of moral and Christian elevation, whereas they may be made instrumental in promoting the general good, by the encouragement of industry, sobriety, and order, love, harmony, and peace. How deeply soever men are involved in difficulties, sincerity of heart, and upright walking before God, freely submitting to his Providence, is the most sure remedy. He only is able to relieve, not only persons, but nations in their greatest calamities. To act continually with integrity of heart, above all narrow or selfish motives, is a sure token of our being partakers of that salvation which God hath appointed for walls and bulwarks, and is beyond all contradiction, a more happy situation than can ever be promised by the utmost reach of art and power united, not proceeding from heavenly wisdom.

RELIGION THE SAME TO THE UNLEARNED AS THE LEARNED.

Religion here, and salvation hereafter, are as much the concern and duty of the illiterate and ignorant, as of the wise and learned. And as these are by much the greater number, religious duty must, undoubtedly, consist in something equally attainable and practicable by all. It cannot lie essentially in literary knowledge, nor any peculiar mode of education; for these are the lot of few, in comparison of the whole of mankind. Happiness being the end of man's creation, and the universal indispensable concern of every man, the effectual means of regeneration and salvation, must be attainable by every man. Nothing but the omnipresent, and all-effective Spirit of God, can be this means; for nothing else is universal, nor any way adequate to the work. The Spirit of God, therefore, being necessary to every man, is afforded to every man, by Him who withholds nothing necessary.

The truly sound reformed Christian knows and acknowledges every part of his reformation is owing to Divine help, and whoever propagates the contrary anti Scriptural doctrine, demonstrates their ignorance of true regeneration, and that their wisdom is but the superficial wisdom of words, which can only enable them to make a show of knowledge by talking about the things of God, without any right understanding of them. The pomp of science, and the flourish of eloquence have no more alliance to truth than the pride of life. They belong to the wisdom of this world, by which God is not to be known. "For the world by wisdom knew not God, nor the things of God." These are out of the reach of arts, languages, and sciences, and are discovered only by the manifestation of the Spirit of Christ in the heart, in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Yet, though the world, by all its admired and celebrated wisdom, knows not God, there is a wisdom *communicated* by which he is known. "For God," saith Holy Writ, "who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face, or inward appearance of Jesus Christ." The Apostle adds:—"We have this treasure in earthen vessels;" we enjoy it now while in these bodies of clay, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us.

All the souls that God has made, are *equally* his; and he, whose mercies are over all his works, overlooks *none* of his creatures in the distribution of *his* mercies. He withholds his talents from none, but dispenseth in different portions to different *persons*; that social communication and connexion may be preserved among us in this life To one he gives five talents; to a second, two; to a third, one; but to every one a degree of Divine manifestation *sufficient*, if believed in and obeyed, [illegible] He justly requires [illegible] proportionably answerable to the measure he affords, and as he perfectly [illegible] we to what degree of [illegible] he will finally judge all according to their increase, their negligence, or their rejection of the talents received. Let not him, therefore, who may have received the *least* measure of his gifts, be like the unprofitable servant, who hid his one talent in the earth, refusing to use and improve it, because of the [illegible] and the complaint that more would be required of him, than ability had been afforded to perform, but rather remember that "the Lord requireth of a man according to what he *hath*, and not according to what he hath not."

CHRISTIANITY AN INWARD LIFE GIVING PRINCIPLE.

Exterior forms are but temporary matters. They are no essentials of true Christianity. The great author of it represents it as "a well of water *in man*, springing up into everlasting life" It radically ariseth from a living, abiding, increasing principle *in man*, of a pure, spiritual, and heavenly nature. As this is cordially embraced, it enlarges the soul, expels the works and power of darkness, and produceth its own genuine fruits of humility, self-denial, patience, resignation to God, and trust in him alone; righteousness, [illegible] meekness, gentleness, temperance, [illegible] ness, brotherly-kindness, charity. It derives its origin from heaven, and leads to heaven. It [illegible] and [illegible] seats, up to the Supreme good himself It breaks down all our own self-will, and brings into perfect resignation, to the Divine will. In this humble, contrite frame, and no other, can we sincerely and truly say, thy kingdom come, thy will be done! For whilst our wills stand in separation to the will of God we cannot address him in these terms with propriety or [illegible] truth.

Evident tokens of internal religion, and the immediate manifestation of the Spirit for that end, appear throughout both the Old Testament, and the New; and the vitality and glory of Christianity lies in the clear administration of the Holy Spirit, without any veil of legal or ritual adumbrations. School-learning is but a human accomplishment; and though very useful as a servant, is no part of Christianity. Neither the acquirements of the college, nor the formalities of human authority, can furnish that humility which fitteth for God's teaching. Possessed of arts and languages, weak people are puffed up with a conceit of superiority, which leads from self-denial and the daily cross, into pride and self-sufficiency; and instead of waiting for, and depending upon the wisdom and power of God, into a confidence in the wisdom of this world, and a devotional satisfaction in the rote of external forms and ordinances. Whereas, those that worship God in the Spirit, rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh And why? because it is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing Without the Spirit, no man can be a minister of the Spirit; but he that hath the Spirit, hath life, and that which giveth life, while the mere letter is but dead, and tendeth to death.

Seeing, therefore, that all the human family are one common brotherhood, enlightened and called by the one Spirit, to see the one true, and living way in which we should walk, and each one to enter and proceed therein according to the measure of our light, and the extent of our calling; let none refuse to obey because of the want of *outward* knowledge, or the inferiority of outward position; for the Lord will surely help those who have no might of their own, and increase strength to the diligent and obedient servant, however poor, and weak, naked, and miserable he may esteem himself to be. His tender regard and compassion extends to all his works, and there is no respect of persons with him, but all who fear Him, and work righteousness, are accepted of him, however ignorant as to outward knowledge, or poor, as to outward substance, these may be. To as many as receive Christ in their hearts, to them giveth he power to become the sons of God; to as many as open at the knocking of his Spirit, doth he come in, and take up his abode with them, supping with them, and they with him; and this joyful communion of spirit is a crown which no man taketh from them; but which all the righteous enjoy with them, for they are united in the one body, members of the one universal Church of God, of which Christ is the ever living and adorable head, in whom all outward distinctions are obliterated; where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision, nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free; but Christ is all, and in all.

EXHIBITION OF ART.

Washington, Jan. 2d, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—It has been my earnest desire for years past to see in one of our large central cities an exhibition devoted to works of art, artistic, mechanical and industrial, either the production or the property of our race—an exhibition whose aims shall be to encourage those noble propensities where apparent in our people, and which would undoubtedly not only rescue from perpetual obscurity many gems of art, but would inspire a noble rivalry among those who have themselves made great advances in those noble paths It has always been very striking to me that this exhibition would be eminently successful Why? Because there are artists now among us who would strive to be well represented at this exhibition by productions of their greatest skill, who would feel as if their whole future fame depended upon their success in excelling the works of others The ingenious mechanic with his useful improvements, his well-contrived machines, his works of skill, would be ambitious to secure himself eminence in his craft, and the possessors of gems of art or wonderful pieces of mechanical and ingenious construction would be most anxious to display their property and to attain merited applause for their industrious endeavors in making their valuable collection. Let all contribute to this exhibition. Let the nimble fingers of the ladies do their best; for should this exhibition take place (as I hope it may,) the ladies who will, doubtlessly, be well represented, shall receive commendations in proportion to their noble endeavors.

What can I say to back this idea? Were I only to say that it will encourage art in all its shapes among our race, I had said enough; but see the other advantages consequent upon it You doubtless remember that "Michael Angelo" owed his eminence as an artist to the friendly encouragement of "De Medicis." His talent might, perhaps, have lain dormant, but encouraged and stimulated by the praises bestowed on the statue of a Satyr which he had formed from snow, he arose to the brilliant fame which now covers his memory May we not by this exhibition, by this disposition on our part to encourage art bring into repute talent of the highest order But understand for want of encouragement and patronage?

May we not by this tendency on our part to encourage all in their actions? May we not embolden modest talent to display its anonymous works in the exhibition, whereas in its retiring modesty, want of influence, fear of reproach and chill penury, its works would never have come to light? All remember the melancholy fate of poor, unfriended "Corregio"—he whose pictures rank highest in Europe—he whose brilliant and unassisted talent has adorned Europe's finest galleries, dying from fatigue from bearing home the bag of paltry copper coin, which miserly compensation was awarded to him for one of his greatest pictures and masterpieces. We look back with disgust to the memory of his sordid patrons. May not the same odium attach to our memory in later years?

Let us now say that besides encouraging modest and unassisted talent, we can thus bring into high standing talent that is already highly developed, talent that has already valiantly fought its own way up to reputation despite the obstacles that encompassed it, and the labors and privations that surrounded it.

It is our imperative duty thus to act. Let no sordid considerations withhold us from stretching out welcome hands to receive struggling genius, to comfort those faltering from want of patronage, and to enable them to gain the high goal for which they were aiming What gratification would be our share if, in carrying out this idea, we could cause to spring up among us some "Raphael," of inimitable talent; some "Titian," who would cause the canvass again to glow with her untainted flesh tints; some "Ira Bartholomew," whose coloring equalled the richness of his own Italian sky; some "Da Vinci," who would again display the wonderful form of man in all its glory, who would portray the passions of man with undeviating truth; some "Murillo," who would refresh the eye with his familiar and pleasing domestic scenes. How well repaid would we be if we were to awaken into activity some "Fulton," to astonish the world and himself with his own inventions; some "Newton," to expound to man nature's admirable laws, or those who thus encouraged and stimulated would emulate the footsteps of those great men who have enriched the world with their works.

Here I would also state that this being an exhibition of our own race, we should not be apt to feel backward in asserting our talent by our work. So much for works of art, mechanism, &c.

A few remarks may be made as to the exhibition of property comprising works and gems of art among our own people Many a masterpiece for want of appreciation is left unheeded, to decay amongst rubbish and ruins. By having this exhibition we may bring to light some picture of precious value; we all have likely heard of the Spanish beggar whose property was about to be sold for rent. Among the property two gentlemen recognised, in a small and old picture dimmed by smoke, one of Murillo's paintings. The picture was sold for a sum sufficient to cover the beggar's debts and render him comfortable for the rest of his days May we not have the fortunate chance to happen in our days? May we not thus rescue some masterpiece from ruin, that now adorns the walls of the poor man's dilapidated house? May not even possessors of fine pictures find out to their own good fortune that a picture which is now unheeded among their collections may turn out to be some masterpiece of European or American art? But we must confine ourselves to a limited space in enumerating these advantages. But some may urge the unwillingness of possessors of works of art to intrust them to a public exhibition. Some may urge that sufficient artists and mechanics do not exist in our race to justify such an idea, or even that few of us have works of art, for any rank, or worthy of exhibition.

We know that some obstacles will surround such an attempt as this exhibition; but the difficulties before enumerated are too futile to need repetition. The very fact that they are urged by persons, demonstrates that such persons have never had an opportunity to judge of these facts. There has never been an occasion where the genius, talent and acquirements of our race could be fully or fairly exhibited. The authors of works of art or mechanism, after having completed their labors, remain still totally unknown, together with their works, excepting to the circle of private friends, and so it is and always will be that the talent which is now in our people, buried in obscurity and the humbler walks of private life, will remain totally unknown, unless some means of giving their talents publicity be contrived.

We would also state that talent of any rank soever, gradually becomes wearied, gradually wears itself away for want of the stimulus of public praise. We have but few obstacles to surmount, and a great amount of inestimable talent to rescue from the obscurity of private life We have, in fact, nothing difficult to surmount, but our own inactivity, and have a fair chance of dislodging from the names of our people the accusations of want of genius, by presenting to the world the stern facts themselves Let us arouse ourselves from this lethargy! Let us stand forward boldly and intrepidly and demonstrate to a biassed world that the fact that no works of art, but few and far between, have been visible to its eyes is owing to our want of encouragement, and our lack of opportunity to give them publicity. Let us, now that an opportunity presents itself to destroy these selfish opinions, make good use of it. Let no considerations withhold us from the attempt, and let us redeem ourselves in the eyes of those bigots who impute inferiority to us of talent, and who, having had rare opportunities of education, have become as John Randolph, of Roanoke, said, "Like some land in Virginia, which produced the more weeds and stubble the more it was cultivated."

We hope that our people will seize hold of this plan with their whole souls and carry it out Let us now endeavor to raise deserving and hidden talent to the rank it deserves. Let us endeavor to award to all those who, by their genius deserve it, a merited share of applause and commendation, and so clearly prove that the genius of our people, if properly cultivated, can compete with that of any race or nation. You have but to attempt, and success is inevitable. You have but to throw yourself confidently on your resources to appeal to the people, who will readily respond to the call, and so the whole affair triumphs Art is stimulated, talent rewarded, genius cultivated, and our people made fully aware of their own resources These are the fruits of such an exhibition The objects of this exhibition would be fully attained One more advantage would be this: we will awaken in our people a greater love for an appreciation of the sciences and arts; the more such a tendency is shown on the part of our people, the more science, in all its handsome developments, will be nourished by them, the greater will be their assistants in gaining for themselves the inestimable boon of educational improvement and mental culture; for in proportion to their love of art, will increase their love of belles-lettres; in proportion to their love of belles-lettres will increase their refinement, until finally they will become reputed for their acquirements

This is the hope I have nourished for years, the realisation of which would give me infinite pleasure, and I can see no other mode of diffusing such feeling but by having such an exhibition as I propose. I remarked the objection might be urged of our lack of artists. Who has not heard of the unsurpassed Chaplin, of Huntingdon, Pennsylvania? The unrivalled Simpson, of Boston? The rising fame of a Dorsey, of Philadelphia? The celebrated Bowser, of Philadelphia? or of the astonishing naturalist, B. G Brown, of Washington, D C.? and others amongst us that might be mentioned of artistic abilities, not forgetting the many ladies whose productions would challenge competition?

The Sanitary Fair have done much to encourage the annual exhibitions to awaken talent and encourage [illegible]. We have never had anything of that kind. Let us arouse ourselves, and our endeavors will be highly rewarded with success. Let us [illegible] carry out this plan. I hope, Mr. Editor, and Correspondents, Editors and others may be induced to urge the matter before the people, devise a plan for the exhibition, and thus encourage art in our people, and stimulate their inventive genius. The benefits derived will more than repay your labors in this undertaking

Yours truly,
EDWARD M. BROWN.

AT PORT ROYAL. 1861.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The fort lights glimmer on the land,
The ship-lights on the sea;
The night wind smooths with drifting sand
Our track on lone Tybee.

At last our grating keels outslide,
Our good boats forward swing,
And while we ride the land locked tide,
Our negroes row and sing.

For dear the boatman holds his gifts
Of music and of song:
The gold that kindly Nature sifts
Amoog his sands of wrong

The power to make his toiling days
And poor home-comforts please;
The quaint relief of mirth that plays
With sorrow's minor keys.

Another glow than sunset's fire
Has filled the West with light,
Where field and garner, barn and byre,
Are blazing through the night.

The land is wild with fear and hate,
The rout runs mad and fast;
From land to land, from gate to gate,
The flaming brand is passed.

The lurid glow falls strong across
Dark faces proud with smiles
Not theirs the terror, hate and loss,
That fire you blazing piles.

With sar-stricken timing to their song,
They weave in simple lays
The pathos of remembered wrong,
The hope of better days—

The triumph-note that Miriam sung;
The joy of uncaged birds;
Softening with Afric's mellow tongue
Their broken Saxon words.

SONG OF THE SHORE BOATMAN.

Oh, praise an' taoks! De Lord be some,
To set de people free!
An' Moses stick in day ob doom,
Ah, we ob jubilee.
De Lord dat heap de Red Sea waves
He jus' as 'trong as dey;
He say de word: we las' night slaves,
To-day de Lord's freemen.
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
We'll hab de rice an' corn,
Oh, nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn.

Ole massa on de trabbles gone;
He tink de land behind:
De Lord's breff blow him furder on,
Like corn-shuck in de wind.
We own de hoe, we own de plow;
We own de hands dat hold;
We sell de pig, we sell de sow,
But nebber obbe be sold.
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
We'll hab de rice an' corn:
Oh, nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn.

We pray de Lord: he gib us signs
Dat some day we be free;
De Norf-wind tells it to de pines,
De wild-duck to de sea.
We tink it when de church-bells ring,
We dream it in de dream.
De rice-bird mean it when he sing,
De eagle when he scream
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
We'll hab de rice and corn.
Oh, nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn.

We know the promise nebber fail,
An' nebber lie de word:
So, like de 'postles in de jail,
We waited for de Lord:
An now he open ebery door,
An' trow away de key,
He tink we tuk him some before,
We hab him better free.
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
We'll hab de rice an' corn:
So nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn.

So sing our dusky gondoliers;
And with a secret pain,
And smiles that seem akin to tears,
We hear the wild refrain.

We dare not share the negro's trust,
Nor yet his hope so deep:
We only know that God is just,
And every wrong shall die.

Ends seems the song; each swarthy face,
Flame-lighted, ruder still;
We start to think that hapless race
Must share our good or ill;

That law of changeless justice bind
Oppressor with oppressed;
And, close as sin and suffering joined,
We march to Fate abreast.

Sing on, poor hearts! your chant shall be
Our sign of blight or bloom
The gale song of Liberty,
Or death rune of our doom!

Atlantic Monthly for February.

EASY TO PLEASE. LETTERS FROM ALL THE LETTERS, WITH A CODICIL FROM ET CETERA.

We take the following spicy article, devoted to an enumeration of the contradictory criticisms of newspaper readers, from the columns of the *Lutheran and Missionary*, to which paper we have been indebted for not a few of the valuable selections we have presented to our readers:

FIRST MOTTO: "*A was an Apple-pie. B bit it.*" &c. —*The Illustrated Alphabet: Book I., Chap. I., p. 1, line* 1, 2.

SECOND MOTTO: "*A was an Archer, who shot at a frog. B was a Bantam, who crowed on a log.*" &c — *The Alphabet Illustrated: line* 1, 2, *p.* 1, *Chap. I., B. I.*

What can be more easy than for an editor to please all men? Their expectations are invariably as rational and as harmonious, and their directions as explicit, that the happy editor, blessed with their suggestions, has nothing to do but to combine them all, and present, in one unrivalled sheet, such virtues as were never before combined, and never will be again, making together, in their union,

"That fruitless monster which the world ne'er saw"

Take, dear readers, a few of these suggestions from "OUR LETTER-BAG," unless you fear that their perusal may make you discontented with your lot, and envious of ours. Remember, if you are so tempted, that the most exalted and agreeable positions, can be reached but by few; and try, hard though it may be, try to be satisfied although you are not editors. We cannot all be editors, but we may all be good and useful people in our way—which is indeed, very much better.

A says: "Give us more doctrine." B says: "Your only error is, you have too much doctrine." C. says: "You have almost nothing for ministers." D. says: "Do try and make it more popular." E. says: "You are too milk-and-watery on the disputed points." F. says: "A little more of your exclusive, high-church, symbolical, old fogyism, and your paper will sink to the bottom." G. says: "Give us sprightly tales—the less religion in them the better." H. says: "I would humbly suggest, whether it would not be well to exclude the lighter matter from your valued sheet, and give to it more solid strength." I. says ["illegible"]. "You are not full enough on the grand practical topics of the day." J. says: "If you dare to utter another word on the [illegible] we shall naturally refuse to take your paper another time." K. says: "For mercy's sake, stop your bottom of those horrid Germans, with unpronounceable names. Who cares about them, or their learned lumber?" L. says: "It seems to me strangers overlook the [illegible] and they will come right of themselves."

ET CETERA, (a superb fellow he is, with a great, big true heart, that thrills out not a drop of blood that does not fulfil its mission in his clear, strong brain and a manly, active form,)—ET CETERA says: "Please find in my letter the names of twenty-five new subscribers, with the advance payments. I shall send you another lot next week. I pray for God's blessing on you regularly. It is a great pity that those who pray for their pastors every day, forget the editors of our papers, who are, in fact, pastors of flocks embracing thousands. I pray that your labors and those of your cherished co-worker may build up Zion, and may glorify our adorable Saviour's name. We are hungry for the coming of the paper. Everybody reads it, and everybody likes it. Where do you get so many clever, sprightly and instructive fellows to write for you? They come right to the point, and know how to say a great deal without being lengthy. I am most ashamed to send you the article I enclose, unworthy as it is of a place in such good company, and I do it only with the understanding that you put it in your stove if it don't answer. If you do, it will [illegible] to your good judgment, without lessening our affection for you and my activity for the paper."

ET CETERA, the sunshine looks dim in thy sunshine. Thine is the sunshine of a genial, large nature, [illegible] ist of God. The sunshine of the sun is but a reflection—thy sunshine is an emanation—it shines in thee and by thee. Thou, in thy moral being, interpretest the declaration that "Man is the glory of God." A good man is a Shekinah. God dwells in him. [illegible] and sealed in our consciences we look for our highest reward. But, next to this, we cherish the words which assure us of the confidence and sympathy of those dear spirits, who, [illegible] in labor, in honor prefer one another, and cheer their brethren in toil—men who are as tolerant to infirmities as they are quick in detecting and exposing wrong.

A great change is seen in the public disposition [illegible] of the Apostles in the Russian tongue are selling freely in the streets of St. Petersburgh. Hope may be entertained that, with such a beginning, [illegible] the word of God shall have free course and be glorified [illegible]

Domestic Items.

The War in Kentucky.—The Battle of Mill Creek.—Full Details of the Action.—How Zollicoffer Fell.—At the point of the "V" died Gen. Zollicoffer. He fell nearer our camp than any other man of his army. He was with Battle's Regiment, [illegible] to aids, horn and bronzed up around him at Nashville. A short distance from him, to [illegible] part of his men had been broken from their comrades, and were herding together like frightened deer. Colonel Fry's men were just about to fire on them. Colonel Fry himself was at the right of his regiment at the point of greatest danger. Gen. Z. was on foot and within a few feet of the Colonel. A gun coat concealed his uniform. Seeing the condition of his men, as the Colonel rode up, [illegible] and [illegible] Colonel, you would not fire upon your friends, would you?" Colonel Fry supposed, from the General's manner and remark, that he was one of our own officers, and at once replied, "Certainly not, sir; I have no such intention." He turned and rode a few steps, when one of the General's Aids fired at him, wounding his horse. Believing that he was tracked, Col. F. at once wheeled and fired at the General. The latter raised his hand to his breast and fell dead. Another ball struck him at the same moment, I believe, in the arm.

Appearance of Zollicoffer's Corpse.—Col. Connor, who had known Gen. Z. in Washington, asked to be permitted to see the corpse, and I went with him. He lay in a tent, wrapped in an army blanket, his chest and left arm and side exposed. A tall, rather slender man, with thin, brown hair, high forehead somewhat bald, Roman nose, firm, wide mouth, and clean-shaved face. A pistol ball had struck him in the breast, a little above the heart, killing him instantly. His face bore no expression such as is usually found on those who fall in battle—no malice, no reckless hate, not even a shadow of physical pain. It was calm, placid, noble. But I have never looked on a countenance so marked with sadness. A deep dejection had settled on it. "The low curse of the mouth" were distinct in the droop at its corners, and the thin cheeks showed the wasting which comes through disappointment and trouble.

Zollicoffer's Career.—Poor Zollicoffer! He has been a most unfortunate man. Distrusted by his party on account of his supposed liberality toward the North, which was his birth-place, his political aspirations were destroyed before the Rebellion commenced. In its inception he was bitterly opposed to it, and struggled against Disunion till that great flood tide came which swept away so many of those whose names were once venerated throughout the land.

Assuming command of the Confederate troops in East Tennessee, he became a terror there and along the Upper Cumberland, but, as I am convinced, through any disposition of his own to be cruel or rapacious, but on account of the wild and undisciplined hordes whom he commanded, but could not control. His fidelity to the upstart Government was doubted, and he fought the battle of Wild Cat against the advice of every Colonel in his army, and with a reckless desire to obtain military distinction, and prove himself faithful to the new cause.

That attack was unsuccessful, simply because it was twenty-four hours too late. United there, he brought his troops to their long position on the Cumberland, threatening the heart of Kentucky, keeping open the navigation of the Cumberland, and ready to act in concert with the army at Bowling Green. No position was ever better chosen, either for its own strength or its value as connected with other military movements in the same line. Gen. Crittenden received him of his command on the 1st day of January, and Gen. Z. (heather went home for a few days. He left his home again, to die at the head of his army fighting a battle against his own judgment and in the moment of defeat.

Fruits of the Victory.—The victory was complete. Thirteen cannon, more than a thousand stand of arms, a thousand horses, ammunition, baggage trains, commissary stores of every kind, tents, clothing, and, in short, everything which the poor fellows had, were left to us. A copy of the order of retreat was found directing that the army should [illegible] o'clock, silently, and leave everything. They did not even spike their guns

Their Fortifications and Camp.—No army was ever caught with such a panic, even in the open field. That they should leave behind them all the [illegible] strength of those at and their camp seemed almost incredible. Those fortifications were evidently constructed under the supervision of a skilful engineer. It would be difficult to construct more formidable earthworks. They were defended by thirteen pieces, many of them rifled. The force of the enemy, even after their heavy losses in the morning, was fully equal in numbers to our own. Yet all was abandoned.

To our men, accustomed to live in cold tents, the Rebel camp seemed almost a paradise. The most of the regiments were furnished with log huts, warm, comfortable and [illegible]. In the commissary department there were much better supplied than we have been. No crackers, but good corn bread and biscuit most inviting. Coffee, sugar, beef, fat hogs, everything of the best, and plenty of it. The South may be starving, but the Southern army is far from [illegible] ing. [illegible] Their stores, or [illegible] gave advantages over them. Their guns were, many of them, flint-lock muskets, shot-guns and squirrel-rifles. But few rifled muskets were found.

The Retreat Becomes a Rout.—The rout is complete. Panic-stricken, they fly in all directions. The pursuit is pressed up to the very intrenchments of the enemy. Two of their pieces have been taken. The third, which they took with them, is only saved to be left behind in their flight across the river. Our cannon open on their camp, our shells falling into their most effective battery, killing four of the men at their guns, and driving the rest away. The darkness of nightfall only prevents a general assault, and our troops lie down, hoping in the morning to complete the good work of that Sabbath, a work they had not sought, for they were resting that day, preparatory to the attack which Gen. Thomas had intended to make on Monday

The Field After the Battle.—The Rebel Wounded.—I rode over the battle-field in the evening. Our men were burying the dead, but many still lay ghastly where they fell. The wounded had all been taken up. The same kind treatment was extended to the enemy's wounded which was given to our own. The universal remark which they made to me as I passed through the hospital was:—"We never expected to be treated so. We have been misled. We supposed [illegible] fall into your hands. You are kinder to us than we would have been to you." The only difference was [illegible] land together in common pits. Our own were buried in separate graves, and on many of them I saw young cedars already planted by their comrades.

Beside one of the graves prepared for the enemy's killed, I noticed several lying ready to be interred. One poor boy lay in the exact position, as I was told, [illegible] was found. He [illegible] was lovely closed on his right elbow. His eyes were closed and he looked as though he had just fallen asleep.

Later from Europe.—By the arrival of the Europa at Halifax, with dates to the 12th from Liverpool, by telegraph via Queenstown, we learn that, notwithstanding the pacific solution of the Trent question, warlike preparations continued, and vessels were still loading with heavy stores for Halifax and Jamaica.

The pleasable settlement of the difficulty had given [illegible] and the London press, as far as ascertained, without exception, had expressed their approval of the course pursued. The *Times*, eager as it was to have the [illegible] flag, opposes any ovation to them, and even goes so far as to say that "they are the most worthless body it would be possible to [illegible] the [illegible] the American line, having been long known as blind and habitual haters of England."

The *Times* sincerely hopes that Englishmen will not give these fellows—Mason and Slidell—anything in the shape of an ovation. The sympathy due to a foe in distress is all they can claim. England has returned them good for evil; and even now their only efforts will be to entangle her into war with the North. England would have done just as [illegible] fore, pass quietly on their way, and have their say with anybody who may have to listen to them.

The other journals allude to Mason's strong advocacy of the fugitive slave law to prejudice the public against them.

In France and Russia the same satisfaction at the settlement of the difficulty was expressed, and the [illegible] congratulating Mr Seward on the upright[illegible] and intelligence of his policy, and demanding that the [illegible] tions by the Powers of the autonomic principles upon the [illegible]

The Burnside Expedition has arrived at Hatteras, after encountering terrific storms. The steamers City of New York and Pocahontas, and the gun-boat Zouave, were wrecked. The Louisiana went ashore [illegible] Eastern Queen and Voltigeur went ashore

Despite all these adverse circumstances, General Burnside has succeeded in getting over the bar [illegible] sand troops. Everything appeared to be in a safe [illegible]

The large transports with the troops remained outside of the bar until the arrival of the S. R. Spaulding from Port Royal to the 9th when Captain Howe volunteered to bring them all inside. This was accomplished yesterday afternoon, the Eastern State passing the last as she left.

A portion of the gun-boats chartered by General Burnside for the Expedition refused to proceed further than Fortress Monroe.

Different statements are received at Hatteras from the surrounding population in relation to the disposition and intentions of the enemy. Some who come in say that they are completely frightened, and will not make a stand

Another report is, that large masses of troops will be concentrated in the vicinity; and still another story, confirmed by many, is, that their exertions will be directed chiefly to placing obstructions in our progress to Norfolk. The rebels keep a good [illegible] of the movements with their gun boats

Hon. Robert Wilson, a reported strong Union man, has been appointed by acting Lieutenant Governor Wall, of Missouri, United States Senator from that State to fill the vacancy created by the expulsion of Trusten Polk for sympathy with the Southern rebellion

Hon C L. Vallandigham, member of Congress from Ohio, and who lately published a card in the Baltimore *Sun* declaring that the action of the United States Government in releasing Messrs. Slidell and Mason was "more disastrous than five years of warfare," has given notice in Congress of his intention to ask a bill to abolish the Post Office Department.

John Tyler, ex-President of the United States, and for some time past an active participant in all the schemes and acts of the Southern Rebellion, died in Richmond, Virginia, at fifteen minutes past 12 o'clock, on Friday night, the 17th instant, 71 years of age.

George Thompson, whose vivid and anti-slavery addresses to this country as early as 1835 is still remembered by many, lately delivered an eloquent lecture in Surrey Chapel, London, on American affairs, vindicating the conduct of the Northern States in endeavoring to put down the Southern rebellion, and strongly deprecating the war spirit that is manifested in certain quarters of his native country, Great Britain

Hon. Noah A Swain, of Columbus, Ohio, has been nominated by President Lincoln, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Judge McLean.

John Lothrop Motley, the distinguished Historian, and Robert V. Pruyn, of Albany, New York have been confirmed by the United States in their appointments, the former to be Minister to Austria, and the latter Minister Resident to Japan. Both, it is believed, are eminently suitable appointments.

Married.

By Rev. T. Strother, November 10th, 1861, Nelson Bass to Miss Lucinda Patrique.

By the same, January 7th, 1862, Theodore Johnson to Miss Elizabeth J. Evans.

On the same evening, James Patrique to Elizabeth Howard. All of Terre Haute, Ind.

By Rev W. D. W. Scharenberg, January 16th, 1862, Mr. Aaron Saunders to Miss Jane Treavers, both of Allentown, N. J.

By Rev. Lewis J. Conover, January 24, Mr. Charles Cook, of Burlington, to Miss Caroline Slade, of Knightstown, N. J.

THE FARMER AND GARDENER,
A MONTHLY PERIODICAL,
Devoted to the Interests of Agriculture.
PUBLISHED BY
WILLIAM S. YOUNG, No 1023 Race St., Phila.
CONTENTS OF DECEMBER NUMBER.
Agriculture.—Manures—Animal.—Is an open Agriculture to be abandoned, in 1861.—Reply to Mr. Lytle.—Directions of the Rotation.—Mr. Johnson—Ash Leaks Eruptions of the Skin.—Gradual Deepening of the Soil.—The Relation of Fodder to Manure.—Feeding Horses.—Difference in the Quality of Seeds.—Spring Treatment of Lawns.—Mr. Morris's Feeding Experiments.—Barnyard Manure.—Experimental Horse Power Ploughs.—Bee Pasturage.—Wax and Honey.—Having Sweetened.—The Bee.—The Honey Bee: Management of Bees.—Honey Harvesting.—Queen Rearing.—Impregnation of Queens.—Queen Almost Destroyed.—Remedies.—Pests in Grapes.—The Culture of Hydrangea in Water.—Planting Pear Trees.—Chinese Primroses.—Transferring an Old Lawn.—Improvement of Vegetables.—Editorial.—To Correspondents.—Land and Lawns Fenced by Hedge.—The Pyus Island Nursery.—Hops a Weekly.—The Farm Science.—Treatment of Horses.—Labels for Fruit Trees.—Home Improvement.—How to Get Rid of Dyspepsia.—A Diet for Ayrton.—Potatoes and Antipodes.—Injected Tree Nursery.—Grape Mildew.—Wheat Culture

CLAIRE'S BABY

Mr. Curtis sat alone in his office. It was late at the turn of the day when the shadows in the corners were subtle creeping forth to turn the twilight into darkness. There had been unusually painful cases in the court room upon that day, and the lawyer's brow wore a look of thoughtful sadness, and he leaned his head upon his hand with an air of weariness which was at variance with his strongly-marked features, and the energy of his usual movements and words. Rousing himself after an hour of thought, he lighted his room, and then sat down to write; his first task was the following letter:

My Dear Madam:—It grieves me, both as an old friend and your professional adviser, to have to tell you that our last hope failed to day. You have secured me from the commencement of the suit that you looked for no other issue, and I most sincerely trust that the blow will be lightened by the anticipation of the result of our efforts. In any way that I can be of service to you it will be my highest pleasure to be employed. Hoping that you will call upon me for any advice or assistance that you may need now, I am

Yours very truly, A. Curtis

Mrs E. Barclay

He had scarcely finished writing the direction of his epistle, when a loud ring at the bell announced a visitor. He looked up to see at the door a small, child-like figure, dressed in mourning, with a veil over the face.

"Mr. Curtis, I believe," said a very sweet voice, and raising the veil the lady showed a face to match the gentle accents. She was very slight and small, and her fair smooth hair, large blue eyes, and small features gave a winning childish look to her face, with which a close widow's cap and heavy black attire made a touching contrast. Mr. Curtis rose instantly, handed the lady a chair, and then waited to hear her errand.

"You are Mrs. Barclay's legal adviser, I believe."

Mr. Curtis bowed assent.

"I am Mrs Hastings; your uncle would know me well, but since I left home I feel I have lost an old friend in his death."

"I have heard my uncle speak frequently of Mrs. Barclay's friend, 'little Claire.'"

"Yes, I am 'little Claire,' I returned from Europe yesterday, and for the first time heard of"—the blue eyes were filling fast—"of dear Mrs. Barclay's troubles. I came here instantly to ask you to tell me *all*, for the accounts I hear very."

"I should be—" Mr. Curtis paused

"You are a lawyer," said Mrs. Hastings smiling, "and I am making a blunder, I see, to my request. Did Mrs. Barclay or your uncle ever tell you anything about me?"

"Only that you were a very dear friend of the lady's."

"Then, if I will not weary you, I will tell you my story, and you shall then judge whether it is best to answer my questions. Seven years ago, last Christmas eve, I was made an orphan. My father was a drummer in the orchestra in one of our theatres; my mother embroidered collars. One evening, Christmas eve, there had been a pantomime at the theatre in which my father was engaged, which required music behind the scenes, and in passing from the rear of the stage to the front, he fell into a trap, which was invisible in the dim light, and was instantly killed; they brought his body home, and the shock, acting upon a frame weakened by toil, poverty, and illness, was too much for my mother; she went from one swoon to another, and died in my arms just as the dawn of Christmas peeped into our little room. I was then just fifteen years of age; for the day which brought this weight of sorrow was my birthday.

"My parents' death threw me upon the world utterly penniless, and I was very young, sir. I am telling you all this to prove how much I owe to Mrs. Barclay. My parents had been poor from my birth, yet I was not wholly without education. My father had a natural genius for elocution, and had trained my voice for reading, while my mother taught me to sew, and an old violinist, a friend of my father's, had given me instruction in music. I could read, play on the piano, sing and sew; so, after I had seen all my parents' property sold to pay their funeral expenses, I started with a brave heart to make my living. You may well shake your head. I had not one friend out of the theatre, and there was no money to spare amongst them; so I went, in my childish hope of obtaining work, from door to door. I was very small, and some smiled pityingly, some contemptuously at the idea of trusting the little wanderer with sewing. A whole week passed, and I had not earned one cent. Then I tried the stores; there, too, I failed

"I was leaning one day against the counter of a store where embroidery was sold, and where my timid petition for work had met its last rebuff; I was crying, for I was cold, hungry, and hopeless. A kind hand was placed on my shoulder, and a low, sweet voice said—

"'You are in trouble, my child—what about?'

"I looked up. Such a kind-loving face bent over me, and such tender, pitying eyes looked into mine, that I was warmed and cheered instantly

"'If you please,' I said, 'I want some work.'

"'Work, child!'

"'Yes ma'am, embroidery; I can do it. Mother taught me,' and then, encouraged by her sweet face and interest, I told all my troubles. I will not weary you by any more details. My questioner was Mrs Barclay; she took me to her own house, and for four years she was a second mother to me; I was educated and protected, while every wish of my heart was gratified. I could talk for a week and not tell half the love and kindness she poured out upon the little orphan child, and it was not given as if I were a dependant upon her bounty, a charity ward, but every gift was sweetened by loving words and actions. I was told to call her aunt Lizzie, and she introduced me to her friends as her child, making me her equal in station, and yet I had no real claim upon her; it was her own loving heart that found its return in what alone I could give, my gratitude and affection.

When I was nineteen years old I married, and in parting from me, my dear benefactress gave new tokens of her loving care. I will not dwell upon my married life, its grief is too recent. We went, my husband and myself, to Paris and for two years travelled through Europe. Ten months ago, Mr Hastings died in Florence of malarious fever. I was very ill for a long time after I was widowed, but in the kind letters I received from home, I had no hint of Mrs. Barclay's troubles, and when she requested me to change the address of my letters, she did not say that she had been forced to leave her home, the dear home where she had made my life so happy. Not until yesterday, when I landed in New York, did I receive the least intimation of a change of my friend's prospects, and I came here as soon as possible. I have just arrived in the city, and I came to you as the person who could best give me the information that I seek.

"My husband left me wealthy, and I am sole mistress of my property my benefactress is, I hear, poor. Now, judge if I have a right to ask for the statement of her trouble."

Mr Curtis replied instantly. "You have every right, and I will meet your confidence with equal frankness, but first you must allow me to insist upon your having rest and refreshment. Nothing can be done before to-morrow and after tea I promise you all the information which it is in my power to give you. Mrs Curtis is in the drawing room. Will you allow me to present you?"—and rising he offered his arm to the lady.

Mrs Curtis, a tall, handsome lady received her husband's little guest with pleasure, one sight of the childish face with its sad setting enlisting all her womanly sympathies. The tone, however, added to the warmth of her welcome.

"Mrs Hastings, I feel like an old friend, for you were my sister's classmate in the Young Ladies' Seminary. Do you not remember Lottie Banks?"

"And you are Sara. I shall have a thousand questions to ask, but first I must trouble Mr. Curtis to speak to the hackman and tell him to call for me later in the evening."

"Where are your trunks?"

"At the G — House."

"Mr Curtis," said his lady, laughingly, "do you see much of my displeasure manifested to for Mrs Hastings trunks. No scuffle, you are our guest when in the city."

"I shall be a life long inmate, then," was the reply, "for I intend to reside here in future. I accept the invitation with pleasure, for I have to find a house. Mr Curtis, when you send for the trunks, will you please send for my baby."

"If there is so precious a package as that to be delivered," said Mr. Curtis, "I will go myself for the baggage."

"Room 139 and you will find Meta, the nurse there. You speak German."

"Yes."

"Because she is profoundly ignorant of English. My baby is German born there sixteen months ago, and I brought a nurse from Germany when we left there."

Mr Curtis departed upon his mission, and Mrs Hastings having doffed her bonnet and cloak, was soon chatting with her hostess

Tea over, the baby put to bed, and the lawyer disengaged, the sad story of Mrs Barclay's troubles came up again. It was brief. A relative of her late husband's had made a claim against the estate, and after a long lawsuit the court had given the case to the widow's opponent.

"She left the house immediately after the claim was made," said Mr Curtis, "and was only persuaded, after a very long course of urging to resist the demand."

"Where is she now?"

"In H——"

"But how does she live? Was there nothing left?"

"Nothing! From luxury she was deprived of all. She is now teaching French in a young ladies' seminary. It will be a year in January since she has been there."

Claire's tears were flowing fast; but after a moment's pause, she said brightly: "All the events of my life, except the last"—and she glanced at her black dress—"have happened to me on Christmas. I was born on that day, orphaned, married, all on Christmas day, and I should like to associate a great pleasure more with the time; it is only one month. Will you help me in a plan for the next Christmas?"

"I will," said both Mr. and Mrs Curtis, and Mrs Hastings told them her project

"No letter from Claire; this is the first steamer she has missed; I hope she is not sick again." And an anxious cloud came over the speaker's face. She was an elderly lady, whose soft gray hair shaded a face where every gentle feeling had left a trace: the mild blue eyes, the full mouth, the soft creamy complexion, all seemed to speak of the serene spirit within, which gave its charm to the delicate features. She was pacing slowly up and down in a long room, where globes, books, and desks told of little students; in her hand she held an unopened letter, but it was not directed in the pretty, lady-like hand for which she looked, and she let it stay sealed in her hand as she walked up and down. A fair child-like form and face, with a wreathing wealth of sunny hair, was before her as she mused, now in the coarse dress and thin bonnet in which it had first come to her, then in the full white lace and bridal wreath and veil in which it had last greeted her. She tried to picture it in the sad dress which now sorrow had made its own, and she whispered softly: "Not yet, nor next time; I will write as before until she is a little more accustomed to her own grief. I cannot add to my darling's care. Perhaps at Christmas, the time when I met her first, I can write."

It was getting dark, and the entrance of the children and light reminded her of the letter. Opening it, she read:

My Dear Madam:—I find that your signature is absolutely necessary to some papers which I hold, and which I cannot trust to the mail. Will you come to the city on the 24th, when I will meet you and be ready for the signature? Mrs. Curtis begs that you will be her guest during your stay in town

Yours, respectfully, A. Curtis

"He is imperative," thought the lady; "but I will go. Any relief from this treadmill existence will do me good."

It was Christmas eve; a still, starry evening had succeeded a clear day, and as the cars dashed into the depot at nine o'clock, Mrs. Barclay was almost sorry her ride was over

"I could not come earlier," she said, as Mr. Curtis met her. "My holiday does not commence until to-morrow, and the principal is at a setting. Now I have a week of quiet rest."

"And I trust of great happiness," said the lawyer.

"I wonder what he means!" thought the lady, as they drove away from the depot. "He smiled very significantly. The suit is lost, that is certain. Has he saved anything from the wreck? We are driving away from his part of the city, and—and"—the carriage stopped "My old house!" said Mrs Barclay

"I will explain presently," said Mr Curtis offering his arm

Up the steps, into the wide hall, lighted and warmed, and up the stairs to the bed room. Here Mrs Curtis met the bewildered lady, whose eyes filled as they rested upon the furniture and ornaments which were just as she had left them

"You will find all the rooms unchanged," said Mrs. Curtis, gently. "The man who took it did not disturb anything, and it was purchased as you left it. Will you come down, now?"

The parlor was lighted, and in the adjoining room a supper table was spread for the traveller. Upon the mantelpiece lay a folded paper directed to Mrs Barclay. In it she read only these words—"A Christmas gift from Claire's baby."

"Claire!" she cried; and, in answer to the call, the little figure appeared in the door, holding a baby in a festive dress of white. There was a sobbing cry of "Claire, my darling!" and somehow the baby was transferred to Mrs Curtis, and Claire was folded in her adopted mother's arms

Such a happy Christmas was not spent under many roofs, and the earnestness it gave of a life of grateful care to repay what Claire had met in her sorrow, was not disappointed.

THE CAKE

The little daughter of a poor sewing woman went to a lady's house one Christmas to take home a bundle of work. As she stood in the entry, the lady brought her money to pay for the work, her purse was in one hand and a plate in the other.

Jessie no doubt looked first and longest at the plate, for the plate held a fine little Christmas cake, coated with frosting and dotted with all sorts of sugar plums. Jessie, very likely, never saw such a cake before, except perhaps at the shop-windows. "Here, my little girl, I have brought this Christmas cake for you," said the kind lady.

Jessie was too astonished to speak. She looked and looked at the frosted cake with wondering and eager eyes, then said timidly, "Oh, ma'am; and if I might only carry it to Mary. She is my poor lame cousin who never moves from her chair, and her leg pains her so."

"Would you rather Mary to have it than yourself?" asked the lady, smiling; "see the sugar plums." "I should like it very much, replied the little girl, modestly, "but Mary is sick and I would please her so. I better she would have it."

"Well, said the lady, "you can give it to Mary. The Lord Jesus says it is more blessed to give than to receive, perhaps you have found it so." Jessie looked up to the lady's face with a quiet sweet smile as she took the cake and thanked her for it.

This lady had read a great many books and heard a great many sermons. But somehow all her reading and preaching never made her understand that text in the way in which Jessie had understood it when she went with her cake to poor lame Mary. It was that same lesson that [illegible] never failed and yet never grows old, yet never wearing out. And the lady humbly took the lesson from the child She treasured it up in her heart, she tried to pattern after it in her own life. Our blessed Lord, the Son of God, from the time he left the bosom of the Father to his death on the cross, made his whole way shining with its blessedness

It is pleasant sometimes to find the darkness of human life wearing with a stray beam of this heavenly sort. Whoever of our readers have not heard the Hindoo fable illustrating the spots of the moon, will be glad to see it. The Hindoos fancy they can see a *rabbit* in the moon; and their poets often paint the moon with a rabbit in the middle of a pounding rice. The fable thus explained is: Four animals, a fox, a monkey, and a rabbit, lived together in a large forest. One day a poor traveller came to see them. "My children," he said, "I am sure in this calm spot? Do you never feel afraid." "We are peaceful and happy," they answered. "We live in love, though of different families. The green grass is our carpet and the shady boughs our roof." "I heard of it," said the old man, "and came a great distance to visit you. I am old and weary. I suffer from hunger. Can you give me something to eat?"

The three little animals, moved with pity, leaped away in three different directions to find food. Galloping to the river's brink, the fox seized a silvery fish, frozen and dripping, and brought it between his teeth, and laid it at the old man's feet. The monkey climbed the highest trees, and fetched him the finest fruits. The rabbit came back as he had gone out, empty-handed, with nothing to offer the old man.

"The monkey and the fox have had pity on me," he said sadly, "Does the rabbit despise me?"

"Dear friends," said little rabbit to the fox and monkey, "will you heap a pile of wood and dead leaves for me?" When they finished heaping the pile, the rabbit set it on fire, and then said, "Good old man, I am little and feeble. I looked everywhere, and found nothing worthy to bring you; but I will offer my body for your repast." With that he jumped into the fire and roasted himself to death.

The old man then threw off his disguise, and appeared as one of the gods. He gathered up the bones of the poor little rabbit, and said, "I am deeply touched by this sacrifice, and as a reward I will place the rabbit in the middle of the moon that his memory may never perish."

THE INDEPENDENT FARMER

Let soldiers sing of the windy deep,
Let soldiers praise their armor,
But in my heart this toast I'll keep—
"The Independent Farmer."
When first the rose in robes of green
Unfolds its crimson lining,
And 'round his cottage porch is seen
The honeysuckle twining;
When banks of bloom their sweetness yield,
To bees that gather honey,
He drives his team across the field,
Where skies are soft and sunny.

The blackbird sticks behind the plough,
The quail pipes loud and clearly,
You orchard hides behind its bough
The house he hews so dearly;
The gray old barn, whose doors unfold
His ample store in measure,
More rich than heaps of hoarded gold,
A precious, blessed treasure.
But yonder in the porch there stands
His wife, she lovely charmer,
The sweetest rose on all the lands—
The Independent Farmer.

To him the Spring comes dancingly,
To him the Summer blushes,
The Autumn smiles with mellow ray;
He sleeps, old Winter hushes
He cares not how the world may move,
No doubts nor fears confound him;
His little flocks are linked in love,
And honest old angels round him;
He trusts in God and loves his wife,
Nor grieves nor ills may harm her;
He's nature's noblemen in life—
The Independent Farmer.

Farmers' Magazine

ARMY POETRY

The following original hymn, by Dr O Evarts, the surgeon of the 20th Indiana Regiment, stationed with ours, near Fortress Monroe, was sung on this occasion. It so truly reflects the spirit of our army, that it was sung with much spirit by all who were present:

Thou loving Father, over all
We, our loved mother, our heart enthrall,
Whose house is neither tent nor wall,
We come to Thee, with all our guilt!

From home and kindred far away
Upon this mid we bend the knee,
And from the midst of war's array
Thy children still—we look to Thee.

No love of self—no lust of power
Nor greed for gold hath brought us here
But in these wars good thing and fair,
We come to see Thy light appear.

O let it first from our own hearts
Drive out the darkness of sin, flying there
The tempter will with all his arts
That we may fall not in his snare!

Let "Use—not Fame" inspire our arms.
And—or first love to know it is—
That Freedom, with her heavenly charms,
May make us, also, truly free!

And when, O, Father, over all
Not in this tent—nor on this field—
In life a great battle we shall fail,
O hear us all upon Thy shield!

DOMESTIC MARKETS

The inclemency of the weather has interfered with wharf operations this week, and the markets generally have been very inactive. Quercitron Bark is better. Breadstuffs close firmer, and rather more active. Coal continues steady, but very quiet. Iron is held with more firmness. Cotton.—The demand continues limited. Coffee and sugar are firm. Provisions rule dull, and the prices of most kinds nearly nominal. Fish, Fruit, Naval Stores, Oils, and Plaster are without any material variation. Rice and Salt unchanged. Lumber is rather more active. Tobacco, Teas, and Tobacco are scarce and high. Wool is in limited request at previous quotations.

Advertisements.

☞ Advertisements in this column.

McALLISTER AND BROTHER,
OPTICIANS,
No. 728 Chestnut Street,
Philadelphia,
Nearly Opposite Masonic Hall.

JOHN COCHRAN & CO.,
Importers and Jobbers of
Hosiery, Gloves and Fancy Dry Goods,
No. 15 North Fourth St., above Market,
Philadelphia
Ribbons and White Goods, Undershirts and Drawers, Embroideries and Handkerchiefs, Watches and Jewelry, Combs, Brushes, &c.

WILLIAM S. YOUNG,
Steam Printer,
Book, Job and Newspaper
Printing Office,
No. 41 North Sixth Street,

GRAHAM, EMLEN & PASSMORE,
No. 625 Market Street, Philada
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Garden, Field, Grass, and Flower Seeds
Agricultural Machinery of every description,—
Horticultural Tools.
Trees,
Plants,
Fertilizers, &c.
☞ Sole agents for Pennock's celebrated Reaper and Mower, Morgan's Patent Steel-Tooth Horse Rake, Cumming's Hay, Straw, and Fodder Cutter, &c.
John H. Graham, Saml. Emlen, R. G. Passmore
Late J. Gillingham & Co.

Samuel Wood, William McCollin,
Late Wood & Ellis, Pittsburgh
BANKING HOUSE OF
WORK, McCOUCH & CO.,
No. 21 South Third Street,
Philadelphia
Dealers in Discount Bank Notes and Coin. Bonds and Warrant Notes bought on the most favorable terms
Bills of Exchange on New York, Boston, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Richmond, Cincinnati, St. Louis, &c. &c., constantly for sale
Collections promptly made on all accessible points in the United States and Canada
Deposits Received, payable on demand, and interest allowed as per agreement
Stocks and Loans bought and sold on commission, and Business Paper negotiated
Refer to Philadelphia and Commercial Banks Philadelphia Agents, Messrs. J. Cox, Thomson, Lanier & Co., New York, and Citizens' and Exchange Banks, Pittsburg.
Sept. 1—11

TAGGART & FARR'S
CELEBRATED IMPROVED
DOUBLE THREAD FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.
No. 131 North Ninth Street, Philada.
These machines are confidently recommended to families, as not only the cheapest and easiest managed, but
THE CHEAPEST AND BEST IN THE MARKET.
Wherever they have been tried, they have given universal satisfaction
FAMILIES, TAILORS, AND SEAMSTRESSES,
are invited to examine them,—as they are particularly adapted to their wants, being strong and durable. They will sew fine or coarse goods equally well and are warranted to give entire satisfaction. They make the DOUBLE LOCK STITCH, gather beautifully, and the stitch will not unravel nor draw the goods when wetted. The thread is used from spools of any size, as purchased at the stores. Full directions with each machine.
Farmers' wives are invited to examine and judge for themselves. Prices from $40 to $80. apl3-1mo.

GENTLEMEN'S
BOOTS, SHOES, and GAITERS.
JOHN ALBUS,
No. 109 North Fourth Street,
(Above Arch, East side,)
Philadelphia.

HOMER EACHUS,
REAL ESTATE AGENT,
AND COLLECTOR,
No. 1015 Wood Street,
Pittsburg, Pa.
☞ Collections guaranteed by Real Estate Security raised at $10,000. 6t

THE INDEPENDENT FARMER
Lot soldiers sing of the windy deep,
Let soldiers praise their armor,
But in my heart this toast I'll keep—
"The Independent Farmer."
When first the rose in robe of green
Unfolds its crimson lining,
And 'round his cottage porch is seen
The honeysuckle twining;
When banks of bloom their sweetness yield,
To bees that gather honey,
He drives his team across the field,
Where skies are soft and sunny.

The blackbird sticks behind the plough,
The quail pipes loud and clearly,
You orchard hides behind its bough
The house he hews so dearly;
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More rich than heaps of hoarded gold,
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And honest old angels round him;
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Farmers' Magazine

BAUGH'S
RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF
MANUFACTURED FROM UNBURNED BONES
BY BAUGH & SONS,
Wholesale office and Store, 20 S. Wharves, between Market and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia.
CASH PRICE $45 PER 2000 POUNDS. (2½ CTS. PER POUND)
In the preparation of this Valuable Manure, BONES ARE USED IN THEIR RAW STATE ONLY. They have never been boiled or calcined. They are taken as nature has made them, crushed with powerful machinery, and subjected to a process, by which, while all the virtues of the bone is retained, a Fertilizer is presented, furnishing in a concentrated and reliable form, the two indispensable ingredients for the growth of Plants and enriching the soil, viz. phosphoric acid and ammonia. These two ingredients, by the use of "BAUGH'S RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE," are given to the soil in all their original strength and purity. They assimilate at once with the soil, furnish all the needful nourishment for the growing crop, giving it simple luxuriance, and leave the land permanently benefited, so that its presence can be traced for years after words.

Downingtown, Chester County, Pa., April 9th, 1860.
Messrs. Baugh & Sons:—Gentlemen,—I have been using your article of Super Phosphate on wheat and corn for several seasons, and am well satisfied of its value as an active and "lasting" fertilizer.
I have applied it on wheat at the rate of 200 pounds per acre, alongside of a heavy coat of barn-yard manure, kept dry and under cover, and the result was, that by harvest the wheat where the Phosphate was put, was much the better headed and heavier, while the grain was taken more strongly than on the other portion of the field. I have also used the Phosphate by the side of Peruvian Guano, each in the same quantity, and in regard to both grain and straw, the action of your preparation was much the more satisfactory. In corn, my experience in its use has been the' it pays well for the money laid out.
Yours, &c, ISAAC T. LEWIS.

Newtown Square, Delaware Co., Pa., July 23d, 1860.
Messrs. Baugh & Sons:—Having applied last season to test some prepared manures offered for sale, I was induced by your agent to make a trial of three different kinds, which I did on wheat, side by side. In the same field I purchased Peruvian Guano and Super Phosphate of Lime—one of the former together with your New Bone Super Phosphate, and used them as above stated. During the growing, as well as the gathering of the crop, the test resulted most fully in favor of the latter.
But whether it is from the mode and ease in preparing, or to the superior quality of the material used in, — the Bone Super Phosphate, I am unable to say, however, I cheerfully award you the result of my trials, thinking that others may be induced to make other experiments, and in my opinion, greatly to the agricultural interests of the whole country.
Yours, &c, JAMES DUNWOODY

Plymouth, Montgomery Co., Pa., August 10th, 1860.
Baugh & Sons Gentlemen,—Having used your Super Phosphate, bought of you in Christmas, at the Montgomery C. Agricultural Society, on wheat and corn, I take with pleasure in recommending it. The effect it produced was so manifest, that it greatly increased my confidence in the value of your Fertilizer. Where it was applied on the wheat, the soil was decidedly the poorest on the field, yet the yield was fully equal to the balance, which had a heavy coat of barn-yard manure. Where it was applied on the corn, I am satisfied the yield was fully double.
Very respectfully, DAVID MARPLE.

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☞ We recommend Farmers to purchase of our Agents.

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ALL THE PROFITS ARE DIVIDED AMONG THE INSURED.
Insure Lives for short terms or for the whole term of life. Grant Annuities and Endowments. Purchase Life Interests in Real Estate, and make all contracts depending on the contingencies of life. They act as Executors, Administrators, Assignees, Trustees and Guardians.
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Incorporated 1850, by the Legislature of Pennsylvania
Capital, $600,000. Charter Perpetual.
Insures Lives during the natural life or for short terms; grants annuities and endowments, and makes contracts of all kinds depending on the issues of life. Acting also as Executors, Trustees and Guardians.
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Interest at 6 per cent allowed for every day the Deposit remains, and paid back on demand in Gold and Silver, and Checks furnished, so as to bank, for the use of Depositors.
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SEWING MACHINES.
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Salesroom—510 Broadway, New York.
This MACHINE is constructed on a entirely new principle of mechanism, possessing many rare and valuable improvements—having been examined by the most profound experts, and pronounced to be PERFECTION of construction.
The following are the principal objections urged against Sewing Machines:—
1.—Expensive tension in the operator.
2.—Liability to get out of order.
3.—Expense, trouble, and loss of time in repairing.
4.—Incapacity to sew every description of material.
5.—Disagreeable noise when in operation.
THE "EMPIRE SEWING MACHINE" IS EXEMPT FROM ALL THESE OBJECTIONS.
It has a straight needle, perpendicular action, makes the LOCK or SHUTTLE STITCH, which cannot be rubbed out, ripped or pulled out at both sides—performs perfect sewing on every description of material, from Leather to the finest Nainsook Muslin, with cotton, linen, silk or thread. It is the cheapest in the market. Is simple in construction, and not liable to get out of order, and is guaranteed by the Company to give entire satisfaction.
We respectfully invite all those who may desire to supply themselves with a superior article, to call and examine this
UNRIVALLED MACHINE.
But in a more especial manner do we solicit the patronage of
MERCHANT TAILORS, COACH MAKERS, HOOP-SKIRT MANUFACTURERS, SHIRT & BOSOM MAKERS, DRESS MAKERS, CORSET MAKERS, GAITER FITTERS, SHOE-BINDERS, VEST AND PANTALOON MAKERS.
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Price of Machine Complete.
No. 1 or Family Machine, [illegible]
Cabinets in every variety.
We want agents for all towns in the United States where operations are not already established, to whom a liberal discount will be given—but by sales only, no consignments.
T. J. MARTIN & CO.
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SEWING MACHINES.
GIBBS & WILCOX
Price with Hemmer and Feller,
$35 00.
THIS MACHINE HAS POINTS OF SUPERIORITY PECULIARLY ITS OWN
Stitching, Hemming, and Felling with a Single Thread
It forms a flat, even and elastic seam which is reversible and will rip to wear alike on both sides, and will not ravel out even under all circumstances. It requires the upper thread to be drawn through the loop of the under thread at every stitch.
A practical mastery of every variety of sewing presents the good points of the machine being done in the most simple, easy and rapid manner, and with the least possible fatigue to the operator.
The following are the principal objections urged against Sewing Machines:—
1st—Its expensive tension in the operator.
2d—Liability to get out of order.
3d—Expense, trouble, and loss of time in repairing.
4th—

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BEFORE COMMUNION.

FROM THE OPEN DOOR OF 1776

Faithful Bridegroom! Holy Lamb!
By thy church beloved,
Manifest thy sweetest name
To each heart approved.

Crown this ordinance of thine
With a gleam divine to-day,
Let our feast be all divine,
Each thyself possessing.

Cause that blushing sacrifice
Once for sinners given,
To appear before our eyes,
Earnest of our heaven!

We partake the bread and wine,
Seals of our profession,
Of the inward grace the sign,
Symbols of thy passion.

We commemorate thy death,
While we are receiving,
Feeding in our hearts by faith,
With unfeigned thanksgiving.

From thy fulness, Lord, impart
Grace and peace forever:
Let us drink from thy pierced heart
Life, as from a river.

May we thus our time employ,
While below we tarry,
Till our souls to endless joy,
Angels come to carry.

THE DEATH OF ROMANCE.

There are gains for all our losses,
There is balm for all our pain,
But when youth, the dream departs,
He takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, we are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain:
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again.

R. H. STODDART.

Selections.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

As our readers are already generally aware, the surrender of the traitors, Mason and Slidell, by the United States Government, has been received with no little satisfaction by our English friends. There was, as is well-known, a strong peace-party in Great Britain and when every occasion or pretext for warlike wrath was taken away, that party could not be kept back from hearty expressions of delight at the result. At the same time it is well for us to remember that it is not safe to presume too much on the good will of England. The principle on which the surrender was made was indeed an American triumph, while on the other hand, the demand by England was an acknowledgment of her own wrong doing in the past. While, therefore, the American may bite his lip when he sees the author of the Fugitive Slave Law and the apostle of filibusterism, delivered up, and while the Englishman may rejoice that his national flag has been honored, both must feel that so far as a great national principle is concerned, the triumph is all on our side. We simply did to others what we would have others do to us. But will England be satisfied with this? We hope she may be, for the sake of the vast interests at stake; but it is quite possible that she will try to ignore still the very principle on which she was compelled to stand in making her demand for reparation in the Trent affair.

But even granting that England should yield the principle involved in the case of Mason and Slidell, granting that this pretext for war may be entirely removed, the question arises, May we confidently expect peace? We are pained to have to come to the conclusion that we have not so much ground for such a hope as we formerly, and until lately, entertained. Whatever may have been the cause, whether it is from an entire misapprehension of the nature of the case, or from a retrogression of English opinion on the subject of liberty, or from jealousy unworthy of a great nation, it is too plain to admit of denial, that in the present struggle the weight of English influence has been on the side of secession and slavery. She has countenanced a principle that, if adopted in her own case, might, before a twelve-month, shiver her world-wide empire into a thousand pieces. Secession at pleasure is a suicidal principle. She has upheld, and is upholding by a powerful moral influence, the despotism of the Southern leaders, notwithstanding the open and unblushing avowal of a purpose to establish a government whose great distinguishing feature, whose peculiar claim to honor among sister powers is, that it aims to establish on a firmer basis, and so forever conserve and perpetuate the curse of slavery. Why this sympathy for rebellion? Why this encouragement of oppression? Why this intense hatred of the Free States which was developed by the Trent affair? Why was there no return for Northern sympathy in the Crimean war? None for our moral support in the India rebellion, which led us, for example, to mourn with them when Havelock fell, almost as if he had been a hero under the stars and stripes? None for our brotherly greeting of the Prince of Wales, who did not venture farther South than Richmond? None for our friendly response to the call for bread in the day of Ireland's distress? Why no return unless a great change had come over our British friends? Why, unless cotton was beginning to outweigh other and nobler considerations?

Our only hope for peace, if the rebellion is not speedily quelled, is in the formation of more intelligent views in Great Britain, on the subject of our relations to freedom and slavery. We regret that there is some occasion for misunderstanding us. We regret that the Free States are apparently standing on a somewhat pro-slavery basis, and that there is something plausible in the saying, that in regard to Slavery the North is no better than the South. Yet there is, as any one may see, a vast difference, a diametrical opposition between the Free and the rebel States. The one covers the thought of freedom for any but 850,000 masters; the other in the main is imbued with a burning love of liberty for all men. The South is fighting for what it has fought against until now—the right to sympathy with Hampden and Pym and Marvell and all the great lovers of constitutional freedom. Let the one prevail, and slavery of the basest kind, and the African slave trade, with all its horrors and abominations, will be established in the whole region around the Gulf of Mexico, as necessary to the effect follows the cause. But let the Free States prevail, and if slavery is not extinct in all out of North America, it will certainly be hunted and crippled.

We hope that the friends of right and peace in Great Britain will endeavor to enlighten the public mind there. The idea that has gone abroad that our chief officers—the President and especially our Secretary of State, are thirsting for war with the mother country, is unaccountably strange. Never did more peace loving men hold the reins of power. The great majority of our people are one with the intelligent Christian people of England in all more important matters. We have, indeed, men among us who have a better hatred towards the British. But who are they? Generally, if not invariably, renegade Englishmen, who have favored that country by inflicting their presence on us—in cases well known, infidel papists who represent neither their native, nor their adopted land.

We hope that our conduct in the Trent affair will open the eyes of Englishmen, that they may see we have no hostile purposes to carry out. No great nation has had so much peace as we have had for seventy-five years, and no where perhaps was the blessedness of such a policy so signally illustrated by the progress of religion, education, commerce, agriculture, and the useful arts. We will, we trust, still love this course. We hope, at least, to be spared the mortification of seeing England abandon her traditional policy to support the meanest, most odious, most barbarous system of slavery now known in any Protestant or even Romish country.

It is bad enough for Americans, trammelled by certain constitutional difficulties, and tempted in so many ways, to be found siding or abetting a system that in as certainly opposed to our Declaration of Independence as darkness is opposed to light. But is it not even worse for Great Britain, after having boasted so much of her self-sacrifice in liberating her West Indian slaves, and spoken so bitterly of Americans because we have been entangled with the system, though the great majority are free from the shame, and are the unchanging foes of the iniquity—is it not even worse for England to turn around and do what she can to destroy our nation and establish an oligarchy of slave-breeders and slave-traders? There is something noble in a great, free nation, uttering a voice of sympathy for a struggling people, as was done by this country in behalf of Greece, or recently by England through Lord Russell in behalf of Italy; but there is something as humiliating as it is strange in the manifestations of British sympathy for slavery and secession.

VISITING THE SCHOLARS.

The great duty of a teacher in a Sabbath School is to communicate to the pupils a correct knowledge of the gospel. In other words, it is *to instruct them in class.* To do this faithfully and truly every energy should be invoked. But, besides instruction in class, there are other duties which the faithful teacher must attend to. And, we fear, that no one can be truly faithful who omits them without having, at least, made a strong effort to attend to them, or unless he is providentially hindered from so doing. Among these subordinate duties is that of regularly visiting the scholars at their homes. You may do your best to instruct a class, and by the divine blessing see your efforts bearing fruit; but in a much larger degree may your labors be blessed, if you visit the children at their homes. See what they need to be instructed in, their peculiar circumstances and wants, and thus see into their inner life, and become more able to adapt your conduct and instruction to their various and peculiar conditions.

One thing very necessary, in order to impress the heart, is to have the confidence of the child. In no way can you so fully gain this as by visiting and conversing with him at home. If you show your interest in him by kind visits, and kind and instructive words to him and his parents at home, the child will soon learn to place confidence in you. Every class has some regard for, and places some confidence in its teacher; but visiting will increase this, and give additional power and greater fitness to instruction.

Visiting the pupils at home gives the parents confidence in you, and their influence will be great in making their children regular and punctual in their attendance, and more attentive to your counsels. Visiting may also be the means of doing the parents good, of bringing them, if they are careless, to a serious consideration of religion, and, perhaps, into the Christian fold. As it is with the pastor of a congregation, so it is, in a great degree, with the teacher in the Sabbath School; religious instruction must be enforced by personal visits and private conversation. Many a soul is led to Jesus by private remarks and incidents hid from the public view.

The following incident occurred to one of our pastors in Pittsburgh, by which two families were gained to his congregation, and we hope to Christ, by what seemed a small matter.

As he was passing through the street one day, a bucket-full of dirty water was thrown on him from a window, incidentally. The person observed what was done, and calling him into the house, apologized and tried to rectify the matter. The result was, the family became acquainted with the minister, who improved the occasion by directing them to the subject of religion. He saw what they needed. They listened to his advice, introduced him to an adjoining family in a like state with themselves; and thus two families were led to confess the Saviour. Sabbath School teacher, have you not opportunities which you can embrace and turn to a like advantage?

RELIGIONS IN WHICH I HAVE NO FAITH

I have no faith in a religion that goes by *"fits and starts."* Just as little as I take a horse of a lazy temper, cutting some pranks under the stimulating influence of half a pint of whisky, for a racer. I see it is not the steed, it is the whisky. On a half starved beast, that is innocent of any thing better than hay and swill, even oats will have pretty much the same effect on first acquaintance. But oats will soon grow on him and be on them. Just make the experiment.

I have no faith in a religion that has *its seasons.* Just as little as I believe a man must have the trouble of breathing in summer and may spare it in winter. There is the fault, that men treat religion as an *accidental* thing and not as the *substance* of their being. Religion is an element as essentially necessary to health and life at one time as at another. It is not the gilding around the edge of the book of your life, but it ought to be the contents of the book, the substance of your life. There is no individual to whom a "warming up" would not sometimes be quite beneficial, but a certain degree of heat must ever be the order of life will be extinct, and the best "warming up" will not restore it. I have found men of "seasons" sometimes right hot and feverish about religion. A moderate glow of piety would have indicated a sounder state of health.

I have no faith in a religion that has no home *at home.* Religion is not a dress coat to be used for particular and extraordinary occasions. It ought to be a home spun thing coming from the family loom, or it is a fabrication and a humbug. I know what I say, and I shall stick to it. I believe there are exceptions to the rule, but the rule I take from experience. Religion must be a *home* growth, not a mere cultivation of the church yard and gardener thereof. It would never do to have water reservoirs placed here, and there around or in some cities. We would not be satisfied with getting [illegible] our harvest and pasture, no, we want to have it right [illegible] at hand, and every house waste its own hydrant, and the stronger the head of water the better. So, I say, is it with religion; let us thank God for our churches and church services, and our Sunday schools, and all other healthful agencies, to promote the only divine thing on earth, Christ's kingdom. But let us not stop there. Let there be in every household a sound spring and a healthful supply of this refreshing, vivifying, purifying, and beautifying element. If religion is not an every day matter, a daily want, duty, habit, rule, and pleasure, it will soon be a no day matter, a nothing, or even a worse thing. Does not the same blood circulate through your arteries and veins every day throughout the whole year? You are the same man on Sabbath and on week-day. If intercourse with God is your personal interest on congregational occasions, or in prayer meetings, or under similar circumstances, I can never understand, why that personal interest in religion should leave you at the door of your house and in the midst of your family, where it most naturally should be nearer to your heart than anywhere else. Let that religion which takes hold of your inner man whilst under the preaching of the Gospel, and ennobles your feelings, and encourages you to every thing good and praiseworthy, be the essence of your life *at home,* the daily bread of your family, and the light which sheds its holy lustre over the comforts, the cares, the joys, and the troubles of your household, to make it a sanctuary of the living God.

I have no faith in a religion that goes about *buying credit.* The counterfeit detector of the world at large will soon have it on the list of "spurious denominations." There is no trouble about hard cash. Just let your religion be real gold and it needs no trumpeter to persuade the world that you are a solid fellow and a substantial business man. There is the mistake: the more show you make of your religion the more will be expected of you and the less will you give satisfaction. I have seen houses and stores where the signboard actually was larger than the building, and whatever there was valuable in the whole concern was nicely laid out in the show window. Neighbors and strangers will soon enough find out the real state of affairs. It is the same with your religion. Some men stupify their own consciences, and by and by forget the discrepancy between their oral profession and their actual life. A more dangerous state of the soul cannot be thought of. The world may judge too hard by calling them downright hypocrites, but it is their own fault. They are like the man, who, owing another one a sum of money, goes about and makes a great noise about his ability and willingness to pay at such and such a day. The day comes, but the money is wanting. Less noise, but more hard cash! I do not mean to say that men should make no profession of religion! God forbid it! But I say that profession as such is a mere promissory note. If you will not pay it, you had better not give it. Let your life be a gold coin; Christian religion as your profession on one side, and strictest morality down to your very thoughts on the other. There is no need of begging credit for this coin.

I have no faith in *conceited religion.* Some pious people take wonderful airs upon themselves on account of their religion. They are as stiff as pasteboard. You are afraid of coming near to them, they look as if they were always ready to bite. They go through the world as if they had to march through a small pox hospital. It is easy to see what a hard lot theirs is, to live in fearful proximity to this mass of unconverted sinners. I knew a lady of great and good qualities in many respects, who was very fond of going to funerals. How many sighs did I hear from her sitting near the coffin, until she at last whispered in the ears of the pastor: "Sir, you are here in the midst of an unconverted family!" All right, but there was a good deal of the unhealthy, annoying, conceited, in the thing. Especially newly converted persons seem to be exposed to the danger of becoming immoderately disagreeable on account of their happy change. Their religion sits on them like buckram. It is an unnatural condition. They are afraid of talking, looking, and laughing, like other Christians. You can easily account for this state, but it is a fevered thing, right skin to affectation, and if you think that a disciple of Jesus ought to be so, or that you can always be so, you are much mistaken. Take care lest by all this mannerism you fall into the error of giving satisfaction to your own self, and so glorify yourself more than the Lord. Some people think that they must always move in a cloud of pious phrases, especially where they want to leave a good impression. I am afraid that some weak-minded pastors put such notions into the heads of their hearers. It does not make anything better. I cannot help getting a little suspicious about the man who makes it a point always to deal in words of unction. It is the same when I find an individual coming on in an atmosphere of perfume, I feel as if something was not quite right. No perfume is the best perfume. I like a religion that sits as easy and close on a man as his own skin, so that he is all over sensitiveness against any thing antagonistic to his spiritual life and well-being, and at the same time all over naturalness, which performs its functions without any apparent effort.

I have no faith in the *idolizing* religion. It is the predilection of people of bad taste, weak understanding, morbid sentimentality and an uncommon degree of obstinacy, which means a strong will in the wrong place. Some people idolize their sect, others their creed, others their pastor, others their fathers in the faith, and some their bare denominational name. It is always done at the expense of charity, liberality and common sense. Of course every sect has a peculiar family cut, and if the members thereof prefer it to any other cut, no harm. Every creed has its history and traditions, and certainly something that makes it peculiarly valuable to those who confess it. Every pastor will have some good points, and if every congregation thinks that their pastor is the best one for them, it is the very thing we want them to think. Our Fathers in the faith we shall always keep in sacred remembrance, though never forgetting that children cannot live on the mere glory of their fathers. No objection against all this, so long as it does not make itself offensive nor stand in the way of sound progress and improvement. But the excess of it is an unmistakable sign of a corrupt religious sentiment. Some people are perfectly enamoured with their own church, creed, and religion, that they will never think it worth while to look beyond their own fence. They hate the very idea, that they could learn from outsiders, as an act of treason against their own communion. They go [illegible] with them every thing [illegible] either right or left. They walk on the edge of a ruler, high and dry, and are like horses with blinkers over their eyes. They ought to be reminded of the fact, that the better a horse is trained, the less [illegible] Some people idolize things merely because they are old and sacred by tradition, the question of their intrinsic value never occurring to them. Just as some others are full of suspicion against anything old in the Church, idolizing the modern spirit in all its ebullitions. These believe, as [illegible] had been asleep for 1800 years; the others, as if he had died some 150 years [illegible] with the funeral arrangements. Both are weak minded enough to forget that in the [illegible] about the point at issue, they ascribe a certain infallibility to their [illegible] argue with such people [illegible] you, without any provocation whatsoever, [illegible] their opinion and dictation, they will in [illegible] love that you have a clean conscience or [illegible] intentions. You handle a perculiar [illegible] solve shares in the knowledge of the faith. [illegible] interpretation of the Gospel, is the only [illegible]

Their confession alone has no flaw. Everything is settled. How happy such people are with their own sense, what a pattern such a family circle is to the whole world! They need no Pope to beatify and to canonize them. If this class is somewhat affected with fanaticism, the idolizer of the individual is more of an enthusiast. There is only one man who knows how to preach. It is not worth while to hear another. And not only to hear him, no, also to see him, how nicely he does everything; what a taste in his dress, what a grace in his movement; what an animation throughout, what a genius—a perfect charm! Nonsense all this, downright nonsense. Some people actually get drunk on their own effusions, though there is mighty little "spirit" in them. What a great thing—soberness in all things, moderation at all times!

After all, we are all weak vessels, and there is none of us who should keep his head very high, neither is there one whose religion needs no mending, or who should have faith in himself.

M. CLAUDIUS' ADVICE TO HIS SON

"Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee."

MY DEAR SON:—The time is gradually approaching when I must go the way whence no traveler returns. You cannot accompany me; and I will have to leave you in a world where good advice will not be superfluous.

No man is wise from his birth.

Time and experience are great teachers, and will purge the floor.

I have been longer in the world than you.

Not every thing, dear son, that glitters is gold.

Many a star have I seen falling from heaven, and many a staff breaking in which men trusted.

Hence, I thought it well to give you some counsel, and to tell you what I have found, and what time has taught me.

Nothing is great, except it be good; and nothing abides, except it be true.

This is not man's home; and it is not in vain that he goes about here in his working apparel. Other things around him pass away and go, they know not whither. Man is self-conscious, and is like a high, enduring wall, upon which the shadows pass. All matters at his rule move along, subject to foresight, cause and control, but he has a knowledge of himself, and bears his life in his own hands.

It is not a matter of indifference to him, whether he turns to the right or to the left.

Be not persuaded that man can advise himself, and go his own way.

This world is not sufficient for him, and the invisible things, he does not know, nor see.

Hence, spare yourself useless trouble and self affliction, and remember your own being.

Think yourself too good to do evil.

Truth will not conform itself to us, dear son, but we must conform to it.

Do not give your heart to one thing temporal. Use your eyes to see things visible, that can be seen; as regards the invisible and eternal, take God's Word for your guide.

Hold fast the religion of your ancestors, and avoid theological *spinners.*

Watch no one as closely as yourself. Within us there is a monitor who does not deceive, and whose voice coerces us more than the applause of the world, and the wisdom of Greece and Egypt. Resolve, my son, never to disobey his voice. Whatever your purpose and intent, always first take counsel with him. Is the outset he speaks only in whispers, and prattles like an innocent child, but if ever you suspect his innocence, his tongue is loosed, and his utterance will become more intelligible.

Be quick to learn of others. Where wisdom, human welfare, light, liberty and virtue, are discussed, be an attentive hearer. But be not too rash in giving your confidence; for not all the clouds bring rain, and there are various kinds of wise men. Some imagine that they have the thing itself, as soon as they can, and do, discourse about it. But this is not the case. It is no evidence, that a man possesses the thing, simply because he talks concerning it. Words are words, and when they are spoken so easily and pleasantly be on your guard; for the draught-horse that is hitched to a heavily loaded vehicle moves but slowly.

Expect nothing from enthusiasm and enthusiasts. When there is music and tumult in the streets, pass by.

If one would teach you wisdom, look him first in the face. If he is conceited, however learned and celebrated, stand aloof, and do not patronize him. The man that has nothing, can give nothing. He is not free, who can do what his will prompts him do; but he is free, who can will what he *should* do. And those are not wise who have the conceit of knowledge, but those only are truly wise, who are conscious of their ignorance, and have recovered from the malady of presumption.

A man's mind is his own, and existence is the first of all attributes.

If you love wisdom, seek *it,* and not your own. Subdue your own will and patiently wait for the results.

Meditate frequently on holy things, and be convinced that it will be to your advantage, and that the leaven will leaven the whole lump.

Despise not religion; for it is designed for the soul, and you cannot know what may lie concealed beneath the external images.

To despise is easy, my son; but to understand is better.

Do not presume to teach others, before you have informed yourself.

Wherever you can, espouse the cause of truth, and be willing to be hated on its account. Still, remember that your selfish interests and the cause of truth are not the same—permit them not to mix, or you will lose your reward.

Do that which is good, for yourself, and take no thought of its consequences.

Keep a single object in view, and pursue it with all your heart.

Provide for your body, but not to such a degree, as though it were your soul.

Obey magistrates and let others wrangle about them.

Be just toward all men; but be slow to commune with yourself to any.

Do not meddle in other men's affairs; but attend to your own with diligence.

Flatter no man, and be not flattered.

Honor all men according to their position, and let them take shame to themselves, if they are unworthy of it.

Owe no man anything; but be obliging to all, as though they were all your creditors.

Do not always affect magnanimity, but be always just.

Cause no man's hair to grow gray; but in the course of things you need not trouble yourself about the gray hair.

Suspect gesticulations; let your own demeanor be simple and unaffected.

Be always willing to render assistance and to give; but do not boast of it. If you are yourself destitute, keep at least at hand, a draught of cold water for the needy, and be content with this.

Do not tell everything you know, but always know what you say.

Be not a satellite of the great and wealthy. [illegible] for they are the most miserable of all creatures.

Not the would-be pious but the [illegible] always respect, and seek their fellowship. [illegible] like the sun, which shines and diffuses warmth, though it never speaks.

[illegible] which is worthy of reward, but desire no reward.

When you are in need, look to yourself, but not to others.

When I am dead, [illegible] but do not weep for me.

[illegible]

Constantly purpose something [illegible] Have an object upon which to fix your mind, that you may attain the latter and persevere. A cheerful disposition. Do not leave this world without having given public evidence of your love and reverence for the Author of our holy religion.

Your faithful father,

M. CLAUDIUS.

P. S.

THIS WORLD BOTH A DESERT, AND A HOSTILE COUNTRY.

When Israel went up out of Egypt, Jehovah, their leader, conducted them "through the wilderness, a waste land, not sown nor tilled, where there was no trace of human footsteps, and where no man dwelled." Wherever they looked, before them, behind them, around them, barrenness and desolation reigned. There was nothing in the view that opened to them, to please the eye or to cheer the heart. Little as they could have found of satisfaction in their gloomy surroundings, under the most favorable circumstances, still less of it could they now discover, after their bitter experience of enslavement and suffering in Egypt. It was not a trifling ingredient in their cup of affliction, after their deliverance from bondage, that God kept them so long in a desert place.

In a spiritual sense, this world is a desert. The eye of faith sees little that is attractive or satisfying in it. Another truly observes, "It has no natural tendency to nourish spiritual life; nothing is derived from it of that kind; though spiritual blessings are enjoyed in it, the Christian knows that they are not the product of the soil; the bread which he eats 'cometh down from above;' the perpetual exhibition and communication of that one bread is all his support." Christ is the true bread of life, of which, if a man eat, he shall hunger no more—he shall live forever.

The Christian may be cast down and discouraged, when he looks around upon the barrenness which ever meets his eye, in his earthly journeyings. Sin abounds; "The soul is sick with every day's report of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled." The kingdom of Satan stands on strong foundations. The votaries of sinful pleasure are legion. Much of the spirit of the world has crept even into the church of God. The multitude that does evil is mighty, and it has many followers, while "the ways of Zion mourn because so few come up to her solemn feasts,"—while the progress of that which is good and true, is, compared with the energy which the world exhibits, slow and tedious. May not the Christian be sad, when he beholds all this spiritual desolation—when he thinks of his own short-comings, the grievous defects of many of his brethren, the mighty current of ungodliness and wickedness without, and the giant strides of iniquity where grace ought to abound?

Ah, there is much in the desert surroundings of the pilgrim to heaven, to bow him down and to fill him with heaviness! But keep good heart, O Christian. Though the empire of Satan be mighty, it will topple in ruins ere long. Though the church be in the wilderness, she is coming up out of it, leaning on the Beloved. Lift up thine head! Zion shall be triumphant. She will lay aside her sackcloth and ashes—she will hear and obey the voice which says, "Arise and shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." The gates of hell shall not prevail against her. The kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever.

But the journey of Israel was through a hostile country, as well as through a wilderness. "They were obliged to unite the courage of the military, with the assiduity of the pilgrim's life; they had to fight, as well as travel." And so it is, and ever will be, with God's spiritual Israel. Many and mighty are the foes which stand in the Christian's way to heaven. The world, the flesh, and the devil, in unholy alliance, meet him at every step, to challenge his courage and to dispute his progress. If he would reign, he must fight—fight manfully—fight so as to win in the struggle, by the help of God. O, when he thinks of his foes—how numerous, how watchful, how determined, how malignant they are—what reason has he to droop in spirit? No wonder his hands hang down, and his knees become feeble—no wonder his heart betimes, sinks within him, and he feels like giving up all as lost. But still has he not God on his side? Has he not received assurance of victory for himself through the victory of Christ? Then, let him put into his heart and lips, what the poet utters,

"Courage my soul! while God is near
What enemy dost thou to fear?
How canst thou want a sure defence,
Whose refuge is Omnipotence?"

Is the way of our pilgrimage through a wilderness? What then? O, there is a land of Beulah yonder—not far! Is this a hostile country? What then! O, there is a friendly country beyond Jordan—and that river, it may be, flows hard by! "There remaineth a rest to the people of God." Unbelief will lose it. Faith will win it. My soul, "be thou faithful unto death, and God will give thee a crown of life."

P.

INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY ON MODERN POETRY

FROM A LECTURE BY PROF. BLACKIE.

In estimating modern poetry, the influence of Christianity, and the long march of human progress must be taken into account, in virtue of which the whole sphere of poetical feeling in modern times has been both intensified in energy and enlarged in extent; so that, while Greek poetry was more complete and more healthy in a narrow range, modern poetry, in a range infinitely wider, is more rich, more luxuriant, more enterprising and more original, more subtle and more exquisite, more complex and more comprehensive. We have our peculiar new diseases, no doubt, in the moral as in the physical world; but they are to a certain extent only the price which we pay for our higher civilization. As to Christianity, its influence, both direct and indirect, in modern poetry has been immense—direct, by giving value to the individual, and making his personal conviction a precious thing before God and man, by extending the boundaries of feeling and speculation into the region of the supersensible; in which view certain books of the most anti-Christian and even atheistic tendency must be regarded as indirect products of Christian theology. All theology, indeed, is at bottom metaphysics; so that when the mass of the people became theologians, as in Scotland, they also became thinkers. The thoughtful and metaphysical element in modern poetry, from Wordsworth to Bailey, Tennyson and Dobell, and the Brownings, is to be regarded directly as the necessary product of Christianity; and though it is by no means desirable, as already stated, that poetry shall develop itself largely in this direction, it cannot, on the other hand, be denied that this profoundly philosophic tendency has given a dignity, an ideality, and a significance to modern poetry which could have been supplied from no other source. Precisely this element it is that is lacking in the poetry of Sir Walter Scott; and the absence of which has caused many persons of [illegible] to prefer the [illegible] to Shakspeare nor Homer; and the extravagant one-sided admirers of "Manfred," "Childe," "Festus," and "Aurora Leigh," if they had the courage to speak out their real feeling, would say that the "Odyssey" or the "Lady of the Lake." But it is not merely in the region of supersensible emotion and speculation that the greater breadth and luxuriance of modern poetry is manifested. The [illegible] the narrow bounds of English nationality, so [illegible] our higher platform. In like manner Milton in England, as Dante in Italy, was a two headed Janus, looking backward with one face to all that Greek wisdom had done, and forward with the other to all that Christian love when triumphant is destined to achieve in the social regeneration of the world. Not only this; but the wider and more general culture in modern times, caused by the invention of printing, the circulation of cheap books, and the popularization of the sciences has given a command of materials to our modern poets of which no Pindar or Sophocles could have dreamt. The turn of thought in our notable modern poets, if sometimes extravagant, and even grotesque, is generally more subtle than in any ancient, the play of fancy more exquisite, the drapery of the imagination more rich and gorgeous. Altogether, notwithstanding our colossal faults, our Titanic excesses, and our unmentionable vulgarisms, we have made a great stride; and our greatest dangers at the present moment plainly arise not so much from want of steam as from want of a balance-wheel and a regulator.

THE ASTOR LIBRARY.

Everybody has heard of the Astor Library, and possibly of Dr. Cogswell, its indefatigable superintendent. It was he to whose hands the care of the Library was intrusted from the beginning, and it is to his skill, industry, and perseverance, that the Library owes its reputation. He has just completed an elaborate catalogue of its treasures, comprising four large volumes of 2110 pages. He has also made a donation to the institution of his own private collection of Bibliographical works not less than about 2000 in number. Impelled by a consciousness of increasing age, and by a desire for repose, Dr. Cogswell has just resigned his post. He will be followed into his retirement with the regrets and best wishes of all lovers of literature. He will retain his seat as a trustee, and is offered, as long as he desires it, the use of the rooms he has been accustomed to occupy. Dr. Cogswell is succeeded by the Hon. Francis Schroeder, ex-minister (some three years since) to Sweden. Mr Schroeder is a gentlemanly and obliging man in his manners, and enjoys the warm recommendation of his predecessor as eminently qualified for his position.

Since the decease of Washington Irving, William B. Astor has been President of the Board of Trustees. His princely donations of an addition equal to the original building, and of some $40,000 in books or cash, deserved this compliment. The value of the total property, the title to which is vested in the city of New York, is, according to the last report, $656,769. Since that time there have been large additions to the library; and at present, as Mr. Schroeder informed me, there are not less than 120,000 volumes on the shelves. The Trustees, in their last report, mention a fact which will be curious and interesting. The whole number of volumes consulted during the year, was 59,516; of which the largest portion were British literature, 9,992; British history, 3,649; American history, 3,481; American literature, 2,489; jurisprudence, 3,257; geography, 2,052; medicine and surgery, 2,742; theology and church history, 3,548; and encyclopedias, 4,650. It may be worth noting, that in this city founded by the Knickerbockers, only five volumes of Dutch literature appear to have been awakened from their dusty slumbers; while of heraldry there were 238, and of magic, 125!

This is one of the institutions which is and should be the pride of our country. The books are not permitted to be taken out of the building, but maybe consulted without hinderance at the tables, a written memorandum being presented to one of the assistant librarians. Mr Stranicky, an accomplished scholar and translator, is the principal librarian, and very obliging. To his politeness your correspondent is indebted for free admission to an alcove containing works in his line of studies; a privilege accorded to a few favored persons who are known as students of special branches, and not likely to abuse the privilege.

P. Standard.

DEAN TRENCH ON OLD ENGLISH.

On a recent Thursday evening, the Dean of Westminster delivered an instructive lecture on "The English language as it would have been, but for the battle of Hastings." In opening his lecture, the Dean drew a graphic picture of the struggle for supremacy which was maintained for three centuries between the Saxon and the Norman tongues, the former at last winning the victory. This did not, however, prevent the admixture of an immense number of Romanic words, without which we could not possibly do at the present day; so that the very interesting question arose, "How, in the absence of these words, would their places have been supplied?" To illustrate this part of the subject, the learned lecturer brought forward a number of cases in which words of purely Saxon origin might have been used, had not the Romanic equivalents rendered their employment unnecessary, as for example, "sandwaste," for desert; "bloodpath," for massacre; "sinflood," for deluge; "sea-robber," for pirate; "water-fright," for hydrophobia; "show-holiness," for hypocrisy; "gold hoard," for treasure; "well-willingness," for benevolence; "undeadliness," for immortality; "untellable," for ineffable; "great-doingly," for magnificently; "sour-dough," for heaven; "unevilness," for innocence; "eye-bite," for fascinate; "ungripe," for embrace; "ear-shrift," for auricular confession; "dipper," for Baptist, &c.

GRAY'S ELEGY.

In 1845, Mr. R. C. Wrighteon of Birmingham, purchased at auction for £131, the two sheets of letter paper believed to be the poetical eye-sore containing Gray's autograph MS. of "The Elegy in a Country Church-yard." He has recently, with great liberality, placed it in the hands of the photographers, Messrs. Cundall & Downes, and the result is a perfect and beautiful fac-simile of the original, just published in London for 10s. 6d. It has peculiar interest from being the first complete draught of the poem before it received the [illegible] the author, [illegible] by the suggestions of his friends. But so carefully did Gray elaborate his ideas before committing them to paper, that the variations, though numerous, are not important. [illegible] Mason tells us that it was he who persuaded Gray to call it an "Elegy," and in the present copy it is styled "Stanzas wrote in a Country Church-yard." After the stanza common to both, ending with—

"Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

The first version proceeds

"Forever sleep, the breezy call of morn,
Or swallow twittering from his clay-built shed,
Or [illegible]
No more shall rear them to their ev'ning bed."

The current text is too well known to need repeating. It is a question whether the alteration of the first line to

"The breezy call of incense breathing morn,"

is an improvement to the solemn reiteration, "For ever sleep." Another change there can, however, be no question about—

"Some mute inglorious Tully here may rest,
[illegible]"

[illegible] in place of the Miltonic [illegible] the [illegible] draught also contains the beautiful stanza before the Epitaph, commencing, "There scattered oft the earliest of the year," which they afterwards omitted as requiring too long a parenthesis; and many other points of interest might be particularized.

FOUR QUESTIONS ABOUT A PAPER.

A correspondent sends us four questions about a religious paper and his answers to them, with a request to give them a prominent place in our columns. We thank him for his excellent article, and in the hope of gaining for it a more careful perusal, place it under the Editorial head. Let all "read, mark, and inwardly digest" its valuable hints.

"Do you take a religious paper? If not, you may never see this query. And yet it is possible you may see it; or if you do not, some one may tell you of it. So I repeat the inquiry, Do you take a religious paper?

"If you do not take one, you ought to do it, for your own sake and that of your family; for their and your moral and mental improvement, and spiritual good. 'A family without a religious paper, in this age of the world, is really an object of pity; a fit field for missionary labour; any well informed Christian would as much feel bound to go on a mission to such a family, to insure the weekly visits of some good religious paper, as to labour for the conversion of a Burman or Hindoo.' Such a paper will constantly be presenting the most important views of truth and duty; it will inform you as to the advancement of Christ's kingdom, and keep alive the sympathies in its progress; it will rouse your intellect, cultivate your taste, quicken prayers, suggest plans of usefulness, interest your children, keep them from pernicious reading, and aid you in a thousand ways to teach, and govern, and influence, and train them aright. By anecdote, poetry, narrative, fact, suggestion, it will become the daily monitor of the household, instructing, counselling, guiding, and thus richly blessing the entire family circle. It will be caught up at leisure intervals, and whisper many an invaluable lesson, where the elaborate treatise would not be undertaken, and the printed volume remain unopened. Next to the Bible have a good religious paper. But I have a second question.

"Do you pay for a religious paper? It is not enough that you borrow one from your friend or neighbour. In this case your reading will be desultory and interrupted; and the feeling of dependence on another, will take from you both the pleasure and profit of the perusal. Nor is it enough that you subscribe for one, while you never think of paying your subscription; for you can hardly expect to be benefited by the paper while coming short of the honesty towards those that prepare and send it—doing what you can to starve the editor, publisher, printer, paper-maker, and all who are engaged in it. You will not be likely to learn the lessons of religion from its columns, while you do not set on the lessons of justice and honour to those who would teach you the former. Pay for your paper, and you will read it with independence and good conscience, and feel that it is your own, and to encourage those who prepare it for you, I have a third question.

"Do you read a religious paper? Not a few take a religious paper, and perhaps pay for it, and yet rarely read it. Week after week, it comes loaded with its precious lessons, to their dwellings; but from indifference, or the pressure of business, or greater interest in other matters, they do not read it. It gives intelligence about missions, but they seek not the information; accounts of awakenings, but they have no interest in the narrative; urges to some duty, but they are not anxious to perform it; admonishes against error or inconsistency, but they are heedless as to the warning. As opposed to this spirit and practice, not only take, but read your religious paper. Keep it carefully and thoughtfully, seeking for some message pertinent to yourself. Look out through its pages on the vast plans and workings of Divine Providence. Look in, through its counsels and admonitions, to the recesses of your own heart. Read it, as the youthful Jeremiah Everts did the book his father gave him, so as to "read all the sense out of it." Question it as to truth, and duty, and usefulness, and growth in grace; as to the way of consistency, and the temptations to which you are exposed; as to Christian experience, and the progress of God's kingdom in the world

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, February 8, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

MEETINGS OF ANNUAL CONFERENCES

Richmond, Ind., Jan. 23d, 1862

MR. EDITOR:—Please to insert the following and keep it as a standing notice:

The Ohio Annual Conference will meet in Zanesville city, Ohio, April 16th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

The Indiana Annual Conference will meet in Indianapolis, Ind., August 15th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M

The Missouri Annual Conference will meet in Louisville, Ky., August 28th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A M W. PAUL QUINN.

THE CELEBRATION OF REV RICHARD ALLEN'S BIRTH DAY BY OUR SABBATH SCHOOLS

We give timely warning to all of our members and friends of religious literature in our city that the Bethel Church Sabbath School celebration will come off on Tuesday night, the 18th inst.; at which time we hope to see Bethel Church filled to its utmost capacity—especially as its proceeds are to go towards aiding this glorious cause in which we are engaged for our beloved Zion.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

We still call *loud* for subscribers to this paper. Now is as good a time as you may ever have. We are convinced that any who have their strength and health, can pay their two dollars, and will be none the worse for it when they die, but on the other hand, will have gained much useful information, if they have perused the columns of the Christian Recorder. We say to our city subscribers, and to all others, let every one be a missionary for the Recorder, and every lady or gentleman who will get me ten cash subscribers, I will present them with a copy of a book called "The Adopted Heir," by Miss Pardoe, Authoress of the "Confessions of a Pretty Woman," of 360 pages, a new book. Now, here is a chance for a prize. We will send it by mail to any one who gets us the same number of cash subscribers out of the city. We have also on hand, copies of Frederick Douglass' great War speech, and any one sending us six penny stamps, we will forward them one by mail.

THE OLD FOLKS' CONCERT

Comes off on the 20th instant, of which we shall speak more fully at some future and timely period.

OUR PAPER

We do not wish to be considered as boasting, but we say that if we don't deserve the commendation and aid of our Church, and of our friends in general, why no one ever did. Many of our white friends in this city, and persons of other denominations, say that there are few men, white or colored, who could have shouldered and stood up under what we have done since the publication of the *Christian Recorder* commenced. Then, we say to our ministers and people, call your Sabbath Schools together, and do like Brother Seymour, in this city

We have received a letter from Rev. William Desmond, of Newport, R. I., stating that the time for their celebration is set. That's right, Brother Desmond—God will bless you in your effort to do good.

REVIVAL IN PHILADELPHIA.

Brick Wesley Church, the Rev. John A. Williams, minister in charge, is having a revival of religion in his church. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity the night we preached, and some appeared to be in earnest about their souls This meeting has been going on for several weeks Also, at Bethel Church, Rev. Joshua Woodlin minister in charge, has commenced a protracted effort in his church, and has been going on for a week or more. May the Spirit of high Heaven descend in copious showers, and may God's word run and be glorified, and sinners be brought to the knowledge of such as shall be saved in the great day of accounts. We also hear that there is quite a work of the Holy Ghost going on in Newark, N. J., under the ministration of Rev. J. D S. Hall. We hope that the good Lord will lead the van and save us all.

NOTICE.

To all persons who may want anything done in the job-printing line, such as Cards, Bills, Circulars, &c., and in the best manner, with all possible neatness and despatch, we would say that we are fully prepared to receive and execute their orders on as cheap and reasonable terms as can be found elsewhere. We hope that all of our friends will call and give us a trial. They may rest assured that no pains or effort on our part shall be spared to give entire satisfaction at

No. 619 Pine Street,
Philadelphia.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

From Rev. Joseph H. Smith, of Burlington, N. J., for books in full,	$5 70
From Rev. William Demond, Newport, R. I., for papers,	1 00
From Rev. Henry Davis, of Union Church,	
Albert H. Hall,	1 00
Emma S. Cooper,	1 00
Miss Elizabeth Oliver,	1 00
Parris Downs,	1 00
Mrs. Sophia Taylor, of Newport, R. I.,	1 00
From Rev. Wm. Winder, per Rev W D. W. D. Schureman,	2 00
From Mr John Charman, of Bordentown, N. J.,	2 00
From Mr. Peter Ten Eyck, of Bristol, Pa.,	2 00

BUCKS COUNTY CIRCUIT

Quarterly meetings: Feb. 9th, Attleborough, Feb. 16th, Buckingham *Mountain*, Feb. 23d, New Hope JOHN C. COMFORT, *Minister.*

CORRECTION

We desire to state that the article, entitled "Exhibition of Art," which appeared in our last issue, should have been signed E M. THOMAS, instead of E. M Brown.

QUERY

What has become of our Baltimore Correspondent? Has the communication of our brother, Rev. J. P. Campbell, in relation to the Bishop, silenced, and put him to rest?

SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION

We have for some time [illegible] of this matter; we see more and more every day, the need of some step being taken by which the young will be better cared for. We are convinced that our ministers do not properly appreciate the importance of this subject; there is too little said, too little done by them for the advancement of our Sabbath schools. It would really seem as if we were asleep; or blind to our true interest as a church. For in consequence of this indifference of ministers, superintendents, and parents, is not our Zion languishing, and our Sabbath Schools declining? He who claims his commission from Heaven, cannot but be deeply affected as he sees this state of things. If his heart is not thus affected, if he cares not for the children of the Sabbath school, makes no effort to promote its influence, and has no appetite for the same,—we believe he is not fit for his position, and should be removed as soon as possible. The heart of our blessed Saviour was filled with love to children. Others, in their wisdom, would have had him relieved from what they deemed an annoyance. But what an example has he set to his ministers now, in reply to those who thought he had enough to do, in preaching the gospel and visiting the sick He reaches out his arms, and says, "Suffer little children to come unto ME, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven. Beloved brethren, strive to be like Christ in your love for the young. Bring them into the Sabbath school, that nursery of the church, for here they will receive special pruning, training and nourishment

Another thought we would have our brethren to reflect on is, That we will soon be called away, and that the places we occupy in the church must be filled by others. *What are we doing to prepare them for it?* Shall they be allowed to have any just cause of complaint of negligence in the discharge of our duty towards them? Brethren, wake up to the importance of this question. Take a wide and extensive view of the church of Christ and its interests now, and in future generations. It would seem as if some brethren felt no interest in any part of the church, except the particular charge they may preside over or belong to. But we ought to remember that the church, though divided, is still *one*. And we ought to rejoice as much in the welfare of A, B and C's charges, as of our own. If more of this brotherly spirit characterised us, the prosperity of the church would be greatly increased Let us pray earnestly to be thoroughly roused to the consideration of this great subject; let us endeavor to shun all envy, malice and strife, and to work unitedly for the glory of God. We are glad to know that Bishop Quinn has extended a fraternal invitation to the other bishops to attend all his Conferences, and has published in the *Recorder* the time and place of their meeting. This looks like union. Bishop Nazrey has announced the time and place of meeting of his Conferences, which are likewise published

But, to turn to the subject of the Convention, we would recommend to the ministers, sabbath-school superintendents and teachers, that a Sabbath-School Convention, or Association, be held annually, in every Conference district, for the purpose of exchanging views in relation to the best method of conducting sabbath-schools, and to inquire into the manner in which they are at present conducted by superintendents and teachers. We are inclined to think that much benefit will be derived from such a convention. If our ministers, superintendents and teachers, should agree with the plan recommended by us, we could then publish a work for the benefit of our sabbath-schools The subject should be agitated, and constantly kept before the minds of our people, so that they might be constrained to take some definite action in the matter. Besides, in this convention, we see no good reason why Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists, &c., (colored,) should not participate. We merely throw out the suggestion, and wait to hear it seconded. The columns of this paper are open to all concerned for the discussion of the whole subject.

By the way, will not all our superintendents and teachers, and those of other churches, subscribe for the *Recorder?* We think they should. And we hope that every minister having charge of any circuit or station where the *Recorder* is taken, will read this article to the sabbath-school, that some may be induced to subscribe at once, and to take an interest in the proposed Sabbath-School Conventions. The world is looking at all our movements, and discerns those who are at work for the general good of the people whom we profess to represent, and those who are not. A man or woman may possess the learning of a Webster, a Clay, a Benton, or a Beecher Stowe, but if it is not used to profit—to the general welfare of the people at large, and especially those whom he or she represents—die, and only have the name of knowing, but not of doing

WHO SHOULD LEAD CLASS?

According to Methodist economy, all Circuits and Stations are subject to the regulations of the General Conference. Well, what next? Why, it is said that the ministers who may be appointed to any charge, shall have the power or the right to appoint all leaders, and to change them whenever he thinks it proper to do so. Those who are thus appointed, may be suitable persons to lead class; but are there not others who may, with propriety, be called upon, by the elder or minister in charge, to act as leaders? There are. For instance, an elder, preacher, deacon, or exhorter, are liable to the performance of this duty. But we assert that no individual who is not one of the Church officers we have mentioned,—not even one who is a leader of any class—has this right or power vested in him, unless ordered by the elder in charge. If such a thing is countenanced, imposition is practised in the Church

NOTICE

HOUSE TO LET

There is a very neat three-story House to be let in Gillis Alley, between Lombard and South Streets, adjoining Little Wesley Church. Can be had for the low rent of seven dollars ($7) per month. Inquire at No. 717 Lombard Street, at the [illegible] or at No. 619 Pine Street, Philadelphia

EXCHANGES

We have just received No. 4 of volume 1, of a paper called *The Weekly Christian Record*, of Indianapolis, Indiana, edited by our friend, Rev Elijah Goodin. It is one of the ablest weekly papers published in that State, and is devoted to the interests of the Baptist Church. We wish it and the editor long and useful lives

The *Indianapolis Journal*, edited by our friend, Mr Sulgrove, has not yet come to hand. Are the clerks asleep in the office? Our friend Barns informed us that he would have it mailed to us

We find in the *Press* of Monday, 3d instant, an editorial on Mr F. P Blair's Bill on Confiscation and Emancipation. You say, "He is one of the few statesmen that have fairly met this perplexing question; (*you say*) there is no single point that could be overlooked."

"What Mr. Bingham treats as a theory, or Mr Lovejoy as a pleasant metaphor, Mr Blair deals with as a plain matter of business."

You say, "His articles afford a simple way of placing the property of rebels within the custody of the United States."

Now, it strikes us that it is just as unwise to confiscate the lands or personal property of the rebels, *before you get possession of them*, as it is to emancipate the slaves by a general law. But the confiscation follows the army, says the editor. But *your* law of confiscation *precedes* the army. Now, if the advancing of the army under the act can confiscate the property of rebels, it can likewise, under a similar law, emancipate the slaves; and we think it would be quite as practical to pass an Emancipation Bill for "Alabama or Mississippi" as it would to pass a Confiscation Bill for their property; either is contingent on possession of those States.

Again, you say, "No single provision in his propositions are unjust." We will examine one of your own propositions. Here are slaves constantly coming within our lines—our army advancing takes possession of their territory, and the slaves that till it. "Common sense says, Hold and use them." (All right.) " " "Humanity suggests that the fetters of bondage be lifted from their limbs." " " "We accept their freedom as an accomplished fact, and deal with them as free persons."

Now, Mr. Blair's proposition is, to take these free persons, and take them away from their homes, where you admit they have labored and toiled, and colonize them, and reduce them into a state of servitude again, under the apprentice or Coolie system. Now, where is the justice in the above, and under what article of the constitution does the gentleman intend to deprive these free men of their right to a home in the land, or of the privilege of free men, to which you acknowledge "they have been elevated?"

Again, you say, "The people who have remained in slavery from generation to generation, will not rise from their condition at any Congressional enactment"

Where is your evidence to that fact? The whole of the facts are against you Look at Port Royal, Fortress Monroe, and other places; even without such an enactment, they are ready, and in advance of our troops. Trust them with the trial, and see if they are not true to nature.

Again, you say, the government will be fortunate if it can transfer these rebel regions into bounty lands, and prevail upon the soldiers to accept them in reward for their services.

Would it not be equally just to give these poor blacks now at Port Royal their freedom, and leave them to occupy the lands left desolate by their rebel masters?

There are several other points in your editorial that need looking at, but we will pass them for the present.

And now for your five distinct questions. 1. How to collect the direct tax in disloyal States. Before you collect, you must have possession. Therefore, according to your own article, it is useless to pass a law until you get possession; but we say, pass both—Emancipation and Confiscation, and leave them both take effect as the army advances, and make the best use of the liberated slaves that you can.

On your 2d we have no fault to find—neither with the 3d.

The 4th is not feasible, as we have shown, as he does not intend to emancipate, but only transfer from one kind of slavery to another.

The 5th. We think, under the constitution, you have no right or power to colonize, without consent of the individual; and if we judge Mr. Blair's faith by his works, in the amount of $100,000, his faith in colonization is not very strong, or else he does not think by his act many will be emancipated.

No, friend FORNEY, leave the emancipation *follow* the army, and you will find that in doing that which is just and right, you will be sustained by all loyal men, and all true friends of the Government

INFLUENCE OF SLAVERY

We clip the following from the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, which may prove of interest to some of our readers. They will see that some men, for the love of applause in this life, will jump headlong into the fire:

What an awful curse is slavery to the slaveholder! How it blinds his intellect, stupifies his conscience, and lets loose his passions—more especially if he has been reared in a land of liberty. We have always spoken charitably of those slaveholders who have been raised at the South; but of those who go from the granite hills of New England to hold human arms in chains, and crack the lash over human backs, we can only say—"Lord, have mercy."

It seems that Albert Pike, of Arkansas, is the leader of a band of rebel half-breed savages against a force of loyal Indians from the five principal nations, and that, after having been defeated in two engagements, he took advantage of a period when a majority of the Union warriors were off seeking supplies, to attack their camp, and slaughter indiscriminately all who could not escape.

Why is this son of New England, this teacher of Newburyport, this poet of Boston, this writer of "Hymns to the gods" so changed? Why is he dead to the bright forms of excellence that attend the image of his country' to the pomp of sacred senates, the guardian voice of justice on her throne, and all that wakes the conscious bosom with a patriot's flame?" Why is he a traitor and a savage? He [illegible] The cases of malignant transformation are not all at the South. Slavery is not only an awful, but an all-pervading, curse

For the Christian Recorder.

Camp Marcy, Va., Dec. 1861.

To the memory of GEORGE, who was slain with the lamented Lyon at Wilson's Creek, Mo., Aug. 10th, 1861.

Peace to his manes, for he is cold in death,
Hushed is that voice unto his mother's ear,
He fell amid the struggle, yielding his breath
To Him that gave; no mother's hand was near.

Stranger, far from her who gave him birth,
Soon bathed his head while on the battle plain;
The green turf his bed, cold pillow was the earth,
Bear him to his rest, we'll ne'er see him again.

From the bed of death the rifle was his bier,
Martial were the notes of the funeral strain
Lay him in the grave, so young and fair
None knew but to love, none to disdain.

Press lightly the earth, and cover his repose,
Place the monument to him who loved his mother dear;
Strew there the evergreen, the lily, and the rose,
Stranger, friend, as you pass, drop the silent tear

[illegible] M. [illegible]

THE HUMAN SOUL, like the water of the salt sea becomes fresh and sweet in rising to the sky

LETTER FROM BISHOP NAZREY

I left my readers at Freehold Circuit; from whence I proceeded to Newtown, where brother Seburman, with a vehicle, awaited my arrival. We rode some six miles, and lodged with a friend that night. The next morning, being the Sabbath, we met the congregation in Allentown, N. J., and preached there in the morning to a fine audience; and from thence to Bordentown, a distance of eight miles, and preached at night, and on the following Wednesday evening, I preached at Cookstown, where they have a fine little church We found a number of old friends on this route, with whom we have, in past years, spent precious moments in the service of God.

"I visited Bristol, Pa., on the 30th of December Elder Robison was then entering on a protracted meeting, at which, I have been informed, that he had considerable success. I left there with a promise to visit the other part of the circuit at some future time.

My next point was Trenton, N. J. Here I spent New Year's, and enjoyed the benefits of a Quarterly Meeting in Trenton, on the 1st, and at Lowisville the second Sabbaths in January, on the same circuit. And it is due to Elder Campbell and his flock to say that I have not passed a week or two more agreeably for some time

I visited Germantown on the 2d of February, at their Quarterly meeting. The people there have a fine little house, if they can only master their debt under which they are laboring, and get the house finished, which we have no doubt they will. So far as we have yet gone, our work seems prosperous—and may the good Lord pour his Spirit upon the entire Church on earth, until the Messiah's name shall be known throughout all lands and nations.

W NAZREY.

For the Christian Recorder.

CHOIRS IN CHURCHES

BY REV. JAMES LYNCH, GEORGETOWN, D. C.

If there is any part of our worship which, as a general thing may be considered as a mere farce, it is choir singing. I arrive at this conclusion from experience, which comports with the experience of most all who are familiar with church worship. The farcical nature of this part of our worship, may be accounted for by the fact, that our choirs are made up generally of young persons, who are thoughtless, gay, and giddy, whose hearts have never been changed by grace There are some exceptions to this conclusion in regard to church choirs, but the exceptions are too few to relieve the Church in general, from the charge of encouraging a farcical, unmeaning, Cain-like worship.

Praise to God, to be acceptable must be voluntary: it must be real, and not ostensible. The rising vapor, though veiling the bright face of heaven, is the tribute of earth, superinduced by the genial rays of the sun; so praise to God is the heart's great tribute to Deity, superinduced by the influences of the hallowed fire of the Holy Ghost, though contrasting with its object as vastly as the dark cloud contrasts with the clear blue vault, it finds reception above, and like earth's tribute, pours a crystal stream into the heart that renders it a steady, gushing fountain of the Saviour's love.

Choirs made up of the material we have described above, do not accord voluntary praise, and is therefore not acceptable. The state of their hearts renders it impossible. But it may be said, "They sing in the choirs voluntarily, no one forces them in that position." I answer, "Singing voluntarily does not necessarily signify praising God really and voluntarily; nor is it at all certain, that even the singing is done voluntarily, doubtless the "What will people think if I don't sing in the choir?" causes a great many to raise their voices, who feel more in a mood to swear, to cry, to grieve, to mourn, or to revel in worldly mirth, Indeed, you can often go into a church, and read in the movements, in the expression of the singers, all these feelings. You will sometimes see one so ill-humored that his voice is harsh, tone sullen, as he stands in a position as much isolated as possible, singing out of a book that nobody else must look on: you will see another full of mirth, he is, perhaps, a dear lover of music, cutting as many "shines" as possible, singing with all the animal life he has; you will see others that appear to be performing a most arduous task. The lively, sprightly element, generally predominates, tinctured by the vain; this latter element is detected by the extreme quickness to take offence, as well as by the glances slyly, and often cast at the congregation, to see if they are *duly observed* and appreciated.

It requires far more grace to praise God, than to pray to God: the better Christians we are, the more we can praise; the more imperfect we feel, the more we feel like praying. Sometimes we come home from class or love-feast, with our souls truly blest, and we feel that instead of simply praying before retiring, we must sing a little, can't help it. Now, we would not think of allowing the persons described, to pray in public, unless they prayed for God to convert them, and we should not allow them to sing. In heaven, we will cease to pray—being perfect, we will *praise*. Let our choirs be judged by this standard, and they would fall far short of the mark. If guilt attaches to the minister in charge, where such a state of things exist, I, with many others would share it. But in mitigation, it may be asked, what shall we do for singing? Well I can answer this, and show how we shall get singing enough to praise God, and that is this: give sufficient opportunity and encouragement to the *spirit* of praise to break forth in the congregation, and then, if we have but little praise it will be because there is very little of the spirit of praise, and it is better to have a little that is genuine than to have a multitude of that is counterfeit

I am aware that the M. E Church, and the A M E Church, is far less deserving of this criticism, than the churches of other denominations, who have their singing done in almost operatic style by hired [illegible], whose only incentive to praise God is the dimes. Without unmitigated humbuggery, are all choirs that are not impelled in their religious exercises, by the Spirit of God; away with them, they are formalities that belong to former days—they are in keeping with the Romish usages, fitting emanations of the vatican, but a disgrace to a *live Christian Church*

Humbuggery, like the sucker in the corn, is growing up with the Church; may it be uprooted [illegible] that the Protestant Church after having reached the age of the Catholic Church at the time of the Reformation, may not be equally as corrupt as she, and need the thunder of terrific war—the lightning of Luther, of Calvin, of Zwingle, to extract from her the seed of a Church true to the glorious doctrines of the Cross

For the Christian Recorder.

TRUE RELIGION

That religion which takes away the sin of the world from our hearts, must be a religion of spirit and power [illegible] lusts, of the existence of which, correspondent actions are but the outward proof. He that has the most of this religion, is most a subject of Christ's kingdom; he has witnessed Christ by the sceptre of his Spirit, to bring thoughts, as well as words and actions, into subjection; and, where this *interior* reformation has taken place, all outward coercion becomes needless. A man then acts from a principle within himself, he does not refrain from immorality, merely because the laws of men forbid it, but because he dare not violate the peace of his own mind; for, certainly, a principle that does not *commune* at evil thoughts, will never lead any one into evil actions. It is only the will of man, unsubjected to the Divine will, that brings forth those works of death and darkness, whereby the earth, which, but for that, might have continued an Eden of peace, is turned into an Aceldama, and a wilderness of confusion!

Religious societies are like the nations of the earth, which, though distinguished from each other by their peculiar forms of government, customs, and languages, are all enlightened by the same sun; and it must be pleasing to every benevolent mind to believe that, however great the difficulty may be of maintaining an intercourse with each other, however obscured by the corruptions of human nature, blended with the absurdities, or warped by the prejudice of education, our different forms, individual sincerity of intention is everywhere noticed with merciful complacency, by the common Father of all He seeth not as man seeth; and it is mere folly to imagine that where those dispositions are wanting, superior degrees of light and knowledge will recommend us to His favor. For, as "where much is given, much will be required," such advantage, either slighted, or misapplied, can only augment our condemnation.

It is generally acknowledged by the professors of Christianity, that the common depravity of human nature has overspread the minds of universal mankind with a darkness which the Sun of righteousness alone can dispel; that some are favored with more clear and just apprehensions of the evil and its remedy, than others: and that some of these, sensible of the blessings they enjoy, have their hearts so enlarged in love to their benighted fellow mortals, as to covet their participation of it—that they also, becoming believers in the light, may have their false notions of the Divine Being, and the worship due to him corrected Yet it should not be forgotten by such devoted servants, that the light to which they bear testimony, shines independently of them; that all they can do for others, even by its assistance, is to gain their attention to it, and that none receive any farther benefit from instrumental labor, than as they are brought to *believe* and *walk* in the same light. To be convinced that the prevalence of the Spirit of Christ in the hearts of mankind will gradually overcome whatever is opposed to it; we want no other evidence than the prophecies which itself has dictated, the correspondent effects of it on minds that are subject to it; and even in societies where it has the ascendency, it invariably produces order, harmony, and concord. Such effects then, need not be referred to future ages; the work is already begun

For the Christian Recorder.

BISHOP NAZREY AND THE B. M. E. CHURCH IN CANADA

MR. EDITOR:—Permit me, through the *Recorder*, to say to the readers of the same, that I have noticed some letters from Bishop Nazrey, and others, in reference to said Bishop's relation to the A. M. E Church, in the United States, and also to the B. M. E. Church, in Canada, and I think, that as the peace of our Church, and also of the B M E. Church, in Canada, has been, and is, at present, so disturbed, it would be well to let the matter lay still, until General Conference meets in Philadelphia, in 1864, and then have the question forever settled; for I think the action of our General Conference in Cincinnati, in 1856, in the case of our Church in Canada separating from our connexion in the United States, was certainly one of the worst moves that was ever taken since the formation of our beloved Zion; for well do I recollect what our venerable Bishop Quinn said, in 1856, when the subject of Canada separation came before the General Conference. Bishop Quinn said:—"My dear brethren, be careful, for you are now going to make a breach in our connexion, that forty years can never mend;" and, Oh, how true his words are coming to pass! Now you can see what a trouble is brought on the Church in Canada, by a few seceding fire eaters, both in Canada, and in the United States. Look, if you please, at old South Carolina, and those other Seceding States; they have brought upon themselves a trouble that will not soon be ended. So have a few Secessionists in Canada, brought a trouble on the Church in Canada, that will not be mended soon. I see one writer, from Trenton, says, it was a unanimous vote in favor of our separation in General Conferences, in 1856, in Cincinnati; but I beg leave to differ with the Rev Dr. from Trenton. I voted against it, and I think some members of [illegible] Conference, also voted against it,—but as far as that is concerned, they can speak for themselves. Look, now, at the state of the Church in Canada. Just as it was with the Corinthian Church. Some were for Paul, some for Apollos, and some for Cephas; and so in Canada, there are some for Green, some for Nazrey, &c. Now, in Canada, you will find a great many members have moved from the States, there, and as there is no A. M. E. Church, they have never joined the B. M. E. Church, or any other, and they never can be anything else but African Methodists; and I think, as old John Bull, and Uncle Sam's subjects have lived so long in the A. M E Church together in peace and harmony, it was a great pity that the separation ever took place

Yours, for the prosperity of our blessed connexion, W J DAVIS.

NOTICE

The funeral sermon of the late Rev WALTER PAMPTON will be preached in Bethel Church, by [illegible] on Sabbath, the 16th inst., at 10½ A. M The family and friends are particularly invited to attend. J. WOODLIN, [illegible]

MARRIED

We are pleased to learn that Rev. R. H [illegible] of Brooklyn, N. Y, has taken to himself [illegible] We wish them a long and happy life

THE INTERNAL HISTORY OF OUR AUTHORIZED VERSION

The theologian who shall produce a good INTERNAL HISTORY OF OUR AUTHORIZED ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES will perform a work of the highest utility. We have from various hands histories which are mainly occupied with its external history, and of the various labors which preceded it. But we have nothing which can be properly styled an internal history of that noble, and in some respects, entirely unrivalled version. We are not sure, indeed, that the term internal history, will present to every mind, an intelligible idea.

To convey perfectly its meaning, it may be necessary to recall some facts in the history of that version. Between the appearance of the first Protestant translation of the New Testament from the original, and our own authorized version, there lies an interval of eighty-six years. During this period the learning of English scholars, and the interest of the English people, were directed with great intensity to the Word of God. The latest, not the earliest result of this learning and longing, was our authorized version The translation which is at this time in the hands of the German churches, was one of the first fruits of the Reformation, and came from the hand of Luther, substantially as we now have it. Several revisions of it were, indeed, made, and great labor bestowed upon it subsequent to its first appearance, and various changes, less and greater, have been made in it; nor has it remained since Luther's death absolutely as he left it. Nevertheless he who takes up the New Testament of Luther as it appeared in 1523, or the other parts of Holy Writ previous to their union in 1534, and compares them with the current editions of to-day, will feel that their identity has not been lost If Luther could not everywhere recognise his own Church in our day, he could everywhere recognise his own Bible. If it is in some few respects another, it is in most still the same. In England it was not so. Distinct translations were made, not indeed in any case, without constant regard to what had preceded them, yet with an independence, which gives them a decided individualism. They are different translations. The most convenient classification of these for internal collation is, perhaps the following:

A Tindale's translations (1526—1534)

A 1. Tindale's New Testament of 1526.

A 2. Tindale's New Testament of 1534

A 3. The New Testament and part of the Old, in the Matthews' or Rogers' Bible, printed 1537.

B. The Coverdale Bible, the first complete one in English, 1535.

C. The Great, or Cromwell, or Grafton, or Whitchurch, or Cranmer Bible.

C 1 The Great Bible printed by direction of Cromwell by Grafton, in 1539, sometimes called the First Cranmer.

C 2 Whitchurch, or Great Bible revised, now usually considered the first which can be in the fullest sense called the Cranmer Bible, (1541)

D. The Geneva Bible.

D 1 The Geneva New Testament of 1557.

D 2. The Geneva Bible of 1560.

D 3. The Tomson Geneva. The New Testament, (with some changes,) 1576.

E. The Bishops' Bible. (1568)

F. The Authorized, or Royal, or King James' Version, 1611

Now, from the first of these to the last, there is a regular growth. From the last of them back to the first, there was a careful weighing of the work which had been done before; and the translators in general made no change in the previous translation, unless the sacred original, in their judgment, rendered such a change imperative. Hence, there is a beautiful and profoundly interesting evolution and development, from era to era, from one laborer to another, until the consummation was reached in our Authorized Version. And this happy reference to what had gone before it, this wise acquiescence in what had been well done, served to give to our standard version advantages over the versions it followed.

This served also to give to its internal history an extraordinary richness. That history is the history of a whole century of struggle and of Reformation.

IS THERE NEED OF A NEW TRANSLATION OF THE SCRIPTURES INTO ENGLISH?

Much has been written in regard to the desirableness of a revision of our English Bible, or of an entirely new translation. The Baptists in our country have met this question in the only form in which any practical determination of it can be made. In the face of a good deal of discouragement and of some obloquy, they have been bestowing great labor and large sums of money on a new version of the Bible. They have tried to make thorough work, not only conforming the English translation to what they believe to be the meaning of the sacred text on the points in dispute between them and other Christians, but endeavoring to give a translation of every part of God's Word in accordance with the ripest results of modern scholarship. We have looked with great interest at some of the volumes they have issued, and if they were within our reach, would like carefully to examine them all. We do not design to express at this time any opinion as to the extent to which their labors have been successful. Be that as it may, they are testing the question of a new version in the only way in which it is worth arguing. The right of our Authorized Version to its present position is simply a moral right. It stands or falls with its ability actually to challenge comparison with any other English version With us the Regal Imprimatur which gave it authority, has no force. But that imprimatur simply implied that it should be read in churches Before 1611, though the Bishops' Bible was read in the churches, the Geneva was the favorite in the family. The king did not attempt, and if he had attempted, would have failed to displace the versions which were preferred by the people for their private devotions. Nevertheless, our present version gradually displaced them all.

In no case that we can recall, in the sixteenth century, was there an abstract discussion of the necessity of a new version previous to the actual preparation for such a version. Luther, and Tindale, Coverdale, Cranmer, the Genevans, the Bishops, and the King James' Commission, if they had anything to say on the point, said it in the preface of the work actually done. There never has been, and never will be a translation of the Bible in which some improvement is not possible. Why [illegible] ready to make the improvement and submit it to the test? Our Authorized Version superseded the others mainly because of its intrinsic superiority over them. In its time it will certainly be superseded if any man, or any set of men, succeeds in producing a translation superior to it. The time, therefore, that is spent upon a purely abstract discussion of the question, "Whether we need a new English Version of the Bible?" seems to us lost time It is useless to show that we need it, unless there is a possibility of our having it, and the only argument for a new version which will carry the Christian mind with it, will be the new version itself Place before the Christian world a better version than the one we now have, and that version will displace it as surely as our Authorized Version [illegible] displaced the Bible of Geneva, or as they displaced the Cranmer, or as the Cranmer displaced the labors of Tindale and [illegible]

When, therefore, an enthusiastic gentleman or an enthusiastic association proposes to argue the question of the need of a better version, we are prepared, for argument's sake, to say, 'We grant it—now let us have one.' No plea for a better one will make the thorough work with objectors that the better one itself will make

[illegible] another for his want of a talent you [illegible] may have others which you want.

NOTES ON AUTHORS AND BOOKS

MEDITATIONS ON THE NIGHT OF A LITERARY [illegible]

"What a world of thought is here packed up together! I know not whether [illegible] more dismay or comfort me. It dismays me to think that here is so much that I cannot know; it comforts me to think that this variety affords so much assistance to know what I should

What a happiness is it, that without the aid of necromancy, I can here call up any of the ancient worthies of learning, whether human or divine, and confer with them upon all my doubts; that I can at pleasure summon whole synods of reverend fathers and acute doctors from all the coasts of the earth, to give their well studied judgments in all doubtful points which I propose Nor can I cast my eye casually upon any of these silent masters, but I must learn somewhat. It is a wantonness to complain of choice. No law binds us to read all; but the more we can take in and digest, the greater will be our improvement.

"Blessed be God, who hath set up so many clear lamps in his church; none but the wilfully blind can plead darkness. And blessed be the memory of those, his faithful servants, who have left their blood, their spirits, their lives in these precious papers; and have willingly wasted themselves into these enduring monuments to give light to others." *Bishop Hall.*

"Very excellent meditations," methinks I hear my reader say, "and if I had such a library to 'meditate' in, I should be glad to join with the good bishop; but my 'library' hardly deserves the name, and the selection is none of the best." This I can readily believe. It is marvellous how few dollars it takes to constitute extravagance, when spent for books, and how many dollars are within the limits of moderation, when bestowed upon furniture or apparel Many a poor husband is expected to admire and approve of fifty dollars' worth in the wife's parlor, or wardrobe, who is at his wit's end to know how to escape a homily, by smuggling half that amount of books into his "study!" An old bookseller assured us, that all of his customers were held in terror by this bibliophobia [illegible] the female part of the household. Mr [illegible], he remarked, would [illegible] the other day, 'send those books home at such an hour in the afternoon, then I shall be in.' Ah, thought I, have you come to that too! When he said he would be [illegible] he meant the wife would be 'in.' Whether the wives must answer for it in all cases, we will not decide, but certain it is, that in very few houses in Philadelphia can be found respectable collections of books. One of the most eminent of Philadelphia physicians, who was often obliged to sit up all night in attendance upon the sick, complained of the difficulty of finding any books worth reading, in some of the handsomest mansions in which his services were employed. Is not this too true? How meagre an assortment of reading will you generally find in the parlors, or "studies," (as they are villanously styled,) of even the intellectual portion of your acquaintance! A few novels, three or four of Sears's "Illustrated Histories," Miss Leslie's Stories, Hemans's, Sigourney's, Scott's, and Willis's Poems, Headley's Generals and Marshals, Irving's Washington and the Sketch Book, Kane's Explorations, two or three dozen books of Recipes, Domestic Medicine and Travels, a dozen of volumes of old American reprints of standard English authors, (which your father or grandfather was bored into subscribing for,) and thirty or forty books of religion and devotion, and you have something very like a catalogue of such "Libraries."

You say, "If books we are to read," according to your advice, "books we must have, and how are we to procure them?" There are several ways. If unable to purchase for yourselves, the first plan that occurs is "begging," and this mode may be very properly practised by the younger members of the household:—it is to be hoped that your parents will be pleased with your zeal, and "devise liberal things" for your intellectual improvement.

"Borrowing" is available where your friends have a larger stock of books than of experiences of the felicities of lending; but some good-natured people still lend on; though Charles Lamb declared he would lend nobody "less than a whole set," as the broken array of odd volumes in his bookcases distressed him. The final alternative, the *dernier* resort sometimes practised by those who cannot satisfy their wants either by "begging" or "borrowing," even our lively zeal for your mental culture will not allow us to recommend. We have ourselves suffered from the unsolicited abstractions of those who loved books, or their proceeds, "not wisely, but too well." Of such was the unhappy Eugene Aram.

Begin at once to form a library, and manage to let your friends know of your laudable intention, and you will probably find it growing on your hands more rapidly than you could have hoped. Some will be glad to oblige you or your parents by adding to your store. Let it be well understood, that you estimate the inside more highly than the outside of your volumes. Then, on festal occasions, and in times of bestowal, you may look for books of solid value, rather than the embellishments of binding and pictures, such as accompany the Annual, the Drawing Room Scrap Book, the Gallery of Beauty, and other more show books, not entirely worthless, to those who can afford them, articles of luxury, but of little account in the eyes of those who desire to "add to their" heads knowledge, rather than to adorn a centre-table, or ornament a boudoir.

Philadelphia, Jan. 28th, 1862

TO THE PUBLISHERS OF RELIGIOUS JOURNALS.

The undersigned would be glad to receive any number of the different religious papers, or other good reading matter, for gratuitous circulation among the soldiers of the 1st Regiment of the "Kentucky Brigade," Illinois Volunteers, now in *Camp Dubois, Anna, Union County, Ills.*

A great many are members of the different churches, and nothing can be productive of greater good among them, than the reading of a wholesome religious literature.

Direct to Rev. Sidney L. Harkey, *Chaplain*
Camp Dubois,
Anna, Union County,
Illinois.

A singular but important WANT abroad has just been brought to light in a work on Emigration by a Miss Rye. From the latest reliable statistical tables it is ascertained that in New Zealand there are eleven thousand four hundred and sixty-one fewer women than men; in Victoria, one hundred and thirty-eight thousand five hundred and seventy-nine; in South Australia, one thousand three hundred and eighty-nine; in West Australia, four thousand two hundred and seven—or a total of one hundred and fifty-five thousand one hundred and thirty-six in these two islands. In this state of things it is urged that if intelligent, virtuous, energetic women could be induced to emigrate to these important sections of the world, many of the best interests of the race might be vastly promoted, and good done.

A remarkable career in political life has just been terminated in the death of Mr. George Granville Vernon Harcourt, England. In the year 1806 he was elected a member of the House of Commons from Lichfield, and was re-elected from that borough until 1831, when he was elected from Oxfordshire, and was thence regularly returned until his death—making his membership in Parliament continue thus for the long period of fifty-five years, when he died, seventy six years of age. He was the eldest son of Archbishop Harcourt, who held the See of York for nearly forty years, commencing January, 1808. He [illegible]

Much is doing in favor of the TEMPERANCE Reform in England. Bands of what are termed Leagues of Juvenile Abstainers are forming in various places, and ministers and public men are speaking against the evil of intemperance, who have never until recently taken sides on the subject. At Leeds, a festival was recently held for Reformed Drunkards, and upwards of one thousand four hundred persons sat [illegible] and by much effective speaking on behalf of the great cause.

Domestic Items.

PITTSBURGH

[illegible] the excess to which our people have devoted themselves [illegible]

[illegible] thing to hear the remark that in no other city had [illegible] ing the side-walks. But this feeling gave place to [illegible] manufacturing and commercial wealth, he would desire to see some of the monuments of public taste, and repositories of learning and of art, which are equally essential to the character of a city with the former. The only thing left us by which to vindicate our character from the charge of selfish materialism would be to point him to the array of churches which almost every street presents, and many of which would attract attention in any locality; and then to guide his steps through the beautiful avenues of the Allegheny Cemetery, whose circuit embraces one of the most extended and tastefully improved burying spots in our land. Materialism has not thus literally provide for the public worship of the Almighty, nor does its influence secure the time and means thus requisite to honor the resting place of the departed.

Notwithstanding our foundries and rolling mills have effectually supplied the deficiency of a National Foundry in the equipment of the Mortar Fleets, east and west, with their armaments, sending forth huge guns and their appropriate missiles of destruction to almost every fortress or expedition which has been equipped by our Government since the rebellion has commenced, and although the ponderous hammers which forge the huge plates to encase our iron-clad vessels seem to jar the very foundations of the mighty hills which surround us, these extraordinary demands upon our industry have not compensated for the loss experienced in the breaking up of the extensive [illegible] into South and West formerly open for coal, iron, glass, &c., and supplied by this city. One effect produced has been a manifest relaxing of the habits and hours of business. Many of the iron-muscled men of our population impatient at the [illegible] desolation which has threatened them, have exchanged the implements of the artisan for the weapons of the soldier, and have gone to the field of strife to deal their sturdy blows upon the rebels arrayed against their country. Another result has been to stimulate the desire for reading. Our Mercantile Library and Reading Room has never before been so much resorted to, and whilst information is chiefly sought respecting governmental and military movements, we are inclined to believe the contact with literature in any form is calculated to engage the mind and win it forward to the expansive and inviting fields spread out to the reader of English literature, which is attainable to all. We, therefore, estimate as one of the compensations of the evil of this war, the improved taste and mental culture which will be made by many of our citizens.

We hope their religious culture will equally advance. You will observe we adopt a less confident tone in expressing ourselves on this topic. Probably we are to susceptible to depressing influences. We have watched with much solicitude in this direction. We said to ourselves, Surely, amidst the earnestness of spirit which these trials shall beget, the Christian will not prove more sluggish than others in his sphere of duty. He will arise invigorated by sympathy with the spirit of the land, and fight more valiantly for that more blessed peace which comprehends the restoration of national and social quietude within its accomplishment. He will now devote some of the hours which he cannot spend in temporal interests to forwarding the spiritual interests of himself and others—but alas! the lecture-rooms of our churches, compared with those of literary associations, testify as formerly, "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light."

Our city is rapidly acquiring a notoriety as the emporium of Petroleum or Carbon Oil,—so extensive with that of New Bedford for its whale fisheries. Our wharves are covered with barrels of crude oil, arriving from the wells which abound in this section of the State; and refined oil, which, after distillation is distributed to the four quarters of the globe. The very atmosphere in many parts of the city is redolent with its odors. So prolific are the wells which supply it, some of which are actually overflowing fountains, that the surface of the Allegheny river is scummed over, to a considerable extent, with an oleaginous stratum. Its position on the water prevents it from polluting our hydrants, but seriously interferes with our ice-houses. It is generally believed that the prevalence of the oil will prevent our using any longer the product of this river, which has hitherto furnished our entire supply of a very pure and inexpensive article of luxury. As neither the flavor nor the odor which it imparts is very delectable, we shall be compelled to either acquire a taste for it, after the fashion of the devotees of tobacco, or seek more distant and expensive sources for our supply. Truth is stronger than fiction. Many Dick is shorn of his honors. KIRKPATRICK.

[Correspondence of Lutheran and Missionary

The English Press on American Affairs.—Exception of the Rebel Commissioners.—From the London News, Jan. 14.—The impudence of sending commissioners to us at all is remarkable; and the audacity of appointing Mr. Mason is really astounding. It was bad enough sending Mr. Yancey, after the publication of what he said and wrote in the conventions of the slave States; it was a strong demand on our liberality and courtesy to send here as envoy a man who had publicly eulogised slavery as the proper basis of society, and demanded the re-opening of the African slave trade; and Mr. Yancey's doubtful reception at a public dinner where his presence was by no means desired, might show the Confederate authorities that it would be well not to encroach too far on the instincts of our hospitality. But to send Mr. Mason is a yet more daring proceeding. They must have supposed that we either did or did not know that Mr. Mason is the author of the worst law that is on the statute book of any civilised nation—the fugitive slave law. If we did not know it, it was taking advantage of our ignorance to seek our friendship and good offices through such an agent; and, if we did know it, it was an insult to English feelings to place that man, face to face, with us at all. The worst consequence to us of Captain Wilkes' troublesome escapade is its having compelled us to act as protectors to the man who has traduced our state of society, cast contempt on the working class of every country, declared us incapable of freedom because we give and take the rights of industry through the whole range of our society, and created the machinery of law by which 20,000,000 of free citizens were made the kidnappers of the slaves of half a million; by which the brave and strong negroes who had escaped were delivered back to the whip and chain, and the passions of their tyrants. When these elect gentlemen, sent to represent Southern society here, appear among us, we must make sure that everybody knows how they regard themselves and us. They think it low to work, or to pay others for working for them. They think that political freedom means a very few persons doing what they please with all the rest of society. They think it is a low state of civilisation when members of society enjoy, as nearly as may be, the benefits they earn by intelligence or toil; and they extol, as the highest refinement, the scheme by which the smallest number take possession of the largest share of the earnings of others. Old England and New England are alike in a vulgar and pitiable condition, because every man is theoretically a worker, or the payer of other men's work, and because every individual has an interest in the common weal; yet, the superfine gentry who so regard Old and New England are trying to gain over the one against the other by soft words and sordid inducements, and these men are the agents sent to rouse our minds against our free kindred of the Northern States, and to soothe our selfish fears about cotton. Let them pass on one side. We have simply nothing to say to them. Let them pass in their way to the [illegible] of [illegible] neglect.

The *Morning Herald* comes to the rescue of Slidell and Mason, and denounces the journals which have calumniated them. It says they are gentlemen of the highest position, and the most unblemished character, and as to their being slave owners, why, Washington himself was one, and some of England's best friends are slaveholders. It claims that "Mason and Slidell are entitled to be received in England with courtesy and honor, as men of the highest distinction themselves, and as the representatives of a gallant, chivalrous, and friendly nation."

The Late War Panic and the Press.—From the London Star.—The people and the press of the United States deserve the highest credit for their demeanor during this trying crisis. With the exception of one journal, which really may be taken as an exception when praise of any kind is spoken, the newspapers of the United States evinced throughout this dispute a calmness and a moderation as honorable to them as rebuking to some of their British contemporaries. Only those who were [illegible] journals during the late period can form any true idea of the manner in which it contrasted with the temper and language of two, at least, of the principal [illegible] to learn what extent of brutal bullying may be tolerated and encouraged in a moment of national passion, can do nothing better than to read over, in a calm moment, the leading columns of the *Times* and the *Morning Post* for the past three or four [illegible] of the manner in which, day after day, the [illegible] slandering, taunting [illegible] and the people of the [illegible] go more foul and bitter [illegible] by either journal if the [illegible] is confirmed, and it is rumored that Jeff Davis will, in person, take command at Manassas after his inauguration.

One of the letters found in Zollicoffer's den, written by [illegible] says: "The Union party in East Tennessee is quiet at this time, and some think forever crushed, but I am of a different opinion. We have large numbers of Lincolnites among us yet, who are only awaiting a safe opportunity to join their Northern friends."

U. S. Commissioners.—Bishop Ames, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Hon. Hamilton [illegible] the United States prisoners in rebeldom, left the city at 11 o'clock. They proceeded to Richmond, via Fortress Monroe and Norfolk, and they have been furnished with appropriate passes, stating the object of their mission.

The Rebel Pirates to be Treated as Prisoners of War.—Hon. Alfred Ely, Member of Congress from New York, and late prisoner at Richmond, had an interview with the President and Mr. Secretary Seward, yesterday, and it has been determined to place the rebel privateers now in New York and Philadelphia, upon a footing of prisoners of war. An order has been issued removing them to military prisons, with a view to their exchange for citizens of the United States incarcerated in the South. This important and humane course on the part of the Government may result in the return of Colonels [illegible], Lieut. Worden, [illegible] Hudson, and the other officers held as hostages for these privateers. A general exchange of prisoners will, it is believed, speedily follow. The interview with Mr. Ely, in conjunction with several of his associate members of the House of Representatives, was not only interesting, but is described as affecting.

Hon. J. K. Moorehead.—No member of the Pennsylvania delegation in Congress dispenses a more liberal and [illegible] hospitality than the distinguished Representative from Pittsburg. His large wealth, accumulated by years of industry and enterprise, is employed for the noblest purposes. He was serenaded at his residence, on Sixth street near E, last Wednesday evening, by the band of the Sixty-second Penna. Regiment, which by the vote of all the officers, was christened the "Moorehead Regiment," on the first of the New Year.

Romney.—The expedition of General Jackson to Romney is said to have been without the sanction of his superior officers, and has resulted in great sufferings and loss of life to his command. They were caught in the mountains in a heavy snow storm, many were frozen to death, others frost-bitten, and all are reported to be in a deplorable condition. A greater portion of his force had returned to Winchester broken down with the exposure, fatigue, and hardships they had been called upon to endure. The withdrawal of the Federal forces from Romney on Jackson's approach is regarded in military circles at Richmond, as having been another evidence of General McClellan's military superiority.

Release of Privateers.—The Secretary of State, on Friday, directed the release from Fort Lafayette of all the persons taken from on board the rebel armed vessels, and they have been sent to Fort Warren to be dealt with as prisoners of war.

Married.

By the Rev. J. C. Cornish, on the 23d of January, 1862, Mr. Ellis H. Dorsey, of Penna., to Miss Josephine Downs, of Phila.

Advertisements.

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Dec 25-1y Philadelphia.

Advertisements.

[illegible] Society, are requested to attend their regular stated meeting, the 10th of this month at 8 o'clock, P. M., on the corner of Quince and Locust Streets. Punctual attendance [illegible] of the President.

CHAS. HALL, *President.*

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION [illegible] vention, April 10th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges [illegible]

From Garnet Union No 4, D. of T.; from Phoenix Union, No 5, D of T.; from Northern Union, No. 16, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Dr. Bias' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 19, D. of T., from Vanbrackle Union, No. 18, D. of T., of Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—

[illegible] P., Sister Rebecca Bell; Grand Associate Sister Patricia, Grand Treasurer, Sister Fawcett, Grand Conductress, C. Thompson, Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dunbarth; Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall.

G. P. P.,	Sister E. Hughes,	G. P. P.	Sister Anderson,
"	" E. Bowen,	"	" J. F. Bears,
"	" M. H. Bruce,	"	" E. A. Clegg,
"	" F. Newman,	"	" White,
"	" S. Davis,	"	" Hall.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY.

The Stated Quarterly Meetings of the Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August, and November.

The meetings of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the society.

Mrs. SARAH CARTER,
Pres't.

Mr. L. R. SAYBOUR, *Sec'y.*

MRS JOHNSON AND MRS WARE

Beg leave to inform the Public in general that they continue

LAYING OUT AND SHROUDING THE DEAD

REFERENCE:

Thomas Charnock, No. 427 South Sixth Street
James Le Count, No. 930 Rodman street
Thomas W Allmond, No. [illegible] Rodman Street

☞ ALL ORDERS ATTENDED TO AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE

Mrs. JANE JOHNSON, Residence—618 S 8th St. | Mrs. ANN WARE Residence—641 Lombard St

THE BOOK DEPOSITORY

OF THE

AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,

No. 619 Pine Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

We keep on hand, in connexion with our other books, Sabbath School books of various kinds, Question Books, Catechisms, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. We have a good assortment of such books as are generally used in the Public Schools. Also, Stationery, Inks, Pens, Paper, Envelopes and Blank Books.

WANTED.—The charge of a Public School. Reference as to ability can be given. Apply to J. W. A., 1641 Belmuth St.

ONE-PRICE CLOTHING.

OF THE LATEST STYLES,

Made in the Best Manner, expressly for RETAIL SALES. Lowest Selling Prices marked in Plain Figures. All Goods made to order warranted satisfactory. Our One-Price System is strictly adhered to. All are thereby treated alike. JONES & CO.,
Dec25-1y 604 Market Street

GOOD NEWS

To Tailors, Dress makers, and to those wishing to be such. Also, to owners of sewing machines, shoe-keepers, and large families,—for in one day by printed directions which each individual may [illegible] can learn to cut and fit perfectly, Ladies' Dresses, Boys and Men's Pants, Vests, Jackets, Sack and Over-coats.

Local and Travelling Agents Wanted.

Address RAY WM BRADLEY
Carversville, Bucks Co., Pa.

Or, apply to Mrs. Mary C. Weaver (wife of the Editor of this paper) 434 Pine St., Philada., Pa. Jan18—1y

MRS. E. A. PALMER'S

DRY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS STORE.

NO. 105 NORTH FIFTH STREET.

PHILADELPHIA

A General Assortment of Hosiery, Trimmings, Dry Goods, &c

Dress, Shirt-making and Plain Sewing, promptly attended to. Jan18—1y

COAL! COAL!! COAL!!!

The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the store, No. 107 NORTH FIFTH STREET, formerly occupied as the Anti-Slavery Office, (where he has been engaged for the last fourteen years,) to occupy it henceforth as a place of business for the sale of

COAL, STOVES, &c

Having made arrangements with one of the first Coal Dealers in the city, to furnish the best qualities of Lehigh, Schuylkill, &c., at the lowest Cash prices, he hopes to give full satisfaction in this branch of his business.

He will also keep constantly on hand a general assortment of good NEW and SECOND-HAND STOVES, FURNACES, &c.

Persons wishing Stoves taken down, stored away, put up, or cleaned, can be promptly accommodated by applying as above.

He hopes by energy and strict attention to business to obtain a fair share of patronage.

WM. STILL,
107 North Fifth Street, Philadelphia.

REFERENCES

J. M. M'Kim,	Dr. Caspar Wistar,
Samuel Rhoads,	James Mott,
[illegible] Garrison,	Thomas Wilkinson,
Prof. C. D. Cleveland.	W. H. Furness.

MRS. E. A. PALMER

Having opened a New Store at No. 105 North Fifth St. where she intends to keep a General Variety of

TRIMMINGS HOSIERY, &c.

N. B.—Dress, shirt making and plain sewing, would respectfully solicit the patronage of her friends and the public generally, as she will spare no pains to give entire satisfaction. 6m

THOMAS W. ALLMOND,

FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,

No. 1092 RODMAN STREET,

10th and 11th Streets, and South and Lombard Sts

Philadelphia

Cephalic Pills
CURE
Sick Headache
CURE
Nervous Headache
CURE
All kinds of
Headache.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* [illegible] are prevented, and when the system has once been thoroughly regulated by their use, but few doses will be required.

They seldom fail in removing the *Nausea* and *Headache* to which females are so subject.

They act so gently upon the bowels—removing *Costiveness*. For Literary Men, Students, Delicate Females, and all persons of sedentary habits they are valuable as a *Laxative*, improving the *appetite*, give *tone* and *vigor* to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of suffering from Headache, whether originating in the nervous system or from a deranged state of the stomach.

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety without making any change of diet, and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS

The genuine have five signatures of Henry C. Spalding on each Box.

Sold by Druggists and all other Dealers in Medicine.

A Box will be sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of the

PRICE 25 CENTS.

All orders should be addressed to

HENRY C. SPALDING,
48 Cedar Street, New York.

THE FOLLOWING ENDORSEMENTS OF

SPALDING'S

CEPHALIC PILLS,

WILL CONVINCE ALL WHO SUFFER FROM

HEADACHE,

THAT A

SPEEDY AND SURE CURE IS

WITHIN THEIR REACH.

As these Testimonials were unsolicited by Mr. Spalding, they afford the strongest proof of the efficacy of this truly scientific discovery.

MADISONVILLE, Conn., Feb 5, 1861.

Mr. Spalding

Dear Sir:

I have tried your Cephalic Pills, and *I like them as well* that I want you to send me two dollars' worth more.

Part of those are for the neighbours, to whom I gave a few out of the first box I got from you.

Send the Pills by mail, and oblige

Yours truly,
JAMES KENNEDY.

HAVERSTRAW, Pa., Feb 6, 1861.

Mr. Spalding.

Dear Sir:

I wish you would send me one box of your Cephalic Pills. *I have received a great deal of benefit from them.*

Yours respectfully,
MARY ANN STOCKHOUSE.

SPRUCE CREEK, HUNTINGDON Co., Pa., January [illegible], 1861.

H. C. Spalding.

Dear Sir:

You will please send me two boxes of your Cephalic Pills. Send them immediately.

Respectfully yours,
NOAH SIMMONS.

P. S. *I have used one box of your Pills, and find them excellent.*

BELLE VERNON, OHIO, Jan. 15, 1861.

Henry C. Spalding, Esq.

Please find enclosed twenty-five cents, for which send me another box of your Cephalic Pills. *They are truly the best Pills I ever used.*

Direct A. MOVER, P. M.
Belle Vernon, Westmorland Co., O.

BEVERLY, MASS., Dec 11, 1860

H. C. Spalding, Esq.

I wish for some circulars or large show bills to bring your Cephalic Pills more particularly before my customers. If you have anything of the kind, please send me one.

One of my customers, who is subject to severe Sick Headache, [illegible] *one hour by your Pills*, which I sent her.

Respectfully yours,
W. B. WILKES.

RATHBOLDSBURG, FRANKLIN Co., OHIO, January 9th, 1861.

Henry C. Spalding,

No. 48 Cedar st. N. Y.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed find twenty five cents, (25,) for which send box of "Cephalic Pills." Send to address of Rev. Wm. C. Filler, Rathboldsburg, Franklin Co., Ohio.

[illegible] *like your Pills a charm for Sick Headache almost instantly.*

Truly yours,
WM. C. FILLER.

YPSILANTI, MICH., Jan. 14, 1861.

Mr. Spalding.

Dear Sir:

Not long since I sent to you for a box of Cephalic Pills for the cure of the Nervous Headache and Costiveness, and received the same, and *they had so good an effect that I was induced to send for more.*

Please send by return mail. Direct to

A. K. WHEELER
Ypsilanti, Mich.

From the Examiner, Norfolk, Va

Cephalic Pills accomplish the object for which they were made, viz.: Cure of headache in all its forms.

From the Democrat, Norfolk, Va

They have been tested in [illegible] and work well.

From the Democrat, St. Cloud, Minn

If you are, or have been troubled with the [illegible] ke a test, (Cephalic Pills,) as that you may have [illegible]

☞ A supply of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE will save ten times its cost annually.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

As accidents will happen, even in well regulated families, it is very desirable to have some cheap and convenient way for repairing Furniture, Toys, Crockery, &c. SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE meets all such emergencies, and no household can afford to be without it. It is always ready, and upon the stick.

"USEFUL IN EVERY HOUSE."

N. B.—A Brush accompanies each Bottle. Price, 25 cents.

Address,
H. C. SPALDING,
No 48 CEDAR Street, New York.

CAUTION

As certain unprincipled persons are attempting to [illegible] off on the unsuspecting public, imitations of the PREPARED GLUE, purchasers before purchasing, will see that the full name,

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE

is on the outside wrapper, all others are spurious. None genuine

March 3—1y

VISIT

CLARK'S $1. STORE

THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD!

Jewelry and Silver Plated Ware

[illegible]

The following is a partial list of the Goods offered for ONE DOLLAR EACH—the same as are usually sold at from $2 to $10 each.

ONLY ONE DOLLAR EACH!

SILVER PLATED WARE.

Sets of six Forks,	(plated on German Silver)	
" Table Spoons,	" " "	
" Dessert Spoons,	" " "	
" Tea Spoons,	" " "	
Pairs of Butter Knives,	" " "	
" Salt Spoons,	" " "	
Salt Stands,	(different styles)	
Nut Crackers,	" "	
Drinking Cups,	" "	
Goblets,	" "	
Cream Cups	" "	
Knife and Fork,	" "	
Pairs Napkin Rings,	" "	
Silver Pencils, (with Boston Bros' Gold Pen.)		

The above Goods are nearly all manufactured by me, and warranted to give satisfaction.

YOUR CHOICE FOR ONE DOLLAR!

JEWELRY AND FANCY GOODS

Ladies' Cameo Sets
" Lava Sets
" Carbuncle Sets.
" Enamelled and Coral Sets
" " Carbuncle Sets.
" " Ruby Sets
" Gold Cluster Grape Sets.
" " " Jet Sets
" " " Black Mosaic Sets
" " " Gold Stone Mosaic Sets
" " " Fancy Stone Sets
" " Ribbon Twist Sets, with brilliants.
" " Bouquet Sets, new styles.
" " Cluster Sets, Enameled Styles
" Plain Gold, Florentine, and Onyx Sets
" Goldstone, and Coral Sets, different styles.
" Etruscan Lava, and Carbuncle Sets
" Fine Coral Reset Pins
" Berlin Iron Port Monnaies
" Pearl and Morocco Port Monnaies
" Fine Gold Onyx, and Miniature Pins
" Bracelets, plain and engraved
" Coral, Bead, and Jet Bracelets
Misses' Bracelets, plain and engraved
" " fancy link.
" Neck Chains, fancy settings
" Armlets, fancy settings.
Ladies' Gold Chains
" Medallions, large size, for two likenesses
Gents' Fine Vest Chains, twenty different styles
" " Onyx Studs, and Sleeve Buttons to match
" " Exam'd, Florex., Plain, and Cameo Studs.
" " Carbuncle Studs, Etruscan
" Gold Pens, Silver Extension Holders.
" " Ebony Holders, with cases
" Heavy Gold Pens, Propelling Holders.
" Gold Propelling Pencils.
" " Finger Rings. (different styles.)
" " Breast Pins. " "
" " Watch Keys. " "
" " Retaining Rings. " "
" " Charms for Watch Chains " "
Fine Hair Brushes, inlaid. " "
" Cigar Cases. " "
Ladies' Reticules. " "
" Cakes " "
" Enamelled Cameos. " "
" Engraved " " "
Gents' Chain Pins. " "
" Pen Handle Knives " "
" Propelling Tooth Picks. " "
Ladies' Revolving Pins " "

N B.—Country Merchants and others will consult their interests by examining my Goods and wholesale prices, before making their purchases.

☞ The above Goods are warranted to be of a good quality, all of which are all Gold or Plated, and will wear for years—in fact, they are the same Goods that are usually sold for solid Gold. Ladies and Gentlemen are respectfully invited to call and examine our Goods.

BOOKS!

We are closing out a large stock of Standard and Miscellaneous Books, at about one-half the regular prices.

D. W. CLARK'S

GREAT ONE DOLLAR STORE IS AT

No. 602 Chestnut Street, South Side.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY repaired at short notice.

Mar 6 3mo

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NEW BOOKS! NEW GIFTS FOR THE NEW YEAR!

Call and look at our immense collection of BOOKS and PRESENTS, at the cheap rate of

All the latest and best Publications, and a Gift with each Book purchased. Beautifully and appropriately bound copies of the prose and poetical writings of all the standard British and American authors, together with an extensive and superb array of Miscellaneous Books, all embracing the choicest cullings from the fields of literature!

Magnificent and costly presents, consisting in part of WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND SILVER WARE of the newest styles, and most exquisite finish. All Books are sold at the Publisher's regular prices, and every purchaser to the amount of $1 00, or more, is presented with a Gift, combining utility with ornament, varying in value from

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PUBLISHERS AND BOOK SELLERS,

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(Between Race and Vine,)

Philadelphia Mar 6 6mo

DEAN & CO.,

No 335 Chestnut Street,

Philadelphia

Sell Silver-Plated Castors, with bottles, for $1 00. Also Silver-Plated Waiters, Forks, Patent Tea Bells, Spoons, Salt Spoons, Cups, Engraved Mugs. Also all kinds of Solid Gold and Plated Jewelry—Vest, Guard and Neck Chains, Medallions, Gold Pens, and Silver Holders, Cleaning House Pens, &c.

We sell every article in our store for $1 00. You can take your choice out of our immense stock for $1 00 each.

DEAN & CO.,
335 Chestnut Street.
No 335 Chestnut Street. Mar 9-1y

MRS. H. S. DUTERTE,

General Undertaker and Furnisher,

Respectfully informs her friends and the public, that she still continues the Undertaking business at the old establishment, No 635 Lombard St., and being thankful for past favors, hopes still to obtain a share of the patronage of the public.

Ready made Clothing always on hand. Also a handsome Hearse and Carriages, with careful drivers, to attend funerals on the most moderate terms.

A BURRIS.

Teacher of Vocal Music.

Also, the first lessons given on the Melodeon and Piano.

Residence, No 938 North 11th st., abv Poplar st.

N. B.—Terms Moderate. [Feb. 23.—1y.

G. M. ELKINTON & SON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

SOAP AND CANDLES,

116 MARGARETTA STREET Philadelphia.

OLIVE SOAP,	SPERM CANDLES,
YELLOW "	ADAMANTINE "
PALE "	HOTEL "
BROWN "	KINGSFORD'S STARCH,
WHITE "	BAR SOAP,
CASTILE "	WAX,
HONEY "	TALLOW,
PALM "	SAL SODA,
ROSIN "	OIL VITRIOL,

March 3—1y

FINE CAKE BAKERY.

[illegible] CREAM SALOON,

No. 801 South Street.

Ellis I. Peer would announce that he keeps constantly on hand a general assortment of all kinds of Cakes, Creams, Jellies, and Pastries.

Festivals, Balls, and Private Parties served upon the shortest notice, and warranted to give general satisfaction.

REIMER'S PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY,

No. 615 & 617 N. Second St.,

PHILADELPHIA.

[illegible] March 3—1y

OUR OWN BOOK-STORE.

Catalogue of Books for Sale at the Book Depository of the A. M. E. Church, located at No. 619 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa.

[illegible] Bible	$2 [illegible]
[illegible] Bible, [illegible]	2 [illegible]
[illegible] Theology, [illegible]	1 [illegible]
[illegible] of Methodism, 2 vols	1 [illegible]
[illegible] Commentary on Matthew and Mark	1 00
[illegible]	80
[illegible]	75
The Poor Preacher	60
Saints' Rest,	65
Pilgrim's Progress,	50
Defence of our Fathers. Bishop Emory,	60
Life of Wesley,	50
Cruse's Dictionary of the Holy Bible, S. S.,	65
Cole's Concordance,	1 00
The [illegible] Martyr, Paper,	75
Our Friends in Heaven,	60
Two Sides to a Story, By M. P. Hobbs,	75
Sketch Book. Rev. W. C. Smith,	75
Missionary among the Cannibals,	65
Path of Life. Rev. D. Wise,	60
The Missionary in Many Lands,	65
Rudiments of Public Speaking,	50
The Life of Faith Exemplified. Mrs. H. A. Rodgers,	50
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The New Lute of Zion. For Choirs,	75
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Fine Morocco, with Clasp,	1 12
" without Clasp,	90
Plain Cloth,	50
New Hymn Book,	25
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Local Preachers' License, per dozen,	38
Local Exhorters' License, "	38
Marriage Certificates, etc.	

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Lectures to Young Men,	40
Harry Bell,	50
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Gerald and his Friend Philip,	30
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Girls at School,	30
What Norman Saw in the Week,	30
Juna Atherton's Year at School,	30
Little Tiger Lily,	30
Sweet Corn Bell,	30
Harry Lee,	30
Dairyman's Daughter,	30
Fletcher's Appeal of Common Sense,	30
Christian's Philosophy,	35
Memoir of Mrs. Rodgers,	40
Light in the Valley,	30
Holy Angels,	30
Sylvia Austin,	30
Resurrection of the Dead,	30
Bible Pictures for Children,	25
Margaret Maylan. A Book for Young Ladies,	25
Stories in Verse,	25
Home Pictures,	20
Mother Watchful,	25
Young Gold Seeker,	30
Sowing and Reaping,	30
Life of Whitefield,	15
Fletcher's Perfection,	25
Christian's Pattern,	25
Little Amy's Falsehood and Four Little Words,	15
Gold Dollar	15
Betty,	15
Hard Text	15
Jerome	15
Mr. Montgomery's Book	15
Our Father in Heaven	15
John Bull,	15
Stories in Rhyme,	15

Also, a variety of smaller ones too tedious to mention.

Sabbath School Hymn Books, per dozen,	1 50
Catechisms, No. 1, per dozen,	25
" No. 2, "	38
" No. 3, "	50
Questions on the Old Testament,	15
Questions on the New Testament, per dozen,	1 50
Consecutive Questions on Matthew,	15
" " Mark,	12
" " Luke,	12
" " John,	12

Also, a variety of Sabbath School Almanacs, little Hymn Books, Missionary Tracts, etc.

PUBLIC SCHOOL BOOKS.

Course of Composition and Rhetoric,	1 06
First Lessons in English Composition,	90
Webb's Latin Reader, per dozen,	6 00
Greenleaf's Com. School Arithmetic, per doz.,	5 00
Brown's Grammar, improved, per dozen,	5 60
Cutter's First Lessons in Anatomy and Physiology, per dozen,	4 50
Mitchell's Geographies and Atlas,	95
Outlines of Physical Geography per dozen,	10 20
Mitchell's Ancient Geography and Atlas, per dozen,	11 25
Berard's U. S. History, per doz.,	4 80
A. Anderson's U. S. History, per dozen,	3 00
Smith's Grammar,	25
Pr. grammar and Beginners at School Book,	25
Alsop's Algebra,	35

&c., &c., &c.

Also, Stationery, such as Ink, Paper, Pens, Envelopes, Pencils, Slates, etc.

We hope, that brethren of our connexion and friends will send orders, accompanied with the cash, for such works as they themselves ought to study—also the Sabbath Schools—so that our Depository may have an upward, and not a downward tendency.

I remain, your humble and obedient servant,

ELISHA WEAVER,
General Book Steward.

Family Circle.

A CHILD'S MORNING THOUGHTS

The Lord has kept me all the night,
And let me see the morning light
[illegible]
Who thought I see the morning bright

To me he hath given pleasant sleep,
While others wanted it, watch and weep,
And while they toss on beds of pain,
I rise to joy and health again.

Kind friends all here around me move
To make me happy with their love;
While others [illegible]
Last night, to dear ones cannot [illegible]

In far off lands, on heathen shores,
This morn the child his offering pours
To gods of wood and stone; while I
Am taught to pray to God most high

They never heard how Jesus gave
His life a dying world to save;
[illegible]
That guides to happiness and heaven

The Lord has crowned my life with good,
With home and friends, and [illegible]
While at my work, and at my play,
I'll try to please the Lord to-day

THE YOUNG HIGHWAYMAN

Just in sight of my youthful home, in a country beyond the broad Atlantic, stood a beautiful mansion, once owned and occupied by an aristocratic and wealthy family, consisting of husband and wife, and an only son, their hope and joy. No doubt their fancy painted for him a bright future, and a high place among the gay and fashionable of his day. (It may be noted here, that God was not honored in this family. They were rich, and considered moral people.) When about the age of twelve years, God was pleased to lay his afflicting hand upon this darling son, and he was prostrated upon a bed of sickness. Every day his case became more alarming; and, finally, the physician pronounced it hopeless: he must die. The mother on hearing the sad and alarming intelligence, did not say, "Good is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good." No; but she burst out into a fit of passion, saying, in substance, God cannot, and he will not take from me my darling child: he must not die, and such like expressions.

Several anxious days and sleepless nights followed. At length the child showed symptoms of recovery; and he did recover, contrary to the opinion of the most skilful physicians, as well as of all who saw him. Years roll on. At length he arrives at the years of manhood. He is what the world would call, a clever, dashing young man, with plenty of money, and free in spending it. He soon had plenty of friends among the gay, the thoughtless, and the wicked. About this time, (for it is many, many years ago,) there was a regularly organised band of highwaymen and robbers, extending from one end of the land to the other, the fear and dread of every traveller. Sometimes the members of this band assumed the dress and appearance of the wealthy, and sometimes the rags of the beggar, just as circumstances seemed to dictate. At last this young man made the acquaintance of some of the members of this band. They opened to him their secret, painted to him, in glowing colors, their life of revelry and daring exploits. He is pleased and delighted, and resolves to become a member of the band at once. He forsakes his home of plenty and of luxury, his kind father and mother who so fondly loved him; but from his hiding place he kept up regular communication with home, by means of letters. His parents, almost distracted at the thought of their darling boy being a highwayman—a robber, beg him to return, and they will pardon him. They offer him a large sum of money as a daily allowance, the best horse or horses the country could afford, to ride or drive; in short, any thing that money could procure, if he would but return. But he obstinately refused, preferring the life of the highwayman. But a short time had elapsed when the country was shocked with the news of the horrible murder of a traveller for the sake of his money. All the detectives, and officers of the law, were employed to seek out the perpetrators, and their efforts were soon crowned with success. The guilty parties were found, and among them this young man. He is safely lodged in a prison till the day of trial. The day arrives; the jury are impannelled; the judge on the bench; the case is tried, and he with his companions found guilty, and the penalty was death. So that mother who could not give her son to God who gave him, had the unspeakable shame and sorrow of seeing him die on the gallows. This, my young friends, was the awful end of that young man, who slighted a parent's love, disregarded the voice of warning and entreaty, choosing a life of sin and shame.

And now, my young reader, whoever you may be, learn from this sad story, that obedience is your duty, and the only path of safety. And whatever be your station or occupation in life, acknowledge the Lord therein, and he will direct your steps. Thus you shall prosper, and be happy and honorable in life, and at last, that child whom you humbly serve will reward you with everlasting life and glory in heaven.

Parents, is there not a warning to you also in this sad, but true story? G.

JOSIAH.

This good man was king of Judah. He came to the throne at the age of eight years. His father Amon was a bad man. By his example idolatry and wickedness were greatly increased in the land. But Josiah did not follow his example. He was a pious and virtuous boy. In his sixteenth year we find him forming plans to reform the people, and to have them worship the living and true God. At the age of twenty he began to carry his plans into effect. His first step was to destroy the worship of idols in Jerusalem. Then he sought to break down the altars and idols which were set up in other parts of the land.

During the reign of his father the temple service had been neglected. Hence, Josiah, in his twenty-sixth year, employed men to repair the temple, that the pure worship of God might be restored. While this work was going on, the book of the law which had been hid in the temple was found. By this book he determined to be guided in all his work of reformation.

But the Israelites were so much in love with sin, that they resisted his plans of doing good. They would not hearken to his voice. They grew worse and worse, till God in anger visited them with great calamities. Josiah himself was killed at Megiddo, in the thirty-ninth year of his age, and many mourned for him with a great lamentation.

Now if any little boy, whose father is not pious, reads this story, I hope he will strive to be like the good Josiah. Seek to be pious in childhood. Avoid evil wherever you see it. Do all the good you can to others. Ask them to come with you to the Sabbath School, and to the house of God. Then he will reward you. He may not make you a ruler in a great country; but he will make you a king in heaven. He will give you a crown that will never fade. You will not be slain as Josiah was, but will live for ever, where there is no more pain nor death. JOHN.

HONOR THE AGED

See that old man. He was once a babe, a boy, a young man, a man in the prime of life. He has lived through many a winter's storm, and many a sultry summer's heat. He has toiled and watched; he has laughed and wept; he has made friends and parted with them. How often, dear children, has he stood beside the death-bed of some loved one. In his youth he parted from joyous companions, in his prime he laid the loved ones down to rest in the cold and silent tomb. O, children, if you saw the amount of his joys and sorrows, his plans and purposes, and the labors he has undergone, it would present to your eye a strange and curious sight.

Then, honor the hoary head, when you think what trials and toils have bleached those white hairs. Honor the face of the old man, when you consider that every line of his shrunk and furrowed countenance may be said to have its history,

[illegible] of the [illegible] that [illegible]
[illegible] a school where lessons can be taught only by time. "Multitude of days" has given him wisdom.

THE WONDERFUL INKSTAND

"This was a long and difficult piece of work," said Edward Muller, the copyist, as he folded up nearly thirty full sheets of manuscript. "It has taken me many hours, and I have written as neatly as I could: so I hope the government Secretary will pay me well for it. I ought to have at least four dollars for my labor. But he lives near our house, and I will soon find out my remuneration."

"Oh," replied Gertrude, his wife, "I do hope he will pay you better than he has been doing. You know it is very hard for us to get along, though [illegible] we have [illegible] to support."

"Take courage, my dear wife, we have never missed a single meal, and you and I are well provided with clothing for the winter. The wages I shall get for this piece of copying will, no doubt, be enough to buy a cord of wood and half a gallon [illegible]. And we don't owe a penny to any person. Really we have no reason to complain, many people are much worse off than we are."

So saying, Edward made ready to call with his manuscript at the house of the Secretary. As he took down his hat he saw the thumb worn out of his favorite author, Thomas a Kempis, and opening at one of the best chapters, he placed it upon his wife's lap, that she might read it in his absence. These were the first words her eyes fell upon: "There are many people who are impatient and vexed if matters do not occur according to their wish. It is not always in our power to make our way smooth; it is God's to give when he will, to whom he will, and as much as he will—and no more."

Gertrude was much encouraged, and a new light seemed to have sprung up in her soul. She could read no more; it was enough to think about that day *that one human being have no right to meddle with God's business.*

Edward had not gone two blocks before he met a messenger with a large letter addressed to him. The charge on it was a dollar, and he paid it though he had but twenty-seven cents left. Important news was there for that poor man's benefit. His rich uncle, who lived in Prague, was dead. He had started himself to amass wealth, and had no nearer relative than Edward Muller, and leaving no will, the poor copyist fell heir to all his estate. He was notified to come to Prague with in a week, and take possession of the inheritance.

"A rich man! A rich man! these are very strange words for me to utter of myself. But what shall I do with this writing that I have been commissioned to do? I will go and take it to Secretary Shuts, as he appointed the time for me to call. I would prefer to go home first, and tell Gertrude about our unexpected fortune; but then I would be later with my business than I promised. Duty first and pleasure afterwards."

When he reached the Secretary's house, a distressing scene presented itself. There lay the secretary dead and cold, and his little girl of three years old, was playing on the floor. The weeping widow was almost bewildered with grief, and the city magistrates were there to take possession of what property was left, in view of the ten thousand dollars which, they said, the deceased secretary had defrauded from the Government. In vain did the disconsolate Madame Shuts declare her husband's innocence; in vain did she point them to that child which must not only be impoverished, but disgraced by such a heinous charge.

Edward saw her distress and extremity, and he thanked God he could assist her. So he gave his bond on the spot for the entire sum, and the officers departed. He was to pay the deficit just thirty days hence.

"May God bless you! may God bless you!" exclaimed the widow, when she witnessed his noble generosity. "The time will come when my dear husband's innocence will be proved, and the money shall be returned."

Both the officers and Madame Shuts were astonished that poor Edward Muller could give his bond for the smallest sum of money. Everybody knew how indigent he was, and that he could barely do enough copying to support his wife. Still nothing was said, but he had ground for his beneficence. It was the happiest day of his life, when he found it in his power to do a good act toward a suffering fellow-being. May all who read this narrative have as kind a heart as he had!

Why should I speak of the joy he felt in telling his good fortune to Gertrude when he returned to his humble home? That can be imagined perhaps, but my pen has no power to describe it. When the pleasure had quieted down a little, and Gertrude herself had thanked God for providing for them so bountifully, the great question to be settled was, "How should Edward get money to pay his expenses to Prague, whether he must go to take possession of his great wealth?"

To borrow—that was a hard word for them to say. But it must be done; yes, thirty dollars must be borrowed. It was easily raised, for there was not a man in the whole city who would not trust Edward Muller for any amount of money. At the end of three days, he found himself in the *Blue Star Hotel*, at Prague. Having rested and taken some refreshments, he commenced the search for his uncle's dwelling. Several hours passed by before he could find it. At last he discovered it in a very dirty and obscure alley. The door was ajar and nobody in the house. Truly it did not look like a rich man's home, but I have intimated that its owner was a miser, and that explains all. Every article of the homely, broken furniture was covered with thick dirt. I do not think the floor had been swept for a year. Loose papers and old rags were scattered about everywhere. But not a sign of money could be found, save a few coppers in the pocket of an old vest. Every corner was searched, and nothing was visible that was worth taking away. Four days did Edward continue the search and finally he had to give up his task without success. The last day he was there, a neighbor called in and told him that his uncle sold all his houses and lands the previous year, and having put the money for them in a large chest, he set out for Egypt; he only returned the other day, and the lover was on him of which he died; he brought nothing back with him except those old rags and papers you see scattered about. That was melancholy news for Edward, but it was vain for him to remain longer. No one can tell how heavy his heart was, when he went home again and had to tell Gertrude that all their hopes were blighted.

"And did you bring nothing from your uncle's house?" she asked in a tone of sadness.

"Nothing, save this inkstand, though it is hardly worth its weight in oak leaves. I thought I would bring it because a little memento of our rich relative. It is of very thick glass and hard ebony wood. Gertrude, isn't this Widow Shuts's daughter?"

"Ah, yes, Edward. Her poor mother died of a broken heart while you were at Prague, and no one would take her little child, owing to her father's defrauding the Government. So I went and brought her here. I think we can manage to support her."

"A noble act, Gertrude; it repays me for my disappointment. We have stern duties to meet. Ten thousand dollar bond I can never pay; the thirty dollars I borrowed cannot be returned immediately. What we shall do our heavenly Father only knows. May he help us to bear what ever fate awaits us."

Edward and his wife curtailed their expenses to their real necessities. They resolved to drink no more tea or coffee, and only eat meat twice a week. They both worked night and day to supply their wants. But the time was at hand when the bond must be paid. Where will the money come from? That was a question of hourly [illegible] tion and meditation. They could think of but little else, and dreamed about it every night. Still they believed that would deliver them and preserve their little home to them. Finally the dreadful day came, and three officers presented themselves at the poor man's cottage. Edward invited them in and told them all that had happened. He implored their mercy another month, another week; but all to no avail. They said it was not in their power to show any leniency, they were servants of the law, and had only its commands to obey. They commenced to pack up the various articles of furniture preparatory to taking them to the auction room. Gretchen, the little adopted girl, became frightened at the officers, and running by the table, knocked off the inkstand that Edward had brought from Prague. The ink flew all over her clothes, and the inkstand was broken by its fall. The sun was shining brightly through the window, and amid the fragments there shone the most beautiful object that any one there had ever seen. It was a *magnificent diamond*. It could be no other. The wealth that Edward Muller's uncle had taken away was exchanged by him for that diamond, and he had concealed it in the inkstand between the glass and the wood. He [illegible] was now the richest man in the kingdom. [illegible] the officers exempted the legal [illegible] and his companions that it was [illegible] for them to leave. The family were [illegible].

The first thing done in that household was the singing of Martin Luther's grand hymn, "A sure fortress is our God." They each kneeled in prayer, and little Gretchen—always lovely, but now lovelier, because she was the instrument of deliverance—folded her hands as directed, and tried to speak her prayer. But she could not, and the falling tears catching in her brown curls looked like dew-drops on the flowers of spring. She was, in reference to the things of this life, what many a little child can be in regard to the more important matters of eternity, *The angel of Salvation.*

THE CHERRY BUD.

God sometimes seems a great way off, and we wonder if he cares for us. I know Jesus told us to say, "Our Father," and the Bible teaches that "He is *nigh* to all them that call upon him;" and yet we cannot help sometimes feeling that he is too great to mind our small affairs, and has larger interests to overlook than ours. This is not a happy feeling. Oh no; it is unhappy. While I was feeling so one day, I walked out on the piazza, and pulled a bud from the cherry tree. It was in the early spring, and the trees looked bare as winter. It seemed as if Spring, like hope, was frozen up.

The bud was not a Spring bud then. No. It was made last summer; for summer is at work, not only to make leaves and flowers and fruit for its own year, but it begins a bud—it begins millions of buds for the *next* year. What a forethought that!

But a bud is a tender thing. Are they not running a great risk to come so long beforehand, for how can they weather the winter storms, frost and ice, and wind and snow? The cherry-bud which I held in my hand survived all this.

"How did you live, little bud?" I said, carrying it into the house. Then I began to uncover it, and that led me into the secret. How much do you think that one cherry-bud had on? First I took off *thirteen* little chippy coverings, hugging it round like the coats of a pine cone. That showed as if somebody cared for it. Then I found three larger, finer, thicker ones; and under these three more, woollier and warmer. Here were *six* blankets, besides *thirteen* coverlids.

What do you suppose I found between two of the blankets? The smallest insect you ever saw, no bigger than a hair's breadth, but with legs to run away fast enough, when I waked him up. "Did your mother put you in this warm cradle?" I asked. "Have you slept sweetly here all winter?" It did not answer, and seemed impatient to go.

"What did you find inside the blankets?" Three little buds—blossoms to be, and cherries in July. They looked like three tiny babies fast asleep, and not yet ready to get up. They were *not* ready, for I was not the one to rouse them. It belonged to that good nurse, the sun, who was fast warming up for the work. Now I was about it, however, I thought I would look a little farther.

"Is the flower all there inside you, little bud?" I peeped in, and found atoms of the most delicate white leaves you ever saw, all beautifully grained; and Oh, had I lighted on a mine? for here was a nest of gold—golden specks, moulded and rounded with the rarest skill. How many? Thirty-five. Here indeed was the blossom, and these were the pollen boxes of the stamens, for I found each gold speck perched on a little stalk; and all these grouping round the heart of the blossom, the future cherry.

Who would have thought of finding this little world of life and beauty here? such delicate painting, such exquisite workmanship, part fitting part, many parts forming a perfect whole, and not only one, but hundreds, thousands, millions, clinging to the dry black branches of the garden trees! I looked out of the window and thought of all these, living, growing, perfecting, with no haste—noiseless, hid from all eyes, all eyes but One. *He* knows them all, counts them all, watches them all, loves them all as they strengthen and ripen, bearing another life in their warm, white bosoms, the full fruit, the rich, ripe, delicious "White Hearts" of July. Ah, the garden trees looked no longer bare.

Will the great God have such care and love for a bud, and not care for you and for me? Then God seemed no longer afar off. He was near, very near. A sweet sense of his love and care folded me round, and I was happy, very happy.—*Exchange.*

THE LITTLE SNOW SHOVEL

The front yard had a thick coat of snow on when Lewis put on his great coat and comforter, shouldered the new big snow shovel, and went out to clear a path to the street. The storm was over, and as the bright morning sun shone on the snow capped twigs, rails, and posts, they sparkled with a thousand brilliants.

"See him, mother," cried Mary, who stood at the window watching Lewis, and enjoying his somersets in the snow before beginning the more serious business of shoveling. Mary thought it was delightful; she thought everything Lewis did delightful. Lewis, in her eye, was a hero of heroes, and she never was happier than when she could do some service for him. Lewis knew it, and though he didn't mean to do any serious wrong, he sometimes used his power rather harshly, like too many boys with their sister.

The sun, the snow, and Lewis, proved almost too tempting for the little girl. She wanted to go out too.

"Is it not rather biting for a little girl who is not very well?" asked her mother.

"I won't play in the snow, mother," said Mary; "let me have Lewis' little shovel, and go out and help him."

"Perhaps he doesn't want you," said her mother, quite willing to throw a hinderance in the way.

Mary did not believe *that*, so she said, "Please do, mother."

Mary had been sick, but she was better, and her mother thought, maybe, if her little girl was well wrapped up, the clear winter air might be good for her; shovelling, too, would help to keep her warm and glowing. So the mother put on her little red hood, cloak, mittens, and tippet, and put into her hand the small wooden shovel which Lewis had outgrown, and out Mary skipped as happy as a snow bird.

Lewis was well along with his path, he prided himself on [illegible]. He was glad indeed to him, with the little shovel in both hands.

"I come to help you, Lewis," she cried in her loving tones, at the same instant scooping up the light snow. It scattered and flew back on the clean path.

"Get out!" cried Lewis, hastily. "I don't want girls bothering me. They are more plague than profit."

"Shan't I help you, Lewis?" asked Mary, timidly.

"No," answered the boy, with a boy's unthinking roughness. "You are a real bother. You are always in my way. Stand back, won't you? What are you out here for? and what business have you with my shovel? Always getting my things." Mary stood back. Lewis took no notice of her [illegible] shovelling [illegible] as if he were working on a wager. The disappointment was almost too much for the little girl. She [illegible] into the house, and threw herself into her mother's arms.

"Lewis doesn't want me," she sobbed, and the tears ran fast and thick down her little cheeks. Mother tried to comfort the little grieved heart.

After awhile Lewis came stamping in. Seeing where his sister was, and the tear in her eye half blurring the look of affectionate reproach which she cast on him, "Why, what's the matter with Mary?" he asked.

"I am afraid you hurt her feelings," said mother.

"Our Mary is getting to be a real cry-baby," he said, marching off, but with a small twinge in his conscience. O, if Lewis had only known it was to be his last chance of being kind to his little sister and making her happy! That night the scarlet fever set in, and after ten days Lewis saw her no more.

A miserable boy was he. "If I had only been kind to Mary. If I'd only said, So you shall help me, Mary, and showed her how to shovel," he repeated to himself again, and again, and again. "If I only had, if I only had."—The is remorse, conscience biting back again.

The sight of the little shovel quite upset him. Once he took the axe to chop it up, and get it out of his sight; but he could not do it. Mary held it last in her dear little hands; and after a long, long while, when the bitterness of his sorrow was past, he loved the little shovel for her sake. Lewis is a man now, and he would part with everything he owns rather than that; and many a tear he still sheds over it.

PLAYING FOR KEEPS.

We are told that this story is *real*, as children say. There are a great many little boys who are in the habit of playing for keeps. We hope they will not only read this story, but that they will resolve never to take this their first lesson in gambling.

"See, mother, what a lot of marbles I've got!" said John. "I want you to make me a great big bag to put them in."

"Why, where did you get so many, my son?" asked his mother.

"I won them from Pete Jones. See, I got his glass taw, too! I loaned him one of mine to play with, while he put that in the ring. Isn't it pretty?"

"How much did you pay him for them?"

"Pay him! Nothing. He and I played for 'keeps,' and I was the best player, and won all his."

"How much did they cost Peter, do you suppose?"

"If he bought them, they must have cost him about a dollar."

"And you got them for nothing?"

"I played 'upon the square,' and Pete said I got them all fair."

"So now you have got a dollar's worth of marbles for nothing, for which you never paid one cent!" said his mother slowly, and with emphasis.

John, who was an honest boy, looked at her as if he did not fully comprehend the extent of her meaning.

"Mr. Lowly," continued his mother, "is a gambler, and he wins other people's money in the same way. He plays 'upon the square,' he says."

As the truth flashed upon John that he was a gambler, he burst into tears, and asked his mother what he must do. After showing him how little evils expanded into greater, and how persons were tempted to cheat and defraud when there was a prospect to make anything by it, she told him to return all Peter's marbles, and then go and ask God to forgive him.

Peter seemed very thankful to get his marbles back. John left, whistling a merry tune, which seemed just like he was saying, "Johnny ain't going to be a gambler."

EIGHT DIRECTIONS.

"How shall we order the child, and how shall we do unto him?"—Judges xiii. 12.

When a child is born into the world the parents should deeply ponder this question. And we answer it thus:

I. Regard the child as having entered upon an immortal existence.

II. Heartily dedicate him to God as Hannah did Samuel.

III. Pray for him and teach him to pray.

IV. Store his mind with the truths of God's Word.

V. Set him a Christian example.

VI. Train him to habits of obedience, order, generosity, industry and economy.

VII. Check the first buddings of evil, and cherish the first indications of right feeling.

VIII. Rest not until his heart is given to Christ, and you have good evidence that Christ has been formed in his heart the hope of glory.

From the Youth's Evangelist

HISTORY OF JOSEPH.

We have already noticed the striking of the bargain between the ten brethren and the Ishmaelites. Joseph's is the first case on record of a person having been sold as an ox, a horse, or a mere chattel. It is the opinion of some learned men, however, that slavery, or involuntary bondage, existed long before this time. My young readers would, no doubt, like to know something about the origin of such an inhuman institution as slavery. We would like to gratify them, if it were in our power. But to give a history of the different kinds of slavery which have existed in the various nations of the world, would occupy too much of our space, and interfere with our original plan. We may remark, however, that its origin has generally been ascribed to a state of warfare. "In the rudest stages of society," when persons were captured in war, it was found to be advantageous to put them to death immediately, owing to the difficulty of procuring subsistence for them. But in the advanced stages of society, the captives of war were turned to a profitable account by their owners or captors. Their labor was of great importance. Hence the Latin word which we translate *slave*, is supposed to have been derived from a verb which signifies *to preserve*, and indicated that the person to whom it was applied, had his life preserved on the express condition that his life of labor was to be given to his captor.

There were various ways by which the ancient Hebrews fell into a state of servitude. In addition to having been taken as prisoners of war, as we have just now stated, they might have been reduced to such a state of poverty, as to bring them under the necessity of selling themselves, Lev. xxv. 39; or, they might have been reduced to it for their criminality, as thieves and robbers; or, by their being born of bond servants; or, as in the case of Joseph, they might have been made slaves by an involuntary sale, after being kidnapped.

Slavery, then, is never spoken of as a *blessing*, but as a *curse*. There never has been domestic, social, or national peace of any duration where it has existed. God has cursed every place where it has been established, and hath only permitted it as a punishment for crime. He, however, can bring light out of darkness, order out of confusion, cause the very wrath of man to praise him, and restrain the remainder of the wrath. Joseph is now on his way to Egypt, let us follow him thither, and mark attentively his future history, and we shall find that the wrath of his brethren shall redound to the Divine praise, his own glory, and their [illegible].

May we not hope that the present war with which our nation is convulsed, and into which it has been plunged by our wicked and wrathful brethren, the slaveholders in the South, may also be overruled for good? Let us pray, that, as in the case of Joseph's brethren, it may result in the very salvation of the men who have been its origin and its mainspring.

You will remember that Reuben would not consent to the murder of Joseph, and that it was at his suggestion that he was cast into the pit. Reuben's design in this was good. It was his intention to rescue Joseph from the pit on the first opportunity that offered itself, and "deliver him to his father again." He had already commenced to carry this praiseworthy purpose into execution instead of sitting down with his brethren "to eat bread," for which, under such circumstances, he could not have had much relish, he took a circuitous walk, intending to return by the pit and relieve his young brother. He was entirely ignorant of what had transpired in the mean time. He had not observed the travelling caravan, and knew not that his father's son had been sold as a slave, and that perhaps with less ceremony than the same parties would have sold a cow or a sheep. Accordingly, we are informed that when "Reuben returned unto the pit, Joseph was not in the pit; and [illegible] Reuben." This was a very common way in those days of giving [illegible] and is [illegible] of frequent occurrence now. There are many instances of it recorded in the Scriptures of Divine truth.

When Reuben failed to find Joseph in the pit where he had left him, the thought, no doubt, flashed upon his mind that his brethren had murdered him during his absence. This, we think, may be justly inferred from the language in which he addresses them as soon as he returned to them: "The child is not; and I, whither shall I go?" How tender, pathetic, and touching are these words! The child is not; and I, whither shall I go? I cannot return to my father when his darling, beloved and idolized boy has been cruelly, fatally, unnaturally murdered by the hands of his own brethren. Alas! I must become a fugitive on the earth, for under such circumstances, I could never return to the paternal roof!

After having given vent to some such expressions of sorrow as these, his brethren relate the whole circumstance. Whether or not Reuben was satisfied with what they had done, it is difficult to tell. It is more than likely from his complicity in the matter of deceiving Jacob, that he was. It seems that his only grief was that he had been slain by his brethren. He cared not if he had been torn by wild beasts.

But whether he is sorry or not, it is now too late to have the matter remedied. The caravan has gone a goodly distance. Joseph is on his way to the land of Misraim.

Our New Testament Joseph had to flee into Egypt to escape the wrath of Herod. Reuben sought Joseph in an *empty* pit. The women sought the Saviour in an *empty* tomb. If we are seeking salvation in any other way than through Jesus, we are seeking it in an empty tomb.

DON'T FRET.

Some little boys and girls are never cheerful except when every thing pleases them. When denied something that they desire, they cry and murmur. Robert Page having heard some bad men talking upon the street about the sweet pleasure of an evening spent in the theatre, came running to his mother, saying, "Please let me go to the theatre to-night." His mother was pious. She loved Robert tenderly. But she said to him, "I cannot let you go. You are too young. Besides, those who go to that place do not fear God. They do not love the Bible, and seldom go to church. I think too much of you to let you go into bad company. In this way your soul might be lost for ever."

Now, though her denial was kind, yet such was his disappointment that he began to cry, and remained sulky all the evening. His mother was pained to see him so fretful. Her eyes grew moist with tears, as she knelt beside him in prayer. How sinful it was in him to occasion such grief to his loving mother! How much better if, when she told him that he could not go, he had said, You know what is best for me, and I will cheerfully obey your will.

You must learn to bear disappointment. Though many things are denied you which you desire—though many things are taken from you which were dear to your hearts, yet say, I will not fret, for God gives me far more than I deserve.

Little Mary B appeared at the door of a neighbor, looking quite serious. Said the lady, "What is the matter, my dear, that you look so sad?" Said she, "Mother is dead. But she was so happy last night before she died—she felt so sure that Jesus loved her that I cannot fret over her decease. My loss is great, but her gain is far greater." She was resigned to the will of her heavenly Father. And so should you always be. Never fret or complain. Pious people dislike it. Christ, who was meek and lowly in heart, don't like it. Delight yourself in God, he will give you the desire of your heart. JOHN.

COUSIN SARAH.

A REVERY.

Come here, little sweet-voiced Kitty,
And sit beside my knee—
There, let me take your hand in mine,
For grandma cannot see,
Look at the clock, the kind old clock,
And tell me when it is ten;
I feel as if my heart would break
When they toll that bell again.

"Grandma, here is a little rose,
I knew they would not care
If I took just one from the pretty crown.
They plaited for her hair,
It didn't seem she *could* be dead,
She looked so sweet and fair."

Pretty rose, she was always fair,
And she came so, every day
[illegible]
Out of the sunshine's way.
Ah me! to be so still and blind,
And she to go the first,
Kitty, I wish that I could cry,
For my heart is like to burst.

"Grandma, here is a little shred
I picked up from the floor
Because you always liked to know
What Cousin Sarah wore:
I think a dress so soft and white
She never had before."

Pretty lamb, it was none too white—
It was none too soft for her.
But, Kitty, she folds that lie on her heart
No breath of life will stir,
She wears in heaven the spotless robe,
Whiter than this, I know—
It may be wrong for me to grieve,
But, Kitty, I miss her so.

"Grandma, here is a little braid;
When you went to see her last,
You smoothed the damp locks of her hair,
And when her hand you clasped,
She turned her head, that you should not feel
The tears that fell so fast."

Pretty one, did she grieve so much?
[illegible]
Turn my chair to the window west,
That is the way they will go.
Hark! the bell, and I hear the wheels,
I did not think it was ten,
She never used to pass my door,
But it is not now as then.

"Grandma, grandma, Kitty is here,
I will love you all the more.
There, let me wipe your tears away,
And sing you the "Shining Shore
[illegible]
She has only gone before."

So it is best—I see it now,
But it seems so long to wait.
[illegible]
I have murmured at my fate:
But sing me again the hymn we love,
[illegible]
When the sheek of corn is fully ripe,
Then will he cut it down.

E. M. C.

A SERMON
ON
SECRET SOCIETIES.

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Book, Job and Newspaper
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SOMETHING FOR THE TIMES!
ONE A NECESSITY IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD
JOHNS & CROSLEY'S
American Cement Glue.
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THE CHEAPEST GLUE IN THE WORLD
THE MOST DURABLE GLUE IN THE WORLD
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THE BEST GLUE IN THE WORLD
AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE
Is the only article of the kind ever produced which
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IT WILL MEND WOOD,
Save your broken Furniture.
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Save the [illegible] that you throw away.
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Don't throw away that broken Ivory Fan, it is easily repaired.
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Your broken China Cups and Saucers can be made as good as new.
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That piece broken out of your Marble Mantel can be put on as [illegible] as ever.
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Price $1 Cents per Bottle
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IMPROVED GUTTA PERCHA
CEMENT ROOFING,
The Cheapest and most durable Roofing in use.
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For the Christian Recorder.

Hark how the angels sing
Anthems from heaven!
Tidings of joy they bring
Jesus is given!
He comes the world to own,
Earth, hail thy King.
Children, come, seek His Throne
Your praises bring.

Oh! lovely Bethlehem!
Had we been there,
Guarding our tender lambs
With fondest care,
We, with the Shepherd's throng,
Flowers might bear,
With the rose and the song,
Glad'ning the air.

Still in his temples here
He deigns to dwell,
Deeming sweet childhood's prayer
Richest perfume.
So flowers He'll receive,
Strewed at his feet,
While the song childhood gives
To him is sweet.

PRISCILLA TALENT.

THE PROPS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MARTIN LUTHER.

I.

I looked out from my window,
And saw the stars above,
Upon the vault of midnight,
Shine like the eyes of Love.

But I saw no props rise sky-ward,
No columns strong and tall,
Hold up that vault majestic,
And yet it did not fall.

There are men now, who, trembling
For fear the blue dome drops,
Beat hard their breasts, bewailing
They cannot find the props.

And still they *seek* to find them,
And touch them with their hands—
The sky heeds not their groping,
The firmament still stands.

II.

I looked out in the morning;
[illegible] clouds around, on high,
[illegible] onward like an ocean,
[illegible] overspanned the sky.

I saw beneath no pillars,
And yet they fell not down,
But saluting me, their watcher,
They gloomily passed on.

And, as they passed, the rainbow
Came suddenly in sight,
The great dome's slender, delicate,
Sustaining arch of light.

When fierce cloud-waves press downward,
A vast aerial lake,
There are, alas! too many
Who fear the bow will break.

Though its strength you cannot measure,
Fear not the clouds will fall;
Do not disturb the rainbow,
'Tis strong enough for all.

Germantown Telegraph.

Selections.

GOSPEL LIBERTY IN SYRIA.

We some time since gave our readers an account of the cruel beating and imprisonment of Faris, a Mohammedan convert in Syria,—his release on the interference of the American consul, and the punishment inflicted on his persecutors. The following letter from an American missionary there, gives a statement of the events connected therewith since that time:—

You will have seen in the papers copies of the letter sent by our President to his Highness, the Viceroy of Egypt, thanking him for his prompt and vigorous action in punishing the perpetrators of the outrage upon our man Faris at Osiout. I enclose a copy of the viceroy's answer, for the sending of which for publication, our consul has received the necessary permission. It is a document which deserves publication, even to the ends of Christendom. It is a firman of religious toleration, and it is clear and explicit, and not as such documents have too often been, equivocal in its terms and dubious in meaning; and what is best of all in it is, that it is a "word" after a "blow;" the saying, "A word and a blow," will not answer here where people have become accustomed to thousands of words without any corresponding action. We have the more reason to congratulate ourselves on the state of feeling towards us, of which the case of Faris is at once the index, and the aid, from the fact that we hear that it is very different in other parts of the Turkish Empire. One of the missionaries from Constantinople, who has lately visited us, says that the Government there takes frequent opportunities to show opposition to the mission work, and that Dr. Hamlin, who has received a large sum of money for the building of a college there, has been induced, principally from this cause, to dissolve his connexion with the mission, and that having the land and every thing ready to commence building, he has been laboring for several months, and as yet in vain, for permission to commence the work. In Syria it is much the same. Faris has lately gone there to bring his family, and I have just received a letter from one of the missionaries, saying: "I advised him to keep rather close, for if the Maronite bishop should claim him as a runaway monk, the Government would give him up. [illegible] can passport (our consul gave him a passport for the trip,) to the contrary, notwithstanding. In fact his passport would make it worse for him, for the Government here are taking every possible opportunity to show their ill-will to Franks, and what is worse, the European powers, or rather England let them do it. It is a great pity that England has been led, from views of policy, to take the stand which she has taken in Turkey. It is true her position has been a very delicate one but she might, we think, have carried out that figment which she seems to think essential to her own welfare, viz.: the integrity of the Turkish empire without becoming, as we fear she is doing, the tool of the Turkish government and bigotry. The present state of things puts the opinion which I have long held as to the comparative tolerance of the governments of Constantinople and Egypt. Still, we will not boast. We know not how soon things here may take a turn. The house of Mahomet Ali has always shown itself tolerant, but Islam is always and every where the same. Of this, as to Egypt, the persecution of poor Faris is sufficient proof.

But I will leave these speculations to give a few facts in connexion with that case, and showing its effects. When the Viceroy gave the sentence, he was on the eve of departing from the capital to visit the new sultan. Before leaving, he stated to Mr Thayer that some of the most sentenced, and especially El Kashif, were men of such influence in the country that he feared evil might result from their long imprisonment, and requesting him, as a special favor, in the course of a month or so, to ask for their pardon. The Viceroy returned after a month, and soon after Mr Thayer asked him to release the men from imprisonment and pardon them, which was done. In the meantime we had been receiving letters from Faris, showing that the most happy effects had followed the execution of the sentence of the Viceroy, but which led us to fear that the new popularity, and, indeed, power which Faris had acquired in Osiout might prove a snare to him, and that he might compromise himself and us; and as he was also writing very urgently for one of us to come and assist in the work which had now received a great impulse, the brethren decided that I should go. Mrs. L., your sister, (who was just recovering from a severe attack of illness, and very much needed the change,) and I, prepared to depart, and we left Cairo on Wednesday, the 9th Oct., in our favorite "Ibn." She gave us, as usual, a swift passage, and on Saturday, the 12th, we reached Osiout. As our arrival was unexpected, I immediately went up to ascertain the "statu quo" of affairs. I found Faris with his house full—pupils, parents, patients, people from Osiout and the surrounding villages, seeking his interference in all sorts of political, priestly, and family troubles—in short, he was evidently "master of the position," and the centre of a powerful influence, which was quite a contrast to his former state, when for weeks, and even months, while under the priestly ban, he could scarcely find a man to return his salutation. We remained ten days, and were happy to find that he had shown as much prudence and tact in prosperity, as he had fortitude and endurance in adversity.

I can describe but a small part of what took place during those ten days. I will only attempt to state a few facts, showing the new direction which the popular current has taken.

In the first place, Faris had been instrumental in saving another woman from the meshes of Islam. It was, even more clearly than the other, a case in which the woman had been forced against her will to marry a Muslim, or rather, he laid claim to her as his betrothed, for the marriage had not yet been consummated.

Another case will be sufficient to show his political influence. The Nile was unusually high this year. In many places it did immense damage to the country and crops, and the people were doing all they could in building up the dykes to keep out the overflowing flood, which, in many places, was even sweeping away the villages. In a village near Osiout, the sheikh, (Muslim,) called out the people for this purpose, and he very wantonly had them take away the dirt from around the church to put upon the dyke, in a way which left the church exposed to be undermined and ruined by the waters. The priest went over and entered his complaint with Faris. The latter finally consented to go and see. He took with him a number of influential Copts from Osiout, and went to the house of a friend near the sheikh's house. The villagers crowded in, and among them a spy from the sheikh. Faris seeing this, began to talk largely. He said that the sheikh thought he could do any thing because he was wealthy and had some land; "but," he said, "we will see what will happen to him. El Kashif also had land, and his wives had since needed it to cast upon their heads," &c., &c. The spy left, and the sheikh soon came and kissed Faris' hands and head and begged for quarter. Faris told him that he must take back the earth which he had removed from the foundations of the church, which he promised to do, and it was done.

As to the prisoners;—the telegraphic wires had been broken by the flood, and so the pardon had been delayed nearly two weeks; and, on reaching there, I was much surprised to find that it had only reached a few hours before, and the prisoners had been released only that afternoon. The whole town was in an excitement of wonder, and especially when they heard that the pardon had been granted at our request. This they could not understand. They crowded around us, Christians and Muslims, and asked how it was. The Muslims were full of joy. Some of the Christians slyly hinted that we should have left them to finish their year. I told them that after having given them an example of the justice of the gospel, we wished also to show them its clemency and mercy; and to the Muslims I said: "The Koran imprisoned you, and the gospel set you free." The day after our arrival, El Kashif sent word that he wished to call on us. I sent back that I did not receive calls on Sabbath, and, besides, that I had no particular desire to see him, after what he had done. The next day, however, I heard things concerning him, which convinced me that he was truly penitent of what he had done, and, on the repetition of his request to be permitted to call, I consented. He came, and with him and after him about fifty of the chief of the Copts. After getting as many of them seated as we could, and the usual complimentary pipes and coffee, I handed him my copy of the Koran. He looked at it, and said: "The Koran—and a fine copy it is." I said: "Yes; proceed now." He answered: "How? With what?" I said, quoting a passage from the book he held: "Produce your proof, if ye be true." He was confused, and endeavored to avoid the issue. I said: "No, but you must bring your proofs for this religion, for which you have shown your self so valiant. You have tried the sword with us, and found that it would not work. That time is past; but we are ready to hear proofs, and, if conclusive, to receive your religion." He still declined. Then I said: "I find some difficulties in this book, of which I wish your solution." I stated a couple, when he, finding the matter was turning against him, turned it off in a pleasant way, saying, "I am not the man for this; you will have to send for El Ghouse" (El Ghouse was one of the culprits, and a most fanatical man against the Christians, as well as obnoxious to the Muslims, he having made an attempt to get up a fight at Assiout. I am sorry to say that this man escaped the punishment which he so justly deserved. His name was mentioned in Faris' letters but not amongst the thirteen at the head of the Kadi's letter, and so he was overlooked, which all olamas at Osiout lamented.) I said: "Then why did you do what you did? You certainly saw that such an outrage was against both the laws of religion and humanity." He answered: "It was a temptation of the devil." This closed the matter, and our subsequent [illegible] was very agreeable. Indeed, he seemed an amiable sort of man, and all the Christians bore witness to the truth of his assertion, that he and his family had always before shown themselves friendly to them. I had a word ready for them also. The Arabs always divide the whole of a thing into twenty-four parts, for the denominator of their fractions, as we do into ten in our decimals. I told them that twenty-out of the twenty-four shares of the guilt of the outrage upon Faris belonged to them—that we had come to them with brotherly love in our hearts and the Bible in our hands, and that they, from the first, unlike the people of all Upper Egypt, had met us with coldness and [illegible] and uncommunicativeness, and that thus their treatment of Faris and our cause had emboldened the Muslims to do what they had done. This charge was too true to be denied, but they promised for the future to do better.

In brief, on leaving, it was as to [illegible] and take coffee with him the next day, and at ten o'clock the next morning, he sent his donkeys and servants to take us up. The ladies could not go, so I went alone, little anticipating the reception which had been prepared. He had invited a number of the leading Copts, together with Faris and our other adherents—and, when the time came, a grand dinner was brought on the carpet, opening with a sheep, roasted whole, and followed by turkeys, chickens, &c., to the extent of some thirty courses. Faris and I sat one on each side of him, and he took particular pains to show his good will to Faris; among other things, saying, that if ever any thing else happened to him, we must hold him responsible. The day was mostly spent in discussion of the truths of Christianity, and, I trust, to us profitably. On Thursday we had a similar, though still more sumptuous, feast with our Consular Agent, Wasef, with nearly the same company. I am sure El Kashif heard more of Christianity during those two days, than he had heard before all his life. On Wednesday we were invited to the house of a man on the other side of the river, who had been one of the few who clung to Faris, even in the darkest day. As his village was some distance off, we did not expect that the man would come, in usual Oriental style, to tell us that "all things were ready," and so we went over in our boat, but on reaching the house found he had gone for us. We remained a couple of hours, calling in the family and neighbors, and expounding a chapter for them. (In this village, though there is a good number of Christians, there were neither church nor priest.) On our way back, we met the man. We were not guilty of a breach of etiquette, as he had not expressly invited us to dine, but, poor man, he was evidently sadly disappointed.

On Friday we went up to Benoub, several hours up the river. It is the native village of our consul, Wasef, and our priest, Bakhtor, and they went with us. Here another great feast awaited us. Before it came on, we had a couple of hours' very pleasant conversation with a number of the people. I was happy to find one priest—the leading one of the town—quite imbued with Protestant doctrines. He had removed the pictures and images from his church—*which is one of four* churches in Upper Egypt in which this has been done by the common consent of priest and people. The man of the house at which we stopped, was also a Protestant. He had been enlightened by our priest, Makbiel, in Cairo. In the evening I was escorted down to the boat by a cavalcade of some twenty or thirty, with lanterns, &c., and the whole village seemed to be moved. On reaching the boat, I found that three sheep, and a quantity of bread, milk, &c., had preceded. But enough of this. Suffice it to my, that the appearances were that, had we remained and been willing to consent to the arrangement, we would have been feasted and fed to this day. Every day, too, El Kashif sent down his white donkey with two servants to take us up through the town, which caused no little remark among his Muslim friends. He himself sent an intercessor, and afterwards, before we left, the next Tuesday, came himself to say that he soon intended coming to Alexandria, to obtain, if possible, American or English protection, and wished my kind offices in the matter. He even said, that, if necessary, he would go to America for the purpose; but I told him that I could not assist him in the matter. The fact is a very significant one, when we remember the frequent admonitions in the Koran against taking the Christians or Jews, or any other infidels, as friends or protectors.

Faris had been able to re-open the school, which contained, when we were there, fifteen boys, and we hear that it is soon growing. This, notwithstanding that some of the priests are still doing all they can against it, but not now openly, as before. The Bishop is very favorable to our cause, but he is a simple-minded old man, who has not much influence.

We brought Faris with us. His wife and child were in Kums, and he was longing to see them. He has now gone to bring them. Poor fellow, he was much more severely beaten, than even his letters gave us to understand. It is a great wonder how he escaped with his life,—and it would hardly have been possible, but that he was a very strong, vigorous man. As it was, he received a severe blow on the back with a club, which, we fear, has affected his right lung, as he has ever since had a severe pain in it, and all the way down, and until he left here, he coughed terribly.

What I have written will show you the happy effects which have resulted from the decision obtained in his case. Nor are these limited to Osiout and its neighborhood. Wherever we stopped, all the way down the Nile, it was the same. This decision has shown the people, that we are backed by a power sufficient for our own and their protection, in case they cast in their lot with us. It has drawn the attention of the indifferent to our work, and has given the timid and wavering confidence. It is now more than ever our duty to consecrate to this, and we await the divine blessing.

Yours truly,

G. LANSING

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WEST

A night on the prairie—Western hospitality—The Southerner's Cabin and his Bible—A feast on Musk-rats—Self-sacrifice of a Circuit preacher—Three characters—Revivals in the West—Hard Times—Scarcity of money—Back to Iowa—Fatal accident—Concluding Thoughts, &c.

On the fourth of July, 1857, having received my first wages for labor done on the American continent, I started off early in the afternoon to visit the nearest grocery store at the village of Berrien, in Berrien county, Michigan, five miles distant, to lay in a stock of groceries; and set out to return home, lighter in pocket, but a heavier load on my back, in time to arrive there before dark. I had to cross the river St. Joseph in a ferryboat, which usually made a trip every time a person wanted to cross over, but on the present occasion the ferry-man was not at his post, and did not make his appearance before the shades of evening began to chase away the light of day. My road home lay through a wood, and a person unacquainted with the route would have found it difficult to travel in the open day, but the ferry-man, who told me where to turn to the right and where to the left, said I could not possibly miss the road, as he could find the way blind folded. I set off at a quick pace, fully satisfied in my own mind that if I could reach an old log shanty, about three miles distant, I could find the rest of the way easy enough; onward I went, but not as fast as at first, for my load of groceries, which felt light at first, began to feel heavier, and I thought it time that the log shanty should come in view. I went on for some time longer, when I came to the junction of three roads, which I felt certain did not come in my proper path. I threw down my load, looked around in the darkness, and when the conviction forced itself upon my mind that I was lost, I sat down upon a barren rock. I was soon, however, brought to my senses [illegible] and resolved to retrace my steps. [illegible] I had taken care to buy a newspaper. To collect [illegible] combustible materials did not take much time, and soon a cheering fire sent up amongst the branches. I [illegible] ing trees countless sparks every time I threw on a log, and the blaze not only enabled me to read, but kept the troublesome insects before mentioned, at a comfortable distance. I sat down by the stump of a tree and commenced to read my newspaper, but the paragraphs did not interest me. I felt a strange and irresistible desire to turn my head, first to the right and then to the left, as fancy painted strange, fierce-looking Indians, with scalping knives and tomahawks, dancing and brandishing their weapons of death as they moved quickly about amongst the surrounding trees. But the long hours of night at last passed away—another day was breaking upon the hills and vales, the rivers, lakes and prairies, and the dark, deep woods of the western world; and never, Oh! never did a sail greet the eye of a ship-wrecked mariner with greater joy than did that rising sun, which drove away the darkness of that sleepless night.

Of the three roads which lay before me I took the one which appeared to be most travelled, and in about an hour I came to a clearing in the woods, where the sturdy woodman's axe had recently been at work. Then came in view a field of corn and other signs of industry. A little farther on a large log cabin came in sight, and the blue smoke was curling upwards amongst the great branches of a tree which stood like a sentinel over that lonely cot.

The farmers of the west are noted for their hospitality to strangers. The honest traveller always meets with a hearty welcome at the log cabin of the new settler, as well as at the more comfortable house of those who have been raised there. If the traveller is hungry, he is welcome to have without charge, such fare as the house affords. I have often been surprised at the readiness and hearty good-will with which even poor men will welcome to their tables such as may need a meal to help them on their way. In Michigan, Indiana, and in other states of the west, the new settler may always count upon the *willing* and *gratuitous* help of his neighbors at his "raising," as they call the placing in position of the large logs of timber which form the outside walls of their log cabins. But to the question. I made my way up to the door of the house, knocked, and was invited to enter. I explained my situation, and was made welcome. The house belonged to a Scotch family, and consisted of an old man, his wife, two daughters, and three sons, and the wife of one of the latter. They emigrated to this country from Scotland many years ago, but had only recently come to Michigan from Ohio. When the morning meal was ready the family met in the principal room; the old man took down, from a shelf which contained a few other books, a large, old family Bible—read a chapter therefrom, and then asked a blessing on the food we were about to eat. The Bible was an heirloom of the family—had belonged to the old man's father, and was brought to this country when they emigrated from their Highland home, in Scotland. The precious volume was carefully preserved, but was old and discolored, as, indeed, it might well be, after a daily use for so many years in this country and in Scotland. The family were Presbyterians in Scotland, and had always attended on the same means of grace in this country whenever they could. But there was no place of worship near their home in Michigan. Sometimes ministers of various denominations—often a Campbellite—came to preach at a small school house four miles distant. I was told that several Scotch families, who were originally Presbyterians, had joined other churches, when they would have preferred the religion of their fathers. The Campbellites have planted many small churches and taken possession of obscure and out-of-the-way places in Michigan, where the people would have preferred some other church, if such had been offered. This state of things can only be accounted for by supposing that that church is always the most successful which is the most energetic in sending out missionaries to collect the scattered sheep in these waste places of the west.

At and near Pipe Stone, as well as in other parts of Southern Michigan, the colored settlers and inhabitants are quite numerous. Many of them are well to do farmers, and all of them, so far as I could learn, are honest and industrious, and possess the good will and good opinion of their white neighbors. They are intelligent, too; and I know from the manner in which I have heard their white neighbors speak of them, that when they are engaged to labor for another person they may be depended upon. I have been in many of their cabins, which are clean and orderly, and from all that I could see and learn of them, they are as honest and as honorable, as good and as virtuous as any other class of the community, and it is one of the greatest wrongs which can be inflicted upon an innocent race to deprive them of any social, civil, or political rights which are allowed to white men who are not more worthy.

There are many thousands of people scattered over the west who work at repairing the railroads. The men who do this work on the *Illinois Central*, the *Ohio* and *Mississippi*, and nearly all the other roads, are chiefly Irishmen; some few are Germans, and it is very seldom that a representative of any other nation may be found, except in the capacity of a "Section Boss." As these men are scattered over the whole length of the Roads, and most of their work lies far away from towns or villages, or settlements on the Prairies, the shanties and board at "Section Houses," which are built by the company on each Section of five or six miles of the road. The Section Boss is often, also, the boarding Boss. I have been in scores of these boarding houses. They are generally miserable places, quite unfit to accommodate the number of men they are often made to contain. Smoking and drinking *red-eye* whisky prevails to a most alarming extent amongst these men. Often, on the Sabbath, I have seen these "Section hands" mount their "hand cars" with their large stone jugs, and propel themselves twenty or thirty miles to Centralia, Sandoval, Mattoon, and other places, for the purpose of getting whisky and to fill their bottles. These people are chiefly Roman Catholics, and though they love whisky, they do not forget the priest who comes to visit them at regular stated times on the two roads named. A dollar is generally and cheerfully paid by each man. Sometimes a single man will pay the priest five dollars. Should any one object to pay, he at once becomes objectionable to the rest of the men, who either force him to pay, or by abuse and coercion, drive him off the road. Marriages and "christenings" are generally put off till the priest comes round, when the *confession*, the *marriage* and the *christening* are all done at once, followed by dancing and whisky. Fatal accidents very often follow these scenes of drunkenness. I have myself known several persons killed, when walking to their boarding houses on the rail road, after these drunken bouts. I knew one person in particular who had been [illegible] on the track at Richview, a few miles south of [illegible] instantly rushed into eternity without a moment's preparation, by a train of cars passing over his body.

Thousands of those railroad laborers are naturalized citizens of the United States. Nearly all of them are Democrats, and favorable to slavery, as I have heard [illegible] a Railroad agent at a depot in Marion [illegible] Illinois Central rail road, was put [illegible] peace, to be a justice of the peace. He was elected by [illegible] ment could not command the votes of the railroad laborers, who were treated to a plentiful supply of whisky for their votes.

It does seem as if such men are ill might worthy to have and enjoy all the rights and liberties of [illegible] who, [illegible] colored men as I have described be debarred from the same? [illegible] who make the Laws [illegible] to be executed? [illegible] that God will regard [illegible] in its struggle for [illegible]

J. B. HORNFALL.

CONVERSION OF THE UNGODLY

"Home objects for prayer. The conversion of the ungodly, the cessation of intemperance and immorality, and the spread of vital religion in our families and households among our rulers, the rich and poor, our soldiers and sailors, the authors of our literature, [illegible]

The above constituted the subjects for united prayer, on one of the days during the week of prayer. The week of prayer is now past. We hope many earnest prayers were offered to God, during that week, and that, in answer to those prayers, God will grant an abundant outpouring of his Spirit, to revive his people, and arouse the impenitent. But in order that God would answer those prayers, and revive His cause, His people must follow up the prayers of that week, with works of efforts in that cause. We must not cease with this feeble effort. We must continue our prayers without ceasing. We must [illegible] we have prayed. Let us keep the subjects of prayer, of that week before our minds; think much about them, and pray much over them, during the entire year. Let our efforts correspond with our prayers and meditations, and with God's blessing we may expect a reviving time among us.

One of the objects of prayer stated above, is "The conversion of the ungodly." What true child of God does not earnestly desire this? When we remember that the great end of man's existence, the glory of God, is thus advanced—when we remember that perishing souls will thus be saved from eternal death;—when we remember that our ungodly friends, and neighbors, and acquaintances, will thus be made better friends, better neighbors, and better acquaintances, as well as become fitted for entering that rest that remains for the people of God, can we fail to earnestly desire it? If we *earnestly desire* it, will we not plead with God for its accomplishment? If we pray earnestly for it, will we not make an effort for its accomplishment?

We think Christians very often fail in their prayers and efforts for the conversion of the ungodly from a want of *speciality*. They are accustomed in their social meetings, in their families, and in their closets, to offer up petitions for the conversion of the ungodly *in general*. But very seldom do they take the case of some dear friend that is ungodly, or some near neighbor, or some one with whom they have daily intercourse, to the throne of grace, and plead earnestly for their conversion as individuals. They are accustomed to put forth some efforts for the conversion of the ungodly in general, by contributing something for the spread of the gospel among them. But how seldom do they go to the ungodly individual, and speak kindly to him of his condition, as an enemy of God, and of Jesus as the only hope of the sinner.

Now, here we think is the great fault with us all. We should pray for that ungodly friend and acquaintance in particular. Have a special reference to his or her particular case. We should continue so to do, being importunate in prayer. Let no day pass by without carrying the case of that dear one before God in prayer. God may require us to wait, and to wait a long time, to try us, and see if we are in earnest. If some dear one was condemned to suffer death, and there was any hope of pardon, would we not go with great earnestness to the pardoning power, and plead on behalf of that dear one? Would we be satisfied with a mere formal request? Surely not. Now that sentence of death, if not removed, would take that dear friend away from us, as long as we continue upon this earth. It would deprive him of life in the present body. But the terrible sentence to which he is exposed, because of sin, if it is not removed, will take him away from us—away from God—away from heaven, with all its glories, forever. It would deprive him of that life which is eternal, and introduce him into that death, which is of the same duration. Now if we would be earnest about his deliverance from that death which is less terrible, will we fail to be in earnest about his deliverance from that death which is so much more terrible?

But while we are praying with a speciality we should also labor with the same reference to the individual case. How inconsistent our conduct, as Christians, often is! We are on terms of intimate daily intercourse with an ungodly man. We transact various items of business with him, from day to day. We give him counsel and encouragement about the management of his worldly business. We are in earnest to do all we can to aid him in this direction. He sees it, and is thankful to us for it. Now, how seldom do we manifest even the same degree of earnestness about his eternal interests? How seldom do we speak to him about Jesus, and His salvation, and the need he has of that salvation? He sees this. He knows we profess to believe, that the salvation of the soul is more important than all other things together, and yet, while we seem deeply interested in his worldly prosperity, he is sensible that we never speak to him of his salvation. Now is it not natural for him to conclude, that, after all there is not much reality in the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, or we would be more concerned about his having an interest in it? Such a course is calculated to drive that one away from Jesus, instead of drawing him towards Him.

On the contrary, if we would, whenever opportunity affords, talk with that individual about Jesus, in a kind and friendly manner, not in that harsh and repulsive way in which some are accustomed to speak to such individuals;—might we not expect that such a course, by God's blessing, would lead the impenitent one to Jesus?

Here an incident occurs to my mind, which I heard related some years ago. There was a very ungodly man in the neighborhood. Several pious persons agreed to pray together for his conversion. After praying for some time, and seeing no change upon him, they concluded they must work as well as pray for that end. One of their number, who was intimate with the man, was appointed to see him, and speak to him on the subject. He found him at his anvil. The pious man, unaccustomed, as most Christians are, to speak of such things, hesitated. Finally, naming his friend, in a subdued earnest tone of voice he said, "I feel deeply concerned for the salvation of your soul." He could say no more. He left. That ungodly man began to think. "He is evidently anxious about my salvation, and why am I unconcerned about it?" That thought was followed by others similar to it, until he was finally led to Jesus. So it would be, Christian reader, in thousands of cases, if we would go and do likewise.

M. M.

THE REVIVAL OF ANCIENT SCEPTICISM.

Tacitus supposed that the events of history recur again in a perpetually revolving cycle, and that the acts of one epoch will be repeated in the acts of another. More correctly he might have stated that opinions, however overthrown, have to themselves a tendency to revive. The superstitions of Rome have been [illegible] in every age, yet in every age they start up like new discoveries in the hands of an energetic priesthood. A generation dies and its convictions are forgotten; by and by there rises up another king who knows not Joseph, and the work of refutation and conviction has to begin again. In [illegible] heart [illegible] which buries forth either into infidelity or Romanism. The student, yearning at truth and yet arguing against truth, finds himself at last unable to believe. He has sought to become wise above what is written, and he fails. Nothing lies before him but to sweep away all that is revealed, or to substitute some human creature to be master of his thoughts. The one sinks into the darkness of scepticism, the other makes the priest his God, and there forms shadowy forms into realities. Like the Titan, he mistakes his cloud for a Juno, and rules a hideous figure in garments of light. 'Twas ever so. Men sow the seed and in another generation the crop springs up, although a prior harvest has been destroyed.

About infidelity, as about Romanism, there is no novelty. To Hobbes and his followers the [illegible] school of naturalists as the [illegible] the cloudy dreams of Spinoza, and the sparkling sarcasms of Voltaire, are but repeated in the French school of deism and the English school of infidelity. To say there is nothing new in the teachings which have perverted the congregation of St Chrysostom's, is but a truism. The fallacies promulgated with sophistry and elegance by the writers of Essays and Reviews are to be found in more homely and less seductive garb in the writings of our old English deists. They were exposed and refuted then; but error has a charmed existence, for it clings to the passions of the human heart, and grows there. The plant may be cut down like a garden weed, but human frailty again produces it. The story of the Hydra is but an emblem of the prolific vitality of error. Cut off one head, and seven spring up of the same blood and in the likeness of their predecessor. It is not always there is an Iolaus at hand to sear the wound.

3. The mystics of Asia spoke of the "order of the universe." They led men look up to the starry heavens and worship the deities visible to them there. These were great gods, they said, —the sun which ripened the corn, the moon which regulated the year, the stars guiding the mariner. They appealed to visible objects and visible powers. Our modern mystics also speak of the "order of the universe," but they speak without understanding. They do not mean the sun, the moon, and the stars; they look for something underneath them. They propose a regulator, but that regulator must not be the Deity of whom Moses wrote. It must be something,—a Platonic ideal, an embodiment of order made up of a thousand orders—a thing no one can comprehend, but which it suits them to name. Their Shibboleth, when required to pronounce the foundation of their hopes, is "the order of the universe,"—terms unexplained, because inexplicable.

4. In early times science bore the name of religion, and the priest who ministered at the altar in the temple was the priest also of the starry temple of the heavens. Because men now can calculate the motions of the stars without a belief in a Redeemer, they bring up the discoveries of science as antagonistic to religion. They imitate not that Eastern king who elevated science in the person of Daniel, the "chief of his wise men;" they copy Herod rather, who made use of the Magian science to hunt down the new child's life. We can predict the day, the hour, the place of the star's return; and because it is fulfilled, we suppose there exists in the stars themselves the principle of their own motion, and we look not for the Creator who gave orders to the universe and bid it roll on forever with its own fidelity.

The Bible speaks of the rising and the setting sun, and therefore speaks what philosophy has demonstrated not to be true. This is the argument of reasoners like Mr. Macnaught. Some Hebrew Descartes or Newton endeavored to explain the cosmogony of the world, and that is the Mosaic account of the creation. Did it never occur to these men that the Bible was not designed to teach a system of astronomy, but to reveal the existence of a great Creator? Did they never think that a written or oral revelation must make use of terms and appeal to idioms current amongst those to whom it is delivered, as otherwise it would be unintelligible? Was any astronomer or any peasant yet misled by the terms "rising and setting" applied to sun or moon? Do not the best educated amongst us use the phrases daily without fear of ridicule? Is our knowledge a vapor, and our learning a cheat, because we use words which are scientifically untrue? Or is our truth doubtful, because we use ordinary language in speaking of ordinary fact?

5. And then come the priests of the "Theory of Development." These tell us that Nature produceth all things, and is sportive. She plays with and adds to or mimics the creatures she has made. The sage dogma is proclaimed to admiring *moons* "that new species *must* have originated either out of inorganic elements, or out of previously organised forms." Is there any man bold enough to propound simply and intelligibly what is contained in the first clause of this sentence? Will any one maintain that stones become men, or pebbles cattle? And supposing that the second clause were true, and "that new species did evolve out of organic forms," how can they reply to us if we assert that *that very development is part of the law of their being*, and as such, points to an Almighty Legislator who arranged it so?

And these objections are made, not by men who are themselves scientific, but by those who are lost in amazement at the extent of their discoveries. These say, "Is religion to stand still while all sciences are so progressive?" This phrase catches the imagination of the young and ardent, yet how unsound it is! All the discoveries of science are owing to the truth of its first principles; all the influences of religion through out the world depend upon the truth of its doctrines. No man lays down different principles of science as true because of the extension of science. The data are the same, whether the range of their influence be narrowed or extended. But who can with patience weigh the absurdity of comparing the results of science, which deals with outward objects, with those of religion, which affect the heart? Who could suppose that truth, purity, holiness, are to be measured trigonometrically, and piety is to be estimated by the balance and the rule?

These modern revivers of an exploded school claim infallibility either for themselves or others. Some yield to the Tractarian or Romish priest at once, and he is infallible to them. Others are infallible in themselves. They have discovered a new goddess, which they call the "verifying faculty." Opening the "Hebrew account" of the cosmogony, if anything opposes their notions, it is at once condemned by this "verifying faculty." Each man is a Pope to himself, and the lights among the zealous desire to be as Popes to others. This "verifying faculty," to be a rule of life, should be equal in all men. Then, the Mormon's verifying faculty approves of his beastly doctrines, the thief approves of his plundering ethic, the murderer of his debauchery. There would be no law, no standard, to regulate human life or morals. Every man would be "a light unto himself," and the world would be in confusion. Yet this is the end of the teaching of those who tell us that all revelation is contrary to the "order of the universe" except their own.

Let us appeal to the "inner consciousness," or "verifying principle," to judge of the men who preach it. The most distinguished priests of the new [illegible] were ordained many to teach the doctrines of the Church of England, and so teach the Scriptures. They laugh at the prayers of that church as "fusty," "mediæval," "ridiculous" forms. They scoff at the doctrines as well as the narratives of the Bible. They are false to their trust, yet they take the money of the church. Appealing to this "verifying principle," it answers comfortably, and assures them that they are quite right, quite pure, quite loveable, because they take the funds of the church for teaching doctrines directly subversive of her existence.

Now, would any merchant amongst us wish to have [illegible] clerk who appealed, as to his [illegible] to a verifying principle so visionary [illegible] Liverpool Courier.

Rev. SAMUEL M. WHITING, a missionary for some time of the Baptist Church in Assam, Burmah, has received a call to settle with the Baptist Church in West Chester, Vermont, and will probably accept it.

RESULTS OF BAD PENMANSHIP

People who wish to obtain favors of others, ought to write their requests in a legible hand. Some ludicrous blunders have occurred from a neglect of this caution; and even the Iron Duke of England once made himself a laughing-stock by the unpardonable chirography of a lady. A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* tells the story.

Mrs. J. C. Loudon, widow of the celebrated landscape gardener, took a great delight in prosecuting the favorite studies of her husband's life. On one occasion, wishing to make some researches in the department of arboriculture, she wrote to the Duke of Wellington for permission to see his Waterloo beeches (the celebrated avenue planted on his estate to commemorate his greatest victory.) Mrs. Loudon's chirography was none of the most legible—so that when the Duke read her letter, he mistook *beeches* for *breeches*, and supposed the epistle a request for the inspection of that indispensable garment worn by him on the field of Waterloo. At the signature he was again deceived. The *n* in Mrs. Loudon's name he took for an *u*, and accordingly read the whole signature "J. C. London," which was none other than that of the Bishop of London himself. Accordingly, though much astonished at such a desire on the part of a grave dignitary, he wrote him in answer a note, which we may imagine created equal astonishment in the recipient:

"*My Lord:*—My valet tells me that the breeches I wore at the battle of Waterloo were long ago given away to Mr. Benjamin Robert Haydon, for the purpose of his historical painting. Regretting deeply that I have not the breeches to show your lordship, I remain,

Your lordship's very humble servant,
WELLINGTON."

THE PIN OF SCANDAL.

Mr. Wilberforce relates that at one time he found himself chronicled as "Sir. Wilberforce" in an opposing journal, and the following given as an instance of his Pharisaism: "He was lately seen," says the journal, "walking up and down in the Bath pump-room, reading his prayers, like his predecessor of old, who prayed in the corners of the streets to be seen of men." "As there is generally," says Mr. Wilberforce, "some slight circumstance which perverseness turns into a charge of reproach, I began to reflect, and I soon found the occasion of the calumny. It was thus: 'I was walking in the pump-room in conversation with a friend; a passage was quoted from Horace, the accuracy of which was questioned, and as I had a Horace in my pocket, I took it out and read the words.

"This was the plain 'bit of wire' which factious malignity sharpened into a pin to pierce my reputation. How many ugly pins have been manufactured out of smaller bits of wire than even that!

A POPULAR AUTHOR.

The sale of Hugh Miller's works has been much larger in this country than in Great Britain. The *Testimony of the Rocks* has reached a sale of 27,000 copies in England, and the same in America. Next comes the *Footprints of the Creator*, in which the American sale has entirely outstripped the English, the former being upwards of 19,000, and the latter about 6000. The *Old Red Sandstone* has sold 16,000 here to 9000 in England; the *Schools and Schoolmasters*, 16,000 here to 10,000 of the English; and the *First Impressions of England*, 9000, against 6000 in Black's edition.

OLD PAMPHLETS.

Not long ago the librarian of Harvard College saw a man stuffing some bags with old pamphlets and papers in a Boston auction-room, when, to his surprise and delight, he espied among them a pamphlet for which he had been looking for eleven years, in order to complete the volume of a valuable periodical

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, February 15, 1862.

EPISCOPAL VISITS.

By the divine permission, I will be at Frankford, Pa, and will spend the Sabbath there, which will be the 23d inst., with Rev R. Robinson. I will also remain with or on his circuit some two or three days, and should the pastor see fit to make any other appointment, we will attend to it up to the time above referred to.

W Nazrey.

REVIVALS—GOOD NEWS.

We are receiving information from many of our brethren of the glorious work of the Holy Ghost among them. Bro. Wilkerson, of Leavenworth, Kansas, who is a missionary for the good work in that part of the country, states in his letter to us of the 31st ultimo, the following:

"The Lord has been pleased to pour out his Spirit upon us. For the last three weeks I have been engaged in a protracted effort. Many precious souls have been brought to bow at the altar of prayer, some of whom have found peace with God, and fifteen have been added to our number during the meeting. The Lord be praised for the manifestation of his presence."

We say to our young brother in the far West, Be faithful, and the Lord will bless your labors continually.

Brother Treves, of Richmond, Indiana, says that he has been engaged in a protracted meeting for some time past, which has resulted in twenty-one conversions, all of whom have joined the Church, besides which some thirteen more have joined, making in all thirty four.

Still the work goes bravely on. Rev. Joseph Smith, of the Burlington circuit, is also having a glorious outpouring of the Spirit of God. Since the work has commenced, sinners are becoming alarmed, and are fleeing to God for succor, as they find him precious to their souls. God be praised for his goodness.

Brother Jackson, of the Vincennes (Indiana) circuit, is still going on with the good work. Bro. Woodlin, of Bethel Church, Philadelphia, is also carrying on a protracted meeting, and some interest is being manifested. We also refer our readers to the case of Rev. Brother Gould, of Princeton, New Jersey. God is pouring his grace upon his Church. We are truly glad that the working of the Spirit of God is plainly to be discerned among the people, both in and out of Church.

THE CHURCH IN PROVIDENCE.

Our Church in Providence, of which Rev. Geo. A. Rue is pastor, has been in a deal of trouble about their building, as they have been obliged to move it off the ground of its present position. We see by the accounts given in the pastor's letter that the members have formed themselves into an association, by which they can raise means to erect a good and substantial church edifice to worship in.

BETHEL SABBATH SCHOOL CELEBRATION.

The 25th anniversary of Bethel Sab. School will be celebrated for the birth-day of that great and good man, Rev Richard Allen—Tuesday, the 18th instant—in Bethel Church. The doors to be thrown open at half-past 6, and the exercises commenced at half-past 7 o'clock. The price of admission is fixed at the low sum of ten cents—the proceeds to be applied to the benefit of the *Christian Recorder*.

It is to be hoped that Bethel Church will be crowded to its utmost capacity on that occasion. Let every person who takes our paper in this city come and hear the members of the school acquit themselves on this particular evening. Come, friends, remember the worthy *object*, invest ten cents, and, our word for it, you will never regret the expenditure.

Remember, Bethel Church is in Sixth Street, between Pine and Lombard.

NOTICE.

A special meeting of the United Beneficial Sisters of the Rev. J. Woodlin Society will be held on Thursday, the 20th of February, at 7 o'clock, in the evening, at Wealthy Dorsey's, Rodman St., below Tenth St. Punctual attendance is requested. By order of the President,

Elizabeth Harris, *President.*
Eliza Stokely, *Secretary.*

MONTHLY REPOSITORY.

We have just received the first number of this publication, of which Rev. John M. Brown, of Baltimore, is the editor. For the last four years it has been published for the benefit of the literary societies of the Indiana, Missouri, Baltimore, and New England Conferences, and was issued quarterly—but we observe that they are now all left off, and it is published at No. 64 Henrietta St., by Rev. John M. Brown. They have reduced the number of pages to twenty

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Of Rev. A. T. Hall, of Keokuk, Iowa, due for *Recorder*, 1861,	1 00
Do. *for* books, in full,	2 25
Of Rev. Joseph P. Turner, of Boston, Mass.,	1 00
Of Mr. Jared Morris, of Providence, per Miss Susan Morris,	1 00
Of Mrs. Caroline Wilson, *for* last year's *Recorder*,	2 00
Of Mrs. Mary Dean, for last year's *Recorder*,	1 00
Of Mr. H. Blake, of Bridgewater,	1 50
Of David Wilson, (old) Chester, per Bishop Nazrey,	1 00
Of Capt. Lewis William, of Cape May,	2 00
Of Miss Adeline Muse, per Rev. Jos. Smith, Mouretown, N. J.,	2 00
Of Rev. Joseph Smith, on account for books,	1 75
Of Francis Rayner, of Arneytown,	50
Of Rev. Peter Gardiner, of New Brunswick, N. J.,	1 00

[illegible].

Brother Editor:—Permit me, in behalf of Rev. J. G. Bulaugh, to call the attention of the itinerant ministers of the Philadelphia Annual Conference District to the resolution passed by said Conference in the printed minutes, page 8, as follows, on motion:—

That J G Bulaugh receive $5'00 per month from the Preachers' Fund, and that all ministers having charge of stations and circuits take up a collection for him in each of them, and forward the same to Rev Henry Davis, Treasurer of the Preachers' Fund. We hope the brethren that have not attended to it will not accordingly, as Father Bulaugh is much in need at present.

J Wooding

MAN IS BORN TO LABOR

It is to man, the unalterable decree of heaven, that "in the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread;" and this in respect to spiritual as well as outward food. The sustenance of natural and spiritual life must be obtained by labor, and without this no blessing, either outward or inward, can be *fully* enjoyed. We were not created for idleness, or dependence upon our fellows, either for bodily or spiritual sustenance, but rather upon the means placed within our reach, by the hand of Divine Providence, which we are bound to improve, not only for our own good, but the honor of God, who ever helpeth those who help themselves, and honoreth them that honor Him. We must earn our own bread if we expect to be satisfied with the abundance of peace, and depend neither upon alms, fraud, nor oppression, nor upon the labors of others, for our outward or inward supplies. By the labor of our own hands, and fervent exercise of spirit, in humble prayer unto the Lord of our lives, are we to reap the rich reward promised to the faithful

For our talents of time, mind, and strength we are responsible to Him who created us for the purpose of His own glory, and great, indeed, is our responsibility, whether we may be gifted with the many talents, or only with the few. The penny of peace is promised to all the faithful, however poor or mean, weak or ignorant these may be. So there is promised not only sufficient in this life, but in the world to come life everlasting. Therefore, let *not* those to whose allotment it may fall to occupy an humble position in life, be discouraged from seeking through faithfulness unto God the inestimable blessing of the heavenly inheritance, whereof all of every nation, kindred, tongue, and people, are lawful heirs, whatever their trials, difficulties, or oppressions may be; however much they may have to suffer from ignorance, privations, or want. The Lord knoweth the hearts of all flesh, and His ears are open to the cries of the humble, who are more often found among the poor and afflicted than among the rich and prosperous, and His arm is stretched out for the help of these.

Let it be remembered by the poor, for their encouragement, that "the Lord hath chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love Him;" and though they may have to labor, and yet be deprived of many outward comforts enjoyed by their more opulent neighbors, let them not forget that greater will be the reward of the industrious, and frugal, and thankful, and faithful poor, than of those who have ungratefully enjoyed the abundance of outward substance, not remembering from whom every blessing, however small, is derived, but living in ease and forgetfulness of God; and, therefore, without Him in the world, even as they may, without repentance, in the world to come. Remember, O ye afflicted and sorrowing ones, that this world is not your home, but the place for the trial of your virtues, and a preparation for the everlasting joys of heaven! Labor continually, therefore, that ye may be permitted to enter into your eternal rest, when this present, wearisome life shall come to an end. Be industrious in your outward callings, "pray without ceasing." As the apostle enjoins, "be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

OUR VISIT TO BRISTOL ON LAST SABBATH

REVIVALS, &c.

On last Saturday evening we left our place of residence to attend Father Robinson's Quarterly Meeting at Bristol, Penna., on Sabbath morning. Love-feast was celebrated, and it was a love-feast indeed, in the true sense of the term. Never before did we hear young converts talk more sensibly, or give a better evidence of the hopes they had of heaven

Brother Davis, a local preacher, gave us an exhortation, which was followed by several other ones.

At half-past 2 o'clock, P. M., we preached a short sermon, after which Elder Robinson consecrated the Lord's Supper. On this occasion it was an unusually solemn and impressive scene. After the communicants had all partaken, the brethren commenced singing, and they remained in the church until near 5 o'clock. At half-past seven o'clock the church was pretty well filled Father Robinson imposed the duty upon us to preach again, and, as an obedient servant, we did so. By 8 o'clock every seat was occupied, and some thirty or forty (white and colored) standing God, upon this occasion, opened a window of heaven and poured down in copious showers his divine blessing, until the measures were filled to overflowing. Yes, God was there. After we got through with our remarks, Father Robinson presented an opportunity to all those desirous of joining the church; and nine, who professed to have been guided from the darkness of sin to the marvellous light of the Gospel of the blessed Jesus Christ, stepped forward and joined. Oh, how the parents of those persons rejoiced to see their children brought to God Father Robinson informed us that he had, through the power of Almighty God, been holding a protracted meeting for eight weeks on the Frankford circuit, and that there had been about thirty souls who claimed to have been truly converted to God. Oh! what glorious news—poor sinners coming to Christ, their Saviour. The work is still going on. Next Sabbath his Quarterly meeting is at Bensalem We would be glad to be there if we were not otherwise engaged. Our earnest prayer is for the work to long continue and prosper in God's holy name

We must not forget to say while in this connexion that Father Robinson is a strong advocate for the interests of our paper. Why should not all of our brethren take the same interest in its welfare?

We took with us some forty copies of the *Recorder*, and succeeded in disposing of them all—while others paid up for their subscriptions, besides which we obtained the names of several new subscribers.

Father Robinson is one of the oldest, if not the oldest quite, itinerant ministers we have in the connexion at the present time. He is among the founders of the Church, and is well acquainted with all of her movements, her Book Concern, &c., and is well pleased with our style of conducting the Book Concern and paper

May that God who is King of kings bless him in his noble efforts to do good in his declining days.

OLD FOLKS' CONCERT

We would again remind our friends that Father Burrs' Old Folks' Concert will come off on the 20th instant It will be a rich treat. All lovers of good music should attend

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM OUR BALTIMORE CORRESPONDENCE

Rev. Editor:—You inquired in your last, what had become of the Baltimore correspondence Had the communication of J P Campbell in relation to the Bishop silenced him or put him to rest? We answer, neither one. There was so much inconsistency in Rev. J. P. Campbell's communication, that it appeared to me that it required a man that was "*non compos mentis*" to understand him. It was like the argument of two men: one was trying to prove the sun only shines on one side of the globe at one and the same time. The other thought he was so learned that he could prove that the sun shines on both sides of the globe at the same time. This is the position taken by Rev. J. P Campbell. The contention has been, which side of the lake does Bishop Nazrey belong? Observer says this side of the lake is where Bishop Nazrey belongs. Rev. Wm. H. Jones and myself say he belongs on the other side of the lake. Then up comes Rev J. P Campbell from the Capital of New Jersey, and says, Gentlemen, you are mistaken. I have discovered a new science which teaches that the sun shines on both sides of the globe at the same time, and that by agreement between the sun and moon.

This is what Rev. J. P. Campbell says he has found out from reading that Bishop Nazrey is Bishop of two distinct Christian bodies in different countries and under different laws. I ask every reasonable man, if this is not the strangest argument that ever came from the pen of any man. He proves it by referring to the argument entered into by the two bodies: the one in the states, and the other in Canada. He has failed to satisfy me that the sun shines on both sides of the globe at the same time, and he also fails to prove that Bishop Nazrey is Bishop of the A. M. E. Church and the B. M. E. Church. When he can prove the former then he can prove the latter.

Parmenter.

Mount Pisgah, Feb. 11th, 1862.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr Editor:—For some weeks past, days of rainlessness have indeed been scarce. The streets and avenues in the city are filled with mire, and everybody, whether devoted to the peculiar institution or not, are compelled to carry a good deal of *free-soil* about them, the mud on many of the crossings being several inches deep. The bad condition of the streets is attributable, mainly, to the long spell of wet weather, and the incessant transportation of army stores in the United States teams.

On Monday and Tuesday, 3d and 4th insts., the choir of our Church gave two delightful concerts, and though the weather was unfavorable, and kept some of the vocalists from appearing, Mr. George Cokely, the leader of the choir (and by the way, a weekly subscriber to the *Recorder*,) succeeded in bringing before the public, some of the best musical talent in the District, of which we felt proud. Mr. Cokely, with the invaluable aid of Mr. John Butler, has done much to develop the musical talent of this place, and we should not be surprised if another Miss Greenfield, or Jenny Lind made their appearance on a Northern, or European stage, who was born and bred in Georgetown.

Where all deserve so much praise, it is embarrassing to make particular mention of a few, but as every galaxy in the heavens has its brightest stars, we must notice particularly, Miss Agnes Gray, whose graceful mien, and genial smile, captivates the audience, which her voice thrills with pleasure. The tall and prepossessing Miss Beckett, who appears perfectly at home, while, with the rich melody of her voice, she sets the heart aglow with joy, like the nightingale chanting its morning orison, from the tall oak bower. The unique, vocal execution of Miss King, where the whole soul seems to be in making music, whose very body appears, while singing, to be transformed into a harp, fascinated all, and would do honor to the stage of an Ullman. The grave and pious Miss Lee, gave dignity to the musical demonstration, by her modest bearing, and sent forth strains that made one think, and then admire. The trustees join with the pastor, in thanking Messrs. Cokely, Butler, Lee, Dailey, Cartright, Gross, Thomas, and Hays, the celebrated pianist, also Misses Grey, Lee, Beckett, Canter, King, and Mrs. Johnson, for this creditable effort to assist the Church Mrs Catherine Hawkins, made ample preparations in the basement, to satisfy the inner man.

Messrs. Johnson and Turpin, of Liberia, are here, no doubt, using all their influence for the recognition of Liberia by the United States. Their mission is good, and as they disclaim any affiliation with the American Colonization Society, their stay among us is pleasant and profitable. Privately, they express the opinion, that our only hope is in building up a negro nationality. This opinion should not belong to this age. An entirely African nationality, may be an auxiliary in our elevation, but indispensably necessary to it, *never*. We are happy to concede to Hayti and Liberia, the advantages of the reflex influence of their nationalities upon our people in the United States, but will never admit that emigration to either of those countries, or any other Colored Republic, Empire, or State, is the only hope for us. We believe our destiny on this continent, is inseparably joined to the now dominant race, our hopes are all bound up in the future of this, our country, (though as I have once before remarked, we have little incentive to say, "our country") There are those who

"See the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye!"

They see it through the smoke of battle—they hear the onward march of liberty's car, in the booming of cannon, the clanking of the sabre, and the sound of the drum as it beats to arms! Time will not allow us to dwell upon this topic, however important

To-day, we witnessed the escort of a few Secession prisoners to the prison east of the Capitol. They had just been taken in a skirmish near Fairfax. They forced a cheerful look, and "don't care" aspect, but doubtless, as they were marched in between a file of soldiers, they felt they were paying dear for the whistle. On learning for the gentleman, who Mr. Bright calls "His Excellency," Jeff Davis. A guard raising his gun, and making the trigger say "chickuck," as he cocked it, suggested to him the propriety of silence.

Paper money is getting very plentiful here, and to some considerable extent has scared away the gold and silver. So we have to support our temporal life by faith in Uncle Sam and the State banks. If men would only exercise half that faith in the great bank of Jesus, how many would be saved that will now be lost.

More Anon, Sacer.

For the Christian Recorder.

KEOKUK.

January 4th, 1862

To the Editor of the Recorder:

Dear Brother Weaver:—You may have thought that I have been living regardless of the claims of your valuable paper, the *Christian Recorder*, but this is not the case; the reverse of that is true. Lack of pecuniary means has made me seem indifferent.

Here I am, in what is known as the great city, one that was built in time of speculation; but that time has passed away some six years ago, and now, in these troublous times, four miles from the Missouri line, we have a general scarcity of money, but plenty of provisions, and *no place to send them to* at this season of the year. Many of the friends have promised to take the *Recorder* in the Spring as soon as they can get some money. I have not received any salary yet; so the winter has been rather *slow* with me. I would have sent my subscription or paid up the back dues before this time if it had been in my power to do so. But I could not, for I am at this time over fifty dollars behind, and my taxes unpaid. I cannot raise money enough to pay them, but still I hope for the best.

I send you one dollar, due the *Recorder* for 1861. Three months it was sent to Salem, Indiana, and three months to Keokuk, to the first of January. I am glad that you still remember a poor missionary in the mission of Iowa. I hope to live to repay to the *Recorder* the kindness of its editor by laboring more ardently for its support. I also send you the balance on those hymn-books. I sold the last one this morning. The people need books out here, but have no money to purchase them. I speak of the Church; others outside of the Church are doing better, in a financial sense.

But I think that this will be the best society in the State of Iowa after a while. The present state of religion is changing; many have thought themselves sanctified, so they have been taught that when their work was done they had no more to do but to die well. They are not dead yet, and they find that they need more grace to keep them from backsliding—yes, to enable them to labor for mourners. They learn, or are learning, that there is more required than shouting and singing ditties over souls smitten down under the weight of their sins. I find that the people must first be instructed in the Scriptures before they can make proper Christians.

We now have a protracted meeting on hand. We commenced with the new year, and are still continuing it, and we have from one to ten mourners every night on the anxious bench, but no conversions as yet. We have had one backslider reclaimed—but the Lord knows his own business, and in his own good time will send his Spirit to the relief of those that seek him with all their hearts.

Now, dear brother, pray for us, that the good Lord may help us, and that we may be delivered from the Devil and secession.

In conclusion, I have a question or so to ask. 1. Can a man be a loyal citizen or subject of Great Britain, and, at the same time, be a loyal subject or citizen of the United States? 2. Is there not a difference in the discipline of the B. M. E. Church and that of the A. M. E. Church?

Please answer the inquiries of your servant on the west side of the Mississippi. I have noticed all the published arguments in your paper on the subject, but none have answered the question.

Rev. A. F. Hall.

[Answer.—A man may be a citizen of Great Britain and live in the United States for a term of years, and be loyal to his own country, and, at the same time, be subject to the laws of the country where he is living for the time being. 2. In relation to the difference between the discipline of the A. M. E Church and that of the B. M. E. Church, there is a difference, and the initials of the names are a proof of that.—Ed.]

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Mr. Editor:—I permit me to say something about Providence station as a church in the past and present, and her future prospect. I have two objects in view:—1. To induce our people to take the paper. 2. To encourage the young ladies and gentlemen in their noble work begun for our church It may be well to say, that many of our brethren, as well as the bishops, are somewhat acquainted with the history of our church in Providence, R. I., down to the present time; therefore, for more than twenty years, our people have been riding good old Hope to obtain a permanent spot of ground to call their own, and build a house of worship upon. Now we must up and begone, and old Hope positively declares he will ride us no farther than next May, for his back is sore. This being a fact, what will become of their great name when we review the ability and point of privilege in scholastic intelligence compared to those in the land of oppression? We can but exclaim, in tones of pity, O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself

I come now to speak of the young ladies and gentlemen of our beautiful city, who, beholding the condition of the church, have risen in their majesty and formed themselves into a club of the best material in the city, which will be known hereafter by the name of "The Young Ladies' and Gentlemen's Excelsior Club." They have said something must be done As old Hope's back is sore, we will mount the horse of Action. He never fails if guided right. Hence, on Thursday, 30th ult., they gave their first grand exhibition. The earth was, and is, dressed in the beautiful garment of snow. The creaking trees, bending to the winter breeze, were beautifully hung with icicles, while the silver queen of night poured forth her rays of glory, lighting up the path for the maidens to travel securely beneath her beams at the hour of eight. The house was full The curtain rose upon a beautiful lady dressed in bridal attire, kneeling gracefully on a stool; and, while in this position, another lady, in the nun costume, presenting the bride a casket of jewels. The audience were charmed by its beauty The bride was Miss Lucy Bayo, and the nun was Miss Mary E. Johnson. Four young ladies sang a very sympathetic tune called "The Orphan's Prayer," each dressed in white. They are as handsome as the generality. The singing was delightful, and admired by all Robert and Mary Adams, brother and sister, about nine and eleven years old, sang two lovely tunes, and appeared as two little lambs. The speakers, both ladies and gentlemen, were exquisitely grand. It gladened the hearts of the aged Christians, causing them to say, "We will not despair, though we be cast down." For fear of becoming tedious, I will now speak of the gentlemen They did well. Mr. James Williams, a very promising young man for usefulness, was chosen stage-master, and acted well his part, gaining laurels that will not soon fade if he be born again May the good Lord bless him, and may he soon fill the place which God designed he should. Mr Williams was escorted by John Scott, who took an active part with the ladies. Strange to say, he is not yet a child of God by a change of heart, as we do pray for, although he will still continue to be where our young sisters take delight—in being in the house of worship. May the good Lord save him The doorkeeper, Mr. Thomas Chambers, (a married man,) is one who loves Bethel and her well being, but he is not a professor of religion, yet strictly moral. The ladies confided in him, and chose him for that responsible place. Brother C was the subject of our prayer on said evening The club realized the sum of $15 57. The people were so delighted, they asked to have it repeated. The club, though much exhausted, consented, and on Tuesday evening, the 4th inst., the place was crowded. On this evening, Miss Sarah Hall performed the part of the nun to the same bride. It far exceeded the first, because the participants were not so bashful as on the previous occasion. The proceeds added $17.28 to that of the former one. Presented to the Sinking Society, for the church, Wednesday, the 5th inst., $30.00, the expenses being small. May they thus continue in well doing until they shall see the foundation laid for a new house of God, and be the recipients of its benefits; for on such as these our church must depend. Suffice it to say, there are twenty-two of them—twelve ladies and ten gentlemen—each attached to good society. The following is the list of officers:—Miss Eliza Forrest, President; Miss Elizabeth Hall, Vice-President; Miss Maria Morris, Secretary; Miss Sarah Hall, Assistant Secretary; Miss Lucy Bayo, Treasurer; Mr T. Chambers, Guardian

Now these, and many more, wish a copy of the Recorder which contains this article. They will also buy a paper each week if sent on to them. I think the way is open for the circulation of the paper. Send me on twenty-five, and after this, twelve. Rev. George A. Rue, *Pastor*

Providence, R. I., Feb. 6th, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

Mr. Editor:—We think it would be of interest to your readers to hear how the work of God is prospering in this quarter of the vineyard. We have been holding a protracted meeting in Princeton for about three weeks, and the good Lord has been pleased to pour out his Spirit on the church. He has blessed the feeble efforts of the church and its pastor, and many souls have come forward to the altar, falling down as did the jailer before the apostles, crying out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?" Westrove to point them to the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world, and to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and they should be saved. We thank God, that many that sought have found salvation, through our Lord Jesus Christ. They now tell us that they enjoy peace which the world did not give, and cannot take away. We closed our meeting on last evening, with a love-feast. We had a blessed season. The Lord was in our midst, and to own and bless us. We have taken in fifty-one on probation, and a large number of them are Sabbath School children.

May God bless and keep them all faithful until death, and bring them to his kingdom. Our prayer is, that the word of God may run, and His name be glorified until the whole earth is filled with the knowledge of Him. We have formed a new class at Grigstown, and made it one of our regular appointments. We have about twenty persons, and we hope to get more We are going on with our new church in Princeton, and we hope we shall be able to have it consecrated during the session of the Annual Conference in Trenton. Pray for us, that God may continue his blessing on us

Theodore Gould.

Princeton, N. J., Feb. 11th, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

A GREAT CRY IN THE FOG, AND CLOUDS, DARKNESS AND GLOOM.

Who is right—the General Conference, Bishop Nazrey, or those brethren who write on the subject? Now, Mr. Editor, they cannot all three be right. Somebody must be wrong in this case. What would be the result if we who are in the dark would exclaim aloud to the world that all three are wrong, and let it go for what it will until the sitting of our next General Conference—and then and there let all acknowledge to their wrong, and promise before the great Head of the Church to try and do better for the time to come? Let us act like Christians. Dear brother, I know it is hard for one to suffer and all the rest gonn their way rejoicing; but, if it cannot be settled before then, let us all suffer together, and wait patiently till our change comes

Oh! that we could for each other care
And each the other's burden bear:
And to the Church of Christ the pattern give,
And show how true believers should live

Now, dear brother, a writer to the *Recorder* of January 18th, 1862, strikes a heavy blow, and that not at the foot of our beloved Zion. He says that the two associate Bishops, in all the Conferences which they held from 1856 to 1860, decided that Bishop Nazrey was legally a Bishop in both the A. M. E. and B M E. Churches. He says, in this capacity they not only acknowledged him, but did also labor and act with him. Now, sir, we believe they might have submitted to it for the time being, for peace-sake—but, sir, we can never believe they decided its legality. Sir, this is something we cannot believe, unless *you* get us out of the fog. Now, Mr. Editor, in looking over your respectable sheet, some of our good brethren put me in mind of a circumstance that transpired in my boyhood. I lived in a village where there was a great excitement created by a band of robbers, who broke into a certain wealthy gentlemen's house, and the proprietor hearing them, he ran to find the place at which they came in; and while he was thus engaged, the robbers got a large sum of money belonging to him, and escaped in another way! Now, sir, reason teaches us that he had better have got the robbers out first, and then shut up the place they got in at. By doing so he might have saved his money

Now our good brethren refer us to the General Conferences, and to motions, and movers of motions, as though they were searching diligently for the place where the wrong got in; and it appears that nobody is trying to get the wrong out, but all appear to be searching for the place to get in at Come, mark the place there. He might have save[illegible] money."

Look well at this, and interpret it in your own mind The B M E Church has made a start and we should take great care that the same spirit does not come across the lake. We love our Bishops and brethren.

Please suffer me to ask the question,—What right has Queen Victoria's Cabinet to request Mr Lincoln to resign his office of President, and all pertaining thereto, before he presents it to them to whom he belongs?—or what right has he to submit to such an unreasonable request?—or what right has he to go over to Great Britain, and sit at the head of affairs, and still claim his former right in the United States?

Dear brother, compare the two cases together, and the one appears to us, in the fog, just as legally as the other. Dear brother, because the Lord permits man to sin, we should not say it is lawful for us to sin. God forbid!

Yours fraternally, Old Gum

Port Deposit, Jan. 27, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

A DISCOVERY OF INCONSISTENCIES.

Mr Editor:—It does seem to me, sir, that the subject, whether Bishop Nazrey belongs to the B. M. E Church, or to the A. M. E. Church, as discussed now for a long time in the Christian Recorder, is a most perplexing one. When I saw first this subject brought out before the public, I did not once think, that it could be made so embarrassing, as it turns out to be. I do not think that I ever saw a subject discussed, in the course of investigation, with less consistency.

The General Conference of 1860, decided most positively, that Bishop Nazrey was, at the sitting of that Conference, "identified with the Canadian Church," by which decision, I suppose, she meant for us to understand, that he was a member of said Church, and also an officiating Bishop at that time; at least Dr. Revels, and others seem to have so understood said General Conference. How Bishop Nazrey came to be such property of the Canadian Church seems not to be clear, in the minds of some. Bishop Nazrey, on the 12th page of the same General Conference Minutes, states most emphatically that he stood then, in the same relation to the A. M E. Church, that he had formerly stood. Well, we know that he was a member and a Bishop in the A. M. E. Church, formerly. Now, then, either the General Conference, or Bishop Nazrey is wrong, unless it were possible for Bishop Nazrey to hold membership, and officiate as Bishop in two different and distinct denominations, at one and the same time, denominations known throughout the land by different names; and denominations, too, existing in different countries: one in the United States, and the other in British America. This, I contend, is impracticable. Hence, we here see a wonderful discrepancy, indeed. Now, one of three things is true and certain, and no two of them can be, as I shall undertake to show.

When the division took place, and when the B. M. E. Church withdrew from the A. M. E. Church, and when these two organizations became two and distinct, as they now stand, Bishop Nazrey went with one or the other of these organizations, or he was left outside of both of them. Now I hold that one of these things is true, and no two of them can be. For instance he could not go with the B. M E Church, and hold his membership there, and be out of that Church at the same time, or he could not go with the A. M. E. Church, and hold his membership in that Church, and be out of it at the same time, nor could he have gone with both of said church organizations, and hold his membership properly, in each one of them at one and the same time. These are the three conditions in which he never could have been placed, only one, at one, and the same time. Where is the consistency, then, or agreement of the statements of the General Conference and Bishop Nazrey, made in the General Conference of 1860? Who is wrong? It is evident that somebody is.

But still there are other inconsistencies to be noticed. If Bishop Nazrey officiated in the B. M E. Church, it could not have been legal, unless he held his membership in that Church, at the same time; and if he held his membership in that Church, then he would have to resign that membership, before ever he could become a legitimate member anywhere else, after which resignation he would be obliged to attach himself to any other church of his choice, before he could be considered or held as a member of such church; and in the neglect of this duty, he could not be otherwise than considered or held, as being outside of all churches, and of course this would prevent him from enjoying the privileges or immunities of any church, while he remained in this condition; nor could he make one motion in the way of officiating, as officer or member, without being considered an intruder, and that properly.

Now, I know it is said, that Bishop Nazrey did resign the B. M. E Church. Well, that will do; he had a right to resign that Church, if it were his pleasure to do so. But this goes to show that he belonged there, else he could never have resigned: a man certainly could never give up a thing he had never owned. But the next question is, did he join the A. M. E Church after he had resigned the B M. E. Church? if he did, I have not been informed of that fact. Now, if it be true, that he has not joined the A. M E. Church, since he resigned the B. M E. Church, in what sense can he claim to be a member and Bishop of the A. M. E. Church? or with what propriety can any body else claim it for him? I ask this question in view of the fact, that if a member of the B. M E. Church should withdraw from that Church, nobody in the A. M. E. Church, nor in the world would consider such a person a member of the A. M. E. Church before he had attached himself to that Church. Such a person could not claim membership in the A. M. E. Church before joining it, by virtue of having been a member of the B. M. E. Church. I could not, with any sense or propriety whatever, claim membership in the B. M. E. Church without joining it, on the account of having once belonged to the A. M. E. Church: it would be perfectly ridiculous for me to come to such a conclusion. Now, then, what are the facts in Bishop Nazrey's case? Why, if I knew which one of the church organizations he went with, in the division of the churches as named above, and if I knew how often he had resigned since; and if I knew what church or churches he has attached himself to since such resignation, I would know then precisely where to go to find him, and in that way I would put a stop to any further wrangling or jangling on the subject.

If what we have said be correct, then Bishop Nazrey knows to-day what his true position is, better than any other living man. But I must make this remark before I close: Bishop Nazrey must certainly have known, or at least he should have known, that it was impossible for him to have held the same relation to the A. M. E. Church, at the sitting of the General Conference of 1860, as he had formerly held, because, on the 10th page of the same General Conference Minutes, as referred to above, we see that the General Conference passed a resolution to give him time to meet the Conference of the B. M E Church before he should resign his relations with the B. M. E. Church, which British M E. Conference was to sit a number of days after the adjournment of said General Conference. What, then, was there to hinder him from knowing what his true position was? The Committee on Canadian affairs, as we read, page 52 of said Minutes, seems to have had the same idea of the impracticability of double Episcopal functions, that we have already advanced, showing it to be contrary to the co-animo of our church government; and I would add not only contrary to ours, but to all other regularly organized church government throughout Christendom

T. Struther.

Terre Haute, Ind

GREAT SPEECH BY JOHN S. ROCK.

John S Rock, Esq., made an exceedingly able address at the Anniversary of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, held in Allston Hall, Boston, on the 22d ult. The *Boston Herald*, a Pro-Slavery Democratic sheet, says: "John S. Rock, Esq., the colored member of the Suffolk Bar, made the ablest, most ingenious, and most sensible speech of the day." The *Boston Journal* says it was "a most brilliant argument. Mr. Garrison, who was to be the next speaker, said he could add nothing to what had been so ably said; apologized to the audience, and declined to speak after Mr. Rock. The audience declined to excuse him, when he said, with much earnestness of feeling:—

"Mr. President:—It is too late, I think, for me to make even a brief speech; and I feel extremely reluctant to intrude upon your time, or your bodily endurance, as a mere matter of courtesy or kindness. It seems to me, that, after the speech to which we have listened, nothing need be added to deepen the impression of this audience in the right direction, in favor of the cause of the oppressed. Had I not better sit down? (Loud cries of "Go on," "Go on.") I will, then, say a few words. (Great applause.)

"One such speech as that which has just been made is a complete and triumphant answer to all the folly and nonsense that we have heard for so many years in regard to the intellect and the possibilities of the black man (applause)—whether he is an inferior being or not—whether he is capable of civilization—whether, if free, he can take care of himself—like other men. Is there a man in this house who would not be proud to be able to make such a speech, whatever his complexion? I, for one, hesitate about going on after its delivery (applause)—a speech so well reasoned, and so thoroughly conclusive in all its positions."

A Large Communion.—From twelve to fifteen hundred persons partake of the sacrament each communion day, at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's. This large number are served by eight deacons, and so perfect are the arrangements that the service of the bread and wine are each completed within from five to six minutes, and all without the slightest appearance of haste.

Churches in New York.—The *Journal of Commerce* says:

"Speaking of churches, many of them are in a hard way in this city. In the large, aristocratic, up-town houses of worship, where the salaries are $5,000 or $6,000 per year, and the aggregate expenses nearly double this amount, there is financial distress. Most of the pew-holders are men of reputed wealth, but the failures and losses of the war exert a powerful influence, and fearfully cripple their resources. Large assessments for church purposes are met with reluctance, and the funds for parish expenditures are collected with difficulty. Even the benevolent and charitable contributions of many of those hitherto prolific-in-good-deeds places of religious worship, are largely restricted and greatly reduced

Died.

Mr. Editor—The painful duty again devolves upon us of recording the death of a beloved brother, Phoenix Titus, who departed this life on Wednesday, the 29th of January, 1862, in the 46th year of his age.

He was one of the founders of the A. M. E. Church, in Rocky Hill. He has been an exemplary Christian, and his deportment in life proved that he had been with Christ and learned of him to be meek and lowly in heart. But in his last illness, which lasted about five months, he exhibited great patience and Christian resignation to the will of his Heavenly Father

We had the opportunity to visit him several times, and he seemed to be getting stronger and stronger in the faith of Christ. A few days before his death we called to see him, and he said, "Brother Gould, you do not know how glad I am to see you. I love to have you sing and pray for me. It strengthens my soul."

He also referred back to a previous visit made by Elder Campbell in company with myself. He said, "Ever since you and Elder Campbell was here and prayed for me, I have had more light than I ever had before." These words were encouragement to us to try to be more faithful in the discharge of our duty in visiting the sick

Brother Titus suffered much in body, but his suffering is now over, and he is resting from his labors. He has left a widow and four children to mourn his loss; but while they mourn the loss of an indulgent husband and father, and the Church one of its pillars, we believe that their loss is his infinite gain. May God bless Sister Titus and her children, and may they not forget to put their trust in the widow and orphan's God Rev T. Gould,

Pastor of Princeton Charge.

Died, in this city, on the 20th ultimo, Miss E. H. Thomas, formerly of Wilmington, Del.

About seven years ago she became a member of the Hanover Street Presbyterian Church in that city

During the last four years of the period that she resided here, she worshipped with the congregation of the Lombard Street Central Church, and, by her death, this church, its choir and Sabbath School, have lost a true friend and a most efficient and useful laborer.

Useful while in health, and patient in sickness, her end was triumphant, and she passed from earth away to heaven, like a weary infant to its mother's arms.

"When faith is strong, and conscience clear,
And words of peace the spirit cheer,
And visioned glories half appear,
'Tis joy—'tis triumph—then to die"

Rev. J. B. R.

For the Christian Recorder.

TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. PLATO LEE, DECEASED, BY HER PASTOR, DR. LYNCH.

She lived a life devoted to the cross,
She showed her faith by works of love:
The storm might rage, and the billows toss
She kept her sacred trust above.

Attentive to her duties all,
No lack of zeal, or careless ease
Was [illegible] in her all,
She ever sought Christ she strove to please

If this be so, why weep for her
Whom God hath taken to the skies?
Methinks in heaven her voice I hear, [illegible]
With angels' notes, "where pleasure never

Let Georgetown Church her pattern take,
[illegible]
Be like her as like Christ she was,
That they may live, when dead, a life anew.

Missions.

Rev. Herbert Carter, missionary of the Wesleyan Church, at Ocho-Rios, Jamaica, died on the 29th of September.

The Missionary's Reward.—Mr. Mahan, a missionary in a heathen land, had been preaching on the Lord's day about heaven; at the evening he was standing by the bed of a dying convert from idolatry. "Teacher," said the dying man, "I understand that you have been preaching about heaven to-day; before another Lord's day I shall be there, and the first thing I shall do after I get there, will be to go to Jesus, and thank him for sending you from your home across the ocean to this dark land, to teach us poor heathen the way to heaven; and then I shall return to the gates of Paradise, and there wait, wait, until you come; then I will take you by the hand and lead you to Jesus, and tell Him, "This is the man that taught me the way hither."

Madagascar.—The news from Madagascar is most encouraging. The young Christian king, who has succeeded his pagan and persecuting mother, is openly favorable to Christianity. A great deal of manœuvering has been employed by various parties, both religious and political, to get possession and control of the young king's mind; but he is said to be decidedly favorable to Protestantism, and to English Protestantism. The real evangelization of Madagascar would be a great acquisition to the kingdom of Christ. While we regret apostacies at home, yet on the whole religion is making vast progress in the world, while great and effectual doors and fields white unto the harvest are presenting themselves in all parts of the earth.—*Church Guardian.*

Christians in Syria.—An interesting writer of sketches upon Syria, in the Halifax Presbyterian *Witness*, gives, in a description of the different religionists of the Holy Land, the following:—

The Christians next deserve notice. Under this designation are included Greeks, Greek Catholics, Maronites, Armenians, Jacobites or Syrian Christians, Latins, &c. We must remember that the term *Christian*, in Syria is merely the name by which a party is known, and conveys no idea of the character of those bearing that name, such as we are accustomed to associate with it. For these so-called Christians are one in language, one in habit, one in character, in almost every particular, with those around them. They are even more vindictive than their Mahomedan neighbors; and had they the power so missionary would be tolerated in the country, and Moslem blood would flow as freely as theirs has done by Moslem hands. I am not speaking at random. During my brief stay in the country, two missionaries were obliged to fly for their lives from Zahleh, the only Christian town in Syria. The house of one of the missionaries was attacked by the mob led on by the clergy; volleys of stones were sent in at the windows; the house was then entered and everything upon which they could lay their hands was hurled into the street, chairs, tables, beds, books, &c., all shared the common fate, while the missionary made good his escape with his family by a back way. When the French army entered Lebanon, crowds of these model Christians followed in its train, and feeling themselves secure under its protection, mercilessly butchered every Druse, man, woman and child that happened to fall into their hands. To say that they were revenging the blood of their friends is no palliation for such revolting crimes.

Help for Missions for India.—The Foreign Missionary Department of the Methodist Episcopal Church says:—

Our missions in India are growing in favor with the people, as indicated by the very liberal support they give them. In a letter from Rev Dr. Butler to the Corresponding Secretary, dated at Bijnear, Nov. 16th, he says:

"I feel satisfied now that we shall raise more money in India this year than ever before in one year. Send us the men we need, and must have, and if any one asks why, tell them publicly that our friends in India will pay down this year at least 15,000 rupees ($7,500) to have them sent, a large portion of which will take the form of regular annual income. Do this, and the stream of our prosperity cannot be stopped. God and man beckon us onward, and onward we must go. I am just finishing my round of visitation. All well throughout the mission."

Trouble for Missionary Funds.—The Lutheran Church in this country, has important missions in the foreign field, especially in India. We are informed that the troubles of the times render it quite difficult for the Executive Committee of Foreign Missions to meet their financial engagements with the laborers now engaged in India. The secession of the South has decreased the receipts, as that section of the church contributed with the rest to this common object. The failure of the session of the General Synod, last spring, was also detrimental to the treasury of the Committee. With a view of meeting this difficulty, the Executive Committee contemplate sending Dr. Strobel, one of their number, on a collecting tour to visit some of the churches in Pennsylvania.

A New Missionary Paper:—The *Evangeliste*, a French Methodist paper, informs us that a new missionary journal has made its appearance in the French Evangelical church, with the following title, "Evangelical Missions of the Nineteenth century: a monthly paper, giving an account of all missionary labors." It is published by the missionary Society at Basle, and edited by Rev. L. Nagel. Besides missionary news, this journal contains the most interesting and instructive histories of missionary labors in the past.

Religious Intelligence.

Effect of Kindness.—A servant of the Rev. Rowland Hill very lately died, and his master preached his funeral sermon to a numerous audience; in the course of which he mentioned the following anecdote: Many persons present were acquainted with the deceased, and have had it in their power to observe his character and conduct. They can bear witness that I speak the truth, when I assert that for a considerable number of years past he has proved himself a perfectly sober, honest, industrious, and religious man, faithfully performing, as far as lay in his power, the duties of his station in life, and serving God with constancy and zeal; and yet this very man, this virtuous and pious man, was once a robber on the highway. More than thirty years ago, he stopped me on the high road, and demanded my money. Not at all intimidated, I argued with him. I asked him what could induce him to pursue so iniquitous a course of life? "I have been a coachman, sir," said he, "but am now out of place, and not being able to get a character, can obtain no employment, and am, therefore, obliged to resort to this means of gaining subsistence." I desired him to call upon me; he promised he would, and kept his word. I talked further with him, and offered to take him into my service. He consented, and ever since that period he has served me faithfully, and not me only, but he has faithfully served his God. And instead of having finished his life in a public, ignominious manner, with a depraved and hardened mind, as he probably would soon have done, he has died in peace, rejoicing in hope, and prepared, we trust, for the society of just men made perfect. Till this day, this extraordinary occurrence has been confined to his breast and mine; I have never mentioned it even to any dearest friend . . . a London paper dated 1800

Religion in Jamaica.—The present religious condition of the Island of Jamaica, is as follows:

	Churches	Preachers	Members
Baptists,	60	30	30,000
Wesleyans,	50	31	21,000
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
London Missionary Society,	13	14	2,000
Moravians,	1	1	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
American Congregationalists,	5	5	400
Roman Catholics,	10	7	2,000

The Church of England has one bishop, three archdeacons, twenty-two rectors, [illegible] assistant curates. The Jews [illegible] ship in four synagogues

Hebrews in the United States.—The *H[illegible] Messenger* reviews the condition of the Hebrews [illegible] New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati and New Orleans, stating that [illegible] and New York [illegible] Hebrew free Sunday-school has been opened in some of our cities, a course of lectures under the auspices of [illegible] New York, where, likewise, a grand banquet in aid of the Jews' Hospital was given, yielding nearly ten thousand dollars to the funds of that institution."

Personal.

Edward Peet, A. M., a well known and successful Professor in the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, died on the 27th ult., at Washington Heights, New York city.

Mr. **Isaac Tunnell**, who has been for fifty-four years Cashier of the Farmers' Bank of the State of [illegible] at Bridgeton, and for the last [illegible] Bank Cashier in the United States, has resigned his office, and is now in the 94th year of his age.

George Douglass, a well-known citizen, of Douglass Farms, Flushing, Long Island, and one of the most liberal supporters of the Bible and other benevolent institutions, died on Saturday evening, the 1st instant

T. J. Conolly, Principal for several years of the High School at Kenosha, Wis., has been captain of Company L, First Regiment Wisconsin Cavalry—a company that is called the Teachers' Company, from its being made up mainly of teachers in Wisconsin and Minnesota.

Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, says, in his late annual message to the Legislature of Massachusetts, "I deplore the presence of the penalty of death still lingering in the statute-book of Massachusetts."

Dr A. W. Mitchell, formerly of this city, and well-known for his prominent connexion with the Presbyterian Board of Publication, and other enterprises of the Presbyterian Church, died on Saturday, the 18th ult., after two days' sickness, at St. Louis, Missouri.

A. S. Willington Senr. Editor and proprietor of the Great [illegible] and [illegible] editor in this country, (having been connected with that paper nearly sixty years,) died on Sabbath, the 2d instant, about 84 years of age.

Domestic Items.

From the Upper Potomac—A Flag of Truce Disgraced—The Torch Again Applied to Harper's Ferry.—Sandy Hook, Md., February 7th.—This morning Captain Baylor and three of his men (rebels) ensconsed themselves behind a stone wall, just above Harper's Ferry bridge, while a black man, (or a white man painted to represent a negro,) by displaying a flag of truce, induced a loyal Virginian to go over. When nearly across, Baylor and two others fired at and killed the ferryman. Our batteries on the Heights then shelled the buildings, and subsequently a party of Federal troops crossed and set fire to twelve houses, including the Wager House and another hotel, the railroad buildings, etc. The whole lower part of the town is now in ashes

A necessity existed for burning these buildings, as they have afforded a hiding place to rebel ruffians, who have been annoying our troops for weeks

The number of the rebels was not ascertained, but many were seen to mount their horses and leave for the outskirts of the town by the Charleston road.

This afternoon a rebel flag of truce, in the hands of three of Baylor's men, came to the ferry, but they were warned off by Col. Geary.

A large rebel mounted picket was stationed all the afternoon near Bolivar.

An important reconnoissance of Fairfax Court House was made, on Friday, by Col. Friedman's cavalry regiment. Our troops captured fourteen men and ten horses, and gained valuable information in regard to the position of the enemy.

This is the first regiment which has passed so far beyond Fairfax since the Bull Run affair.

The subject of enrolling free negroes into the military service of Virginia, came up in the House of Delegates in that State on the 4th inst. Various propositions were made as to the term of service to be exacted, and the manner in which the enrolment should be performed. In the course of the debate on the subject, Mr. Rives said: "If it were in his power he would convert them all (free negroes) into slaves to-morrow."

The Riot in Richmond.—Baltimore, Feb. 8.—From Richmond papers, we learn that a serious disturbance broke out in Richmond, on Tuesday night last, which for a time threatened disastrous consequences to life and property.

It is said to have first commenced in a drunken brawl. At this a crowd collected, which soon grew to formidable proportions. Three or four persons are said to have been killed, among whom were some of the police.

Houses, stores, &c., were broken open and ransacked, and it seemed impossible to check the violent proceedings until late the following morning, when many engaged in the mob retired of their own accord.

The *Dispatch*, speaking of this affair, calls it a disgrace to the city, and shameful in the extreme It calls for the city to be instantly placed under martial law. The citizens (women especially) were greatly alarmed.

Rowdyism in Richmond.—The occurrences of Monday night, we think, ought to satisfy every person that it is time the strong arm of power was put forth to hold in check the spirit of lawless brutality now rampant in Richmond. It is time, too, that we should call things by their right names; for, disguise it as we may, the city is at this time infested with a gang of ruffians, whose presence, morally speaking, is as much to be deprecated as that of the enemy of our race. The shameful practices of drunkards, libertines and profligates, who have neither sensibility, honor nor shame, are not natural to the South; and it is with pain and regret that we contemplate the introduction here of these controlling elements of Northern Society.

Victory on the Tennessee River—Our Gunboats Attack and Reduce Fort Henry.—Cincinnati, Feb. 7.—The expedition against Fort Henry, on the Tennessee, has been entirely successful, and the fort is now in the possession of the Federal troops.

[illegible]

St. Louis, Feb. 7th,—The following is announced from Headquarters:

"Fort Henry is ours.

"The Flag of the Union is re-established on the soil of Tennessee. It will never be removed.

"By command of Major General Halleck.

"W. W. Smith, Captain and Aid-de-Camp."

[illegible]

Cairo, Ill., Feb. 7th.—Fort Henry, on the Tennessee river, surrendered yesterday afternoon, at two o'clock, after a determined resistance.

The fight lasted an hour and twenty minutes, being conducted by the gunboats Cincinnati, Essex and Saint [illegible]

The gunboat Cincinnati fired one hundred and twenty-five rounds, and received thirty-four shots from the rebel guns. Only one man was killed.

The St. Louis fired one hundred and ten guns, and received no damage.

The Essex was disabled at the tenth round by a ball striking her boiler.

Thirty-two of her crew were killed, being scalded to death

Captain Porter was badly scalded, but not dangerously.

One rebel general, one colonel, two captains, and one hundred privates were taken prisoners

The fort mounted seventeen guns.

The land force did not reach the scene of action for two hours after the surrender.

The Mound City and [illegible] miles above the fort, has been taken possession of by our troops.

The Victory in Tennessee.—Our gallant navy has added another to its already brilliant list of victories. Fort Henry, situated on the [illegible] of the Tennessee river, just on the State line of Kentucky and Tennessee, has been reduced by our gallant Western navy, and the rebel flag which lately flaunted from its intrenchments has been replaced by the glorious stars and stripes. The official report published regarding the capture states that the gunboats *Essex, Carondolet, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Conestoga, Taylor,* and *Lexington*, under the command [illegible] quarter's bombardment of Fort Henry, forced the rebels to surrender unconditionally that fortification. The fort contained twenty guns and seventeen mortars, and was gallantly defended by General Tilghman, who, with his staff and sixty prisoners, surrendered to the Federal forces. The Federal loss, as far as known, is put down at nine killed, twenty five wounded, and five missing, while the rebels state that their loss was five killed and ten wounded. About four thousand rebel soldiers were encamped outside of the intrenchments, but when the bombardment [illegible] fugitives to oppose our gunboats The soldiers must have been panic-stricken, for they abandoned every thing [illegible] their flight. A vast deal of plunder fell into the hands of the Federal troops, including a large [illegible] of ordnance stores. As a strategic point, the Federal possession of Fort Henry [illegible]

It is reported and credited by some [illegible] that the rebel troops from Fort Henry [illegible] to the rebel cause, but took advantage [illegible] tunity offered by the attack to run away from a fight that was distasteful to them.

Evacuation of Romney, Va by the Rebels.—Pittsburg, Feb. 7.—The Wheeling Intelligencer of yesterday says: "We learn from a [illegible] that the rebels evacuated Romney on Monday night last. They either feared an attack from [illegible] from contemplated making one in another direction.

General Lander, having been reinforced marched on Thursday at the head of between seven and eight thousand troops, upon the enemy stationed at Romney.

The rebel forces were about equal to his own. They declined fighting, however, and retreated across the river, destroying the wire bridge in their rear, and running off, probably to Winchester.

Arrest of Brigadier General Stone!—General Stone, commanding a division of the army on the Upper Potomac, was, on Sunday, arrested by the military authorities in Washington, and he is now safely lodged in Fort Lafayette. Ever since the disastrous affair at Ball's Bluff, when the lamented Baker fell, vague suspicions have existed in regard to his capacity and loyalty, and they have culminated in his arrest. The charges preferred against him are of a most serious nature, and if they are sustained he will meet the fate of a traitor.

New Orleans, Feb. 7.—Four hundred and ninety-two prisoners left yesterday for North Carolina, to be exchanged.

Another Victory.—General Burnside captured Roanoke Island, North Carolina, on Sunday afternoon. A Baltimore despatch states that we have taken a large number of prisoners, captured two gunboats, and sunk or dispersed the others. As the fight lasted three days, the [illegible] must have been [illegible] of us to retire without [illegible]

Roanoke Island was defended by a rebel army variously estimated at from ten to fifteen thousand men, under command of Brigadier Gen. Henry A. Wise, ex-Governor of Virginia.

Foreign Summary.

It has often been said that, while Christian nations have borne the best of blessings to the heathen, so also have they the worst of vices. The *Bardarshak*, a Hindoo paper, recently charged upon England the guilt of introducing drunkenness in its worst forms, especially among the young men of Bengal. Not, it says, that this vice is taught in English books, or is formed merely from the study of the English language, but "the true reason of the prevalence of the vice is to be found in the residence of Englishmen in the country. The multiplication of gin-shops in the land is owing to the English people." This is an awful charge for a heathen country to bring against a pre-eminently Christian one.

The Roman Catholic leaders have recently given another instance of the care with which they look after the reading of their followers. Under the auspices of the Society of St. Nicholas, of Lyons, and Paris, they have brought out an expurgated edition of *Sir Walter Scott's* novels, carefully removing everything that made an unfavorable allusion in any way to the Romish Church. What right has any man, or body of men, to make a man now dead not speak what he did speak, or seem to speak what he actually never did speak in any way? Is not the system that does this or fosters it a deceiver and a lie?

Ocean Telegraphs operations are expensive. The famous Atlantic Telegraph sunk £300,000.—the Red Sea, £800,000; and now, Messrs. Glass, Elliott & Co., the makers of the Atlantic Cable, offer to lay one from Milford Haven to Halifax, and have it completed by July, 1862, for £700,000. Ere long, at these rates, a cable might be laid across the ocean out of the gold and silver expended in these works!

A moral movement of much moment has just been set on foot in Switzerland. It is the formation of a Society, in an earnest, zealous spirit, for promoting a better sanctification of the Lord's Day throughout that country. It has branches in various places, and promises much good.

The Church of England has lately shown, in a somewhat unusual manner, its ability sometimes to become all things to all men, that it may gain some. Not long since, a man wished to be admitted to her membership, but desired to be baptized by immersion. This wish was granted, and in a public manner, and with considerable display, the rite was thus administered.

An important Bill has just been passed by the Chamber of Peers, of Wurtemburgh. It denies to the Government the right to permit "the Order of the Jesuits, or any other Order or congregation allied to it, to settle in the country without being authorised thereto by law." Another Bill was passed, by 24 years to 14 nays, providing that civil rights are independent of religious persuasions—thus, among other things, emancipating the Jews.

A new Methodist Church has just been opened at Dieu-le-Fit, Department of Drome, France, with very encouraging prospects. It seats five hundred persons, and is constructed with sliding doors, so that hundreds who may not be able to find room within may well hear the gospel on the outside. The people around gladly received the word, and great good is doing.

The Emperor of France has just purchased from Prince Anatole Demidoff the San Martino Museum, of the Isle of Elba, at the goodly sum of 1,500,000 francs. This Museum derives its special interest to all Frenchmen from the fact that it is entirely made up of souvenirs of the first Napoleon, and is therefore a special remembrance of him.

Singular as it may seem, Mormonism is largely successful in infatuating the minds of many in England. In the three counties of Warwick, Salop, and Stafford, there are said to be eighteen hundred, and the Mormon Conference recently held at Birmingham was large. At this meeting the Mission which had been made to Ireland was reported to have been an entire failure.

The habits of Queen Victoria since the death of the Prince Consort have a peculiar air of sadness. While at the apartments of the Royal family due regard is paid to economy, such of the relatives or connexions as may be visiting there, she admits but one at a time to be with her at her table. For this, each is selected in turn. All other company is rigidly excluded, and she preserves the strictest retirement. Her grief is deep and genuine.

A most liberal collection for religious purposes is just reported in Scotland. It was in the case of the Free College Church, of which Rev. Dr. Buchanan is pastor, in Glasgow. The Rev. Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, preached from Acts 12. 5, and the object was to clear off a debt which was upon the church. The collection taken up was £2,654 sterling, or over $13,000 of our money. Truly, this was liberal.

Notices.

MEETINGS OF ANNUAL CONFERENCES.

The Ohio Annual Conference will meet in Zanesville city, Ohio, April 16th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

The Indiana Annual Conference will meet in Indianapolis, [illegible] at 9 o'clock, A. M.

The Missouri Annual Conference will meet in Lagrange, Mo., August 21st [illegible] at 9 o'clock, A. M.

W. Hall Quinn

The [illegible] Annual Conference will meet in Lexington, Mo., on the [illegible] of May, 1862, in the Methodist Zion Church, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

The New England Annual Conference will meet on the first day of May, at New Bedford, at 9 o'clock, A. M., in the A. M. E. Church.

The [illegible] Annual Conference will meet in [illegible] on the [illegible] day of May, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

W. [illegible]

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FIRST PREMIUM
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10 varieties selected from the above list at 5 cts per paper $0 50
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[illegible] " " " " " 50 " 5 00
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100 Packets Annuals, Biennials and Perennials, Asorted Kinds. $3 00
50 " " " " " 1 50
25 " " best assorted, " 1 00
11 " " " " " 50
5 Packets New and Rare Annuals, " 25
Choice Collection of Ornamental Grasses, " 1 00
" " Everlasting Flowers, " 1 00
" " Alpine or Rock Plants, " 1 00
" " Climbing Plants, Annual and Perennial, " 1 00
" " Greenhouse Plant Seeds, " 2 00
" " Ornamental Leaved Plants, " 1 00

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Every requisite furnished at short notice and on most reasonable terms.
Personal attendance at all hours. 41y

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Keeps constantly on hand, a general assortment of Ready-Made Clothing, and every requisite for FUNERALS, on the most reasonable terms. Lead Coffins furnished at the shortest notice. Hats, Half Hats, and stock Orders, in all the principle [illegible] forms, always for Sale, or to Order. Likewise my PATENT BOX to keep the corpse without the application of ice, which is in repute [illegible] the feelings. Thus arranged, [illegible] be preserved hundred of miles with perfect safety and in a good state of preservation [illegible]

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WOULD respectfully inform the citizens of Philadelphia that he still continues at his old stand, No. 770 Second street, above Catharine, where he will keep constantly on hand a large assortment of Rosewood Mahogany Coffins, of all qualities, together with the requisite paraphernalia necessary for the proper interment. Funerals attended, hearses and carriages for conveyance, and his drivers among the most careful. Charges moderate.
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ON
SECRET SOCIETIES.
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ATTORNEY AT LAW AND CONVEYANCER
No 154 South Fourth St., Cor. Walnut
PHILADELPHIA
Deeds, mortgages, wills and other legal instrument [illegible]

Advertisements.

The United Brothers and Sisters of Rev. Willis Nazro Society, are requested to attend the [illegible] stated meeting, the 19th of this month, at 8 o'clock, P. M., on the corner of Quince and Locust Streets. Punctual attendance is strictly requested, by order of the President.
Aaron Bass, President.
R. Malbert, Secretary

The Daughters of Hope Grand Union Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 10th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:

From Garnet Union No 4, D. of T.; from Phenix Comm, No 5, D of T; from Southern Union No 10, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa., from Dr Bias' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No 19, D. of T; from Vanbrackle Union, No 15 D. of T., of Norristown, Pa

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—

Grand P., Sister Bennet; Grand Assistant, Sister Harris, Grand Treasurer, Sister Fassett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dunkart Grand Chaplain Sister Bass

G. P. P., Sister E. Roberts, G. P. P. Sister Anderson,
" " E. Bowen, " " J. P. Black,
" " M. H. Henry, " " E. A. Crane,
" " S. Newman, " " S. White,
" " S. Davis, " " E. Hall

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY.

The Stated Quarterly Meetings of the Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August and November

The meetings of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the society

Mrs. Susan Carter, President.
Mr. L. R. Seymour, Sec'y.

MRS JOHNSON AND MRS WARE

Beg leave to inform the Public in general that they continue

LAYING OUT AND SHROUDING THE DEAD

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James Le Count, No 930 Rodman Street
Thomas W Allmond, No 1027 Rodman Street

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Mrs. ANN WARE, Residence, [illegible] Lombard St

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GOOD NEWS

To Tailors, Dress makers and to those wishing to be such Also, to owners of sewing machines, store-keepers, and large families,—It is now day by printed directions which each Delineator has; you can learn to cut and fit perfectly, Ladies' Dresses, Boys' and Men's Pants, Vests, Jackets, Sack and Over coats.

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The subscriber is selling the best qualities of Lehigh and Schuylkill Coal at the following very low prices

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" Nut " " 4 00
Schuylkill, Stove, and Egg, and Broken, and Screened, 4 25
" Nut, " " 3 50

All [illegible] at the Above Store No. [illegible] North Fifth Street will be promptly attended to. WM STILL
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CLOTHING,
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No 17 [illegible] PHILADELPHIA

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107 NORTH FIFTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and all in want of good stoves, that he has now on hand a general variety of excellent PARLOR, COOK and CHAMBER STOVES, including Gas burning, as well as other patterns, which he is selling at very low rates He buys entirely for cash of the best wholesale [illegible] dries, and of course can sell much cheaper than those buying on the usual credit system. At any rate his friends are invited to give him a call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere, as he feels that they would be convinced that it would be to their interest to give him their patronage Coal orders constantly on hand. WM STILL.

MRS. S. SHORTER HAWKINS

Would call the attention of her customers and the public generally to her stock of hosiery, trimmings, clothing, and domestic goods, selling at prices to suit the times, and ten per cent. cheaper than can be bought elsewhere. Regalia trimmings for Secret Orders, viz: Rosettes, fringe gimp tassels, stars, &c., always on hand At the old establishment

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No. 717 Lombard Street, Phila.,
(Above Seventh St., under Philadelphia Institute.)

Where he continues to keep always on hand the very best [illegible] hoping that all his friends and the public in general will [illegible] him with their patronage.
Meals served at all hours. Families supplied with [illegible] of the best quality and [illegible] at the shortest notice
Also, public and private waiting done on the most reasonable terms. ly

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HATS AND CAPS

The subscriber would call the attention of the readers of the "Instructor," to a beautiful stock of Hats and Caps, which he will sell at the lowest possible prices for cash. Call and examine; we will try to make it to your interest to buy.
C. J. WALTON
[illegible] Market Street

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Sets of six Forks, (plated on German Silver)
" " Large Spoons, " "
" " Dessert Spoons, " "
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Pairs of Butter Knives, " "
" " Salt Spoons, " "
Salt Stands, (different styles)
Nut Crackers, "
Drinking Cups, "
Goblets, "
Cream Cups, "
Knife and Fork, "
Pairs Napkin Rings, "
Silver Pencils, (with Benton Bros' Gold Pen.)

The above Goods are nearly all manufactured by me, and warranted to give satisfaction

YOUR CHOICE FOR ONE DOLLAR!
JEWELRY AND FANCY GOODS

Ladies' Cameo Sets
" Lava Sets
" Carbuncle Sets,
" Enameled and Coral Sets
" " Carbuncle Sets
" " Ruby Sets
" Gold Cluster Grape Sets,
" " " Jet Sets
" " " Black Mosaic Sets
" " " Gold Stone Mosaic Sets
" " " Fancy Stone Sets
" " Ribbon Twist Sets, with brilliants.
" " Bouquet Sets, new styles.
" " Cluster Sets, Enameled Styles
" Plain Gold, Florentine, and Onyx Sets
" Goldstone, and Coral Sets, different styles.
" Etruscan Lava, and Carbuncle Sets
" Fine Coral Breast Pins,
" Berlin Iron Port Monnaies,
" Pearl and Morocco Port Monnaies
" Fine Gold Onyx, and Miniature Pins
" Bracelets, plain and engraved
" Bead and Jet Bracelets
Misses' Bracelets, plain and engraved
" " fancy link.
" Neck Chains, fancy settings
" Armlets, fancy settings.
Ladies' Guard Chains
" Medallions, large size, for two likenesses
Gents' Fine Vest Chains, twenty different styles
" Onyx Studs, and Sleeve Buttons to match
" Enamel, Florentine, Plain, and Cameo Studs.
" Carbuncle Studs, Etruscan
Gold Pens, Silver Extension Holders.
" " Ebony Holders, with cases
Heavy Gold Pens, Propelling Holders.
Gold Propelling Pencils.
" Finger Rings, (different styles.)
" Breast Pins, " "
" Watch Keys " "
" Ribbon Slides " "
" Charms for Watch Chains.
Fine Hair Bracelets, inlaid.
" Cigar Cases
Ladies Reticules.
" Cabas
" Enameled Crosses.
" Engraved "
Gents' Chain Pins.
" Pearl Handle Knives.
" Propelling Tooth Picks.
Ladies' Revolving Pins.

N. B.—Country Merchants and others will consult their interests by examining my Goods and wholesale prices, before making their purchases

The above Goods are warranted to be of a good quality, all of which are all Gold or Plated, and will wear for years—in fact, they are the same Goods that are usually sold for solid Gold Ladies and Gentlemen are respectfully invited to call and examine our Goods.

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We are closing out a large stock of Standard and Miscellaneous Books, at about one-half the regular prices.
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L

JESUS WEPT

John xi. 35.

Jesus wept! Why, Saviour didst thou weep?
What mean those tears the living stream?
Couldst thou not break the bruised reed,
And rob the grave of all its fear?

That man, poor fallen man, should shed
A thousand bitter drops of grief,
That one a wretch like it bleed,
Earth a world should for without relief.

Were but the bitter pangs wrung
From fruit of sin's forbidden tree
The tears are shed by conscience stung
By fangs from which it can't flee

But, Saviour, thou no sin didst know,
Thy holy heart from guile was free,
From thy pure orbit gushed the flow
The tears thou wept, were not for thee

No, no! but thy responsive heart,
Thrilled to the wail of others' woe,
Thou felt'st thy soft affections start
When others' tears began to flow

When Martha's sobbing voice awoke
The muscle of a brother's pain
When Mary's gushing spirit spoke
In sad, responsive tones, the same,

O, then, for those thy heart so near,
Thy meekly lifted eyes did weep.
And from thy quick deep fountain clear,
Thy sympathetic tears did leap

The wasting form before thee laid,
Immured in cold corruption's cave.
To thee, O Saviour, was not dead,—
Thou mighty conq'ror of the grave

Thou knewest that thine almighty word
Would pierce the dull, cold ear of death;
That, at the summons of the Lord.
The wasting lungs would heave with breath

Thou knewest that ere thy tears were dry,
Lazarus upon thy neck would weep;
That ere was spent the sister's sigh,
Her bounding heart with joy would leap

Then wept! but, O, 'twas not the grief
Of Mary's—Martha's heavy heart;
Thy tender soul sought sweet relief,
To share in others' griefs a part

Perhaps thy heaven directed eye
Raised it before the great white throne,
The weeping spirit back ward fly
Again in cumbrous flesh to groan

Perhaps the motive of thy sigh
In Lazarus',—not his sisters' tears;
Not in the grave, but in the sky,
Perchance, thy cause of grief appears

As on a rude and treach'rous tide,
The storm-chased sailor sighs for home,
And long, 'mid heaving waters wide,
Prays for a safe and quick return

And when, at last, far off, he sees
His snow-white cottage on the shore,
He bends to Heaven his grateful knees,
Thanks God for sight of Home once more.

And, bounding to the long sought shore,
With kiss his waiting children greets;
And now within his cottage door,
To friends at home his tale repeats

Could now some hard and sad decrease,
Tear him from home's delightful charms,
And hurl him back beyond the sea,
Again to battle with its storms;

O, then his failing heart might know,
A tithe of what a spirit pure,
Who's left this stormy world below,
And made the port of bliss secure—

Endures, when, summoned from the skies
To wear its load of flesh again;
To fight once more, to win the prize,
Once more to sin, and suffer pain

So, thus, 'twas meet thy power to prove,
And stubborn unbelief to slay,
To drag a spirit from above,
Again to wear its house of clay

No doubt then also didst bewail
Man's sin, and bold rebellion vile;
What curses o'er his heart prevail.
How guilt and sin his soul defile.

No doubt the thought of Joseph's tomb,
Which open for thy body lay,
Cast o'er thy mind a sad'ning gloom,
And wrapt thy spirit in dismay.

The grave, a lesson bad for thee,
Which man, alas! too rarely heeds;
It told how dreadful sin must be,
Which such severe chastisement needs

At Lazrus' grave this truth I scan,
Faith hath in sacred silence trod,—
Thy quaking tears do prove thee, MAR.—
The bursting grass proclaims thee—God

Baltimore, Md. SWAYNE.

THE MODEL YOUNG WOMAN.

1. The model young woman *takes care of her health* by a proper observance of the laws of health in all ways, but especially with regard to diet, dress, and exercise. Her diet is simple and sparing. Her dress is so constructed as to keep her person warm—especially the lower extremities—and not to impede locomotion. She exercises frequently in the open air, thus bringing the flush of health to her cheek, and sending healthy life blood, unhindered by tight lacing, to every part of her system

2. She is *modest*. Modesty is "synonymous with chastity, or purity of manners." There is such a thing as affecting modesty sometimes seen among women; but wherever this is witnessed, it is the sure evidence that the genuine article is missing, for it is always unaffected and natural "Unaffected modesty is the sweetest charm of female excellence, the richest gem in the diadem of their honor." Modesty is natural to women, and may be preserved by cultivating only the sweetest and purest thoughts

3 She has good taste. Taste is nice perception, or the power of perceiving and relishing excellence in human performances; it is the faculty of discerning beauty, order, congruity, proportion, symmetry, or whatever constitutes excellence. It is not altogether natural, nor is it entirely acquired, but it may be cultivated highly.

Good taste will manifest itself in the dress, and conversation, and general appearance; and will regulate all her intercourse with others, especially those of the opposite sex. It will abash the vulgar and impure, and encourage and strengthen the good. Modesty and good taste will build around the possessor a strong tower of defence.

4 She is intelligent She acquires intelligence in all suitable ways, especially by observation, reading, and conversation She looks upon the world around her as a great volume of facts wrought out by the Almighty Artificer, and pores over it for her to study; and in the tiny leaflet or the granite boulder, she sees the work of God, and endeavors to understand it. She reads good books carefully, and tries to make the facts and ideas contained therein her own. Her conversation is with the wise and good, and in it she is getting or giving truth. She knows but little about that which is called "small talk," and never practises it—such food is too frothy for her intellectual appetite.

5. She is emotional. As a well toned harp will answer quickly and accurately the fleet and most delicate touch of the player, so her heart feels deeply and acutely. The recital of the sorrows of another finds an answering chord in her heart, that echoes responsively the bitter wail. And the sight or sound of joy in others, makes her heart leap as leaps the bird which, rising from its lowly nest toward heaven, sings with quivering melody its song of praise and gladness.

6. She is self-sacrificing She is always ready to make sacrifices of her time or labor, or any thing she can, for the good of those in whom she feels an interest. And this is no mark of weakness in her, but it is noble. Christ manifested the same spirit, and it is one of the noble traits in his character.

7. She is affectionate. She loves every lovable thing Love is the mainspring of her actions. She labors for those whom she loves, because she loves them, and such is the intensity of her love, that no sacrifice can be demanded so great that she will not make it for them

8. She is pious. Her soul is the abode of her Saviour. In the light of religion, she walks as if treading upon a rock. Here she acquires her decision and strength to deny herself, and refuse to do wrong with as much firmness as she would do right with cheerfulness. This is the keystone to the arch of her character, supporting and beautifying the whole—the crown of light and purity surmounting all the rest, and sitting there as the cloven tongues sat upon the disciples at the pentecostal baptism. The hinderances to the formation of such a character, are, bad company, bad books, and bad habits. Eschew these and take firm hold of their opposites, and any young woman of ordinary cultivation and under any ordinary circumstances can become a noble and lovely character. I have directed others above. Young sisters, ponder and profit thereby.

TOO POOR TO SUBSCRIBE

The *Intelligencer* of New York, the organ of the Dutch Reformed Church, thus expresses itself in a late number of that paper. What is true of the Dutch Church will apply with equal force to other communions, and therefore we commend its perusal to the public in general and the readers of *The Christian Recorder* in particular:—

We once, in a weekly meeting, talked with a man when an agent of one of our religious societies, having presented his cause on the Sabbath, had begun to open his battery on Monday, and to pour in red hot shot for the man's individual benefit, spiked his guns in a moment by the courteous but decisive reply, "Oh, the *cause* is most excellent, and requires no argument, but I have got no money." So with the religious newspaper: 'The thing is admirable; it would elevate, comfort and strengthen the family that it enters, but we have no money to pay for it." Were the pies genuine, we would have no word to say. But can it be more than a wretched pretext for neglecting a religious duty on the part of the great mass of the families that of for it? Can it be that of the upwards of 30,000 families composing the Dutch Church, more than 20,000 really lack the means to provide themselves with the paper of our Church, or could not provide themselves with it without seriously jeopardizing the temporal interests of their families? The bare idea is a reflection upon these families, and an indignity to that bounteous Providence which has poured abundance into their laps.

What is the yearly cost of a religious paper? Hardly sixpence a week! Only the price of a coarse pair of shoes—for the plain blouse in which he performs his daily toils—for the mattock or spade with which he turns up the soil, and for less than many give for the privilege of ejecting disordered spittle from laboring mouths all the day long, or causing the fumes of the Indian weed to curl up around them. And will a Christian family yet tell us they cannot afford a religious paper? How, then, can they afford this superfluity, and that comfort or luxury, and it may be extravagance, which might easily be retrenched, if retrenchment were necessary to enable them to introduce into their house a positive utility, and of a kind that it becomes more valuable the better it is known, and more loved the longer its acquaintance is enjoyed. Let no family, then, which takes no religious newspaper, put it on the ground of inability to do so, but put it on the real ground of indifference to, and want of interest in the contents of such a paper, or want of disposition to bring the light and influence of such a paper to bear upon themselves in their social and individual relations.

Family Circle.

DON'T SNUB THE CHILD

Many a child has been wilted into silence, and frightened out of success, simply by being *snubbed*. It is very easy to snub a child; equally easy to encourage the child, and lead him on to the accomplishment of something useful

Children have strong sympathies, warm and tender hearts. They soon form attachments to those who are placed in authority over them, or else they regard them with a feeling very nearly allied to hatred. What child ever loved a cross, snappish teacher? What child ever hated a teacher or a parent who showed a loving interest in the child's success?

Very easy indeed is it to discourage the little student. He has spent an hour or two at home over a lesson which seems dull to him. Father, mother, and the big brothers, not being well versed in the subject, gave him no assistance. He goes to school, hoping that he will make a pretty good recitation. He is not quite up to the mark. "Dunce," "booby," "blockhead," says the unwise teacher. The poor little fellow's heart sinks all the way to his ankles. What ess is there of his trying? He is a booby. Why should he learn any thing? Has not his teacher, who certainly knows, told him that he is a dunce? Is not his head made of mahogany? He feels it to see, and as he goes home with tearful eyes, he despairs of ever succeeding, sits down in a fit of sulky despondency, and makes a positive failure in his lesson for the next day. Had the teacher encouraged him a little, kindly pointed out to him his deficiency, and showed him how to set his faults right, he might have come the next day with a merry heart, a cheerful face, and a well learned lesson.

Another little disciple comes bounding home from school in high glee. He has done well in his lessons. He has had a good time with the other boys, coasting or skating. Who can sympathize with him, and enjoy his enjoyment, so well as his parents? He rushes into their presence. "There, now, you noisy calf!" "Wipe your feet this minute, sir." "How dare you" An extinguisher is put upon him Whether his sins have been great or small, he feels the condemnation great, and sullenly sneaks off to his room by himself, or goes to the kitchen corner, behind the stove where he soothes his ruffled feelings by stroking the cat, ensured that there is some sympathy between them even if human beings do snarl at him and discourage him.

Sunday School Times.

THE DOMESTIC TYRANT

It is to me a disgusting sight to see, as we sometimes do, the wife and child of a family kept in constant terror of the selfish bashaw at the head of the house, and ever on the watch to yield in every petty manner to his whims and fancies. Sometimes, where he is a hard wrought and anxious man, whose hard work earns his children's bread and whose life is the sole stay, it is needful that he should be deferred to in many things, but the overtasked brain and overstrained nervous system should break down or grow unequal to the task. But I am not thinking of such cases... I mean cases in which the head of the family is a great, fat, bullying, selfish man, who devours sullenly the choice dishes at dinner, and walks into all the fruit or dessert, while his wife looks on in silence, and the awe-stricken children dare not hint that they would like a little of what he is devouring I mean cases in which the man himself is extremely well dressed while his wife and children's attire is thin and bare; in which he liberally tosses about his money in the billiard room, and goes off in autumn for a tour on the continent by himself, leaving them to the joyless routine of their unvaried life It is sad to see the sudden hush that falls upon the little things when he enters the house; how their sports are cut short, and they try to steal away from the room.. Would that I were the Emperor of Russia, and such a man my subject. Should not he taste the knout? Then would he his suitable punishment, for he will never feel what worthier men would regard as the heavier penalty by far, the utter absence of confidence or real affection between him and his children when they grow up He will not mind that there never was a day when the toddling creatures set up a shout of delight at his entrance, and rushed at him and scaled him, and searched in his pockets, and pulled him about; nor that the day will never come, when, growing into men and women, they will come to him for sympathy and guidance in their little trials and perplexities O, would to think that there are parents, held in general estimation, too, to whom their children would no more think of going for kindly sympathy, than they would think of going to Nova Zembla for warmth.

Chumley Parson

IMPORTANCE OF GOOD HABITS.—Man, it has been said, is a bundle of habits, and habit is second nature. Mahomet is entertained so strong an opinion as to the power of repetition in act and thought, that he said, "All is habit to mankind, even virtue itself."

RIDICULE

Dear children, do you ever amuse yourselves by laughing at the defects of others? Some persons spend most of their time in this way Even in the presence of the deformed person, they are as rude and unfeeling as to laugh at him If any of my little readers engage in this sinful sport please think of this scriptural question, Why maketh thee to differ? God is no respecter of persons. He looks not at the outward appearance, but at the heart. Is he then pleased with your conduct? Your are breaking the command, Love your neighbor as yourself. Take this for my motto:

Be sure I others kin I and true
As I'd have others be to you.
And neither do nor say to men,
Whate'er you would not take again.

Do you remember the account of the forty children who were torn to pieces by bears, when mocking the prophet Elisha? If not, read it in 2d Kings, second chapter, and think of it when disposed to deride any one. That this may be more firmly fixed in your memory, I will tell you the story of little Elsie. A short time after the number of inhabitants, in the quiet village of Woodville, had been increased by the removal thither of Mr. Walcott's family, Mary Page, the minister's only child, and Lydia Howard, a daughter of the physician, made a formal call on Miss Sophie Walcott. Among her first inquiries was, which one of their playmates they liked the best. The both instantly replied Elsie Smith "Who is she?" "Her mother was a crazy woman who wandered here with Elsie. She died a few weeks after, and Mr. Smith, out of compassion, took her to his home, where she has lived. They are very poor, but you could not help liking Elsie, she is so kind and good." "Do you think I would visit a little poor child? No, indeed! My mother would not permit me to have any thing to do with such a girl" "My mother says we should be very kind to orphan Elsie," replied Mary. Lydia was influenced by Sophie's words, and, from that time, they only spoke of Elsie to ridicule her But Mary was taught to admire worth, in whatever form it presented itself.

The next summer, Aunt Nancy Smith went to visit her married daughter, leaving Elsie to take care of Uncle Peter. On Saturday evening, Elsie felt very tired, having been busy all day, that there might be nothing to do on the Sabbath. Sophie and Lydia wishing some amusement, and curious to know how Elsie would keep house, came and joined her on the little front porch. Presently they saw a poor, old, humpbacked man approaching He seemed to have travelled a great distance, for his clothes and shoes were dusty, and he leaned heavily on his cane. Sophie and Lydia laughed at him, and made unkind remarks about his appearance and tottering steps Elsie's face expressed pity. "Please give me water," said he, as he sunk upon the steps Elsie immediately bathed his temples until he revived, then assisted him into the house to lie down. The other girls shrank tittering into the corner, in a manner that seemed to say, "We are afraid of you, you ugly creature." Uncle Peter was much pleased, on his return from his daily labor, to hear Mr Allen's account of Elsie's kindness. He related her singular history, and even showed the clothes worn by her and the insane woman when they came. The next morning Mr. Allen went away feeling much refreshed, and very grateful to Elsie. A few weeks after this, Mary Page had a tea-party. For awhile she was out of the room, when Sophie commenced ridiculing Elsie's coarse shoes, and old-fashioned dress. Poor Elsie burst into tears. It was more than she could endure.

Our little readers will recollect that we left off our story at Mary Page's tea-party; and that Sophie had wounded Elsie very much by ridiculing her coarse shoes; indeed, Elsie was so grieved that she burst into tears. At that moment their attention was diverted by the unusual sound of carriage-wheels, and a handsome carriage, with beautiful black horses, drove up to the hotel opposite. The landlord's son came running over. "Where's Elsie Smith? Some people at our house want her." Elsie was frightened What could she have done? Why did they send for her? Pale and trembling she entered the room, when this scene presented itself: Mr. Allen, the gentleman of whom she had taken such good care, was sitting upon a sofa; a tall, fine-looking man, greatly agitated, was pacing the apartment; a beautiful lady leaned for support against the window casement. Both the latter sprang towards her, exclaiming, It is our own, our darling child. She, almost bewildered by these words, was informed that she was Miss Henrietta Inglewood. "Then that crazy woman was not my mother?" "No, her little child died, which caused her derangement, and having escaped from the lunatic asylum, near which we lived, stole our little one away from the door, where the nurse had left you but an instant before. For long years we have looked in vain, and had almost given up all hope, when joyful tidings came. Mr Allen, an assistant in the asylum, saw a resemblance between you and your mother, and recognised the clothing which the insane woman wore. On his return he told us, and we immediately started to find you."

Mr Allen now spoke, "If you had treated me as those other children did, ridiculing instead of relieving my wants, you might never have been restored to your parents." The next day they distributed some presents among Lizzie's friends, especially Mary Page who had always taken her part, and had them promise to visit her in her new home in the great city, where her parents were distinguished for their piety, learning, musical talents, and wealth.

You can imagine, my little readers, the feelings of Sophie Walcott and her companions. They had only ridiculed her; but now, how far was she beyond them! Elsie's altered condition did not make her proud, or forgetful of her more humble companions and former friends. She became a refined, intelligent woman, and was noted for her kindness to others Neither did she forget the Giver in the midst of his numberless gifts

MARIA

KITE STRINGS

These are very important articles; for what is your kite good for if you have no string? The sticks may be slender and firm, and evenly balanced, the paper strong, and the tail just of the right weight and length, but what can you do with your kite if you have no string? You may throw it up, but it will not stay up. You may go upon the house-top and cast it off, but it will neither go higher nor stay there, but sink speedily to the ground. Not see that ball of nice white twine! Your father saw that you wanted it, and so he brought it home when he came from the store. You fasten it to your kite, go out when a fine breeze is blowing, and now how well behaved your kite is, and how nicely it soars; up up it rises till it is almost out of sight. But suppose there is a little flaw in that string and it breaks, or some rude boy comes along and cuts it near your hand, what now of your kite? How soon it feels the cut way up the string, and begins to dance, and plunge, and reel, crazy it would seem, to enjoy its liberty; but alas to enjoy it only for a moment, for down, down it comes, and is all torn and broken in a tree-top, or soiled and lost in a pool of mud

So it is with the little boy or girl that breaks loose from restraint Sometimes children think it would be a nice thing to get away from a parent's or teacher's government or control; but that is the string by which they rise, if ever, to places of eminence and usefulness in the world. Cut it, and they are like the kite with a broken string, that reels and sinks, and is lost.

Sunday School Times.

M Frickhausen, a well known bookseller of Germany, has, after ten years' careful experiment, succeeded in discovering a method for the printing of old books and manuscripts. The process of the original is, in the course of the process, transferred to stone, from which the copies are multiplied after the manner of lithography. The result is that the [illegible] is destroyed in every impression.

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Downingtown, Chester County, Pa., April 9th, 1860.
Messrs Raugh & Sons: Gentlemen,—I have been using your article of Super Phosphate on wheat and corn for several seasons, and the result satisfactorily. For value as an active and "paying" fertilizer
I have applied it on wheat at the rate of 300 pounds per acre, alongside of a heavy coat of barn-yard manure. Kept dry and under cover and the result was that by harvest the wheat where the Phosphate was put, was much the better headed and heavier while the grass was taken more strongly than on the other portion of the field. I have also used the Phosphate by the side of Peruvian Guano with a the same quantity and in regard to both grain and grass the action of your preparation was much the more satisfactory Its cost, my experience in its use has been that it pays well for the money laid out.
Yours respectfully, ISAAC T. LEWIS.

Newtown Square, Delaware Co., Pa., July 23d, 1860
Messrs Raugh & Sons:—Being anxious last season to test some prepared manures offered for sale, I was induced by your agent to make a trial of three different kinds, which I did on a most side by side, in the same field. I purchased Pacific Ocean Guano and Super Phosphate of Lime (most of the most popular to me) together with your *Raw Bone Super-Phosphate*, and used them as above stated. During the growing, as well as the gathering of the crop, the test resulted easy My in favor of the latter
But whether it is from the seeds and care in preparing, or in the superior quality of the material used in your Raw Bone Super-Phosphate, I am unable to say, however, I shouldfully need you the result of my trials, thinking that others may be induced to make similar experiments, and in my opinion, greatly to the agricultural interests of the whole country.
Yours, &c., JAMES DUNWODDY

Plymouth, Montgomery Co., Pa., August 10th 1860
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For the banquet given;
Though unworthy, we would raise
Hearts and hands to heaven.

Of the streams of grace divine
We have now been tasting:
On the bread and mystic wine
With rich comfort feasting.

Meat, indeed, thy flesh we find,
Drink, thy blood as precious;
Jesus, Saviour, thou art kind,
Merciful and gracious!

On our guilty souls thy rod
Falls with gentle chidings;
And thou healest, with thy blood,
All our great backslidings.

May we in thy bleeding cross
Soul and body fasten;
All for Jesus count but loss,
To his coming hasten.

None from trials are below
Totally exempted;
All-sufficient grace bestow,
Succour, Lord, the tempted.

To thy name, forevermore,
Be all glory given;
None on earth will we adore,
None but thee in heaven.

THE DEATH-BED.

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our power
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eye-lids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

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FAITH.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

"It is no matter what a man believes," says infidelity, "if his conduct be correct." "He that believeth not," says Christianity, "shall be damned." Faith saves. Faith destroys. Belief is the plumed wing on which one may soar to heaven, or the leaden weight which sinks one to hell. Faith is the foundation of all character. It makes the angel. It makes the fiend. It rears the family altar of the Christian, and inspires the oaths which come hot and blistering from the lips of the profane.

"We believe," says the Confederate Congress at Richmond, "that any States have a right to withdraw from the Union, and thus to annihilate the United States government." And up goes the flag of secession, woven by this execrable faith.

"We believe," says the Congress at Washington, "that the United States are a nation, and that its Constitution secures its integrity, not its destruction; and straightway the stars and stripes are proudly unfurled, waving over field and mountain, in the breeze of this national faith."

Then comes war, blood, misery—a million of men in arms—two faiths combating—each fiend and archangel. When two faiths come in conflict, it is like world crushing against world.

"I believe," says one man, "that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." He engages a pew in the church, gives his children a seat by his side, establishes prayer in his family, takes an interest in the Sabbath school, and does everything in his power to lead others to love God.

"I believe," says another, "that religion is fanaticism, and the Bible a cheat." True to his belief, he has no Sabbath, no prayer, no religion, and cares no more for the souls of others than for a cat or a dog. Belief makes the one, belief the other.

Two young men meet Sabbath morning. "Will you take a ride with me to-day?" says one. "Yes," is the reply. "I have *no faith* in the Sabbath. My mother endeavored to teach me that the Sabbath was a holy day But I have thrown all that *belief* away long ago." They are soon lashing their fast horses over the road. "Here is a tavern," says the one, "let us go in and take a glass of brandy." "O yes, yes," is the reply. "I have no *faith* in this temperance fanaticism. A short life and a merry one is my creed." And now the hours of darkness have come, and bacchanalian songs, which should blister the lips are polluting the air. Other boon companions have joined the party. "Here is a pack of cards," says one. "Let us play a game to decide who shall pay for the brandy and segars." "With all my heart," is the reply. "I have no *faith* in the puritanical notion that it is dangerous to play cards, and wicked to gamble."

Midnight comes. You hear shouting and revelry in the streets. A poor drunken boy, with brandied face, and empty purse, and misery in his heart, intermingling oaths with lewd songs, is dashing along, an utter moral wreck, going down, down, through poverty, infamy, and wretchedness here, to eternal woe hereafter.

Young man, beware of your faith, of your belief. A bad faith is a fiend which will drag you to despair. You can believe just what you please Live a wicked life, and you can, without difficulty, adopt an infamous faith, You can easily reject the Bible, religion, and God. Your faith decides whether you shall be an angel or a demon. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he."

But here is another young man with a different faith. "Will you go to church with me to-day?" some one inquires. "Most gladly," is the reply. "My sainted mother taught me to remember the Sabbath day, and keep it holy." He sits attentive in the church, and listens to those sublime themes which Christianity unfolds, death, resurrection, judgment, immortality, heaven, and hell. "I believe these great truths," he says, "and I will try so to live as to be prepared to meet my God." He unites with the church takes a class in the Sabbath school, and tries to induce other young men to forsake the haunts of sin, and to come to the house of God. It is evening. He is at the prayer-meeting. His voice is heard in prayer, and his heart throbs in the utterance of such songs as angels love to sing. Soon he has a happy home, where the morning and evening incense ascends, from the family altar to God. His children, led by the parental hand to the family pew, followed in their honored father's footsteps.

Thus, while the faith of one leads him to the brandy bottle, the card-table, and the midnight carousings, the faith of another leads him to the church and the prayer-meeting, and to all that is noble in a Christian life. Young man, take care of your *faith*. You can believe falsehood or truth as you please, just as you can be high-minded and honorable, or fraudulent and ignoble, as you prefer. Tell me what a man's faith is, and I will tell you what his life is. Tell me what his life is, and I will tell you what his faith is.

Congregationalist.

AN UNRIGHTEOUS DIVORCE.

We have just come from a visit to a Christian hospital—an institution founded in the Master's name, and to his honor. We are moved to ask, Why is it not thus always and everywhere? Why has it become a possible thing—as a few centuries ago it was not—to draw a line of demarcation between religion and philanthropy? Why, in a word, has it come to be believed, tacitly at least, that a man may be a good man, and yet not distinctively a Christian one.

We greatly fear that the answer to these questions is to be found in this; that the church of Christ has been too unmindful, in these latter days, of that solemn sentence of her Lord's, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it not to me." We want to feel more keenly the deep truth of Christ's illustrative saying, "A tree is known by its fruits." Whether we Christians keep this truth in mind or not, the world of outsiders is sure to do so, and we inevitably, are judged by it. "What is the use," these outsiders cry, "of your church-building, and your church-going, and your church-extension, if, with it all, you do not set humanity one jot forward, nor ease its pains and sicknesses by one straw's weight?"

We Protestants, in this matter, need to learn of Rome. With all her corruptions, Rome has ever taken care that no divorce between religion and philanthropy should bear the sanction of her seal. The Protestant Church has to learn that her salvation, as a visible body, lies in her doing a visible body's work for the Holy Spirit, of which she professes to be the organ. Now a body's work is to furnish eyes and ears, and hands to the intelligence within. But where are the Church's eyes that she does not see the wretchedness and the corruption, the ignorance and the sin, that are this very day threatening the boasted civilization of our great cities with downfall and destruction? Where are the Church's ears that she does not hear the cries of hunger, anguish and despair that are rising all the time, too often in the form of curses, from the hovels that lie behind the palaces? Assuredly those cries do enter into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. Where are the church's hands, that she does not reach them forth to found mission after mission, to build hospital after hospital, and so change this miserable Basilons of ours into a Christendom indeed?

It is easy to ask these questions and other like ones, but let us do more than ask them—let us answer them, and answer them not so much in the language of words as in the language of deeds.

Let every Protestant Episcopal Church throughout the country, and especially every city church, open her eyes and ears, and reach out her hands to help forward the great "Coming of the Kingdom." Let us write on our banners that beautiful couplet of Ambrose's,

"Perfecta Christi caritas
Mundi triumphat principem,"

and go forth to the conquest of the world. Let us put an end to the unrighteous divorce now existing between philanthropy and religion. When Mercy and Truth kissed each other over the Bethlehem manger, it was meant that the union, thus forever knit, should be perpetual. It was not meant that in latter times, Truth should dwell in the pulpit, and mercy on the platform—that we should have one gospel of faith, and another of works. Faith and works (we think the comparison is Leighton's) are like the heat and light of flame: one, and yet two—blended, and at the same time distinct. Without the heat the flame is useless; without the light we should not know where to find the heat. Let, then, the church arise in her majesty and power, to become, not only a burning, but a shining light.—*Church Monthly.*

LENDING.

BY LYNDE PALMER

Mr. Crampton sat in gown and slippers, ensconced in a great padded chair, wheeled comfortably in front of the glowing grate. Nor did it at all detract from his satisfaction that, when now and then he paused in reading the evening paper, he heard the winter wind holding fierce revels without, and the stinging sleet driving against the double windows, muffled in their heavy curtains.

"It's a terrible night!" he at last remarked to his wife, as he folded the paper and leaned back in the chair. "May God have mercy on the poor."

After which benevolent ejaculation he felt as he purposed and warm hearted as if he had just distributed a load of coals among shivering paupers, or ordered a barrel of flour to some starving family's door.

Mr. Crampton was a member in good standing in a famous Loudicean church, and he had a habit of family prayers, which was not omitted upon *this* evening. And as the tempest continued to increase, he again remembered, with quite a glow of feeling, the condition of the poor, and prayed with much fervency that they might be "preserved through this inclement season."

He had risen from his knees, settled himself again in that very easy chair, and was talking comfortably with his wife about his golden prospects for the future, when the door bell gave a little shivering tinkle.

"A boy wishes to see you, sir," announced the servant.

Mr. Crampton rose fretfully. "How annoying! What can a boy want at this late hour?"

As he appeared in the hall, a shadow at the farther end seemed to become animated, and a slight figure dreuched with the storm, advanced, bowing.

"Ah, Jack, it's you, is it?" said Mr. Crampton, with a frown. "Well, what's the matter now? I suppose your father has broken his leg, and all the children are down with the scarlet fever?"

"Please, sir," said the boy, with an effort, "you forget father has gone to the west. But little Susan is very sick indeed, sir. We're afraid she'll die. Mother wouldn't let me beg for anything if she knew it, but I can, 'cause the fire had all gone out, and—"

"There, that will do," said Mr. Crampton, sternly. "I don't believe a word of it. I've seen you with very bad boys, and I believe you're a little vagrant, and want the money yourself. Can you look me in the face, and tell me it is all true?"

An indignant crimson stained the boy's thin cheeks as he lifted his heavy eyes. "Yes, sir, I *can*, but," he added lower, "I don't like to look in *your* face."

"What!" cried Mr. Crampton, angrily; but the boy moved slowly to the door.

Mr. Crampton called after him a little uneasily. "Here take this. It shall never be said that I sent the poor empty away," and he dropped sixpence in the little frozen palm, that made an involuntary motion to throw it back, and then convulsively closed it again.

"Well," said Mrs. Crampton, as he returned, "did you give the child anything?"

"Oh yes," said he, shortly, sinking back in his chair.

"I am glad you did," said his wife gently. "It is a blessed thing to give, and 'he that giveth to the poor *lendeth* to the Lord.'"

The easy chair suddenly became strangely uncomfortable, and a painful crimson suffused Mr. Crampton's plethoric cheek. He was a business man, and sometimes when with painful effort he had untied his purse strings at some benevolent appeal, this same verse had occurred to him in connexion with a vague consoling idea that he was taking stock in some desirable portion of the "golden street," in convenient contiguity to the "tree of life." But to-night the thought smote him that he had made rather a small investment, and wasn't it just possible that the great Master might resent such a niggardly loan? He thought, too, of John Staples, his honest, faithful porter till he went to the wars. Wasn't it just possible that his family were really suffering? and oughtn't he to have inquired, or sent a servant with some nourishing food, and a basket of coals, which he would never have missed? In vain did he say to himself that it was too bad for a man to be disturbed so late at night after his hard day of toil, and besides, hadn't he that very day given a dollar to the Bible Society? In spite of all his efforts another verse kept ringing unpleasantly in his ears—"Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the *least* of these, ye did it not to me."

The next morning, as Mr. Crampton sat in his counting-room, busily engaged with a column of figures, a little morsel of frost and rags stood before him.

"Here's your sixpence, sir, we didn't use it."

"Here—stop, boy! what do you mean?" stammered Mr. Crampton. "How's your sister?"

"Dead!" gasped the boy, rushing from the door, and Mr Crampton dropping his head on his hand, thought of an account he had with the Lord, very different from what he intended it should be.

Blind, cold, selfish Laodiceans, who shall anoint your eyes with eye-salve that ye may see? For a little time to us is granted a glorious privilege, and we know it not. The angels and redeemed saints can no longer suffer or make sacrifices to prove their boundless love; but to us is the boon still given, and it is enough to glorify the saddest life. Let us try to realise it while there is yet time. How strange! How wonderful! We—mere motes in the sunlight of God's presence—so poor, so weak, so infinitely inferior, may yet have the glorious honor, the exquisite joy, of lending to the *Lord!*

"THE NORTHERN MOB."

We cannot comprehend the misconceptions that prevail in South ad, in relation to the condition of the Free States. Some Scottish journals appear to think that society here is almost totally disorganized. It is thought that the Administration at Washington, are bent on a rupture with Great Britain, so that we might have some excuse for yielding to the South, and the destruction of the nation. Should this be prevented, it is confidently expected that the "mob" will hurl from his place, Mr. Seward, whose "Machiavellian policy," it is alleged, "is making him an annoyance to foreign nations, and a scourge to his own." One paper says, in case of war, "We trust that, before we have done with the Northern mob, we shall have made the members thereof wiser and better men."

"The Northern mob!" "Machiavellian policy!" How strange these misconceptions! We cannot understand them. Perhaps, if our Scotch contemporaries would visit our country a few weeks, or listen to other testimony than that of the apostles of slavery, they could discover that our Secretary of State is neither a villain, nor a monster, and that there has seldom been a high officer more popular among our enlightened and peace-loving citizens, and that all, especially the better classes, are fully satisfied with his pacific measures towards England. But our Scotch contemporaries, the *Glasgow Herald*, for example, twits us sharply for supposing that there are such classes here. We are told, "it has come out very clearly of late, if it was not obvious enough before that the free and enlightened citizens of the North"—by which we must be understood to mean all *except* the enlightened, who are only free to do what is not distasteful to the mob—have been allowed to intoxicate themselves to such a degree with self-adulation and brag, that their arrogance has reached an offensive and almost insufferable pitch." Can it be that such thoughts prevail generally in Scotland?

American boasting and arrogance are severely condemned. We join all foreigners in this. But after all, are we the only people that think well of their own institutions, and their own exploits? Is brag an Americanism? Is it not a peculiarity which we have inherited from our British ancestry? We are accustomed to dwell fondly on the virtues we inherit, and our cousins across the Atlantic, sometimes take pleasure in this *proof* of kin. May they not also admit that John Bull has no need to come to the West to learn how to boast and brag?

The truth is, England and America are, in great degree, one people. If it were not for the strange misrepresentations that have been circulated so industriously, we would all feel so at the present time. The United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and the United Presbyterian Church of North America, are, in fact, more nearly one than are the latter, and their former ecclesiastical brethren at the South. Our ministers and people had no difficulty in making themselves at home in Canada, while our Canadian brethren easily coalesce with us. In Scotland, in Canada, as everybody knows, there is, with some slight exceptions, as much freedom ecclesiastical or civil, as in the Free States. But there is no such oneness, and has not been for years, between the North and the South. A minister, known to believe that slavery is a sin, and there fore something to be done away with as quickly as possible, has not been safe in the South. He could not speak his views freely, except at the risk of a coat of tar and feathers. A distinguished minister of our Church, a native of the South, known in every part of it as a man of moderation and discretion, found himself, a year or two ago, very uncomfortable in his old walks. While, therefore, we, and Southern Presbyterians, are in many respects closely bound together as citizens of the same country, it cannot be denied, that in the great matter of freedom, we, and Scottish Presbyterians, are more perfectly united in principle and feeling. Northern and British Christians have communion in Constitutional liberty. What fellowship has either party with the wretched despotism of the South? The alienation between North and South, is the legitimate fruit of two opposing principles, that have no more concord than Christ and Belial. Principle is more than geographical boundaries; more than forms of government. The most powerful of the unities, says Count De Gasparin, is moral unity. The alienation of British, and Northern lovers of right and freedom, can only be accomplished by the machinations of bad men, or such utter misunderstandings on the one side and the other as are seen in journals that gravely talk of twenty millions of free, intelligent, and law abiding men, as the "Northern mob."

Rev. SYLVESTER ROSECRANS, brother of General Rosecrans in the Army, was proclaimed, at the papal consistory held in December last, Bishop of Pompeiopolis *in partibus infidelium*, and auxiliary to the Archbishop of Cincinnati.

INTEMPERANCE AND IMMORALITY.

These two vices go hand in hand. Wherever you find the demon intemperance doing his work there you will be sure to find immorality prevailing, as you find it nowhere else. During the late week of prayer, the Christian world was called upon to unite to earnest prayer for the cessation of these terrible evils. We hope there were many true prayers offered up for this end. Webster defines immorality to be "any act or practice which opposes the divine commands or the social duties." This is a very good definition of the term. If we keep this definition in view, we will find that intemperance is almost invariably followed by a great amount of immorality.

Intemperance is usually understood to refer to the injurious use of intoxicating liquors. This monster evil seems to be prevailing extensively just now in our land. A few years ago, a great effort was made to discourage the use and sale of intoxicating drinks, by legislative enactment. But little, however, seems to have been accomplished. We are not sure but, in the end, it has done harm. No law of the kind will avail much, unless the moral sentiment of the community is prepared for it.

Something has been done by the Washingtonians, and other organizations, towards suppressing the monster evil. But still it rages. Still, in our cities and towns, men will be found who will deal out the deadly poison to their fellow mortals; men, of each one of whom it may be said, "He sitteth in the lurking-places of the villages; in the secret places doth he murder the innocent; his eyes are privily set against the poor. He lieth in wait secretly, as a lion in his den; he lieth in wait to catch the poor, he doth catch the poor, when he draweth him into his net. He croucheth, and humbleth himself, that the poor may fall by his strong ones." Still, there are many who, in the very face of the terrible consequences, will visit those sinks of iniquity, and drink of the deadly poison they contain. They witness reason dethroned;—wife and children beggared;—the happy home destroyed,—character lost; the terrible death by "delirium tremens," and yet, in view of all this, they go right on, in the same road to ruin—ruin to themselves, and ruin to their families—ruin for time, and ruin for eternity. Strange infatuation! terrible madness!!

Can nothing be done to stay the ravages of this terrible monster? Magnificent preparations are made for meeting the enemies of our country, and it is well. But can nothing more be done to stay the ravages of this more destructive enemy?

Christians of our land, you no doubt offered many prayers for the suppression of these evils. Do you have *faith* in the efficacy of those prayers? Do you believe they will be answered? I presume many, perhaps most of you, have no definite expectation about it, and consequently you will not follow up your prayers by any very decided effort for their suppression. If you desire those prayers to be heard:—if you believe they will be heard, then you must discountenance everything tending to their encouragement. Then, when you see the merry, laughing, fun-making crowd gathered around him who has been brought under the influence of the intoxicating cup, you must not join in the hearty laugh at his folly. You must not be found, in any way, encouraging the sale or use of intoxicating drinks of any kind. In the language of a Scottish elder we once heard exhorting a fellow-member of the church who had been indulging too freely in the intoxicating bowl, "If ye canna resist the Divil, ye must keep away fra him all thegither."

M. M.

EASTERN CORRESPONDENCE.

PYRAMIDS OF GHIZEH.

My last visit in or around Cairo was to the pyramids of Ghizeh. The Nile had been unusually high, and was receding very slowly, so that nearly all the canals which conducted water from the river, for the irrigation of the western side of the valley, were yet partly filled; and as there are no bridges but man's shoulders, I concluded to postpone this excursion to the last, so as to receive all possible benefit from the daily improvement of the road. The distance of the pyramids is about twelve miles in a West, South-West direction, and the only mode of conveyance is on donkey-back, and the excursion is considered a good day's work.

We took the usual road to Foostat or Old Cairo, and struck the river at the upper end of this long and narrow town, at a distance of nearly four miles from Cairo. Here we scrambled down the bank, and into a river boat of perhaps forty feet in length, and our donkeys were literally tumbled into our boat after us. After getting through the terrible noise and confusion of this embarking operation, and paying twenty-five cents for the ferriage of self, donkey and driver, I took a survey of my surroundings, and found the boat well filled with men, women, donkeys, and a great variety of domestic necessities, all mixed up in an exceedingly miscellaneous way. In the middle of the river was a small sand island, gradually emerging from the receding waters. Upon the lower end of this, our pilot must needs ground our boat; but help was near at hand. A tall, finely-formed Arab was standing upon the bow of our boat, and as soon as we struck the bar, he slipped off his only garment—the universal blue shirt—and took to the water like a duck. He placed his back against the bow, and we were soon afloat again; and he swung himself into the boat, and took his old position, where he remained the next five minutes, during which he was so intent upon his duties as to forget to resume his garment. Perhaps, he was anticipating the necessity of another plunge; if so, he was disappointed, for without further incident we arrived at the village of Ghizeh. Here, we remounted our donkeys, twisted through the narrow and crooked streets, galloped across a fine grove of magnificent palms, and were out upon the western valley of the Nile, with the pyramids full in view. They were distant about five or six miles; but following the zig zag and narrow embankments, thrown up between the fields for purposes of irrigation as well as partition, the road travelled is, at least, a mile further. By the time we struck the open field, we were surrounded by a whole tribe of Arabs, who hung closely around us, knowing that the services of some of them must be brought into requisition in crossing the canals, and ascending old Cheops, and all of them hoping by service or importunity to get some backsheesh. We found three canals running across our path still filled with water, from one to three feet deep. Across these we were ferried upon the shoulders of two Arabs, and as the mud was deep, and the men staggered terribly, I could not but calculate, during all of the six passages, the chances of being tumbled in by the miring of the carriers. But I found them sure-footed, and all my fears were disappointed. Just at the edge of the valley, we passed through another small mud village, and then commenced a steep ascent, which brought us to a plateau of limestone rock, buried with the sand blown from the great Lybian desert, which stretches like a horizon hundreds and hundreds of miles away to the West. This plateau must be a hundred and fifty feet above the valley of the Nile, and forms a suitable pedestal for the wonderful structures that rest upon it.

These pyramids, seen at a distance, look small, and disappointed me entirely; but when I came to the foot of Cheops and looked up its mountain-side, I began to realize its immense magnitude. This is the nearest and the largest of all the pyramids. The following figures may convey some idea of this structure:—Its base is 746 feet square, or, in other words, it covers an area which lacks but a few rods of *thirteen* acres, and its perpendicular height is 451 feet, containing 89,038,000 cubic feet of masonry, or 6,848,000 tons weight of good, solid limestone, cut into blocks of from two to five feet square. Just let a farmer go into a thirteen acre field and imagine a pyramid of blocks of cut limestone, with the base covering the entire field, tapering to a point 451 feet high. But this can't be done; Cheops must be seen and ascended before it can be appreciated.

This largest pyramid was built by Shoopho, a Cheop, who occupied the throne of Memphis, not less than 4,300 years ago. It was built by him as his own tomb, for in a large chamber, in the very heart of this immense structure, his stone coffin still remains. And in an adjoining chamber his queen was also sepulchred. It is said that he spent ten years in quarrying the stone, and in building a causeway across the valley, over which the stone could be brought to the place of building, for they were brought from the mountain, twenty miles off. He then employed 100,000 men for twenty years in erecting this enormous structure, taxing the power of Egypt during half of his long reign of 63 years, in building a sepulchral monument. It is to be feared that the throne of Egypt has always been filled by a selfish race of hard task-masters.

The second pyramid, distant about 150 yards, was built by Chephren, the brother and successor of Cheops. It is about the same height, but the base is only 684 feet square. The third was built by Mencheres, the Mycerinus of Herodotus, and son of Chephren. This is only 280 feet square, and 162 feet high. These pyramids of Ghizeh were the last built of all the pyramids of the Nile, and two of them the largest. From Ghizeh up to Dashoor, a distance of about twenty-five miles, and embracing all the immediate vicinity of ancient Memphis, there are some twenty-five pyramids, eighteen of which are large. Throughout the remainder of Egypt, there are a few other pyramids, but none of them are remarkable for size or character of structure. But far south, in Ethiopia, there have been discovered 139 pyramids, built of sandstone, and varying from 30 feet square, to 100 of base.

These Memphitic pyramids are all surrounded with innumerable pits, excavations, subterranean passages, &c., cut in the limestone ledge, from which millions of mummies have already been taken, and probably millions yet remain undisturbed. This was the great Necropolis of Memphis during the 3,000 years it flourished.

Some hundred and fifty yards south of the largest pyramid is the celebrated Sphinx. This immense statue was carved out of the living rock, and is all of one piece. The head, neck and breast are those of a man, while the body is that of a lion. Some years ago, Caviglia had the whole figure excavated, and found the body which rests upon its belly to be 150 feet long. Its paws were extended fifty feet in front of the breast, and between these outstretched paws was placed a small temple, with altar, &c. But the sand has again enveloped the body, so that the head and neck are the only parts visible now; and these are 27 feet high. The face wears a very pleasant expression, although it has suffered some mutilation; the nose is entirely broken off. This statue is supposed to be the work of Thothmes IV., the successor of the Pharaoh of the Exodus, and subsequently more than 500 years subsequent to the building of Cheops.

Some years ago, an Englishman who had ascended Cheops alone, fell when coming down, and was killed, in consequence of which the Pasha issued an order, forbidding any traveller to ascend without assistants. So at the foot of the pyramid I found the Sheik who had it in charge, paid him a dollar and a quarter, the regular tariff, and particularly enjoined that but two of his dirty Arabs should accend with me. But herein I was disappointed. This pyramid is composed of 202 courses or tiers of limestone blocks, varying in thickness from eighteen inches to four feet, every successive course receding on an average two feet or two and a half. Up this enormous flight of stone steps I started, with two Arabs one step ahead pulling me by my hands, and in spite of all my kicking, I had finally to acquiesce with the arrangement of two or three more boosting me up from behind, and several more, as supernumeraries for company sake, and two little girls with stone bottles of water. Including a short rest midway, I reached the top in twenty minutes. Here I spent fully half an hour in viewing the scene that lay around, aided by a powerful glass, and as that scene is bounded only by the horizon, it is easy to realize that earth has but few so eligible stand-points for observation.

Having satisfied my curiosity, I partook with keen appetite of the mid-day meal I had brought with me from Cairo. This lunch consisted mainly of sandwiches, and when through, I handed, according to the custom of giving all the fragments to your attendants, two or three that remained, to my Arabs. The leader of the squad received them, and opening up one, looked at the cold ham and asked, "Is this pork?" I answered in the affirmative, when he shook his head, and assured me that it was not lawful for a Mohammedan to eat pork. But I observed that he did not cast them from him, but quietly and carefully stowed them away in the bosom of his shirt, where Arabs carry everything, and I have no doubt they were greedily eaten.

The most importunate begging to which the traveller is subjected in all Egypt, is that experienced during this excursion to the pyramids. The deck was now clear for action, and the time for the first broadside had now come. "Well, Governor," said the leader, "how much are you going to give us?" "Give you?" said I, "what for?" "For coming up with you," was the prompt reply. I informed him that I had already paid the Sheik five shillings sterling for their services, of which they were all witnesses. He freely admitted this, but good-naturedly added that that went for the benefit of the whole tribe, and that now they wanted something for themselves, paid where the Sheik would not see it, so that they would not be compelled to give it up to the tribe. Two or three joined with the assurance that they were very poor, and that a little *backsheesh* would do them great good. I readily assented to their poverty, for that was very manifest; but then I was not responsible for it, nor was it my business to remedy all the poverty of the world. One poor fellow who had lost his voice by some bronchial trouble, whispered out hoarsely that he was very sick, and to give him something would be a great charity. After some farther reasoning, I relented, and concluded to give a little. I had prepared myself for all this, and pulled out of my pocket a handful of paras and piasters, amounting to 40 or 50 cents, and told the leader to divide that amongst themselves. But he declined with affected astonishment. I asked him how much he expected. He coolly answered, "a pound." It was now my time to be astonished, and I very decidedly informed him that that was too much. "Too much!" said he, "why, Governor, you come from America to the pyramids but once in your life, and what is a pound once in your life to you?" Thus the argument went on, until we compromised the matter much nearer my figures than his. In all their intercourse they were pleasant and courteous, although this is not always the case, for they distinguish character very readily, and when they think they can, they are very ready to extort money through fear; and, strange to say, they are too often successful, for travellers ought to know that there is not so much as a shadow of ground for fear.

I did not go into the pyramids, for it is a laborious scrambling up and down, through low and narrow passages, with a hot and impure atmosphere, and in the end but little to see. So I descended immediately to the earth, and found the going down decidedly harder work than the going up. But as I had paid my Arabs well, I made them earn their money, by leaning pretty heavily upon their shoulders. After a minute survey of the Sphinx, and some of the tombs and sepulchral pits, I turned for home by the way of my coming, and in two hours and three-quarters, I arrived safely and but little wearied at Shepheard's Hotel, although the last two miles were made by my little donkey upon the gallop.

J. B. S.

DR ALEXANDER'S PRAYERS.

Dr. W. W. Hall says of the public prayers of Rev. Dr. James W. Alexander: "If asked what was the most distinguishing thing about him, we would most unhesitatingly say it was his prayers. Of all we have ever heard uttered or read, of the uninspired, Dr. Alexander's were the most devotional, the most heavenly. There was no human condition they did not reach. He seemed to get right at once into the presence of his Maker, and as if wanting to improve the opportunity before he got away, his great broad heart would take all humanity within its folds. He seemed familiar with every phase of human sorrow. In a single prayer, and we made note of it at the time, he petitioned for those who were kept from the house of God by inclement weather, by the sickness of themselves or near relations, by the compulsion of others; for those who were suffering in their good name in person, or in the person of others; for those who were in actual want of food or raiment; for those who were anticipating reverses which would affect their social position; for those who were anticipating the loss of fortune; for those who were writhing under the apprehension of failure to meet maturing pecuniary obligations; for those who were hardened by worldly entanglements; for those whose hearts were wrung by the mental derangement of their friends, or of their own families; for those who were afraid they should themselves go mad; for those who felt they were castaways from God, and believed their perdition sealed. The impression made on our minds was so strong at the time, we felt almost ready to exclaim audibly, 'What a miserable congregation this is!' His prayers were uniformly most impressive. Forgetting himself and his congregation, he would carry away at times in his great warm heart the wants of a world, and lay them right down at the mercy-seat, for God to look at, and pity, and deliver."

MINISTERIAL SUCCESS.

The excellent Richard Baxter once said: I now resolve (1) To take more particular account of the souls committed to my care; (2) To visit the whole congregation, and to learn more particularly the circumstances of the children and servants; (3) Will make an exact a list as I can, of those I have reason to believe are unconverted, unlearned, fit for communion, or already in it; (4) When I hear anything particularly concerning the religious state of my people, I will visit them, and talk with them; (5) I will especially be careful to visit the sick.

BAD ENGLISH PUNCTUATION.

One capital fault which pervades and vitiates many people's compositions is ignorance of the principles of punctuation. Sometimes nothing of this sort is attempted, and sometimes dashes are made to do duty indiscriminately. From this follows, as a necessary consequence, a general looseness of construction in the sentences. They are sure to be more or less deformed and ill-conditioned; with participial clauses running loose, or relatives whose references are uncertain. Short sentences and short words are generally best, inasmuch as they are less likely to be misunderstood, and do not require to be read twice. Sometimes the meaning expressed is entirely different from the one intended, or at all events is susceptible of various interpretations. Some sentences are so clumsily put together, that, if printed as written, they would be almost unintelligible; just because the writers have, through laziness or ignorance, accustomed themselves to scribble on without inserting the proper stops as they go. They "stand not upon points." They forget how they began the sentence, and how it ought to end, and thus it comes out imperfectly articulated.

Leisure Hour.

THE ADVANTAGE OF CONDENSATION.

Give the pitch, the cream, the marrow, the essence, the fire.

Press your thoughts, pack them, bring every thing to a burning, scorching focus. Avoid prefaces, circumlocutions; rush right into your subject at once. Begin before you think of it, and keep dashing on with all your might until you are done. So, also, in preaching, praying, exhorting, testifying, say what you have to say, and stop!

A tremendous thought may be packed into small compass—made as solid as a cannon ball, and, like that projectile, cut down all before it. Short articles are generally more effective, find more readers, and are more widely copied than long ones. Pack your thoughts closely together, and though your article may be brief, it will have more weight, and will be more likely to make an impression.

A GOOD DEAL ALIKE.

A man of short stature and most uninviting countenance, with the peculiar expression now claimed by Mons. du Chaillu as that of the gorilla, purchased a property in a western county of Scotland, from whence he strictly excluded trespassers. Some one sent him a large monkey, which he kept about his place; and a boy having been entrusted with the delivery of a letter, and having found the monkey at the house door, was somewhat alarmed; so he threw down the letter and ran off. On his way down the avenue, the boy met the new laird, who angrily demanded what he was doing there. "I had a letter for you, sir," says the boy. "Well, give it me." "Ah, but I gave it to your son, sir," replied the trembling laddie. "My son, you little rascal; I have no son." "Weel, sir, I canna say for that, but he had an unco look o' yourself."

MISSIONS IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS UNDER THE CARE OF THE ENGLISH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—Those who have read Captain Charles Wilkes' Exploring Expedition, will remember the account he gives of the Samoan Islands and the natives. In a lapse of twenty years the missionaries have been wonderfully successful on those islands. The London *Missionary Chronicle* of December last, in a review of the missionary operations in the Samoan Islands, says:

"The light of the gospel first broke on this dark land in 1830, when John Williams planted the first native teachers from the Society Islands. Nor was this the only effort. In 1832 some natives of Rarotonga, one of the Austral Islands, nearly two thousand miles distant, having been driven by contrary winds out of their course, after drifting on the ocean a long time, reached Tanna, the eastern Samoan island, and, being Christians, began to teach the natives what they knew, and gathered around them a few converts. Thus in various quarters, heathenism was attacked, and it broke down rapidly. Congregations were raised up and the necessity for native teachers became evident. A missionary seminary was begun in 1844, where, up to the present time, three hundred natives have been trained, of whom one hundred and thirty-one are laboring in Samoa, or the new missions to the westward."

RUSSIA AND AMERICA.

It would be difficult to mention two countries, which in all their internal relations appear to present a greater contrast to each other than *Russia* and *America*. Russia is the home of the most uncompromising despotism; America, that of the most liberal government. In Russia, everything rests with the single individual, to whom Providence, for the time, intrusts the rule of over more than fifty millions of men. In America, every thing is based upon the instinctive will of the people in their collective capacity. In Russia, the military organization pervades the whole social system. Military ranks form the rubric, by which every official dignity throughout the whole empire must be adjudicated. In America, military matters were, up to the most recent date, of such a secondary character, that they never exercised the least influence upon the social state and the political life of the United States. In Russia, the national church is an closely allied to the state, that the empire is at the same time the supreme head of the visible church. In America there is no national church, much less a state church. In Russia, everything rests on the glory and the traditions of a powerful life, extending through a thousand years. America, on the other hand, has just started upon its career, the witnesses of the great struggle for our national existence and independence hardly having left the scene of their activity on earth. In Russia, everything centres in the sacred person of the monarch, the legitimate heir of sovereign power; law and might, life and death, are in his hands. He stands alone in majestic solitude, and nothing intervenes mediating between him and the millions obeying his uncontrolled command. In America, we have a document, our Constitution, for a national centre, directing and limiting legislative and executive power. But the political vitality exists in our great parties, striving for supremacy of short duration, and for control, not of the people, but of the offices.

Of course we might, without end, multiply the proofs of the antagonism between these two countries. But the contrast is so glaring, that it seems a much more difficult task to point out the affinities and analogies existing between them. Still, this is the very thing to which we call the attention of our readers.

We all are aware of a certain sympathy, which has for years, and on various occasions, exhibited itself on the part of the Americans towards the Russians. We need not dwell on the causes of this singular phenomenon. The Russians will have our sympathy, not because we love them much, but simply because we dislike others more. Nations and individuals are, in their feelings of sympathy and antipathy, governed by the same selfish interests. For this very reason our sympathy for the Russians is of a very cheap character. It will come to an end, as soon as the Russians shall be in our way, as others are now. The time for this will come, and it is not very distant. The locality will be the Pacific, and the coasts of Eastern Asia and Western Africa.

But the very time in which we live offers to these two countries a true and strong inducement for mutual sympathy. It is the crisis through which both countries are now going, and which, in spite of all the eminent diversities between them, turns upon one and the same great and difficult question, *slavery* in America, *serfdom* in Russia.

It would not be a difficult task to accumulate such points of comparison between these two countries. But we shall now only refer

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, February 22, 1862.

NOTICE.

At Union Church, on Sabbath, (to-morrow,) the 23d instant, Rev. F. Weaver, by Divine permission, will preach on the subject—"The six things that the Lord hates—yea, the seventh one is an abomination unto Him." Services to commence at 3 o'clock, P. M.

Rev. HENRY DAVIS,
Elder in Charge.

NOTICE.

The funeral sermon of the late Rev. Walter Procter was preached by the Rev. J. P. Campbell, of Trenton, New Jersey, on the 16th inst., from Luke, 23d chapter and 50th verse—"He was a good man, and just."

The church was filled to its utmost capacity. We never saw Bethel Church fuller. The sermon was read by the speaker with much force and ability.

NOTICE—BEWARE.

The public are hereby cautioned not to contribute to the relief of the Dorcas Society of A. M. E. Bethel Church on application by a female impostor, as no such person has been authorized to make collections for said Society.

SARAH CARTER, President.
ELIZABETH OLIVER, Secretary

Philadelphia, Feb. 19, 1862.

NOTICE.

Brethren must not send us foolscap paper, unless they put *two three-cent stamps* upon the envelope. One sheet of foolscap paper weighs over half an ounce. They have been making us pay for some of the articles about long enough. Some of our brethren may think that we are kicking up a great fuss about a small matter—but if *they* were compelled to pay three cents each, *out of their own pockets*, on a batch of some fifty letters every month, they would sympathize more readily with our feelings.

THE DEATH-BED OF THE REV. JOHN WESLEY AND FAMILY.

This picture we shall speak of at more length in our next issue, and in the meantime we will only refer our readers to the advertisement of Mr. Wm. Smith in another column.

LECTURES AT THE INSTITUTE OF COLORED YOUTH.

On last Thursday evening (13th instant) Mrs. S. M. Douglass, the wife of Rev. William Douglass, delivered the fifth course of the winter lectures at the Institute of Colored Youth. Subject, *"Respiration."*

At 8 o'clock she appeared before the audience assembled, who were waiting very patiently but anxiously to hear her descant upon the subject as was previously announced. It was discussed with much ability, reflected great credit on the speaker, and showed that no pains had been spared by Mrs. Douglass to inform herself so as to entertain her hearers properly. She spoke of the respiration in plants—in birds—and in animals, as well as in the human species.

We think that the young ladies who were present learned a good lesson, if they heeded her words, and mothers were profited greatly. It would be well *for either sex* to take a lesson from Mrs. Douglass' views.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Miss Sarah Wood, of Burlington, New Jersey,	1 00
Matilda Green, Leiperville, New Jersey,	1 00
J. W. Martin, of Port Deposit, Md., per Rev. J. J. Herbert,	50
Mr. Hill,	50
Of Rev. H. Davis, Union Church, per William Randolph,	1 00
Same Hill,	1 00
Of Miss Mary Ann Vollintine, of Woodbury, Long Island, per Rev. J. D. S. Hall,	2 00
Also, for papers sold,	4 00

OLD FOLKS' CONCERT.

We would again remind our friends and the public generally that Father Burris and his troupe of musical artists will give a grand Concert on the 26th instant, in Franklin Hall, Sixth Street, below Arch.

As this is the first concert of the kind, we feel quite certain that it will receive strong encouragement by a large audience on the evening specified. As there is every probability of a large crowd being present on the occasion, we would recommend all who wish a good seat to *go early*. The main object of the entertainment is, *the benefit of the Christian Recorder*—and this fact alone should of itself crowd the Hall. Half of the proceeds go to our paper.

CHINA, QUEENSWARE, LAMP AND OIL STORE.

We call special attention to the advertisement of Mrs. O'Donnell, which will be found in another column of our paper. We would recommend the citizens of Philadelphia and others to call and examine her new assortment of lamps, China, &c. We are satisfied that they will not leave without purchasing. She is reasonable in all her prices. We love to see our colored people in business, showing that they are capable.

THE HORNS TAKEN DOWN.

☞ *Let everybody read this.*

At the Exhibition of Bethel Sabbath School, the sum of $70.04 was taken in at the door. Of this amount $15 was presented to us for the benefit of the *Christian Recorder* by the Superintendent, Mr. Lewis Seymour, and the remainder went to the benefit of the school and the paying of expenses.

Many thanks to the managers and little ones of the school for the substantial aid they have thus afforded to our paper and Book Concern. We are free to say that the *Recorder* was the means of more money being taken in on this occasion than at any one time during the past twenty four years. Then, in view of this fact, will not those who do not take the *Recorder* come, or send us their names, and pay us their subscription price—two dollars?

Rev J. B. RITTENY, late pastor of the Mariners' Bethel in this city, and a devoted minister of the Presbyterian Church, in this city, died on Friday, the 7th inst., in the 38th year of his age.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH-DAY OF BISHOP ALLEN BY THE BETHEL SABBATH SCHOOL

On Tuesday evening, the 18th instant, the Bethel Sabbath School met to celebrate the birth-day of the sainted Allen. The church was crowded. The main audience room and the galleries were filled—every pew being occupied; and many had to stand upon the aisles. The exercises commenced with singing by the school assisted by the choir, prayer by Rev. Bishop Nazrey, &c. Rev Stephen Smith was then introduced, who spoke of the Rev Richard Allen with the zeal of a Paul. His remarks were pertinent, and all in place. In relation to the pieces and religious dialogues selected for the occasion by the managers of the school, it would be hard to surpass them. The children deserve much credit for the handsome manner in which they, as a whole, acquitted themselves. There were two young men (Mr. Dingle and Mr. Wiggins) who did themselves great credit. Mr Wiggins' theme was the *Christian Recorder*. Oh, how we wished that all of our ministers could have been there to hear him. We must acknowledge that he did credit to both himself and the citizens of Philadelphia. Great and continued applause marked the progress of his grand and beautiful oratorical effort.

Mr. Dingle, who is one of the pupils of Prof Bassitt, of the Institute for colored youth, spoke, and his address was elegant and chaste, and clearly exhibited the fact that he had made great improvement since that time one year ago; and we must say here, although we do not wish to be understood as evincing a spirit of braggadocio, that the Bethel Sabbath School stands second to none in the city of Philadelphia, and we would not be afraid to put them against any white school in the city, as we have no doubt they would take the premium.

The hour of half-past ten having arrived, Dr. Armstrong, who has always exhibited and proved himself as a friend of the colored race, was called upon to make some remarks, which he did with great credit to himself, and showed clearly that the first missionary in the West was a colored man by the name of Stewart, and several other interesting statements.

The crowd that assembled to witness this exhibition was a complete knock-down argument that the *Recorder*, the organ of our Church, has done and is still doing much good. We are confident that it brought persons who would not have come under ordinary circumstances. It does our heart good to think that our humble efforts are so much appreciated in Philadelphia, the city in which we make our home.

TWO CENT MONEY.

We call the special attention of the brethren to page 219, New Discipline, in relation to the two-cent money, and especially to the 16th paragraph under the same page. We do hope that all of our brethren having charge of circuits and stations will obey the General Conference of our beloved Zion, and commence in time to collect their two-cent money—and if the brethren have so far obeyed the law by making a collection every month, or every two months, we are quite sure that there will be a change in matters pertaining to our financial department. Suppose that Bethel Church, of Philadelphia, with over twelve hundred members, (we will say twelve hundred, though there is said to be some fifteen hundred,) should comply with the request; twenty-five times twelve would be three hundred (dollars,)—and this, it will be remembered, is only twenty-five cents a head. At the very lowest estimate, this is what Bethel Church will owe us at our next Annual Conference.

The Union Church, placing the membership at two hundred, at twenty-five cents each, will be fifty dollars. Baltimore (Md.) Bethel Church has about twelve hundred members; suppose that she is caused to do her duty—that the minister should feel it his duty to see that each member pays his or her twenty-five cents per year; there would be three hundred dollars due the Book Steward, to be appropriated as per Discipline. Ebenezer Church has at least two hundred members, and twenty-five times two hundred is fifty dollars.

Now here would be seven hundred dollars,—leaving out Washington, New York, Brooklyn, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis, Chicago, and St. Louis, and besides hundreds of churches on circuits, and other stations where brethren are. If brethren will only do what the regulations of the Church have demanded of them, all would be well. We believe that there is not a member in our Church but what would consider it a great insult to say that they were *too poor* to pay the small sum of *twenty-five* cents a year for the benefit of the Book Concern and of our brethren who have labored hard in order to carry the glad tidings of the gospel to a dying world.

We are glad to see that Rev. Bishop Nazrey has notified all of his Conferences and members to come prepared to give a good account of themselves. So you may look well to the eastern brethren, and govern yourselves accordingly—for if he enforces the law, which he is bound to do, somebody's head may have to come off. We hope that the other Bishops will do the same.

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM LOUISVILLE, KY.

February, 1862

MR. EDITOR—Dear Brother: In the first place, I would say that we like the *Recorder* very much, indeed, but we would like to hear a little more from the brethren and churches in the East, and also in the West. What are the brethren doing? We should hear through the paper, as it is the organ of the Church. Perhaps you think that we have given nothing. Oh, well, the East is the place of light, and I have been waiting for the proper time to approach the light with my little mite.

We have nothing of much general interest to communicate. Our church here is moving along slowly. Quinn's Chapel, the church that I am in charge of, is doing as well as could be expected under existing circumstances. We have been about nine years in building it. Three years ago it was completed, and at that time the church was nearly three thousand dollars in debt. During the administration of the Rev. John Turner, the church, through the management of himself, a few brethren, and a host of industrious sisters, was enabled to pay over eighteen hundred dollars that year, and let me say that I have found as loyal-hearted A. M. E. Methodists here as I have found anywhere; and they have had hard struggling to support the cause in this place. Yet they have, by the help of God, stood up manfully under their burden.

The church is yet considerably in debt, and we are paying it off as fast as we can, trusting in the Great Head of the Church that we will yet be able to discharge the debt entirely. The spiritual condition seems to be improving. There is a considerable revival in the membership, and the Spirit of the Lord seems to dwell in our midst, for, as often as we meet, the Lord is with us. At any rate, the Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad. Some eighteen or twenty years ago, we had no church here until our Rev. Father and Bishop, William Paul Quinn, planted the church, and brought Rev. George Johnson here to labor in the vineyard. Now we have two, and both of them comprise over three hundred members.

The church is well named, (Quinn's Chapel,) and as the "Pioneer of the West" still lives to cheer us with his presence, and guide us with his wisdom, we hope the chapel may long stand as a memento of his Christian worth—and when he shall have gone to rest in the bosom of the Great Shepherd and Bishop of the Church Universal.

Quinn Chapel was planned by Rev. W. R. Revels, and there is not a richer finished one in our connexion west of the mountain.

Well I must stop. It is one o'clock. Good night. Pray for us.

B. L. B.

LETTER FROM BALTIMORE.

For the Christian Recorder.

Dreary winter is passing rapidly away, and in a few weeks we shall hail with delight another beautiful spring.

It has not been a very severe winter with us here. There has been a great deal of wet and unpleasant weather during the week, but the Sabbaths have generally been pleasant, and our church-going people have enjoyed it very much.

Dr. Brown, of Burlington, New Jersey, has been lecturing in our city with great success upon several subjects. The one that appeared to attract the most attention was that on the injurious effects of eating meat. He showed that men would be a great deal more healthy if they would eat vegetables only.

Among those converted to his theory are the Rev. Bishop Payne and some few others. It is rather doubtful whether they will hold out to the end or not.

There is quite a religious interest manifested at Bethel Church, in this city, at present. There is every indication of a great revival. On last Sabbath evening Rev. Philip Scott, of Wilmington, Delaware, preached a very able sermon to a large congregation. At the conclusion of his discourse, the prayer-meeting was commenced. A Captain of a military company was present, with several of his men. After the meeting had progressed a little while, the captain handed the following note to the pastor:

BROTHER WAYMAN—I want to pray once, as I leave on Tuesday for the battle-field—perhaps never again to attend such pleasant exercises.

CAPTAIN EVANS.

He was invited to come in front of the altar—and he prayed most fervently for the mourners around him, and then asked the Lord to go with him and his company to the battle-field and give them success. After his prayer was ended, he shook hands with the pastor and some of the other brethren near the altar, and said, "Pray for me and my company. I have not only got these epaulettes on my shoulder, but I have on the whole armor of God."

We have seldom ever witnessed such a scene as was presented on this occasion, and when Captain Evans and his men started to go out, Bro. Henry Braddicks sang—

Fight on, ye old soldiers,
You will soon be discharged,
The war will be ended,
And your treasure enlarged.

There was a general weeping all over the church, and there was many a voice that said, "God bless Captain Evans." W.

Baltimore, Feb. 17, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

BISHOP NAZREY, OR THE TRUE STATE OF THE CASE.

In the 54th number of this paper, we wrote an article upon the subject with which this is headed. We commenced that article by saying, "Within a few months past the peace and quietude of the A. M. E. Church has been not a little disturbed by the discussion of the question, What relationship does Bishop Nazrey sustain to the A. M. E. Church in the United States?" And after having shown that there are three, and only three, possible phases to this question, one only of which can be true, we concluded that article by saying, "Does not this state of things require that the Bishops and members of the A. M. E. Church should come together, in the name of the Lord, and make a friendly settlement of these disputed questions? It can be done, it should be done, and the men who love the cause of God and his church more than they do endless disputations, should come together and settle them." To this simple, plain, and easily to be understood article, Rev. A. W. Wayman, under the assumed name of Presbyter, in the 58th number of the CHRISTIAN RECORDER, replies: "There was so much inconsistency in Rev. J. P. Campbell's communication that it appeared to me that it requires a man that was non compos mentis to understand him." So says Rev. A. W. Wayman.

Now, having read and analyzed the sentence just quoted from that writer, let me ask men who are truly learned, if they think that he will die from the effects of insanity, arising from his mind being overtaxed with a knowledge of the rules of Syntax, and their just application in composition, would you take him to be a good Latin scholar, a sound philosopher, a man of extensive information, real knowledge and correct taste?

These propositions we will leave with you—for the time being—and pass on to another.

Old Gum, from Port Deposit, says: "A great cry in the fog, and clouds, darkness and gloom." A very bad state of things, we should judge this to be, appearing in the moral heavens. But as he is crying in the fog, clouds, darkness and gloom, he has a claim to our sympathies, and we own it to be our bounden duty to do what we can towards clearing away these fogs, clouds, darkness and gloom from the moral atmosphere of his mind, and letting the clear light of truth shine upon his dark and benighted understanding.

Rev. T. Strother, of Terre Haute, thinks he has made "A discovery of inconsistencies." And after telling us what he conceives them to be, he tells us himself that he does not know what the major proposition is about which he is writing; for, he says, "If I knew which one of the Church organizations he [that is Bishop Nazrey,] went with, in the division of the Churches as named above, and if I knew how often he had resigned since, and if I knew what church or churches he has attached himself to since such resignation, I would know then precisely where to go to find him, and in that way I would put a stop to any further wrangling or jangling on the subject."

Now, as Brother Strother says that he lacks knowledge upon the subject about which he writes, and he would put a stop to any farther wrangling or jangling on the subject if he had the required information, we are disposed not to enter into a discussion with him; but we are inclined, if possible, to give him that information which he seems to want.

Rev. J. M. Brown, chief editor of the Repository, volume 4, number 1, page 19, says: "The Episcopal difficulty continues. We are no nearer the end than we were at our last issue." This is the conclusion at which he arrives after all that has been said and written upon the subject in a friendly spirit by several well-informed writers, and himself among the number of them. He concludes the article to which we have alluded with the following written decision: "This and all other decisions looking to Bishop Nazrey's occupying this double Episcopal relation is contrary to the expressed will of our General Conference." As authority for this decision, he refers us to General Conference Minutes, 1860, page 33. Now, with all due respect to that brother, we are bold to take exception to this decision, and say that, we learn no such thing from that page.

In the fear of the Lord, with an eye single to the glory of God, let us endeavor to cast some additional light upon this subject. While engaged in an attempt to do this, we hope to be not guilty of making personal attacks upon men, or impugning their motives. We are at liberty to discuss principles, and not men and their motives. Commencing with page 10, General Conference Minutes for 1856, ye read that the following action took place:

"H. J. Young read a request emanating from the Canada Annual Conference, upon the subject of granting them permission to withdraw, and form a separate A. M. E. Church in Canada." The whole was referred to a select committee, viz.: John Peck, J. P. Campbell, Dr. Bias, H. J. Young, John A. Warren, A. R. Green and A. W. Wayman.

That committee reported favorably to the granting of said request, and after the committee had given their reasons why said request should be granted, page 21, they say: "Your committee, however, would greatly deprecate any thing in the division that would have a tendency to sever the union now existing between the A. M. E. Church of the United States of America, and that of the Province of Canada, while we recommend the adoption of a Book of Discipline in loyalty with government. We, therefore, recommend that in order to the continuation of a reciprocity of feeling and interest, a corresponding delegation should exist between the A. M. E. Church in the States and the A. M. E. Church in the Province of Canada, who shall fully participate in the deliberations of the General and Annual Conferences, but not vote. If any of the ministers or members desire to remove from one connexion to the other, they shall be received by certificate, with all their standing, so that a friendly relation may continue between the two connexions. Although they exist under different governments, we shall be bound together by cords never to be broken. Adopted."

Afternoon session of the same day, we have the following action:

"*Resolved*, That this General Conference appoint a delegation of three to meet the Convention in Canada, at the organization of the Church there, who shall learn in person what connexion that Church may desire with the A. M. E. Church in the States, and what participation that Church may wish in the Book Concern of our Church."

"Stephen Smith, M. M. Clarke and A. R. Green were chosen said committee, and were requested to report at the next General Conference."

Page 29, William H. Jones offered the following:

"*Whereas*, The General Conference has set off the Canadian District to become a separate body from the A. M. E. Church in the United States, and

"*Whereas*, The people, and we, their representatives in this General Conference, have the most implicit confidence in Rev. Willis Nazrey, therefore,

"*Resolved*, That we hereby most respectfully request and petition this General Conference to allow or grant Rev. Willis Nazrey, if it be his pleasure, to withdraw from this branch of the Church, to superintend the Church in Canada.

"Signed—Wm. H. Jones, H. J. Young, George W. Brodie and Robert Jones."

M. M. Clarke moved the following as an amendment:

"*Whereas*, This General Conference does not feel authorized to give one of its Bishops to that portion of the connexion unsolicited, therefore,

"*Resolved*, That when we shall be solicited for one, (if before next General Conference,) all our Bishops shall meet, with three elders selected by them, and decide which of the Bishops shall serve in Canada, in accordance with the wishes of the Canadian Church. Agreed to."

From the above stated proceedings it will appear that three committees or nine persons were appointed, or authority given for the same, to attend the Convention in Canada. Now, common sense as well as usage would suggest the propriety that the reports of such important committees would have been called for at the General Conference of 1860, that their report should have been read, received, the committees discharged, and their report having become the property of the house, should have been properly disposed of by the General Conference. But nothing like this was done. It is true there was a committee appointed upon Canadian affairs to which was referred all papers and documents relating to the Church in Canada. But this did not make up the deficiency occurring through the neglect relative to the reports of the committees authorized by the previous General Conference, and which did not in the interval.

General Conference Minutes for 1860, page 15, the 3d section of the committee's report on Canadian affairs, requesting Bishop Nazrey to resign forthwith, was taken up. With regard to this matter, we claim that the committee transcended the bounds of their appointment. Who told them to request Bishop Nazrey to resign forthwith whatever relation he sustained to the British M. E. Church? This was not the work assigned them, and in it they transcended the bounds of strict propriety. After the committee introduced this inappropriate and unnecessary matter, the General Conference took it up and acted upon it, feeling that they must make some disposition of it, as it had been smuggled in with other things contained in the report of the committee.

Here let me ask men of reason, judgment, knowledge, wisdom and grace, if this very resolution does not lay at the foundation of all the difficulty in the discussion now passing under review? And was not that inappropriate and unnecessary resolution originally put into the report of that committee as a test question? Can the writer of that report give any other account of it? Let him answer that question to God, and the Church whose peace and quiet have been disturbed by it.

Page 15. C. H. Pearce arose and said that the General Conference having, by vote, decided that Bishop Nazrey was Bishop of the B. M. E. Church, he would, therefore, ask by what authority this General Conference asked him to resign. He asked that the following protest might be placed upon the Minutes:

"Protest of Charles H. Pearce:—To the General Conference of the A. M. E. Church, in behalf of the members of the B. M. E. Church. I protest against the action of this General Conference, requesting Bishop Nazrey to resign, after having decided by vote that he belonged to the B. M. E. Church; and farther, if this Conference wish him, they ought to ask the B. M. E. Church for him." "Signed, Charles H. Pearce."

Now, the questions to be decided are these:

1st. What force, if any, is there in those words, in accordance with the wishes of the Canadian Church, as found in the Clarke resolution?

2d. How did Bishop Nazrey come to exercise Episcopal jurisdiction over the Ohio District, and also at the same time exercise jurisdiction in the Canadian Church? Was it done by his own or some other authority?

3d. Should the agreement of the A. M. E. General Conference for 1856 with the Canadians through their legally appointed delegates be respected or not?

4th. What effect should the protest of the delegate from the B. M. E. Church, 1860, to the General Conference of the A. M. E. Church have upon the subject in question? or do we assume that it was not entitled to have respect paid to it?

5th. When a law, rule, or covenant is enacted, made or agreed to, and the said covenant is ratified between two or more parties, can the said law, rule or covenant be abrogated, set aside, made null and void by one of the parties, at will, and whenever it will without the consent of the other party or parties?

6th. Is not a minister of Jesus Christ commanded to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, and if, in obedience to that command, the Church sends him into the Province referred to above, can it be truthfully said that he is exercising double jurisdiction, and also double functions, because he may be exercising double jurisdiction by special appointment, by the Church having jurisdiction over him, and power to assign him his appropriate work and field of labor?

7th. Can it be said of a minister of state, sent to a foreign court, that he is exercising double functions when performing those duties assigned him, by his government, to that foreign court?

Toronto, C. W., Sep. 1860.

In General Conference assembled, Bishop Nazrey here arose and read a written resignation, which he said he had promised to present at the close of this Conference, whereupon Wm. H. Jones, from the Committee on Episcopacy, moved to lay the resignation on the table. Carried, and offered the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, We have learned from printed Minutes of the General Conference of A. M. E. Church, held in the city of Pittsburgh, Pa., U. S., 1860, and from our delegate to the said Conference that after that body had reviewed all the circumstances of our separation, and had positively declared Willis Nazrey as much the general superintendent of the B. M. E. Church as Wm. P. Quinn and D. A. Payne are of the A. M. E. Church, did positively demand by vote his (Willis Nazrey's) unconditional resignation from the B. M. E. Church, and,

Whereas, the resignation just offered by Willis Nazrey is consequent upon the action of the said Pittsburgh General Conference, &c., therefore,

Resolved, That we cannot, and will not, consent to it under any considerations; but do hereby most solemnly renew our former declaration that Willis Nazrey is, by virtue of a clear understanding and regular agreement, made in good faith, between the A. M. E. Church and the B. M. E. Church, to all intents and purposes General Superintendent of the B. M. E. Church. 3d. The decree of the General Conference, upon the authority of which Bishop Nazrey was appointed, declared that he should be given to the Canadian Church, in accordance with their wishes. Here is no time specified; no term of years mentioned, in which said Bishop should serve in Canada; but in accordance with the wishes of the Canadians. The wishes of the Canadians were fully expressed in our vote, that Willis Nazrey should exercise the Episcopal office in the B. M. E. Church during life. These are the views of the Canadians in relation to the connexion existing between them and Bishop Nazrey, expressed in General Conference, assembled September, 1860.

If the unreasonable ground assumed by those who have asserted and attempted to prove, (but happily for the church have failed to do so,) that Bishop Nazrey is not a member of the A. M. E. Church be admitted, where are we? And what else must be admitted to agree with this state of things? 1st. We must admit that the General Conferences of 1856–60 were both composed of ignorant men, and were also unworthy of the name and position they occupied. 2d. It would follow, from such an admission, that the Ohio District was left from 1856–60 without a Bishop, and hence all that was done there was done illegally. 3d. It follows that our last General Conference was illegal; for out of the twenty-three sessions which we held, Bishop Nazrey presided over thirteen of them. To admit the first and third of these conclusions would be to insult the understanding of every intelligent member of the General Conferences. To admit the second conclusion would be equally as insulting, not only to the understanding of our brethren of the Ohio District, but also to their good sense and better judgment. There is but one alternative left, i. e., we must either admit by saying that Bishop Nazrey is not a member of the A. M. E. Church, all of these preposterous ideas, or admit that he did exercise legal authority during those four years, both in Canada and in the United States at the same time. Having shown that Bishop Nazrey, during the four years referred to, did exercise legal authority in both places, we ask, when did the legal authority of this double service, hitherto performed by him, cease? There are but four methods by which a Bishop, or any other member of the A. M. E. Church can lose their relationship to said church, to wit: by death, resignation, expulsion, or removal by certificate. Has the Bishop lost his relationship to the A. M. E. Church, in either of these respects? We answer, no. There are those who maintain that to admit Bishop Nazrey to be Bishop in the United States would be to admit him double functions, *i. e.*, he is two Bishops in one. This is not true. The idea of performing double service does not imply double functions any more than the idea of one man doing as much labor as two men ought to do; or is assigned to them, implies that he is two men in one. The Clark resolution of 1856, empowered all of our Bishops, with three elders selected by them, to say which of the Bishops should serve in Canada, in accordance with the wishes of that church. This authority was granted without date or limit, as to how long the Bishop should serve. This Clark resolution was not rescinded by the General Conference of 1860. Hence, we conclude that, even now there is no legal prohibition against Bishop Nazrey exercising Episcopal functions in the A. M. E. Church, and performing Episcopal work in Canada.

We are now, as we were in the General Conference for 1860, opposed to the thing in itself; but our opposition does not alter the existence of the thing. It really may exist, and has existed, our opposition to the contrary notwithstanding.

Dear brethren, in view of the state of things, is it not reasonable that our bishops and elders should meet together, in one of the Annual Conferences, and talk the matter over, and settle it, in an humble, meek, and lowly spirit, in the name of our great Master? This may and should be done. May the Lord grant unto all of us the spirit by which it may be accomplished. Amen.

J. P. CAMPBELL.

Philadelphia, Feb. 18th, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

MAN'S ACCOUNTABILITY.

Of him to whom much is given, of him much shall be required.—Bible.

When first the fallen angel did beguile
Our spotless, beauteous, glorious first mother,
He in the serpent's fascinating form with magic wile,
Succeeds his hideous deformity to cover.
In kindly tones, with winning voice, this treacherous foe
Her only good and happiness, pretends to seek and know.
But, cursed 'bove all the beasts of earth,
This well adapted instrument of sin.
The devil set his wits to work. And now, said he,
I'll find
A noble and more Godlike form to enter in.
Through earth and hell he searched with anxious care,
The form, the guise he thought most fitting for to wear.
Lo, now, he stops! he smiles! Ah, bold and sure his subtle plan.
But who's found vile enough his corrupt work to do?
Not man,
For he was formed to love, to honor, and protect
This being pure, though frail and of the weaker sex.
Yet, ah! alas, 'tis so! doth not time's annals prove,
The being, woman's nature 'tis to trust and love.
Strong minded man—creation's boasted lord—is Satan's willing tool.
And through a conquered [illegible], yet is he the greater fool,
For if to him the mind—the will superior, dominion over woman's given,
Why not his influence wield aright, and guide her loyal soil to God and virtue, happiness and heaven.

E. C. K.

Newark, N. J., Feb. 16th, 1862.

DR. THOMPSON ON THE REBELLION.

We take pleasure in giving Rev. Dr. Thompson's views (Editor of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*) upon the great absorbing question of the day. In commenting on Dr Hunter's letter, (which was inserted in the *Christian Advocate*,) who is inclined to advocate the Constitution by the recognition of human beings as goods and chattels, Dr. Thompson, who may be considered the exponent of the M. E. Church, being at the head of the principal organ, speaks as follows:—

Our readers know that we deny the right of secession; that in time of peace we never advocated any emancipation but the legal, gradual, and compensated; that we advocate no other now for the States which remain loyal; that we do not favor, even in insurgent States, a servile insurrection, which, we believe, a decree of emancipation would prevent by affording hope of deliverance without it. If Dr. Hunter correctly interprets Mr Cochrane, we do not agree with that gentleman; but we have so often been misinterpreted ourselves that we condemn no man without a hearing, and the attempt to render him obnoxious, in order to render us more so by comparison, is a fine rhetorical artifice, but rather too transparent.

But to the illustration. Suppose a conservative clergyman placed in command of our army. Drawing up his line before Manassas, he addresses his soldiers: "We have been called out to put down insurrection, but we have brought the Constitution into camp, as Israel took the ark of God to Ebenezer. That instrument expressly declares that 'no person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law.' This implies a court, an indictment, a hearing, a finding, a sentence, and an execution. We are in legal form to take our Southern brethren separately and bring them before the proper tribunal." Should it be said they are traitors, the general could reply, "The law condemns no man unheard, and the Constitution says that no person shall be convicted of treason except on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act. Having taken up arms to carry the Constitution over revolted territory, it were outrage to violate the sacred instrument upon the very border of that territory."

Suppose, however, Minie balls perforate the hearts of his officers, and shells from masked batteries bursting along his lines disembowel his soldiers, he would be likely to say, "If we don't kill these rebels they will kill us; forward, fire, charge; show what stuff you're made of; take those batteries."

After battle he might think he had acted according to *law*; not, however, of *peace*, but of *war*; not by process of *Constitution*, but process of *gunpowder*. Should the Chief Justice send a *habeas corpus* after his prisoners, or Beauregard get out a replevin for the captured cannon, he would probably try the officers of the law by drum-head court-martial.

Imagine the enemy about to renew the engagement with overwhelming numbers, and a large body of ragged, but stalwart slaves of rebels offering to stand in the front rank in battle on condition of liberty.

"Awful!" cries the general, "that a war for the Constitution should result in its violation." Should it be said you have already violated the Constitution by depriving men of life, liberty, and property without legal process; and that the Confederacy has renounced the Constitution, secured recognition by the world as a belligerent power, sent commissioners to foreign courts in European ports commissioned privateers to prey upon our commerce, and defied practically a recognition from our own government, which treats with it by commissioners under a flag of truce, and disposes of convicted pirates as prisoners of war, because of its authority, the general might say: "They are rebels, and we may blow them to destruction; but to arm slave against master would be to extinguish the Constitution in a sea of blood." It reminded that war is always tragical; that the responsibility is upon the party that begins it; that the more atrocious it is the shorter, and, therefore, the more humane; that a war of months, with the aid of slaves, is less cruel than a war of years without it, the general might reply: "There is peculiar sacredness about that clause which protects slavery, so that, though we may imprison freemen, we cannot free bondmen, though we may block up ports which nature has opened to the commerce of the world, we may not open the paths which man has closed to the freedom of his fellow; though we may take life without legal process, we may not give liberty as. Slavery, I know, is the sum of all villanies: it steals the children of Africa, degrades labor, destroys human brotherhood; it puts the manhood of man, the chastity of woman, the unity of the family, the sanctity of the Sabbath, and the gates of the temple in the power of the master; it hides the key of knowledge and withholds the word of God and cries at will, 'Going—going—gone,' over human hearts. It hath its revenges on the master too, for it opens the gate to his lust, loosens the reins of his passions, bewilders his intellect, sears his conscience, obscures to his vision the bright forms of liberty and justice, and exhibits the face of God as the patron of its concentrated wrong. It has filled a belt of States with treason and perjury, disgraced the character, invaded the territory, stolen the property, exiled the friends, blockaded the capital of the United States; to turn down our flag within a tract, the greater of which was bought with our money, and stre around it a line of troops, so that our citizens [illegible] not penetrate it without fire and sword: yet we m hold it sacred."

But, general, while the enemy threatens to lay us down, pitch your Constitution into the Potomac, and divide the Union into hostile despotic States, whose contests will read God knows when! ought we to hold the guarantees of slavery in disloyal States above the safeguards of liberty in loyal ones? The general might reply, "If we do not, men will call us Abolitionists, and quote us out of countenance. If they were to quote the Bible, O how I could quote back! If they would quote Davis and Stephens, mercy! how I could quote Washington, and Franklin, and Jefferson, and Patrick Henry, and the Declaration of Independence, and even the preamble of the Constitution; but I fear they will quote the *National Intelligencer*, which would imply that we are in a storm of passion, or fired by 'hatred,' or ignorant what spirit we are of. Better slavery drive its ploughshare of ruin over the Union, and extinguish the lighthouse of liberty on the stormy sea of the nations."

Determine quickly what to do with these men, for Beauregard will be on us, and if they don't stand in our intrenchments, they will in his. "Well," replies the general, "The Law! the Law! I have always magnified it. When I breathe the sweet breath of morn and cry, with full heart, 'Hail, holy light!' when I sit in my cottage door and see God feeding the leaves with his dew, or folding the wings of his insect children, or leading forth the stars as a shepherd does his flock; when I walk the fields of science, whether I turn the microscope upon the atoms that float in the sunbeam, or the telescope upon the orbs which wheel their eternal courses through the celestial spaces; when by faith I stand in Paradise, and hear God say, 'Therefore, shall a man leave his father and mother, and they twain shall be one flesh,' and listen to the echoes of the voice rolling through the ages from the lips of his Son; when I stand on Sinai, and, while the mountain trembles, and thunders, and flames, read on the tables of stone, "Thou shalt not steal;" when I stand on Judean mountains, and hear the prophet's summary of human duty, 'To do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God;' when I stand on the plains of Bethlehem and listen to the song of angels, and hear it echoed through the centuries in louder and louder numbers; when I sit on hills of Galilee and hear Him who came from heaven to heal the broken-hearted, and set at liberty them that are bruised; when I stand on Calvary and behold the 'Lamb' dying to make men sons of God; when I stand at the judgment seat and hear, 'For I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me,' I think of Law, and when I stand in the midst of my dear ones, and think of a destroyer entering my castle, violating my wife, enslaving my children, and selling my body on the auction-block, I find a Mount Sinai in my own breast all earthquake and thunder and flame with divine law. Yet all this I can bear to see, on occasion, violated; but when I come to the rebel Mason's Fugitive Slave Law I feel that the necessity of necessities is upon me, my awe becomes too profound, night falls upon nature, the sun goes down over the prophets, the sword is poised on its way, and my tongue breaks forth in the sublime words of Hooker: 'Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice is the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage.'"

Now we believe that our amiable friend, Dr. Hunter—one of the best of men—would not say so, but would say, "For the ark of the Constitution, for the life of the nation, for the liberty of humanity, let the negroes come. If they are property, let them follow the law of confiscation; if they are men, let them earn their liberty behind our batteries."

Our theory is this: we are in a state of war; while it rages let civil rights yield to military necessities. When the rebel system is dissolved, and the wandering orbs are reophered in the firmament of the Union, then may they feel the guarantees of its fundamental law. Meanwhile, let us plead before the Father in the name of his Son for both the disloyal and loyal States, recognizing in the revolutions of barbarism, no less than in the evolutions of Christianity the working of a higher law, which sweeps through all time and space, and issues from Him before whom we hope forever to bow, crying, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty! just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints!"

EPISCOPAL.

BISHOP MCILVAINE IN ENGLAND.

One of the most eminent and honored bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country is the Right Rev. Charles Petit McIlvaine, D. D., D. C. L., bishop of Ohio. For some weeks past this venerable prelate has been sojourning in England, where he has long had many friends and admirers for an American clergyman. He has in more than one instance preached by request before her Majesty the Queen. When the Prince of Wales visited the United States, in the autumn of 1860, we believe he paid the Bishop a visit at his residence in Ohio. The influence of the latter in England, we have reason to believe, has been most salutary. His letters from there breathe the spirit of a Christian and a patriot—one who dares to espouse the right in the face of obloquy and blind prejudice. A telegram from Washington relates that soon after the death of Prince Albert, Bishop McIlvaine addressed a letter of condolence to the Prince of Wales, enclosing it to Gen. Bruce, with the request that it might be delivered. The letter was received, and in a few days elicited an answer, thanking the Bishop for his attention. Not long after this, the Bishop was *en route* for the Isle of Wight, standing upon the deck of the steamer alone, when a royal yacht passed with the Prince of Wales and General Bruce aboard, who, in passing, waved their hats; the recognition, as soon as the Bishop was told who the party were, was mutual. The quiet, but powerful influence of such men in England just now, when disloyal Americans are doing their utmost to fan the jealousy of our English brethren into a flame, is most fortunate, and will, doubtless, accomplish more towards shaping public sentiment abroad, regarding the eternal principles of right involved in our present contest, than a host of rebel envoys. Several known sympathizers with Secession, in England, are said to have their views changed entirely through conversations had with this distinguished clergyman.

If you want to set the dogs on sectarianism and sectarians, search for the most unmitigated sectarian within the range of your acquaintance, and employ him. He will bite them on.

SPEECH OF JOHN S. ROCK, ESQ.

At the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, Thursday Evening, Jan. 23.

We give place this week, to the speech delivered by Brother Rock, of Boston, which we know will be interesting to our readers, and would do well to be hung up in the halls of Congress,—nay, in the house of the President, as an argument in behalf of the black man, that the very same God is the author of both—or all the human family, and that he is no respecter of persons

Language and Gentlemen.—I am here not so much to make a speech as to add a little more *color* to this occasion. (Laughter.)

I do not hope that it is right that I should speak, at this time, for it is said that we have talked too much already; and it is being continually thundered in our ears that the time for speech-making is ended, and the time for action has arrived. Perhaps this is so. This may be the theory of the people, but we all know that the active idea has found but little sympathy with either of our great military commanders, or the National Executive; for they have told us, again and again, that "patience is a cure for all sores," and that we must wait for the "good time" which, to us, has been long-a-coming. (Applause.)

It is not my desire, neither is it the time for me to criticise the Government, even if I had the disposition so to do. The situation of the black man in this country is far from being an enviable one. To-day, our heads are in the lion's mouth, and we must get them out the best way we can. To contend against the Government is as difficult as it is to sit in Rome and fight with the Pope. (Laughter.) It is probable, that, if we had the malice of the Anglo-Saxon, we would watch our chances and seize the first opportunity to take our revenge. If we attempted this, the odds would be against us, and the first thing we should know would be —*nothing!* (Laughter.) The most of us are capable of perceiving that the man who spits against the wind, spits in his own face! (Laughter.)

While Mr. Lincoln has been more conservative than I had hoped to find him, I recognize in him an honest man, striving to redeem the country from the degradation and shame into which Mr. Buchanan and his predecessors have plunged it. (Applause.)

This nation is mad. In its devoted attachment to the negro, it has run crazy after him. (laughter,) and now, having caught him, hangs on with a deadly grasp, and says to him, with more earnestness and pathos than Ruth expressed to Naomi, "Where thou goest, I will go; where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." (Laughter and applause.)

Why this wonderful attachment? My brother (Mr Remond) spoke ably and eloquently to you this afternoon, and told you of the cruel and inhuman prejudices of the white people of this country. He was right. But has he not failed to look on the other side of this question? Has he not observed the deep and abiding affection that they have for the negro, which "neither height, nor depth, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor to come, can separate from this love," which reaches to their very souls? Renewed laughter and applause.)

I do not deny that there is a deep and cruel prejudice lurking in the bosoms of the white people of this country. It is much more abundant in the North than in the South. Here, it is to be found chiefly among the higher and lower classes; and there is no scarcity of it among the poor whites at the South. The cause of this prejudice may be seen at a glance. The educated and wealthy class despise the negro, because they have robbed him of his hard earnings, or, at least, have got rich off the fruits of his labor; and they believe if he gets his freedom, their fountain will be dried up, and they will be obliged to seek business in a new channel. Their "occupation will be gone." The lowest class hate him because he is poor, as they are, and is a competitor with them for the same labor. The poor ignorant white man, who does not understand that the interest of the laboring classes is mutual, argues in this wise: "Here is so much labor to be performed,—that darkey does it. If he was gone, I should have his place." The rich and the poor are both prejudiced from interest, and not because they entertain vague notions of justice and humanity. While uttering my solemn protest against this American vice, which has done more than any other thing to degrade the American people in the eyes of the civilized world, I am happy to state that there are many who have never known this sin, and many others who have been converted to the truth by the "foolishness of anti-slavery preaching," and are deeply interested in the welfare of the race, and never hesitate to use their means and their influence to help break off the yoke that has been so long crushing us. I thank them all, and hope the number may be multiplied, until we shall have a people who will know no man save by his virtues and his merits. (Loud applause.)

Now, it seems to me that a blind man can see that the present war is an effort to nationalize, perpetuate, and extend slavery in this country. In short, slavery is the cause of the war: I might say, is the war itself. Had it not been for slavery we should have had no war! Through two hundred and forty years of indescribable tortures, slavery has wrung out of the blood, bones and muscles of the negro, hundreds of millions of dollars, and by its use in make this nation rich. At the same time, [illegible] which has burst forth, and, in a less number of [illegible] this wicked and self-considered the Government bankrupt! And, strange as it may appear, you still cling to this monstrous iniquity, notwithstanding it is daily sinking the country lower and lower! (Hear, hear.) Some of our ablest and best men have been sacrificed to appease the wrath of this American god. (Hear, hear.) There was Fremont—God bless him (loud applause,)—who, under pretence of fraud in his contracts, to the amount of several thousand dollars, was set aside for a Hunker Kidnapper. If Fremont made a mistake of a few thousand dollars,—which no one claims was intentional, on his part,—what do you think of the terrible delay which has cost, and is costing us two millions a day? Who is responsible for this great sacrifice of treasure? (Hear, hear.) Then, there was Mr. Cameron, the head of whose garments was not soiled with Anti-Slavery, except what he got from his official position, as it was forced upon his convictions. But, standing where he did, he saw the real enemy of the country; and because he favored setting at its vitals, his head was cut off, and that of a Hunker's substituted! There is a storm in that cloud which, to-day, though no larger than a man's hand, is destined to sweep over this country and wake up this guilty nation. Then we shall know where the fault is, and if these dry bones can live! (Loud applause.)

The Government wishes to bring back the country to what it was before. This is possible; but what is to be gained by it? If we are fools enough to retain the cancer that is eating out our vitals, when we can safely extirpate it, who will pity us if we see our mistake when we are past recovery? (Hear, hear.) The Abolitionists see this day of tribulation and reign of terror long ago, and warned you of it; *but your sons d not hear!* You now say that it is their agitation, which has brought about this terrible civil war! That is to say, your friend sees a slow match set near a keg of gunpowder in your house, and timely warns you of the danger which he sees is inevitable; you despise his warning, and, after the explosion, say, if he had not told you of it, it would not have happened! (Loud applause.)

Now, when some leading men who hold with the policy of the President, and yet pretend to be liberal, argue, that while they are willing to admit that the slave has an undoubted right to his liberty, the master has an equal right to his property; that to liberate the slave would be to injure the master, and a greater good would be accomplished to the country in these times, by the loyal master's retaining his property, than by giving to the slave his liberty,—I do not understand it so. Slavery is treason against God, man and the nation. The master has no right to be a partner in a conspiracy which has shaken the very foundation of the universe. Even to apologize for it, while in open rebellion, is to aid and abet in treason. The master's right to his property in human flesh cannot be equal to the slave's right to his liberty. The former right is acquired, either by kidnapping, or unlawful purchase from kidnappers, or inheritance from kidnappers. The very claim invalidates itself. On the other hand, liberty is the inalienable right of every human being; and liberty can make no compromise with slavery. The guiltiness of slavery to the master can bear no relative comparison to the goodness of liberty to the slave. Liberty and slavery are contraries, and separated from each other as good from evil, light from darkness, heaven from hell. (Applause.) We trace effects to their cause. The evils brought upon the slave and the free colored man are traced to slavery. If slavery is better than freedom, its effects must also be better; for the better effect is from the better cause, and the better result from the better principle; and conversely, of better effects and results, the causes and principles are better. The greater good is that which we would most desire to be the cause to ourselves and our friends, and the greater evil is that which would give us the deeper affliction to have involved upon them or ourselves. Now, there is no one man who would not rather have his liberty, and be stripped of every other earthly comfort, and see his friends in a like situation, than be doomed to slavery with its indescribable category of cruelty and wrongs—

"Sometimes loaded with heavy chains,
And flogged till the keen lash stains."

It may be no easy matter to apologize for slavery; but after applying the great test,—The Golden Rule—of "doing unto others as we would have them do unto us," we must admit that no apology can be made for slavery. And of all the miserable miscreants who have attempted to apologize for, and extol, the happy condition of the slave, I have never seen one of them willing to take the place of one of those so called "happy creatures." (Loud applause.)

To day, when it is a military necessity, and when the safety of the country is dependant upon emancipation, our humane political philosophers are puzzled to know what would become of the slaves if they were emancipated! The idea seems to prevail that the poor things would suffer, if robbed of the glorious privileges they now enjoy! If they could not be flogged, half-starved, and work to support in ease and luxury those who have never waived an opportunity to outrage and wrong them, they would pine away and die! Do you imagine that the negro can live outside of slavery? Of course, now, they can take care of themselves and their masters too; but if you give them their liberty, must they not suffer? (Laughter and applause.) Have you ever been able to see through all this? Have you not observed that the locality of the origin of sympathy in favor of the poor slave is in the pocket of the slaveholder and the man who shares in the profits of slave labor? Of course you have; and I do not [illegible] wealth. You know, if they do not have somebody to work for them, they must leave their gilded saloons, and take off their coats and roll up their sleeves, and take [illegible] you are aware, these respectable gentlemen will not do, for they have been so long accustomed to live by [illegible] and cheating the negro, that they are [illegible] parlor to the influences that have been brought upon us to crush us. This could not have been said of your race when it was oppressed and enslaved! Another reason is, this nation has wronged us, and for this reason many hate us. Hear, hear. The Spanish proverb is, "*Donde que ofierre nuesa ben is quier*"—Since I have wronged you, I have never liked you. This is true not only of Spaniards and Americans, but of every other class of people. When a man wrongs another, he not only hates him, but tries to make others dislike him. Strange as this may appear, it is nevertheless painfully true. You may help a man during his life time, and you are a capital fellow; but your first refusal brings down his ire, and shows you his ingratitude. When he has got all he can from you, he has no further use for you. When the orange is squeezed we throw it aside. (Laughter.) The black man is a good fellow while he is a slave, and toils for nothing, but the moment he claims his own flesh and blood and bones he is a most obnoxious creature, and there is a proposition to get rid of him! He is happy while he remains a poor, degraded, ignorant slave, without even the right to his own offspring. While in this condition, the master can ride in the same carriage, sleep in the same bed, and nurse from the same bosom. But give this same slave the right to use his own legs, his hands, his body and his mind, and this happy and desirable creature is instantly transformed into a miserable and loathsome wretch. It only be colonized somewhere near the mountains of the moon, or [illegible] and the presence of [illegible] disappears. You must not lose sight of the fact that it is the emancipated slave and the free colored man whom it is [illegible] not those who [illegible] the country and ministers as it were to [illegible] and the grand de[illegible] (Loud applause.)

It is true, to a great [illegible] have been induced to go to Liberia and to Hayti, but be assured, the more intelligent portion of the colored people will remain here; not because we prefer being oppressed here to being freemen in other countries, but we will remain because we believe our future prospects are better here than elsewhere, and because our experience has proved that the greater proportion of those who have left this country during the last thirty years have made the condition worse and would have gladly returned if they could have done so. You may rest assured that we shall remain here always, where we have attained almost everything. Now, when our prospects begin to brighten, we are the more encouraged to stay, pay off the old scores, and have a reconstruction of things. There are those of us who [illegible] that we have [illegible] of [illegible] in the east and moving South west! (Applause.)

[illegible] vernment is only [illegible] that must be cut. Here you perceive it is mistaken. The North is in error. She has suffered the South, like a wayward child, to do as she would and now, when she [illegible] trouble. If you wish to prevent a pending evil, destroy the source at once. If the first sparks were quenched there would be no flame. For how can he kill who dares not be angry? or how can he be refused who fears an oath? All [illegible] struggle of a destroying tendency and oppression are but childish sports let alone until they are ungovernable. The choking of the fountain is the surest way to cut off the [illegible] The Government has not had the courage to do this. Having sown the wind, we are now reaping the whirlwind; but in the end I think it will be conceded by all, that we shall have gathered in a glorious harvest. (Loud applause.)

I do not regard this trying hour as a dark one. The war that has been waged on us for more than two centuries has opened our eyes and caused us to form still nearer to that instead of acting on the defensive, we are now prepared to attack the enemy. This is simply a change of [illegible] I think I see the finger of God in this. Yes, *there* is the hand writing on the wall: *I come not to bring peace, but the sword. Break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free. I have heard the groans of my people, and am come down to deliver them!* (Loud and long continued applause.)

At present, it looks as though we were drifting into a foreign war, and if we do have one, slavery must go down with it. It is not the time now for me to discuss the relation of the black man to such a war. Perhaps no one cares what we think, or have we feel on this subject. You think yourselves strong now. The wisest man and the strongest man is generally the most ignorant and the most feeble. Be not deceived. No man is so feeble that he cannot do you an injury! (Hear, hear.) If you should get into a difficulty of this kind, it would be to your interest that we should be your friends. You remember the lion had need of the mouse. (Applause.) You have spurned our offers, and disregarded our feelings, and on this account we have manifested but little interest in, and have been apparently indifferent observers of this contest; but appearances are deceitful—every man who snores is not asleep. (Applause.)

I believe the conduct of both the bond and the free has been exceedingly injudicious. It is times like these that try men. It is storms and tempests that give reputation to pilots. If we have a foreign war, the black man's services will be needed. Seventy-five thousand freemen capable of bearing arms, and three quarters of a million of slaves wild with the enthusiasm caused by the dawn of the glorious opportunity of being able to strike a genuine blow for freedom, will be a power that "white men will be bound to respect." (Applause.) Let the people of the United States do their duty, and treat us as the people of all other nations treat us—as men; if they will do this, our last drop of blood is ready to be sacrificed in defence of the liberty of this country. (Loud applause.) But if you continue to deny us our rights, and spurn our offers except as menials, colored men will be worse than fools to take up arms at all. (Hear hear.) We will stand by you, however, and wish you that success which you will not deserve. (Applause.)

This rebellion for slavery means something! Out of it emancipation must spring. I do not agree with those men who see no hope in this war. (Hear, hear.) There is nothing in it but hope. (Applause.) Our cause is onward. As it is with the sun, the clouds often obstruct his vision, but in the end we find there has been no standing still (Applause.) It is true the Government is but little more anti-slavery now than it was at the commencement of the war; but while fighting for its own existence, it has been obliged to take slavery by the throat, and sooner or later must choke her to death (Loud applause.) Jeff. Davis is to the slaveholders what Pharaoh was to the Egyptians, and Abraham Lincoln and his successor, John C. Fremont, (Applause) will be to us what Moses was to the Israelites. (Continued applause.) I may be mistaken, but I think the sequel will prove that I am correct. I have faith in God and gunpowder and lead, (loud applause,) and believe we ought not to be discouraged. (Applause.) We have withstood the sixth trial, and in the seventh our courage must not falter. I thank God I have lived to see this great day, when the nation is to be weighed in the balances, and I hope not found wanting. (Applause.) This State and the National Government have treated us most shamefully, but as this is not the first time, I suppose we shall live through it. In the hour of danger we have not been found wanting. As the Government has not had the courage to receive the help that has been standing ready and waiting to assist her, we will now stand still and see the salvation of our people. (Applause.)

Domestic Items.

Fort Donelson Captured!—Fort Donelson surrendered to General Grant yesterday (Saturday.)

Generals Pillow, Johnston, and Buckner, were taken,—together with fifteen thousand other prisoners.

General Floyd made his escape during the night, and the rebels in the fort denounce him as a black-hearted traitor and coward.

The enemy were known to have had thirty thousand troops, fifteen thousand of whom are our prisoners, five thousand escaped, and the rest are reported to be killed or otherwise disabled.

The bloodiest and most important battle of the war has been fought and won by the noble troops under command of General Grant. They have achieved a triumph not less difficult, daring and majestic than the capture of the Redan by the Allied troops at Sebastopol.

DESCRIPTION OF THE NEWS.

The news of the capture of Fort Donelson creates an immense patriotic and jubilatative furore. There has not been so much joy manifested since the days of the old Revolution.

DESCRIPTION OF FORT DONELSON.

Fort Donelson is a fortification made of earth, and was constructed about the same time last summer as Fort Henry. Situated at Dover, on the west bank of the Cumberland, where that river washes an obtuse angle, it is twelve miles south-east of the latter fort, and, as the last reports received, was said to mount about ten 24 and 32-pounders. Some seven or eight post roads intersect at this point, and the Memphis and Clarksville Railroad passes but four miles south of it. The position is important as controlling the river as far up as Clarksville, and, in conjunction with Fort Henry and Tennessee bridge, as breaking off from the rebels some twenty miles of railroad communication.

Savannah Captured—The Navy Department has received despatches stating that the Stars and Stripes wave over Savannah.

Evacuation of Springfield—Feeling in Missouri.—The news from Missouri is important. On the morning of the 13th the Third Division of Gen. Curtis' Union army entered Springfield, where they found six hundred of General Price's sick soldiers, and a large amount of forage and wagons belonging to his army. General Curtis having learned that General Price had only evacuated the place a few hours before our troops entered it, immediately despatched a strong cavalry force in pursuit, which encountered the rear guard of Price's army, and after a short engagement dispersed it, taking a large number of prisoners.

Major General Wool, commanding at Fortress Monroe, has issued stringent orders against gambling among the soldiers, and charged all his subordinate officers to do their utmost to enforce the prohibition. This and practice is the bane of the soldiers.

"Occasional." (of the *Press*,) one of the most sagacious political writers of our country, says:

"The British Parliament is now probably in session. American affairs will undoubtedly [illegible] of its time, and enter into most of its discussions. The friends of America in the two Houses will start with many advantages. They write here full of ardor and hope about the release of Mason and Slidell. But, while expressing the utmost confidence in their ability to contend against the aristocracy, plead most earnestly for continued prudence, patience, and magnanimity on the part of the Administration of Mr. Lincoln and his supporters. It is not meddling with what necessarily these sympathizers of American institutions in great Britain understand the issues at stake in this war. Nor are these men the mere representatives of a class. Among the last I could name many of the most opulent and influential of the British nobility, many prominent commoners, and, of course, all the genuine philanthropists, rise to realize the magnitude of our struggle, after years of reading and reflection upon our system of government. All these statesmen, all these organs of opinion, concur in the warmest tributes to the moderation, courage and ability which have distinguished the management of our relations with [illegible] were since the commencement of the war. Without exception they recommend that every pretext for interference in this war, on the part of England and France, should be removed. They place considerable stress upon the demonstration of the liberation of Christian harbor, and urge with much ability the necessity of immediate and vigorous action, so that our arms may successfully seize and triumphantly hold all the other great cotton ports of the South. Nothing, in truth, does us so much good in Great Britain as constantly renewed exhibitions of the increasing military power and material resources of the loyal States. There is a sentence in one of the letters of one of the most [illegible] of the British aristocracy, which I commend, with due respect, to the consideration of General McClellan: 'Everything done with [illegible] which shows [illegible] every new point occupied, every move in the direction of freedom to the slave, upon the basis of compensation to the loyal owners, tells here powerfully—makes it less possible for our Government to deal treacherously with you, and to inflict any blow upon you.'"

The Rebels Alarmed About the Prevalence of the Union Sentiment in Tennessee.—The uprising of the Union men in Tennessee and other parts of the Southern Confederacy has caused a great deal of consternation among the rebel leaders. Ever since the battle of Bull Run the rebels have tried, through their papers and orators, to disguise the fact that there were persons in their midst who still retained their love for the old Union. But now they are forced to acknowledge the fact that there is a Union sentiment, and that it has become so strong and resolute that they, the rebels, entertain serious fears that it will break out in open insurrection. The recent successes of the Union troops have given those people additional resolution and courage, and they have become accustomed to that they entertain pronunciations of joy whenever they hear of the triumph of the Federal forces over their perverature

The Richmond *Dispatch* says: "Our Tennessee exchanges give us gloomy prospects for the future in that part of the Confederacy

"Several leading journals intimate plainly that there is really a threatening state of affairs in East Tennessee, growing out of the [illegible] of many of those people for the old Union. The Memphis *Avalanche* writes that the condition of the interior counties is not improved by the lapse of time.

Probabilities of a Battle on the Potomac.—The Washington correspondent of the *World* says:

"It may not be improper to narrate the probabilities of early operations on the Potomac. Those who think that General McClellan will content himself with watching the flank movements of the Northern armies are quite mistaken. In the first place, Gen. McClellan has an honorable ambition of his own, and will not willingly forego adding his name to those of history's "great captains" by winning a conclusive battle in the field. Again, his victory must be larger in its details and results than those of his compeers. Finally, the rebellion will only be scotched, not killed, until the Federal 'army of the Potomac' has whipped the rebel 'army of the Potomac'

In a few weeks more, from every indication, just about the time that the roads and skies offer us their alliance, a proper effort will have been produced on the rebel army by the tidings coming to it, and the drafts made upon it from every other portion of the reduced Confederacy. In a few weeks more you may be sure our army of the Potomac will, at last, advance—and I predict that the rebels will make a last desperate stand; then a fearful battle will end in a Union victory, on plains within ten leagues of the battle-ground at Bull Run, and not twenty from the forts of the Potomac.

Capture of Roanoke Island.—The advance from Hatteras took place on Wednesday morning, the expedition consisting of about sixty vessels. The fleet anchored off Stumpy Point that night, and the next day proceeded to the entrance to Croatan Sound. After a reconnoissance, the attack was commenced on Friday morning, the gunboat Underwriter leading the column.

Although the battle was hotly contested, we are glad to see that the loss of life to our troops is considerably less than first reported by the rebels. Our loss amounts to 40 killed, and about 200 wounded. Among the killed on our side were Col. Russell, of the Tenth Connecticut, and Lieut. Col De Monteil, of the De Epineuil Zouaves. Our forces lost the most on account of their having to storm several masked batteries. General Burnside states that his forces captured six forts, forty guns, two thousand prisoners, and over three thousand stand of arms. Enough Colonels, Lieutenant Colonels, and Majors were also captured to insure the release of all our officers of the same ranks now in the hands of the rebels. The navy acted with its accustomed gallantry, and the victory is, to a great extent, indebted to it. All of the rebel gunboats were sunk or burnt, except two, which escaped up the canal. The Seabird, the flagship of Commodore Lynch, was run down and boarded, the Commodore jumping overboard and swimming to the shore. Elizabeth City and Edenton were both taken possession of by Commodore Goldsborough without opposition.

O. Jennings Wise died of his wounds received at Roanoke.

The Richmond Blues, commanded, by O. Jennings Wise, appear to have cut a very prominent figure in the engagement. They were almost annihilated.

The precipitate retreat of the rebel forces caused them to suffer more seriously than if they had stood their ground, and then surrendered without trying to escape.

Foreign Summary.

An encouraging state of things in favor of Evangelical religion is existing at Florence. The American chapel where Rev. E. E. Hall preaches is well attended. In numerous shops of the city, Bibles are sold; and from Sabbath to Sabbath the gospel is faithfully preached in Italian, French, English and German. Truly, this is a change from what has long been in priest-trodden and debased Italy.

With a very noble spirit, a number of citizens of Taunton, England, have thought of the probably crippled state of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions from the want of funds in this unhappy crisis, and with a most Christian liberality they have forwarded to the Board at Boston the munificent sum of twenty thousand dollars, to help carry on its regular missionary operations. This speaks volumes as to the sympathy of Christians in England for us in the great struggle with rebellion and wickedness.

Mr. Vesuvius has been in a fearful state of eruption for some time. Besides the immense quantities of lava that have been thrown down its sides in torrents, there have also been painful signs of an earthquake in the vicinity. Dust has filled the air, and a British vessel of war lying in the harbor at Naples had its decks covered with a coat of hot ashes, and the men on guard forced to take shelter under the poop. Out of a population of twenty-one thousand, fifteen thousand are fugitives. Between fifty and sixty houses have fallen, three hundred and twenty more are falling, and all are more or less injured. Out of eleven churches, only four are still safe.

A singular work of much interest has just been completed by Mr. Gould, the distinguished Ornithologist. It is a "Monograph of the Trochilidæ or Humming Birds," and is the result of (twelve years' labor. When it was commenced, there were only a little over one hundred species of this bird known—but now, under his devoted and arduous investigations, Mr. Gould describes at length in this work four hundred and twenty distinct species, and gives beautiful illustrations of three hundred and sixty species. The work is in five volumes, folio.

The outrageous religious intolerance of Spain has just had its full exhibition. Some time since, Messrs. Matamoras, Albuna & Trigo were arrested under a charge of political offences, and the circulating of the Bible. On the former charge they were tried and acquitted: but word has just reached us that for the latter offence they have been tried and condemned, and sentenced—the two former to seven years each in the galleys, and the latter four years in the same place. Surely, these are high proceedings in this nineteenth century.

An instance of singular success as a recipient of Royal favor is found in the case of Lord Elgin, of England. Twice was he sent as the Representative of Her Majesty's Government to China, and successful in making most valuable and desirable treaties with that peculiar people. Then he became the very secret table and useful Governor General of Canada and now is about to depart under Royal appointment to have charge of the Government of India. He largely enjoys the confidence of his own countrymen, and has had his services contribute much to the good of the world at large.

The population of Ireland has undergone a great decrease within a few years. In 1841 it was 8,175,124; in 1851 it was 6,552,385, and the census for 1861, shows that the whole population then was 5,754,542. The decrease is observable in almost every town.

MEETINGS OF ANNUAL CONFERENCES

The Ohio Annual Conference will meet in Zanesville city, Ohio, April 16th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

The Indiana Annual Conference will meet in Indianapolis, Ind., August 13th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

The Missouri Annual Conference will meet in Louisville, Ky., August 27th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

W. Peer Quinn

The Philadelphia Annual Conference will meet in Trenton, N. J., on the 10th day of May 1862, in the Mount Zion Church, at 9 o'clock

The New York and Annual Conference will meet on the 21st day of May, at New Bedford, at 9 o'clock, A. M., in the A. M. E. Church.

The members of these Conferences will strictly attend to the financial duties as laid down in the Discipline, and without which, in all cases, no [illegible] will be passed. Punctual attendance is requested.

A notice of my visits will be given in the future

W. Nazrey

Advertisements.

The Union Brothers and Sisters of Rev. Willis Nazrey Society, are requested to attend their regular stated meeting, the 19th of this month, at 8 o'clock, P. M., on the corner of Quince and Locust Streets. Punctual attendance is strictly requested, by order of the President.

Anson Bell, President.

F. Matthews, Secretary.

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth quarterly session, April 26th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

From Garnet Union No. 4, D. of T.; from Phœnix Union, No. 8, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 10, D. of T., Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from the Rose Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union No. 17, D. of T., from Vanbrackle Union No. 15, D. of T., of Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—

Grand P., Sister Bennet; Grand Associate, Sister Burden; Grand Treasurer, Sister Faucett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dubbart; Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall

G. P. P., Sister M. Roberts, G. P. P. Sister Anderson,
" " E. Bowen, " " J. P. Ellis,
" " M. H. Ridout, " " E. A. Chase,
" " S. Newman, " " White,
" " S. Davis, " " S. Hall.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY

The Stated Quarterly Meetings of the Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August, and November.

The meetings of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the society.

Mrs. Sarah Carter, President.

Mr. L. R. Seymour, Sec'y.

MRS. JOHNSON AND MRS. WARE

Beg leave to inform the Public in general that they continue

LAYING OUT AND SHROUDING THE DEAD.

REFERENCES.

Thomas Charnock, No. 427 South Sixth Street
James Le Count, No. 930 Rodman Street.
Thomas W. Allmond, No. 1025 Rodman Street

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GOOD NEWS

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" " Broken and Screened, per ton, [illegible] 4 25
" " Nut " " [illegible] 4 00
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" Nut, " [illegible] 4 00

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THE APPLES OF NEW ENGLAND.

[illegible]
Like apples of New England
How hang their [illegible] sunlight
Under the grey stone fences,
In reach of the dappled cow
Or [illegible] the [illegible]
Rich, watery sunlight, and
Of some old man [illegible] age
Where the farmer is king

Yes, king of the [illegible]
Whose grain takes a thousand hues
In the mellow fading sunshine
Yes, king in his cobbled shoes;
King of the sturdy ploughshare
King of the [illegible]
King over the [illegible]
Building in white and green

The Russets of New England
What royalty have they worn
Where the crack of the ashy walnut,
And the [illegible]
Where the herbs hang high in the chimney,
And the cat purrs on the hearth
And the rollicking boys guess riddles,
With many a shout of mirth

O! the Greenings of New England!
Of the old Rhode Island stem—
Brought from the English gardens
To grace the [illegible]
As fair as Britain's daughters,
As hardy as her men
But fairer [illegible] and lasses
Have plucked their fruit since then.

O! the Pearmain of New England!
With its blended milk and rose,
There's a smell of Albion's orchards
Wherever the good tree grows
A stout old English pilgrim
And to cradle its seed he broke
The sacred soil of Hartford,
By the roots of the Charter Oak!

O! the Pippins of New England!
What lover's eagles they saw,
When their ripening cheeks were seen
Through the [illegible]
Tell tales at the apple bee,
What rosy cheeks at the [illegible]
What kisses in hushing time!
That soon lead off to the parson,
Or end in a wedding chime

O! the apples of New England!
They are famous in every land;
And they sleep in silver baskets,
By black in a jewelled hand;
They swell in delicious dreaming,
On a beautiful crimson lip,
And taste of the nectared blisses
No lover has dared to sip

They go to the southern Islands,
They go to the western wild,
And they tell of their glorious birth-place,
To every frolicking child;
Of the home where men are noble,
And the women as good as fair;
O! the apples of New England
They are welcome every where

THE MITTEN THAT WAS NOT KNIT FOR A SOLDIER.

So, Mr. Homeguard, home you go:
You've got your hat and cane.
Excuse me, pray. But really, sir,
You must not call again.
I'm working for our soldiers, that
To freedom's summons hasten.
I once could entertain you, but
I've now no time to waste.

Of course you know I'd be with them
Were I like you a man;
As 'tis, I'll make what sacrifice
A feeble woman can.
I've given up my canary-bird,
My cat and poodle too;
I've given up all my foolish pets,
And I must give up—you.

I know you'll ask, if you can't help,
And come and hold the yarn
For me to wind? But, no, you can't.
I've got to knit and darn—
Crochet, make slippers—true, you know
Some girlish things to do.
But you can't come, for grandmother
Will do as well as you.

So, now, good by! Sometimes a walk
For exercise I'll take,
And if we meet, perhaps I'll speak,
For old acquaintance sake.
——He's gone! O me, I quake to think
Had not this war been waged,
By this time, Ugh! that snark and I,
We might have been engaged.

Family Circle.

MADGE'S BANK.

BY COUSIN MARY.

In a pretty cottage on the hill-side lived a little girl named Madge. There were several other small people who had as good a right there as herself, but as I am not going to speak particularly of them, I shall not stop to mention their names here. Perhaps you may find out some of them in the course of my story.

A more charming place for children than that same hill-side cottage, I think you never saw. It was called Dove's Nest, from its being so hidden away among the trees, and in that respect the name was very suitable; though, to my mind, the incessant chattering of young voices to be heard on near approach would sooner suggest that of "Blackbird's Nest."

But let me tell you the way in which visitors came upon the Nest. From the public highway they turned through a great gate into a road running through the middle of an old apple orchard, and if it happened to be in the time of blossom, they always stopped short as soon as they were inside the gate, and cried, "Oh, lovely!" For the apple-trees, large and gnarled and moss-grown, were of the good old kind, planted in the good old times, which had such a stock of life in them that their venerable heads were still crowned, year after year, with a glorious abundance of those delicate rose-tinted, fresh flowers, which seem to belong rightfully to the very prime of youth.

Madge had a grandmother whose hair was silver-gray, and her brow marked deep with wrinkles, but her blue eye was just as bright as at sixteen, and on her withered cheek a pure rose-tint still came and went as she laughed and chatted with the young around her. She, too, was of the good old kind, planted in the good old times. I fear we have not many of the sort, either apple-trees or grandmothers, growing in these days.

And now the road crosses a green meadow, beyond which swells a softly rounded hill, clothed thick with beeches, and from the very midst of these earls a blue wreath of smoke, by which, as did the poet in the vale of Avoca,

"We know that a cottage is nigh."

Along the wooded side of the hill, half-way up the ascent, we go; and right there in the heart of the grove opens a bit of a picture, so sweet in sylvan beauty and seclusion that you can hardly believe it real. Yes, this is the Nest. No other name could describe it. On a little natural plateau, all verdure and bloom, nestles a brown cottage, overran from base to chimney with ivy and bright flowering vines, looking for all the world as if it had grown there as naturally as the trees. On every side but the front, reaching down from the hill above, and reaching up from the slope below, close the friendly beeches, and they are so densely set, and so filled in with the wild undergrowth, as to form rather a bit of tangled forest than a grove. This is the great charm of the place for children. The eye cannot pierce through in any direction; and there, down among the trees, are patches of blackberry and raspberry for the young ones to scramble through, and little dark, leafy nooks where a fairy tale can be conned from beginning to end without the least fear of discovery; and natural arbors where, with a little help from young hands, wild vines have been trained into the branches overhead, and the bushes cleared below for doll's picnics and invitation tea-drinkings. Behind the house the ground falls off in a gentle slope, and there a fine play-space has been trampled smooth by the continual running of busy feet, and there the children have a great swing hung between two trees, wherein grandma herself sometimes takes a cautious ride, and declares it to be as good as a couch-and-four. There, too, is a [illegible] on a tall pole and cuckoos wander round among the bushes and roost on the trees. There are abundance of little wild creatures, too, as tame as the doves and chickens. The squirrels are often seen by twos and threes around the back door, or playing near the children. But the birds! Ah, little city friends, if you could once have spent a night at Dove's Nest in early summer, and been waked at the first streak of dawn by their wild carols! Such a mad burst of sweetness as gushed from those encircling trees! You may go with mammas to concerts in gilded halls, and hear wonderful performances, no doubt; but you never heard strains that could make the heart ring and dance like that. Our Madge, of whom I am going to tell you more presently, had a pretty thought about this feathered choir when she was about four years old. "Mamma, are the birdies angels?" she asked: "I heard them say 'Glory to God,' this morning."

But where are the inmates at Dove's Nest? Here we stand right before the house, and the doors and windows are all open, and yet not a soul to be seen. Hark! don't you hear a laugh of mingled voices from the further side of the grove? Papa and all of them are down there I warrant you, for that is his base tone and he often takes his breakfast by the swing on the warm morning.

But there was a chattering near at hand as we came up the terrace steps. Ah, see! that low bench, close against the house, drops strange fruit: first a little shower of books, and then one, two, three, four light-haired and dark-haired boys and girls, who scamper laughing into the thicket. And see again! from under the porch peeps out a head which might have caught its hues from the warm skies of Spain. It is quickly withdrawn, then re-appears, and now creeps forth a little maiden of six or seven years, holding something enclosed in her small brown hands. Ah, Madge! By the chestnut curls, the sunny brown eyes, the richly growing olive skin, ay, and by the torn frock and the one bare foot and the other ungartered leg, it is no other than my bright, loving, naive, untidy little favorite. What prize can she have found that she holds so carefully? With shy confidence she ventures toward us, opens the brown hands a very little, and lets us peep in upon a small crimson lizard, spotted with drops of gold. Madge has not the least idea that lizards are horrid, disgusting creatures. Neither does she know that the little green and striped snakes which glide round among the bushes in the grove are so, and the only thing she has against them is that they will not stay still long enough to make her acquaintance.

But now I must tell you my little story. Madge was not what would be called a smart, acute child, by any means. She was a dreaming little body, who lived in a world of small fancies of her own, and made many comical mistakes about common things, which, however, seemed to please those who heard them more than wit. Once, when she was a very little girl, her father found her chubby hands full of blossoms of a beautiful tea-rose, on which he had bestowed great care. "My dear," said he, "didn't I tell you not to pick one of these flowers without leave?" "But, papa," said Madge, innocently, "all these had leaves." But you will see more of her simplicity when you hear the story.

One morning, at breakfast, Madge heard her father saying to her older brother, a boy of fourteen:

"Now, Will, why don't you, instead of spending every quarter as fast as you get it, put your money into a bank and let it grow?" And then he told Will that if Adam had so invested a penny, and never taken it out, it would by that time have increased, I can't venture to say how much, but certainly enough to cover the world over.

This conversation sank deep into the mind of our little Madge. Just then money had acquired a new value in her eyes, for her mother's birthday was to come in about a month, and all the children wanted to make her some beautiful present worthy of the day. On this subject Madge was in a despondent state of mind; Ellen and Jane, two and four years older, were handy little girls, though they did live in the woods, and one of them was embroidering in great secrecy a pair of slippers, and the other was making a lovely basket of fir cones, both of which had been taken in hand so seasonably that they were sure to be ready against the day. But poor Madge knew nothing either of fancy work or plain work, and if she had, never a sixpence had she wherewith to buy the needed materials. People often used to give her a penny, but it was always spent or lost or given away before the day was over; and it seemed to her that times had sadly changed since she began to feel the need of money. Nobody remembered to give her a penny in these days. But now, in the very height of her extremity, a brilliant prospect had dawned, and she no longer feared coming empty-handed to her mother's birthday, if she could but secure one penny.

Directly after breakfast, she instituted a search among her small possessions, and to her delight discovered, in the pocket of an old rag doll, the desired penny. Long before it had been bestowed on the young lady, on occasion of her marriage with Mr. Spindleshanks, a gentleman manufactured from a shingle by the jack-knife of brother Will. Madge made no conscience of recalling this munificent dowry, for temporary use, under the promise of soon repaying Mrs. Spindleshanks by a largely increased sum.

And now, with a beating heart she steals down a hill side into a retired nook, and having dug in the bank a hole large enough for the purpose, she deposits therein her penny, and carefully covers it up with the sod and leaves it to grow! Why should it not? Had she not planted peas and beans, as dry and hard as could be, in her own little flower-bed, and seen them grow up into beautiful vines and flowers? The little beech-nuts fall every year on these same banks, and grew into trees, for how many times had she found the cunning little sprout with the nut still hanging to it! And her father—her father, who knew everything and always spoke the truth—had said that if money was put into a bank, it also would grow. You see, my dear, that Madge's education had been sadly neglected. Had she been sent to the infant-school in the village at a proper age she would have known the difference between the mineral and vegetable kingdoms; but being such an ignorant little puss, she had nothing for it but to "live and learn."

From this time Madge's brain was filled with thoughts quite different from those which had heretofore occupied it. Large conjectures as to the probable increase of her treasure and plans how to spend it, held her in a constant waking dream, and she became so forgetful and absent-minded, that her mother grew quite worried about her. Strangest of all, she seemed to have lost all interest about the birthday. If her sisters reproached her with this, she only shook her little head wisely and laughed. Every day she visited her bank, hoping to see the first little sprout of her money-seed. When two weeks had passed, and there was no sign of its appearance, she thought it very strange, and was sorely tempted to look into the matter, as she often had done in the case of her flower seeds. At last she ventured to seek a little light from her father. He was busy reading. "Papa," said she, timidly, "you told Willy that if he put money in a bank it would grow; won't it grow if you take it out and put it back again?" "Better not," he replied, without looking up. "Why, papa?" "Because it only grows while it is in the bank; but what put that into your head, Madgey?" asked he, pausing now and looking into his little girl's face. "Ah, that's a secret, papa!" said Madge, running away with a merry laugh.

A new idea had now taken possession of her. Her money will not grow up into a bush, with pennies for leaves, and gold and silver coins for blossoms. Her turfy bank is a cavern, in which are going on strange and beautiful things. Fairy tales which she had always devoutly believed are coming true in her own experience. Gold sequins are multiplying there under the sod, she makes no doubt. Who could tell but that she should also find pearls and diamonds, and flashing red and blue and yellow stones, such as Aladdin found in the chambers of the Genii? But no matter how many or how rich were her treasures, she resolved to pour them all into her dear mother's lap on the coming birthday.

At length the eventful morning has arrived. The children were astir with the birds; for though their presents had been all neatly folded in tissue paper, tied with bright ribbons, the night before, yet fresh flowers were to be gathered for the breakfast-table, and a wreath to be woven for the dear mother's hair. Of all the little troop, Madge alone was absent, and when the cheerful household gathered round the table still she was not there. Mamma cast her smiling eyes round on her blooming flock, then asked: "But where's my little Madge?" "Oh, I never missed the little gipsy," cried Jane, laughing. "I dare say she's sound asleep." But no; she was not in bed; she was not in the house; she could not be found at the swing; nor could any one remember having seen the child that morning. "She'll be in directly," said papa; "she has only wandered off a little after wild flowers, and forgotten times and seasons, as usual." But papa himself was not quite as easy as he seemed; and after a minute or two, he said he would just take one look more—perhaps she had fallen asleep somewhere? This was the signal for all to scatter in various directions over the hill,—while Bridget thoughtfully transferred the breakfast to the kitchen fire.

Papa was the first to come upon the clue. As he stood quite still by the swing, peering into the thicket, his ear caught the sound of a child weeping. Cautiously stealing through the bushes, he soon came upon his little wanderer, sitting at the foot of a beech, her face buried in her apron, evidently in the extremity of grief.

"Why, my little darling," said he, "what is the matter?"

At the sound of his voice, Madge's woe seemed to redouble; and it was not till he had set down, taken her in his arms, and soothed her for some time, that she could be persuaded to give any explanation of her trouble. At length she raised her head, and stammered out, through tears and sobs, "Papa, you said money would grow if it was put into a bank, and I put a penny in there," pointing to the freshly disturbed earth beside her, "ever so long ago, for mamma's birthday, and—and—it never grew one bit!" The spot bore evidence of her frantic efforts to dig into the bowels of the earth with a small fire-shovel which lay near.

"I said so, Madge?"

"Yes; you told Willy so, and me, too. I *heard* you say it."

"Ah, yes, now I remember!" said papa, reflectively, with a queer smile on his face. "I did tell you so, Madgey, and I told you the truth."

"It didn't grow one bit," repeated Madge.

"But, my dear, money *will* grow in a bank, but not in such a bank as this. Plants will grow here, but not money. And I'll tell you another thing, Madgey. Little girls who don't know arithmetic, can't understand about money-banks."

Madge blushed and hung her head, for the remark came near home. A moment after, she looked up very sadly, saying with a quivering lip:

"But what shall I give mamma?"

Then papa took out his pocket-book, and having searched it through, presently produced a bran new little gold dollar, fresh from the mint. He put it into his little daughter's hand, and told her that, by-and-by, they would go to the village, and buy with it some beautiful gift, which would please mamma just as well as a basketful of gold. Then he led her to a little clear spring close by, and washed her tear-stained face, and smoothed out her curls with his pocket-comb; and then he set her on his shoulder, and danced up the hill with her, cutting so many antics on his way, and saying such funny things, that when they reached the house Madge was in a gale of laughter. Biddy caught the table-bell, and rang such a merry tinkle from it all around the cottage, that the scattered flock soon gathered again, and you may be sure there was a pretty din of questions as to the why and the how of Miss Madge's adventure. But papa only touched his forefinger wisely to his nose, shook his head mysteriously and said nothing.

Then the coffee and toast, and broiled chicken were brought back, and it seemed as if every one had been out to buy a fresh appetite and a new stock of fun. Papa was certainly never so droll before; and as Madge sat next him, he whispered such funny nonsense in her ear, which nobody else was to hear, that she quite forgot her ill luck in raising money. And, after a while, the two walked together down to the village book-store, and the little gold dollar was spent on a small New Testament, with gilt edges, and purple morocco covers, and a bright crimson satin mark, hanging out between the leaves. Mamma was as much astonished and pleased at the beautiful gift from her little girl as could be desired, and when she said that she would rather have had it than anything else in the world, Madge was thoroughly comforted. And so the day was a happy day after all.

When Madge was kissing her father "good night," she put her arms round his neck and whispered:

"Please, papa, don't tell"

"Only mamma," he whispered back

The next day, almost without her knowing it, he contrived to draw out her little story more fully; and he and mamma agreed that the dreaming little brain must be well ballasted with facts, or it would be in danger of shipwreck. So a gentle course of spelling, and arithmetic, and geography was commenced immediately, and was taken to so kindly that in a year or two Madge became a very studious and industrious little girl. Meanwhile, nobody but papa and mamma knew of her experiment in banking money; nor did even they know, till she had grown up a tall young lady, what wild visions had been conjured up by a chance word in her childish brain, or how keen had been the pain of waking.

A LESSON IN OBEDIENCE.

"Jack! Jack! here, sir! his on!" cried Charlie, flinging his stick far into the pond. Jack didn't want to go; it wasn't pleasant swimming in among the great lily leaves that would flap against his nose and eyes, and get in the way of his feet. So he looked at the stick and then at his master, and sat down, wagging his tail, as much as to say, "You're a very nice little boy; but the water is too cold for exercise now; throw the stick into the water, and I don't think I'll oblige you by going after it."

But Charlie was determined. He found another switch, and, by scolding and whipping, forced Jack into the water, and made him fetch the stick. He dropped it on the bank, however, instead of bringing it to his master; so he had to go over the performance again and again, until he had learned that when Charlie told him to go for the stick he was to obey at once. Charlie was satisfied at length, and, with Jack at his heels, went home to tell his mother about the afternoon's work. He seemed quite proud of it. "It was pretty hard work, mother," he said. "Jack wouldn't mind at all until I made him; but now he knows that he has to do it, and there will be no more trouble with him, you'll see."

"What right have you to expect him to mind you?" asked his mother, quietly

"Right, mother? Why, he is *my* dog! Uncle John gave him to me, and I do everything for him. Didn't I make his kennel my own self, and put clean hay in it? And don't I feed him three times every day? And I'm always kind to him. I call him 'nice old Jack,' and pat him, and let him lay his head on my knee. Indeed, I think I've the *best* right in the *world* to have him mind me."

His mother was cutting out a jacket. She did not look up when Charlie had finished; but going on steadily with her work, she said slowly, "I have a little boy. He is my own. He was given to me by my Heavenly Father. I do everything for him. I make his clothes, and prepare the food he eats. I teach him his lessons, and nurse him tenderly when he is sick. Many a night have I sat up to watch by his side when fever was burning him, and daily I pray to God for every blessing upon him. I love him. I call him my dear little son. He sits on my lap, and goes to sleep with his head on my arm. I think I have the 'best right in the world' to expect this little boy to obey me; and yet he does not, unless I *make* him, as I would make a dog."

"Oh, mother!" cried Charlie, tears starting to his eyes. "I knew it was *wrong* to disobey you; but I never thought before how much it was. *Indeed* I do love you, and I'll try—I really *will* try—to mind you as well as Jack minds me."

"Dear Charlie," said his mother, "there is a great difference between you and Jack. You have a soul. You know what is right, because you have been taught from the Word of God, and you know, too, that the devil and your wicked heart will always be persuading you to do wrong. That is a trouble which Jack cannot have; but neither has he the comfort you have; for you can pray to our dear Saviour for help, and he will teach you to turn away from Satan, and to love and obey him alone. When you learn to do this, you will not find it difficult to be obedient to me; for it will be just the same as obeying God, who has said: 'Honor thy father and thy mother;' and where we truly *love*, it is easy to *obey*."—*S. S. Banner.*

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
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HORTICULTURAL TOOLS.
TREES
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Dealers in UNCURRENT BANK NOTES and COIN. SOUTHERN and WESTERN FUNDS bought at the most fair rates. DRAFTS on all the principal cities of the United States and Canada. DEPOSITS RECEIVED, payable on demand, and interest allowed as per agreement. STOCKS and LOANS bought and sold on commission, and BONDS and PAPER negotiated. Refer to FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Philadelphia. ROAD, DARRIN & CO., Windsor, Lewis & Co., New York, and CUMING and RICHARDS BANKS, Pittsburg. June —51.

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CELEBRATED IMPROVED
DOUBLE THREAD FAMILY SEWING MACHINES
NO. 133 NORTH NINTH STREET, PHILADA.
These machines are confidently recommended to families, as not only the simplest and easiest managed, but
THE CHEAPEST AND BEST IN THE MARKET.
Wherever they have been tried, they have given universal satisfaction.
FAMILIES, TAILORS, AND SEAMSTRESSES,
are invited to examine them,—as they are particularly adapted to their wants, being strong and durable. They will sew fine or coarse goods equally well, and are warranted to give entire satisfaction. They make the DOUBLE LOCK STITCH, gather beautifully, and the stitch will not unravel if one thread of the goods when washed. The thread is used from spools of any size, as per hand of the sewer. Full directions with each machine.
Farmers' wives are invited to examine and judge for themselves. Prices from $40 to $60. sept3-3mos.

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THOMPSON BLACK & SON,
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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Fine Teas, Sugar, Coffee, Flour, Fruit, Spices, Pickles, Preserves, and every variety of staples Family Groceries.
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CHARLES H. GRIGG would respectfully invite the attention of purchasers to his new and beautiful case of
WALL PAPERS AND WINDOW SHADES,
Of the latest style, which, for quality, variety, and cheapness, cannot be surpassed.
All ordinary paper sung for 12½ cents per piece, by competent workmen. Gilt paper hanging guaranteed.
Shades and other large shades of every description printed to order on a superior style.—Fixtures, Tassels and shade trimming in great variety.
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Nearly Opposite Masonic Hall,
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Spectacles, Mathematical Instruments, Spy-Glasses, Philosophical Apparatus, Opera Glasses, Thermometers, Microscopes, and Microscopic Objects, Tape Measures, Plating Points, Magic Lanterns, Stereoscopes and Stereoscopic Pictures. By Wholesale or Retail.
☞ Our priced and Illustrated Catalogue furnished on application, and sent by Mail, Free of Charge. 6y!

BAUGH'S
RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF
MANUFACTURED FROM UNBURNT BONES
BY BAUGH & SONS,
Wholesale office and Store, 20 S. Wharves, between Market and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia.
CASH PRICE $45 PER 2000 POUNDS (2½ CTS. PER POUND.)
In the preparation of this Valuable Manure, BONES ARE USED IN THEIR RAW STATE ONLY. They have never been boiled or calcined. They are taken as nature has made them, crushed with powerful machinery, and subjected to a process, by which, while all the virtues of the bone is retained, a Fertilizer is procured, furnishing in a concentrated and soluble form, the two indispensable ingredients for the growth of Plants and enriching the soil, viz: phosphoric acid and ammonia. These two ingredients, by the use of BAUGH'S RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE, are given to the soil in all their original strength and purity. They combine at once with the soil, furnish all the needful nutriment for the growing crop, giving it ample nourishment, and into the land permanently benefited, so that its presence can be traced for years afterwards.

Downingtown, Chester County, Pa., April 9th, 1860.
Messrs Baugh & Sons: Gentlemen—I have been using your article of Super Phosphate on a hard and sour farm for several seasons, and am well satisfied of its value as an active and "paying" fertilizer.
I have applied it on wheat at the rate of 200 pounds per acre, alongside of a heavy coat of barn-yard manure, kept dry and under cover, and the result was, that by harvest the wheat where the Phosphate was put, was much the better headed and heavier, while the grass was taken more strongly than on the other portion of the field. I have also used the Phosphate by the side of Peruvian Guano, each in the same quantity, and in regard to both grain and grass, the action of your preparation was much the more satisfactory. In corn, my experience is its use has been the best. It pays well for the money laid out.
Yours respectfully, ISAAC LEWIS.

Newtown Square, Delaware Co., Pa., July 23d, 1860.
Messrs Baugh & Sons — Being anxious last season to feed some prepared manures offered for sale, I was induced by your agent to make a trial of three different kinds, which I did on wheat, side by side, in the same field. I purchased Peruvian Guano and your Super Phosphate of Lime (one of the most popular in use) together with your New Bone Super Phosphate, and used them as above stated. During the growing, as well as the gathering of the crop, the last received my ☞ in favor of the latter.
But whether it is from the mode and care in preparing, or in the superior quality of the materials used in your Raw Bone Super-Phosphate, I am unable to say, however, I shall fully await you the result of my trials, thinking that others may be induced to make similar experiments, and in my opinion, greatly to the agricultural interests of the whole country.
Yours, &c., JAMES DUNWOODY

Plymouth, Montgomery Co., Pa., August 10th, 1860.
Baugh & Sons—Gentlemen—Having used your Super Phosphate, bought of John W. Christman, at the Montgomery Agricultural Fair, on wheat and corn, I can with pleasure recommend it. The effect it produced was so manifest that it greatly to exceed my reliance in the value of your fertilizer. Were it was applied on the wheat, the crop was decided by the best in the field, while the corn was in equal to the balance, which had been coated. I have used many manures, but it was applied on the corn, I am satisfied the yield was fully double.
Very respectfully, DAVID MARKLE.
Also apply to WM. S. YOUNG, 1051 Race Street, or 25 North Sixth Street, Phila., Penna.
☞ We recommend Farmers to purchase of our Agents.

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PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
No. 921 CHESTNUT STREET, Philadelphia,
CHARTER PERPETUAL
ALL THE PROFITS DIVIDED AMONG THE INSURED.
Insures Lives for short terms or for the whole term of life; grant Annuities and Endowments; purchases Life Interests in Real Estate, and make all contracts depending on the contingencies of life. They act as Executors, Administrators, Assignees, Trustees and Guardians.
ASSETS OF THE COMPANY, January 1, 1861.

Mortgages, ground rents and real estate,	$272,981 97
United States stocks, Treasury Notes, loans of State of Pennsylvania, city of Philadelphia, &c.,	208,749 94
Premium notes, loans on collaterals, &c.,	237,004 56
Pennsylvania, North Penna. Railroads, and County Bds per cent bonds,	166,402 50
Bank, insurance, railroad, canal stocks, &c.,	97,547 00
Cash on hand, Agents' balances, &c., &c.,	58,236 16
	$1,041,120 97

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NORTHERN FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE CO., NO. 1 MOORGATE STREET, LONDON.
ESTABLISHED IN 1836
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The Policies of the Northern Assurance Company are not only guaranteed by a large Capital, but also by the unlimited personal responsibility of over One Thousand Shareholders.
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Company's Buildings, S. E. corner WALNUT and FOURTH Sts. (Upon both DEPOSIT and MUTUAL principles.)
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☞ Insures Lives during the natural life, or for short terms; grants annuities and endowments, and makes contracts of all kinds depending on the issues of life. Acting also as Executors, Trustees and Guardians.
Policies of Life Insurance issued at the usual mutual rates of the good Companies—with profits to the assured—at Joint Stock rates, 10 per cent. less than above, or Total Abstinence rates 40 per cent less than Mutual prices.
LOANS FREE.
Interest at 6 per cent. allowed for every day the Deposit remains, and paid back on demand in Gold and Silver, and Checks furnished, as in a bank, for the use of Depositors.
This Company has FIRST MORTGAGES, REAL ESTATE, GROUND RENTS, and other first class investments, as well as the CAPITAL STOCK, for the security of Depositors in this old established Institution. ALEXANDER WHILLDIN, President.
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Have constantly on hand a large assortment of
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To which they invite the attention of Cash and Prompt Pay Merchants' buyers.
N. B. Orders respectfully solicited, and prompt attention guaranteed. 1y

GREAT IMPROVEMENTS IN
SEWING MACHINES.
EMPIRE
SHUTTLE MACHINE.
PATENTED FEB. 14, 1860.
Salesroom—510 Broadway, New York.
This MACHINE is constructed on an entirely new principle of mechanism possessing many rare and valuable improvements which have been examined by the most scientific experts, and pronounced to be SIMPLICITY and PERFECTION combined.
The following are the principal objections urged against Sewing Machines:
1—Complex fatigue to the operator,
2—Liability to get out of order,
3—Expense, both in the cost and time in repairing,
4—Incapacity to use every description of material,
5—Disagreeable noise while in operation.
THE "EMPIRE SEWING MACHINE" IS EXEMPT FROM ALL THESE OBJECTIONS.
It has a straight needle, perpendicular action, makes the LOCK or SHUTTLE STITCH, which will neither rip nor ravel, and is alike on both sides; will sew from a spool of any size, and is unequalled in fine or coarse work, on any description of material, from the coarsest to the finest number. Having neither CAM nor COG WHEEL, and the least possible friction, it runs as smooth as glass, and
EMPHATICALLY A NOISELESS MACHINE.
It requires fifty per cent. less power to drive it than any other Machine in market. A girl of 12 years of age can work it steadily without fatigue or injury to health.
In strength and durability of Construction, we render it almost impossible to get out of order, and is guaranteed by the Company to give entire satisfaction.
We respectfully invite all those who may desire to supply themselves with a superior article, to call and examine this
UNRIVALLED MACHINE.
Put in a more especial manner do we solicit the patronage of
MERCHANT TAILORS, COACH MAKERS, HOOP-SKIRT MANUFACTURERS, SHIRT & BOSOM MAKERS, DRESS MAKERS, CORSET MAKERS, GAITER FITTERS, SHOE-BINDERS, VEST AND PANTALOON MAKERS.
☞ BENEVOLENT AND CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS WILL BE LIBERALLY DEALT WITH.
Price of Machine Complete:
No. 1, or Family Machine, $150. No. 2, small Sized Manufacturing, $200. No. 3, Large Sized Manufacturing, $250.
CABINETS IN EVERY VARIETY.
We want Agents for all towns in the United States where agencies are not already established, to whom a liberal discount will be given—but we make no wholesale.
T. J. McARTHUR & CO.,
510 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

SEWING & GIBBS
WILCOX & MACHINES.
Price with Hemmer and Feller,
$35 00.
THIS MACHINE HAS POINTS OF SUPERIORITY PECULIARLY ITS OWN.
Stitching, Hemming, and Felling with a Single Thread.
It forms a flat, even, and elastic seam, which is wear-proof and to rip is easy, as it is the same in the seam to cut or break one thread only, and also under all circumstances—as it never can be worn out.
A Patented device of great utility in fastening prevents the possibility of the machine being run in the wrong direction, or the loss of one thread causing a lady's delay.
Another feature which deserves particular attention is the Tucker Guide, Patent Adjusting Screw, &c.
Ten thousand stitches per minute of even, unbroken thread, can be done in one minute without dropping a stitch.
These Machines are simple and accurate in their complex action, perfect in the use of the shuttle, and with new thread per it is the practical results of the two thread machines; and more so than by two-thread ones. Also, the Machine makes no noise, and is perfectly noiseless in motion.
Although at about half the price of the other first class machines they will accomplish double the sewing in a given time.
It is emphatically the good, low priced Family Sewing Machine that the public have been waiting for.—Boston Transcript.
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"Among the best and most satisfactory sewing machines. Light and elegantly finished, and so simple in its construction that it seems almost impossible for it to get out of repair."—Pittsburg Christian.
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"Taking into consideration simplicity, compass, durability, and doing all work, the committee have great unanimity in favor of the Wilcox & Gibbs as a single thread machine."—Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society's Report.
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"We have one of these machines in use and think more highly of it than of any of the number we have tried."—Richmond Whig.
The undersigned Manufacturers, having been engaged for more than twelve different kinds of sewing machines, and after each machine had been thoroughly tested in practical use, have planned one of their own, as the best adapted to the wants of his family, and as the least liable to require repair. OLIVER CHASE.
Boston, June 5, 1860.
The undersigned during eighteen months, has had in almost constant use, in his family, a Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine on a white [illegible]
to [illegible]—including the stitching required by his several boys, and he has done the same [illegible] and [illegible] The machine now in use in his family has required no repair, and is, in all respects, well adapted for [illegible] and durable.
JACOB CHICKERING, Boston.
☞ Send for a Circular. ☜
JAMES WILCOX, Manufacturer
No. 508 Broadway, New York.
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.

SOMETHING FOR THE TIMES!!
An INDISPENSABLE REQUISITE in EVERY HOUSEHOLD
JOHNS & CROSLEY'S
American Cement Glue.
THE STRONGEST GLUE IN THE WORLD
THE CHEAPEST GLUE IN THE WORLD
THE MOST DURABLE GLUE IN THE WORLD
THE ONLY RELIABLE GLUE IN THE WORLD
THE BEST GLUE IN THE WORLD.
AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE
is the only article of the kind ever produced which
WILL WITHSTAND WATER.
IT WILL MEND WOOD,
Save your broken Furniture
IT WILL MEND LEATHER,
Mend your Harness, Straps, Belts, Boots, &c.
IT WILL MEND GLASS,
Save the pieces of that expensive Carriage Bottle.
IT WILL MEND IVORY
Don't throw away that broken Ivory Fan, it is easily repaired.
IT WILL MEND CHINA.
Your broken China Cups and Saucers can be made as good as new.
IT WILL MEND MARBLE,
That piece knocked out of your Marble Mantel can be put on as strong as ever
IT WILL MEND PORCELAIN.
No matter if that broken Pitcher did cost just but a shilling, a shilling saved is a shilling earned
IT WILL MEND ALABASTER,
That costly Alabaster Vase is broken and you can't match it, cared it, it will answer the purpose as well as ever.
It will Mend Bone, Coral, Lava, and in fact everything but Metals.
Any article Cemented with AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE will not show where it is mended.

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Published by the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, for the Dissemination of Religion, Morality, Literature and Science.

Rev. Elisha Weaver, Editor. PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 1, 1862. Vol. II.—No. 9.—New Series.—Whole No. 60.

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Poetry.

JESUS WEEPING OVER JERUSALEM.

A POEM BY JOEL SWARTZ.

"And when he was come near, he beheld the City, and wept over it." Luke 19: 41.

When, Saviour, on Mount Olives' brow,
Adoring thousands lowly bow,
And hail thee Zion's King;
And branches from the palm trees hew,
And garments in thy pathway strew,
And loud Hosannas sing:

And when the rocks and hills around,
Catch up, and thunder back the sound,
As if to join the song;
And Kedron's answering vales below
Fling back the echoes as they flow
The distant hills along:

How strange, 'mid this triumphal throng,
Who pour thy praise the hills along,
And shouting rend the skies:
How strange, that 'mid these joyful tones,
Thy heart should heave with heavy groans,
And tears bedim thine eyes.

A gorgeous scene before thee lay,
Of mountains stretching far away,
Of vales, and fields, and wood;
But brightest 'mid this varied scene,
Of vine-clad hills and olives green,
The sacred city stood.

On Mount Moriah's peak below,
The temple like a hill of snow,
Sublimely rose to view;
Its roof of gold, its turrets bright,
Its flashing gems, its pillars white,
The sunlight backward threw.

O'er these bright scenes, to human eyes,
No threat'ning clouds impending rise,
No muttering thunders scene;
No arms flash on the sleeping hills,
No shout of war with terror fills
The peasant's peaceful home.

But o'er the smiling landscape round,
Rich harvests, fruits, and vines abound,
And rows of rustling corn;
O'er many a hill with olives green,
Through clustering trees, the snow-white sheen
Of cottage home appears.

The shepherd, 'mid his grazing herds,
And tinkling folds and singing birds,
His drowsy vigil keeps:
The plough-boy on the furrowed hills,
With rustic airs the woodland fills,
Whilst hope the harvest reaps.

'Twas not because the varied hue
Of smiling landscapes spread to view
No beauty had for thee;
Thine eye could in the lily trace,
A sweeter charm, a fairer grace,
Than kingly splendors be.

'Twas not because the peasant's home,
And flocks that o'er the meadows roam,
And trellis-creeping vine,
Could not a single thought suggest,
To calm thy heavy heaving breast,
And soothe thy soul divine.

But, O my Saviour, to thine eye,
Far back behind the smiling sky,
A thunder cloud was seen;
On thy Omniscient vision rose,
Black clouds surcharged with coming woes,
Which shaded all between.

O'er all that fair and lovely scene,
Thine eye beheld the serried sheen
Of flashing armor bright;
The prancing steed, the measured tread
Of coming legions shake with dread
Judea's hills in fright.

Around the city's walls below,
Thou saw'st the strong armed Romans throw
Embankments strong and high;
Whilst o'er the hideous ramparts stream
The eagled banner spreading gleams
Against the reddened sky.

Whilst through the millions pent'd within,
With haggard eyes and visage grim,
The demon Famine walked;
And rampant Faction, streaming red
With gory hands, and flaming tread,
'Mid murdering kindred stalked.

Did not thy human bosom sigh
To see the starving mother's eye
Glare fiercely on her child?
Did not thy tender spirit weep,
To see thy kindred, heap on heap,
Fall in the carnage wild?

Thou saw'st the high and mighty wall
Beneath the battering engine fall
In thunder to the ground;
And then like floods, the ruins o'er,
The maddened legions furious pour,
To spread destruction round.

The tow'ring temple's flashing dome,
A hill of roaring flames become,
And crashing thunders through;
And every fair and goodly stone,
'Mid blackened ruins tumbled down,
Lay open to thy view.

Thou saw'st the rumbling wheels of Mars
Rush onward like revengful stars,
The falling ruins o'er;
The Torch, the Sword, his flaming steeds,
Fly forward where destruction leads,
And plash through streams of gore.

No barriers check the furious ire
Of pagan rage, and whirling fire,
As on they rushing go,
Till final ruin fiercely sweeps
Her ploughshare o'er the silent heaps,
And shuts the scene of woe.

Thou saw'st the Captive bound in chains,
And driven from his smoking plains,
To marts beyond the sea;
Where, like a beast, for sordid gold,
Thy kindred in the flesh were sold,
And doomed to slavery;

And through long ages wandering roam
Without a priest, without a home,
Abused, oppressed, uncured;
Till every breeze from every sky,
Should waft a groan, or heave a sigh,
From captive Jews dispersed.

These scenes, these dreadful scenes, of woe,
O'ershadowed all that lay below—
Thy heart they shaded too;
And while Hosannas rung afar,
Thou heard'st the horrid shout of war
The mountains breaking through.

Thy hallowed feet this moment stood
Not far from where great drops of blood
Poured o'er thy anguished face,
And Calvary with its horrors too,
Lay fully spread before thy view—
The scene of thy disgrace.

But not the garden with its woes,
Nor Calvary with its bloody cross,
Drew forth thy heavy sigh,
Nor yet the knowledge that the crowd,
Who hailed thee with Hosannas loud,
Would clamour "*crucify.*"

No, not for thee, but for thy kin,
All crimsoned with unpardoned sin—
Sin of the deepest dye;
For them, all stained with guiltless blood,
Abhorred of man, accursed of God,
Thy heavy heart did sigh.

For these abandoned, blinded Jews,
Who would the Son of God refuse,
Thy tears did gushing flow;
Thy blood filled up their cup of guilt,
In which thy prophets' blood was spilt,
From Abel until now.

Beneath thy kind protecting wing,
Thou would'st have gathered, mighty King,
Thy children to thy side;
But they thy faithful prophets stoned,
Thy people and thy word disowned,
And last, *thee crucified.*

O, had they known their day of grace,
Accepted Heaven's proffered peace,
And their Messiah owned!
But now, forever from their eyes,
Is hid the grace their hearts despise,
And they to wrath are doomed.

REFLECTIONS.

From these dread judgments, I desire,
To see engraved with pens of fire,
The fearful guilt of sin;
Help me, O Lord, to "kiss the Son,"
Whilst yet his favor may be won,
And ere his wrath begin.

I learn from all these scenes of woe,
Which Judah's pride have laid so low,
That o'er a Saviour's tears,
Cannot the sword of vengeance stay,
Or turn the cup of doom away,
When God in wrath appears.

That they who Jesus Christ refuse,
As did the unbelieving Jews,
Must in their errors die;
And, as with them, there is a line,
Which passed, no more the voice divine,
Can woo them to the sky.

From thee, O Saviour, may I learn,
With tears o'er guilty souls to yearn,
And pity those that sleep;
And, with thee, mid'st the world's applause
Feel only for the sinner's cause,
And for the sinner *weep.*

Lutheran and Missionary.

Selections.

COUNT DE GASPARIN.

We presume we will be performing a task gratifying to many of our readers if we give some account of Count de Gasparin, the author of the celebrated work, the "Uprising of a Great People." He is one of those enlightened foreigners whom American Christians should delight to honor. His pen may do for us almost as much as the sword of Lafayette in a former struggle. We are not of those who would require the people of this country to move only at the nod of Europeans. We must learn a little independence and act like men. Yet it would be the sheerest affectation to say that we, are or should be, entirely indifferent to public opinion abroad. And when we see a public man of high Christian character who has long and patiently studied our history and who shows himself to be very familiar with the gist of our controversies, come forward and pronounce in our favor, we feel under obligations to him. Count de Gasparin, so far as we can see, has no interest in our present national struggles other than what every lover of mankind has. He feels that the principles at stake are important to all nations "Never," says he, "was a more obstinate and more colossal strife commenced on earth." His book, if widely circulated in England and France, would perhaps do more for us, than fifty thousand soldiers on the Potomac or the Tennessee.

Count de Gasparin, a French publicist, born in Orange, July 4th, 1810, is of Corsican origin and a Protestant family. Receiving a liberal education he devoted himself to literature till 1842, when he was elected by the people of the island of Corsica to represent them in the Chamber of Deputies. At this time religious liberty was in danger of perishing in France. De Gasparin at once became distinguished as its champion, advocating unlimited freedom for evangelical preaching and colportage. He has ever since been known as the consistent advocate of religious liberty for Protestants and Romanists alike. He was so warmly opposed to the Protestant intolerance in Sweden as Catholic in France. He also zealously labored for the immediate emancipation of the slaves in the French colonies, and published some important essays on the subject. In France he devoted himself to the cause of Protestantism, and founded the Society for the Protection of Protestant interests and the Free Protestant Church. Under the ministry of his father he held an important position, and was in the ministry of Public Instruction under M Guizot. On the downfall of Louis Philippe he retired to Switzerland, where he has since resided In government, he is a constitutional monarchist. He prefers the form of government in England to that of the United States; yet he has no sympathy with those who can see nothing great or praiseworthy in America. Judging from his work, he is clear-headed, moderate, able to make allowances for the peculiar surroundings of individuals or parties, an ardent lover of Protestantism and constitutional freedom. He is consequently very anxious that England and France should not be betrayed into the inconsistency and wickedness of supporting a great slave confederacy. He aims "to sap at the base those deplorable sophisms, more fully credited than is imagined, which may, in due time, under the pressure of certain industrial needs or of certain political combinations, urge France and England into a course which is not their own." "We alone," says he, "I am ashamed to admit it, we alone run the risk of rendering doubtful the final triumph of a good cause: we have not ceased to be, in spite of ourselves, the only chance and the only hope of the champions of slavery."

We quote a few passages from the book on the American crisis, reminding the reader that the following paragraphs were written in March, 1861.

"But lately, indeed, the United States were advancing to their ruin; but lately there was reason to mourn in thinking of them; the steps might have been counted which it remained for them to complete the union of their destiny with that of an accursed and perishable institution—an institution which corrupts and destroys every thing with which it comes in contact. To-day, new prospects are opening to them; they will have to combat, to labor, to suffer; the crime of a century is not repaired in a day; the right path when long forsaken is not found again without effort; guilty treatises and old complicities are not broken through without sacrifices. It is none the less true, notwithstanding, that the hour of effort and of sacrifice, grievous as it may be, is the very hour of deliverance. The election of Mr. Lincoln will be one of the great dates of American history; it closes the past, but it opens the future. With it is about to commence, if the same spirit be maintained, and if excessive concessions do not succeed in undoing all that has been done, a new era, at once purer and greater than that which has just ended.

"Let others accuse me of optimism; I willingly agree to it. I believe that optimism is often right here below. We need hope; we need sometimes to receive good news; we need to see sometimes the bright side of things. The bright side is often the true side; if Love is blindfolded, I see a triple bandage on the eyes of Hate. Kindliness has its privileges; and I do not think myself in a worse position than another to judge the United States because they inspire me with an earnest sympathy; because, after having mourned their faults and troubled at their perils, I have joyfully saluted the noble and manly policy of which the election of Mr. Lincoln is the symptom. Is it not true, that at the first news we all seemed to breathe a whiff of pure and free air from the other side of the ocean?

"It is a pleasure, in times like ours, to feel that certain principles still live; that they will be obeyed, cost what it may; that questions of conscience can yet sometimes weigh down questions of profit. The abolition of slavery will be, I have always thought, the principal conquest of the nineteenth century. This will be its recommendation in the eyes of posterity, and the chief compensation for many of its weaknesses. As for us old soldiers of emancipation, who have not ceased to combat for it for twenty years and more, at the tribunal and elsewhere, we shall be excused without doubt for seeing in the triumph of our American friends something else than a subject of lamentation."

"An institution which permits evil, creates it in a great measure: in saying that men are things, it necessarily engenders more crimes, more acts of violence, more cowardly deeds, than the imagination of romancers will ever invent."

"It must be affirmed, besides, that slavery is peculiarly odious on that soil where the equality of mankind has been inscribed with so much éclat at the head of a celebrated constitution. Liberty imposes obligations; there is at the bottom of the human conscience something which will always cause slavery to be more scandalous at Washington than at Havana. What happens in the United States will be denounced more violently, more loudly, than what happens in Brazil; and this is right."

"All this under the tyrannical and pitiless influence of a minority constantly transformed into a majority! Picture to yourself a man on a vessel standing by the gun-room with a lighted match in his hand; he is alone, but the rest obey him, for at the first disobedience he will blow up himself with all the crew. This is precisely what has been going on in America since she went adrift. The working of the ship was commanded by the man who held the match. "At the first disobedience, we will quit you." Such has always been the language of the Southern States. They were known to be capable of keeping their word; therefore, there ceased to be but one argument in America: secession. "Revoke the compromise, or else secession; modify the legislation of the free States, or else secession; risk adventures, and undertake conquests with us for slavery, or else secession; lastly and above all, never suffer yourselves to elect a president who is not our candidate, or else secession."

"Thus spoke the South, and the North submitted. Let us not be unduly surprised at it, there was patriotism in this weakness; many citizens, inimical to slavery, forbore to combat its progress, in order to avoid what appeared to them a greater evil. Doctrines like these are descended quickly, and the deplorable presidency of Mr. Buchanan stands to testify to this."

The Count is not alarmed at a little agitation He says: "If you wish to be just to the United States, compare them with other countries in which slavery exists. In the United States there is a struggle; the question is a living one; men do not turn aside from it with lax indifference. I love the noise of free nations; I find in the very violence of their debates a proof of the earnestness of convictions. Men must become excited about great social problems; if abuses exist, they must, at least, be pointed out, attacked and stigmatized; the prescription of silence must never be accorded them; devoted voices must exclaim against them, unceasingly, in the name of justice and of humanity. Such a spectacle does good to the soul; it soleces the sorrows of the present, it carries within itself guarantees for the future.

"The sad, profoundly sad, spectacle, is that of nations where crimes make no noise. Look at Brazil. Like the United States, it has slavery, but it is an honorable, discreet slavery, of which nothing is said. Whatever may happen there, no one inquires about it; there are no discussions, either through the press or in the courts. No party would dare insert such a question into its platform. One thing, very properly, has been found to disturb it, and the public sale of slaves has just been forbidden.

"Look, above all, at Spain and its island of Cuba. There, too, is perfect silence. Nothing, in truth, opposes the belief that Cuba is the abode of felicity, and that the atrocities of slavery are the monopoly of the United States. But inquisitive people, who like to search to the bottom of things, discover that if the masters are very gentle at Havana, the overseers are scarcely so on their sequant on the plantations; I have already given the proof of it. Out of ten slavers that are seized on the high seas, nine are always destined to Cuba Spain has forbidden the slave trade; she has even been compensated for it by the English; but this does not prevent her from suffering it to be carried on before her eyes with almost absolute impunity. Her high sounding phrases change nothing; the smallest fact is of more value. At Cuba, the landing of slaves is continual, and the places of disembarkation are known. Now, the American flag protects no one at the time of embarking. Why is no opposition made to this? Why has the importation of negroes tripled in Cuba? Why does no slaver, American or any other, steer towards Brazil, since Brazil has *desired* to put an end to the slave trade? The answer to these questions will be given us on the day when Spain shall *desire*, in turn, to suppress it. In the mean time she prefers to keep silence, unless when a word from London strikes out a concert of protestations more patriotic than convincing; save in this case, the government is silent, public opinion is silent, no colonial sheet is found ready to hazard an objection, nor even a metropolitan journal that is willing to disturb so touching an equanimity. The court of Madrid, in which many questions are agitated, prudently stands aloof in the matter of slavery and the slave trade; among the numerous parties disputing for power, not one dares venture on a ground where it would meet nothing but unpopularity. Ah! after this death-like silence, how the soul is refreshed by the fiery contests of the United States, the great word-combats carried on in every village of the Union, the appeals addressed to the conscience, the battle in broad daylight! How refreshing to see by the side of these nations, who sleep so tranquilly, while regarding the inroads of slavery, a people whom it disquiets, whom it irritates, who refuse to take part in it and who, rather than conform to the evil, agitate, become divided, and rend themselves perchance with their own hands!"

"EXCESS OF MINISTERS."—The question is sometimes asked, What need is there for educating other ministers when so many are unemployed? The question is considered in the following extract from the *Methodist Protestant.* After remarking that if there are ministers without congregations, there are also congregations without ministers, the writer proceeds —

With some men the ministry is a "profession"—a trade to get a living; with others it is a "high calling of God in Christ Jesus." In the former class there may be conscientious men, but their consciences are satisfied if they meet what may be styled the reasonable expectations of their parishioners, in accordance with the terms of settlement. They feel the weight of no "woe is me, if I preach not the gospel." They feel it their duty to preach when the way is open —that is to say when they receive a call to preside over a congregation of respectable people, in a pleasant location, said call being strengthened by the assurance of a satisfactory stipend. But they have no convictions of duty which compel them to endure the privations which many a self-denying minister submits to, year after year, for the Master's sake. The latter class is never in excess. They are in demand at this day, and will be to the end. They are not sensation preachers. They are not political wranglers. They are not loungers, beaux, mopes, whiners, schemers, sycophants, bores or buffoons. They are men—living men—men of heart and brain—men with sound stomachs and some muscle—men that work and wait—men that love God and their fellow-men, and have learned the meaning of those words, "The disciple is not above his Master." Men of this description, we are inclined to think, do not crowd upon each other to the number of forty or fifty when a vacant church is to be supplied. Some of them may be in circumstances that make a pleasant charge desirable, and the desire lawful. Some of them may be temporarily without charges—some, nay, all of them, may be poorly requited on earth for their services; but there is not the slightest danger that the ministerial ranks will be "over-crowded" with them to the extent that many will be under the necessity of seeking employment in other vocations. Young men, if you are willing to "endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ," come on—there is room for you. It is most likely that you will find immediately the place that you think will suit you; but if you are diligent you will find ultimately the place for which you are suited. And is it not better that you should be "the right man in the right place," than that you should expose your incompetency in places for which you have no adaptation?

How does it happen that often ministers of the gospel do not derive as much spiritual nourishment from reading and meditating on the Scriptures as many of their people? I have lately seen this question considered at length; but the pith of the answer may be given in a single sentence. The minister casts his eye on a consoling promise, and begins to feed upon it; but immediately the thought strikes him that it would be an excellent text to preach on, so at it he goes to frame a sermon, to supply the spiritual wants of his people rather than his own. Often, often, this is true, every word of it.

THE LESSONS OF MEN'S LIVES.

George Brummell entered the fashionable world at the age of twenty-one, with a princely fortune at command. He gave himself wholly and entirely to the cultivation of the highest tastes of fashionable life. He spent £500 a year on dress alone; and so refined was he in his manners and grace, that he came to be admitted to the highest circles of the nobility, and the "Prince Regent," says his biographer, "would occasionally attend his dressing-room for an hour in the morning, to watch the mysterious grace with which he discharged the duties of his toilet." Years passed away, and this man's fortune was spent. His friends then deserted him—he fled to the Continent—begged for his bread in the streets of Paris, and died in a lunatic asylum. He had sown the wind—he reaped the whirlwind; and with him the fashions of life were found to be "vanity of vanities and vexation of spirit."

The great Duke of Marlborough accumulated a million of money, and died in wretchedness of mind, while his property went to enrich a family who were looked upon by him in his lifetime as his greatest enemies. A Scottish nobleman took a friend to the summit of a hill on his property, and told him that all he could look on was his own. "Surely your lordship must be a happy man," said this friend; to whom he replied, "I do not believe that there is in all this vast circuit a more unhappy man than myself." The wealthy Colonel Charteris, when dying, said he would give £30,000 to any one who could prove to his satisfaction that there was no such place as hell. Elwes, the miser, when dying, was found weeping with anxiety and grief because he had mislaid a five pound note.

But of all men who have sought for enjoyment in riches, perhaps the case of the late William Beckford, of Fonthill Abbey, in England, is the most remarkable. Inheriting a large fortune, he at first resided in Portugal, where he lived in a monastery, "the ceiling of which was gilded and painted: the floor spread with Persian carpets of the finest texture; the tables decked with superb ewers and basins of chased silver." "A stream of water flowed through his kitchen, from which were formed reservoirs containing every kind of river fish. On one side were heaped up loads of game and venison; on the other side were vegetables and fruit in endless variety. Beyond a long line of stores extended a row of ovens, and close to them, hillocks of the finest wheaten flour, rocks of sugar, jars of the purest oil, and pastry in various abundance." The magnificent saloon in which he dined was covered with pictures, and lighted up with a profusion of wax tapers in services of silver, and the banquet usually consisted of rarities and delicacies of every season from distant countries. When in England, he pulled down a splendid mansion, erected by his father at a cost of nearly a quarter of a million of money, to build an Abbey, whose towers, like the tower of Babel, might reach to heaven. A wall nearly twenty miles in circumference enclosed his mansion and grounds, and so costly were the furnishings of the place that its glories transcended those of oriental splendor. One who saw the Abbey and ground says; "Gold and silver vases and cups are so numerous here that they dazzle the eye, and when one looks around at the cabinets, candelabra, and ornaments which decorate the rooms, we may almost imagine that we stand in the treasury of some oriental prince, whose riches consist entirely in vessels of gold and silver, enriched with precious stones of every sort, from the ruby to the diamond." Such was Beckford of Fonthill Abbey, with his princely mansion and an income of £100,000 a year. But was he happy? No, he was wretched, and a reverse of fortune having unexpectedly come upon him, he was driven from his mansion, spent the last of his days in misery, and died, another painful example of the folly of setting the heart on earthly enjoyments, and proving again the truth of the wise man's words, "Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

William Pitt, son of the great Earl of Chatham, was endowed with the rarest gifts of nature, and, at the early age of twenty-four, was prime minister of England. "The mightiest intellects," says one who knew him well, "bent before him, and the highest offices were in his patronage. Each morning when he rose he was entitled to assert that, in all the vast empire of England, the sun shone on none who was in reality, however he might be in name, more powerful than himself. And yet this great man, during his public career, was always wretched, miserable, unhappy." "He died," says a biographer, "in his forty seventh year, on the anniversary of the very day on which he had entered Parliament. Oh, what a difference there was between the buoyant youth of twenty and the care-worn statesman of forty-seven! Before the eyes of the one sparkled a long vista of political enjoyments and honors; before the eyes of the other were the anxieties and cares which had attended them when grasped. He had followed as his object in life unsanctified ambition, and he found it vanity and vexation of spirit," "and died," says Wilberforce, "of a broken heart."

Robert Clive was a mercantile clerk in India. He had a passion for the life of a soldier, and obtained an ensigncy in the army of the East. Here he rose until he became the conqueror of India, and had the treasures of the East poured at his feet. "The whole kingdom," wrote his father to him, "is in transports at the glory and success you have gained: come away, and let us rejoice together." He returned, was impeached by the House of Commons, and was so chagrined and disappointed that he took his own life

Among those who have sought for happiness in the honors and excitements of public life Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the orator, is a melancholy instance of the folly of such a course. In the House of Commons, so powerful was the impression produced by his speeches, that members could not trust themselves to vote on any question on which he spoke, until the excitement had subsided Yet this man died in wretchedness and want. His last words were, "I am absolutely undone."

Turn we now to the field of literature. There we have in the foremost rank Sir Walter Scott "Never, perhaps, in any period of the world's history," says a contemporary of Scott, "did literary talent receive a homage so universal as that of Scott. His reputation was coextensive not only with the English language, but with the boundaries of civilization. In one year, too, his literary productions yielded him £15,000. The king conferred on him a baronetcy, and wherever he appeared, at home or abroad, he was the lion of the day. All the good things of life were his. His mansion at Abbotsford realised the highest conceptions of a poet's imagination, and 'seemed like a poem in stone.' His company was of the most honorable of the land, and his domestic enjoyments all that his heart could desire. Yet he was not happy. Ambitious to found a family, he got into debt, and in old age he was a ruined man. When about to leave Abbotsford for the last time, he said: 'When I think on what this place now is, with what it was not long ago, I feel as if my heart would break. Lonely, aged, deprived of all my family, I am an impoverished and embarrassed man.' At another time he writes—'Death has closed the dark avenue of love and friendship. I look at them as through the grated door of a burial place filled with monuments of those who once were dear to me, and with no other wish than that it may open for me at no distant period.' And again: 'Some new object of complaint comes every moment. Sickness come thicker and thicker; friends are fewer and fewer. The recollection of youth, health, and powers of activity, neither improved nor enjoyed, is a poor ground of comfort. The best is, the long halt will arrive at length and close all.' And the long halt did arrive. Not long before he died, Sir Walter requested his daughter to wheel him to his desk. She then put a pen into his hand, but his fingers refused to do their office. Silent tears rolled down his cheeks 'Take me back to my own room,' he said; 'there is no rest for Sir Walter but in his grave.' A few days after this he died realising, in reference to all his fame, honor, and renown, the truth of Solomon, 'Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity and vexation of spirit.'"

Campbell, the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," in his old age wrote: "I am alone in the world. My wife and the child of my hopes are dead: my surviving child is consigned to a living tomb (a lunatic asylum;) my old friends, brothers, sisters, are dead, all but one, and she too is dying; my last hopes are blighted As for fame, it is a bubble that must soon burst Earned for others, shared with others, it was sweet; but at my age, to my own solitary experience, it is bitter. Lost in my chamber alone by myself, is it wonderful my philosophy at times takes flight; that I rush into company; resort to that which blunts, but heals no pang; and then sick of the world and dissatisfied with myself, shrink back into solitude?" And in this state of mind he died

Charles the Fifth resigned his crown in despair of getting happiness on the throne. Catherine of Russia, an empress of the most ambitious character, sought for happiness in earthly glory, yet would not get rest in sleep from the torments of a guilty conscience. And many other cases might be adduced to show how true it is, as the poet says—

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown"

These are examples of the vanity of pursuing the mirage of life The objects of pursuit, had they been sanctified and good, would have yielded happiness if rightly realized; for Divine Providence has so constituted man that, even as a mundane being, he may possess much real enjoyment

Be it ours, then, to "set the affections on things above, and not on things below, that perish in the using; "to lay up treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break not through nor steal;" so to run that we may obtain, and so to struggle for the crown, that, like Paul, we may be enabled to say "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but to all them also that love his appearing."—*Rev. J. H. Wilson.*

DIFFERENT KINDS OF PREACHING.

There is the *dry* kind. It may thus be characterised, as to the *manner* or the *matter*. The dry manner is where the preacher enters not heart and soul into his subject. He delivers the sermon as though it were a task or mere official duty; in which case it will be a task and not a pleasure to listen to it. When the congregation breaks up, you will overhear the whisper from one to another—"Insufferably dull." A cold, task-like delivery, with eyes fastened on the manuscript, and voice drawling out its monotonous cadences, must spoil even a good sermon. But the *matter* may be dry. This is sometimes unavoidable. Grave and weighty subjects are to be discussed, in which a certain class may not be interested. We venture to say that some of Paul's hearers, listening to such reason as occurs in the first eight chapters of Romans, might have wished that the eloquent apostle had given them something more lively and attractive. The foundations, however, must be laid, as well as the graceful superstructure reared

The dry kind of preaching includes the *metaphysical.* New England ministers are addicted to this. They take it from their great theologians, such as Emmons and others. Every sermon is cast into a fixed logical mould, with its first, second, and third, and all the legitimate inferences. Ezekiel's dry bones were not dryer or more lifeless than are some of these metaphysical discourses. They have been the bane of the pulpit. Say what they will, it has tended to depopulate their sanctuaries. A few old strong-headed men may be pleased, but the masses understand about as much as if it were a discourse in Greek or Hebrew.

There is the *pictorial* kind. Some call it "word painting." It is the opposite, in general, of the dry Most people are attracted by it—interested in it. It is panoramic; and as the preacher passes the consecutive pictures before his audience, they are affected, according as these moral sketches are bright or dark, attractive or repulsive. One moment perhaps they smile, and the next they weep When this pictorial kind is well managed, and is accompanied by a manner appropriate, and a voice of variable intonations, it has great effect. The impression is not always of a religious nature The sensibilities may be strongly moved, whilst the will is as obdurate as ever. Usually this kind of preaching interests young minds, whose fancy predominates over the judgment, and who would rather have their feelings touched than their consciences convicted. We will not pronounce against this kind of preaching. He who has the gift is bound to exercise it. But let him use it, not abuse it. His pictures should be in good taste, drawn from Scripture and from nature. Let them be set in the frame-work of a good judgment, and always be so exhibited that the *picture*, not the *painter*, shall be the impressive object. The gift is rare. Some try their hand at word painting, and their pictures are miserable daubs. Others, who possess the gift, use it to draw hearers to promote their own popularity, to make the hearers admire or stare. This is shocking. To such, we say: Seek some other place than the pulpit to exhibit your paintings.

As this kind of preaching depends on a vivid imagination, together with a glowing manner of speaking and writing, it would be well for those who lack these requisites not to attempt it By another style they may be less popular, but not less useful. As this pictorial kind seems to be coming into vogue, we are anxious to give it a right direction. There is danger of its running into excess; and the result will be many stony ground hearers. Sensible people, too, will be apt to be disgusted. There should be mingled with it the exegetical, didactic, and homiletic kind. Audiences don't want to be always in a picture gallery.

Another kind is the *expository.* This is primitive. It was the kind practised by the Jews—then by the apostles—then the fathers, and now, in this country, almost by—nobody. The Scotch divines still keep to it, and some of the ministers of England also. Years ago it was in use here. The great Dr. Mason always occupied a part of Sunday in exposition This was his most interesting and instructive service. But the practice seems to have died out. Would that some popular, learned, and pious minister would give it a resurrection in our pulpits! The writer of this expounded the Scriptures for five consecutive years, every Sunday afternoon; and if ever he was useful as a minister, it was by these exercises. Having removed from the country to a large city parish, he was given to understand that expository preaching would not be as acceptable as the mere didactic sermon. It is his firm belief, however, that the pulpit will not exert its legitimate power until this mode of preaching is re-installed. They who feel it must expound God's Word, and not rest solely on the sermon. The people must come back to it. They must encourage their minister to it. By this they will put honor on the Word of God, and find themselves more rapidly educated for the kingdom of heaven. Ministers, too, will not then be so chained down to their manuscript. They will learn to *preach* as well as *read*

"WASHINGTON: HIS LIFE, CHARACTER AND OPINIONS, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO OUR TIMES.

LECTURE BY REV. C. P. KRAUTH

He commenced with a reference to the interview between his hero and Chateaubriand, a French author and statesman. The young traveller, soon after his arrival in this country, had dined with Washington, who, in the course of conversation, made allusion to the obstacles his guest was exposed to next in his intended expedition, (for the purpose of discovering a north-west passage.) "But, sir," said the traveller, "it is less difficult to discover the polar passage than to create a nation" The allusion to this interview suggested the question, "Was Washington the creator of this nation?" That Washington was indeed the founder of this country as a nation, could readily be shown. As without Luther the Reformation might not have been, so without Cromwell the Commonwealth would never have risen, as without Wesley Methodism would never have organized itself, so without Washington our land might never have been the home of an independent, free, and united nation. No one in the great struggle of the Revolution could have taken his place. Assisted, he had been. Hamilton was, he said, the Melancthon of the Revolution, but, compared with Washington, the glory of the noblest of our Revolutionary heroes grew pale. God had meant us to be free, and therefore had created a Washington. God gave but one man to a system—but one Washington to a nation. No other qualities than those possessed by Washington could have averted or the juncture in which he appeared upon the world's stage. There was something even in the name of Washington that ought not to be overlooked. The world's heroes had, in fact, ever had names to fit the world's mouth. Great men, if we observed, never had sounding first names, and little last names. The man whose first name was Thomas, and whose last name was Jefferson, had been a statesman; but *Jefferson*, whether it be the first name of a Davis or a Professor Brick, tells of no statesmanship. Leonidas, the Grecian, had fought well in a tight place; Leonidas Polk might soon find himself in a tighter one by his undertaking to fight in a bad cause; but if he should, our Leonidas was not likely to be the hero of a second Thermopylæ [Laughter and applause.]

Introducing his subject proper, he said, that but for this war our nation would probably never have understood Washington thoroughly. It was his object to view Washington mainly in his relations to the history of our country, and to the great governmental question which now agitates our land.

The four different forms of rule under which the people of this land had lived were next briefly referred to—the Colonial, the Revolutionary, the Confederate, and the Constitutional, which commenced at the formation of the Constitution, and in support of which our nation was now in arms. He then drew a parallel between the present war and the Revolution. The war in which Washington unsheathed his sword was, he said, as really a civil conflict as our present war. It had been fought against the Government under which the people lived, against people of the same race, and of the same nationalities. It had, in short, been a war to *obtain* the nationality which this war was waged to *defend.* The inharmonious elements pervading the colonies were next referred to. In every state there had been a party favorable to the British Government, and the ratio of Tories, then, he held had been quite as great as the proportion of Secessionists in our country to-day. Washington's views respecting the course to be pursued towards the Tories were also given in this connection.

The fundamental principle upon which our country rested was that of *unity.* As *detached* colonies they would have remained colonies forever. The spirit of American liberty was of necessity a spirit of American unity. Union, therefore, was not the child of American Independence, but its mother. The first great step towards the recognition of this American unity had been taken by Virginia in 1749. Much was here introduced by the lecturer to show that not States' rights, but *American liberty*, had been the sole object of the war of the Revolution. With this understanding, Washington had accepted his commission as Commander-in-Chief of the American army at the hands of Congress, on the 15th of June, 1775. It had been his zealous object, uniformly, to discourage mere local attainments, and to enforce the *American* idea. These sentiments had continued to be cherished by Washington until his death. "Every citizen should take pride in the thought that we are now a distinct nation," had been Washington's own words; and in that matchless document, his Farewell Address, he had said, "The name of *American*, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than appellatives derived from local discriminations." In a letter to Patrick Henry, in 1795, he had said, "I want an American Character." To some extent what followed here was a synoptical history of the country during the Revolutionary period.

The philosophy and mode of effective union, although early recognised, had yet to be solved Washington, as already shown, had been profoundly impressed, by bitter experience, with the defects of the old Confederation; especially with the defects of the Union it formed, which wanted power to enforce its own acts and to control the disobedient. His part taken in the formation of the present Constitution was next referred to. He had taken the oath of office to sustain that Constitution, and in his Farewell Address was a grand appeal to his nation to observe its requirements inviolate forever.

The central political idea of Washington had manifestly been that of the necessity of the strongest government compatible with freedom. A Union which should be indissoluble, with a central power that should be supreme. This the lecturer proceeded to demonstrate by documentary evidence on the subject.

The views of Washington and those of Secession were next finely contrasted. The one stood by the "people;" the other gave to each state at will the right of trampling upon the Constitution as a whole. The Constitution which Washington signed had given us the name which we yet bore—the United States. The theories and tendencies which had destroyed our national peace had been as well known to Washington as they were to us. But for him, these theories would have prevented our country from coming into being. In the Revolution the British and the Tories combined, had not given him as much trouble as this narrow jealousy between the States. This same disintegrating spirit in the Revolution had sunk millions of money, cost many precious lives, prolonged the struggle, and heightened all its miseries. At the end of the war it had arisen with a strength which appalled Washington, and inspired him with doubts whether it would not have been better for him never to have drawn his sword. The experiment of the Confederation, short as it was, had almost destroyed the land. Its fruits had prepared the people for the adoption of the Federal Constitution, in which Washington bore so conspicuous a part, and which in reality had been the *first* great triumph of the spirit of nationality over the false doctrine of State Rights, just as its glorious maintenance in our present war was destined to prove a *second* and final one. We were fighting in the last half of a day on the morning of which Washington was triumphant; the enemy had rallied, and we had but to follow in his steps to finish the work

The great burden upon the heart of Washington had been the fear of Local and State political jealousies and prejudices; which he foresaw would only weaken and destroy, if allowed to obtain the mastery. A number of extracts were here given to show Washington's convictions of the ruinous tendency of this confederate laxity, and how deeply he felt the need of vital and efficacious union. He had foreseen the dangers of the Republic, as to course as he had seen its advantages. Of the four things designated by Washington as essential to the well-being, and even to the existence of, the United States as an independent power, the *first* was an *indissoluble Union of the States under one Federal head.*

That this theory was correct the lecturer proceeded to demonstrate from history, and the philosophy illustrated by the examples of the present hour. This attempt at dissolution, he admitted, had been as logical as any such attempt could be; and if the oligarchs had but had power to enforce their logic, their object would most certainly have been attained. This Secession, bad as it is, was unquestionably the most plausible one that could be got up. Washington had clearly seen that the failure of this Union would lead to anarchy, and that anarchy would lead to a final and hopeless overthrow of our liberty.

Reasons were given to show that we must either be the freest nation on earth, or the most servile; that we must either have the largest liberty, or none

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, March 1, 1862.

OLD FOLKS' CONCERT.

On Wednesday night, Franklin Hall was much crowded—more so than we ever saw it on any previous occasion. The attraction consisted of Father Burris' Old Folks' Concert. The curtain rose about five minutes before 8 o'clock, and we then beheld Father Burris and troupe seated, all being dressed in the ancient style, and looking very grave; some with spectacles on and canes in their hands, and others with caps on their heads. It was well conducted, as the pupils were all perfect in the parts assigned them. Mr. Burris deserves much credit for his zeal and industry. The proceeds of the concert will be given in our next.

REVIVALS.

Elder Woodlin, of Bethel Church, closed his protracted meeting on Friday night, the 21st, with a general class meeting. He had quite a good meeting, and several joined the church.

Rev. A. Stanford, of Little Wesley Church, is holding a protracted meeting in his church, and is assisted by Revs. John Morgan and William Fuller, who seem to be his main stand by.

NOTICE.

The young Quaker lady who was to lecture at St. Thomas' Church did not get there, as she received a call elsewhere. There was a strong debate between Mr. J. C. Weir and Mr. Alfred Green.

NOTICE.

Several pieces appear this week which came too late for last week; among which was Bishop Nazrey's reply to the other Bishops.

EPISCOPAL VISITS.

I will be on the Westchester Circuit on the 29th of March. The Elder may make arrangements up to the 5th of April. I will then leave for Oxford on the Penningtonville Circuit, and remain to the 12th, on which day I will leave for Lancaster Circuit, where I will remain a week. The Elders or Preachers will make their arrangements and inform me of them. W. NAZREY.

THE DEATH-BED OF THE REV. JOHN WESLEY.

We were presented with this beautiful picture by the Publisher, Mr. William Smith, No. 702 South Third St., Philadelphia. It is a steel plate engraving of the finest order, and was executed by Mr. J. Sartain, who is well known throughout the country as an excellent artist. Mr. Smith has been very fortunate in purchasing the plate at a cost of several hundred dollars, and it has just been re-engraved. He is in want of good efficient agents in all parts of the country; his terms are liberal. The death-bed scene of the Rev. John Wesley and of Rev. Richard Allen ought to be in every religious family, but more especially Methodist. We hope to live to see the Rev. Richard Allen's death-bed scene gotten up in the same style as the one we are now recommending. We hope to see our friends rushing to our Book Store to purchase the death-bed scene of Rev. John Wesley; we will have them here for sale. Mr. Smith, a gentleman who is well known to the community, and is said to be worthy in every respect, has other valuable pictures engraved.

For the Christian Recorder.

MR. EDITOR:—I see that Bishop Quinn has given notice of his Annual Conferences, and also invited Bishop Payne and myself to be present at them. I would gladly meet the Ohio Conference if it was in my power so to do; but I fear that I cannot do it. I will be glad to attend the other conferences, if no preventing Providence. I did expect from my last interview with Bishop Nazrey last summer, that we should have a meeting in Philadelphia this winter, or otherwise I should have invited him and Bishop Payne to attend this district Annual Conference, and will now be happy if they will meet with us on the 10th of May next, in Trenton, N. J., at the opening of the Conference, or during its session; and if they cannot be present at that time, if Bishops Quinn and Payne will arrange the time and place between themselves, and inform me, I will meet with them, as we have not had a meeting since the rise of the last General Conference.

W. NAZREY.

EDITUS.

MR. EDITOR:—Rev. J. P. Campbell appears unwilling to give up the *contest*. The battle was going on between Mr. Observer and myself. I have succeeded in silencing ex-editor Stanford and Mr. Observer, and now Rev. J. P. C. thinks it is not glory enough to silence two of my great competitors, but wishes me to open upon him, which I would readily do, anticipating complete victory, but as I am not an ambitious man, and particularly fond of triumphing over vanquished competitors, I shall let my colleague, Rev. J. M. Brown, attend to my friend, Rev. J. P. C., since he (Campbell) has *referred* to Rev. J. M. B. in last communication. PRESBYTER.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Mrs. Fariba Paltram,	$1 00
Mr. H. H. Thomas,	2 00
Rev. James Lynch, Georgetown, D. C., for papers sold,	1 00
Miss A. Voorhees, Rahway, N. J., per Rev. A. Crippan,	2 00
Mrs. Martha Steward, Indianapolis, Ind., per Rev. W. R. Revels,	2 00
Rev. W. R. Revels,	1 00
Rev. W. C. Trevan, Richmond, Ind.,	1 00
Rev. Theodore Gould, Princeton, N J., for papers,	2 20
Mr. J. C. Morel, Weeksville, Brooklyn, L. I.,	1 00
Mr. Geo. Ewell, Weeksville, Brooklyn, L. I.,	1 00
Rev. J. P. Shreeves, Bridgeport, Conn.,	1 00
Mr. Gilbert Congdon, Providence, R. I.,	2 00
Rev. W. W. Grimes, New Bedford, Mass., for papers sold,	3 00
Rev. William Johnson, Boston, Mass,	1 00

CHILDREN, remember that your best Friend is in heaven. The Friend that upon earth took little children up in his arms and blessed them; that said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." He loves you more than any other friend does, and desires you to love him, in this world, that you may live with him in the next. Will you refuse to love him?—Jesus, the Friend that died for you?

For the Christian Recorder.

SEARCH FOR TRUTH

BY REV. CHARLES BROWN, D. D.

"Is conscience a correct guide in our conduct?"

MR. EDITOR:—In your issue of February 1st, 1862 I find an article in your editorial columns thus headed, and, giving you credit for that editorial magnanimity and Christian charity which would allow the expression of an honest difference of opinion to find place in your columns, I take the liberty of dissenting from the views taken in said article, hoping that I am prompted by no other motive than a love of truth

The article starts with a definition of what conscience is, to wit: "Conscience is the secret testimony of the soul, whereby intelligent beings are enabled to judge right from wrong." Now it needs no acute observer to see that even this definition needs defining. I care not from what lexicographer it may have come. The word "intelligent" is a unit of two constructions; first, it may be used when speaking of human beings in contradistinction with the brute creation; second, it may be used to signify an understanding clear and sound—a mental eye that sees things as they are. Now, if the writer of the article in question construes his own definition to mean, by intelligent beings, all mankind, then his definition sustains the affirmative of the question, "Is conscience a correct guide in our conduct?" *which side he takes:* but if he takes the other definition or use of the word intelligent, then his own definition is a complete refutation of any arguments which can be produced to prove the affirmative of the question; for it is axiomatical that if we mean, by intelligent, those of clear understanding and sound minds, and then say that to these (inferring, unmistakably, the exclusion of all others) conscience furnishes a "secret testimony by which they can judge right from wrong" Certainly, it does not furnish all a safe rule for conduct, because all are not intelligent, all have not sound minds or a clear understanding. The sentences which follow the writer's definition in this paragraph fail to exhibit any logical connexion, explanation, or qualification, and, therefore, are irrelevant to the point with which I have just dealt. Yet I cannot allow them to pass without analysis. If they contain what is true, analysis will only give them more force; if what is fallacious, then will they suffer from exposure.

Says the writer, "It is impossible, however, to draw the lines of distinction between the moral judgment and the moral sentiment." We sympathize with the writer in his misfortune not to appreciate the difference between more sentiment, the offspring of feeling, of passion, and the great monarch of man judgment, which is the exponent of all that constitutes man. Why, the exercise of all man's intellectual, moral, and remotely physical faculties, combining, make up his judgment When it is difficult to distinguish between the relation of parent to child, schoolmaster to scholar, or mind to matter, then, and not till then, will it be difficult "to draw lines of distinction between the moral judgment and moral sentiment." (See For definition of "sentiment," see Webster's Dictionary.) A man's feelings may control, destroy his judgment; so may children control, influence, and even rule their parents—but who is at a loss, for all this, "to draw the line of distinction between" parent and child? But, as if to fortify the philosophical deduction to which I take exception, the writer says, "They are inseparably connected,"—as if things might not be connected, and yet admit of distinction. The President and Vice-President are connected, and yet we can "draw lines of distinction between them,"—i. e., their exercise of power.

Again, he says, "We feel and judge at the same time or moment." This is not necessarily so. We cannot judge without something to judge with, and a child knows that this something is the mind; very well. When David walked back and forth, and cast first the anxious, then the lustful, gaze at Bathsheba, did he feel and judge at the same time—or did he judge afterwards, when in sackcloth he wept, and in ashes sat him down, crying, "Create in me, O God, a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me?" Another passage follows, on which rests an almost impenetrable mist. "In regard to the moral action, it is enough to know that our moral judgment is like our intellectual intuition—immediate and certain." We leave that for the reader's experience to affirm or contradict.

Aware that the limits of the RECORDER's columns will not allow me to deal farther with this article in detail, I now proceed to give it a general criticism. The writer seems to hold to the doctrine of the infallibility of conscience—for he says plainly, "For all intelligent men and women, in possession of reasoning faculties, we claim for conscience a sufficient guide for them." So did Hume, Voltaire, Chesterfield, and hosts of others, who, like blazing comets in the sky, dazzled by their brilliancy. If it be sufficient, then we want nothing more, as the doctrines of the Cross, of repentance, of faith, and the Holy Ghost—superfluities that the Deity has thrust upon us. Not so! Conscience, of itself, gives no infallible guide for our conduct. I declare conscience to be the great check-rein upon man, and it will work, it will guide, just as some power guides it. This check-rein, conscience, is either held by the Spirit of God, of the world, or the devil. No man can get away from this truth. The conscience of the Indian will cause him to hunt his enemy o'er hill and vale, through marsh and fen, to shed his blood, because he believes it is right; he is thus trained. The conscience of the Roman Catholic sends him to early mass, and extorts the homage paid to priestly power. The conscience of the Mohammedan causes him to repair to the Mosque—make his pilgrimage to Mecca to bathe with his tears the green turf that covers the bones of Mohammed. The conscience of the Buddhist women causes them to burn themselves on the funeral pile, on account of the death of their husbands. See the mother throwing to the crocodile an infant that she tears from her bosom as its soft fingers cling to the paps that give it suck. To what shall we attribute the conscientious wrongs of these people but to the power that controls conscience? In all ages there have been martyrs to error. Conscience, wrongly educated, wrongly controlled, has been the impetus which has given force to persecution and the most wanton cruelty. Where do we find consciences enswalling for good, and to an extent that makes the man an existence, working according to the principles of right? Nowhere but in the person of the true man of God. Sometimes a man's conscience will make him rigidly honest and just in some things, and he will not be so in others. I know a stockholder whose conscience would not allow him to cheat you out of a dime, and yet he will keep forty human beings in bondage. Conscience reproves him for the one, but not for the other; because, from his infancy, he has been accustomed to the institution.

Feeling that I am trespassing too much on your space, I beg leave to conclude in your next.

Rev. JAMES LYNCH.

WHAT DOES HE MEAN?

DOES HE QUESTION THE RIGHT AND DENY THE MERIT?

Brother James Lynch, of Georgetown, D. C., has written five sides of foolscap paper in relation to an editorial which appeared in the 50th number of the Christian Recorder on "Conscience." We confess that we don't see the force of such an article, but we will give it for what it is worth.

1. Does Brother Lynch mean to say that we are not the Editor of the Christian Recorder? And if so, does he mean to say, further, that the article is not ours, and that we should not have the merit of it? If these are the brother's meanings, we will only say in answer, that he is like poor Bartimeus, blind, and wants his eyes opened; hence we will open them. It is our article, and we are Editor of the Recorder. We are sorry to see you so far lost in the fog, my young brother.

2. You undertake to comment upon our remarks on Conscience. Do you assume to say that conscience is not the secret testimony of the soul? Most assuredly you do. Do you mean, by the course you have pursued, to prove that the word intelligent is used in its highest degree or in a comparative degree? If not so, then your argument goes to justify the brute kind in being in possession of distinct intelligence. Therefore, you have said in this connexion what we neither uttered nor meant.

3. In relation to the quotation and the words, "irrelevant to the point," we cannot see the force of the remark; but in relation to the view or inference he leaves in reference to brutes, it is quite irrelevant

4. The brother quotes a part of the sentence in our article where we stated that it was impossible to draw the lines of distinction between the moral judgment and the moral sentiment, and then says: "We sympathize with the writer in his misfortune," &c. Will the brother read our article over again, and the connexion, and he will see that he has made a very grave blunder? He reminds us of a man who had a tree felled to make rails to build up his fence He employed a man to split it up into rails, so that was the object in felling it, and then be divided it; one-half of it he made into a fine lot of rails, and the other was cut into short pieces for fire-wood. At this the owner was indignant, notwithstanding the one-half which was cut for fire-wood did not destroy the owner's intention. Now we will quote what we said in that article to show the fallacy pursued by our good brother, and will go farther than that. Hear it! "It is impossible to draw the line of distinction between the moral judgment and the moral sentiment." They are inseperably connected. We feel and judge at one and the same moment in regard to moral action. (Mark!) With the nature of that standard, according to which we judge, we, of course, have no concern. It is enough to know that our moral judgment is like our intellectual intuitions—immediate and certain; so that we cannot deny them without denying the very existence of our moral constitution. But, in alleging the certainty of the judgment of conscience, we must bear constantly in mind that our moral nature is spoken of in its fundamental principles alone. It is this which constitutes man a responsible being. Now we maintain, for the benefit of our young brother, that this view laid down is a standard view in point of theology, notwithstanding the quotations of Webster. We will give Christians the definition of feel: to feel—("Christ has a feeling of our infirmities; having endured the like, he tenderly sympathizes with us in our troubles." Heb. iv. 15.) "Feelings are sensations or emotions of the mind produced by the views we have of religion. For instance, religion consists in emotions, repentance, and devotion, and the feeling sorry for our sins. We are verily guilty. How finely are the office and influence of conscience exemplified in these words of Joseph's brethren! It was about twenty-two years since they had sold their brother, and more than likely their conscience had been lulled to sleep to the present hour God combines and brings about those favorable circumstances which produce attention and reflection, and give weight to the expostulations of conscience.

Dr. Clark calls the conscience the soul, and says: "How necessary to hear its voice in time! for here it may be the instrument of salvation; but, if not heard in this world, it must be heard in the next; and there, in association with the unquenchable fire, it will be the never-dying worm." Now what think you of this, my brother? Hast thou not fallen from Christian theology and partaken of fabletheology? Be careful, my son, in the Gospel. Again, Dr. Clark says: "All men have what is commonly termed conscience, and conscience plainly supposes the influence of the Divine Spirit in it, convincing of sin, righteousness, and judgment. 2. The Spirit of God is given to enlighten, convince, strengthen, and bring men back to God, and fit them for glory by purifying their hearts. 3. Therefore, all men may be saved who attend to, and coincide with, the convictions and light communicated." If the statement of Dr. Clark is to be credited, we would recommend our young brother and schoolmaster, who sympathizes so much for us, to study Methodist theology for his misfortune.

In conclusion, we will say further, for the satisfaction of Brother Lynch, that if he will read Watson's Theological Dictionary, the standard of the M. E. C., he will find the following definition: "Conscience is that principal power or faculty within us which decides on the merit or demerit of our own actions, feelings, or affections, with reference to the rule of God's law." It is called the moral sense by Lord Shaftesbury and Dr. Hutcheson. Dr. Reid takes the same view; and, in supporting it, says: "The testimony of our moral faculty, like that of the external senses, is the testimony of nature." We have the same reason to rely upon it, and therefore consider conscience as an original faculty of our nature, which decides clearly, authoritatively, and instantaneously, on every object that falls within its province.

We are not disposed to hold controversy with any of our correspondents, and will not do so, unless they tread on our toes.—ED.

TWO CENT MONEY.

We call the special attention of the brethren to page 219, New Discipline, in relation to the two-cent money, and especially to the 10th paragraph under the same page. We do hope that all of our brethren having charge of circuits and stations will obey the General Conference of our beloved Zion, and commence in time to collect their two-cent money; and if the brethren have so far obeyed the law by making a collection every month, or every two months, we are quite sure that there will be a change in matters pertaining to our financial department. Suppose that Bethel Church, of Philadelphia, with over twelve hundred members, (we will say twelve hundred, though there is said to be some fifteen hundred,) should comply with the request; twenty-five times twelve would be three hundred (dollars,)—and this, it will be remembered, is only twenty-five cents a head. At the very lowest estimate, this is what Bethel Church will owe us at our Annual Conference.

The Union Church, placing the membership at two hundred, at twenty-five cents each, will be fifty dollars. Baltimore (Md.) Bethel Church has about twelve hundred members; suppose that she is caused to do her duty—that the minister should feel it his duty to see that each member pays his or her twenty-five cents per year; there would be three hundred dollars due the Book Steward, to be appropriated as per Discipline. Ebenezer Church has at least two hundred members, and twenty-five times two hundred is fifty dollars.

Now here would be seven hundred dollars,—leaving out Washington, New York, Brooklyn, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis, Chicago, and St. Louis, and besides hundreds of churches on circuits, and other stations where brethren are. If brethren will only do what the regulations of the Church have demanded of them, all would be well. We believe that there is not a member in our Church but what would consider it a great insult to say that they were *too poor* to pay the small sum of *twenty-five* cents a year for the benefit of the Book Concern and of our brethren who have labored hard to carry the glad tidings of the gospel to the dying world.

We are glad to see that Rev. Bishop Nazrey has notified all of his Conferences and members to come prepared to give a good account of themselves. So you may look well to the eastern brethren, and govern yourselves accordingly—for if he enforces the law, which he is bound to, somebody's head may have to come off. We hope that the other Bishops will do the same

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM BROTHER BROWN

MR. EDITOR:—Rev. J. P. Campbell's labored article will find a reply in the document which we send you about "The True State of the Case" If he says that the judgment of the General Conference is not found upon page 32d, then he must be growing blind, can't read, or some other mishap has befallen him, which I should sincerely regret. I wonder if he will not put on his spectacles and look again at page 32 of General Conference minutes. The more I examine this subject, the more thoroughly am I convinced that Elder Campbell and all who advocate this double dealing are the enemies of Bishop Nazrey and the African M. E. Church. The true policy is this: To follow, and no longer attempt to abuse, the General Conference. We tell Elder Campbell, we have resolved, and never intend to cease this warfare until he and others submit to the decrees and mandates of the General Conference. If discord is produced, we will meet it like men, and battle that discord with truth until every man shall submit to the highest court in the A. M. E. Church. I wrote the Report of the Committee on Canadian Affairs, and know the intention of every man. They then, as now, were opposed to Bishop Nazrey holding any relation to Canada, unless he gave up his relation to the A. M. E. Church.

Much has been said about slavery, compulsion, and other inappropriate words, indicating that General Conference compelled Bishop Nazrey to resign his relation to the B. M. E. Church, when the contrary is true. No compulsory measures were used. Bishop Nazrey had six days to decide whether he would remain with us or go to Canada. At the end of six days, he voluntarily offered his resignation to the B. M. E. Church. He then, in September following, offered it to the General Conference of that Church; and, by a vote of that Conference, they refused to receive it. What then was the duty of the Bishop? Clearly to resign from the A. M. E. Church Nothing is more preposterous than the attempt, my dear friend and Brother Campbell, to place him over us as one of our Bishops while he holds his Episcopal relations to the B. M. E. Church. I am ashamed of him! that a man of his fine and well cultivated talents should be engaged in presenting to the world such miserable logic! I love my brother too well to believe him sincere. May the Father of all goodness save us all from such sophistry. Yours, as ever,

JOHN M. BROWN.

Baltimore, Feb. 25th, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM BROTHER TURNER.

MR. EDITOR:—Some occurrences of Baltimore events may not be out of place, notwithstanding nothing extraordinary has transpired in our city more than what you are kept posted on either through your own means of information or other artificial expedients.

The recent victories achieved by the superior strategy and bravery of the Federal forces, I find, are making more Union proselytes among those who have hitherto been favored with secessionism than all the logicians and rhetoricians in the country could have made.

Disloyalty, traitorism, tyranny, and oppression are all the fruits of one corrupt tree, and the God of heaven has commissioned his holy imperial watchers to hew it down. And we might as well talk of darkening the sun by an accidental expectoration, or extinguishing the luminaries of heaven by the blackening sweep of an unchained passion, as to think of rebutting the proud march of Federal strength interblended with a determinable ambition for the establishment of justice, equity, and right, *nam in hoc vincit qui jus est.*

Rev J M. Brown has just closed a very successful protracted meeting, which resulted in adding several to his church. Brother Brown is making quite an intellectual and moral reform in his Federal Hill charge. He has also commenced preparing for the erection of a new church, as the present church does not begin to accommodate the people who convene there to hear the word of life. Should Brother Brown be returned to the same station another year, we may look out not only for a magnificent church, but one that shall vie very strongly with Big Bethel.

Rev. A. W. Wayman has also commenced a protracted effort in his charge, which has not been in continuance long enough yet to say how the current will run. We can only say the prospect is good

Rev. Bishop Payne, D. D., is still with us. He has quite recovered from the ill attack which had him prostrated for several weeks upon his bed. I think he looks better now than I have seen him for a long time. I am not able to say whether the Bishop will remain out till our Conference is over or not. I am happy to state, however, that his remaining with us is giving character to our literary standard with the whites, and a beneficial impetus to our people.

Rev. W. H. Waters has been complaining for some time. He has contracted a severe cold, which has reduced him considerably.

We had a very fine week's meeting at my church, (Union Bethel,) which is just over. The Lord was with us. Considering there is no epidemic in our city, the people are dying very fast. My church, in a week's time, lost two of her most prominent members—Sister Polke and Brother John Waters, exhorter. But glory be to God they both died in the faith. Two happier deaths are seldom witnessed.

Ever since the Rev. S. L. Hammond wrote to you that letter which you published of his, stating, as he thought, that the Repository detracted from the Recorder, and the Recorder from the Repository, a great many persons have looked upon these two organs as being derogatory to each other's interests, as well as the editors being somewhat prejudiced against each other.

Now I don't think that Rev. Hammond ever intended to convey so radical an idea as what has gained prevalence among the people, and hence I think the people have both extremed his idea, and misapprehended the design of the editors, also the bulk and literary wants of our people.

Now, sir, you know it never was the intention either for the Recorder or Repository to antagonize each other, for yourself has been the prime editor of both. And did you give up the executive editorial department of the Repository, after having so honorably served it, to wage hostility against it by resurrecting the Recorder? Was not your purpose or intention in the latter confidential to your design in the former? Must all things be converged into one thing before our meddles can perceive they are not inimicably executed? Must we forever lag for the want of the inestimable power of joint operations? No! God forbid; it is time for the people to see that there is need for every grade of literary application among us. And this leads me to say, that we need both the Recorder and Repository We should have an organ for both current and solid matter. The literary reputation of our ministry, the extensiveness of our connexion, the wants of our people in general, the numberless pupils in our Sabbath Schools, all argue not only the necessity of a Recorder and Repository, but of a regular printing house. This is no time to be fanning literary opposition. But let us support both. Let both organs battle together, and let the subscribers for one subscribe to the other also, and down with this *false* idea that they are hostile to each; down with the idea that we do not need them

H. M. TURNER.

Baltimore, Feb. 17th, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder

OUR BALTIMORE CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR:—Yesterday was a day enjoyed by church-going people here. Rev. James N Gloucester, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is in our city He preached on Sunday, in Bethel Church, an able sermon, which was much admired. Mr. Gloucester is a son of Rev. John Gloucester, of Philadelphia, the first colored Presbyterian minister in the United States. Mr. G. is much pleased with the appearance of our city. He will leave in a few days for Washington, D. C.

The members of the M. E. Church, in our city, are making ready for the reception of their Annual Conference, which will meet in our city next week. It will be a time of some interest, as two Annual Conferences of the same church will be in session at the same time—the Baltimore Conference and the East Baltimore Conference. One will meet in the old Light Street Church, (the oldest Methodist Church in Baltimore,) and the other in Monument Street Church.

There are five colored churches in this city connected with the M. E. Church. They have three white pastors, which are sustained admirably well.

Rev. Dennis Davis, of our Conference, has been sick for several months. It is feared that consumption has marked him as its victim It is our prayer that his life may be spared a few years longer, for he bids fair to be an able minister.

Rev. W. H. Waters has been indisposed for some few weeks; so much so that he has not been able to preach for several weeks. He is attended by one of the most eminent doctors in our city, who thinks, that with a little care, he may be raised again.

Rev Bishop Payne is still in our city. His health is improving. W.

Baltimore, Feb 25th, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

REV. E. WEAVER:—We thought it might not be out of the way to say something in reference to spiritual matters in our midst. The fact of the embarrassed state of affairs, occasioned by the present debt of our church, has the tendency of retarding our spiritual progress, though we have labored much that we might have an outpouring of God's grace. Having a great deal of snow, rain and ice, our streets are very unpleasant for footmen; hence our evening meetings were sometimes thinly attended, Sabbath evenings excepted. We have had considerable coldness among us, and many seemed to despair. Our Quarterly Meeting for New Haven Station commenced on Friday evening, Jan. 31st, with a general Class Meeting, but owing to the inclement weather, there were not many in attendance. The meeting was opened by Rev. Joseph P. Shreeves, of Bridgeport Station. During the continuance of the meeting, we were blessed with an unusual degree of God's grace: believers seemed to be built up in their most holy faith—seemed to feel stronger in the Lord and in the power of His might, and professed to become more perfect in love. Present with us were some two who were anxiously inquiring for Jesus, the friend of sinners. The weight of their sins seeming too intolerable for them to bear, we concluded to change our Class into a prayer-meeting; and before we left, the Lord spake peace to the soul of one of the seekers, (our near relative.) You may be assured it was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. The meeting of that evening will not be forgotten by some who were present, neither in time nor in eternity.

On Sabbath morning, Feb. 2d, at half-past ten o'clock, we listened to an excellent sermon delivered by brother John Saunders, (an Englishman) a member and local preacher of our Church in New Haven, from the words—"But go thy way till the end be; for thou shalt stand in thy lot at the end of the day;" Dan. xii. 13. During the delivery of the discourse, we were again visited, and that powerfully, by the great Head of the Church; for while the praises of God were heard to resound through the sanctuary, sinners were constrained to cry aloud because of the weight of their sins. I was reminded of David's exclamation in the 77th psalm—"Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary;"—truly the way of comfort, conviction and deliverance. At 1½ P. M., we tried to say something touching the keeping in remembrance the sufferings, death, resurrection and exaltation of our blessed Saviour, and was assisted by Deacon Shreeves. We had a pleasant time during the Communion of the Lord's Supper. At ½ o'clock, P. M., Rev. J. P. Shreeves preached for us from the text—"And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver, and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness;" Mal iii. 3. On the occasion, we were blessed with the Divine presence while the Rev. brother portrayed to us the refining process so necessary to fit and prepare us for that celestial habitation, which we all expect to enjoy when we have accomplished our work, run the race, and fought the good fight

On Monday evening, Feb. 3d, we closed our Quarterly interview with a Love Feast.

On Sunday, Feb. 16th, we attended Rev. J. P. Shreeves' Quarterly Meeting in Bridgeport. We enjoyed the Love Feast after reading the Rules of the United Society. It was a good feast, because the Lord was present, and because we could see the prodigals returning home to their Father's house. There was a good time all day. It was to be regretted, on account of affliction, that a goodly number were hindered from getting there to participate with us. On Monday afternoon we parted, feeling to have been been spiritually benefited E. T. W.

New Haven, Feb 18th, 1862

MEETINGS OF ANNUAL CONFERENCES

The Ohio Annual Conference will meet in Zanesville city, Ohio, April 16th, 1862, at 8 o'clock, A. M

The Indiana Annual Conference will meet in Indianapolis, Ind., August 6th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M

The Missouri Annual Conference will meet in Louisville, Ky., August 20th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

W. PAUL QUINN

The PHILADELPHIA Annual Conference will meet in Trenton, N. J., on the 10th day of May, 1862, in the Mount Zion Church, at 9 o'clock

The NEW YORK Annual Conference will meet on the 21st day of May, at New Bedford, at 9 o'clock, A. M., in the A. M. E. Church.

The members of these Conferences will strictly attend to the financial duties as laid down in the Discipline, on which our constant progress will be impeded. Punctual attendance is required.

A notice of my visits will be given in the future

W. NAZREY.

For the Christian Recorder.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., Feb 24th, 1862

REV. AND DEAR BROTHER:—I have been reading, for some time back, long communications from the brethren about Bishop Nazrey and the relation he sustains to the B. M. E. Church. Sir, he *did* present his resignation to the B. M. E. Church at their General Conference; if they refused to receive it, is that the Bishop's fault? He has not officially acted as their Bishop since the meeting of their General Conference. Therefore, if they claim him to be their Bishop, that is no fault of his. Do they want to try him? If so, the *Christian Recorder* is not the Court for that, neither is the Editor the Judge. In my opinion, if the brethren would let this subject rest, and not fill the columns of our valuable paper with that which belongs somewhere else, the Philadelphia and New England Conferences will attend to their duty at the proper time and place; and if we cannot settle the matter, we will bring it to you at the General Conference.

My charge is now in a very flourishing condition. Five souls were converted to God last week, and the altar is always crowded with mourners. Pray for us. Rev. Jacob Mitchell is better, and hopes soon to return to his charge. Increase my number of papers to 20 copies. I enclose $2.00 for papers sold, and $1 00 for H. J. Johnson as a subscription. W. W. GRIMES.

LETTER FROM GEO. A. RUE.

Providence, R. I., Feb. 10th, 1862

DEAR RECORDER:—It is with great pleasure, and I hope it will be of some satisfaction to the numerous readers to hear from our Sabbath-school exhibition, on Friday night, the 14th inst. The children, from 2 to 12 years old, sang a beautiful hymn to the memory of Bishop Allen, after which prayer was made. Mr. John S. Waugh, who is a steward of the church, then made some touching remarks on the life and character of Bishop Allen, whose likeness was hanging in front of the platform. Brother Waugh gave a short history of the rise and progress of our connexion, touching the cause for separation from the M. E. Church. "Our object was to inform the children who Bishop Allen was, and what he had done for us." He did this in such glowing colours and used such eloquent language that I cannot describe it. The children were dressed beautifully, and behaved very well

Mr. Charles Dorrell, the youngest son of Rev. Deaton Dorrell, was the first speaker. Young Dorrell showed us the good results of untiring resistance against oppression and perseverance for liberty. The other [illegible] were equally as good on other subjects. The little girls felt the importance of their liberty, and they convinced us of one fact, that they (some of them, at least,) will be, if they live, mothers in the Church of the living God. God grant they may! The children did well, and the old folks were glad. The price of admission was ten cents.

On this occasion, we realized some nine dollars, ($9.00.)- We shall do something for the Book Concern as soon as we can draw our breath. Mr. Editor, don't despair; your heart will be made glad by and by.

GEO. A. RUE.

LETTER TO BISHOP NAZREY.

Baltimore, Md., Jan. 25th, 1862,

RT REV. WILLIS NAZREY:

DEAR BROTHER—In the RECORDER of January 11th, 1862, you call upon the Members of the General Conference of 1860 to give "some plea," concerning your Bishopric, "by which a question fraught with so much mischief may be set at rest."

In accordance with this request, we offer you *our plan*, and that is *simply to comply with the decrees and provisions of the General Conference of* 1860. They are in these words:

1. *Resolved*, That the General Conference fully believes this apparent *double* exercise of the Episcopal office in two distinct denominations is contrary to the genius and spirit of our Church Government.

2 *Resolved*, That the General Conference most respectfully request Bishop Nazrey to resign whatever relation he sustains to the British M. E. Church.

3. *Resolved*, That this resolution *take effect immediately* upon the passage of these resolutions

The 3d Resolution was modified by the following amendment, moved by Rev. S. Smith, to wit: "That he shall have sufficient time to meet the Annual and General Conferences."

Six days after the passage of these decrees, during which you had ample time to consider their intention, and their consequences, you presented to the General Conference the following *pledge:*

"To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that I do hereby resign my official relation as General Superintendent of the British M E. Church in Canada West." The above resignation *is to take effect on and after* the rise of the General Conference of the B. M. E. Church, which will sit in Toronto, Canada West, on the first Monday in September, 1860.

WILLIS NAZREY.

Nearly eighteen months have elapsed since you were to have fulfilled your own *deliberate pledge* and *bounden obligation* to these decrees of the General Conference. Your failure to do so, is evidently the cause of the troubles both in Canada and the States. We therefore *advise* and urge you to consider the letter, spirit and intention of these decrees, especially *the first*, for this is the particular law governing the case. We also advise you to consider your own *written* pledge to fulfil these decrees, and then immediately make your resignation good, sincerely, fully, absolutely, without reservation, without dissimulation, without equivocation without subterfuge; so will our *peace be restored*, the *co-operation* of your colleagues *secured*, and the *unity* of the A. M. E. Church *preserved;* while the B. M. E. Church, with her chosen Bishop at their head, may under God progress in every good word and work

But, and if you feel that your *obligations* to the British M E. Church are *paramount* to those which you owe to the A. M E. Church, and that the claims of the Canadian brethren to your services are more pressing than the claims of your brethren in the States, then the only alternative left you is to *retire at once* to Canada and exercise your Episcopal functions there.

We give you this plan, because we believe that if you continue to exercise a double episcopate in the States personally, and in Canada by proxy, you will certainly increase the difficulties already existing on both sides of the Lakes. (Signed,) DANIEL A. PAYNE,

One of the Bishops of the A. M. E. Church.

BALTIMORE CONFERENCE.—Wm. H. Waters John M. Brown, S. L. Hammonds, A. W. Wayman, John Jordan, Michael F. Sluby, James Read, John J. Herbert.

NEW YORK CONFERENCE.—Wm. Moore, James S. D. Hall, Leonard Patterson

OHIO CONFERENCE.—James A Shorter, S. T. Jones, John Tibbs, John A. Warren, John Peck, Turner W. Roberts, Edward P. Epps, Edward D. Davis, Samuel Watts.

INDIANA CONFERENCE.—W. R Revels, W C. Trevans, Richard Bridges, William Jackson, Charles Burch.

MISSOURI CONFERENCE.—John Turner, B. L. Brooks.

The original of these signatures are on file in Baltimore. A. W.

For the Christian Recorder

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF EDUCATION.

"'Tis education forms the youthful mind;
Just as the twig is bent the tree 's inclined."

The time has arrived, thank God, when we, the African race, feel interested in literature and the natural sciences. I have oftentimes thought how it was that our people were so easily satisfied on this one particular and important point. Why, a few years ago (for my knowledge of things does not extend farther back) our people would not attempt to consider the importance of intellectual improvement, nor take any pains to have their children acquire a good education, when it was in their power; they seemed not to realize the advantages that would have resulted from so doing. But how often, when this subject is presented to the minds of our race, do we meet with the response that this and that is good enough for us—what do negroes want with learning? And again, they would say, let us learn to cook, wash and iron, saw wood and drive dray, and that is sufficient for us to know; and our own people, during my time, have gone so far to say that education would make us crazy. But, thank God, the scales of ignorance are fast falling from our eyes, and we begin to see as one man, by which sight we see; we triumph, we sing praise; and we hope the day is not far distant when we will see not only as one man, but will see and act altogether, and avail ourselves of the opportunities for the cultivation of our faculties. I wish not to be understood as saying that no attention should be paid to domestic employments; but do not let the exercise of our faculties be confined exclusively to the right performance of those duties, which are indeed very important in themselves. It is all foolishness to say that it is of no use for us to try and better our condition as a class; let no such faith dwell in our hearts. I do not think that any class of people on the earth have better conceptions, greater ideas, deeper impressions, or stronger perseverance, than our own. And for this reason we should not stay behind, nor believe that education was designed for white people only. We should endeavor to disabuse our minds of such erroneous views. Knowledge is as good to us as it is to them. Let us improve it; may it keep a continual motion in our hearts; may we consider ourselves more than goods and chattels, and not inferior to other races of human beings. Let us have God for our foremost object, and He will assist us; and though our skin be stained, we will accomplish all we desire.

MRS. MARY ISABELLA DOVE.

Georgetown, D. C.

For the Christian Recorder.

EULOGY ON SOPHIA RICE.

Philadelphia, Feb 4th, 1862.

A eulogy on the life, character and death of Sophia Rice, late consort of George Rice, was delivered in the A. M. E. Bethel Church, by Rev. Henry Davis and Rev. Joshua Woodlin, from Luke x. 41, 42. The theme of the discourse was, "One thing is needful." For our farther instruction from this pleasing and most interesting passage, it may be proper to observe the three following truths:

1st. The care of the soul is the one thing needful.

2d. The cares of the world greatly obstruct this religious care.

3d. Truly religious persons possess a portion which they shall never lose.

We are first to observe that the care of the soul is the one thing needful. It is the religious care of the soul that our Lord here intends, as appears from his opposing Mary's care to Martha's cares. Martha cared for many things, Mary for one thing, and she manifested this care by a studious attention to every word that dropped from his lips; but this short sentence comprehends a great deal

The care of the soul implies a consideration of its infinite value and importance, as immortal. According to our Saviour's words in another place, "What is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" or, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" The care for the soul includes the diligent use of all the means which God has appointed for its salvation, the first of which is a due regard to the word of God. Thus, Mary proved her care, and so must we. It is true we have not now the bodily presence of this great Teacher; yet we have his word. We have that gospel which he ordered to be preached to all nations, and which he promised to sanction with his spiritual presence to the end of the world.

Prayer also is a necessary branch of this religious care. This is a daily business of every one who has a due concern for his or her soul; for says inspiration

the one thing needful; but the Master of the feast protested, "None of those men which were bidden shall taste of my supper." But we must proceed in the last place to show that,

3 Truly religious persons possess a portion which they shall never lose. Mary—and our Lord—hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken from her. The part which she chose was to sit at the feet of Jesus and receive in faith his divine instructions. This was a good part, the advantages of which she never lost. In like manner, a truly religious person—one who is renewed by the Spirit of God—is an humble learner at the feet of Christ, for he says, "Learn of me, and become wise to Salvation by my sacred gospel, for ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." This, then, is the 'good part, eminently good, and what renders it incomparably good is its duration. It shall not be taken away. In this discourse religion is brought to a point. Here is a weighty sentence uttered by the lips of Eternal Wisdom—one thing is needful—one thing, observe, and that one thing is religion, or the care of the soul. Now, in conclusion, let the inquiry be, Have I chosen that good part which shall not be taken away? Is all safe with me for eternity? Is Jesus mine and am I his indeed? If so, O Christian, happy art thou. Envy not the richest and the gayest of the world. Be content with thy better portion, rejoice, be thankful, live to and for God the remnant of your days on earth, and you shall live with him in heaven.

J. Woodlin remarked that sister Sophia Rice was born on the 23d day of May, 1793, in Baltimore, State of Maryland. She embraced religion at the age of 14 years, and became a member of the Methodist Episcopal church in Baltimore. She married at an early age. She was the mother of twelve children, six of whom are now living, and five are here present on this mournful occasion. As a mother, she has had many occasions of deep sorrow for her children's welfare, and it was a theme of continued prayer to God for their conversion, and she has often expressed a firm belief that her children would all be saved in answer to her prayers.

In the year of 1830, she left Baltimore and came to Philadelphia, State of Pennsylvania, and became a member of the A. M. E. Bethel Church. She became a prominent member of the bands, and she succeeded mother Dunkins as mother of the bands.

Religion grew up with her growth, and strengthened with her strength, until it became a practical, every-day business with her, and on all occasions displayed a degree of Christian humility and self-denial worthy of the principles she professed. Her faith in the promises was firmly maintained all the days of her life, without wavering or doubting, and she was not deterred from Christian duties by any untoward circumstances except sickness. Though she is dead she speaks to us to-day in the silent remembrance of departed worth, and saying in gentle whispers, "You have fully known me and my doctrine, manner of life, purpose, faith, long-suffering, charity, patience, and I am now resting from my labors. During her last illness she was absent from the Band Love Feast, on Sabbath morning, January 26th, in consequence of sickness, and on Thursday, the 30th, she was sitting up sewing as usual. In the evening the family retired to bed, not thinking that death would call so sudden, and about 4 o'clock on Friday morning she was taken very ill, and before Brother Rice could get over to her daughter Jane and back, the spirit had fled to the spirit world. Her last words were to her children. Her daughter Sarah had her arms around her neck. She said, "Children, I am going home! Sweet Jesus!" and fell asleep in the arms of Jesus, in the 69th year of her age, and 55 years in the service of her Lord and Master.

Revs. Henry Davis,
J. Woodlin.

For the Christian Recorder.

Died in the city of Richmond, Ind., Feb. 15th, Ruth Ann Ladd, the daughter of Elijah and Milton Ladd, aged 17 years. I will say to all young ladies who are putting off their preparations for death and judgment till the last moment in life, that you are in greater danger. Ruth A. Ladd was raised by religious parents, who was like a canker worm around their hearts, who almost drained the fountain of their joys. She was stubborn, but very amiable; otherwise, obedient to her mother and father. This winter during our protracted meeting, her eldest brother embraced religion, and after that he was desirous to have her converted to God; for she said often that she was as wicked as she could be. She was converted in our protracted meeting, but we did not know it until she was brought down to a sick bed. Many of her friends talked to her, but she would put them off by saying, It was time enough, and—but, O, the sad thought and scene of one who waits too late! I was called for about midnight, and when I reached there, behold she prayed! She was calling aloud for the Lord to have mercy upon her. She said that in the time of the protracted meeting that she had fasted and prayed, and tried to obtain religion in a sly way, but the Lord says, If we will confess our sins, He is gracious enough to forgive; be means openly; for he that is ashamed of me before men, him will I be ashamed of before my Father and his angels.

We conversed with her upon the all-important subject of religion. She still prayed. We read and sang the hymns, and Am I born to die? &c., and I prayed with her; and while reading and singing the following, Oh, that I knew the secret place where I might find my God, &c., the Lord pardoned her of all her sins. She rejoiced in his love until Sabbath morning, and died.

Also died in the city of Richmond, Ind., February 17th, Calvin Carter, son of Frances and William Carter, aged about 18 months. So, died little Calvin. Of such is the kingdom of heaven. Wm. C. Turner

The people of Great Britain have no good cause to be satisfied with the high price they have had to pay for their interest in the so-called Southern Commissioners, and their threatened interference with our affairs. The London *Times* (very good authority in such a matter) says that the release of Slidell and Mason, and their two Secretaries, Eustis and McFarland, has cost the British Government £1,000,000 sterling, or, in all, from about $20,000,000 to $25,000,000. Rather expensive work.

An Imperial Ukase of great interest to the Jews has just been published at St. Petersburgh, Russia. It permits this people to enter into any branch of the State service, and Jewish merchants to reside in any place they may choose. It makes numerous other concessions, also, and evidently indicates a great change in the future position and condition of this people.

"THEM WHICH SLEEP IN JESUS"

The death of Christians is declared in this tasteful expression of the Apostle to be a sleep. It is a gentle word, and awakens no fears. We are not terrified by the approach of sleep. We do not dread to resign our bodies to its influence. We quietly lie down upon our pillows, gently close our eyelids, and invite the approach of sleep with no painful forebodings of evil. We do not tremble to see our loved ones sleep. When the mother hushes her babe upon her bosom, or rocks it in its cradle, smoothing its pillow, and drawing the curtains, and humming a soothing melody, she does not start with terror when she sees its eyelids becoming heavy, the arm motionless, the breathing scarcely perceived, and the body quiet and still. It only sleeps. Sleep is not an enemy, but a friend. Sleep will not harm it. It will awake again, and be more lively, joyous, and happy than it was before.

So said Jesus concerning one that had died. "She is not dead, but sleepeth." Her life is not destroyed by death. She lives notwithstanding she is dead. Whether the body immediately awakes or not, she lives still. Whether, as in the case of the daughter of Jairus, Jesus shall awaken the bodies of our sleeping dead, after a few hours' sleep, or as in the case of the resurrection at the last day, after a long time of sleep, it alters not, they live still. Paul distinctly asserts, "Whether we wake or sleep, we shall live together with him." We live when we are awake, and we shall live with him when we sleep as well. Whether we wake or sleep, we still live with him. Jesus said, "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." He shall live though dead. Paul said, "Dying, and behold we live." There is a sense in which our dying does not affect our living. We may be dead, and yet live.

It is the *believer* that experiences such a blessed dying—it is he that goes to sleep in *Jesus*, that enjoys this happy sleeping. "Them which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." "Them which sleep in Jesus!" Blessed words! In the arms of Jesus, and with their heads resting on his bosom, they go to sleep. With the faith of Jesus, and trusting in his grace and mercy for forgiveness and eternal life, they go to sleep. With love for Jesus, and a spirit mild, gentle, pure, and holy as was his, they go to sleep. In communion with Jesus, and with prayer in their hearts, and his name on their lips, they go to sleep. In the service of Jesus, and amid a life of humble piety, incessant holiness, and active usefulness, they go to sleep. They sleep in Jesus. They were awake in Jesus, and now they sleep in him. They die in the Lord because they lived in the Lord. If their waking had been different from what it was, their sleeping would be different from what it is. The character of the life constitutes the nature of the death. To have Jesus in death, we must have him in life. To be in the bosom of Jesus when we sleep, we must have been at the side of Jesus when awake. To have Jesus in the end, we must have him in the way to it. If we would die well, we must live well.

Asleep in Jesus, O for me,
May such a blissful refuge be!
For 'tis indeed a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.
E. G.

Religious Intelligence.

The English Clergy and the War.—Says a late London letter in the New York *Evening Post*:—

"Mr. Spurgeon makes most effective and touching prayers, remembering, at least once on a Sabbath, the United States. 'Grant, O God,' he said recently, 'that the right may conquer, and that if the fearful canker of slavery must be cut out by the sword, it be wholly eradicated from the body politic of which it is the curse.' He is seldom, however, as pointed as this, and, like the other clergymen of England, simply prays for the return of peace. Indeed, it must be acknowledged that if the English press and government have done what they could to continue this war, the dissenting clergy of England have nobly shown their good will and hearty sympathy with the Americans, and their sincere desire for the settlement of our difficulties. 'If praying would do you Americans any good,' said an irreverent acquaintance last Sabbath, 'you will be gratified to learn that a force of a thousand-clergyman-power is constantly at work for you over here.'"

Syria.—In a letter from Beirut, dated Nov. 12, Mr. Jessup, an American missionary, writes: "The past fortnight has been a period of unprecedented sickness in Beirut. An epidemic fever prevails, and tens of thousands have been prostrated by it. Deaths are few, but the disease is very debilitating. Dr. and Mrs. Van Dyck, Dr. Thompson and two of his daughters, Miss Temple and my little daughter Anna, have all taken their turns, and not a family in the city has escaped entirely. The weather is hot and trying, the sky is like brass, with not a cloud to be seen, and thus it has been, almost without change, for more than thirty days. Last Sabbath the English service was suspended for want of both preachers and hearers. Is that ancient and interesting custom of sending reinforcements to missionaries, abandoned? We must have help, or there will soon be need of founding a new mission in Syria.

Quite an outbreak occurred in Northern Lebanon, near Tripoli, ten days since. It was between Maronites and Greeks, and is supposed to have been instigated by the Turks or the French. Lebanon is full of intrigue, and the new government for the mountains is a mere mockery.

Persia.—Letters from Rev. Mr. Cochran of the Nestorian Mission, Persia, give an account of the robbing of himself and family when six hours out from Oroomiah, on the open plain, by a band of Koordish horsemen. They had been to Beitlis with Mrs. Thompson, widow of Amherst L. Thompson, on her return to her native land. The horsemen pursued the party, and first attacked Mr. Cochran, made him dismount and took from him all his money. In regard to the other members of the family, the letter says:—

"The servants and family were next attacked, and here a more fearful scene ensued. Before my wife and children could be disentangled from saddles and panniers, many blows were given and some wounds inflicted. Fearing the worst, Mrs. Cochran tremblingly seized the arm of one of the fiercest of the ruffians, and begged him to spare the children; and our oldest daughter thirteen years of age, frantically rushed before half a dozen spears, to protect our servant with his tender charge; swinging her riding hat and crying, 'Yok! Yok!' the only Turkish she could command. But such entreaties availed us." They were more potent than guns and threats.

"Daughter, stand aside; you shan't be hurt," was the response. And we were let off very easily, only the money and loose articles being taken. Our saddle horses were driven off, but were sent back; our chests, containing valuable clothing, were not touched.

Upon my return, I found the son of the chief of the robbers in custody in the city, and the Governor sent word that the value of the property would be forthcoming.

American Bible Society.—The stated meeting of the Managers was held at the Society House, Astor Place, on Thursday, the 6th inst., at half past three o'clock, P. M., the Hon. Luther Bradish presiding. The 90th Psalm was read, and prayer offered by Secretary Hoddich. The Recording Secretary, Eugene Kinkle, Esq., one of the Vice Presidents of the Society was announced, and appropriate resolutions were adopted. One new auxiliary was recognized, which is in the State of New York. Interesting communications were received from Agents in regard to their work, especially the supply of soldiers; from Rev. H. L. Wayland at Tyler, Va., returning thanks for books for the Seventh Connecticut Regiment; from Rev. Henry Hopkins, Alexandria, Va., returning thanks for Bibles for the U. S. Hospital, with an account of their distribution; from Rev. Richard Ebbitt, Camp Preston King, near Baltimore, for Bibles for the Seventh Regiment N. Y. Volunteers; from Mr. Stephen L. Brown, acting pay master U. S. ship Warren, in Pensacola Bay, with thanks for books granted to the ship's company, and to the Chief Engineer's division; from Miss D. L. Dix, with thanks for books for hospitals at Washington; from Rev. David Trumbull, Valparaiso, S. A., returning aid to Bible work in that region; from Rev. R. S. Maclay, Fuh Chau, China, sending financial account, with encouraging statements as to the prospects of the Bible distribution in that country; from Col. Tronchin, chairman of the Swiss-Italian Committee, returning thanks for funds lately received from this Society, and in regard to the work in Italy; from Rev. S. H. Bergne, Secretary British and Foreign Bible Society, London, in relation to the translation of the Portuguese Bible; from Rev. M. Coquerel, of the Protestant Bible Society in Paris, requesting copies of publications by the American Bible Society; from Rev. Mr. Holden, Para, S. A., in regard to Bible distribution there and in Brazil; from Rev. J. G. Bliss, Constantinople, in regard to the work in Turkey, and the prospect of opening in Russia and also in regard to Arabic Scriptures and the distribution of them; from Rev. P. Van Pelt, Secretary Missionary Society of Reformed Dutch Church, asking funds to carry on the Bible work in their foreign Missions.

Grants were made to the Methodist Book Concern at Cincinnati; for Colored Sunday-school on Staten Island; eight volumes in raised letters for the blind; books in German to the Tract Society of the German Evangelical Church in Cleveland, O.; books in Spanish to a late chaplain in the Mexican army for distribution; books for distribution to vessels sailing to foreign ports; with upwards of 11,000 volumes to supply soldiers. These last-named have been granted mostly to Agents and Auxiliaries and chaplains in Missouri, Kentucky, Virginia, at Port Royal, Tybee, etc., etc. $147 00 were appropriated to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, to be paid in for the next society year.

Domestic Items.

State of the Secession Cause.—"Occasional" gives the following vivid picture:

The conspirators at Richmond are no doubt greeting the news from all quarters with a gloomy despair. They can read their own doom without the aid of an interpreter. The language of victory that fills every honest heart with joy comes to them as the fiat of an avenging God. Like the prisoner in his iron cell, which daily contracted, they see the army and navy of the Republic they have insulted, and the Constitution they have violated, closing around them with inexorable and appeasing certainty. The thunder of our destructive cannon tells them that there is no escape. As if to add to their remorse, they behold the people they have plundered and impoverished, the nations they have betrayed and brutalised, hailing the onward march of the Government, and taking these soldiers to their arms as so many deliverers from a despotism as grievous as any that has disgraced human annals. Presently the example which became so contagious in Tennessee will manifest itself in Richmond. That city has always been a conservative city. The Union spirit, stifled by a few tyrants, will break out like a Vesuvian eruption, and the traitors will be compelled to fly to save their worthless lives. There is, in fact, no avenue by which these wretched men can escape from the terrible calamities they have brought upon themselves. Europe, upon which they depended for succor, turns from them with contempt, and when she realizes that they are so weak as they are wicked, she will not hesitate to regard them as a banditti, that have been justly punished for attempting to destroy an indulgent and generous Government. Riot reigns in their midst—red-handed murder stalks throughout their streets—bankruptcy broods like a horrid pestilence in their marts, and their ragged army is instinct with fear of the vengeance about to be precipitated upon the conspiracy, and with secret hatred of those who have led them to their fate. Their navy, partly stolen and partly improvised, is being crushed into fragments, and martial law is declared in order that the heads of the rebellion may be protected from their own people. What a fearful sequel to a reckless career. Our most experienced captains and statesmen predict that in sixty days the head of the serpent will be annihilated.

The Twenty second.—A day of general and spontaneous rejoicing, a night of illumination and carnival, passed away with Saturday. There may have been more splendid occasions: there have been none characterised with more earnestness and intenseness. And few days have left behind them recollections so pleasant or so permanent, and feelings so ardent, patriotic, or liberal. There were, for the time, no local differences; for the reminiscences of the anniversary and its victorious precursors engrossed all individual and party ambition.

The great features of the day in Philadelphia was the grand and magnificent turn-out of the military, ordered by Governor Curtin, in obedience to a resolution of the legislature, calling for inspections, with a view to ascertain the number of available men under arms, the character of the equipments, and the effective weapons at the disposal of the military authorities.

The whole number of soldiers in the parade was estimated at ten thousand, and the display was one of the finest ever witnessed in Philadelphia.

The Day in Washington.

The sad event at the President's mansion exercised a manifest influence upon the celebration of the day, which was temperate, though joyful. A general desire, in the midst of the festivities, prevailed to evince a respectful deference to the feelings of the afflicted family.

The day was ushered in by the pealing of bells and continual roar of countless cannon at the navy yard, arsenals, and fortifications built by the army.

A grand review of cavalry, artillery, and infantry then took place opposite the Capitol, at which General McClellan, on making his appearance, was loudly cheered.

All the flags were thrown to the breeze, and the different camps were gayly decorated by the soldiers. The Sturgis Rifles, of Chicago, McClellan's bodyguard, had an effigy, labelled "Jeff Davis," suspended from a tree in front of their building on the corner of Tenth and Louisiana avenue.

The statue of Freedom, for the dome of the Capitol, received its finishing touches on Saturday, at the studio of Clark Mills.

The large national flag presented a short time since to the Washington Monument Association was raised on the staff on the summit of the obelisk today at noon.

In the old House of Representatives the rebel standards captured at our recent victories were displayed to a curious and patriotic crowd. Some of these flags represented the Confederate Government, and bearing the insignia of the well-known "stars and bars." Others were merely the flags of a State, with divers legends and inscriptions. Some were beautifully worked in heavy silk, fringed with gold—one from Louisiana, particularly, being a fine piece of rebel embroidery.

The *Press* says:

"Saturday was the glad last day of all the glad new year. Henceforth the volume of American history will have an illuminated title-page. A year ago, prosperity and Union, the heritage of Washington, shed countless blessings on the land. Before another year has passed, may we not hope to see that heritage reclaimed? And how shall we redeem it but by a grand illumination? Not otherwise. Our hearts must be illuminated with faith, and hope, and gratitude—faith in our constituted rulers to guide the good ship Union to the haven of security, hope for the ending of the conflict that Washington first saw in fear, that all the tact of diplomacy, and all the humiliations of compromise, were powerless to avert, and gratitude for the triumph of our arms from old Atlantic's stormy coast to the vale of the Mississippi. That is the grand illumination posterity demands; for at its bright effulgence the mists of halting doubt shall be torn as a veil from the face of the sky, and all the clouds of dark despondency be rolled away.

As to the grand parade of Saturday, its greatest grandeur was its typical significance. Passing in review before Governor Curtin and staff, it scarcely could have failed suggesting to him and the other grand parade that has stood in the old Capitol and filled with wonderment at its numbers—the parade of six hundred thousand soldiers, arrayed across the continent to battle for the land of Washington! How blessed the reflection that the cause which stamped upon his brow the seal of immortality, is ours to-day to battle for and save. Its prayer was a heart-note concentrated to summon them Washington's, and never was a cause more consecrated to a leader.

Humanity of the War.—The Philadelphia *Ledger*, in reply to the charge of the English Press, that our Government has been guilty of inhumanity in blockading Charleston Harbor, says:

"It has been a war which has assumed all its magnificent proportions in spite of the sighing treated with contempt in Kentucky and Cairo at first. The most economical of the officers of the army had been sufficiently constrained, their new forms had to be used, and all economy cast again, in order to suit our friends from Paris. Nor was it until the firing on Sumter broke the North that a single step was taken to raise an army. Harper's Ferry was destroyed and Norfolk seized and our troops murdered in Baltimore before we could and did commence to prepare for a real war. Even then the plot was continued through the rebel States, and for months after that express emissaries were allowed to carry letters and papers to and fro, at a time when all communications were stopped between the North.

"It has been an attempt to carry through these rebellious with the greatest mildness that was ever the case of a proper charge against the North. But it is said that we have changed, and from one extreme are rapidly rushing to the other. But look at the facts. We have had our vessels burned at sea by pirates like those on the Nashville and Sumter, sailing under a flag of no nation, recognised as such by any power on earth. We have caught hundreds of these men, and not one of them has been hung. Would England have been as forbearing? We have captured thousands of prisoners of war, and hundreds of spies in every disguise, and not the first one of these has been tried for their crimes, though many of them would have been regularly executed by all laws of ordinary warfare. Many of the Union men of Tennessee have been executed for burning bridges. The rebels have come within our lines and done the same things, but, we believe, in no case yet been executed.

Summary of Results.—Price has abandoned Missouri; Marshall and Zollicoffer have been badly whipped in Southern Kentucky; Bowling Green has been evacuated; Fort Henry has been captured; Fort Donelson, after a terrible struggle has fallen into our possession; Clarksville has been surrendered, and Commodore Foote is preparing to advance still nearer to Nashville. In Northern Virginia, General Jackson has been compelled to fall back before General Lander. The Burnside expedition survived the storm of the elements to carry by storm the rebel defences on the seaboard of North Carolina. General Sherman has not only not been attacked at Hilton Head, but has assumed the offensive, and has at different times extended his lines to the immediate vicinity of Charleston and Savannah. Colonel Brown has burnt down the most valuable buildings which were heretofore in the possession of the rebels at Pensacola. The whole Southern seacoast is so effectively blockaded that it is an extremely rare occurrence for any ship in the Secession interest to elude the vigilance of our cruisers. The armies of the Republic are daily increasing in strength, vigor and discipline, while the traitorous cohorts are dwindling away by the expiration of terms of enlistment, disease, desertion, and a succession of demoralising defeats. The roads to Tennessee are opened to us—the enemy are being outflanked by sea and by land—each day records some new triumph of our arms, undimmed by a single reverse. There is scarcely a section of the Union that we cannot now at pleasure penetrate with our mighty army.

A prominent member of the rebel Congress recently said that "If they [the rebels] had become discouraged; if their soldiers, tired of one brief campaign, refused to re-enlist for the war, they might as well abandon their attempt to gain their independence, lay down their arms, return to the arts of peace, acknowledge themselves fairly vanquished, and submit to whatever terms the North saw fit to dictate to them."

Thus treason is baffled at every point. The Republic looms up as triumphant and powerful as it is free, beneficent, and indulgent to its citizens. The existing generation shows, on many a hard-fought field, and by the endurance of many hardships and sufferings, that the blood of the Revolution courses freely through its veins.

To crown the general happiness, a large body of the prisoners captured in the earlier and more unfortunate struggles of the war, have just been released from the rebel prisons. In the midst of the universal exultation over great national triumphs, there will be a gush of profound and heartfelt joy caused at many hearthstones by the safe return of long-absent fathers, brothers, lovers, sons, and friends.

The Latest News.—Commodore Foote, in an official despatch to Secretary Welles, says that he has taken possession of Clarksville, and hoisted the national flag over the deserted rebel intrenchments. A Union sentiment manifested itself on our troops taking possession of the place. The commodore also states that he will take a fleet of gunboats farther up the Cumberland, perhaps to Nashville, fifty miles distant from Clarksville.

The news from Europe, by the arrival of the Niagara, at Halifax, to the 9th instant, is full of interest. The declaration of Earl Russell to the Southern commissioners, that England could not acknowledge the rebel States until their position in the family of nations was more clearly defined, was laid before Parliament. We are likewise informed that no less than six sets of Parliamentary papers concerning the civil war in America had been presented to the body; and that not less than forty-five official communications had passed between the Cabinet and various government officials relative to the menacing position occupied by the U. S. gunboat Tuscarora, and the pirate Nashville.

The Sumter was detayed at Gibraltar, some difficulty having occurred in obtaining coal for her.

The Assistant Secretary of War has received a letter from a friend in New York, contradicting (upon reliable authority) the recent statement of a Richmond paper that the steamer Victoria had succeeded in breaking the blockade, and had carried 15,000 stand of arms into New Orleans. It is scarcely necessary to contradict what Richmond papers say.

The last six months have witnessed a great increase in the naval force in the Gulf. From two small steamers, purchased, fitted up in haste for the service, and sent on to the blockade off the Mississippi, the squadron has increased to two steam and two sailing frigates, two steam and four sailing sloops-of-war, fifteen steam gun-boats, five ships and six schooners, besides several captured steamers, which have been fitted up as gunboats, making a total of thirty-five vessels, mounting three hundred and seventy-five guns, and manned by five thousand five hundred seamen. These vessels are at present blockading fourteen ports—four on the coast of Florida, one in Alabama, two in Mississippi, six in Louisiana, and three in Texas—besides cruising along the coast between Key West and Mexico.

We again have a rumor from Norfolk to the effect that Savannah had been abandoned by the rebels and occupied by the federal forces. The rumor is generally believed in Norfolk, although the rebel authorities refuse to make any revelations.

Despatches from Louisville state that our forces have taken possession of Cumberland Gap and Russellville. The former place is one of the most important points in the South, in consequence of the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad running a few miles south of it, and also because it is in the region of Tennessee where the Union sentiment is most prevalent. The despatches leave us in the dark as to the number of our troops and the commanders engaged.

The Charleston *Courier*, of the 17th inst., has the following:—"With deep regret we learn that General Beauregard is sick, in Nashville, of typhoid fever or sore throat. We understand that prayers were offered up in our several churches, yesterday, commending him to the Divine protection."

A telegraphic despatch from Washington informs us that the rebel pickets have been withdrawn from Occoquan, on the lower Potomac. The cause for this sudden movement is unknown.

Gen. C. F. Smith, a Pennsylvanian, and second in command at Fort Donelson, is to be made a major-general of volunteers, for the bravery and soldierly qualities he displayed at the battle. A correspondent says that the most brilliant charge in the entire siege of Fort Donelson was that of the Second and Fourth Iowa, and the Eleventh and Twenty-fifth Indiana, under the command of Gen. C. F. Smith, who led them in person, amid a storm of balls and bullets, and cheered them through all the terrible strife. He even rode his horse upon the breastworks, and for fifteen minutes exposed himself as a target to every one of the passing messengers of death. That he was not killed or wounded is something marvellous, for the brave soldiers were falling all around him. This was the decisive action of the battle.

The Chicago *Times*, speaking of Fort Donelson, says, that no further details come to hand, the more conspicuous is the bravery of the Union troops. But few of them had been under fire before, probably none of them had been in pitched battle, and all had learned but little of the military discipline which is supposed to make the regular a better soldier than the volunteer. All were volunteers; none were regulars. With these facts in the account, some of the fighting surpassed any of that at Waterloo or upon the fields of the Crimea. The people of Illinois and of the Northwest will feel no proud of their State and their section hereafter than they ever have before.

General Mitchell, with 50,000 troops, was, at last accounts, thirty miles south of Bowling Green, and within thirty miles of Nashville, with a good turnpike road between him.

Nashville, the capital of Tennessee, and one of the boasted strongholds of rebellion, has been occupied by our troops.

There would seem to be some truth in the rumored rebel intention of evacuating Manassas, which came to us from credible sources a few days since. Mr. George W. Walker, of Waynesburg, Pennsylvania, one of the released Union prisoners, states that he has learned upon good authority that an order had been issued for the Withdrawal of all but thirty thousand troops from Manassas. The railroads leading to Kentucky, North Carolina, and Tennessee were thronged with troops, and the number leaving Manassas had been about five regiments per day for some time past. Troops were also being sent to North Carolina to resist the advance of Burnside—mostly the North Carolina regiments from Manassas.

Severe Censure of the Rebel Government.—The Richmond Whig of Friday has a letter article on Davis' Administration. It says: "Judging by the results so far, it is the most lamentable failure in history, and suggests to the reflecting mind that the most signal service which that government can now render to the country is the surrender of the helm to abler and better hands.

"In view of the past, the present, and probable future, the pageant of to-morrow is a bitter mockery and a miserable compensation for the ruin of a free people. A child with a bauble, an old man with a young wife, are partial illustrations of the deplorable folly."

Advertisements.

The United Brothers and Sisters of Rev. Willis Nazrey Society, are requested to attend their regular stated meeting, the 19th of this month, at 8 o'clock, P. M., on the corner of Spruce and Locust Streets. Punctual attendance is strictly requested by order of the President.

Aaron Bell, *President*.
R. Matchett, *Secretary*.

The Daughters of Hope Grand Union Temperance Society met, it being the fourteenth anniversary, April 10th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges as follows:—

From Garnet Union No 4, D. of T.; from Phœnix Union, No. 8, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 9, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Dr. Bias' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 19, D. of T.; from Vanbrackle Union, No 15, D. of T., of Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed in their several positions are as follows:

Grand P., Sister Bennet, Grand Associate, Sister Barclie; Grand Treasurer, Sister Fawcett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson, Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dunbarth; Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall.

G. P. P., Sister E. Kennard, G. P. P. Sister Anderson,
" " E. Rowan, " " J. F. Black,
" " M. H. Brady, " " E. A. Clark,
" " S. Newman, " " White,
" " S. Davis, " " S. Hall.

The Daughters of Cornish Society

The Stated Quarterly Meetings of the Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August, and November.

The meetings of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the society.

Mrs. Sarah Carter,
Vice-Dent.
Mr. L. R. Seymour, Sec'y.

MRS JOHNSON AND MRS WARE

Beg leave to inform the Public in general that they continue

LAYING OUT AND SHROUDING THE DEAD.

REFERENCES:

Thomas Charnock, No. 127 South Sixth Street
James Le Count, No. 930 Rodman Street.
Thomas W. Allmond, No. 1027 Rodman Street

☞ ALL ORDERS ATTENDED TO AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

Mrs. JANE JOHNSON, Residence—618 S. 9th St. | Mrs ANN WARE, Resid'ce—641 Lombard St

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OF THE
AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH
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PHILADELPHIA

We keep on hand, in connection with our other books, Sabbath school books of various kinds. Question Books, Catechisms, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. We have a good assortment of such books as are generally used in the Public Schools. Also, Stationery, Inks, Pens, Paper, Envelopes and Blank Books.

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GOOD NEWS

To Tailors, Dress makers, and to those wishing to be such. Also, to owners Sewing machines, sleeve boards, and large families, for by one day by printed directions which each Baltimore has to use learn to cut and fit perfectly. Ladies' Dresses, Boys and Men's Pants, Vests, Jackets, Sack and Over coats.

Local and Travelling Agents Wanted.

Address REV WM BRADLEY,
Carrsville, Burke Co., Pa.

Or, apply to Mrs. Mary C. Weaver, (wife of the Editor of this paper) 619 Pine St., Philada., Pa. Jan18—1y

MRS. E. A. PALMER'S
DRY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS STORE,
NO. 105 NORTH FIFTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

A General Assortment of Hosiery, Trimmings, Dry Goods, &c.

Dress, Skirt making, and Plain Sewing, promptly attended to. Jan12—1y

COAL! COAL!! COAL!!!

The subscriber is selling the best qualities of Lehigh and Schuylkill Coal at the following reduced prices:

Lehigh Stove Coal, per ton,	$4 25
" Egg "	4 25
" Broken and screened, per ton,	4 25
" Nut "	4 00
Schuylkill, Stove, and Egg, and Broken, and S reened,	4 25
" Nut "	4 00

Orders left at the Store Store, No. 107 North Fifth St., will be promptly attended to. WM STILL.
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KEELY'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.
N. W. corner Fifth and Cestes.

Picture Galleries and Frames on the First Floors.

Strangers should not fail to call and examine.
Admission Free.

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DEALER IN
NEW AND SECOND HAND
CLOTHING,
No. 225 South Second Street,
No 17—3mo. PHILADELPHIA

WILLIAM STILL'S
STOVE STORE,
107 NORTH FIFTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and all in want of good stoves, that he has now on hand a general variety of excellent PARLOR, COOK and CHAMBER STOVES, including Gas-burning, as well as other patterns, which he is selling at very low rates. He buys entirely for cash, of the best wholesale foundries, and of course can sell much cheaper than those buying on the usual credit system. At any rate his friends are invited to give him a call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere, as he feels that they would be convinced that it would be to their interest to give him their patronage. Coal orders constantly on hand. WM STILL.

MRS. S. SHORTER HAWKINS

Would call the attention of her customers and the public generally to her stock of hosiery, trimmings, clothing, and domestic goods, selling at prices to suit the times, and ten per cent. cheaper than can be bought elsewhere. Regalia trimmings for Secret Orders, viz.: Rosettes, fringe, gimp tassels, stars, &c., always on hand. At the old establishment

613 LOMBARD STREET

JOSEPH H. COLE,
CONTINENTAL RESTAURANT,
No. 717 LOMBARD STREET, PHILA.,
(Above Seventh St., under Philadelphia Institute.)

Where he continues to keep always on hand the very best assortment of OYSTERS and other refreshments, hoping that all his friends and the public in general will favor him with their patronage.

☞ Meals served at all hours. Families supplied with oysters of the best quality and flavor at the shortest notice.

☞ Also, public and private waiting done on the most reasonable terms. 1y

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Tempus Omnia Revelat.
Always on hand a general assortment of China &c., at
No 740 South Street, Philada'phia. y1

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Jewelry and Silver Plated Ware
LARGEST AND BEST STOCK EVER EXHIBITED IN THIS CITY. CALL AND EXAMINE.

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ONLY ONE DOLLAR EACH!
SILVER PLATED WARE

Sets of six Forks,	(plated on German Silver)	
" Table Spoons,	" "	"
" Dessert Spoons,	" "	"
" Tea Spoons,	" "	"
Pairs of Butter Knives,	" "	"
" Salt Spoons,	" "	"
Salt Stands,	(different styles)	
Nut Crackers,	" "	
Drinking Cups,	" "	
Goblets,	" "	
Cream Cups,	" "	
Knife and Fork,	" "	
Pairs Napkin Rings,	" "	
Silver Pencils, (with Benton Bros' Gold Pen.)		

The above Goods are nearly all manufactured by me, and warranted to give satisfaction.

YOUR CHOICE FOR ONE DOLLAR!
JEWELRY AND FANCY GOODS

Ladies' Cameo Sets	
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" Carbuncle Sets.	
" Enameled and Coral Sets	
" " Carbuncle Sets.	
" " Ruby Sets	
" Gold Cluster Grape Sets.	
" " " Jet Sets	
" " " Black Mosaic Sets	
" " " Gold Stone Mosaic Sets	
" " " Fancy Stone Sets	
" " Ribbon Twist Sets, with brilliants.	
" " Bouquet Sets, new styles	
" " Cluster Sets, Enameled Styles.	
" Plain Gold, Florentine, and Onyx Sets	
" Goldstone, and Coral Sets, different styles.	
" Etruscan Lava, and Carbuncle Sets	
" Fine Coral Breast Pins.	
" Berlin Iron Pearl Mosaics	
" Pearl and Marroco Pearl Mosaics	
" Fine Gold Onyx, and Miniature Pins.	
" Bracelets, plain and engraved	
" Coral, Bead, and Jet Bracelets	
Misses' Bracelets, plain and engraved.	
" " fancy link.	
" Neck Chains, fancy settings	
" Armlets, fancy settings	
Ladies' Guard Chains	
" Medallions, large size, for two likenesses	
Gents' Fine Vest Chains, twenty different styles.	
" " Onyx Studs, and Sleeve Buttons to match.	
" " Enam'd, Florus, Plain, and Cameo Studs.	
" " Carbuncle Studs, Etruscan	
" Gold Pens, Silver Extension Holders.	
" " Ebony Holders, with cases.	
" Heavy Gold Pens, Propelling Holders.	
" Gold Propelling Pencils	
" " Finger Rings.	(different styles.)
" " Breast Pins.	" "
" " Watch Keys	" "
" " Ribbon Slides.	" "
" " Charms for Watch Chains.	" "
Fine Hair Brushes, inlaid	" "
" Cigar Cases.	" "
Ladies' Reticules

(From the Lutheran and Missionary.)

GERMANY A QUARTER OF A CENTURY AGO

At home on the mountain, my heart as I greet
We peep at the wide world, we see the out
Of the great Global, and feel out the crowd

Munster being a cathedral city, was the residence of his princely grace (seiner furstlichen Gnaden) the lord bishop of the district. The certain shade of this dignitary was an imposing edifice called the palace of the prince-bishop; but his spiritual domain extended far and wide over many leagues of space, and embraced many thousands of devoted adherents to the church of Rome. Within the limits of this domain his rule was supreme and unquestioned; for the light-hearted, unthinking populace, firmly believed that his grace was a legitimate representative of St. Peter, who had a right, if need be, to call upon them even to shed their blood in defence of their spiritual mother. At least such a declaration was frequently made, as it could be made with perfect safety, in a region where Protestant neighbors were so few and far between, that even in Munster there could be found only one little scattered flock of adherents to the Augsburg Confession. Such was, indeed, the fact; but it was not the result of violence; it was not brought about by an exercise of despotic power using its iron heel to crush the truth. On the contrary, not only since the time of "the thirty years' war," but throughout a period reaching beyond the Reformation itself, the church of Rome had so effectually spread her wing over this large district of country, as almost to prevent the introduction of anything like a Protestant element.

How far this state of things might have had any influence upon the public morals, or upon the spiritual condition of those who dwelt in Munster, I was about to learn from the unquestionable evidence of eyes and ears. It was evidence derived from Sabbath day scenes and incidents, of which I was compelled to have personal knowledge, because the second day of my sojourn in this stronghold of Romanism proved to be the last Sabbath in Advent. Thus the season bordered, as it were, upon the blessed festival of the Saviour's incarnation, when there was some reason, at least, to anticipate such an expression of popular feeling as might indicate the religious character of the community. How far this anticipation was realized, in a form and a degree cheering to a Christian heart, others may infer, as well as they can, from the tenor of this narrative.

At an early hour in the morning of that last Sabbath in Advent—it may have been two hours before the break of day in that northern latitude—the bells of every church in the city rang their peals to summon the people to early mass. This was pleasant enough; for there was rich music in the tone of the bells—music whose effect was greatly deepened by the solemnity of the hour, and by the death-like quiet of the city. Then came the clatter of wooden shoes, and the pattering of busy feet upon the rough pavement, as obedient worshippers hastened to perform their devotions. Onward they went; and it was no violation of gospel charity to wish them God-speed, as they went upon their sacred errand to the sanctuary, where they had been taught to worship the God of their fathers.

So far, I repeat, the impression was pleasant enough, even upon the mind of one whose hours of repose had been interrupted. But it was soon spoiled, if not dissipated, by other circumstances and incidents, which developed themselves in rapid succession. My opposite neighbor was a gun-maker, no doubt fond of his employment, and zealous in his calling. He, like others, had been roused from his slumbers by the early morning-bells; but when he rose, he rose to work, and not to pray. Sabbath or no Sabbath, it made no difference to him; for, by the light of his dim lamp, he began to ply his rattling hammer, and continued to do so for not less than one live-long hour. The noise of the hammer was then exchanged for the dull thrumming sound of the machine which he was using to bore the barrel of a rifle; the man all the while keeping up a vocal accompaniment to the music of the workshop. Next door to the gun-maker was the abode of an honest tinker, who was not slow to leave his bed, and imitate the example of his industrious neighbor. Whether his skill was employed upon tin-pan, kettle, or platter, I cannot say, because I could not see. But it was skill combined with such unwearied industry, as gave no rest to the muscles of the workman, and allowed no morning's nap to the drowsy inmates of the neighborhood. To this was added the heavier pounding, and the deeper bass-notes sent forth by the hammer of a blacksmith, whose smithy was invisible, although located somewhere in the background. What a trio of artisans! What a concord (shall I say discord) of sounds to salute the ears and break the rest of those who were packed under feather beds in the hotel of Mein Herr *Gastwirth Tinchaus!*

Slowly the day began to dawn; but with its dawning there was a renewal of every noise, and every sound, both of trade and business, without a single exception, that had been heard upon the previous day. The butcher, the baker, the milk-man, the rag-man, the dust-man, all announced their approach, as they began to pursue their daily rounds. After these had disappeared, there was heard the odd low tooting sound of a ram's-horn blown, as it appeared, by the *swine-herd* of the district. This was, indeed, a novelty in regard both to the quality of the music, and the occupation of the performer. But it was no fiction, no shadowy unreal dream of the night. The man was a true and living specimen of the genus *homo*, a lout in figure, blowzy in hair, and dirty in face; but he was a man whose duty it was, at an appointed hour every day, in rain and in sunshine, to march through his district with sober pace, and blow his horn at every thoroughfare. As he marched and blew, responsive notes of sympathy greeted him upon every hand, in the shape of squeals and grunts, such as indicate the musical taste and the musical ability of swine. Cunning brutes! notwithstanding their sharp snouts and long dangling ears, well they knew that the blast of the horn proclaimed liberty to captives, and the opening of doors to every greedy inmate of the sty! Nor did they rest until they were all turned loose into the street, to be driven to the rooting-ground, where they were permitted to enjoy the luxury of a daily riot in the open field.

Next came the *goose-herd*, without horn or pipe, but with a sharp call or cry, which I cannot describe. His business was to gather into one flock all the geese of the neighborhood, and drive them in stately dignity to the common, where they were accustomed to hold their daily conclave, discuss their daily wranglings, and fight their daily battles. To gather them together was easy enough; but to keep the peace among the noisy, jealous rabble was a task that would have defied a score of goose-herds. Screams and hisses, thumps and blows with resounding wings, marked every step of their progress, as they pattered along the dirty streets.

This occurred about nine o'clock in the morning, at which hour the bells of all the churches in the city again rang forth their peals, to announce the *Haupt kirche*, or principal religious service of the day. But, apart from the fact that some well dressed people were quietly making their way to the house of God, there was little or nothing to indicate to a stranger that this was the Sabbath of the Lord, the day of sacred rest. Almost without an exception, every store was open, as upon any other day of the week; every mart and place of business was occupied by some of the votaries of trade; upon the right and upon the left, the busy fingers of the artisan plied their ordinary work. So far as eye and ear could judge, there was no rest any where, until about one o'clock, or a little later, when it became apparent that men, women, and children were about to indulge themselves with a holiday. Various signs indicated that they had retired to wash their faces, to comb their hair, to don their Sunday clothes, and prepare for a Sunday ramble.

Soon the streets began to swarm with merry-hearted pedestrians, some of whom strolled to the beer-houses, and the winter gardens; while others were contented to snuff the sweet air on the promenade grounds constructed up on the summit of the ramparts. While thus rambling a merry party of boys and girls will come to a spot of older growth, soon fell in with a ship-shod, tatterdemalion, who was seated upon a dismounted carronade, thrumming a hardy gaudy. The shrewd rogue in a twinkling penetrated the mood of his auditors; and he at once opened with a Burschen song, that was received with shouts of wild delight. Its introductory strain must serve as a specimen of the whole.

Ich bin der ganzen V running
In einem fort studirt
Denn sey nun auch der Mashmitteg
Dem literatoff dedicirt

In study's hum drum round did I
The live-long morning plod;
But for this afternoon, good bye!
The beer stuff to my god!

In one respect the hit was a happy one, for it struck the exact vein that was giving impulse to the light-hearted crowd. But I think it very probable that the ragged performer received more applause than pennies, in return for his song.

As the crowd moved on, the next attraction was the person and the music of a melancholy *aryan-grinder*, a true representative of this particular race of musicians. The man had come out to do his grinding, and earn his pennies upon the Sabbath day, because the prudent city fathers, by solemn vote and binding ordinance, had forbidden him and all others of his class to come out upon any other day. Such had been their decree, because they were not willing that the good people of Munster, fascinated by such an attraction, should desert their workshops, and gaze out of their windows, or stand gaping in their door-ways. Hence, the grinder came forth according to law and statute, duly established and recorded. He displayed no chattering ape, no learned monkey arrayed in a scarlet doublet and dignified by a three-cornered chapeau; nor were such attractive appendages needful. It was quite sufficient that he had himself, his organ, and his music, to tickle the ears of those Sunday revellers, and bring into his cap an ample supply of creutzers. But I must draw this sketch to a close. In so doing let it suffice for me to add, that the evening of that Sabbath day in Munster witnessed more than one crowded ball-room, and at least one crowded theatre.

THE FRUITS OF FREEDOM IN THE WEST INDIA ISLANDS.

Mr. Gurney, a member of the Society of Friends who travelled through the West Indies in 1840, has published the result of his investigation.

In Dominica, he found the Negroes manifesting great anxiety for instruction—a thing that cannot be said of English peasantry. One day, he observes, "The people gathered around us, and a woman came forward on behalf of the company, to beg for a school. 'We are hungry for a school,' said she; 'we are tired of waiting for it.' Nor were these idle words; for the people on this and a neighboring property had agreed to subscribe eight dollars per month in part payment of a teacher. Nothing, indeed, can be more eager than the desire of the Negroes of Dominica for education; they seem determined to obtain it; and it is gratifying to know that the efforts now making for the purpose are at once considerable and successful. There are nearly seven hundred scholars in the four Moravian schools, which are ably conducted, and being quite clear of any peculiar religious bias, are acceptable to the whole population." This forms an agreeable piece of information. In Dominica, a majority of the lower house in the legislature is composed of colored persons, and the same class of persons are now eligible as jurors, both in this and other islands: it becomes absolutely necessary that the people should, by means of instruction, be prepared for performing these functions with propriety. Another circumstance which fell under Mr Gurney's notice at Dominica deserves to be more widely known. During slavery, it was below the dignity of any free person to labour in the fields; and all who could do so preferred to live in idleness rather than work. The abolition of slavery has removed this detestable plea for living in a state of slothful indulgence. It is now quite respectable to work: labor in the fields is not discreditable. This indicates an important social improvement. In speaking of Jamaica, Mr. Gurney shows that a coffee estate which he visited is now conducted at a much cheaper rate than during slavery, when the planters were obliged to support not only the actual workers, but all the young, old, sick, and idle. The owner of the estate in question described the two different conditions of affairs as follows:—"One hundred and seventy slaves, or apprentices, used to be supported on this estate. Now our friend employs fifty four free labourers, who work for him four days in the week, taking one day for their provision grounds and another for market. This is all the labour that he requires in order to keep up his former extent of cultivation. And willingly did he acknowledge the superior advantage which attends the present system. The saving of expense is obvious.

"I understood our friend to allow that the average cost of supporting a slave was £5 sterling per annum.

170 slaves at £5 per annum, is	£850 00 0
Now he pays 54 free labourers is 6d per week, one day's labor being set off against rent for 50 weeks, two weeks being allowed for holidays,	607 10 0
Saving under freedom,	£242 10 0

THE RISE OF AMERICAN UNITY.

As detached colonies, the thirteen communities, on this side of the Atlantic, existed before the Revolution, and thus detached they would have remained colonies to this hour, and, so far as any power of self-deliverance was concerned, would have remained colonies forever.

The Spirit of American Liberty was, of necessity, a Spirit of American Unity.

"Before the Revolution each colony was a distinct community, with its own separate political organization, and without any power of legislation for any but its own inhabitants; as political communities, and upon the principles of their organization, they possessed no power of forming any union among themselves, for any purpose whatever, without the sanction of the Crown or Parliament of England."(1) This was assumed throughout in England, and admitted without dispute in the colonies.

"The free and independent power of forming a union among themselves, for objects and purposes common to them all, which was denied to their colonial condition by the principle of the English Constitution, was one of the chief powers asserted and developed by the Revolution." A Union was a presupposition to liberty and independence. Our Union, in its generic principle, is not the child of our liberty, or of our independence, but its mother. Without that Union there would have been no state's rights to maintain; no rights to be claimed, and no states to have rights.

Hence, the prevailing feeling of the noblest men in these colonies, at the commencement of the Revolution, was an AMERICAN feeling. In the instructions embraced in the credentials of the delegates from South Carolina to the first Continental Congress, it was defined as their duty to consider certain acts passed and bills depending in Parliament which "affect the whole continent of AMERICA—the grievances under which AMERICA labors."

When Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, President of the First Congress, and re-elected President of the Second, suddenly died in Philadelphia, October 23d, 1775, Richard Henry Lee wrote to Washington, on the day after his death, that "to him AMERICAN Liberty lost a powerful advocate."

The credentials of the delegates to the new Continental Congress, which assembled at Philadelphia, May 10th, 1775, conferred on them authority to adopt measures to "recover and establish American rights, and redress American grievances."

When the Congress assembled, civil war had actually commenced, for, be it remembered, that our Revolution was as distinctly and as fearfully a *civil war*, as is the present one. This Congress was the organ of united resistance. The first practical illustration of this was given when the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, immediately after the battle of Lexington, applied to it for direction and assistance. While they informed the Continental Congress of the force they had raised, and the proposal they had made to the other New England colonies, "they suggested that an AMERICAN Army ought forthwith to be raised for the common cause." This application, with one from the city and county of New York, caused Congress at once to resolve itself into a Committee of the Whole to "take into consideration the state of AMERICA."

These proceedings were soon followed by another application on the part of the Provincial Convention of Massachusetts, in which they offer to "submit to such general plan as the Congress might direct for the colonies, or to endeavor to form such a government for themselves, as should promote the UNION and interest of THE WHOLE COUNTRY."

Placed in this manner at the head of American affairs, the Continental Congress proceeded at once to put the country in a state of defence, and virtually assumed a control over the military co-operations of *all* the colonies. The army was to be known and designated as the American Continental Army, and to be paid by the Continent.

PERFUMES.

The chief places for the growth of the sweet perfume-producing flowers are Montpellier, Grasse, Nismes, Savoy, Cannes, and Nice. Nice alone produces a harvest of a hundred thousand pounds of orange-blossoms, and Cannes as much again, and of a finer odor. Five hundred pounds of orange-blossoms yield about two pounds of pure Neroly oil. At Cannes the acacia thrives particularly well, and produces yearly about nine thousand pounds of blossoms. One great perfumery distillery at Cannes uses yearly about one hundred and forty thousand pounds of orange blossoms, twenty thousand pounds of acacia flowers, a hundred and forty thousand pounds of rose leaves, thirty-two thousand pounds of jessamine blossoms, twenty thousand pounds of violets, and eight thousand pounds of tuberoses together with a great many other sweet herbs. The extraction of the real oils, the small quantities of which are mixed in the flowers with such large quantities of other vegetable juices that it requires about six hundred pounds of rose leaves to win one ounce of otto of roses, of course, demands a very careful treatment.

Nice and Cannes are the paradise of violets, producing annually something like thirteen thousand pounds of blossoms. The variety cultivated is generally the double or Parma violet, which is so productive that the flowers are sold at about five pence per pound; and we all know what sort of bouquet a pound of violets would make.

The abundance in Sicily of every flower which in our climate is most highly prized, recalls the traveller in the story, who arrived in a country where the children played at pitch-and-toss and marbles with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and other precious gems: "These are, doubtless, the sons of some powerful king," he said, and bowed respectfully before them. The children, laughing, made him perceive that they were the street-boys, and that the gems were only the pebbles of that country. In Sicily the crimson granade and rose-trees, the peach-colored rhododendrons, and the delicate white camellias, form the country hedges. The white and green myrtles, and pink, white, and flame-shaped and flame-colored tulips, grow wild. When a pleasure-garden is made, the orange and lemon-trees are taken out, because they are too common. By the same rule, very few people trouble themselves with flowers—they are too vulgar. Alphonse Karr was much surprised to notice that the ladies of Nice never decorated themselves with real flowers, but seemed to dislike them. He observes this is all the more strange in a country where it is no longer a mythological flattery to say that flowers spring from under the ladies' feet. The roses, violets, jessamine, and mignonette are cultivated only by the peasants for perfumery purposes, and honored but as we honor potatoes or cabbages.

We are now wholly dependent for our finest perfumes on France, so that when the crop of flower fails, as did that of the jessamine last year, it will put the manufacturers to serious inconvenience. It would, therefore, be the interest of perfumers to promote the production of these flowers in other countries; and the high price they fetch in market would make it a very profitable speculation. It has been proposed to cultivate flowers in England on a large scale for perfumery purposes, but the climate renders the scheme totally impracticable. For English flowers, however beautiful in form or color, do not possess the intensity of odor required for extraction; and the greater part of those used in the south of France for perfumery would grow here only in hot houses. The one flower which might be had in abundance would be the rose, but the smell of it is very faint compared with that of the southern rose. Add to this the shortness of the flowering season, and the high price of land and labor, and it may be safely said that the cultivation in England of flowers for perfumery would prove as bad a speculation as attempting to make wine from English grapes.

The most widely known of the toilet-waters having an alcoholic basis is the eau-de-Cologne, invented in the last century by an apothecary in Cologne. It can, however, be made just as well anywhere else, as all the materials come from the south of France and Italy. Its perfume consists principally of the flowers, leaves and rind, of the fruit of the bitter orange-tree.—*All the Year Round.*

FIGS.

Medical men were divided in opinion as to the merits of this fruit. It was considered indigestible; but, to remedy that, almonds were recommended to be eaten with it! The Romans, perhaps, were wiser, who took pepper with them, as we do with melon; and Dr. Madden says that we would never eat figs at all, if we could only spend half an hour in Smyrna and see them pack. So, as I have before said, a sight of the kitchen just before dinner, would take away appetite; but as people do not commonly go to Smyrna, or sit with their cooks, why, figs and dinner will continue to be eaten. Modern professors have resembled ancient philosophers in an uncontrollable appetite for figs. Who has not heard of the famous Oxford fig, which in its progress to fourteen maturity, was protected by an inscription appended to it, conveying information to the effect that "this is the Principal's fig!" which a daring undergraduate one day devoured, and added insult to injury by changing the old placard for one on which was written, "A fig for the Principal!"—*Dr. Beaumont.*

CEMENT FOR PORCELAIN, MARBLE, ALABASTER, AND GLASS.

Take of isinglass two drachms, wet it with water, and allow it to stand until softened, then add as much proof spirit as will rather more than cover it, and dissolve with a moderate heat. Take of gum mastic one drachm; dissolve it in two or three drachms of rectified spirit. Mix the two solutions, and stir in one drachm of gum ammoniacum in a fine powder and rubbed down, with a little water. Keep the cement in a bottle. When required for use place the bottle in warm water, and apply the cement with a stick or small hard brush to the china previously warmed. Compress the pieces firmly together until cold, taking care to make the contact perfect, and using a very thin layer of cement.

A GOLDEN GUN.

When lately visiting the Tower of London, and poking at the guns, &c., beneath the shade of the "keep," I was shown a great gun, which the wardens informed me and the other visitors was made of gold and other precious metal. I was also informed that the Jews had offered £20,000 for it, while twelve inches had been cut off, sent to Birmingham and when melted was found to be worth £8,000. I may as well state that inscriptions on the gun tell us that it was "founded by Mahomed, son of Hemseh Allah;" that it was made by the order of Sultan Solyman, son of Selim, for an invasion of India in the year of the Hegira, 957 (A. D. 1550); and that it was taken at the capture of Aden, January, 1839, by the expedition under command of Captain H. Smith, C. B. of H. S. Voyager.—*Notes and Queries.*

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Daniel Webster once wrote, after continued provocation, to the editor of a newspaper, which referred to his private character, and especially to his not paying his debts. He said substantially: "It is true that I have not always paid my debts punctually, and that I owe money. One cause of this is, that I have not pressed those who owe me for payment. As an instance of this, I enclose your father's note, made to me thirty years ago, for money lent him to educate his boys."

When he was a boy, he found in a neighboring town a pocket handkerchief upon which something was printed. He had only a quarter of a dollar, which was the price of the handkerchief, and he bought it. Late that evening, by the light of the kitchen fire, he sat reading, studying, committing to memory, the matter printed on the handkerchief. What do you think it was? It was the Constitution of the United States! This was the first time he had read that great charter of our liberties, and of which he was the most able expounder and defender of his time.

THE POWER OF SHORT WORDS.

The late Professor Addison Alexander, D. D., is the author of this remarkable composition, which appeared in the *Princeton Magazine*:—

MONOSYLLABICS.

Think not that strength lies in the big round word,
Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak,
To whom can this be true who once has heard
The cry for help, the tongue that 's all unable speak,
When want, or woe, or fear is in the throat,
So that each word gasped out is like a shriek
Pressed from the sore heart, or a strange wild note,
Sung by some fay or fiend. There is a strength
Which dies if stretched too far, or spun too fine,
Which has more height than breadth; more depth than length—
Let but this force of thought and speech be mine,
And he that will may take the sleek, fat phrase,
Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and shine—
Light, but no heat—a flash, but not a blaze!

Nor is it more strength that the short word boasts,
It serves of more than fight or storm to tell,
The roar of waves that clash on the bound coasts,
The crash of tall trees when the wild wind swells,
The roar of guns, the groans of men that die
On blood-stained fields. It has a voice as well
For them that far off on their sick beds lie;
For them that weep, for them that mourn the dead;
For them that laugh, and dance, and clap the hand;
To joy a quick step, as well as grief's slow tread,
The sweet, plain words we learnt at first keep time.
And though the theme be sad, or gay, or grand,
With each, with all, these may be made to chime,
In thought, or speech, or song, in prose or rhyme.

AGASSIZ

Prof. Agassiz, in his article entitled "Methods of Study in Natural History," in the January number of the "Atlantic Monthly," speaks with great modesty of his labors in the cause of science. He says of himself: "I have devoted my whole life to the study of nature, and yet a single sentence may express all I have done. I have shown that there is a correspondence between the succession of fishes in geological times and the different stages of their growth in the egg. That is all."

STREET SALTING.

At the recent meeting of the Commissioners of Health two affidavits were presented relative to the salting of streets. Lucius A. White, Superintendent of the horses of the Avenue A Stage Line, testified that last winter, out of 130 horses, they had between 20 and 30 horses laid up with frozen feet. One of the animals had his feet fall off, three were perfectly useless, and had to be given away; many were laid up for months. This year, no salt having been used on the road, the horses are in excellent condition.

Thomas Murphy, Superintendent of the horses on the Harlem River Railroad, testified that during the last winter he had over 70 horses lame from the effects of salt, that they were lame from ten days to one year; that fifteen of them died, and four had to be killed, their feet having fallen off. This year salt had not been used on the road, and the horses were in good condition.

A SCOTTISH MINISTER'S MAN.

A "minister's man"—one of a class of persons of whom many anecdotes are told—was following the minister from the manse to the kirk on Sabbath afternoon, when the minister, glancing back, perceived a smile on the face of his old attendant. "What makes you laugh, James? it is unseemly. What is there to amuse you?" "Oh, nothing particular," says James; "I was only thinking o' something that happened this forenoon." "What is that? Tell me what it was." "Weel, minister, dinna be angry wi' me; but ye ken the congregation here are whiles no pleased to get auld sermons frae you, and this morning I got the better of the kirk session ony way." "And how was that, Jamie?" says the minister. "Deed, sir, when we came out o' the kirk this forenoon, I heaved what they were thinking; and says I, 'Eh, but you canna ca' that an auld sermon this day, for it's no' abune six weeks since you heard it last.'"

A CHEROKEE young preacher once asked Dr. Emmons how he liked his sermon. The doctor (then ninety years old) rose from his chair, protruded his cheeks, inflated his chest, gave a *significant puff*, and then sat down without saying a word. To another young man he said, "Your sermon was too much like Seekonk Plain, *long and level.*" When he heard a licentiate's sermon that went over the whole catechism, he inquired, "Young friend, do you ever expect to preach again?" "Yes, sir; I hope to." "Well, if you do, what in the world will you preach about?"

A SENSIBLE REMARK.

Duval, the famous Austrian librarian, was once consulted upon a subject of which he was not wholly the master, by one of whose ignorance he was well aware. "I do not know," was his frank response. "Do not know!" answered the intruder, "the Emperor pays you for knowing." "The Emperor pays me for what I know," said Duval. "If he paid me for what I do not know, the whole treasury of his kingdom would not suffice."

Family Circle.

SIN—FALSEHOOD.

I often say to a child that has been guilty of falsehood and will not confess it:—"You do not at all believe in God," and then continue to converse with it. The child is frightened because it has been accustomed so lightly to regard a mere knowledge of God and faith in God as one thing.

The declaration—"Thou believest not in God," is fully true. Where is our faith in God's declaration?—"Thou shalt not lie!" Where our faith in the truth "that God looks into the heart?" Where our faith in the doctrine:—"that God will punish?" If our faith were characterized by "not doubting what we do not see," lying could not have a place. Were faith before the lie, lying would be surely impossible. Were it after the lie, confession, sorrow, prayer, watchfulness, would necessarily follow.

To enforce truth like this upon children whilst going to school is very important. It is this period of life which so much promotes the corruption of the heart. Lying, revenge, theft and hypocrisy are usually developed. Children are thus brought to feel what faith in God is, and it is only where this feeling is rightly awakened, that instruction concerning faith can be properly appreciated.

Translation from Stiaeri.

THE COURTESIES OF LIFE

William Wirt's letter to his daughter, on the "small sweet courtesies of life," contains a passage from which a deal of happiness might be learned.

"I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show them that you care for them. The whole world is like the tanner at Marshfield, "who cared for nobody—no, not he—because nobody cared for him." And the world would serve you so, if you gave them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily calls the small courtesies in which there is no parade, whose voice is still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, or standing."

THE BOY AND THE WOLF.

When I was a boy I lived among the green mountains of Vermont; in winter making snowforts, and sliding down the steep hills, and in summer and autumn wandering over the mountains after flowers or nuts, or catching the beautiful trout from the brooks. But my brother in Wisconsin wrote me to come to him, and I went. Our house was then on what was called "Baxter's Prairie." The prairie was covered with flowers, and the many clear lakes around abounded in fish and ducks; but our principal food was "hoe-cake" and salt pork.

One of our neighbors had had no meat for a long time, and getting out of powder, they had no game; so one day they sent up their oldest son, a boy about ten years old, for a piece of pork. As he was carrying it homewards, and going through a piece of woods by "Silver lake," he heard a rustling of the leaves in a thicket by the roadside. He stopped and listened—all was still. Again he pushed forward, again the leaves rustled behind him, and he thought he heard a stealthy step. Again he stopped; everything was still except the gentle dash of the waves upon the pebbly beach, and the rapid beating of his own heart. He dreaded to go forward, and dared not stay, for he saw night was approaching, when the woods always echoed with the howl of the hungry wolf, and the savage bear and stealthy catamount came out from their dens. So picking up a club, he again started homeward. Again came the stealthy step behind him, nearer and nearer, until he saw a gaunt and ravage *wolf* creeping after him, and as he hurried on, still clinging to his meat, the wolf was coming nearer and nearer, and might at any moment spring upon him.

Still, the boy, though he trembled in every limb, did not lose his presence of mind. He remembered having heard his father say that if any one *faced* a wild animal and looked it square in the eye, it would not dare to attack him. He turned around and faced the hungry wolf and commenced *walking backwards* towards his home, still a long mile and a half away. As the woods grew darker the wolf came nearer, showing his white teeth, with the hair bristling upon his back. The courageous boy knew that if he gave up his piece of pork, he was safe, and could run home unmolested, but he knew there were hungry ones at home awaiting his return. So backwards he went, step by step. As the wolf came near, he hit him square upon the head with a stone, when with an angry "yelp," the wolf sprang into the thicket, and set up a long and dismal howl. The boy listened to hear if there were any answering howls, and hearing none took courage; but soon the savage beast, maddened with hunger, came at him again. With his club he gave him a well-directed blow between the eyes, which sent him bowling back again into the thicket. Again and again was the contest renewed; many times did the savage, yet cowardly animal make a spring at the lad, and many times did the brave boy beat him off, until at last he came near the log-cabin of his parents, when the disappointed wolf, with a long and wailing howl, dashed away into the woods. Trembling with excitement, and wet with perspiration, the boy dropped the meat upon the floor, crying, "Mother, I've got it; mother, I've got it," and fell exhausted at his mother's feet.

"I don't believe that," says Harry, "we'd *all* have run, and so would nine men out of ten. I do not believe there ever was a boy so brave as that." Yet the story is true, boys, if it does seem a pretty large one. I can give you the boy's name.

American Messenger.

A BEAUTIFUL ANSWER

A little girl in Yorkshire, once, when water was scarce, saved as much rain water as she could, and sold it to the washer-women for a cent a bucket, and in this way cleared near five dollars for the missionary society. When she brought it to the secretary, she was not willing to tell her name. "But I must put down where the money came from," said he. "Call it, then," replied the little girl, "rain from heaven."

Pittsburgh Market.

APPLES.—Green, $2.75@3.12 ½ bbl.
ASHES.—Pots, 4(@4½; Pearls, 5½@5¾; Soda-ash, 3@3½c.
BREAD.—Water crackers, per pound, 6c.; Butter do. 7c.; Sugar do. 8c.
BEANS.—Small white,—@1.25 ₱ bushel
BROOMS.—Common to fancy, $2.25@3.25 ₱ dozen.
BUCKETS, &c.—Buckets, per dozen, 1.50@1.75; Tubs, per dozen, 7.50.
BUTTER.—Fresh roll, 13@14c ₱ pound. packed, 9(@—c.
BACON.—Plain hams, 7(@7½; sugar-cured, 10@10½; sides, 6(@—; shoulders, 4½@5; country, 4—.
CHEESE.—Western Reserve, 6½@—7. Goshen, —₱ pound.
CANDLES AND SOAP.—Dipped, 10.; Mould, —; Adamantine, 20; Rosin soap, 4½; fancy 10c.
COTTON YARNS, &c.—Cotton Yarn, ₱ pound, from Nos. 3 to 10, 33c., and one cent advance each No.; cotton chain, 32c.; colored do., 32.; cotton wick 32; batting, 18; fancy do., 22 to 30.
CORDAGE.—Bed-cords, 9 threads, 1 inch, 100.
DRIED FRUIT.—Apples, ₱ bushel, 1.50@—; Peaches, —@3.00.
DRIED BEEF.—10@10½ ₱ pound
EGGS.—Barrel or less, 16c.—₱ dozen
FLOUR.—Superfine, from store, —@—; extra, 4.00@4.60; extra family, 5.00@5.25; Rye, 2.87½—
FEATHERS.—Fresh, 45@—₱ pound
FISH.—Large No. 3 Mackerel, 8.00@8.50, Salmon Herring, 6.00, Lake Fish, —@—; Codfish, 5@6c.
FEED.—Sales of feed at 55@70 ₱ one hundred pounds
GRAIN.—Wheat, Red, 90@—; White, 95@97; Rye, 45@48; Oats, 26@—c.; Corn, 35@40.
GLASS.—City brands, 8x10, 2.15 ₱ box of fifty feet, 10x12, 4.00; Country brands, 8x10, 3.25, 10x12, 5.75.
GROCERIES.—Sugar, by the barrel, 10@10¼ hhd., —@—. New Orleans Molasses, 48@50, Golden Syrup, 75. Coffee, 20@21½. Rice, 8½@9.
HOMINY.—4.50 ₱ bbl.
HAY.—Sales at scales, 910@11 ₱ ton.
IRON.—Common bar, 2½@2¾; blooms,—; Pig Metal, $24@26.
LEAD, &c.—Bar, 6c.; Pig, 7c. Shot, ₱ bag, 2.25@2.50
LEATHER.—Sole, 21@25c.; Upper, ₱ dozen, 33@36.
LIME.—Louisville, ₱ barrel, 1.25@1.40.
LARD.—No. 1, 8@9c.
NAILS, &c.—10s, ₱ keg, 3.25, with pro rata advancement. Cut Spikes, 4.00 ₱ keg, for 3 to 4 inch.
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OILS.—Linseed, 75 ₱ gall.; Tanners', —; Lard, 65@70.
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POWDER.—Rifle, 7.25 ₱ keg; Rock, 5.00.
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SALT.—No. 1, 1.75 ₱ barrel; extra, —@—
SHEETINGS.—No. 1 and 2, —½ ₱ yard.
SEEDS.—Flaxseed, 1.60@— ₱ bushel. Timothy, 1.50@—; Clover, 3.75@—.
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Poetry.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

I am all alone in my chamber now,
And the midnight hour is near,
And the fagot's crack and the clock's dull tick
Are the only sounds I hear.
And over my soul in its solitude,
Sweet feelings of sadness glide;
For my heart and my eyes are full when I think
Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house—
Went home to the dear ones all—
And softly I opened the garden gate,
And softly the door of the hall;
My mother came out to meet her son;
She kissed me and then she sighed;
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come,
In the garden where he played;
I shall miss him more by the fireside,
When the flowers are all decayed;
I shall see his toys and his empty chair,
And the horse he used to ride;
And they will speak with a silent speech,
Of the little boy that died.

We shall go home to our Father's house—
To our Father's house in the skies,
Where the hopes of our souls shall have no blight,
Our love no broken ties;
We shall roam on the banks of the river of peace,
And bathe in the blissful tide;
And one of the joys of our life shall be
The little boy that died.

"I WAIT FOR THEE."

There are few of our readers who are not familiar with Mrs. Hewitt's sweet domestic poem, beginning—

"The clock is on the stroke of six,
The father's work is done;
Sweep up the hearth, and mend the fire,
And put the kettle on."

In the same spirit, if not in fact in imitation of it, are the following lines, which are full of the music and melody of home;

The hearth is swept, the fire is bright,
The kettle sings for tea;
The cloth is spread, the lamps are light,
The hot cakes smoke in napkins white,
And now I wait for thee.

Come home, love, home—thy task is done;
The [illegible]
The warm chair to the fireside drawn,
The boy is on my knee.

Come home, love, home—his deep, fond eye
Looks round him wistfully,
And when the whispering winds go by,
As if thy welcome step were nigh,
He crows exultingly.

In vain; he finds the welcome vain,
And turns his glance on mine
So earnestly, that yet again
His form unto my heart I strain—
That glance is so like thine.

Thy task is done—we miss thee here;
Where'er thy footsteps roam,
No heart will spread such kindly cheer,
No beating heart, no listening ear,
Like these will wait thee home.

At last along the crisp walk fast
That well-known step doth come;
The bolt is drawn, the gate is past,
The babe is wild with joy at last—
A thousand welcomes home!

Selections.

CO-EXISTENCE OF THE TWO RACES AFTER EMANCIPATION.

BY COUNT DE GASPARIN.

Something more difficult to foresee than the suppression, henceforth certain, of slavery is the consequence of this suppression. The problem of the coexistence of the two races rests at the present hour with a crushing weight on the thoughts of all; it mingles poignant doubts with the hopes of some, it exasperates the resistance of others. Is it true that emancipation would be the signal of a struggle for extermination? Is there not room upon American soil for free blacks by the side of free whites? I do not conceal from myself that there is here an accredited prejudice, an admitted opinion which, perhaps more than any thing else, trammels the progress of the United States. Let us attempt to estimate it.

M. de Tocqueville, who has judged America with so sure an eye, has been, notwithstanding, mistaken upon some points; his warmest admirers must admit it. Writing at an epoch when the great results of English emancipation had not yet been produced, he was led to frame that formidable judgment of which so much advantage has been taken: "Hitherto, wherever the whites have been the more powerful, they have held the negroes in degradation and slavery; wherever the negroes have been the more powerful, they have destroyed the whites. This is the only account which can ever be opened between the two races."

Another account is opened, thank God, and no one will rejoice at it more sincerely than M. de Tocqueville—he who is so generous, and whose abolition sentiments are certainly no mystery to any of his colleagues of the Chamber. But his opinion remains in his book, and every one repeats after him, that the blacks and the whites cannot live together on the same soil, unless the latter be subject to the former.

I repeat, that at the time at which he wrote, he had reason, or at least known facts gave him reason, to say this; the liberty of the blacks had then but one name—St. Domingo. To-day, the victories of Christian emancipation have come, to contrast with the catastrophes provoked by impenitent despotism.

The English Colonies bear a striking analogy to the Southern States of the Union. The blacks there are numerous, more numerous even in proportion to the whites than in the Carolinas or Florida. The climate is even more scorching, and the cultures demand still more imperiously the labors of the blacks. As to the prejudices of the masters, I dare affirm that the planters of the Continent and those of the Antilles have not long had any thing with which to reproach each other. Notwithstanding, what has happened in the Antilles? Not only has liberty been proclaimed—this was the act of the metropolis—but the coexistence of races has subsisted. It is to this point that I claim attention. They, the whites and the blacks, alike free, invested with the same privileges, exercising the same rights, encountering each other in the ranks of the militia, in the magistracy, and even in the seats of the colonial assemblies, admirably accept this life in common. And the whites there, whether, as Anglo-Saxons, that is, they belong to that race which is declared incapable of enduring free blacks in its neighborhood.

It is necessary to appeal sometimes from those axioms so boldly laid down, which serve us to make inflexible laws for that which must be subject in an infinite measure to the mobility of circumstances and influences. The influence of the Gospel, especially, is a fact, the scope of which is never sufficiently measured. It has created in the Antilles a negro population which maintains its equality face to face with the whites, yet which does not entirely reject their patronage; a dependent population which is also a free population, free in the most absolute sense of the word. The blacks of the Antilles labor on the plantations, and secure the success of large plantations; but, at the same time, they themselves become landholders, forming by degrees one of the happiest and most remarkable classes of peasants that ever existed. Their little fields, their pretty villages, manifest real prosperity; and there is something among them that is worth more than prosperity, there is moral progress, the development of intellect, and the elevation of souls.

It will be demanded of us if, in the midst of so much progress, the production of sugar has not suffered. I answer that, on the contrary, it has increased. It had been predicted that emancipation would be a death-blow to the British colonies. I suspect that many people are even yet persuaded of it; now, in spite of the faults committed by the planters, who have neglected nothing to disgust the negroes with labor and to drive them from their old mills, they are found to return to them, contenting themselves with wages that scarcely rise above an average of a shilling a day. If we compare the last two seasons of liberty with the last two years of slavery, we shall discover that the total production of sugar has increased in the colonies in which emancipation was effected in 1834. And they have not only had to endure this crisis of emancipation, but also another crisis still more formidable, that of the sudden introduction of free trade in 1854. The colonial sugars, exposed to competition with the sugar produced at Havana and elsewhere by slave labor, experienced a prodigious decline. There was cause to believe that the production was about to be destroyed; it has arisen again, notwithstanding, and the English Antilles, with their free negroes and their unprotected sugar, forced to face entire liberty in all its forms, import today into the metropolis nearly a million more hogsheads than at the moment when the crisis of free trade broke forth.

Liberty works miracles. We always distrust her, and she replies to our suspicions by benefits. The English Antilles, which, during the last thirty years, have had to surmount, besides the two crises of emancipation and free trade, the earthquake of 1840 and six consecutive years of drought; the English Antilles, which have had to liquidate their old debts, and to repair the ruin accruing from the failure of the bank of Jamaica, are now in an attitude which proves that they have no fears for the future and scarcely regret the past.

Under slavery, the Antilles were hastening to their ruin; with liberty, they have become one of the richest channels of exportation which England possesses; under slavery, they could not have supported the shock of free trade; with liberty, they have gained this new battle: such are the best proceeds of experience. If we still have doubts, let us compare Dutch Guiana, which holds slaves, to English Guiana, which has emancipated them. The resources of these two countries are almost equal; English Guiana is progressing, while the cultures of Surinam are forsaken; three-fourths of its plantations are already abandoned, and the rest will follow.

But the question of profits and losses is not the only one here, I think, and after having computed the proceeds of sugar, after having shown that in this respect English emancipation is in rule, it is allowable to mention also another kind of result. Look at those pretty cottages, this neat and almost elegant furniture, these gardens, this general air of comfort and civilization; question these blacks, whose physical appearance has become modified already under the influence of liberty, these blacks, who decreased rapidly in numbers during the epoch of slavery, and who have begun to increase, on the contrary, since their affranchisement; they will tell us that they are happy. Some have become landowners, and labor on their own account, (this is not a crime, I imagine;) others unite to strengthen large plantations, or perhaps to carry to the works of rich planters the canes gathered by them on their own grounds; some are merchants, many hire themselves out as farmers. Whatever may be the faults of some individuals, the ensemble of free negroes has merited the testimony rendered in 1857 by the Governor of Tobago: "I deny that our blacks of the country are of indolent habits. So industrious a class of inhabitants does not exist in the world."

An admirable spectacle, and one which the history of mankind presents to us too rarely, is that of a degraded population elevating itself more and more, and placing itself on a level with those who before despised it. Concubinage, so general in times of servitude as to give rise to the famous axiom, "Negroes abhor marriage," is now replaced by regular unions. In becoming free, the negroes have learned to respect themselves; the unanimous reports of the governors mark the progress of their habits of sobriety. Crimes have greatly diminished among them. They are polite and well brought up, falling even into the excess of exaggerated courtesy. They respect the aged: if an old man passes through the streets, the children rise and cease their play.

These children are assiduously sent to schools, the support of which depends, in a great part upon, the voluntary gifts of the negroes. Grateful to the Gospel which has set them free, the former slaves have become passionately attached to their pastors; their first resources are consecrated to churches, to schools, and sometimes, also, to distant missions, to the evangelization of that Africa which they remember to do it good. We should be at once surprised and humiliated, were we to compare the much-vaunted gifts of our charity with those of these poor people, these freed men of yesterday, whom we think that we may rightfully treat with disdain.

Thanks to the Gospel, and it is to this that I return, the problem of the coexistence of races is resolved in the most pacific manner in the Antilles. Among freemen, however little those freemen may be Christianized, specific repugnances become speedily effaced, and the prejudice of skin is not found to be ultimately as insurmountable as we have been told. In those English colonies which are true republics, governing themselves, and which also remind us, through this feature, of the Southern States, the blacks have come to be accepted as fellow citizens. They practise the liberal professions, they are electors and often elected, for they form of themselves alone one fifth of the Colonial Assembly at Jamaica; they are officers of the police and the militia, and their authority never fails to be recognised by all. I named Jamaica just now. Some may seek to bring it as an argument against me. The fact is, that this great island has seemed to form an exception to the general prosperity; considerable fortunes have been sunk there, and the transformation has been slower and more painful there than elsewhere. But, when they are themselves with these circumstances, they forget two things: first, that the causes of the malady were anterior to emancipation; next, that the cure has come from emancipation itself. Before emancipation, Jamaica was insolvent, her plantations were mortgaged beyond their value, and its planting was threatened in other ways far more than now. Do you know what has since happened? Difficulties which appeared insoluble have been resolved; to-day, the cape is doubled, and men navigate in peace. At the present time, Jamaica comprises two or three hundred villages, inhabited by free negroes; the latter are willing to work; for, according to the latest information, (February, 1861,) the price of daily labor decreases instead of rising. Among these free negroes, there are not less than 10,000 land holders, and three-eighths of the cultivated soil is in their hands. They have established sugar mills everywhere, imperfect, rude, yet working in a passable manner; and mills of this sort are numbered by thousands. The middle class of color thus grows richer day by day; the families that compose it all own a horse or a mule; they have their bank books and their accounts with the savings banks. Lastly, which is of more value than all else, the free negroes of Jamaica have built more than two hundred chapels, and as many schools. At the very moment when I write these lines, an enthusiastic religious movement is prevailing among them; the rum-shops are abandoned, the most degraded classes enter in their turn the path of reformation.

I should have been glad to cite our own colonies instead of confining myself to the English islands. I have been prevented from this, not only by the memory of the conflagration of 1859 at Martinique, and of the state of siege which it became necessary to proclaim there, but, above all, by the circumstances that the liberty of our former slaves has been too often restrained by means of the vagabond regulations, that labor has continued to be imposed on them to a certain point; that the parcelling out of property has been trammelled by fiscal measures; that, moreover, it is less the labor of our former slaves than of the Coolies and others employed, which has secured the success of our experiment; whence it follows that this success is far from being so conclusive as that which has been obtained elsewhere under the system of full liberty. Nevertheless, our success, which is no less real, signifies something also. If we have not yet those little free villages, that class of small negro landholders of which I just spoke, we have, like the English, free negroes in our militia and in our marine; like them, we have had our elections, and all classes of the population have taken part in them; like them, and perhaps in a greater degree, we have increased our sugar production since emancipation. It is true that the crisis of free trade has not yet passed among us, and that we cannot know how this would be supported by our colonial sugars. But it will not be long before we shall be informed on this point: by an act which we cannot but applaud, and which continues the work it has undertaken, the French government has just suppressed the protection continued hitherto to our planters. If, ere long, as it is justifiable to hope, they are delivered from the charges of the colonial system, whose advantages they have lost, we shall see them struggle, and successfully, I am convinced, against the Spanish sugars produced by slave labor.

It will be, perhaps, maintained, that the antipathy of race is stronger in the United States than elsewhere, and that the Americans, in this respect, are inferior to the English. I am as conscious as any one else of those infamous proceedings towards free negroes which are the crime of the North, a crime no less odious than that of the South. What conscience is not aroused at the thought of those prejudices of skin which do not permit blacks to sit by the side of whites, in schools, churches, or public vehicles? Only the other day, nothing less than a denunciation in open parliament was needed to begin the destruction, by a public rebuke, of the classification which is being made on the English steamers themselves between Liverpool and New York. There are some new States which purely and simply exclude free negroes from their territory; those which do not exclude them from the Territory, repulse them from the ballot-box. The injustice, in fine, is as gross, as crying as it is possible to imagine.

Must we conclude from this that the co-existence of races, possible elsewhere, is impossible in the United States? I distrust those sweeping assertions which resolve problems at one stroke; I refuse, above all, to admit as easily that iniquity must be maintained for the sole reason that it exists, and that it suffices to say: "I am thus made; what would you have? I cannot change myself," to abstract one's self from the accomplishment of the most elementary duty. To endure negroes at one's side, to respect their independence, to abstain from wrongs towards them, to consent to the full exercise of their rights, is an elementary duty; Christian duty, I need not say, demands something better.

Does this mean that we are to set ourselves up as judges, and brand as wretches all those who thus mistake the laws of charity and justice? I fear much that, in their place, we would do precisely as they. Living in the South, we would have slaves, and would defend slavery to the last; living in the North, we would tread under foot the free colored class. Is there then neither the true, nor the false, nor justice, nor injustice? God forbid! The just and the true remain; iniquity should be condemned without pity; but we are bound to be more indulgent toward men than toward things. We are bound to remember that the influence of surroundings is enormous, and that, if crimes are always without excuse, there are many excusable criminals.

When we examine men by the prejudice of skin, such as prevails in the United States, we are not long in discovering that it rests in great part on a misunderstanding: men mistake coexistence for amalgamation. I do not fear to affirm that the second would be as undesirable as the first would be desirable. Why dream of blending or assimilating the two races? Why pursue as an ideal frequent marriages between them, and the formation of a third race: that of mulattoes? America does right to resist such ideas, and to inscribe her testimony against such a future, evidently very little in conformity with the designs of God.

But coexistence by no means draws amalgamation in its train. On this point, also, experience has spoken. In the English colonies the liberty of the blacks is entire, the legal equality of the two races is not contested, public manners have shaped themselves to that mutual consideration without which they could not live together; yet neither amalgamation nor assimilation is in question, and the aristocracy of skin remains what it should be, a lasting distinction, accepted on both sides, between races which are not designed to mingle together. I do not know that many marriages are contracted between the whites and the negresses of Jamaica, and I believe that the class of mulattoes increases much more rapidly under slavery than with liberty. Look in this respect at what takes place even now in the United States: an quadroons sell better than blacks; mixtures of white or almost white slaves abound there, and the unhappy women who become [illegible] American combinations are often whipped upon command.

With liberty, each race can at least remain by itself; with it, there can be co-existence without amalgamation; both mingling and hostility can be prevented. This is the necessary, inexorable as the negroes, with the gentleness of their race, willingly accept the second place, and by no means demand what we insist on refusing them. Let their liberty be complete, let legal equality and friendly relations be maintained, and they will ask no more.

But they will ask no less, and they are right. I do not understand, in truth, why so harmless a co-existence should be so long repulsed by the enlightened people of the United States. There are negroes in Spanish America who have reached the highest grades of the army, and who show as much intelligence, decorum, and dignity to command as white men could do. I myself have seen at Paris, a clergyman of ebony blackness, who was really the most distinguished, unexceptionable man that it was possible to meet: he was a remarkable scholar, he had received the title of doctor from several European universities.

In fact, the negroes are our fellows and our equals much more than we imagine; they adapt themselves better than the Indians to our civilization. They seek to be instructed, and not only do the free blacks of the English islands hasten, as we have seen, to provide themselves with teachers, but even those of the United States, crushed as they are by contemptuous treatment, neglect no means of introducing their children into the schools, where is found one-ninth of their total number. In Liberia, they have shown themselves hitherto very capable of ruling. In Hayti, since their deliverance from the ridiculous and odious yoke of Soulouque, they have advanced rapidly, it is affirmed, in the way of true progress; legal marriages increase, popular instruction is becoming established, religious liberty is respected. Lastly, in the negro colony of Buxton, in Canada, the fugitive slaves here become industrious landholders, and are respected by all.

Let us not say that prejudice of skin is indestructible; the suppression of slavery may modify it profoundly. What degrades the free negro today, is the existence of the negro slave. To be respectable, we all need to be respected. The poor, free negro is ashamed of himself; he dares not aspire to any thing noble and great; he preserves, besides, as the legacy of slavery, the idea that labor is dishonoring, that idleness is a sign of independence. This is enough to make him remain a stranger to honorable occupations, and confine himself to the practice of vile trades. When slavery shall have disappeared, the situation of the free blacks will become quite different: they will be numerous; they will have an appreciable share in the regulation of national affairs; their vote will count, and, thenceforth, we may be tranquil, no one will be afraid to treat them with respect, and perhaps to pay court to them.

The law of New York, as well as the supreme Court of that State, has already admitted that color exercises no influence over the rights of citizens. The time draws near when the North will no longer contest the intervention of free negroes at the ballot-box. This will be a great step in advance. Let us remark, moreover, that, after general emancipation, the black population, while exercising its share of influence, will never be able, through the number of suffrages at its disposal, to alarm the jealous susceptibility of the whites; the latter, in fact, will be continually recruited by European immigration, and the day will come when the few negroes of the United States will be scarcely perceptible in the heart of a gigantic nation.

The honor of the North is at stake; it belongs to it to give an example at this time, and to show, by the reform of its own habits, that it has the right to combat the crime of the South. It must set to work seriously, resolutely, to resolve the problem of the coexistence of races, while the South resolves, willing or unwilling, the problem of emancipation. Liberty in the South, equality in the North; the one is no less necessary than the other; it may even be said that one great obstacle to the idea of emancipation is this other idea that blacks and whites cannot live together, but that one must some day exterminate the other.

Why suffer the establishment of this lying axiom which checks all progress? Why not cast our eyes on the neighboring colonies where the prejudice of color reigned supremely before emancipation, and where it has since become rapidly effaced. The United States have a lofty end to attain; let them beware how they take too low an aim! They will not have more than they need, with the efforts of all, the charity of all, the sacrifices of all, the earnest endeavor by which all can elevate themselves above vulgar prejudices, to accomplish a task at once the most difficult and most glorious that has ever been proposed to a great people.

The North, I repeat, is bound to give a noble example by obtaining a shining victory over itself. Let it say to itself that coexistence is not amalgamation; the question is not to marry negroes, but to treat them with justice. The fear of amalgamation once vanished, many things will change in appearance. Why, in fact, is the prejudice of race stronger in the free States than in the slave States? Because the latter know that slavery is a sufficient line of demarkation, and because they have not to dread amalgamation. Now, this is and will be nowhere to be dreaded; the instinct of both races will prevent such mingling, and the blacks are as anxious to remain separate from the whites as the whites are to avoid alliances with the blacks. As I have said, nothing but slavery, and the perverse habits that it engenders, could have succeeded in some sort in breaking down this barrier. If the class of mulattoes thus formed rule in some republics of South America, it proceeds from the absence of a numerous and powerful white race, like that which is covering the United States with its continually increasing population.

Decidedly, fears of amalgamation are puerile in such a country; and decidedly also, any other solution than the coexistence of races would be wrong. Doubtless, a natural concentration of the emancipated negroes will be some day effected; they will flock to those States where their relative number will ensure to them the most influence. Perhaps we may even obtain a glimpse of the time when, by the result of a providential compensation, the countries which have been the witnesses of their sufferings, and which they have watered with their tears, those countries where they, better than any others, can devote themselves to labor, will belong to them in great part. Are the Antilles and the regions of the Gulf of Mexico destined to become the refuge and almost the empire of Africans torn from their own continent? It is possible, but not certain. In any case, this geographical repartition of the races would be wrought peaceably; the effort to effect it by violent measures would justly arouse the conscience of the human race. So long as we talk of transporting the blacks to Africa, to St. Domingo, or elsewhere, so long as the peaceable coexistence of the races be not accepted, the barbarous proceedings which dishonor America will not cease, the Northern States will maltreat their free negroes, and the South will cling to slavery as to the only means of preventing a struggle for extermination.

At the North as well as the South, men need to accustom themselves in fine to the idea of coexistence. Yes, there will be whites and free blacks in various parts of the Union; yes, it is certain that in some parts, the black population will be possessed of influence; it may even happen that, in one or two points of the extreme South, it will come to rule. If this hypothesis, improbable in my opinion, should ever be realized, it would not be a cause of shame, but of glory, to the Union. It is said that the great Indian tribes of the Southwest think of forming a State, which will demand admission into the Union, and which has a chance to obtain it. Why should there not be, at need, a negro State by the side of an Indian State? This reparation would be fully due to the oppressed race, and America will be honored in treading her repugnance under foot, and in showing to the whole world that her so much vaunted liberty is not a vain word.

She would show, at the same time, that her Christian faith is not a vain formality. If the desire of avoiding amalgamation has legitimate grounds, the antipathy of race is simply abominable. Words cannot be found severe enough to censure the conduct of those *Christians* who, pursuing with their indignation the slavery of the South, refuse to fulfil the simplest duties of kindness, or even of common equity, towards the free negroes of the North.

But I hope that the Gospel, accustomed to work miracles, will also work this. Let us be just! we have already seen the pious ladies of Philadelphia lavishing their cares on black and white without distinction at the time of the cholera invasion. They washed and dressed with their own hands, in the hospital which they had founded, the children rendered orphans by the scourge, without taking account of the differences of color. This is a sign of progress, and I could cite several others: I could name cities, Chicago, for instance, where the schools are opened by law to the blacks as well as the whites. There is a power in the United States which will overthrow the obstacle of the North as well as that of the South, which will abolish both slavery and prejudice of skin.

This power has shown in the Antilles what it can do. There, pastors and missionaries, schools, works of charity pursued in common, have placed on a level the blacks and the whites, devoted to the same cause, and ransomed by the same Saviour. In the United States, likewise, the Christian faith will raise up the one, and will teach the others to humble themselves; it will destroy the vices of the negro, and will break the detestable pride of the Anglo Saxon. The real influence of faith on both—this is the true solution, this is the true bond of the races. Through this, will be established relations of mutual love and respect. What a mission is reserved for the churches of the United States! Checked hitherto by enormous difficulties, which it would be unjust not to take into account, they have not acted the part in the recent struggle against slavery which reverted to them of right. They have done a great deal, whatever may be said; they are disposed to do still more, and their attitude has improved visibly within a year. But this cannot suffice; there are two problems which are resolved instead of one, the question is now, to approach both face to face. True equality is founded, under the eye of God, through the community of hopes and of repentance, through close association in worship, in prayer, in action; and this equality has nothing in common with the jealous spirit of levelling which suffers old grievances to subsist, and continually invents new; it is peaceable, forgetful of evil, confiding, truly fraternal. I do not dream, of course, of the universal conversion of the population of the United States, both black and white; I know only that the Gospel, though it deeply penetrates comparatively few hearts, extends its influence much farther, and acts on those that it has not won. Let the Christians of America set to work, let them rejoice, for it is time, the scandals still presented here and there by their apologists for slavery, let them forbear to spare that which is culpable, to call good evil, or evil good, and they will render to their country a service which they alone can render it, and to which nothing on earth can be compared.

The United States do not know how great will be the transformation of their internal conditions, and the increase of their good renown abroad, when their churches, their schools, their public vehicles, their ballot-boxes, shall be widely accessible to persons of color, when equality and liberty shall have become realities on their soil; they do not know how great will be their peace and their prosperity. Let the two irreparable problems of slavery and the coexistence of races be resolved among them under the ruling influence of the Gospel, and they will witness the birth of a future far better than the past. No more fears, no more rivalries, no more separations in perspective, their conquests will become accomplished of themselves; and, no longer destined to swell the domain of servitude, they will win the applause of the entire world.

And all this will not be purchased, as men seem to believe, by the sacrifice of the cotton culture. At the present time, this culture incurs but one serious risk; the momentary triumph of a party that dreams of a slavery propaganda; it will be saved alone by the progress of liberty. On the day when emancipation shall be achieved, if wrought by the action of moral agents and social necessities, instead of by that of civil wars and insurrections, the cultivation of cotton in the Southern States will receive the impetus to a magnificent development. The emancipated negroes make large quantities of sugar in the Antilles; why should they not make cotton on firm ground? If affranchisement produced the destruction of planting in St. Domingo, we know now the reason. It is a proved fact that negroes who do not owe their liberty to insurrection, remain disposed to devote themselves to labor in the fields.

With slavery, observe, disappear, one after the other, the obstacles in the way of agricultural progress. The capital which no one dares risk to-day in the Southern States, will flow into them ceaselessly as soon as slavery shall be abolished; I say more; as soon as its progressive abolition shall be no longer doubtful in the sight of all. European immigration, the current of which turns aside with so much circumspection, avoiding a territory accursed and given over to calamities, will flock towards those countries more beautiful, more fertile, and broader than those of the Far West. Machinery will come, to more than fill up the void caused by the passing diminution of the number of laborers. The slaves can be intrusted with none but the simplest implements; every one knows that the plough, introduced originally into our French colonies, disappeared to make room for the hoe as soon as Colbert had authorized the slave trade. Ploughs have reappeared there since emancipation. Their agricultural and industrial progress date from the same epoch; to-day, our colonists understand the use of manures, and make improvements in manufacture. A new era is dawning, in fine; what will it be in the United States, among that people which seems destined to surpass all others in the application of mechanics to agriculture?

Still, I have made one concession too much in admitting the diminution of the number of laborers. Supposing that a few negroes quit the field, many whites will come to take their place. White labor is fully possible in the majority of the slave States, and immigrants from Europe will not hesitate to engage in it. Wherever slavery reigns, it is that, and not the climate, that must be arraigned if the whites fold their hands; labor has become there a servile act—it is blighted, as it were, in its essence. A competent writer said the other day: "If Algeria had been subjected to the sway of slavery, cultivation there would have been reputed impracticable for the French, and examples of mortality would not have been wanting." The whites have labored in the Antilles; the whites can labor, not only in all the slave States of the intermediate region, but in Louisiana. Cotton is already produced in Texas, thanks to its German settlers. The question is only, to go on in this way. Slavery once abolished, the small proprietors, who at present carry all the criminal extravagancies of the South farther than any others, will be compelled to set their hands to work. This will be an advantage both to the country and themselves. Who will not pray for the coming of the time when so considerable a part of the population will cease to possess slaves which it is incapable of feeding, when it will be transformed into the middle class, and thus escape the real servitude which imbitters it?

Moreover, let us not forget new cultures, that of the vine among others, which are fitted to become introduced into those new countries, or to develop there, and which lack nothing but liberty in order to flourish. The arts and manufactures also have their place; independently of the tillers of the soil, properly called, the Southern States will have need of workmen in manufactories, and of managers of agricultural machines; large plantations will often become divided, as has happened in the Antilles, and we shall witness the appearance of the small estate, that essential basis of social order. There will be employment for all, and the rich Southern cultures will be less neglected than before.

Whoever has descended the Ohio has involuntarily compared its two banks: here, the State of Ohio, whose prosperity advances with rapid strides: there, the State of Kentucky, no less favored by Nature, yet which languishes as if abandoned. Why? Because slavery blights all that it touches. Could not the whites of Kentucky and Virginia labor as well as those of Ohio? The comparative poverty of these slave States reminds me of the destitution of our colonies and those of England before emancipation: mortgaged estates, plantations burdened with expenses, the complete destruction of credit—such was their position. We must read American statistics to form an idea of the truly unheard-of extent of this fact—impoverishment by slavery. With a larger extent and much richer lands, the slave States possess neither agricultural growth, nor industrial growth, nor advance of population which can be compared far or near with that which is found in the free States. A book by Mr. Hinton Rowan Helper, *The Impending Crisis of the South*, expresses these differences in figures so significant that it is impossible to contest them.

The Southern States, therefore, are certain to increase their cultures, and to found their lasting prosperity by entering the path that leads to emancipation. But if they take the contrary road, they will hasten to their destruction, and with strange rapidity. Already, their violent acts of secession, and the monstrous plans which are necessarily attached to them, have had the first effect, easily foreseen, of dealing a most dangerous blow to American cotton. In a few weeks, they have done themselves more harm than the North, supposing its hostility as great as it is little, could have done them in twenty years. The meeting of Manchester has replied to the manifestoes of Charleston; England has said to herself, that, from men so determined to destroy themselves, she should count on nothing; and, having taken her resolution, she will proceed with it speedily; let the Southern States take care. English India can produce as much cotton as America; before long, if the Carolinians persist, they will have obtained the glorious result of despoiling their country of its chief resources; they will have killed the hen that laid the golden eggs. The matter is serious; I ask them to reflect on it. As England under pain of falling into want and riots, cannot dispense with cotton for a single day, she will act energetically. Cotton grows marvellously in many countries; in the Antilles, where it has been produced already; in Algeria, where the plantations are about to be increased; on the whole continent of Africa, in fine, where it enters perhaps into the plans of God thus to make a breach in indigenous slavery by the faults committed by slaveholders in America.

CONTEMPT OF GOD.

We have placed at the head of this article a strange caption—Contempt of God! How startling should be the thought of such a thing! Is it indeed so, that there are any of God's intelligent creatures who contemn him? We have just been reading the tenth Psalm, and there, in the thirteenth verse, the question is asked, "Wherefore doth the wicked contemn God?" Here, it is assumed as a fact, that they do contemn him.

When we think for a moment what God is—when we recall to mind his infinite greatness, and glory, and majesty—when we reflect upon his boundless and ineffable goodness, it seems, at first view, almost incredible that any person could be so wicked as to treat him with contempt. Yet, strange as it is, the charge is true. It is made by him who is the God of truth—by him who knows the heart.

Reader, may this charge be brought, in truth, against you? We imagine that we hear you saying, No, this cannot be true: I know that I do not contemn him. It is true, that I am a sinner—my conscience tells me that I do many things that I ought not to do; but I feel in my soul that I do not contemn him—that I do not despise him. What, contemn God!—The great God who made the world. There is something so horrible in the thought, that I will not, I cannot believe that I am guilty of such a crime as that.

It may be so, that your plea of not guilty is well founded. It can do no harm, however, to inquire into this matter a little. We propose to ask you a few questions for your serious reflection.

Do you *habitually forget God?* How often is it through the day that God is in your thoughts? Is there any thing like an habitual recurrence of your mind to God? Do you think of him in the morning, when you rise from your bed? Do you think of him in the evening, when you retire to your rest?

Perhaps you will say, It is true, that I do not habitually think of God, but how does this prove contempt of God? Let us see. Suppose you were brought into very near relationship to any one—you became by some means intimately associated with him. Now, suppose that person was seeking an acquaintance with you, and was using every means in order to obtain it. Instead, however, of responding to these intimations of his wishes, you very rarely think of him, and get only so, but you actually resist all his efforts to court your favor and acquaintance. We appeal to your candor. Would there not be contempt *there?* Now, God is doing this very thing. He is continually pressing himself upon your notice. He is calling upon you through all his works, by a thousand voices, to acquaint yourself with him. You see the proofs of his presence, his power, and his goodness, wherever you go. And yet you habitually forget him! Is this not to contemn him?

How do you treat the *revelation of truth he has made to you?* He has made known to you his mind and will. He has given you the Bible. You are, perhaps, able to read it. It can be purchased for a trifle. There are hundreds of Christians who would gladly give you a copy, if you were not able to procure it, and if you were disposed to read it. You have been made acquainted with the fact, that this book *claims* to be a revelation from God—that it claims to exhibit his character, his will and his purposes of judgment and mercy towards our world. Now, you know that such a book must be the most important of all books—a book that comes to us from God, the infinite and everlasting Jehovah! What book can be supposed to contain subjects of such unspeakable moment as this? If it be *true*, you surely have the deepest interest in it. The very *possibility* of the truth of such a book ought, one would suppose, be sufficient to secure for it your attention, especially when you know that there are thousands who have such a firm belief in it that they would die for it. And not only so, but you know that men of the most exalted minds—such as Newton and Bacon, and Locke, have avowed their belief in it as a revelation from God. Now, have you ever *seriously* examined its claims? Have you read it through? Are you in the habit of reading it? If not, say what you may you are chargeable with treating God with contempt. You cannot but plead guilty.

How do you treat *his commands?* He has given you a law, and you know it. Are you in the habit of appealing to this law, that you may come to a determination as to the course of conduct you will pursue? Is it a matter of concern, when you are about to do any thing, what the law of God says in relation to it? If it seems to contribute to your own pleasure or interest—if it will not expose you to the opposition of your fellowmen—if it will not disgrace you in the eyes of the world, will you not do it irrespectively of the commands of God? If so, you are most assuredly contemning God as your great Lawgiver.

How do you treat the *invitations and promises of his?* You have only to open the Bible, and you will find it to be replete with these. There, you will find God making over a grant of salvation to the very chief of sinners—a grant of salvation from sin and everlasting wrath—a grant of salvation that has been purchased at a price no less than the blood of the eternal Son of God. You are invited, you are entreated by the God of heaven to receive this rich blessing. Oh, it is wonderful that it should be offered to you! But it has been offered. How have you treated this offer? Have you received it with a thankful heart? If not, is there no contempt of God here?

How do you treat the threatenings of God? He has given you the most terrific warnings of the fearful doom that will overtake the impenitent—he has told you that the wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God—that he will render indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, upon every soul of man that doeth evil. Have these warnings moved your heart, and prompted you to vigorous action? If not, you are surely chargeable with contempt of God.

Once more, How have you treated his dealings with you in his providence? Think of the favors he has been bestowing upon you—how he has been watching over you, and caring for you. Think how often he has preserved you from dangers and accidents. Have you failed to recognise his hand in any of these things? Have they called forth no expressions of gratitude? He, perhaps, sent afflictions upon you. He laid you upon a bed of sickness. He brought death very near to you, that you might lay to heart the great concerns of eternity. Are you still indifferent? If so, against *you*, dear reader, we must bring the charge of contempt of God.

Now, why do you thus contemn God? Is there any reason why you should contemn God? Is there any thing contemptible about God? What are we writing? We feel that we are chargeable with irreverence in putting such a question in relation to the infinitely glorious Jehovah. Think of his majesty! He sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and all the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers before him. Think of his power! His word created, and his arm upholds the universe. Think of his wisdom! His works, his providence, all his ways show this to be infinite. Think of his holiness! He is so pure that the very heavens are not clean in his sight. Think of his justice! Why justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne. Think of his faithfulness! It is the girdle of his loins. He never yet, and never will fail to accomplish his word. Think of his goodness! Look at the mercies he is showering down upon a wicked, apostate, rebellious world. Think of his grace! Look at the cross, and there you will see him giving his only begotten Son to the death for us all. Is such a God as *this* a God to *contemn?* What can be more irrational? What more monstrous? Oh, reader, if you are liable to this charge of contemning God, you are guilty of that which may well excite the wonder of the whole intelligent universe! "Miserable creature! Angels wonder at you while they pity you. They find their happiness in supremely adoring and loving him whom they contemn. Devils are amazed at you. They know too much of God to contemn him. Though they hate him, they fear him. They believe, and because they believe, they tremble."

Christian Instructor.

MISSIONS.

English Methodist Missions.—It appears from the *Wesleyan Magazine* that there are eight printing establishments maintained by the Wesleyan Missionary Society, five of which are connected with the Missions under the immediate direction of the British Conference, and the remaining three with the missions of the affiliated conferences. The following statements relate to the five establishments of the former class:

"No report has been received of the work done at the printing establishment at Colombo, Ceylon, during the past year: but it must have been considerable, from the fact stated at the anniversary meeting of the Society, by the Rev. Joseph Rippon, that every month, 10,000 copies of tracts, periodicals, and portions of Holy Scripture, are issued and distributed among the native Cingalese. It is gratifying to learn that the tracts are most eager

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, March 8. 1862.

EPISCOPAL VISITS.

I will be on the Westchester Circuit on the 29th of March. The Elder may make arrangements up to the 5th of April. I will then leave for Oxford on the Penningtonville Circuit, and remain to the 12th, on which day I will leave for Lancaster Circuit, where I will remain a week. The Elders or Preachers will make their arrangements and inform me of them. W. NAZREY

COUNT DE GASPARIN.

We hope that there is not one of our readers who will overlook the extended article on our first page by the above distinguished writer. The author is a French Protestant nobleman. The extract is made from a late work styled, "The Uprising of a Great People," and we would recommend all our people to purchase or borrow the work. They will find that it will well repay an attentive perusal, and that it gives a fair and impartial view of the present troubles in America. The most acute reader will discern in Count de Gasparin no vestige of that absurd and unchristian prejudice against people of color so often discernible in our Northern States. We commend it also to the notice of one of our contemporaries, who appears to need instruction in this matter.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Owing to a press of matter this week we have necessarily, though reluctantly, been compelled to omit several interesting articles in this number. We beg our friends to exercise the grace of patience. Their favors shall appear in due time—next week, if possible.

REVIVALS.

Rev. A. L. Stanford, of Little Wesley Church, is having a shower of heavenly blessings poured down upon his congregation. There have been several conversions, and the altar is crowded with anxious seekers, inquiring after Jesus Christ, the Man of God. Oh! that GOD may attend them with the workings of his Spirit.

UNION CHURCH.

Rev. Henry Davis, pastor of Union Church, has also commenced to hold a series of meetings since last Sabbath, and things are moving along very finely, we learn. At 3 o'clock, on Sabbath, the 9th instant, Sacrament, and sermon by the Elder. The Lord permitting, we shall preach for Elder Davis on Sabbath evening, at half-past 7 o'clock.

BURLINGTON CIRCUIT.

It will be seen that Rev. Joseph H. Smith has been having a great time on his circuit. A goodly number of precious souls have been brought to the enjoyment of God's love. Praise be to Him for his infinite goodness and wisdom. May the good work long continue.

REVIVAL.

We have received a letter from our Rev. and dear brother, John Turner, of St. Louis, Mo., which will be interesting to our readers. We are glad that our brother, who came up side by side with us, is awakened from his slumber, and feels the importance of letting his light shine from under a bushel. The Lord is blessing his labors. We are equally gratified to learn that he is about to do a great work for the organ of our beloved Zion.

ANOTHER LETTER.

We have also received a letter from Rev. William Jackson, of Vincennes, Indiana, which will be found very interesting to our readers. Brother Jackson and wife are diligent workers for the Lord, and most powerfully he blesses them for their labors. Go on, Brother and Sister Jackson, and should we meet no more here, we hope to meet you in that better land.

SACRAMENT.

Last Sabbath morning was the occasion of Sacrament in Bethel Church The event was more solemn than usual. We cannot account for it, unless it was because there was less singing while administering the holy rite to the numerous communicants.

FUNCTIONARY.

The subject of one of the functionaries of our Church seems to be the principal topic of discussion—and, while we claim it as the right of the ministers and members of our Church to discuss any matter connected with our Church, we also claim that it ought to be done in the most friendly and Christian-like manner. The readers who seek for information like to read discussions conducted in a philosophical and godlike spirit; for if we all believed one way, there would be no negatives, but all positives. Therefore, as there are two sides to this question, we shall reserve to ourselves the right to suppress, in the future, anything whose tenor is disparaging or uncouth Secondly, we hold that it is the duty of Bishops Quinn and Payne, if, in their judgment, there appears to be something wrong, to at once call together a Bishops' Council, find out the true cause of the controversy, and then give us the facts, as it is one of their "peers" that is in question. Then will the people be better satisfied.

THE MONTHLY REPOSITORY.

The above publication has just been laid upon our table. Rev. John M. Brown is the Editor, No. 64 Henrietta Street, Baltimore, Md. We notice among its contents a piece from Bishop Payne, on Religion and Sanctification. We have given it but a hasty glance, not having found time to peruse it thoroughly; but we can vouch for it as containing its usual acceptable store of good things.

OLD FOLKS' CONCERT.

Father Burris' Old Folks' Concert came off in commendable style on the evening specified. The sum realized by the evening's entertainment was seventy-eight dollars and fifty-seven cents ($78 57.) He presented us, for the benefit of the *Christian Recorder*, eighteen dollars ($18.) The remainder went towards defraying expenses for the use of the Hall and other incidental items. In our gratitude to Mr. Burris and his assistants for this acceptable and timely aid, and for the noble and Christian spirit he has shown towards us, our heart is too full to find vent in words that would adequately express our feelings. We can only say, many thanks to the kind donor May the hand of time fall lightly on his noble brow, and may he live to see the *Recorder* the brightest star in the glittering firmament of the African Church. The example has been set. Brethren, some of you who profess to love the Church more than he, would do well to take pattern after Father Burris.

THE CORNISH SOCIETY.

This Society keeps a standing advertisement in the *Recorder*, and we must gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the sum of six dollars by the hands of their excellent Secretary, Mr Seymour. Why will not all the Societies in Philadelphia give us their advertisements? It would bring them into more general notice, and keep them constantly before the public. We hope, hereafter, to see this matter attended to

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Of Rev R P Gibbs, of Harrisburgh, Pa., on account	3 00
Mrs Rebecca D. Forrest, Middletown, Conn., paid,	2 00
Of Rev. J. H. Smith, of Burlington, New Jersey,	1 00
Of Mr. Jeremiah Murray, of Reading, Pa., for papers sold,	2 00
Mrs. Lydia Ann Thomas, Burlington, for 1861, paid,	1 00
Mrs. Mary Sulsy, Burlington, for 1862, paid,	1 00
Of Rev. Lewis Woodson, of Pittsburgh, Penns.,	1 00

For the Christian Recorder.

HAYTI

February, 15, 1862.

This is to certify that HAYTI is a place not fit for any person to live in who has been accustomed to a residence in the North. I, George Wells, (and wife,) have been to Gonives, Jackmain, Trinidad, Lackaha, Daeryer, St. Marks, and Port au Prince. The natives subsist on pine-apples, sweet potatoes, persimmons, yams, plantains, figs, bananas, and other fruits and vegetables. The spiders are as large as a medium-sized cat—walking wonders in fact.

One vessel called the Truxilla sailed from New York, with one hundred persons on board, and at the present time there is not one of them living. Another vessel called the Flight also went from New York with twenty-five emigrants on board, and only three survive.

GEORGE WELLS,
EMELINE WELLS,
BEN. BACON.

For the Recorder.

APPOINTMENTS.

MR. EDITOR:—You will please insert the following arrangements of my Quarterly Meeting of the Burlington Circuit:

Burlington—4th Sab March.
Mount Holly—5th Sab March.
Evesham—1st Sab. April.
Milford—2d Sab. April.
Snow Hill—3d Sab. April.
Jordantown—4th Sab. April.

We have concluded our protracted meeting at Jordantown, and also at Snow Hill. Through the blessing of Almighty God, we had a six-killing and soul-reviving time. Fourteen souls profess to be happily converted to God, while many others declare that they will not rest till they can testify to the world a knowledge of His saving grace and power.

J. H. SMITH,
Elder in Charge.

For the Christian Recorder.

BALTIMORE ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

The Baltimore Annual Conference of the A. M. E. Church will, by Divine permission, assemble at Israel Church, Washington, D. C., on Thursday, the 24th of April, according to the Episcopal arrangements. Bishop Payne will preside.

This has been a year of many strange events in many parts of the Conference territory. Our people have seen strange sights—regiment after regiment passing and re-passing; the tents of the soldiers have been seen upon many hills, presenting the appearance of camp-meeting; yet with all these strange things, our religious interest has been unabating at all points. The financial condition of our churches is no worse than when times were different.

There will doubtless be many changes made during this Conference; for many of the preachers have remained their constitutional term in some of the circuits and stations, and they will be removed to other fields of labor. It is generally a pleasant time when Conference meets. The brethren, who have been absent from each other for an entire year, come together to talk over the ups and downs of the past year. So far, none of the preachers have died this year; their lives and the lives of their families, with one exception, have all been preserved

There is a great desire upon the part of many of the young members of the Conference to distinguish themselves as members of the New Testament, who need not be ashamed, rightly dividing truth from error Those young members have had to some extent the advantage of an early education, and we may expect something from them

On a recent visit to Washington, D. C., we were pleased to learn that some of the brethren there are contemplating the establishment of a church in Alexandria, Va., where we once had a church. Now is the time for us to turn our attention southward, for there is a change of things We pray, "Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the year."

W.

BALTIMORE, March 4, 1862

UNDERTARING

Mrs H S. Duterte's advertisement will be found in another column. We take great pleasure in referring our readers to this estimable lady as a person every way worthy of their support, and one well qualified for the faithful performance of the duties pertaining to her department as Undertaker. She is prompt in her business affairs, and sympathising and accommodating to all—rich or poor. She keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of ready-made coffins. A very handsome hearse, with any number of carriages and drivers, always on hand. We most cordially recommend her as a deserving candidate for the kind patronage of the citizens of Philadelphia and vicinity. Mrs. Duterte has shown the good sense to keep a standing advertisement in our paper, in the payment of which she displays a promptness and punctuality which we hope will always be shown towards her by her customers

ERRATA

In a letter from Bishop Nazrey, last week, he is made to say he would be happy to see Bishop Nazrey, whereas it should have been Bishop Quinn Also, Brother Turner of Richmond, Indiana, not Turner.

For the Christian Recorder

NOTICE.

Members of the Trenton charge are hereby informed that notices of the protracted meetings recently held upon this circuit, and also notices of the festivals and donations raised for the benefit of your pastor, do not appear in the Recorder this week, because he is unable, through great bodily affliction, to write them properly, and at the same time to attend to other duties, but look for them in another number. They will yet appear if the Lord will Again, remember that an extra donation of five dollars in cash must be raised by this charge for the Editor of the Christian Recorder about the time he makes his appearance here among us, as a token of the respect we have for him and the Recorder in faithfully publishing our notices from time to time This thing must be attended to. Brother Weaver deserves it, and he shall have it. It is unnecessary for me to say more on the subject. I know that the five dollars donation will be forthcoming at the proper time and place. Trenton charge will do the thing right.

J. P. CAMPBELL.

Trenton, N. J., March 4th, 1862

For the Christian Recorder

A LETTER FROM NEWPORT, R. I.

Feb 28th, 1862.

BROTHER WEAVER:—Permit me to say a few words for the encouragement of the church and Sabbath School at Newport Station. Although I have not written anything for the paper, I am now compelled to. Truly, it is winter, and everything has the appearance of winter. There is plenty of snow here, and we can feel the cold blast at times here piercing; yet when we look at our beloved Zion in its prosperity, and particularly the Sabbath School department, it does not appear to be dreary. The church appears beautiful to me, when we can see prosperity in the Sabbath School.

On the 2d of December, 1861, there was a meeting called by our worthy Superintendent, Brother Thomas Jones, to make arrangements for the school. At that meeting, a sewing circle was formed of teachers, and scholars, and others. Sister Margaret Jackson was appointed President of the Sewing Circle. She has a great love for this department of our Church, and spares no pains to make these meetings agreeable and profitable. On the 25th of December our Sabbath School had a beautiful fair of fancy and useful articles, which the children enjoyed very much. We received in all $71 44, and cleared $41 We took the money and purchased a library for the school, which, we believe, is second to none, looking at our numbers.

Being loyal to Methodism, we, according to your request, celebrated the birth-day of our first illustrious Bishop, the Rev. Richard Allen, on the 14th of February, 1862. The Sabbath School gave an exhibition that evening, through the untiring efforts of the beloved Superintendent. The children were much applauded by all that heard them, as extraordinary. This is now their third exhibition. They have improved much. We received in all $13 60. Truly, our school is in a prosperous condition. We have 48 scholars, with an average attendance of 38 to 40. Though it is winter, when we look at this department of our church, it encourages our heart, and is cheering to all. In our monthly concert for the school, we are looking for the conversion of our dear children. May God, through his Holy Spirit, call on the moments! As to the temporal condition of our church here, I suppose it is generally known that we are not quite out of debt, but we still expect soon to pay the last cent. By the help of the good Lord, we can do it at any time. We are getting along very well. The good Lord is with us. It is true, there is no extra pouring out of God's Spirit; but there is a regular blessing of God. At every meeting, we feel the Lord is with us. Twelve persons have united with us from your city by certificate, and four have been converted to the love of God, and show evidence that he has power to forgive sin. One of them has gone to join on high. She left a bright testimony that it was well with her, and the work of the Lord is felt with us. My prayer is that his kingdom of grace may come to every heart. Pray for us that the good Lord may work more powerfully to the destruction of sin and Satan's power.

WM. DEMOND.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM BROTHER JACKSON

Vincennes, Ind., Feb. 19th, 1862

MR EDITOR:—Dear Sir,—A few months ago I informed you of the wonderful work of God in our midst, and that many were brought to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and were on their way to heaven. I now inform you that the work is still going on, but in the midst of it death has visited us, and summoned one of our soldiers from labor to reward Sister Laura June Steward departed this life, Feb 18th, 1862, after two weeks' illness, which she bore with Christian fortitude She was converted under the administration of Rev Madison Patterson, 1860, and became a faithful and exemplary member of the A. M. E. Church, on May 2d, 1861. She was joined in holy matrimony to Mr Joseph Steward, of this city He was not religious at the time that she was married to him, but by her pious example and upright living before him, he became a member of the A. M. E Church, and five months ago he was happily converted to God, and travelled with her in the Christian warfare up to the present time. I am urging the members to leave the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, and go on unto perfection. Heb. vi. 1. She became a believer in the doctrine of sanctification. She sought and obtained the blessing one month before her death.

HER DYING TESTIMONY

She said, on the morning before she died, (when in her right mind,) "I am very happy. I am going to heaven. When you see me again, you will see me with the angels in heaven, for the Lord has shown me that I am a perfect Christian, and all will see it in the day of judgment." She said to her mother: "Mother, you must pray for father, or he will be lost, for he has not commenced to serve the Lord." And she said to her husband: "Joseph, you must be a perfect Christian, and meet me and the infant in heaven, where we shall part no more."

The gift which God on one bestows
He will delight to prove
The grace through every vessel flows
In purest streams of love.

The pure in heart! the pure in heart!
Robed in spotless white,
Are there with starry crowns of joy:
All glorious and bright

She and the infant are gone
To the realms of joy on high.
Reflecting beauty pure in thine.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM THE WEST.

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 24th, 1862.

MR EDITOR:—Thinking it might be of interest to you, and others of my brethren East, to hear how I am getting along, and how Zion is progressing in this part of our Master's vineyard, in the midst of war and rumor of war, where may be seen the stars and stripes flung to the breeze in every direction, long trains of transportation wagons, soldiers by hundreds and by thousands, the gleaming spear, the glittering sword, the fleet of war, the huge cannon, the hurry and bustle that is exhibited near the battle-field, and where may be heard the clatter of the hoofs of the war horse, the voice of commanding officers, the patriotic cheers of loyal citizens for the Union, &c., where the war spirit seems to stand out in bold relief upon almost everything movable. Thanks be to God, it hath pleased him to pour out a portion of his Spirit upon this branch of his Zion since our last Annual Conference. We have had forty accessions to the church, and twenty-three professed hope in Christ. Glory be to God, there is quite a number of anxious souls yet in the congregation inquiring the way of salvation. Pray for us, that the good Lord may continue his convicting power in our midst, until scores more shall be finally saved.

JOHN TURNER.

LETTER FROM BISHOP NAZREY.

Bridgetown, N. Y.

MR. EDITOR:—Sir, I see in the Recorder of the first of March a letter purporting to be written by Right Rev. D. A. Payne to me; and, if so, I think it out of time and place. 1st. He should have seen me, or written to me if he knew me to have been in an error. 2. It is not common for judges to give a decision before they come to court. I shall answer his reverence as soon as time will permit me so to do. That letter carries a contradiction on its own face.

W. NAZREY.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM BROTHER HALL.

New York, March 3d, 1862.

MR EDITOR:—It is the first time in my life that I have attempted to make any remarks through a public paper; and, even in this humble attempt, I trust that I shall not say anything that will reflect any discredit either upon the subject or upon myself. If I make any mistakes, it will be in the head and not in the heart. I have carefully watched the drift of this all-important subject, in regard to Bishop Nazrey and the position he occupies It does appear that the case is a very plain one. It is a case that every administrator of law ought to see through, and be able to decide upon without so many intricate questions upon the subject. It is a very simple and plain fact, that the General Conference has made its decrees; and, in making those decrees, she has been wise not to make them in Greek, Latin, or Hebrew, for she has but a few scholars of that class of men. Hence the necessity of obedience to the plain law. The wisest and best of men will make mistakes, but these mistakes are generally on minor points. But, Mr. Editor, we see that some one is on the fence, and they are very actively playing that part. But, sir, I assure you, there are men that will take care of that part at the proper time and place. If this connexion, or any part of it, goes to the wall, it must pass over our mangled bodies. We see that our writer has taken up much time and space in speaking of the General Conferences of 1856–60, and of the action of the General Convention of Canada in 1856. Sir, we believe Bishop Nazrey to be a sane man, and not otherwise. The General Conference of 1856 gave consent that one of our Bishops should preside over Canada until 1860, but the General Conference of 1856 did not give the Canadian Convention the right to elect Bishop Nazrey. All that was necessary for the coming four years was to be done by the Bishops and Elders. If we regard our General Conferences and our laws, let us stand by them, and pay no regard to what the Convention was pleased to do. We will also stand by the Pittsburgh General Conference. We look for the fulfilment of Bishop Nazrey's pledge, full and decided, *yea or nay*.

Now, sir, the arguments used on the other side are like using a large quantity of powder and a very small quantity of shot, or it is like putting the shot behind the powder. To my the least, the gun makes a loud report, but the shot kills the bird. Yours, for the connexion, now and forever.

J. D. S. HALL.

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM BALTIMORE, MD.

MR. EDITOR:—If there ever was a question which agitated any religious, moral, or legal circle until it utterly exhausted itself, and even when farther fermentation was likely to result in disgrace to the parties that were concerned themselves, I think it is the Nazrey question

Somehow it has become a bone of contention in our connexion, and we are about to gnaw the bone in pieces, before we adjust its right by transferring the whole matter to the proper tribunal. And, indeed, it has come to such a pass that we can get nothing from the Recorder that appears to originate with us, except it has its head and tail in Nazrey Why, sir, the immortal worth of souls, the tremendous thought of a judgment day, the sacredly gleaned treasures that result in infinite lessons, constituting the valuation of eternal truths that should ever be laid at the feet of Jesus, have become secondary and insignificant to the *great* and *momentous Nazrey question!*

And what makes the thing look much worse, is the plain and undeniable fact, that the General Conference of 1860 and Bishop Nazrey have both erred, and are grievously culpable; for if Bishop Nazrey belonged to Canada, the General Conference of 1860 should have let him alone. But let the case be as it may, we are tired of it. I, as a subscriber, am tired of it, and many others are complaining about the same thing We think it is time to dismiss that subject and consider another, unless the consequences of its monopoly were graver than has yet been proved.

Look here! Immorality and vice are walking with gigantic strides in the Church! Men and women are dying and going to the bar of God in an unprepared condition to meet its stern retributions. The sceptre of ignorance is being swayed over the back of mankind, and, more solemn still, infinite joy or endless woe attends on every breath.

Sir, it is time to consider these matters awhile: let some of our graphic pens engage some of these unlawful deeds and dread issues, and possibly we may find some of them equally as illegal as Bishop Nazrey has been, and to the aggregate much more so, and also demanding as much consideration

And another thing: what are Bishops Quinn and Payne for, if not to look out for the interest and defend the connexion? I think if the preachers have seen such a glaring wrong in Bishop Nazrey's ministration, and Bishops Quinn and Payne have not yet seen it sufficiently clear to warrant, in their godly judgment, their intervention, which is their duty, the preachers should organize committees to wait upon the two Bishops, and explain to them the evil it is doing, and demand them either to settle in person, or convene the General Conference to do it. The ministers can do nothing but talk and dispute on points; but Bishops Payne and Quinn can act in the premises, and either one of those Bishops can call the General Conference together, and then let the ministry adjust the matter; but until then every minister is beneath Bishop Nazrey, and can do nothing but agitate and bother the Church, for Nazrey's equals are only found in Quinn, Payne and the General Conference, and unless for immoral conduct, there is no other power can reach them.

FREE THINKER.

BISHOP NAZREY, OR THE TRUE STATE OF THE CASE

In the 60th number of the CHRISTIAN RECORDER, Rev. J. M. Brown calls our attention again to the 32d page of the minutes of the General Conference of the A. M. E. Church for 1860, as he had previously done in vol. 4, No. 1, page 19, Repository, for something relating to the case of Bishop Nazrey.

In the *Recorder* he calls it "the judgment of the General Conference," but in the Repository he calls it "The expressed will of our General Conference." Now, which one of these two definitions he will hereafter adopt and defend, we will not presume to say. But this we certainly know by the philosophy of the human mind, that "will" is not "judgment," and "judgment" is not "will." They are both faculties of the mind, but they are not both one and the same faculty.

The General Conference says, that it believes a double exercise of the Episcopal office in two distinct denominations at the same time is contrary to the genius and spirit of our church government. I believe so too; but my belief is not a law binding on the hearts and consciences of others so as to become a rule of action by which they must necessarily be governed. Nor is the mere belief of a General Conference such a rule. The will of a General Conference is the rule of action for its members, and not the belief of that Conference.

The General Conference requested Bishop Nazrey to resign whatever relation he sustained to the B. M. E. Church. But a request is not necessarily binding upon the person to whom it is made.

But the General Conference made a point—when it said that the resignation should take place at a given time and place. This last act is certainly binding upon the man to whom it relates, if there be no previously existing unrepealed act made by the same legislature or ecclesiastical court now in existence at the time of the passage of the said rule of resignation. But in the case under consideration was a previously existing unrepealed act, rule, or decision. The A. M. E. General Conference for 1856 made a rule by which they gave Bishop Nazrey to the B. M. E Church to serve them according to their wishes. That Church received his services, and said that they wished him to serve them for life. Upon these terms alone they received him.

The General Conference of the A. M. E. Church for 1860, did most deliberately acknowledge and confirm all the above stated acts as being legal, just, and right. More than this, the General Conference of 1860 did not repeal, rescind, or by any other means known to the rules governing deliberative bodies, make null and void the act by which the General Conference of 1856 provided that one of our Bishops should serve the B. M. E. Church according to their wishes. Here we have a previously made act coming in contact with the subsequent rule requiring the resignation. Is there an honest man among us who will deny these statements?

I am sorry that I have seen a communication from my dear brother and friend, Rev. John M. Brown, a man whom I have both loved and esteemed, proclaiming the following awful threatening and declaration of an exterminating war. "We tell elder Campbell, we have resolved, and never intend to cease this warfare, until he and others submit to the decrees and mandates of the General Conference. If discord is produced, we will meet it like men, and battle that discord with truth until every man shall submit to the highest court in the A. M. E. Church." This declaration coming from the highly cultivated intellect of Elder Brown, made in the connexion in which it stands, and upon the occasion on which he has seen fit to utter it, is most humiliating.

Against whom has he thus declared war? Not against the men who have resolved to follow their own interpretations of the minutes of the General Conference of the A. M. E Church for 1860, right or wrong But he has made it against the men who have resolved to follow and be governed by the doctrines and discipline of the A. M. E Church in America, as they understand them, and who have resolved to pay, not only due respect to the minutes of 1860, but they mean to respect the minutes of the General Conference for 1856 with those of 1860, and they mean to follow the instructions given in both these General Conferences, as far as they have it in their power This is the class of men, and no others against whom Rev. J. M. Brown has declared an unceasing, never-ending war. May the Lord have mercy upon us. Over forty years ago, I had a little sister whom I loved most dearly, and she loved me, as well as I loved her, but with all the love we entertained for each other, we used to have differences These differences sometimes led to blows. But we had a good Christian mother, who upon these occasions used to sing us the following little song of the good nurse for our better instruction

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite.
For God has made them so.
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For that's their nature too.
But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise,
Your little hands were never made,
To tear each other's eyes."

Brother, are we not children of God? Are we not ministers of Christ? By war you may, you can, and perhaps will injure us if possible in this world, but let me ask you if you think it will be of any real advantage to you in the world to come. It will be of no real benefit to me in this world, nor in the world to come, to inflict an injury, or make a war upon you. Brother Stanford, Observer, Brother Revels, Bishops Quinn and Payne, with the General Conferences of 1852, 1856, and 1860, say, with me, that the Rev. Willis Nazrey is a regularly [illegible] A. M. E. Church. Again, Presbyter, *alias* Rev. A. W. Wyman, Wm. H. Jones, Rev. J. M. Brown, Bishop Payne, the B. M. E. General Conferences for 1856 and 1860, and the General Conference of the A. M. E. Church for 1860, say with me that Rev. Willis Nazrey has been appointed to serve the B. M. E. Church, as their legal superintendent without limitation. Are these things so? Let Elder Brown answer if they are not.

J. P CAMPBELL

Trenton, March 3d, 1862

For the Christian Recorder

LETTER FROM BROTHER GREEN.

BROTHER WEAVER:—As one said in a time of severe trial, "Suffer me to speak, and after I have spoken, then mock on," so may I address you and the readers of the Recorder at this time. I shall "speak as to wise men, and judge ye what I say" concerning the complex case of Bishop Willis Nazrey, and style it "Nazrey against Nazrey," as by this means the Bishop can see more clearly his true position. He says, in your paper, he is weary of contending, and calls for aid to settle the question. As a friend to truth, I feel at liberty to give his reverence my aid in the right way. I shall be very concise, but I shall try to make what I say intelligible

The Bishop, before the "Informal Conference," in Philadelphia, Nov. 9th, 1861, in his defence, refers to a treaty by which two delegated committees were sent from the General Conference of the A. M. E. Church in Cincinnati, to discharge the duties imposed upon them in relation to his serving the A. M. E. Church in Canada, on the grounds of its separation from the Church in the United States. The Bishop gives the starting point. Here is the request:—

"*Resolved*, That we hereby most respectfully petition and request this General Conference to allow, or grant, Rev. Willis Nazrey, if it be his pleasure to withdraw from this branch of the church, to superintend the church in Canada."

(Signed,) WILLIAM H. JONES,
H. J. YOUNG,
GEORGE W. BRODIE,
ROBERT JONES

The request is not for Bishop Nazrey to superintend the A. M. E. Church and the B. M. E. Church, but the Bishop says the request was: "If it be his pleasure to withdraw from this branch (A. M. E. Church) to serve the church in Canada."

If the Bishop did not please to withdraw, then all the grant of the A. M. E Church, and the request of the delegation could effect nothing; and, according to the treaty, the Bishop would be no more the Bishop of the B M. E Church than either of the other Bishops that might go over to Canada. Hence, is not the Bishop there at all by his own showing, and he can deny it by no principle in religion or politics. In the General Conference at Pittsburgh, 1860, the time the treaty was to be ratified, the Conference said, by a large majority, Bishop Nazrey was as much the Bishop of Canada as Quinn and Payne were of the A. M. E. Church. Bishop Nazrey arose and declared he was not; that he only served the B. M. E. Church for the four years by the Episcopal plan of the A. M. E. Church till his term of service expired, and now came back, as he always was, a member of the latter church, and not of the former. Then that was his pleasure to not leave the A. M. E. Church. And, like Peter before the maiden, lest some of the brethren of the Conference would still think he had some relations to the B. M. E. Church, he denied bitterly, and let them know his pleasure in the following:

Pittsburgh, May 21st, 1860.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

This is to certify that I do hereby resign my official relation as General Superintendent of the B. M E Church in Canada West.

The above resignation is to take effect on and after the rise of the General Conference of the B. M. E. Church, which will sit in Toronto, Canada West, on the first Monday in September, 1860

WILLIS NAZREY.

Herein he not only refused to withdraw from the A. M. E. Church, but refused to allow his brethren to say that he had a connexion with them at all as Superintendent. This is the Bishop's own doings, and it is marvellous in our eyes!

The Bishop, before the "Informal Conference," said:

"I did say, in the presence of a crowded congregation, that, according to the doings of the B. M. E. General Conference, I was the Bishop of that church."

Now, which of the Nazreys are we to believe? The one that confirmed his denial by a written obligation before hundreds of ministers and members in Pittsburgh that he was not the Bishop of Canada, or he that before a crowded congregation in Chatham said he was the Bishop?

Just look at the inconsistency! The church in Canada only asked if the mother church would *grant* their request, and the Bishop would withdraw. And all the mother church could do in 1860 could not make the Bishop comply with the request; and yet the action of the B. M. E. General Conference, in direct violation of the will of that A. M. E. Conference, could serve the Bishop's purpose to declare himself the Bishop in 1861. Consistency is a jewel! Provided that the Bishop had complied with the request, he refers us to two delegated committees authorized to make this grant. To save space, I will give the two delegations:—"All the Bishops should meet, and a committee of three Elders make that grant."

Bishops Quinn, Nazrey, and Payne, and Elders Stephen Smith, of Philadelphia, M. M. Clark, (but Elisha Weaver, of Indiana, was substituted on Clark's removal,) and A. R. Green, of Ohio, Conferences, were appointed.

Now, hear the Bishop on the power of that delegation: He quotes the action of the Cincinnati General Conference in 1856, as follows:—

"*Resolved*, That the committee appointed, having power to grant to the church in Canada its wishes, shall report fully their proceedings to the General Conference of 1860."

The Bishop said he understood clearly this matter. And he then knew that no one but the delegation and their Committee could grant or appoint him; and, if any one else did, he knew it was not legal, and that was why he declared in Pittsburgh that he was not the Bishop of Canada, I suppose.

Did *all* the Bishops and the *three* Elders ever grant Rev. Willis Nazrey to the B M E Church on the Convention in Chatham in 1856?

I say no. They never did.

Who were they that appointed him, or granted him to the church in Canada?

(Signed) DANIEL A PAYNE

Richard Warren, Thomas Sunrise, and Elisha Weaver, in the minority, opposed it.

Did the General Conference say that R. Warren and T Sunrise should make this grant? Bishop Nazrey says no, and refers us to the report that the committee sent should make in 1860. According to this statement, there was only Bishop Payne of the Bishops, Bishop Quinn having withdrawn after the second day, and Elder Smith also. And although I was present, from Monday morning till Saturday, yet there was not a word said to me about meeting for to make any such grant, and Elisha Weaver, that was present, voted against it. Anything that was done by any other parties was entirely null and void. The fact is, that only one of the members authorized signed that grant, with four of the others opposed to it. That is agreeing to it in a backward way!

But the Bishop still further, against his pretended appointment, says:—

"Now it follows that the said committee would be discharged at that time, and not until that time, from the duties imposed on them"

What committee does the Bishop refer to? Not Sunrise and Warren, but Smith, Weaver, and Green. What time does the Bishop refer to? To the General Conference in Pittsburgh, 1860

Is it not astonishing now to hear a Christian Bishop set a pretended claim to Episcopal jurisdiction on pretensions in the nineteenth century?

In conclusion, if a treaty has its stipulations, no party can realize the benefits unless they conform to its requirements. And having shown by the Bishop's own statements in his defence before the meeting in Philadelphia of the ministers of the A. M. E. Church, that he had never complied with the treaty; that the Elders delegated with the power had never granted him to serve the church there, I shall only state the reason why the delegation did refuse to grant him, so far as we were concerned, leaving the Bishop to tell why he refused to withdraw from the A M E Church to serve the church he now pretends he is the Bishop of

The Convention in Chatham, in 1856, changed the name from African to British, and the delegates felt they had no right to give the Bishop to any other name than that of the mother church, and they therefore knew that Bishop Nazrey would serve the church by the Episcopal plan adopted by them at Cincinnati in 1856 till 1860, and left the matter rest there till the body sending them met, when we would report our proceedings. From the above we leave you all to judge if the Bishop has not shown most clearly that he never was the Bishop of the Canadian Church, only as appointed in the way and year above referred to by the Episcopal plan And if he was, his resignation would set aside all the claims the B. M. E. Church could make by the treaty he referred to. His resignation further was to be in force after the rise of the B. M. E. General Conference, in September, 1860, or he gave it to his brethren in Pittsburgh to deceive them. If he did not intend what he said in that resignation, judge ye what it is termed in the Word of God. More anon.

Yours, for truth,

A. R. GREEN.

Windsor, C. W., Feb 24th, 1862.

THE OLIVE CEMETERY COMPANY OUT OF COURT.

The following was handed us by Bro. Smith, from the Court.

"In the case of the Quo Warranto issued at the suggestion of Richard Wilson, John Dutton, Joshua P. B. Eddy, Francis Doterte, and William Winters, against Stephen Smith and others, managers of the Olive Cemetery Company, and recently tried before Chief Justice Lowry, the Court has entered judgment in favor of Mr. Smith and the managers elected with him."

TWO CENT MONEY.

We call the special attention of the brethren to page 219, New Discipline, in relation to the two-cent money, and especially to the 16th paragraph under the same page. We do hope that all of our brethren having charge of circuits and stations will obey the General Conference of our beloved Zion, and commence in time to collect their two-cent money; and if the brethren have so far obeyed the law by making a collection every month, or every two months, we are quite sure that there will be a change in matters pertaining to our financial department. Suppose that Bethel Church, of Philadelphia, with over twelve hundred members, (we will say twelve hundred, though there is said to be some fifteen hundred,) should comply with the request; twenty-five times twelve would be three hundred (dollars,)—and this, it will be remembered, is only twenty-five cents a head. At the very lowest estimate, this is what Bethel Church will owe us at our Annual Conference.

The Union Church, placing the membership at two hundred, at twenty-five cents each, will be fifty dollars. Baltimore (Md.) Bethel Church has about twelve hundred members; suppose that she is caused to do her duty—that the minister should feel it his duty to see that each member pays his or her twenty-five cents per year; there would be three hundred dollars due the Book Steward, to be appropriated as per Discipline. Ebenezer Church has at least two hundred members, and twenty-five times two hundred is fifty dollars.

Now here would be seven hundred dollars,—leaving out Washington, New York, Brooklyn, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis, Chicago, and St. Louis, and besides hundreds of churches on circuits, and other stations where brethren are. If brethren will only do what the regulations of the Church have demanded of them, all would be well. We believe that there is not a member in our Church but what would consider it a great insult to say that they were *too poor* to pay the small sum of *twenty-five* cents a year for the benefit of the Book Concern and of our brethren who have labored hard to carry the glad tidings of the gospel to the dying world

We are glad to see that Rev. Bishop Nazrey has notified all of his Conferences and members to come prepared to give a good account of themselves. So you may look well to the eastern brethren, and govern yourselves accordingly; for if he enforces the law, which he is bound to, somebody's head may have to come off We hope that the other Bishops will do the same

PROVIDENCE obituary will be found on the 3d page, 4th column

Hon. W. H Seward, Secretary of State, has written a letter to a political organization in this city peremptorily declining to allow his name to be used as a candidate for the next Presidency of these United States.

Professors **Bache**, Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey, and **Pierce**, of Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., have been elected Associate Members of the University of Kiew, Russia, and have received their Diplomas through the Russian Minister resident here at Washington, D. C.

President C C. Felton, of Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., has died from an enlargement of the heart, at the residence of his brother, S. M. Felton, in Chester Co., Penn.

Religious Intelligence.

Rev. Dr. Norwood, Rector of the Episcopal church in Georgetown, D. C., having declined to read the prayers for "the President of the United States," and afterwards, through his love for Secessionism, found his way to Richmond, Va., fell, it is said, recently into a perplexing difficulty by offering up in full round tones, while somewhat confused in a public service in that city, the prayer as in his former days, for the President of the United States, but immediately afterwards had to make a full recantation.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, in preaching from the text—"In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, Holiness unto the Lord;" Zech. xiv 20, made the following division:—*First*, Let us hear the horses' bells. *Secondly*, Let us command their music, and then, *Thirdly*, Let us go home and tune our bells, that they may be in harmony with this sacred chime—"Holiness unto the Lord."

Rev. Thos. H. Horne, the distinguished and excellent author of the "Introduction to the Critical Study of the Holy Scriptures," died on the 27th of January, at his residence in Bloomsbury Square, London, in the 82d year of his age.

Rev Dr Guthrie, of Edinburgh, is probably one of the most substantially popular ministers of the age. He received £30—$150 for every monthly instalment of "The Religion of Life," published in *Good Words* during last year. The chapters averaged about five pages each, and were written in leisure hours, without abating his discharge of clerical and philanthropic duties.

Ministers to be Taxed.—Rev. F. A. Crafts, the Secretary of the Maine Conference Missionary Society, is proposing to the ministers of this Conference that as a matter of example to their people, while they are engaging children and their parents to support the missionary cause, they should deny themselves as examples to the flock. He argues that God having opened to us a wide door in many lands, the seed is springing up for the garner of heaven. "We cannot," he writes, "think of recalling our missionaries while the fields are so white for harvest."

Methodism in New England.—The numerical and material strength of Methodism in the New England States, comprised in the six Conferences, and parts of the New York East, New York and Troy Conferences, is: Ministers, 900; members, 96,609; churches, 698, valued at $2,-874,650; parsonages, 398, valued at $365,265. The Methodists compare, in the aggregate population, as one to thirty-five. There are a little more than a hundred members to each minister; there are but two hundred fewer churches than ministers; the houses of worship average in value about $4,000; there are not quite half as many parsonages as churches, average value, $1,100.

Romanism in the United States.—The New York *Tablet* thus exhibits the progress of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States:

"During the past year there have been one hundred and thirty-five priests ordained for the sacred ministry, which includes those ordained for the various religious orders. There have been thirty-nine deaths among the clergy. There were ninety-five churches dedicated, and the cornerstones of eleven others blessed. The state of the country will account for so few churches having been commenced during the year. We also find the names of one hundred and twenty six young ladies who were received into the different religious orders throughout the loyal States, and eighteen deaths in all in these same communities. We have also given, from time to time, the reports of the different missions held by the Jesuits, the Paulists, the Redemptorists, the Passionists, and other orders engaged in this great work. A great number of these missions, with the most encouraging results, were given during the year. We intended to give the number of persons confirmed, and converts received into the church, but could not make the number anything like correct, as several confirmations were not reported, and of several of those that were, the numbers confirmed were not given. In nearly every case we find that several converts were amongst those confirmed, and from calculations made during the year, we think we can put the number down as nearly received into the church during the year 1861, at very nearly five hundred persons."

South America.—Very few people know the extent of missionary labor in South America. The attention of Christians is directed to the East, and the Old World, to the forgetfulness of what is working on the Southern continent of the new; and yet there are now laboring in South America fifty-seven evangelical missionaries, representing the English and American Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, and Lutherans. Nine only of these fifty-seven ministers are on the western side of the continent. They are faithfully working, encouraged by evidences of happy results and the hope of future larger harvests.—*Lutheran Observer.*

Domestic Items.

The Latest News.—A telegraphic despatch from Cairo to the Chicago *Tribune* brings the intelligence that Gen. Buell has surrounded the rebels at Murfreesborough, Tennessee, and it is probable that he has captured the whole force. The general in command of the rebels had offered to surrender, provided his troops would be allowed to march out as prisoners of war, but General Buell will not be satisfied with anything but an unconditional surrender, and if that is not complied with, he will open fire on the port. It is probable that the rebel army consists of those regiments that evacuated Bowling Green, and subsequently Nashville, on the approach of our troops.

Jefferson Davis' message to the rebel Congress is unusually pensive for a State document coming from the newly inaugurated President of a Confederacy that has claimed omnipotence for a mere staple of its agricultural resources, to say nothing of its boundless wealth of chivalry. The document is filled, from beginning to end, with nothing but illusive hopes and gloomy adjectives. Its opening sentence is a wary admission that "the Government had attempted more than it had power successfully to achieve!"

The first reference to the Roanoke Island affair is exceedingly mild, the substantive "discomfiture" being resorted to, as a gloss for the truth. In the next sentence, however, the confession is made that "it was deeply humiliating." Mr. Davis deems it vitally important that the South should be officially informed of the sense of its own humiliation. He excuses himself from dwelling upon the unpalatable news of the fall of Fort Donelson, because "the official reports have not been received," and meanwhile he asks a suspension of "judgment."

Jefferson Davis is evidently incensed at Floyd for the latter's cowardice, and makes this ironical reference to his services: "The reports of the Secretaries of War and Navy will exhibit the masses of resources for the conduct of the war which we have been able to accumulate."

From Washington, we have a semi-official contradiction of the sensation stories, to the effect that a battle had been fought on the Potomac, and disaster to the Union cause had resulted.

By the way of Fortress Monroe, we have received rebel papers of Wednesday last, extracts from which will be found in another column. The rebels state that our forces only took 7,000 prisoners at Fort Donelson, and that Floyd saved all of his command except the Thirtieth Mississippi regiment, and Gray and Jackson batteries. Senator Simmons, of Kentucky, offered a resolution in the rebel Congress, which was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, pledging the last man and the last dollar, for the purpose of prosecuting the war till their independence is acknowledged.

It is reported that the rebel troops still hold Cumberland Gap, but they expect an early attack from our forces. The communication between Fort Pulaski and Savannah has been entirely cut off by our forces, who have erected three heavy batteries. The cotton and tobacco planters have held a meeting in Richmond for the purpose of consulting together about destroying the crops before they fall into Federal hands. No action was taken; but we see that a bill has been introduced into Congress compensating all those who burn their crops for patriotic reasons. All the prisoners captured at Roanoke had arrived at Raleigh, having been released on their parole.

General Nelson is in command of our forces at Nashville, General Buell being still on the north bank of the river. It is said that Governor Harris was driven out of Nashville by the Union men, the latter having become bold at the near proximity of our forces.

A despatch from St Louis informs us that the Memphis papers [illegible] that the Memphis and Ohio Railroad should be torn up and the bridges destroyed, preparatory to the evacuation of Columbus, and the demolition of its fortifications. The troops were to fall back to Island No. 10, on the Mississippi river, a place said to have strong natural positions, and one that can be impregnably fortified. No doubt this news is true, as the movements of Generals Halleck and Buell's armies have made the evacuation of Columbus a military necessity on the part of the rebels.

By an order of the Governor and Executive Council of South Carolina, the owners of slaves removed from the seaboard to the interior of the State are required to place them under the control of some white person residing in the neighborhood to which the slaves may be removed. Any violation of this order subjects the party infringing it to a penalty of ten dollars per head per month on each slave so left without proper control.

A private letter received in Washington from Paris states that Mr. Yancey has left for Nassau, via Havana, taking with him a large supply of costly but durable goods, for the clothing of negroes. It is stated that he is fully satisfied that none of the great Powers of Europe will recognise the Confederate Government.

The British ship *Labuan*, of Hull, England, arrived at New York yesterday, in charge of a prize crew from the United States sloop-of-war *Portsmouth*. She was captured by the *Portsmouth* a few miles to the northward of Brazos Cinco, a small village near the Rio Grande, and it is supposed that she intended to run the blockade. The vessel is [illegible]. Her cargo consists of a large quantity of blankets &c.

During the past week, important military movements have taken place on the upper Potomac. On Monday, Gen. Banks' division commenced to cross the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, Col. Geary's Pennsylvania regiment being in advance. On Wednesday our troops occupied Harper's Ferry, and immediately took possession of Bolivar and Loudoun Heights, so that our position could not be flanked. Our forces did not meet with any opposition, but on the contrary, large numbers of refugees returned to their homes, and manifested great joy on the appearance of our troops. It is said that the condition of the country is deplorable, in consequence of the vandalism and marauding depredations of the rebels. The plans of our generals are not known, but all may rest assured that the positions we have gained will be maintained at all hazards.

The fact that Columbus, Ky., had been evacuated by the rebels is fully confirmed by the official despatches forwarded to Washington. Commander Phelps, who was sent with a flag of truce to the town, returned to Cairo yesterday, with the report that the begira had commenced, and that the rebels had fired their quarters, which, with a quantity of army stores, were destroyed. Large fires were also seen in the town, indicating that the torch had been applied to it. The belief prevails in Cairo that our forces have occupied the post. Commodore Foote is doing enough effective work on the Western waters to win an imperishable fame, and the thanks of the nation will reward him.

Our gunboats have made another reconnoissance up the Tennessee river. The *Tyler*, under the command of Lieutenant Gwin, proceeded up the river as far as Eastport, Mississippi. The commanding officer, in his official report, states that he found the Union sentiment very strong, and that the late glorious successes of our army have been most beneficial to the Union cause throughout the country he visited. He warned the inhabitants of the different towns along the banks of the river that he would hold Secessionists and their property responsible for any outrages committed on the Union people.

Official despatches from the Burnside Expedition have been received at Washington. Our forces went up the Chowan river had returned. They did not go beyond Winton. The rebels fled when they saw our troops approaching the latter place.

Hon. F. W. Seward, Assistant Secretary of State, has informed Superintendent of Police Kennedy, of New York, that the passport system is now abolished, and that it will therefore be left optional with persons to provide themselves with passports or not, as they may deem necessary for their security and protection abroad. Foreign passports will no longer require to be countersigned.

We have an "important, if true," despatch from Washington, stating that the object of the Allied invasion of Mexico, is understood to be the erection of *that unfortunate territory into a monarchy*. This, of course, is in direct contravention of the assurance given to our Government, and the only plea that will be advanced to justify it, is that of respect for the "free choice of the Mexican people!" This invasion of their country, and dictatorially assuming the reins of government, is giving them "free choice" with a vengeance!

We have foreign news to the 15th ult., by the arrival of the *Arabia* at Halifax. It is important, though not startling in tenor. The French papers apprehend the disruption of the Palmerston Cabinet upon Mexican affairs. The belief had been expressed that England would withdraw from the Mexican Blustering expedition, should France and Spain attempt to interfere in the internal policy of Mexico. The *Independance Belge* had asserted the positive acceptance of the throne by Maximilian.

The official documents relative to the blockade were being prepared by the British Government to lay before Parliament. A supplementary naval estimate had asked for an extra appropriation of £364,-000, probably to defray the expense of the Mason and Slidell bluster.

It is reported that the *Tuscarora* had arrived at Gibraltar, where the *Sumter* still remained, without coal.

In response to an inquiry of Lord Stanhope, Earl Russel had stated that he had no official information respecting the "stone blockade." The Government had protested against the permanent destruction of Charleston, or any other harbor, as unjustifiable, and its protest had met the approval of the French Chamber.

How J. B. Floyd was lead to Resign.—Mr. Thurlow Weed writes a letter to the Albany *Journal* of February 13th, in which he gives the following account of the manner in which John B. Floyd was brought to resign his place as Secretary of War under Mr. Buchanan, which he had used to further the ends of treason:

"In February, Major Anderson, commanding at Fort Moultrie, Charleston harbor, finding his position endangered, passed his garrison, by a prompt and brilliant movement, over to the stronger fortress of Sumter, when pro Mr. Floyd, Secretary of War, much excited, called upon the President to say that Major Anderson had violated express orders, and thereby seriously compromised him (Floyd,) and that unless the Major was immediately remanded to Fort Moultrie he should resign the War Office.

"The Cabinet was assembled directly. Mr. Buchanan, explaining the embarrassment of the Secretary of War, remarked that the act of Major Anderson would occasion exasperation in the South; he had told Mr. Floyd that, as the Government was strong, forbearance towards 'erring brethren might win them back to their allegiance, and that that officer might be ordered back.' After an ominous silence, the President inquired how the suggestion struck his Cabinet?

"'Mr. Stanton, just now called to the War Office, but then Attorney-General, answered: 'That course, Mr. President, ought certainly to be regarded as most liberal towards erring brethren; but while one member of your Cabinet has fraudulent acceptances for millions of dollars afloat, and while the confidential clerk of another—himself in Carolina, teaching rebellion—has just stolen nine hundred thousand dollars from the Indian trust fund, the enormity of ordering Mr. Anderson back to Fort Moultrie would be dangerous. But, if you intend to try it, before it is done, I beg that you will accept my resignation.'

"'And mine,' added the Secretary of State, Mr. Black.

"'And mine, also,' said the Postmaster-General, Mr Holt.

"'And mine, too,' followed the Secretary of the Treasury, General Dix.

"This, of course, opened the bleared eyes of the President, and the meeting resulted in the acceptance of Mr. Floyd's resignation."

Columbus.—A despatch from Cairo informs us that a great light was seen in the vicinity of Columbus on Saturday evening. It is supposed that the rebels have burned everything in the town of an inflammable nature.

The Railroad to Martinsburg.—It is expected that we will be in full [illegible] Martinsburg, Virginia, within the next three or four days.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is being rapidly repaired with [illegible] city with [illegible] off by the rebels.

Paine and Halleck.—A week or two ago, was published a stringent order from General Paine, then [illegible] (captured a few days before) for each Union man murdered, and after this two for each, and also continue to shoot, capture, and kill." Major General Halleck has just issued a stringent order, disapproving of the conduct of General Paine, in which he says:

"It is contrary to the rules of civilized war; and if its spirit should be adopted, the whole country would [illegible] in blood. [illegible] innocent [illegible] control."

Cotton.—A despatch states that seven hundred thousand [illegible] had been [illegible] our hands at Nashville, and that the Treasury Department had taken measures to have it brought North.

Jesse D Bright, who was lately expelled from the United States Senate for his alleged sympathy with the South, was born in Norwich, Chenango Co., New York, where his father, who was a hatter by trade, was for several years county clerk, as he had also previously been sheriff of Clinton county.

Mrs. Lucretia Everett, widow of the late Alexander H. Everett, and daughter of the Hon. Oliver Peabody, died a few days since in Boston, about 75 years of age. Since the death of her lamented husband she has been actively connected as a manager with the Old Ladies' Home, the Orphan Asylum, and many other public charities of Boston.

Hon Joseph A. Wright has been appointed, by the [illegible] from that State in place of J. D. Bright, expelled.

Maryland and Jefferson Davis.—In the Maryland House of Delegates, a few days since, Mr. Johnson, of Baltimore County, submitted the following:

Preamble and Resolution on the subject of the course the State will pursue in the present rebellion.

Whereas, Jefferson Davis, a pretended President of a pretended Confederacy, in a paper styled an Inaugural, delivered by him in Richmond, Va., on the 22d instant, has repeated an assertion often recklessly uttered in public bodies of the so-called Confederate States, that "Maryland, already united to us by hallowed memories and material interests, will, when able to speak with unstifled voice, unite her destiny to the South;" and whereas, it is due to the intelligence, patriotism and good name of our people that such assertion be at once repudiated by their representatives here assembled; therefore, be it

Resolved by the General Assembly of Maryland, That such assertion is an unfounded and gross calumny upon the people of the State, who, sincerely lamenting the madness and self-inflicted misfortunes of our brethren of the South, acting under a delusion caused by the arts of the aspiring and criminal ambition of a few designing men, are but admonished by the sad condition of such brethren of the fatal results sure to follow from the course which they have pursued, and are more and more convinced of the obligation, alike of interest and of duty, to abide with undying attachment to the Union derived for us by our fathers, as absolutely necessary to our social and political happiness, and the preservation of the very liberty which they fought and bled to achieve for us.

Which were read the first, and by special order, two-thirds concurring, a second time, and passed by yeas 52, nays 5.

The Southern Reverses.—A writer in the Richmond *Examiner*, referring to the defeat of the rebels at Fort Henry and Roanoke Island, says:

It is high time that these surrenders should cease, for, considering the character of the war in its consequences to us, they have been truly amazing, commencing with that of the cavalry at Alexandria down through that of Colonel Pegram, at Rich Mountain, that of Com. Barron, at Hatteras, &c., to the present lamentable instances.

At Fort Henry, a Brigadier General, unwounded, having a garrison almost intact, lowers his flag over a dozen guns of the largest calibre, and with a hackneyed compliment yields up his bloodless sword. How withering and humiliating to our Southern manhood was the scornful reply of the Yankee commodore. That the General should have neglected to make preparations for preventing the enemy from ascending the river and burning the railroad bridge may be passed over,—because no commission can make a man a commander unless it be given by Nature; but, if the statement as to his surrendering be true, is he to be retained upon the rolls of the Southern army as an officer?

The Roanoke affair is perfectly incomprehensible. The newspapers are filled with extravagant laudations of our valor—the annals of Greece and Rome offer no parallel—whole regiments were defeated by companies, and we yielded only to death. Our men finally surrendered, "with no blood on their bayonets," and what is the loss?—Richmond Blues, two killed and five wounded; McCulloch Rangers, one killed and two wounded; the other four companies lost in all two killed and eleven wounded. Comment is needless. The whole army had better surrender at once, for it will eventually come to it.

The Policy of Jefferson Davis.—Concerning *Jefferson Davis' Message, the Appeal* says: "He is free to confess the error of his past policy, and the extent of the disasters which have followed from it. He thinks war will soon be made on the advancing columns of the enemy, and that we will attack, pursue, and destroy, instead of being attacked, pursued, and destroyed. The spade will be [illegible], and the bayonet resumed. In other words, the policy of Fabian Davis will yield to that of the Napoleonic Beauregard. In view of these facts, we can see a light gleaming through the dark clouds that at present environ us, which will burst forth in less than sixty days, in a full resplendent lustre.

Religious Soldiers.—"That which chiefly distinguished the army of Cromwell from other armies, was the austere morality and the fear of God which pervaded all ranks. It is acknowledged by the most zealous Royalists, that in that singular camp, no oath was heard, no drunkenness or gambling was seen, and that during the long dominion of the soldiery, the property of the peaceable citizen, and the honor of woman were held sacred.

"Fifty thousand men accustomed to the profession of arms, were at once thrown on the world; and experience seemed to warrant the belief that this change would produce much misery and crime—that the discharged veterans would be seen begging in every street, or would be driven by hunger to pillage. But no such result followed. In a few months, there remained not a trace indicating that the most formidable army in the world had just been absorbed into the mass of the community. The Royalists themselves confessed that, in every department of honest industry, the disbanded warrior prospered beyond other men; that none was charged with any theft or robbery; that none was heard to ask an alms; and that, if a baker, a mason, or a wagoner attracted notice by his diligence and sobriety, he was, in all probability, one of Oliver's old soldiers."—*Macaulay.*

Foreign Summary.

A curious instance of heartlessness and folly in a solemn hour has just come to light. It is found in the last will of one of the Earls of Pembroke. It says: "Item—I give all my deer to the Earl of Salisbury, who I know will preserve them, because he denied the king a buck out of his own park. Item—I give nothing to Lord Say, which legacy I give him, because I know he will bestow it on the poor. Item—To Tom May I give five shillings; I intended him more, but whoever has read his History of the Parliament thinks five shillings is too much. Item—I give Lieut. Gen. Cromwell one word of mine, because he never kept his own. Item—I give up the ghost."

The Bakers of Paris have set an example to all Bakers for good. It has long been their custom to make a holiday present to their customers on Christmas. On last Christmas, however, they did the far more sensible and useful thing of presenting 295,000 kilogrammes of Bread to the many needy poor of that vast city. Many a heart was made happy by the timely gift.

The influence of Joseph Mazzini upon the Italian mind is known to be very great. It is in a way, per haps, of being still greater and more enduring. Under his own supervision, his works are about to be published by a house in Milan. They will appear in two series, political and literary, and each will embrace six volumes—and, appearing in a cheap and attractive form, they will probably have a wide circulation.

Messrs. Nesbit & Co., also, are about to issue from London a volume of sermons preached by the lamented Henry Martyn, whose name is so familiar and dear to all friends of Missions and of Christ. The volume will be beautifully embellished with a portrait of the lamented author.

A very good story is told of the Rothschilds. While one of them was one day in their bank at Frankfort, in the troublesome times of 1848, two stout, rough looking men entered the bank. "You have millions on millions," said they to him, "and we have nothing. You must divide with us." "Very well," said he, "would an equal division satisfy you?" "Yes, certainly," was the reply. "What do you suppose the firm of De Rothschild is worth?" "Ah! at forty millions of florins." "Forty millions you think, eh? Well, there are forty millions of people in Germany. That will be a florin apiece. Here's yours."

The Free Church of Scotland is losing fried with the loss of some of her best men. Recently, Principal Cunningham died. Then Rev F. Gillies, the gifted [illegible] has lately been called to his rest. Rev. Dr. Candlish, also, is afflicted with partial deafness and frequent attacks of gout, and is becoming frail. His first roll of this Church's truly great men is rapidly passing by. "The fathers, where are they?"

The Customs of the Chinese are proverbially singular. The latest we have described are that for one hundred days after the Emperor's death they will not shave their heads. During that time the mandarins wear white, and shopkeepers paste strips of colored paper upon their signs. They date their year from the entrance of the reigning Emperor upon the throne. The late Emperor died last August, but the year will retain his name to its close, when it will take the name of his successor, a child about six years of age, and who is to be officially called Kee Seeang.

Quite a high Observatory is reported to be raising by the Emperor of Russia. It is to stand on the highest point of Mount Ararat, and with a truly generous spirit the Emperor has devoted one hundred and twenty-five thousand francs (about $25,000) for its erection.

The number of suicides in France annually is appalling. During the past year there were 3,899, or considerable more than ten each day. Of these, 3,057 were males, and 842 females. Thirty-eight men and eleven women were over ninety years of age, and sixteen were children under fifteen years. For the largest proportion were between forty and sixty years.

Russia is very decidedly turning attention to the cultivation of Cotton. The Districts of Khiva and Bokhara are favorable to this, and the effort to cultivate it in them is rapidly increasing. At the fair recently held at Novogorod, $150,000 worth of cotton was sold.

Latest word from Rome speaks of the very precarious state of the Pope's health. Chronic indigestion has brought on frequent attacks of fever. While his physicians urge him to take exercise, his limbs are so swollen that he cannot walk, and he has to be rolled from one room to another. Another very serious symptom is an increasing disposition to somnolency, from which, already, it is sometimes difficult to arouse him.

It has long been the custom to have the Te Deum celebrated throughout the Russian Empire in commemoration of the defeat of the French at Moscow. This year, for the first time in fifty years, it has not been done—the Emperor having commanded it to be omitted.

The British Parliament was formally opened on Thursday, the 6th ult. In reference to the Trent affair, the Queen used the following words—"That question has been satisfactorily settled by the restoration of the passengers to British protection, and by the disavowal by the United States Government of the act of violence committed by their naval officer. The friendly relations between Her Majesty and the President of the United States are therefore unimpaired." In the same spirit, Lord Palmerston said that the British Government would continue its neutral course, and that the distress in the manufacturing districts in England would not justify its interference with the blockade.

Much was said, especially during the recent threatened difficulty with Great Britain, of the immense danger to the United States from the vast Navy of England. But time is showing that the danger may not be so great as was feared. The Warrior is said to be proving a great failure; and an able article in the *American Railway Review* shows that the screw navy especially must have its efficiency seriously affected by the large draught of water which its ships require. It says: "The three-deckers draw from 34 to 36 feet; the two-deckers from 28 to 35 feet: the frigates, Orlando class, 30 to 32 feet; Euryglus class, 23 to 26 feet; Arrogant class, 19 to 22 feet; the sloops, 17 to 20 feet. Except "off soundings," then, the great body of the navy is only a French bugbear. The harbors of the United States are above their company."

A most destructive rain is reported to have lately visited Mecca, in Arabia. Three hundred lives were lost, one third of the city destroyed, the great sacred Mosque and the Holy Black Stone flooded, and the great Library almost destroyed. In speaking of it, a gentleman who resides in Syria says, "I cannot, in view of the fact, forget that the massacre in Damascus was planned and decided upon in that same so-called Holy City."

Died.

For the Christian Recorder.

Mrs. Clementina S. P. Downing, the daughter of Amy and Ransom Parker, was born in Providence, Sep. 14th, 1840. She experienced religion and joined Bethel Church in this city during the administration of Rev. J. D. S. Hall, in 1857. She was married to Mr. Peter W. Downing Sep. 20th, 1860. On the 24th of April, 1861, she, with her husband, sailed for Liberia, where she died Nov. 16th, 1861. Earthly trials or enjoyments are of short continuance. Death is continually removing those of every age and situation, breaking in upon the most endearing unions as soon as formed, and marring all our outward comforts.

We cannot too decidedly prefer those advantages which shall endure for ever, that we may be ready for every separating stroke.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced; every other we would seek to heal, and every other affliction to forget; but this would we consider it a duty to keep upon this affliction we cherish.

It would seem that our Saviour left sorrow for the Christian's legacy. Who can partake of the Lord's Supper without bringing the suffering of Christ fresh to his mind? By this we see that he intended us to perpetuate his memory.

Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portals, would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? The love which survives the tomb is the noblest attribute of the soul.

There is no one who was acquainted with Mrs. Downing but that would enshrine her memory. I have been acquainted with her for many years. I knew her from childhood; she was an ornament to society, and a blessing to the Church, laboring in Sabbath School, instructing the young, laboring in exhibitions for the intellectual culture of her associates, and laboring in the choir, discoursing music for the congregation.

Having married the gentleman of her choice, at his request, she felt it to be her duty as a Christian to sever her ties here and accompany him to the burning shores of Africa, with a bright prospect of opening a new field of labor and usefulness. But a dark shade has been thrown over the smiling scenes of her busy life, for the sad news came to us from across the ocean, that Clementina S. P. Downing is dead!

When the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tears of recollection, and when the sudden anguish and convulsive agony is softened into retrospective meditation, we can truly say, [illegible] who would root out such sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hours of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hours of gloom, who would so change it, even for the songs of pleasure of the harlot of revelry?

There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the chorus of the living.

J. T. W.

Providence, Feb. 28th, 1862.

MEETINGS OF ANNUAL CONFERENCES

The Ohio Annual Conference will meet in Zanesville city, Ohio, April 16th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

The Indiana Annual Conference will meet in Indianapolis, Ind., August 13th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

The Missouri Annual Conference will meet in Louisville, Ky., August 20th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

W. Prescott.

The Philadelphia Annual Conference will meet in Trenton, N. J., on the 19th day of May, 1862, in the Mount Zion Church, at 9 o'clock.

The New England Annual Conference will meet on the 21st day of May, at New Bedford, at 9 o'clock, A. M., in the A. M. E. Church.

The [illegible] Conference is [illegible] to the financial duties as laid down in the Discipline, and without which our itinerant progress will be impeded. [illegible] assistance is required.

A notice of my visits will be given in the future.

W. Nazley.

Advertisements.

The United Brothers and Sisters of Rev. Willis Nazrey Society, are requested to attend their regular stated meeting, the 19th of this month, at 8 o'clock, P. M., on the corner of Quince and Locust Streets. Punctual attendance is strictly requested, by order of the President.

Aaron Bell, *President.*

E. Maloney, *Secretary.*

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 19th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

From Garnet Union No 4, D. of T.: from Phœnix Union, No. 8, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 10, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Dr. Bias' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 13, D. of T.; from Vanbrackle Union, No. 15, D. of T., of Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—

Grand P., Sister Bonnet; Grand Associate, Sister Burris; Grand Treasurer, Sister Faucett. Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dunbarr; Grand Chaplain Sister Hall.

G. P. P., Sister E. Rogers, G. P. P. Sister Anderson,
" " E. Sowers, " " J. F. Black,
" " M. H. Evans, " " E. A. Clark,
" " S. Newman, " " White,
" " S. Davis, " " S. Hall.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY.

The Stated Quarterly Meetings of the Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August, and November.

The meetings of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the society.

Mrs. Sarah Carter, *President.*
Mr. L. R. Seymour, *Sec'y.*

MRS JOHNSON AND MRS WARE

Beg leave to inform the Public in general that they continue

LAYING OUT AND SHROUDING THE DEAD.

References.

Thomas Charnock, No. 427 South Sixth Street.
James Le Count, No. 930 Rodman Street.
Thomas W. Allmond, No. 1047 Rodman Street.

☞ ALL ORDERS ATTENDED TO AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

Mrs. JANE JOHNSON, | Mrs. ANN WARE,
Residence—6th S. 8th St. | Residence—641 Lombard St.

THE BOOK DEPOSITORY
OF THE
AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,
No. 619 Pine Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

We keep on hand, in connection with our other books, Sabbath School books of various kinds; Question Books; Catechisms, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. We have a good assortment of such books as are generally used in the Public Schools. Also, Stationery, Inks, Pens, Paper, Envelopes and Blank Books.

THE DEATH BED OF THE REV. JOHN WESLEY

Wanted [illegible] of the splendid large engraving which should be in every house of all ministers of that great and good man. The most liberal inducements to those selling this print. Send for Catalogue and instructions.

WM. STILL, Publisher,
[illegible] Third Street, Philadelphia.

WANTED.—The charge of a Public School. Reference as to ability can be given. Apply to
J. W. A., 1041 Belmont St.

ONE-PRICE CLOTHING,
OF THE LATEST STYLES,

Made in the Best Manner, expressly for RETAIL SALES. Lowest Selling Prices marked in Plain Figures. All Goods made to order warranted satisfactory. Our One-Price System is strictly adhered to. All are thereby treated alike.

JONES & CO.,
Dec25-1y 904 Market Street.

GOOD NEWS

To Tailors, dress makers, and [illegible] wishing to [illegible] owners of sewing machines, store-keepers, and large families—for in one day by printed directions which each Delineator has you can [illegible] Ladies' Dresses, Boys' and Men's Pants, Vests, Jackets, Sack and Over-coats.

Local and Travelling Agents Wanted.

Address REV. WM. BRADLEY
Carversville, Bucks Co., Pa.

Or, apply to Mrs. Mary C. Weaver, (wife of the Editor of this paper,) 619 Pine St., Philada., Pa. Jan15—1y

MRS. E. A. PALMER'S
DRY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS STORE.
NO. 105 NORTH FIFTH STREET
PHILADELPHIA.

A General Assortment of Hosiery, Trimmings, Dry Goods, &c.

Dress, Shirt-making and Plain Sewing, promptly attended to. Jan12-1y

COAL! COAL!! COAL!!!

The subscribers are selling the best qualities of Lehigh and Schuylkill Coal at the following low prices:

Lehigh Stove Coal, per ton,	$4 25
" Egg "	4 25
" Broken and screened, per ton,	4 25
" Nut "	4 00
Schuylkill, Stove, and Egg, and Broken, and 3 reined,	4 25
Nut,	3 50

Orders left at the Store, No 107 North Fifth St., will be promptly attended to.

WM. STILL.
107 N. Fifth St., Philada.

KEELY'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY
N. W. corner Fifth and Coates.

Picture Gallery and Frames of the Finest Floor.

Strangers should not fail to call and examine.

Admission Free.

JAMES DOWNS,
DEALER IN
NEW AND SECOND HAND
CLOTHING,
No 225 South Second Street.
No 17—3mo. PHILADELPHIA

WILLIAM STILL'S
STOVE STORE,
107 NORTH FIFTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and all in want of good stoves, that he has now on hand a general variety of excellent PARLOR, COOK and CHAMBER STOVES, including Gas-burning, as well as other patterns, which he is selling at very low rates. He buys entirely for cash, of the best wholesale foundries, and of course can sell much cheaper than those buying on the usual credit system. At any rate his friends are invited to give him a call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere, as he feels that they would be convinced that it would be to their interest to give him their patronage. Coal orders constantly on hand.

WM. STILL.

MRS. S. SHORTER HAWKINS

Would call the attention of her customers and the public generally to her stock of hosiery, trimmings, clothing, and domestic goods, selling at prices to suit the times, and ten per cent. cheaper than can be bought elsewhere. Regalia trimmings for Secret Orders, viz: Rosettes, fringe gimp tassels, stars, &c., always on hand. At the [illegible] establishment

615 LOMBARD STREET

JOSEPH H. COLE,
CONTINENTAL RESTAURANT,
No. 717 Lombard Street, Phila.,
(Above Seventh St., under Philadelphia Institute,)

Where he continues to keep always on hand the very best assortment of OYSTERS and other refreshments—hoping that all his friends and the public in general will favor him with their patronage.

☞ Meals served at all hours. Families supplied with Oysters of the best quality and flavor at the shortest notice.

☞ Also, public and private waiting done on the most reasonable [illegible]. 1y

TO LET

A two story brick house, situated No. 707 Minster St. It has five rooms, a good yard and hydrant. The house is in good order, and will be rented only to a family who can give a responsible security for the punctual payment of the rent. No others need apply. Rent, $9 00 per month. Inquire at No. 708 Pine St., from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M.

MRS. REBECCA O'DONNELL,
CHINA, GLASS AND QUEENSWARE,
Lamps, Coal Oil and Variety Store.

Always on hand a general assortment of China &c., at
No. 740 South Street, Philadelphia 1y

VISIT
CLARK'S $1. STORE
THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD!
Jewelry and Silver Plated Ware

LADIES AND GENT STORE OVER EXHIBITED IN THIS CITY. CALL AND EXAMINE.

The following is a partial list of the Goods offered for ONE DOLLAR EACH—the same as are usually sold at from 62 to 75c each.

ONLY ONE DOLLAR EACH!
SILVER-PLATED WARE.

Sets of six Forks,	(plated on German Silver)	
" " Table Spoons,	" " "	
" " Dessert Spoons,	" " "	
" " Tea Spoons,	" " "	
Pairs of Butter Knives,	" " "	
" " Salt Spoons,	" " "	
Salt Stands,	(different styles)	
Nut Crackers,	" "	
Drinking Cups,	" "	
Gobiets,	" "	
Cream Cups,	" "	
Knife and Fork,	" "	
Pairs Napkin Rings,	" "	
Silver Pencils, (with Boston Bros' Gold Pen.)		

The above Goods are nearly all manufactured by me, and warranted to give satisfaction.

YOUR CHOICE FOR ONE DOLLAR!
JEWELRY AND FANCY GOODS

Ladies' Cameo Sets
" Lava Sets
" Carbuncle Sets.
" Enamelled and Coral Sets
" " Carbuncle Sets.
" " Ruby Sets
Gold Cluster Grape Sets.
" " Jet Sets
" " Black Mosaic Sets
" " Gold Stone Mosaic Sets
" " Fancy Stone Sets.
" Ribbon Twist Sets, with brilliants.
" Bouquet Sets, new styles.
" Cluster Sets, Enamelled Styles
Plain Gold, Florentine, and Onyx Sets.
Goldstone, and Coral Sets, different styles.
Florentine Lava and Carbuncle Sets
Fine Coral Breast Pins.
Berlin Iron Pot Mosaics
Pearl and Morocco Port Monnaies
Fine Gold Onyx and Mosaic Pins
Bracelets, plain and engraved
" Coral, Bead, and Jet Bracelets
Misses' Bracelets, plain and engraved
" " fancy link.
" Neck Chains, fancy settings
" Armlets, fancy settings
Ladies' Guard Chains
" Medallions, large size, for two likenesses
Gents' Fine Vest Chains, twenty different styles
" " Onyx Studs, and Sleeve Buttons to match.
" " Enam'd, Florent., Plain, and Cameo Studs.
" " Carbuncle Studs, Etruscan
" Gold Pens, Silver Extension Holders.
" " Ebony Holders, with cases.
" Heavy Gold Pens, Propelling Holders.
" Gold Propelling Pencils.
" " Finger Rings. (different styles.)
" " Breast Pins. " "
" " Watch Keys. " "
" " Ribbon Slides. " "
" " Charms for Watch Chains. " "
Fine Hair Brushes, inlaid " "
" Cigar Cases. " "
Ladies' Reticules. " "
" Cutlas " "
" Enameled Cameos. " "
" Engraved " "
Gents' Chain Pins " "
" Pearl Handle Knives " "
" Propelling Tooth Picks. " "
Ladies' Revolving Pins. " "

N. B—County Merchants and others will consult their interests by examining my Goods and wholesale prices, before making their purchases.

☞ The above Goods are warranted to be of a good quality, all of which are all Gold or

OIL.

To a strict observer of the events which affect the happiness or misery of the human family it must be evident that the age in which we live, is a period of revolution. In politics, what convulsions and upheavings, what secession and rebellion, what transmutations of public virtue and vice, what wars and rumors of wars! In sciences, what discoveries, what demolition of theories, what creations of fancy, what wonderful progress! In theology, what doubting, what dogmatising, what carefulness and labor to clear away the rubbish of "exploded" doctrine! In philosophy, what astonishing things we behold, what unheard of vagaries! In the useful arts, what forsaking of the good old ways, what a daring disregard of that which has become venerable by the continued practice of the fathers! What astonishment would strike the ancients to behold our modern appliances, what indignation, to see their well attested theories of economy and thrifty living, utterly set at naught!

But in no department of the sublunary interests of the rational creatures that people this terraqueous globe, has there been such a complete overturning and reconstruction, as in the application of oleaginous substances to the convenience, enlightenment and "lubrication" of society. It is here that thrones have trembled, dynasties decayed, and royal pre-eminence retired before successful rivalry. The oil-producing monster of the briny deep, so long the undisputed monarch, has at last been superseded, and is compelled in shame to hide his diminished head. His noble prestige is gone forever. The crown has tumbled from his cranium, as surely as Ichabod is inscribed upon the diadem that once so proudly pressed the lordly brow and sacred temples of King Cotton. Even the oriental olive, the queen of early commerce, whose product so often caused the face of man to shine, (especially the merchants') is like to lose what little importance still remained. "Westward the star of Empire takes its way." Petroleum, Petroleum, is the watchword. We read by Petroleum. We ride on the cars whose revolving axles roll in Petroleum. We eat the bread, composed of flour, ground in mills, whose friction would bare them to the very earth, were it not for Petroleum in the gudgeons. We use the implements, picks, spades, shovels, hammers, axes, knives, forks, and even silver spoons; we wear the clothing, cotton, linen, woolen, manufactured by machinery which moves upon Petroleum. It is the last and greatest wonder of the world. As an article of commerce, it is not yet two years old, and still it has made its way into all the important ports of the world, and will soon become as indispensable in every hamlet and village. It is the best and cheapest lubricator, it has no equal for the production of brilliant, yet mild and beautiful lamp light; it is preferable to the most superior coal for the generation of gas, and will doubtless, before a great while, become to many parts of the world, the most economical article of fuel. In Arctic expeditions it can be relied on, as in every particular, surpassing the blubber of the walrus.

The deposits or springs of oil seem to be inexhaustible. It is collected in vast subterranean seas, which being tapped by the drill, flow forth astonishing and incredible quantities of the unguentary fluid. These flowing wells have, of late, monopolised the whole trade, the supply from this source alone being sufficient to so reduce the price as to render pumping entirely out of the question. Many of these wells produce from thirty to one hundred barrels per day. Some yield as high as five hundred barrels, and a few have risen to one thousand barrels in twenty-four hours. The waste has been immense. An old flat boat was lodged in the river at Kittanning, and so abundant was the collection of oil on the upper side of it, that forty barrels were secured in a short time. In and around Oil City the soil is so impregnated with oil that it destroys the hoofs of the horses used in its transportation. The quantity on hand in this one place, secured in tanks or vats, is one hundred and twenty-five thousand barrels, and it is selling at the extremely low figure of fifty cents per barrel of forty gallons.

These oil deposits have only to a limited extent attracted the attention of men of science. No satisfactory theory has yet been advanced to account their formation.

Some think that the oil is a distillation from the vast coal beds that lie west of the Alleghany mountains. And the fact that it possesses in its composition the same ingredients and qualities as oil distilled from coal by an artificial process, seems to confirm the hypothesis. But it is found at a great distance from the coal, as far as a hundred miles and more, and never in the immediate vicinity. This renders the theory extremely doubtful. Moreover, it often lies on a level with the coal, and sometimes even above it, and not invariably below, as the theory must require.

Another, and in some respects a more satisfactory solution, is that the substance of the oil is thrown up in a gaseous form by the internal fires of the earth, through the interstices of the rocks, and cooled and liquified in the caverns where it is now found. If this theory can be substantiated, it will furnish a new and beautiful explanation of the bituminous coal formations. For there would be no difficulty in supposing that the lapse of time has solidified the oil that was formed many ages ago.

There is a theologico-mulierix theory, which must not be passed by unnoticed. It is as wonderful as it is wise and unique. The assumption is, as many able writers also tell us, that, "The last times" are at hand, and that Providence has prepared these vast reservoirs as combustible material against the day of final conflagration. In the opinion of the advocates of this theory, it is very wicked to appropriate or in any way interfere with what has been set apart to this sacred use. The principal defenders of this doctrine, we are told, are a certain dame of undiscovered antiquity and a learned D. D. S. T. P. of a neighboring city, who assures his people, that oil is a certain indication that time is short.

The question is one of deep interest to those who find entertainment in tracing results in nature to natural causes. It opens a new and beautiful field for investigation, and it is strange that it has thus far attracted so little attention and elicited so little discussion in the scientific world.

PHILANDER.

AN EDITOR'S DUTIES.

Mr. R. Wilford, editor of the Newcastle (Eng.) *Chronicle*, on recently retiring from that paper, enumerated, at a dinner given him, the following as among the duties of an editor: "He must argue with the writers of rejected contributions; mollify the indignation of susceptible people whose heads some obscure or unnoticeable cap in the paper fits, and who refuse to wear it, (laughter;) keep all the hands employed, avoiding either pressure or want of copy; insert something about everything that turns up, even if it be only a few lines, so that the paper may not be disgraced by an announcement that, owing to the pressing demands upon our space, we are reluctantly compelled to postpone our report of the important meeting at ——until to-morrow. He must wade through yards of reporting, bandfuls of 'Simey,' and quires of communications from district correspondents, weeding out redundancies, and 'doctoring up' generally, a process for which, by the way, I am sorry to say, *he gets no credit whatever*. The reader says: 'What an excellent paragraph that was of Jones'! Lots of people have been talking about it, and all agree that it is capital!' Why, the fact was, that the editor spent *twenty minutes* in 'touching-up' that identical fifty-four line paragraph, for which Jones gets so much praise. He must know everybody and everybody's connexions, so that if Mr. Smith, address unknown, cuts a figure in the London papers, the event may be duly chronicled at home for the benefit of Smith's admiring fellow-townsmen. He must be acquainted with the locality and orthography of every place under the sun, be familiar with the names, dignities, and history of every person, famous and notorious, have a smattering of all the 'sciences and isms, mechanics, music, the drama, and the fine arts—in short, be a living dictionary of useful knowledge, 'known and read of all men.'"

THOMAS HARTWELL HORNE.

The last steamer from Europe brings intelligence of the decease of Rev T. H. Horne the author of the well-known Introduction to the Critical Study of the Holy Scriptures. He died at his home in London, on the 26th ult. in the eighty-second year of his age. He was born in London, on the 20th of October, 1780, when his father's shutters still bore the inscription of "No Popery," which had been placed upon them to avert the vengeance of Lord George Gordon's rioters. His father being in poor circumstances, he commenced studying at Christ's Hospital, where he remained as a pupil until 1795. During this time, both Coleridge and Arthur Murphy were his schoolmates and friends. Unable to incur the expenses of a university education, he became a barrister's clerk, and afterwards a bookseller's copyist, devoting all his spare time to reading.

Of the character of his studies we may judge from his Brief View of the Necessity and Truth of the Christian Revelation, which he published when only nineteen years of age. In 1818, eighteen years afterward, he published the *Introduction to the Holy Scriptures*, for the preparation of which he had spent his time, night and day, in collecting material. It at once made him both well known and wealthy. Supplying a want which had long been felt by the religious world, it was welcomed by all denominations, introduced as a text-book at the various universities, and has been quite widely circulated in this country, as well as in England. So pleased was Dr. Howley, Bishop of London, with the work, that he ordained him a minister of the Church of England, notwithstanding his not having pursued a regular course of theological training. He now turned his attention from general literary pursuits to theological labors, though he did not secure such preferment in the Church as might have been expected from his abilities. His only benefice was that of two combined parishes in London, where the congregations were thin, and duties of a light description. In 1824, at the suggestion of Lord Colchester, he was appointed, along with Sir Frederick Madden and others, to classify and publish the catalogue of the celebrated Library of the British Museum. He afterward spent much of his time at the Library, where he was accustomed to meet his admirers from America, of whom he had very many. The remainder of his life, until his death, he devoted to making additions to and superintending new editions of his great work, and in writing numerous other volumes. In *Allibone's Dictionary of Authors*, we find the names of forty-five distinct works of which he was the author or editor. Among them are—

Hints on the formation and management of Sunday Schools, published in 1807; *An Introduction to the Study of Bibliography*, 1814; *The History of the Mohammedan Empire in Spain*, 1816; *Deism Refuted, or Plain Reasons for being a Christian*, 1819; *Outlines for the Classification of a Library*, 1825; *The Conversion of St Paul a Proof of the Truth of the Christian Revelation*, 1831; *Landscape Illustrations of the Bible*, 1835; *Jewish and Christian Privileges Compared; An Illustrated Record of Important Events; Popery the Enemy and Falsifier of Scripture*, and many other ecclesiastical and Scriptural works.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the University of Pennsylvania. Amiable in his disposition, courteous in manner, he was universally beloved and respected. He died of bronchitis, a complaint from which he had suffered as far back as 1824.

Methodist.

WHAT IS DYSPEPSIA?

With due attention to temperance, exercise, and early hours, you may set dyspepsia at defiance. Neglect one of these precautions, and you lay yourself open to the approaches of the enemy—neglect two of them, and it is hardly possible that you can escape. And above all things, keep this in mind, that no other disease or affection of the body is so stealthy or insidious as dyspepsia. If the first few instances of carelessness or transgression were to be visited with the pains and penalties that afflict the patient when the malady has become chronic, few men would be so insane, or so obstinately reckless, as to postpone the work of reformation. But the earlier symptoms are rarely of an alarming kind. The appetite is not sensibly affected, though the digestion is impaired; and the complaint seems to be limited to flatulency and heartburn. Such unpleasant sensations, however, can be easily removed. Essence of ginger and fluid magnesia seldom fail to give relief, and the patient flatters himself there is no ground for apprehension. But the symptoms do not disappear. They recur with greater frequency; and the antidotal doses, though increased, are found to have lost their efficacy. The stomach has now become more seriously deranged. All kinds of food generate acid; and in this stage the patient usually has recourse to the carbonates of soda or potash, which in their turn give a temporary relief, though without in any way arresting the disorder. By this means dyspepsia, like an insidious serpent, has fairly folded the victim within its embrace, and is squeezing him at its leisure. Everything he eats disagrees with him, and seems to undergo some wondrous transformation. That which was served up at the table as haggis, seems converted, two hours afterward, into a ball of knotted tow—a mutton chop becomes a fiery crab, rending the interior with his claws; and every rice pudding has the intolerable effrontery to become a hedge-hog. After that comes nausea and vomiting. You derive no benefit from the food you swallow. From twelve stone weight you dwindle down to ten. Your countenance becomes ghastly, your eyes hollow, and you totter prematurely on your pins. The mere notion of exercise becomes distasteful. You feel as if you had no strength for anything. You are pensive, moody, and irritable. Your mind loses its elasticity and power; and when you sit down to compose, instead of manly matter, you produce nothing but the dreariest of drivel.

Blackwood's Magazine.

CURED BY A LAUGH.

A comely young wife, the 'spouseare' of her circle, was in bed, apparently dying from swelling and inflammation of the throat, an inaccessible abscess stopping the way. She could swallow nothing; every thing had been tried. Her friends were standing around the bed in misery and helplessness. "Try her wi' a compliment,' said her husband, in a not uncomic despair. She had genuine humor as well as he; and, as physiologists know there is a sort of mental tickling which is beyond and above control, being under the reflex system, and instinctive as well as singing. She laughed with her whole body and soul, burst the abscess and was well.

WARNING TO THE INTEMPERATE.

Charles Lamb tells his sad experience as a warning to young men in the following language:

"The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have set a foot on the perilous flood. Could the youth, to whom the flavor of the first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when he shall feel himself going down a precipice, with open eyes and a passive will, to his destruction, and have no power to stop it, and yet feel it all the way emanating from himself; to see all godliness emptied out of him, and yet not able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own ruin; could he see my fevered eye, feverish with the last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for to night's repetition of the folly; could he but feel the lobby at the door, at which I beg admittance, before entry to be deliverance, it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth, in all the pride of its mantling temptation."

Harmless mirth is an excellent cordial.

RIDICULE AND REPARTEE.

The fatal fondness for indulging in a spirit of ridicule, and the most unjustifiable consequences which sometimes attend the too prompt reply, can never be too seriously or too severely condemned. Not to offend is the first step toward pleasing. To give pain is as much an offence against humanity as against good breeding, and surely it is as well to abstain from an action because it is sinful, as because it is impolite. A man of sense and breeding will sometimes join in the laugh which has been raised at his expense by an ill-natured repartee; but if it was very cutting, and one of those shocking sort of truths, which, as they can scarcely be pardoned in private, ought never to be uttered in public, he does not laugh because he is pleased, but because he wishes to conceal how much he is hurt. As the sarcasm was uttered by a lady, as far from seeming to resent it, he will be the first to commend it; but, notwithstanding that, he will remember it as a trait of malice, when the whole company shall have forgotten it as a stroke of wit. Women are so far from being privileged by their sex to say unhandsome or cruel things, that it is this very circumstance which renders them more intolerable. When the arrow is lodged in the heart, it is no relief for him that is wounded to reflect that the hand which shot it was a fair one.

Hannah More.

WHAT THE ENGLISHMAN IS AFRAID OF.

Mr. Pyne mentions in his delightful Eighteenth-century gossip, "Wine and Walnuts," a conversation between the King and a favorite German general, whose everlasting theme was the bravery of his English subjects. (George *loquitur*.) "But, mein general, dere is von ting dat de Briton is afraid of." "Your majesty is under von mistake; der Englishman is not afraid of noting at all." "But I tell you dat he is; and if you keep it ein great secret, I will tell you." "Most honored, your Majesty." "Den you will never tell it to no one at all." "I vill not, your Majesty." "Come closer, den, for fear of any von hearing it—der Englishman is afraid of him's *wife*."

FEEDING BOXES BETTER THAN RACKS.

Horses do not naturally gather their food from trees—why, then, should they be compelled in winter to take it from a rack overhead? Every mouthful requires the animal to assume an unnatural position, which, with young horses particularly, must interfere with the proper development of the muscles of the neck, and with the graceful carriage of the head. May not the awkward manner in which many horses thrust their noses forward and upward, be attributed to the force of habit acquired in feeding from a high rack? Another serious objection to racks is the danger from the seeds, dust, etc., falling into the eyes of the animal; and further, all the effluvia of the stable, the vapors from liquid and solid excrements, the exhalations from the lungs, pass upward, and are to some extent absorbed by the hay—an addition neither savory nor healthful. The feed-box may be made equally convenient with the rack, and is open to none of the above objections. It need not be made large, and if the bottom be made of slabs, all rejected fodder can be easily removed. A closed box on one side for feeding grain will be needed if the bottom of the main box be left open. The above may seem an unimportant matter to many, but everything is worthy of attention which can add to the comfort and health of the noblest domestic animal.

American Agriculturist.

KEEPING VEGETABLES.

Most persons, says the *Country Gentleman*, are fond of good vegetables—some relishing one kind better than another—still, all have a liking for one or more kinds. I do not know that I ever knew an individual who had not a fondness for some one of the several sorts that are commonly grown. It is, therefore, very desirable to have them fresh and good through the winter and spring, and well into the summer. This can be done by keeping them in dry sand. My way is to select, in the fall, at the time of digging, those that are nice and smooth, and of suitable size—medium size is best—and pack them in barrels. I then put in dry sand sufficient to fill the barrel, and cover the roots entirely over. When the sand is put in, the barrel should be jogged or shaken a little, so as to cause the sand to fill up the interstices, and exclude the air. Turnips, beets, parsnips and carrots—if any one likes them—can be kept in this way, fresh and good, until well into the summer. We have had turnips the first of August that were as solid and sweet as when first dug, and beets in good cooking condition into July. Parsnips are better if left in the ground through the winter, though it is well to dig a few and keep as above for winter use. Potatoes, I think, should not be treated in this way, as they would be liable to rot. I tried a barrel a year ago last fall, but thought it injured their flavor, and caused decay; they seem to require air.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

If you will take a back note, and while you are folding it up according to direction, peruse the following lines, you will arrive at their meaning with no little admiration for the writer's cleverness:

"I will tell you a plan for gaining wealth,
Better than banking, trading or leases;
Take a bank note and fold it up.
And then you will find your wealth increases.

"This wonderful plan, without danger or loss,
Keeps your cash in your hands, and with nothing to risk or,
And every time that you fold it across,
'Tis plain as the light of the day that you double it."

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

"What does that young man do for a living?" is the common inquiry, as some foppish, well-dressed individual passes by. "Nothing, nothing at all," is the frequent reply. "But what supports him in his extravagances?" None can tell—but we, being a Yankee, have the privilege of guessing. That young man that dresses in broadcloth, carries a cane, and is so extremely polite to all his acquaintance, especially the ladies—is the son of a man in moderate circumstances, who finds it difficult to sustain himself with a moderate income. His son wishes to be a gentleman," and lives without labor. The father in his folly refuses to put him to a trade, or send him to work on a farm, hoping that something may turn up, by-and-by, when business will be better, for his son to obtain a good living without work. He is now obliged to dispense with the luxuries of life—perhaps with some of its comforts, for his son to keep up appearances, and get into good society, so that kind of company is termed, where young men have nothing to do but to dress according to the latest fashion. He is quite independent, and uses language to his seniors that might be considered unbecoming in a king. He is on all classes and conditions without a blush, and dares to look with contempt on the honest apprentice, whose generous soul would outweigh a thousand as light as his own. The companions he chooses are like himself, puffed up with vanity, swelling with importance, and who make a pretence of doing something, by occasionally visiting a lawyer's office, to read a page or two of Blackstone. I would that such a youth it needs no prophetic vision to see. "It is as plain as the way to market," as Dr. Franklin would say, that he will turn out a low, despised, and miserable tool. Perhaps the Penitentiary will bring him up, perhaps the gallows. But if he escape these, it will be to hang like an incubus on those of his friends, who for pity's sake, have not the heart to send him where he deserves.

Rev. W. J. Thompson, the first pioneer of the Methodist church in Ohio died on Friday, the 3d of January, at his residence [illegible], Clermont Co., Ohio, 91 years of age.

Family Circle.

"ONLY MOTHER:"

OR, THE FIRST LESSONS IN DRILLING.

The July sun was almost overhead in the heavens, drinking up the water from the little brooks, and fairly scorching the short grass in the pastures. The cattle left feeding in the meadow and stood knee-deep in the pond, where the thick shadows of the wood fell over it. It was far too warm to work, or even to play, so the boys who had been standing all the morning with their fish ing lines dangling over the railing of the bridge, put up their hooks and threw themselves down in the cool shade of the old elms on the bank. They made a very pretty picture as they lay there, with their shirt collars unbuttoned, and their moist hair pushed back from their flushed faces. One of them, Willie Downer, had a pictorial newspaper in his pocket, with large engravings of the companies of soldiers at Washington, their camp grounds, flags, and cannon, and the uniforms they wore. He spread the paper on the grass, and began explaining the pictures to his companion, Archie Morris.

"If I was only old enough," said Willie, earnestly, "I should enlist for a soldier. It would be so grand to go and fight for the country, and defend our liberties. Don't you wish you were a man, Archie?"

"Yes," said Archie, "I should like to be a man, but mother says we need not wait till that time to be brave; we can show courage now."

"I know," said Willie; "cousin Lyman joined the company, and he is only three years older than I, but then he is as tall as father, every bit."

"That wasn't what mother meant," said Archie; "she said a good soldier must be ready to undertake any duty, and it took a great deal more courage to do little disagreeable things than to march up in the face of an enemy to battle. Then she said the first duty of every soldier was to learn to *obey orders*, and that is just what we boys are doing."

Willie looked a good deal dissatisfied, and did not seem to like this view of the matter; but just at this moment somebody came to the door of one of the white cottages just below the bridge, and called, "Willie! Willie!" He did not stir, but went on examining the paper.

"Somebody called you, Willie," said Archie, looking toward the house.

"It's *only mother*," replied Willie; "she wants me to go of some errand, and I am not going out in this hot sun."

Archie looked at him a moment in astonishment, and then asked, "But what will she say when you go home?"

"O," said Willie, carelessly, "she won't know that I heard her, for I did not turn my head a bit."

"She is going to the spring for water," said Archie, still watching the house, "I would scratch my face to a blister before I would lie here and let my mother do that."

"Pooh!" said Willie, "that's nothing; she is so used to being over the hot stove that she don't mind it much."

Just then a woman with a baby in her arms came to the window of the other cottage and called Archie.

"Ay, ay!" said Archie, springing up, and swinging his hat towards the house.

"Don't go yet, Archie," said Willie; "just wait till we finish this paper; it won't make any difference."

"I'm learning to *obey orders*," said Archie; "besides I know mother wants me to take care of the baby while she gets dinner."

"I do hate baby tending; it's girl's work," said Willie.

"So is cooking and washing clothes, but the soldiers have to do both. *Right about face!*" said he, shouldering his fish pole, and starting for home, "my company has received marching orders."

"Just in time, Archie," said his mother, placing the baby in his arms. "I see my volunteer means to be on hand whenever his orders come."

Now, Archie really disliked tending baby very much, especially on such a warm day, when it took all his patience and ingenuity to amuse his little brother, made unusually fretful by the heat. But one glance into the heated kitchen, where his mother was busy over the glowing stove, made him think himself very fortunate to be able to remain in the sitting-room, with closed blinds and open windows. But baby was not at all pleased with the darkened room. He would not sit on the floor and roll Archie's ball; he would not laugh at all at Archie's antics and grimaces, he wanted to be carried, and carried he must be.

"Come on then," said Archie, tossing him to his shoulders. "Now I'm on a forced march from Washington to Texas, and this is my knapsack and blanket. Heavy load—hot weather—mercury up to 500 degrees in the shade—whole army of secessioners running away from us—bound to get there before morning—band strike up Yankee Doodle"—and he commenced rapidly pacing the room, whistling Yankee Doodle, to baby's great satisfaction.

Just as he was beginning to find it pretty hard work, the door opened, and his sister Sarah came in from school. "Turn out and relieve guard," said Archie, dropping the baby into her lap, and throwing himself full length on the carpet.

"You're full of your war nonsense," said Sarah, laughing.

"O, well," said Archie, "anything to amuse baby and keep a fellow good-natured this hot weather."

DOMESTIC DUTIES.

A knowledge of domestic duties, says Mrs. Child, is beyond all price to a woman. Every one of our sex ought to know how to sew, and knit and mend, and cook, and superintend a household. In every situation of life, high or low, this sort of knowledge is of great advantage. There is no necessity that the gaining of such information should interfere with intellectual acquirement or elegant accomplishment. A well regulated mind can find time for all. When a girl is nine or ten years old, she should be accustomed to take some regular share in household duties, and to feel responsible for the manner in which her part is performed, such as her own mending, washing the cups and putting them in place, cleaning silver or dusting and arranging parlors. This should not be occasionally, and neglected whenever she feels it convenient; she should consider it her department. When older than twelve, girls should begin to take turn in superintending the household, making puddings, pies, cake, etc.; to learn effectually to do these things themselves, and not stand by and see others do them.

NURSERY THOUGHTS.

One of the oddest things about very little children is their passion for hearing the same story told in successions a dozen times within an hour; and their positive refusal of the alteration of a word in the narration, which, by the way, they are lynx-eyed to detect. It is worth while to watch the face of a little one, listening to the favorite story, to mark the flitting expression of the face, the mirthful kindling of the eye, or the tragic little mouth, when the dish of appetizing horrors is brought on. All this past time is very well now and then, but a child so quickly moved should not be unduly excited in this way, particularly just before retiring to rest, when uneasy dreams may be the consequence. Moreover, it is a great temptation to the child-experimentalist, if I may apply this term to those fond of studying them. Such do not always remember how delicate is the brain thus stimulated for a passing amusement. It is hard to keep from talking with an interesting child, or answering the questions it industriously propounds. The trouble is, that such childish curiosity can be the seed-corn of [illegible] amusement. A wise parent or guardian will see [illegible] there, the brain [illegible] amusement.

How the little creatures will plead to "sit up," when their eyes are heavy with sleep, and their heads are swaying about like flowers on their stems. How valorously they will deny it all and [illegible] succumb to the ignominious bed of ruth—and how gratefully happy are they for a respite as they lie in your lap, listening to the pleasant parlor hum of voices. It is only a very conscientious person or a child hater, who can decisively introduce them to the abhorred nightgown at this interesting crisis. Alas! it is so hard to love a child *wisely*. It is so hard to refuse that which gratifies so much, even when we know it is harmful. And what a marvel that we see as many children as we do, grow up healthy, and happy, and good, in spite of that miscalled "fondness" for them, which is too apt suddenly to evaporate, when this injudicious indulgence brings forth its legitimate fruits—petulance and obstinacy.

Rural New-Yorker.

HOME AFTER BUSINESS HOURS.

The road along which the man of business travels in pursuit of competence or wealth is not a meadowned one, nor does it ordinarily lead through pleasant scenes and by well-springs of delight. On the contrary it is a rough and rugged path, beset with "wait-a-bit" thorns, and full of pitfalls, which can only be avoided by the exercise of watchful care and circumspection. After each day's journey over this worse than corduroy turnpike, the wayfarer needs something more than rest. He requires solace, and deserves it. He is weary of the dull prose of life, and athirst for the poetry. Happy is the business man who can find that solace and that poetry at home. Warm greetings from the loving hearth, fond glances from bright eyes that

"Mark our coming,
And look brighter when we come!"

the welcome shouts of children, the thousand little arrangements for our comfort and enjoyment that silently tell of thoughtful and expectant love; the gentle ministrations that disincumber us into an old and cosy nest before we are aware of it—these and like tokens of affection and sympathy constitute the poetry which reconciles us to the prose of life. Think of this, ye wives and daughters of business men. Think of the toils, the anxieties, the mortifications and woes that fathers undergo to secure for you comfortable houses, and compensate them for their trial by making them happy by their own firesides.

BIOGRAPHY OF DR. CHALMERS.

We all, both young and older people, like to know as much as we can of the lives of those who have been great and distinguished in the world: and good persons like especially to know the histories of those who have been at once great and good. Such a one was Dr. Thomas Chalmers. I propose to give my young readers a sketch of his life.

Thomas Chalmers, you may perhaps know, was a Scotsman. He was one of the greatest preachers of his time. He was also a man of great piety and benevolence. He did a great deal of good in his lifetime. There are many persons yet living who have seen him, and heard him preach. I once stood two hours in one of the aisles or passages of a church in Edinburgh, hearing him preach a charity sermon. The church was so crowded that many were standing in the aisles, too happy if they could but listen to so eloquent a preacher. Would not you like to know something more about him? This wish I proceed to gratify.

DR. CHALMERS AS A CHILD.

Thomas Chalmers was born at Anstruther, in Scotland, on the 17th of March, 1780. He was the sixth of fourteen children, all of the same father and mother. When he was two years old, he was committed to the care of a nurse who treated him cruelly. Her cruelty and deceitfulness to him he remembered throughout life. Even in his latest years, he used to tell how inhumanly she treated him; and how, when he was roused sometimes by her cruelty, to run and complain of her treatment of him to his parents, she would stop him and pet him, and pour over him, as he expressed it, "a perfect flood of affected tenderness," extorting from him a promise that he would not tell, and after getting his promise, (which was never broken,) she treated him worse than ever.

This treatment by his nurse was the cause of his being sent to school at the early age of three years, to which he went of his own accord; not drawn by love of learning, but driven by the fear of his nurse's persecution. The ways of his first teacher were not favorable to his progress in learning. He had been, it would seem, an effective teacher, but his days as a good teacher were nearly over. His sight, which he afterwards entirely lost, was beginning to fail. At that time, there was far more flogging done in school, than is now a days. Of young Tom's first teacher it is said, that his thirst for flogging grew with the decline of his sight, and survived its loss. He would creep stealthily about behind a row of little boys, listening, (for he could not see,) for each indication given by word or motion, of a punishable offence, and ready, as soon as he ascertained whom to strike, to inflict the avenging blow. But the quick-sighted urchins were too cunning for him, and soon fell on a contrivance to enable each other to escape his vengeance. In the row opposite to that behind which the master took his walk, one of the boys was set to watch; and whenever, by his sudden stop or uplifted arm, the master showed an intention to strike, the boy in front gave a signal to the intended victim, which enabled him to slip at once noiselessly out of his place, so that to his enraged discomfiture, and to the no small amusement of his scholars, the master's best aimed blows fell upon the hard, unfleshing desk. After some time, this old teacher got a young assistant, who was as easy as the other was harsh. Both were, as teachers, equally inefficient. The consequence was, that our young friend, Tom Chalmers, neglected his lessons; so that when the time came to recite them, they were but half learned; although when he did set himself to learn, not one of all his school-fellows could do it at once so quickly and so well. By his school-fellows who survived him, he was remembered as one of the idlest, strongest, merriest and most generous-hearted boys in Anstruther school.

I will tell you more of Dr. Chalmers in a future number.

W. S. R.

RICHES AND HAPPINESS.

We recollect hearing our mother tell a story which her father often told his children, about a poor, but happy cobbler. This poor cobbler, as he worked away at his trade making a living for his family, was always singing. A rich neighbor, who often passed his little shop and heard him singing, stepped in one day and asked the cobbler why he seemed so happy, and why he was always singing? The answer the cobbler gave was, that he had enough work to supply the wants of his little family, and he was content with this; and, therefore, he could sing all the time. This rich man thought he would test the effect of money on the cobbler's happiness. So one day he contrived to place in the cobbler's bench twenty guineas. The cobbler found them, and wondered how they came there, and what to do with them. He did not sing any more—he was unhappy. In a few days his rich neighbor called on him again, and asked him why he did not hear him sing any more? The poor cobbler told him about the twenty guineas which he found on his work bench, and that he could not sing for thinking about them. The rich man told him that he placed them there to see the effect. Immediately the cobbler resumed them to his workbench and said, that he would not sacrifice his happy ease for money, and that must take them back. After that the cobbler sang as much as ever.

Now, dear children, you see that riches do not always bring happiness. No, indeed, we can only find happiness by being contented with our lot, whatever it may be, and by being God's children. We hope none of our little readers envy those who are richer than themselves. And, boys, if you set [illegible] in the South [illegible] and [illegible] heart purified, [illegible] pure [illegible] parents are rich; and you, nicely dressed little girl, with your beautiful bonnet and silk dress, do not despise that little girl who has only a calico dress to wear; for God loves poor children as much as rich ones, if they love him. God loves all children who love him. We want you all to love God.

From the Youth's Evangelist.

A SISTER'S INFLUENCE.

We have a word to say to our sweet little girls. We say our girls, because we consider that we have an interest in you all. We know something about the influence which a sister has over a brother, as we have experienced it ourselves. Never shall we forget the love and cherish our sister for their love and kindness to us. Often when we were about to do something which was wrong, the influence of a sister has kept us from committing the sin. Often have the words of encouragement, spoken by a sister, cheered us on to work and toil to accomplish a difficult task, when we were almost ready to give up in despair.

Now, dear little girls, you who have brothers, will you not try and remember that you have great influence over your brothers? It may be that you think you have no influence over them, because they do not heed what you say to them always, and because they sometimes speak roughly to you. But this is not so. Your brothers may be thoughtless when they are engaged in their sports, and may speak heedlessly when they are in a hurry to join their companions in their plays; but still they love you, and are very ready to take your part when any one tries to impose on you. If you possess this influence, try, oh try, to use it for the good of your brothers. Try and get them to learn their lessons for both Sabbath and day schools. Try and keep them from doing any thing that is wrong, and when they grow up to be men they will bless you for your good teachings, and your kind, loving warnings, given them in their youthful days.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

Laura Burford was the eldest child of parents who had once been wealthy, but who were at this time very poor. Mr. Burford, for long months, had been an invalid, unable even to rise from his bed. Mrs Burford was obliged to spend most of her time assisting her neighbors in their household duties to get something to support the four dear ones depending on her. This left two little brothers almost entirely in Laura's care.

She was about nine years old, but she was a little woman in her conduct towards them, neglecting nothing which she thought would be for their good. They loved her dearly, and gave heed to her instructions. Her parents did not love God, nor teach their little ones about Him. But Laura had been at the Sabbath School when she was younger, and had there heard about the blessed Jesus.

She told Eddie and Nathan, of His coming to earth to die for sinners, then ascending into heaven where he now pleads for us. Every morning, when Laura had finished her work, she would take these little boys to the side of her bed and pray with them, teaching them also how to pray. She had a great deal of faith that God would hear and answer her prayers. One evening when her father was worse than usual, Mrs Burford remained away longer than usual. Night approached, but she did not come. Laura became uneasy, not knowing how to send word of her father's illness. She knelt down and told her heavenly Father all about it. She then sat down, much happier, to await her mother's return. Mrs Burford feeling very tired, had decided to remain all night; but after awhile, an anxiety for which she could not account, filled her mind. She said she must go home, though she could not tell why. Upon arriving there, she found her husband sick, and was glad she had not remained. Laura did not tell her of her prayer, but her faith in God was still stronger. Many instances could be given of answers to her prayers; of her goodness and usefulness, but I will not give them for fear of tiring you. Her father died when she was about eleven years old, but through Laura's influence, died trusting in his Saviour.

Mrs. Burford lived to an advanced age, a consistent Christian. Her sons, Eddie and Nathan, grew up to be active in the church, and useful members of society, always remembering with gratitude the good example and instructions of their sister Laura.

Girls, have you any little brothers and sisters? If so will you show them the way to heaven? Will you not lead them to the blessed Jesus?

MYRTA.

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Downingtown, Chester County, Pa., April 9th, 1860.
Messrs Baugh & Sons: Gentlemen,—I have been using your article of Super Phosphate on wheat and corn for several seasons, and am well satisfied of its value as an active and "quick" fertilizer. I have applied it on wheat at the rate of 200 pounds per acre, as top-dressing to a heavy coat of barn yard manure, kept dry and under cover, and the result was, that by harvest the wheat where the Phosphate was put, was much the better headed and heavier, while the grain was taken more strongly than on the other portion of the field. I have also used the Phosphate by the side of Peruvian Guano, each in the same quantity, and in regard to both grain and straw, the action of your preparation was much the more satisfactory. In corn, by experience in its use for some years, it pays well for its use, as I have said before. I am, Gentlemen, yours respectfully,
ISAAC T. LEWIS.

Northern Square, Delaware Co., Pa., July 23d, 1860.
Messrs Baugh & Sons: Being unable to get manure to test some prepared manures offered for sale, I was induced by your agent to make a trial of those different kinds, which I did on wheat, side by side in the same field. I purchased Peruvian Guano and your Phosphate of Lime (one of the most popular in use) together with your *Bone Dust Super Phosphate*, and used them as above stated. During the growing, as well as the gathering of the crop, the test resulted much in favor of the latter.
But whether it is from the seeds used alone in preparing, or in the superior quality of the material used in your Raw Bone Super Phosphate I am unable; but be it ever [illegible] I pay [illegible] of my trials, thinking that others may be induced to make similar experiments, and in my opinion, greatly to the agricultural interests of the whole country.
Yours, &c., JAMES DUNWODY.

Plymouth, Montgomery Co., Pa., August 10th, 1860.
Baugh & Sons: Gentlemen,—Having used your Super Phosphate bought of Jno. W. Christman, at the Montgomery Agricultural Works, on wheat and corn, I can with pleasure recommend it. The effect is produced was as manifest, that it greatly increased our crop. Where it was applied on Fertilizer [illegible] Where it was applied on the corn, I am satisfied the yield was fully double.
Very respectfully, DAVID MARLER.

Also, apply to WM. F. YOUNG, [illegible] with FIELD Street, Phila., Penna.
☞ Wagons removed Furnaces to purchase of our Agents.

MEDICAL.
CHILDREN TEETHING.
MRS. WINSLOW,
AN EXPERIENCED NURSE AND FEMALE PHYSICIAN, PRESENTS TO MOTHERS THE NAME OF HER SOOTHING SYRUP, FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
—which is greatly better than the poisonous Quieting Syrups now sold by [illegible

No. 11, March 22

a second No. 11 following No. 11.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

Published by the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, for the Dissemination of Religion, Morality, Literature and Science.

Rev. Elisha Weaver, Editor. PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 15, 1862. Vol. II.—No. 11.—New Series.—Whole No. 62.

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Rev. L. ROSS.

Poetry.

THAT CITY.

BY M. L. FARNELEE.

I know her walls are jasper,
Her palaces are fair,
And to the sound of harpings
The saints are singing there;
I know that living waters
Flow under fruitful trees—
But ah! to make my heaven,
It needeth more than these.

Read on the sacred story,
What more doth it unfold,
Beside the pearly gateways,
And the streets of shining guld?
No temple hath that City,
For none is needed there.
No sun nor moon enlighteneth,
Can darkness then be fair?

Ah! now the glad revealing,
The crowning joy of all,
What need of other sunlight
Where God is all in all?
He fills the wide ethereal
With glory all his own,
He whom my soul adoreth,
The Lamb amidst the throne!

O! heaven without my Saviour
Would be no heaven to me!
Dark were the walls of jasper,
Rayless the crystal sea;
He gilds earth's darkest valley
With light, and joy, and peace;
What, then, must be the radiance
When night and death shall cease?

Speed on, O! lagging moments,
Come birth-day of the soul!
How long the night appeareth!
The hours, how slow they roll!
How sweet the welcomed summons
That greet the willing bride,
And when mine eyes behold Him,
I shall be satisfied!

LONGING FOR GLORY.

FROM THE HYMN BOOK OF 1776.

O when shall I with God appear,
And in His presence shine?
When, Lord, shall I thy supper share,
And lose my life in thine?

My body, soul and spirit longs
For everlasting day;
I, waiting, pass with mournful songs
My tedious time away.

Others may love the things below,
And be on earth content;
But 'tis not with my spirit so;
I wail my banishment!

Yet if the holy counsel be,
That I this cross must bear,—
Amen! lay what thou will on me,
Only, my God, be near!

I would not murmur, I would wait
Till thy salvation come;
Till thou shalt change my helpless state,
And take my spirit home.

I long to leave this wretched world;
To banquet on thy love!
I long to see my Saviour's face,
And all his goodness prove.

I long to flee to thee, my Lord,
Where griefs shall all be o'er!
When I shall see the happy land,
And mourn and weep no more.

To see my friends, the saints in light,
And full perfection know;
While from my heart, in ceaseless streams,
The well of life shall flow.

Selections.

PUNISHMENT AND DISCIPLINE OF CHILDREN.

From the German of Thiersch. By Rev. G. A. Wenzel.

Christian education is preservation, but an essential part of the governing activity is chastisement.

We build on the proper foundation when we regard our children as also the children of God. "Reckon ye yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." This injunction we must regard, both, as concerning us and our children. For that which justifies us in applying it to ourselves, justifies us also in applying it to our children. "Know ye not that so many of us as were baptised into Jesus Christ, were baptised into His death? Therefore we are buried with Him by baptism into death; our old man is crucified with Him,—that henceforth we should not serve sin." Rom. 6: 1, 6, 11.

Whence then comes the necessity of discipline, and whence is sin, which renders discipline necessary? Christian discipline is necessary, in order that the old man, who by a Divine act was given over to death, may not again come to life. For it has been put to death and laid at our feet in such a way, that when we relapse into unbelief, we can call it back to life again, and permit sin to resume its dominion over us, which will be more cruel and oppressive than before. What Christ has once conquered and destroyed by his bitter sufferings should not be again recalled to life and raised from the grave by us. Since we are, however, even as renewed creatures, still frail instruments, watchfulness and discipline is necessary to do this. This is the true meaning of all self-correction or asceticism, to exercise and confirm us in our victory over the old Adam. This is the object of all Divine chastisements; as well as of all we inflict upon others. And as necessary as Divine chastisements are for us, just so necessary are they for our children.

Hence, those teachers, who would do away with all punishment, at least, with all corporeal punishment, as a means of training, are deserving of no attention. Discipline and punishment are nearly synonymous terms, so nearly, that all discipline is punishment, but every punishment is certainly not discipline. Both include retribution and the declaration of righteousness, yet with this difference, that with discipline we inwardly associate the idea of the fraternal intention to save, to purify and heal, whilst we can conceive of punishment being inflicted without this intention, simply as a judicial maintenance of the law. In this sense, punishment is not to be inflicted as a means of training; for here all punishment emanates from paternal authority, and must therefore be nothing but an emanation from a paternal heart.

The Holy Scriptures express themselves in the strongest terms in favor of the necessity of using the disciplinary rod. What then is the meaning of that tenderness and backwardness which demands a system of training without the rod? It can only be explained on the ground, that there is a feeling and fault of despair which does not believe in a judgment and an Eternal Judge, "which has nothing to preach about the wrath of God," which denies to government the right of exercising retributive justice, strips all judiciary punishments of their judicial earnestness, and by necessary consequence denies to the father the right to punish, and which would also do away with the earnestness and salutary rigor of punishments in the training of children.

The objection is raised, that corporeal chastisements do not produce moral effects, but operate only upon the senses, and that those so chastised will only avoid evil from a dread of bodily pain, and that this encourages them to act from physical and not from moral motives, thus producing just the opposite of what morality requires and education is designed to accomplish.

This objection, however, only holds good against the most barbarous modes of punishment; for those who urge it, see, so to speak, only the child and the rod, and seem to have respect to nothing else. They overlook him who punishes and the relation which he sustains to the one punished. If the punishment is of the right kind, it then produces not only an effect on the senses, but through the physical terror and pain is inflicts, it also excites and heightens the consciousness that we are amenable to a moral power, a righteous judge and an inviolable law. It does not dissolve, but rather strengthens the moral bond by which the child is united to the father, as it is a fact well attested by general experience, that strict fathers are most beloved. It confirms no one in the false maxim, to act in a way, so as to avoid that which is physically unpleasant, but whilst the physical pain is soon past, the serious impression, which enables the one chastised to overcome returning temptations remains.

There is a discipline of Christ to which we are subjected. He chastises us severely as often as we need it, and sends such visitations, which whilst they are not the least painful, most effectually mortify the desires of the flesh. And yet He chastises in moderation, for He does not afflict willingly, and as soon as He sees that we humble ourselves and acknowledge our faults, He refreshes us again with his consolations, so that we may know how gracious the Lord is. Thus he deals with us, and the Scriptures say, "Ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;" which means, chastise them as the Lord chastises you, admonish them as the Lord admonishes you. Let yourselves be trained by Christ, and learn of Him, both the rigor and tenderness of true discipline. Imitate Him, yield yourselves up as his instrument, and He will bring up your children by you. Whatever we might say in addition, would only be a weak attempt to explain the signification of this Divine injunction.

Chastise severely when necessary; but not in a passionate and bitter mood. "The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." James 1: 20. The anger of a man, though apparently a genuine moral feeling, does not produce that moral fruit which it is intended to produce. Wrath begets wrath, and bitterness exasperates. All the benefit of punishment is lost, when it, instead of being the application of a higher and holy law, is only the sudden ebullition of a sinful temper. Put away wrath, and let the fear of God rule within you; then only can you be instruments in His hand, and your chastisement shall become a blessing. Neither should you chastise from motives of disappointed ambition, being vexed, because more particularly your children do this or that, but humble your spirit and mourn over what has happened, before God. If your child has been humbled, let it again see and feel your entire love, even as God does with you when you accept his chastisements. If your child has been made momentarily unhappy, you should take care that it experiences increased happiness in the renewed enjoyment of your paternal love. In this way it becomes convinced that the punishment it craves, elsewhere: it will overleap the protecting barrier of the family, and soon find beyond it other comforters, friends, teachers and models, who will occupy the place which father, mother, sisters and brothers, ought to occupy, and pull down with ease what is built up at home. No necessary is it that the paternal mansion presents to the child a real home, that it be made the abode of its happiness and the place around which shall cluster the most pleasing recollections of its life. And it takes, in reality, but little to make a well trained child happy, and to attach it to its home. The want of this attachment may, to a degree, at least, be ascribed to poverty, but is more generally the result of an irritable, quarrelsome and worldly minded temper displayed by parents.

Our chastisement, to be like that administered by Christ, must be just. It must be inflicted with firmness and no formity not treating the same case at one time with severity, and at another with indulgence. It should be proportioned to the fault; far be it from us to fall into that gross practice which rates the harm perpetrated by dollars and cents, visiting, for instance, with condign punishment some inadvertency by which a trifling pecuniary loss is sustained, and remaining indifferent when an actual sin, such as telling a lie and cruelty to animals, has been committed. Far from us too be that folly, which, in the presence of strangers, or in strange houses, forthwith scolds about things, which, in the absence of strange witnesses, has been permitted to pass altogether unnoticed. We have received the sacred trust of training our children from Christ, for which reason we must look to Him and not to men, and in the balance of his law weigh guilt and innocence.

Frequent threats and passionate outbreaks (a habit to which most mothers are unfortunately addicted) are of no use. It produces indifference in children, weakens the mother's authority, while she prepares for herself endless trouble and vexation, which might otherwise be avoided. Her maternal heart hesitates to inflict severe punishment and therefore leaves her threats unfulfilled. But as a general thing severe punishments are not required. A very light punishment punctually administered, and in case the offence is repeated, again inflicted, will effect that which can never be attained by threats. Nor is it necessary that every punishment should consist in blows, when slight deprivations will be felt as much and make as deep or rather deeper impression of a deserved chastisement.

In cases of minor importance the mother should not immediately, whilst those of a more serious nature should be referred to the father. She should never conceal from her husband whatever transpires for fear of troubling him; for he must bear this burden. His is both the power and the duty to use the rod of correction; a duty, which he may not throw off under the pretence of other labors. No fears need be entertained, lest he should by such appeals of the mother to his tribunal, become a bug bear to his children, as long as he lives as a father ought to live among his children, participating in the pleasures of their prosperity and good behavior.

If a severe punishment should ever become necessary, it should be inflicted in a spirit of forbearance and not in the presence of brothers, sisters and servants, that the culprit may not lose self-respect. As a wholesome measure to deter others from offending, it may suffice to let them have some inkling of what is being done. In letting them be witnesses to the punishment, they are in danger, (as in the case with all public punishments) of easily learning to regard it with diabolical pleasure; moreover, the least demonstration of joy at his misfortune or mockery on the part of the spectators would only exasperate the culprit and weaken his sense of self respect.

THE SABBATH A PRIMEVAL INSTITUTION

In the sacred scriptures we may be expected in a concise history we often find the most important facts recorded, and the most important principles laid down in a few plain words, which to the inattentive reader, may have the appearance of a mere accidental note. And what many who are not entire neglecters of the Bible have read the first two verses of the second chapter of Genesis, without supposing that the passage contained the original institution of the Sabbath. Others may have been taught to regard the Sabbath as having been here instituted, but, supposing that it would require a process of reasoning too subtle and intricate for them to undertake, they may have closed the book without having been enlightened. Let us enter on the inquiry.

After the account of the creation of all things, which is given in the first chapter, the sacred historian proceeds: "Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the hosts of them." All the parts of the creation—the sun, the moon and stars, with the various creatures here below, were arranged and regularly disposed by Infinite Wisdom, so as to occupy their proper places, and perform their various evolutions, revolutions and movements with order and beauty, like a well disciplined army. This is, at least, one reason why they are called a "host." Having noticed this, the historian proceeds to state: "And the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and on the seventh day he rested from all his works which he had made." Why is this particularly noted? It was *implied* in the preceding verse: because, when God's work was "finished," he, of course, had "ended it," and "entered on his rest." Let us inquire into the import of the word "rest," when applied to God. It must at once be apparent that it cannot have precisely the same meaning as when applied to men; but it must have some meaning at which we can readily arrive from its known use among men. Pure spirits, so far as we know, are never wearied by exertion. We are positively told that the "Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary." God cannot, therefore, be understood as resting on account of exhaustion or fatigue, like a weary man. But two ideas are intended to be conveyed to our minds—that he ceased from his work because it was finished, and took complacency in it, because, as we were before told, "he saw that it was good." The latter is chiefly intended; for it is only when we are satisfied with the labors of the day which has come to a close, that we can be said to "rest," or enjoy rest. But why was this told us? No sufficient reason can be given but this—to show us the obligation which devolves on us, in consequence of his example, to work six days and rest on the seventh. And not only so, but to follow our worldly employments on six days with care and diligence, studying, the meanwhile, to have a conscience void of offence both toward God and men, that when the labors of the six days are finished, we may enter on the seventh with peaceful minds. This latter idea should never be overlooked. That this lesson might be taught us—a lesson which would have saved thousands and millions of our race from destruction and misery, had they learned it in time—six days were employed in the work of creation. But for this, the Infinite One could have commanded the whole creation into existence in the twinkling of an eye. He could as easily have said, Let the world be, as "Let there be light;" and, in a moment, the heavens and the earth, and all the hosts of them, would have sprung into existence.

But the historian still proceeds: "And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it; because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made." What does this mean? The word *bless* has two significations in the scriptures. It expresses the homage of an inferior acknowledging his dependence on, and obligations to, a superior. But this cannot be its meaning here. 2. To pronounce a blessing on others. This is the idea intended. God pronounced the seventh to be a blessed day,—declared good things concerning it—declared that it would be a good day for those who should observe it—a blessed day, and a day of blessing to the sons of men. Moreover, he "sanctified" it. There are also in the scriptures two, and only two uses of the word sanctify. 1. To make inherently holy, to infuse positive holiness. But rational creatures only can be the subjects of such sanctification. Thus believers are sanctified; but thus a day cannot be sanctified. We must therefore take the other signification of the word, which is to consecrate or set apart from common to holy uses or purposes. Thus the seventh day was distinguished from the other days of the week. Whilst they were allotted to the common purposes of life, the seventh day was set apart for holy or sacred uses.

Now, the Creator did all this, either on his own account, or for the sake of his rational creatures. It could not be on his own account; for all time is alike holy to him. He has no need of a day periodically recurring to call his mind to holy meditations. And he does not need a rest from his labors and toils. We cannot suppose that he intended to mark it as a day on which, throughout all ages, he would intermit his providential agency, and take complacency in contemplating his works. Such a supposition would be alike contrary to reason and scripture—that is, that on the seventh day, the system of nature could subsist, and the course of nature move on, without his upholding and guiding hand. Therefore, it must have been for the sake of his rational creatures—for men or for angels. Whether the angels keep a Sabbath or not, we cannot tell; but our Saviour assures us "that the Sabbath was made for man."

What then have we here but the institution of the Sabbath? We have a day sanctioned by the example of God himself as a day of rest—a day concerning which he declared good things—a day in the observance of which men would "receive blessings from God," and be made partakers of spiritual good things—a day set apart from common to holy uses;—which make up the full idea of a Sabbath. This was before God had a peculiar people—before the introduction of ceremonial rites. The Sabbath is a primeval institution, like marriage, and the dominion of man over the lower orders of creation. It was not made for the Jewish nation, but for man, for mankind. Hence its origin was coeval with that of the human race. It is as old as the creation; and it is to continue till the heavens and the earth "shall wax old as doth a garment." D.

GEMS FROM CUMMING

We are now building for eternity, we are building for happiness or woe. Whilst I speak and write, and you read or hear, time is fast rushing away. The clock of St. Paul's Cathedral does not strike any one hour within hearing of the same people in whose hearing it struck the last hour. Two or three that heard it strike at eleven never heard it strike twelve; two or three that hear it strike twelve will not hear it strike one. There is a ceaseless funeral march, a continuous procession of souls to the judgment seat; and if our eyes were opened we should see the whole air peopled with souls rushing to the judgment; and if our ears were unstopped we could hear the trumpet of judgment summoning every moment to the Great White Throne.

CHRISTIANITY is not a thing of fits and starts, but a persistent power. It is not the electric element gathered into a jar, that sparkles on the Sabbath when touched by the wand of the preacher; but like the electric element in the shape of gravitation, binding orbs into harmony, giving fertility to the poorest soil, and order, harmony, and beauty to all things. The sea-bird will soon scream where great capitals stand; and the hoarse voice of the raven will be heard where cathedrals and churches now are; but the soul—that which is really me—never dies; but lives in the brightness of glory or in the agony of misery for ever and for ever.

All life is a journey, not a home; it is a road, not the country; and those transient enjoyments which you have in this life, lawful in their way, those incidental and evanescent pleasures which you may partake not home, they are little more than refreshments on the roadside. Life, where you are to-day, for a moment, that you may take again the pilgrim's staff and journey on seeking what is still before you,—the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

God is everywhere, and everywhere acting. The foolish notion of many is that God made the world, wound it up like a watch, and then left it to uncoil itself as it may, or that he set the shipping out, and then left it to make the best of its way to a haven. God is, and acts in all that is supremely minute, and in all that is magnificently great. God is as present to-day on an organ's tear as he is to wheel that star in its orbit, or to listen to you archangel's song. He pours out every vial; He sounds every trumpet; He is disentangling every complication; He is overruling all things to the glory of His name and to the good of His cause. It is this thought that gives one comfort. If you have a relative tossed upon the deck on a tempestuous sea on the inhospitable Euxine; if you have a near and dear one in the trenches or in that thin line of my countrymen at Balaklava; if you have a beloved friend amid all the perils of shot, and shell, and rifle;—you may be just as convinced as you are of your own existence, that he can neither be touched by shot, nor shell, nor sabre, until the moment comes when God has no more use for him. What Louis Napoleon, the sagacious Emperor of the French said—not, I fear, upon the same ground upon which I state it—is a magnificent truth: "I am immortal till I have finished my mission."

"CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS."

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

The remark, "that republics are ungrateful" has almost passed into a proverb; with what degree of truth, I have never been able to determine; but that despotic governments are not ungrateful, I think the incident to be related will show.

Some years since, an individual might have been seen traversing the hills and valleys of our state, collecting, as he went along, specimens of the many plants and flowers so abundant in Pennsylvania. For many months he continued his labors, seemingly absorbed with the one pursuit. Many attempts were made to induce him to prolong his stay in certain localities, but he rather avoided than encouraged every effort made with a view to establish social friendships. He found it less difficult, however, to avoid the influence of his admirers than the noxious miasma of the fields—the pestilence which flieth like an arrow. Like our own Wilson, exposure and arduous labors proved too much for his unacclimated system, soon prostrating him, so that he was compelled to seek an asylum in the nearest habitation. His sickness assumed a formidable character. Despite the attention bestowed upon him, he gradually sank, and in a few short weeks the spirit of the traveller had passed away.

The friend under whose roof he died was a stranger to his history, except that he was a subject of Austria, and his only request was to have his papers, and particularly the plants and flowers placed in a box, and given in charge of the resident consul. He complied with his wish; the subject was soon forgotten, and, as he thought, forgotten forever.

Three years passed away, a father loud and hasty summons at the door announced an individual desiring to be introduced to the head of the family.

"Do you recollect," said he, "an individual that abode under your roof some three years ago, who died whilst in your house?" Our friend replied, that he did, and "regretted that he was unable to give more attention to his wants, perchance, he would have been restored to health, or at least his life might have been prolonged until he should have been restored to his home and kindred."

"My master, the Emperor of Austria, has heard how kindly you received and cared for his subject; he has commissioned me to place in your hands this package, which you will receive as a token of regard for the kindness which you have manifested. Accept it as a memento of his friend's untimely death, and your hospitality." The gift, for such it was, proved to be a most costly and exquisitely made snuff box. It was a golden box, six inches long, four inches broad, by two inches in depth.

The lid is formed of a solid plate of what appears to be agate, on which is impressed as it were, a bouquet of flowers most delicately inlaid; various flowers composed of precious stones of different colors. Around the flowers are sporting many kinds of insects, butterflies, &c., all formed as before stated from the precious stones.

The fly, for instance, with its delicate, fibrous wings, and eyes of diamond, has the appearance of being suddenly impressed upon the stone ere a muscle or membrane could be displaced. The beautiful insect found upon the Asclepias plant—its intense crimson covering, and its finely marked lines of black are there, true to life, and one almost wonders why the insects do not fly away, so life-like are they.

Not the least conspicuous is the bee, emblematic, doubtless, in common with its companions, of the life of the student of science.

In short, the grouping of the flowers, the selection of colors and the species, together with the insects, all have an emblematical significance intelligible to one versed in the language of flowers. Truly this is a gift, such as, perhaps, loyalty alone can bestow. Were we to estimate the depth of gratitude, which prompted this return by the intrinsic value of the gift itself, we should conclude that it was very great, indeed, and should command our admiration where, perhaps, we have been prone to condemn.

THE TWO LEGACIES.

A young sailor married a thrifty young woman, and in a house of two rooms they began housekeeping and set up the family altar.—No beginning could promise better. When the young sailor was in port, he was at his seat in church. Sometimes his voice was heard in the prayer meetings.

After a year or two the sailor fell down the hold of a vessel while she was loading, and was too much hurt to go the voyage; but he had a snug harbor of a home to cast anchoring, and a good nurse to attend him. When he married her she brought only a small legacy to her husband, a bundle of old books left by her father. These had been stowed away in an old sea chest, and never examined until her husband was sick, when he remembered and hunted them up to read; for, unused to keep within doors, the time sometimes hung heavily on his hand.

Two or three years more pass away. James is well, and has his berth in the ship again.—But he is seldom seen at church; another has his seat in the prayer-meeting; his Bible is neglected, his Sabbaths are broken; he has no family altar. In a year or two more James is a swearer, a hard drinker, a scoffer, and a visitor of low dancing-houses.

Would you like to know the date of the change which had come over this poor fellow? Hear his own account: "My wife's legacy from her father's old chest, that lot of unworthy old books ruined me," said James. "They were infidel books blasphemous books. I read them from curiosity, but their poison entered my soul. I hadn't learning enough to argue them down, or faith enough to rise above them; so they drove me on the lee-shore of unbelief, and I am likely soon to be wrecked for ever on the rocks of perdition. *Bad books are a terrible legacy.*"

In contrast with this was a well young sailor who married a poor woman whose only legacy was a pewter spoon and two forks. She had lots of his wife won the young husband to spend his evenings at home; and she told him many things of her godly father, and how he loved the book which he had left her. The young husband falling sick, he took up the books, and opened and read, and was well pleased with what he read. One of these was Arthur Bonar's "Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven," and more and more each day he hear the simple, solemn talk of the little book as it spoke to them of Christ and heavenly things. Then the young couple turned their own steps into the same "Pathway." The wife went only a little way, and then reached the end. But the poor husband had a longer and harder road to travel, yet he found the way brightening as he went, and he has left a shining track behind for thousands and thousands to walk therein. It is called the "Pilgrim's Progress." I dare say you have caught sight of it—the man was John Bunyan. Oh what a priceless legacy is a good book! *Family Treasury.*

RULES FOR HOME EDUCATION.

The following are worthy of being placed in a conspicuous position in every household:

1. From your children's earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.
2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean exactly what you say.
3. Never promise them anything unless you are sure you can give them what you promise.
4. If you tell a child to do anything, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.
5. Always punish your children for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish in anger.
6. Never let them perceive that they can vex you, or make you lose your self-command.
7. If they give way to petulance and temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.
8. Remember that a little present punishment when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment, should the fault be renewed.
9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.
10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have at another time, under the same circumstances, forbidden.
11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good, is to be good.
12. Accustom them to make their little recitals the perfect truth.
13. Never allow of tale bearing.
14. Teach them that self denial, not self indulgence, is the appointed and sure method of securing happiness.

THE FLOOD IN CALIFORNIA.

A correspondent of one our exchanges gives the following account of this overwhelming calamity:

Our winter, or rainy season, commenced in the latter part of the month of November, and with but little interruption, the rains have continued until the present. In consequence of this we have been visited with the greatest calamity that has ever befallen our hitherto prosperous State, in the form of a flood.

From the commencement of the nocturnal war now raging on your side of the mountains, the people of this State have been congratulating themselves on their exemption from its evils. It seems, however, to be the will of Providence, that the whole country should be visited with his judgments. The public papers have, no doubt, informed you in relation to it. I am free to say, however, that no tongue or pen can describe the fearful scene. The severity of this flood is doubtless owing to the peculiar structure of the country. Paradoxical as it may appear, California is the highest and the lowest, the hottest and the coldest, the wettest and the driest, of any state I ever saw or read of. It is this peculiarity which has rendered the present inundation so terribly destructive. In the morning regions on the mountains, snow often falls to the depth of twenty five feet on a level. In the plains below, distant only about seventy-five or one hundred miles, none ever falls. In the beginning of December, after one of these great snow storms, there came suddenly a thaw. You may judge of the effect on the plains below, when I tell you that Trinity river rose ninety-three feet in twenty-four hours. In the dry season, a boy can with ease ford it on foot. These streams nearly all empty into the Sacramento, (to a Protestant a strange name for a river,) which drains the Sacramento valley, embracing an extent of country of more than two hundred miles long and one hundred and fifty broad. The city of Sacramento, the capital of the State, is one hundred and twenty-five miles from this city. It contains an industrious population of fourteen thousand—not to mention the *politicians*. It is in this city that the fury of the present flood has been most severely felt, owing, to the extent of the population, it being the second city in point of population.

Last night I returned from a visit to the ill-fated capital, and as I before stated, it would be impossible to picture the reality of the scene. On arriving at the city, I hired a boat and proceeded to the handsomest part of the city, principally occupied by the private residences of merchants. It contains the Governor's mansion. All of them were, a short time before, beautifully decorated with flower-gardens, conservatories, ornamental trees and shrubbery, in short every thing which our soil of unparalleled fertility could furnish. When in the centre of this once beautiful spot, I sounded the water, and found it to be from six to ten feet in depth. I then ordered the boatman to sail around the new capitol, the building of which was commenced about one year ago. It will cost, when finished, about one million of dollars. It is only about twenty feet above the foundation. The walls are of great thickness. I am apprehensive that it will have to be re-built, for there I found the water to be upwards of ten feet. Quite near to this one of the city no owned a milch cow. She swam to the walls of the State House, and there the poor creature was still! (some three weeks having elapsed!) Her owner, I was informed, sends to her in a boat, her daily supply of food. Knowing that the ancient Egyptians worshipped the ox, it required but little effort of the imagination to transform the State House into the ruins of an Egyptian temple, surmounted by a statue of the sacred animal. How easy to imagine that this was one of the overflowings of the Nile!

A great number of the inhabitants of Sacramento have fled to the city, where it was amply provided for. The loss of human life has not been great, except among the Chinamen in the mines. This people invariably live low down the banks of the rivers, and in the [illegible] some of them were carried off. The loss to the State is estimated to be from twenty to thirty millions of dollars!

Numerous interesting and affecting incidents might be recorded. I shall mention one. A boatman was engaged in Sacramento [illegible] a widow and her three small children from the second story of a house. She told him to start with the children and return for her, as she had not finished packing up her clothes. He did so, but before he could return the building fell, and the poor mother was drowned!

It is now raining with great violence, and the prospect in the future is one of deep gloom. We hope, however, with the blessing of God, and the energy of our people, to recover from it.

VERITAS.

FOREIGN RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

Popery in Britain. From the Roman Catholic Directory, we copy the following statistical facts, showing the actual state of Popery in the United Kingdom at the beginning of the present year. There are 22 Romish Peers, 9 being Peers of England, and 4 Peers of the United Kingdom; 13 Romish Peers sit in the House of Lords. There are 13 Romish Baronets, 23 English, 3 Scotch, and 17 Irish. Of the members of Parliament, 31 are Romanists. In Great Britain there are 1,388 Romish bishops and priests; 1,018 churches, chapels and stations; 50 communities of men, 162 convents, and 13 colleges. The increase in the last three years is, of bishops and priests, 166; of churches, chapels, and stations, 93; of communities of men, 16; of convents, 52; of colleges, 1; showing an increase of 13½ per cent. on the number of the bishops and clergy; an increase of ten per cent. on the number of churches and chapels; an increase of 47 per cent. on the number of communities of men; an increase of 47 per cent. on the number of convents; and an increase of nine per cent. on the number of colleges.

These are valuable facts. Somewhat startling, no doubt, to those who do not look very carefully into the progress of Popery in our land. For it is certainly remarkable, that Great Britain is almost the only country in Europe, where Popery is progressing. It is, however, not a little consoling to know that the increase, from actual *bona fide* converts from Protestantism to Popery, is very small indeed, and almost exclusively from the Puseyite section of the Church of England. The increase is mainly caused by the great influx of Irish Papists from the Emerald Isle to this country, in order to obtain employment. In Ireland, the adherents of the Romish Church are decreasing every year; so that, if matters go on as they are doing, a very large number of the Irish mass houses will soon have to be shut up for want of people to attend them; while the priests will have to emigrate and find flocks elsewhere.

New Irish Bishop. The elevation of the Rev. Dr. Gregg, Archdeacon of Kildair, to the vacant see of Cork, appears to be exceedingly popular in Ireland. The Dublin *Daily Express* has an article approving highly of the appointment, and saying that Lord Palmerston's government is rising fast in the estimation of the Protestants of Ireland, as they think him far more to be relied on in ecclesiastical matters than Lord Derby. Dr. Gregg's appointment has completely won the hearts of the Church people. If they had been polled he would be the man whom they would unanimously pronounce "*Dignissimus.*" His name is a household word with the Protestants throughout Ireland on account of his power as a preacher, his earnest advocacy of religious societies, his active benevolence, and his popular sympathies. He has especially devoted himself to the working of the Protestant Orphan Society, and he is almost idolized by the working classes. He has often mentioned on the platform, that he came to Dublin, when he entered college, an unfriended orphan. It may be truly said, that no man in Ireland has done so much, during the last quarter of a century, to revive the church, and give an earnest tone to its ministrations. He is greatly beloved by the Evangelical clergy, who listen to his exhortations at the "April meetings," as if he was their bishop. His appointment is regarded as the inauguration of a new era for the Irish Church.

Great Central Evangelical Hall in Dublin. At the time when the revival movement was at its height in Ireland, the Rev. I. Denham Smith, independent minister at Kingstown, at the special request of many friends of Evangelical truth in the Irish metropolis who believed him to be pre-eminently qualified to engage in revival work, consented to remove to Dublin, where his labors have been signally blessed in leading many stricken ones to the Saviour. Mr. Smith now proposes to make Dublin a centre of evangelizing efforts, and in furtherance of his wishes the friends of the movement are taking measures for erecting a large central edifice, to be vested in trustees, capable of accommodating 2,500 persons: a site has been secured in an eligible situation. It is intended, in order to make way for more extended labors throughout the country, to associate with Mr. Smith, other ministers of Christ, who shall share with him the happiness and responsibility of laboring in a field already white unto the harvest. It is expected that the proposed building will cost about £8,000. Towards this amount, £2,500 have already been secured, and we doubt not, that the rest will ere long be forthcoming.

Gavazzi threatened with a prosecution. The wonderful success of Gavazzi's public lectures in Florence, where he had taken apartments, and held four meetings weekly—two on Sabbaths, and the other two on Tuesday and Friday evenings—has excited against him the rage of his Popish enemies, who feel terribly annoyed at his telling exposures of the errors of the Church of Rome. In a letter received from him, dated December 27th, he states that he has been formally accused to the attorney general, and served with notice of a regular trial on the charge of attacking the religion of the State on various specified points. The accusation was under the judicial consideration of the tribunal to see if there was sufficient ground to proceed against him by public trial. Out of the seven accusers, five are foreigners, and two of them are Irishmen. We trust that Baron Ricasoli will not belie his own past conduct and professions, by allowing this attack to be made upon the religious freedom so recently won for the long down-trodden and priest-ridden people of Italy.

THE LAST READING.

In one of the coal mines of England, a youth about fifteen years of age, was working by the side of his father, who was a pious man, and governed and educated his family according to the word of God.

The father was in the habit of carrying with him a small pocket Bible, and the son, who had received one at the Sunday school, imitated his father in this. Thus, he always had the sacred volume with him, and whenever he enjoyed a season of rest from labor, he read it by the light of his lamp. They worked together in a newly opened section of the mine, and the father had just stepped aside to procure a tool, when the arch above them suddenly fell between them, so that his father supposed his child to be crushed. He ran toward the place and called to his son, who at length responded from under a dense mass of earth and coal.

"My son," cried the father, "are you living?"

"Yes, father, but my legs are under a rock."

"Where is your lamp, my son?"

"It is out, father, father."

"What will you do, my dear son?"

"I am reading my *Bible*, father, and the Lord strengthens me."

These were the last words of that Sunday scholar; he was soon suffocated.

Prof Blackie, of Edinburgh, in a recent lecture on "Scottish Character," said that he found eight points which distinguished the animal Scotsman: 1 The Scot was essentially a working animal; 2 He was an enterprising and adventurous animal; 3 He was a thinking or [illegible] animal; 4 He was a practical and utilitarian animal; 5 He was a sure and cautious animal; 6 He was an earnest, devout, and religious animal; 7. He was a fervid, impassioned, and poetical animal—*perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*; and, 8. He was a humorous, an amusing, jolly, and jovial animal—not at all the grim kind of a creature made of iron and wire that Mr. Buckle thought he was.

LUTHER AS A PULPIT ORATOR.

Not the least of the blessings bestowed upon the Church of Christ by the reformation of the 16th century, was the restoration of the preaching of the word to its true place in public worship. In this important work, Luther stood pre-eminent. In vigor, warmth and popular power, he has rarely, if ever been surpassed. His eloquence was an element of his success as a reformer, quite as truly as his published writings and personal character. His students went forth from Wittemberg admiring his preaching, and seeking to imitate it, and all Germany soon became familiar with the new and forcible style of pulpit address which Luther introduced.

The only monograph on this subject with which we are acquainted, is one published a few years since, at Berlin, by Jonas, pastor of a church in Stettin. In the following remarks we shall avail ourselves of the results of his examination of Luther's characteristics as a preacher.

First of all, he was a *good man*. He complied with Quintilian's rule. He was honest and true; blameless in his life, pure and elevated in the motives which governed him, a warm friend, a despiser of all trickery and cunning, a kind husband and father, and above all, sincerely devoted to Christ in the habitual exercise of a living faith in which all these virtues had their root and life.

The second secret of his power, as a pulpit orator, lay in his *earnestness*. No one of his hearers ever suspected him of lacking interest in the subject of his discourse. No one ever thought that he was attempting to excite feelings in the minds of others of which he knew nothing himself. There is a false or spurious earnestness, which is nothing but the excitement of natural emotion in the speaker, and hence possesses no element of spiritual edification. The temperament of Luther was choleric, and he might easily have commanded that kind of power which springs from excited passion. In several of his controversial writings this appears, but in his sermons never. In the pulpit he always exercised a noble self-control. He avoided all unworthy rhetorical artifices, scrupulously abstained from appealing to the weak side or selfish feelings of his audience, or seeking to arouse them into mere passionate emotion. His whole earnestness was directed to the work of edifying believers and delivering the ungodly from the chains which bound them.

With this was united great *warmth of heart*. Some preachers who have many pulpit gifts, fail to reach men because they are too coldly intellectual. Luther was intellectual; his mind was charged with great thoughts; but he was never cold. He speaks as a father to his children, as a friend to friends. In the most humble of his hearers, he sees one for whom Christ has done and suffered all, and for whom he himself must do all, to win him to goodness and to God. It was no part of his object, however, to excite mere transient emotions, the shedding of tears, or a sentimental melancholy. He had no fondness for loud groans and sighs, which are so often the expression of weakness and sin, rather than the utterances and help of faith. But the warmth which animated his address, appeared in the manifest desire to help his brethren; in the impressiveness of his exhortations; in the singleness of aim with which he vindicated the saving truths of the Gospel; in the confidence with which he proclaims them; and in the sympathy with his hearers and the knowledge of their inward state which he constantly exhibits.

Another secret of the pulpit power of Luther was his *openness*. He had nothing to conceal. Every one was at liberty to read his heart, and see whether he could find there any traces of selfish ends. Hence the confidence which the people reposed in him. From his peculiar position, he could hardly avoid speaking, at times, of himself. But this he does rarely, and never in the spirit of ostentation. It is only when the interests of the truth seem to require it, that he makes these personal allusions, and then they are so frank and honest that you thank him for admitting you to his confidence.

The enumeration of the elements of power in the preaching of Luther, would be incomplete if its *popular style* should be overlooked. The common people heard him gladly. No preacher has since risen in Germany, not even Spener, who could speak so distinctly and forcibly to the masses. The Gospel, and its precious truths, he always made prominent, and allow

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, March 15, 1862.

EPISCOPAL VISITS.

I will be on the Westchester Circuit on the 29th of March. The Elder may make arrangements up to the 5th of April. I will then leave for Oxford on the Pennington ville Circuit, and remain to the 12th, on which day I will leave for Lancaster Circuit, where I will remain a week. The Elders or Preachers will make their arrangements and inform me of them. W. NAZREY.

REVIVALS.

Rev. A. L. Stanford, of Little Wesley, is still conducting the revival of the Lord; and the Lord is blessing his labors. A number have found peace with their Redeemer, and many more are anxiously inquiring the way to find Jesus.

UNION CHURCH.

Rev. Henry Davis patter.—God is most powerfully blessing his labors, and he too is leading on the van. Last Sabbath was a time of solemnity with the members. They had the presence of father Richard Robertson, who preached the sacrament discourse for brother Davis. At night we preached to a crowded house of white and colored. It would have been a hard matter for a stranger to tell whether the congregation were half or two-thirds white. We hope they received good instruction.

ZION MISSION.

Rev. Stephen Smith pastor in charge. We preached for brother Smith, and his congregation had a good time. They had also sacrament in the after part of the day. May the good Lord bless brother Smith and his flock. We are sorry that sickness prevented us from lecturing there on last Monday night.

We hope that our readers will read the *death* of Mr. Decker, and the high compliment paid to his character, as a human being, and not as a thing, nor an orang-outang, nor an ignoramus, by many of the greatest men of this nation, and if their statement be true, which no one, I presume, will dare question, then away with the doctrine, that black men cannot be *men* in this country. Hence we refer our readers to the piece which we copy from the New York *Tribune*.

REV. S. T. JONES.

We hope that our ministers will read Rev. S. T. Jones' Harrisburgh article upon the great subject of a Religious Union, and express their views in relation to it. Brother Jones says he has not seen any reply to his article; we will re-print our article in reply to his first, with a view that some one will reply.

SACER.

The article signed with the above Latin word is intended as a reply to our article, which we publish in another column. We give our brother credit for the zeal he has to write, but are not disposed to enter into a controversy with him, as his article did not relate to our church polity, her doctrines, &c. Were we so disposed, we might criticise, heavily, Sacer's article in this number.

AN OUTRAGE.

We hope the day is not far distant when such conduct as the following shall cease:

TO THE PUBLIC.

On Monday evening, 3d inst., about ten o'clock, Mrs. Palmer, a highly respected and intelligent colored lady, residing in the upper part of this city, was ejected from the cars, in the midst of a severe storm of wind and rain that was sweeping over our city at that hour.

Returning from her duties, as the Secretary of a benevolent society, and being a woman of feeble health, sought shelter in the cars on Spruce St., near Tenth, to avoid the violence of the storm, and was thrust out with the utmost rudeness.

Her condition, when she reached her residence, was certainly such as to seriously disturb her friends. Mrs. Palmer is a member of the Presbyterian Church, and a tax payer in this city, and a person that understands so well the proprieties of life, that there could be no just complaint against her whatever. Who, I ask, is benefited by this rudeness on the part of the conductors of the city cars?—for this is by no means an isolated case.

Will city papers please copy? J. C. G.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

It affords us much pleasure to acknowledge something from Chicago, Ill., from our Rev. and dear brother Dove. We had almost concluded he had gone to sleep, but he is awake, &c.:

Peter C. Cooper,	$1 00
Margaret E. Douglass,	1 00
Elizabeth A. Davis,	1 00
Charles L. Payne,	1 00
Rev. W. A. Dove, for last year,	1 00
Rev. E. P. Gibbs, on account,	$3 00
Rev. W. J. Davis, of Jacksonville, Ill., for the following:	
Miss E. J. Wilkinson,	1 00
Miss Minerva J. Reed,	1 00
Miss E. A. Elliott, Bridgeport, Conn., per Rev. J. P. Shreeve,	1 00
Rev. James Lynch, Georgetown, D. C., on account,	1 00
William Parker,	1 00
Selenah Jones,	1 00
James Hollon, Lancaster, Pa., on account,	1,00
Mrs. E. Hillyard,	1,00
Rev. D. W. Moore, Washington, papers sold,	5,00

PERSONAL.

The undersigned desires to learn from the Rev. Henry J. Young, if he will send a power of attorney to his brother-in-law, Charles Shockley, immediately before the next term of Court, or he will be a loser. M. DAVIS,

Vincent St., Phila.

NOTICE—BEWARE.

The public are hereby cautioned not to contribute to the relief of the Dorcas Society of A. M. E. Bethel Church on application by a female impostor, as no such person has been authorised to make collections for the said Society.

SARAH CARTER, *Pres.*
ELIZABETH OLIVER, *Sec.*

BROTHER STROTHER.

Your reply to Rev. J. P. Campbell will appear next week; and we will say now that we hope that our brethren, on a subject of that kind, will not write us such lengthy pieces.

ARE WE DOING WHAT WE CAN, AND IF SO, IN WHAT DIRECTION?

When we take up that little book called Discipline, and peruse its pages, we are led to inquire, in the most solemn manner, "Are we doing what we can, and if so, in what direction?

1. Every man and woman, who coolly and calmly considers the worth of his or her immortal soul, feels the need of entering into ways and means by which they can secure the favor of Almighty God.

2. They at once set about the work, and continue to work faithfully in offering prayer to God, in faith believing, taking no denial, until at length God descends in the attitude of his mercy and goodness, and speaks the life-giving Word to the poor penitent. The soul, in ecstacy of joy, praises God. Never before had they such a disposition within to love and to serve the true and the living God. Envy, malice, strife, superstition, and hatred of all kind, seems to be extricated and removed. Things we once loved we now hate; and the things we once slighted and paid no attention to, we now love with all of our heart. He is a different man, and she is a different woman, while under the influence of the Spirit of God.

3. Those in possession of this state of godly feeling, having separated from the world, prove that they have left the world by making application to some branch of the evangelical church of God to become one of its members to do good then and there, and take upon themselves, with their own free will and accord, the obligation to obey all of her rules and regulations, and to do all the good they can in aiding the Gospel cause and building up Zion, and especially that part of Zion to which they have attached themselves. This is right, of course, and should be, for we believe it is the will of high Heaven. Then it becomes the imperative duty of all such to do what they can willingly, cheerfully, and in the fear of God; both in a spiritual and temporal point of view; and if this course is pursued and continued, it may be said, and truthfully said too, that such are doing what they can in the right direction.

4. There is another view to be taken in relation to doing what we can:—Even after the professors attach themselves to the church, they take upon them a strict obligation to obey all the rules and regulations of the church, and after continuing in the faith for a time, they cease from doing good, and do all they can in the direction just the contrary, which would not be in accordance to their obligation, but are doing what they can, namely: in impeding or retarding the cause of salvation; doing what they can in a direction disproved of by the great God and his church militant. Hence they are doing what they can. But they who continue to do what they can in that way which is pleasing in the sight of God and his church, are justified and blessed in their deeds. This course is pursued until some feel called upon to preach the Gospel of the blessed Jesus, and they go before the church of the living God, and take the second obligation upon them. They do well for the time, and then the third coat is wanted, which the church says they shall have, and they bow upon their knees before God and the people at the altar, and take the obligation with the Bible in their hands, declaring they will do what they can. This having been done, and they continue well for a season, the time arrives for another coat, which we will call the elder's coat, and they still continue to do well, and do what they can, and the church says they must have the elder's coat, and they bow in the church, at the altar, and receive the coat from the highest authority in the church. Let us now ask them that important question, "Are they doing what they can?" Yes; so long as the church and everything moves along to suit their peculiar and particular notions; but if it does not please them, they are doing what they can to pull down, obstruct, and scatter. They sow the seeds of discord, they envy, and are doing what they can to destroy what they helped to build up, and had taken upon themselves some less than half a dozen vows before God and the people to obey. Awful thought! and should make every man tremble when he thinks of the many obligations he has taken, if he fails to carry them out.

Now, my readers, let me prevail upon all who make a profession of the religion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ to examine this subject, and see whether we live to our avowed obligation as a member, as a preacher, as a deacon, as an elder, or even as a bishop, then ask yourself the question, "Am I doing what I can, and if so, in what direction—for good or evil?"

For the Christian Recorder.

CAN THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER LIVE?

The question is often asked, Can the *Christian Recorder* live? Perhaps the most appropriate answer is, that if one-fourth of the members and ministry of the church would give two dollars per annum, it can live. The question may be asked, then, Shall it live? It has been conceded that the *Recorder* is a creditable paper; its columns are well filled with useful matter, such as is not objectionable to any but those who desire to strain on the subject of originals. On this, I am not quite certain that the field of our operations affords sufficient practical experience in the useful and the classic, to make our originals as generally acceptable as a considerable intermixture of useful, miscellaneous clippings; however, pride of place, and note, may prompt our vanity. I like to see aspiring ambition, but not an overstraining of resources, so much so, that to admit it, would be the sure defeat of any measure. Perhaps, as useful originals come to hand, clippings will give place to them. So let them come, not after the Africo-Canadian stamp though, for that sets our teeth on edge.

Can the *Christian Recorder* live? ought never to be asked, especially when we consider it as a means of diffusing knowledge, and its credit to the organization of which it is the organ, and its power to give us a hearing, where we would not be otherwise heard, and the ability of the church in means and members to support it. There are, however, unfortunately, with us, as with other portions of the community, persons who hang on as dead weights, and are ever, in words and in acts, ready to retard the forward movements of any and every measure; it matters not to them if it promises ever so much good, if it is not of their dictation they will not enter themselves, and will hinder those that would. It is not the people that will not support the *Christian Recorder;* it is those that have control. There is very little effort to give prominence to the paper, or to set forth its usefulness. It will live if the people can be reached, and made generally to understand its usefulness; if the people cannot be reached, it will not live, for they are its life. Having been a member of the church thirty-one years, I have paid some attention to its general movements, and can say, that to my knowledge, the church never had a paper that came up to the *Recorder*—and the Sold

presented for its success and its future was never before so auspicious. A FRIEND.

Philadelphia, March 11th, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

DEAR BROTHER:—On the 14th of last October, I sent you a communication expressive of my views on the importance of a *union* of the religious element of our people, and especially that portion of it who subscribe to the doctrines, and worship under the form of *Methodism*—which communication you kindly and promptly published. It was hoped, that a subject of so much importance to the church, as well as to humanity, and so intimately connected with the destiny of our race, would elicit the prompt and hearty advocacy of the intelligent and pious, and more particularly those whose sentiments, as expressed from the pulpit and the forum, have induced us to believe that they fully appreciated the vast importance of such a measure. But, I confess my surprise, that up to this writing, no one, so far as I know, of the many able contributors to the *Recorder*—not one of that numerous host who speak so eloquently of the "watchmen seeing eye to eye," and of the church "flowing together" with an "enlarged heart," as among the triumphs of a preached gospel—has regarded the subject as of sufficient interest, to write and publish a single sentence in furtherance of it, with the encouraging exception of the Rev John A. Williams, whose communication also appeared in the *Recorder*. Why a subject, so generally urged and insisted on in *theory*, by ministers, laymen, and all who wish to be regarded as being awake to the interests of the race, and the future prosperity of the church, should be silently ignored when an effort is made looking to a practical solution of it, is a problem of rather difficult solution. It may be, in the first place, that the zeal usually manifested in urging its importance, so far from being the result of a deep conviction of such importance, is, after all, but a borrowed zeal; for, such a conviction, it strikes me, would find its counterpart in an equally zealous effort to bring about a desired end. Or, in the second place, knowing it to be a popular theme, and one to which the members of our churches readily and warmly respond, it may be used as a mere pretext to gain popular favor, while in reality, the heart is selfishly opposed to it. Which of the twain is most reprehensible—inexcusable ignorance, or hollow pretence—I will not stop to discuss; but this I know, that each contributes its share of opposition to that which Heaven wills and good men desire, but which devils and wicked men oppose.

The fact, that scarcely any one will publicly advocate disunion—that all whose position entitle them to consideration, pay a high tribute to religious union, whenever that subject is publicly discussed by them, is proof positive of a wide-spread conviction of what is a known fact—that the people love and ardently desire it, and would hail with general joy a consummation so glorious. My own observations, during an itinerant life of more than twelve years, has assured me, that it would be a difficult matter to meet any considerable number of laymen, of the Methodist persuasion at least, of which it would not be found, upon introducing the question, that at least two-thirds were favorable to union; and I feel perfectly safe in saying, that there is not a single consideration, so far as they are concerned, that would render its postponement necessary twelve months longer.

Clearly, then, the responsibility of the delay of a result so beneficial to the race, and at the same time so glorious to the church, rests, not with the laity, but with the ministry. We all, either publicly or privately, express our surprise—if not our indignation—at the hesitancy—if not refusal—of the representatives of a government established upon the openly avowed principles of justice and humanity, to perform an act which, while it would be at once fair, righteous, and humane, would, at the same time that it would speedily terminate a most destructive and expensive civil war, also, forever wipe out the cause of it. But, I think we shall have cause to feel less indignant, and more charitable toward these representatives, when we reflect, that as the acknowledged representatives of the Methodist Church, and, to a large extent, the recognised leaders of the people, we are manifesting the same degree of hesitancy or unwillingness to do, or lend our influence and aid in the doing of what no one will attempt to deny, would prove a great blessing, not only to the present, but to generations yet unborn. Whatever may have been the sentiment of northern voters one year ago, we are inclined to believe, that if the question were fairly presented to them to-day, they would remove the possibility of another civil war for the same cause which originated the present. It is not the people, therefore, that retain this incubus upon the destiny of a great nation, but their *leaders*. The remark will apply equally to us, as a race, but especially as a religious body. Our great difficulty, and the principal element of our weakness is, a want of union of interest and of effort. This notorious cause of our failure to accomplish the good we might, could be speedily removed, if the leaders of the people were really desirous of such a result, and would lend their aid to its accomplishment. The necessity of our being united, though always obvious, was never more so than now, and, it would seem that the Almighty had permitted events so to crowd upon us, as to induce us to open our eyes to our real condition, to the end, that seeing it, we might set about the work of improving it. The people are fully awake to the importance of *some action* with a view to the general interest, but are looking for the ministry to lead the way. With their patience already taxed almost beyond endurance, it is not easy to determine how long they will permit us to continue our long cherished schemes of ambitious selfishness, to the great detriment of their most vital interests. If the time should arrive when, refusing any longer to follow our *misleaders*, they should proceed to shape their own destiny, though sharing, to some extent, the humiliation, I should, nevertheless, regard it as an eminently fit and deserving rebuke.

It remains to be seen, Mr. Editor, whether we are sufficiently awake to the interests of our people,—whether we are sufficiently observant of the signs of the times, to improve the present favorable opportunity.

It remains to be seen, whether we are capable of rising above the petty prejudices and party feelings which have hitherto kept us a divided, and, therefore, a weak people. The great problem remains to be solved—whether, as ministers of Jesus Christ, we will transmit to the church and to posterity, our divisions, prejudices, and weaknesses, or give them an example of our self-sacrificing devotion to their interests, which shall enshrine us in their grateful memory.

Praying that the Divine Being may influence our hearts, and that we may prove ourselves equal to the task, I shall continue to look for "favorable responses, leading to practical results."

Yours, for religious union,
SINGLETON T. JONES.

Harrisburgh, March 6th, 1862

SEARCH FOR TRUTH.

MR. EDITOR:—Your somewhat spirited and sharp, still kind manner of answering my criticism of your article, affords me much pleasure. This little battle with the pen forms one of those recreative occurrences which give intellectual pleasure. I am happy that you regarded my article so highly as to devote to it about a whole of one of your not very short columns; inasmuch as you "could not see the force of it" and only *remembered* "to give it for what it is worth." The questions you ask about "Brother Lynch meaning to say that you are not Editor of the *Recorder*, &c.," and "denying you the merit of the article criticised," I look upon as just so many unnecessary moves that you were compelled to make before you could get under proper headway. This is mostly the case with a steamboat going out of the dock; it makes moves in various directions which seem to have no reference to the course she is going; this is the case sometimes when they are getting up steam, &c. Therefore, my brother, your *attempted* harangue about "poor blind Bartimeus," (good old soul!) loses force from its flying so wide of the mark. Did we not address you as "Mr. Editor"—the veritable—the chief—the *only*—the acknowledged editor of the *only* colored religious newspaper of the United States? Yes, I did *address* you as such! and would be the last one to dim the lustre of that resplendent literary glory with which your editorial career has girded you, or pull a particle of the laurels green—intellectual triumphs which are your possession. 'Rest in thy glory! Thou hast toiled hard, be at peace, for I do not think any one would have such little regard for the tenth commandment as to envy you *éclat*.

To one or two things in your reply, I object, "begging the question," "dodging the question," and making a bold, sweeping, almost denunciatory conclusion, *precede* a premises, argument and inference. The skilled controversial tactician does this only when he thinks he has little or no ground to stand upon, and calculates by a mighty *coup d'etat*, to place his opponent *hors du combat*. Again, you had not the editorial rule fresh in your memory, which forbids the signature of the name *de plume* and real name to one *article*. *It was not so in the manuscript;* if it was, you are responsible, as your proof reading should have detected the error. I object to the appellation of "fable theology" to any part of my reasoning. I think it unwarrantable. Perhaps, dear brother, you have mistaken historic facts for fables, or as distinguished men—editors generally—Beecher, Greeley, Gen. Morris, N. P. Willis, *et al.*, often coin words, I suppose our *Rev.* brother and editor ("I thank thee for giving me the word,") coined this one. The only danger of coining too many would be that we might be under the necessity of calling for the immediate issue of "Weaver's Dictionary, unabridged."

Your best arguments are your quotations from great writers, these I claim as arguments on *my side*. Your quotations from them, help me, thank you! thank you! for they all make the Spirit of God the *sine qua non* of a conscience that is infallible, and a "correct guide in our conduct," but without such control by the Holy Spirit, conscience can be just like the Apostle Paul's was when he held the clothes of those who stoned Stephen, pantomited the Christians, &c., for he says he did this "in all good conscience" till arrested by God's Spirit.

You fear we do not send Methodist theology—be not alarmed! We do try to read the Bible; pray over it, ponder its truths, and there we get theology quite as good as Watson's Institutes. We confess to a want of ability to eagerly adopt the opinions of others. Your printer made some mistakes in my last article. "Superfluities the Deity has thrust upon us," these words should be preceded by the words, "are they?" Thanking you for your high consideration in giving place to "five sides of foolscap paper," and hoping you will give place to three sides more,

I am, as ever, yours, SACER.

Georgetown, D. C., March 10th, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

TRENTON CIRCUIT.

Lo! the winter is past, its rains are over and gone. Spring has appeared, the time for the singing of birds has come and the voice of gladness sounds in our ears.

Many hearts can say with joy and thanksgiving "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." He has brought us through a dreary winter, and many souls are saved. During the last quarter, amid all the distress brought upon the land by the calamities of war, we have been greatly blessed. At Trenton, we have purchased a beautiful cemetery lot at a cost of $1700. The Rev. G. M'Mullen Ladies' Sewing Circle held a fair during the holidays, by which we have realized a net profit of $70. The outstanding debts of the church have been reduced to the small sum of $250.

The membership at this point, as their custom is, made their pastor a handsome donation visit on the fifth day of February, that being his birthday Upon this occasion, himself and family received many good things, with a very pleasant addition of a little ready cash.

January 23d, the members of the class at Louisville held a festival for the purpose of raising a portion of the minister's allowance. They were successful in raising the handsome sum of $27.

February 20th, the church at Pennington held a festival for the above stated object, by which they raised, and paid over to their Pastor on account, the sum of $23. This was an unexpected, but very pleasant visitor at this season of the year Very pleasant, indeed!

But our agreeable surprise was increased by the Ladies of Pennington, through the addition of a donation visit in which we received a most beautiful and valuable Quilt, a fine young turkey, chickens, and other things by which our heart was made glad. This people by their acts of kindness have endeared themselves to our hearts forever.

As long as this people of Trenton circuit shall manifest such love for their pastor, the blessing of the Lord will abide with them forever.

Above all other things, we have been blessed with a most gracious outpouring of the Spirit upon the churches in this charge, by which they have been greatly revived, having their spiritual strength renewed. We have had about forty conversions within the past three months, many of whom are most hopeful cases. The Lord of hosts is with us, and the God of Jacob is our refuge.

But as we have no desire to glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, we close these statements with this observation, that we have been greatly blessed during the past year in our church relations, beyond all anticipated calculations, for all of which we give praise unto the name of the Lord our God. J. P. CAMPBELL.

Trenton N. J., March 7th, 1862.

N. B. Mr. Editor, increase my regular weekly number of copies from fifteen, the present number, to twenty copies per week. Also send us ten extra copies of the number containing this article on the "Trenton Circuit"

ROTE.

On the first Sunday, March 2d, 1862, we preached again our discourse on the death of Rev. Walter Proctor, in the A. M. E. Mount Zion Church, in the city of Trenton, N. J., to a crowded congregation. Our audience was very attentive, and undoubtedly deeply affected to floods of tears at the relation of the story of the good old man, his life, conduct, conversation in the world, and happy death.

We have formed here a society called the Daughters of Conference after those in the mother church at Philadelphia. These all turned out in society order upon this occasion, and commanded great attention and respect. We had present at the same time, two Doctors of Divinity from the M. E. Church, both pastors in this city. These were interested in the exercises, while they wept with those who wept, and rejoiced with those who rejoiced. The services of the occasion passed off most profitably, for God was with us. J. P. C.

For the Christian Recorder.

MR. EDITOR:—After several months' contention about Bishop Nazrey's relation, we are just where we were, when the contention commenced. The readers of your paper are still in the dark, some believing one thing, and some believing another.

I wish to suggest what I think would be the best for all parties concerned. Let Bishops Quinn and Payne call a council of elders, say two from each conference to meet at some central point to settle this perplexed question, and the sooner it is done the better; for there is, as I understand, a suit in the Court of Chancery in Canada, entered by Bishop Nazrey vs A. R. Green to restrain him (Green) from exercising the Episcopal powers in Canada West.

I call upon the aged sires, who have witnessed the onward passage of our noble ship for forty years, to come and fall in with our suggestion, and as soon as possible put an end to this useless strife. Will you sit still and see our noble ship driving upon the rocks and torn to pieces, when it can be avoided? No, no, you will not.

If the bishops say they have nothing to do with this question, then we say the General Conference has something to do with it. The young men may feel timid to look this thing in the face, for fear of being called aspirants of the bishop's office, but this is no time to fear what men may think or say. We love men, but we love the church more.

The distracted condition of our brethren in Canada, demand that we should do something in the case. The conflicting opinions in the states demand it—the future peace and prosperity of the church demand it. We call upon the bishops and elders of the church to look to this matter before it is too late.

I am yours in Christ. SHEPHARD.

Baltimore, Md.

For the Christian Recorder.

MR. EDITOR:—In the CHRISTIAN RECORDER for February 16th, an article appeared on the subject of "Sanctification," and signed "Henry Davis." I have read the article with much interest, mingled with regret, that the meaning of some of its statements was not more clearly defined; I mean the distinction between justification and sanctification. It is set forth in the article as follows: "Justification precedes, and sanctification follows as the fruit and evidence of it." Here it is plain that the principle of sanctification is destroyed, because the pronoun "it," in the above statement, makes justification the same thing. The fruit and evidence of a principle cannot be a principle of itself: it is only the evidence of an existing principle. Hence, no distinction can be made between the evidence and the principle which produced that evidence.

Again, the writer says "Justification and sanctification are inseparably connected in God's word." If so, why does he or any one attempt to treat, as distinct things, that which is inseparably connected in God's word? This is a dangerous undertaking, and is calculated to defeat its own purpose: the plain simplicity of gospel truth, and of former times seems to be passing away. How little do we now see and hear of Christians going from house to house, as was the case in former days! In conclusion, the writer gives four evidences of divine sanctification; the first and fourth of these evidences is, to my mind, very objectionable: the first is "an increasing hatred to sin." I regard it as a fatal error to admit, that hatred is a necessary trait in the character, life, or conduct of a Christian. One will have to find a new page and appendage to the Bible to find a warrant for Christians to entertain hatred, either in their conduct, life, or character. It was this principle which constituted the first murderer the world ever saw, and all along the line of ages, from that day to this, innocent blood has marked its unholy pathway. Need I refer to that man who spoke as man never did: it was "hatred" that said away with this man; it was "hatred" that said, he casts out devils by the prince of devils; it was "hatred" that said crucify him; it was "hatred" that brought him before the court as a criminal; and now, in our day, we have it recommended as a Christian trait, and as an evidence of divine sanctification.

But again, "hatred" is not only recommended, but an increase of it; this is still worse What faculty of the soul would long remain untouched by its unholy influence, were it permitted to go on increasing its work of death and destruction? But it may be said that we are to hate sin, in order to destroy and overcome it. This view is a fatal one. No element can be destroyed by one of its own nature. This is the same as adding fire to fire in order to destroy it, which only serves to increase the flame, and make its destruction more certain. "Hatred" is only another name for sin; and in order to overcome it, we must do it by an element contrary to its existence—which is *love* in the soul. We are not only to love those that love us, but we are to love those that hate us; and how are we to do this, if we have hatred within ourselves. Such a thing is so absurd, that it only needs to be stated

Again, the third point of evidence is, "practical love to God, and to all mankind." Now, it must be clear to every intelligent mind, that no man can have practical love to God and all mankind, and at the same time hate sin or anything else. To admit this, would be to admit that love and hatred can exist in man at the same time, when both are direct opposites Love cannot be practical, unless it drives out all hatred; and it must be kept out; otherwise, it does not deserve the name of practical love I regret very much to find this evil spirit receiving encouragement at clerical hands. I am led to believe going about doing good to the souls and bodies of men and women, is far better evidence of divine sanctification than an increasing hatred to sin, because I regard hatred and sin both the same thing.

The next point of evidence, is "punctual attendance on all the ordinances of the Christian church." I do not know in what sense this could be taken as an evidence of divine sanctification, unless it be in an external sense; for I think any one at all acquainted with man's strange perversion, must know that all these ordinances may be complied with, and yet be no holiness of heart—no knowledge of this everlasting and unchangeable standard of life and light in the soul. We must go beyond the mere surface of things. Unless the motives be honest and pure, which produce the punctual attendance on all the ordinances of the Christian church, it is as sounding brass, and no dependence is to be placed therein: the world is nearly filled with external performance. Where is that Christian vitality that once fructified the earth and gave promise of an abundant harvest? Where is that Christian affection which knew no bounds, but encircled within its holy embrace all mankind? Where is that tender Christian sensibility, that went from door to door, and flourished as the lily of the valley? Alas! alas! it is locked up in creeds and professions, in sects and parties. Watchman, look well to these things, lest something be required at your hands.

JOHNSON WOODLIN.

Burlington, N. J.

For the Christian Recorder.

Yesterday (Sabbath) was a day of some interest in our city, as two Conferences are now in session here. On yesterday afternoon, Rev. Bishop Jaws addressed all the colored class leaders of the M. E. Church in this city, at Sharp Street Church, after which he ordained the following deacons: Lewis Murray, Thomas F. Smith, Henry H. Tartar, Warner Cook, and George Lewis.

There has been a great deal of discussion in the conference upon loyalty and disloyalty among the preachers, but everything has become quiet once more. The funeral discourse, on the life and death of the late Rev. Walter Proctor, will be delivered in our city, on next Sabbath afternoon, by Rev. J. M. Brown; and, doubtless, it will be an occasion of interest, for there was no man more beloved in our city than Rev. Walter Proctor. He has a good many spiritual children here in Baltimore.

Many of your readers will regret to learn that our esteemed father in the gospel, Rev. Charles Dunn of our city, is becoming quite feeble in health; he has not been able to attend to public worship for some time. There is no man more missed from his seat on the Sabbath in the sanctuary, than Father Dunn—his silver locks are always looked upon with delight.

On Saturday last, it was our painful duty to accompany to the grave one of our most pious and useful Christian sisters, viz.: Mary E. Ryan, wife of Thomas Ryan. Sister Ryan was well known by the members of the Baltimore Conference: in her house they were always welcome.

While I am writing, a funeral is gathering to convey to the "house appointed for all the living," Miss Virginia Barnes, the daughter of Mrs. Caroline Barnes. Virginia has been a great sufferer; yet in all of her affliction, the Lord was with her, and she died in great peace. "None knew her but to love her."

The lovers of good music anticipate a delightful season here, as Miss E. T. Greenfield (the black swan) is expected soon to visit our city, and will give several concerts. W.

Baltimore, March 10th.

TWO CENT MONEY.

We call the special attention of the brethren to page 219, New Discipline, in relation to the two-cent money, and especially to the 16th paragraph under the same page. We do hope that all of our brethren having charge of circuits and stations will obey the General Conference of our beloved Zion, and commence in time to collect their two-cent money; and if the brethren have so far obeyed the law by making a collection every month, or every two months, we are quite sure that there will be a change in matters pertaining to our financial department. Suppose that Bethel Church, of Philadelphia, with over twelve hundred members, (we will say twelve hundred, though there is said to be some fifteen hundred,) should comply with the request; twenty-five times twelve would be three hundred (dollars,)—and this, it will be remembered, is only twenty-five cents a head. At the very lowest estimate, this is what Bethel Church will owe us at our Annual Conference.

The Union Church, placing the membership at two hundred, at twenty-five cents each, will be fifty dollars. Baltimore (Md.) Bethel Church has about twelve hundred members; suppose that she is caused to do her duty—that the minister should feel it his duty to see that each member pays his or her twenty-five cents per year; there would be three hundred dollars due the Book Steward, to be appropriated as per Discipline. Ebenezer Church has at least two hundred members, and twenty-five times two hundred is fifty dollars.

Now here would be seven hundred dollars,—leaving out Washington, New York, Brooklyn, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis, Chicago, and St. Louis, and besides hundreds of churches on circuits, and other stations where brethren are. If brethren will only do what the regulations of the Church have demanded of them, all would be well. We believe that there is not a member in our Church but what would consider it a great insult to say that they were *too poor* to pay the small sum of *twenty-five* cents a year for the benefit of the Book Concern and of our brethren who have labored hard to carry the glad tidings of the gospel to the dying world.

We are glad to see that Rev. Bishop Nazrey has notified all of his Conferences and members to come prepared to give a good account of themselves. So you may look well to the eastern brethren, and govern yourselves accordingly; for if he enforces the law, which he is bound to, somebody's head may have to come off. We hope that the other Bishops will do the same.

The Army in India is to be greatly reduced. The European portion of it will be 73,557, and the native will be 111,000—making the total less than 200,000 men.

The Viceroy of Egypt is said to be in an unpromising state of affairs. He is about to advertise, as is stated in the Glasgow *Herald*, for tenders for a loan of four million of francs.

For the Christian Recorder.

A REPLY TO HIS REVERENCE, RIGHT REV. DANIEL A. PAYNE.

DEAR SIR:—I have carefully read and considered the letter and spirit of the article to which you referred me, and have arrived to the following conclusion

That you have departed from a plain, Scriptural, and disciplinary duty, either from an erroneous judgment concerning the subject about which you write, or with an intention to deceive and lead astray the judgment of others.

First. Our Christian relationship for sixteen or eighteen years, and our confederation in office for the last ten years, would demand you to seek an interview with me before making such an open declaration as appears in the CHRISTIAN RECORDER of March the 1st, 1862. This you have failed to do.

Secondly. Your known ability forbids you being excused for publishing anything which is not strictly the truth, especially that which is injurious to ministerial character. From these two considerations, your wrong will plainly appear to all, and many will arrive at the fearful conclusion, that your intention was to deceive and lead astray the judgment of others.

I now proceed to notice your article. 1st. You say that I asked the members of the General Conference of 1860 to give some plan concerning my bishopric. This assertion I positively deny. I used no such language in the connexion which you apply it.

2d. If the words "in accordance with this request," in or near the head of your article has any force with what follows, you must admit that the Clark resolution, in the Cincinnati Conference, is in full force. See General Conference Minute of 1860, page 31.

Hence, if the words "in accordance," &c., in the connexion as used by you, mean anything, they also mean what the Canadians claim in the Clark resolution.

3d I deny having exercised double Episcopal authority. I have never in my life exercised the Episcopal office, otherwise than by the authority given me from the A. M. E. Church; and if there is anything double, it is in the legislation of the General Conference, and not in my administration. I have always acknowledged the right of the church to send her ministers and bishops where she thought best, and it is their duty to obey. Hence, Bishop Brown, from 1835 to 1844, Bishop Quinn, from 1844 to 1856, and Bishop Payne, from 1854 to 1856, alternately exercised Episcopal jurisdiction over the Canadian church. If this Episcopal jurisdiction was not double then, I cannot see how it became so, soon as Nazrey took the charge, by order of the same power which made a special act, that one of the bishops should serve in Canada, in accordance with the wishes of the Canadian Church. There is no man living can be more opposed to this state of things which now exist, than I, but my being opposed does not change the law governing the case.

4th. I deny your assertion, that I have failed to fulfil the pledge, (or any pledge) made by me to the A. M. E. Church. Also, your own statement is contradictory to such an assertion, because you first give a copy of my written resignation, which reads as follows: "To all to whom it may concern:—This is to certify that I do hereby resign my official relation, as General Superintendent of the British M. E. Church in Canada West. The above resignation is to take effect on and after the rise of the General Conference of the B. M. E. Church, which will sit in Toronto, Canada West, on the first Monday in September, 1860. WILLIS NAZREY"

In the next words you tell us that "nearly eighteen months have expired since I were to have fulfilled my own deliberate pledge," &c., "and that I have failed to fulfil this pledge."

Now, sir, the same written document or resignation above mentioned was presented to the Canadian General Conference, which act called up the present case which you are trying to palm on me. When this part of my resignation was read: "To all whom it may concern." The members of the General Conference felt deeply concerned from the following: "In 1856, in the General Conference in Cincinnati, M. M. Clark moved the following as an amendment:

"Whereas, this General Conference does not feel authorized to give one of its bishops to that portion of the church unsolicited; therefore, resolved, that when we shall be solicited of it before the next General Conference, all of our bishops shall meet with three elders selected by them, and decide which one of the bishops shall serve in Canada, in accordance with the wishes of the Canadian Church agreed to." Hence, the parties or Canadians with whom the above contract was made, said that such was their right by a legal contract, that they would not quit their claims. It is, therefore, plain to all unprejudiced minds that I have done all I pledged to do. It is also apparent that, if I was to resign every day, it would not affect the written law or contract between the two parties.

5th. I deny that the General Conference of 1860 made any such decree as you affirm in your letter. Knowest thou not a request is not a decree?

6th. If the General Conference of 1860, said that it believed this apparent double exercise of Episcopal office in two distinct denominations at the same time is contrary to the genius and spirit of our church government, it conflicted with, and gave judgment against, the positive decree of 1856, and, therefore, should have repealed the law governing said act. And it is evident that the General Conference made the appointment, not Nazrey. It is also an established principle among legislative bodies, that when a law is passed, acknowledged, and enforced, it holds the precedence of any other that may be passed after it, until repealed.

7th. If I had gone to the Lutheran or Presbyterian church, and found your reverence facing the storms, and laboring for the rebuilding of said church or churches, and I had ordered you, at some future time, to retire and leave, not only the church, but the country, and go to Canada, you would have thought that it was great impudence on my part, and *vice versa*. So think I in this case

I wish your reverence, and all others who have written, or intend to write on this subject, to know that Willis Nazrey joined the A. M. E. Church, when she was not quite so popular as at present; and he (Nazrey) obtained the great blessing of religion within her borders, and has rendered a strict adherence to her laws, and will defy any man to find a mark on her Quarterly, Annual, or General Conference books against him, at any time previous to the present harangue, which was got up on purpose. And now I say, if I have violated any law of the church

I can be dealt with accordingly. There is not a man within her now extensive borders, that will submit to the mandates of the law quicker than I, but I am the wrong man to mob away from home.

Again, I wish your reverence to prove that I have been exercising Episcopal jurisdiction in Canada by proxy, as affirmed in your letter. Though the positive decrees of the General Conference of 1856 and 1860 are so plain and easy to be understood, yet there are those who would rather destroy both churches if possible, than to do right in correcting a wrong, if there be any. The request that I made to the members of the General Conference was done in a simple and Christian manner, knowing that the Book of Discipline, page 57, gave the power to call a General Conference at any time when necessary. Seeing the deranged state of things in the church, not only in the case of which we have been speaking, but the Book Concern, and also the present Book of Discipline, in which the general rules of the church are left out, and many other defects I might mention, demand immediate notice. In view of all this, I thought that some one of the members of the General Conference might suggest the idea of calling a delegated General Conference, as the case may be, to meet at some central point with certain restrictions to settle these matters, which I conceive to be a Christian course; for a continual agitation makes no peace.

Now, I have endeavored to consider the genius and spirit of the document to which my attention has been called. I have done it, I trust, in a Christian spirit. And if I have violated any Christian duty which I owe to you, my reverend colleague, for whom I have always cherished the highest regard, you can do what you should have done before publishing your article, and that is either to have written to me, or seen me personally. And if there was a wrong, we could have adopted some course to settle it; but if this will not do, you must crack the whip, and the team is bound to go. I have done my duty.

(Signed,) WILLIS NAKE BY.

For the Christian Recorder.

CORRESPONDENCE OF DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

MR. EDITOR:—On the 16th of February we lost one of the most public spirited, high toned, and honored citizens among us. We would have spoken before now of the illustrious dead, but left the task for abler pens. The lamented one is Mr. F. Datcher; of whom the Correspondent of the New York *Tribune* thus speaks:—

A FAITHFUL PUBLIC SERVANT.

Washington, Feb. 20th, 1862.

Francis Datcher, a colored man by birth, a French nobleman in manner, honorable, faithful, intelligent, and respected, died last week in the 43d year of his service as a Messenger in the War Department. A part of his property was a parchment, covered thickly with the autograph records of the approval of his official conduct by the several Secretaries of War under whom he served in that long period of time. A month since, a friendly compact was made between Francis and myself, that when death should discharge him of his duties to the Government, this parchment record of honor should be published to the world in the journal which he honored for its love of his race. I esteem it a privilege to be permitted to fulfil this promise.

Francis Datcher has served during the last six years as Assistant Messenger in the War Office, and I have pleasure in certifying that he has performed the duties assigned him with zeal, intelligence, attention, and integrity, and is entitled to the approbation of the Department.

Given this 3d day of March, 1825.

[Seal.] J. C. CALHOUN.

May 24, 1828.

I with pleasure bear testimony to the good qualities of F Datcher stated in the above during my administration. JAMES BARBOUR.

I heartily concur in the above testimonials to the good conduct and faithful services of Francis Datcher. P. B. PORTER.

I concur with my predecessors in the opinion they express of the character and conduct of Francis Datcher, having found him obedient, attentive, and faithful in the discharge of his duties. J. R. POINSETT.

The conduct of Francis Datcher, as Assistant Messenger during my administration of the War Department, has met my entire approbation. His capacity for the performance of his duties, and his zeal and fidelity in their execution, have not, in my opinion, been exceeded by those of any other person of my acquaintance. LEWIS CASS.

F. Datcher has continued to act as Messenger during the time I have been in the War Department, (two years,) with a fidelity that has met my entire approbation

He is an honorable and honest man.

3d May, 1831. JOHN H. EATON.

I have found Francis Datcher to be all my predecessors represent him, and cheerfully bear testimony to his uniform good conduct and his great zeal and ability as a Messenger

My only complaint against him is, that he would not leave the War Department and follow me in the Treasury Department at a higher salary

March 17, 1838. J. R. SPENCER.

Francis Datcher has officiated as Assistant Messenger at the War Department during my administration of it. I have found him attentive, obliging, and polite. Have never in any instance had occasion to find fault with him, and esteem him as a man of integrity and intelligence. I cheerfully join with my predecessors in the commendations they have bestowed upon him

J M PORTER

I cannot sufficiently recommend the faithful conduct and excellent behaviour of Francis Datcher WM THILKINS

March, 1845.

My predecessors seem to have exhausted the language of praise in their testimonials to the merits of F. Datcher, Assistant Messenger in the War Department; but after four years' acquaintance with him, I can truly say that they have done only bare justice to his character and accomplishments. As a man, he has my sincere respect; as an officer, my high commendation.

March 3, 1849. W. L. MARCY.

I cheerfully add my evidence to the admitted excellent qualities of Francis Datcher, Assistant Messenger of the War Department

July 20, 1850. GEO W CRAWFORD

It affords me pleasure to express my hearty concurrence in all that is said in the foregoing certificate in regard to the zeal and fidelity with which Francis Datcher has discharged his duties.

March 6, 1853. C. M. CONRAD.

Though the language of commendation has been somewhat exhausted, four years of daily intercourse assure me the merit of the subject has not declined. In Francis Datcher I have found what Mr. Pitt is said to have declared he had, through his long public life, sought for in vain—a man exactly suited to the place he held. It gives me pleasure to add my testimony to that of so many illustrious predecessors in his favor, and to commend him to the most respectful consideration. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

War Office, March 3, 1857.

I perform only a duty in bearing my cheerful and sincere testimony to the high character of Francis Datcher, the Assistant Messenger of the War Department. With a perfect knowledge of all the duties of his place, he discharges them with a fidelity, sagacity, and perfectly well-bred courtesy, worthy of all praise. Here, and wherever he be, the object of respect with all strangers visiting the Department, and of sincere regard with its inmates. I commend him heartily to those who may hereafter preside over the War Department. JOHN B FLOYD.

Dec. 29, 1860.

More than forty years ago I came to Washington a boy, on business connected with the War Department, and was kindly and courteously received by Francis Datcher, a colored man, having the manners and deportment of a gentleman, who ushered me into the presence of Mr. Calhoun, then Secretary of War. Almost every year since, in passing through the various grades of life open to every American, I have had occasion to visit the War Department, and I have always found Datcher at his post, as courteous and civil as when I first saw him. When I entered upon my duties as the Head of this Department, I was glad to have the opportunity to say: "Francis, while I am here, you will do me a great favor if you will remain, and extend to me the treatment which I have received at your hands during the long years of our acquaintance." SIMON CAMERON.

War Department, Jan. 18, 1862.

Rev. James Gloucester, of Brooklyn, New York, is with us. His visit is highly appreciated, as he is one of the live divines of the day. He preached for us to a crowded house. The theme was "The Christian Patriot; or, The Man for the Hour," which he handled ably, and with a heart power that impressed his audience.

The President's extraordinary message, which is just one remove from nothing, so far as anti-slavery is concerned, creates a variety of opinion.

We saw a military occurrence this morning which will be heard from in a few days. According to regulations here, the press cannot speak of it definitely. I had concluded to sign myself "Bartimeus," but I think I will keep the name of

SAMPH.

DEATHS.

Departed this life, on Feb. 20th, 1862, George Gale, aged 16 years, and on March 2d, Susan Gale, aged 13 years, son and daughter of Littleton and the late Margaret Gale.

Little Susan, after a short illness of twenty-four hours, departed this life. Before the breath left her body, she called her step-mother to her couch, and threw her arms around her neck, and said, "Mother, mother, kiss me, and weep not for me, for I soon shall be praising the Lord in heaven with my other mother and brother George! O, mother, will you meet me in heaven?" She called the remainder of the family, one by one, and asked them to meet her in heaven.

Dear little readers, will you think of little Susan Gale, who when she was called by death to hear and know her doom, knew that "God was reconciled," and that she was going to heaven to praise her Maker for ever? J. J. HUBBERT.

Pt. Deposit, March 10th, 1862.

DIED.

We are sorry to record the deaths of two of Rev. Michael Sluby's children, of Wilmington, Del. We can sympathize with brother Sluby, when we remember that both corpses were in the house at the same time. Bennett H. Sluby died on the 6th inst; and William Sluby died on the 7th. They are gone to that better world, brother Sluby: your loss is their infinite gain.

NOTICE.

To all whom it may concern:

District Grand Lodge, No. 2, of the Independent Order of Good Samaritans and Daughters of Samaria.

In accordance with previous arrangements, Thomas Lodge, No. 35, of Good Samaritans, Van Brakle Lodge, No 4, of Good Samaritans, Smith Union Lodge, No. 13, of Daughters of Samaria, Olive Union Lodge, No. 27, of D. of S, Prudence Lodge, No. 30, of D. of S., and Perseverance Lodge, No. 43, of D. of S., was reinstated to fellowship with the Right Worthy National Grand Lodge of the I O of G S, and D of S, *First Branch*, on Tuesday Evening, March 4, A D, 1862, a dispensation having been granted, the Right Worthy National Grand Sire, Bro. George H. Hick, organized the above-named Lodges into a District Grand Lodge, to be known by the *name, style,* and *title* of District Grand Lodge, No. 2, of the Independent Order of Good Samaritans, and Daughters of Samaria, and installed the following named brothers and sisters into their offices respectively, viz:

Bro. James T. Robinson, R. W. P. Grand Chief.
Sist. Mary E. Ashton, R. W. P. G. P. Daughter.
Bro. Henry Brooks, R. W. G. Chief.
Sist. Sarah Davis, R. W. G. P. Daughter.
Bro. Richard H. Gleaves, R. W. D. G. Chief.
Sist. Mary Parker, R. W. D. G. P. Daughter.
Bro. Nath. L. Durham, R. W. G. V. Chief.
Sist. Mary Highgates, R. W. G. D. of the Fountain.
Bro. James H. Smith, R. W. G. Prelate.
Sist. Jane Pharis, R. W. D. G. D. of Lessons.
Bro. Frederick C. Revels, R. W. G. Orator
Bro. Wm. H. Longfellow, R. W. G. R. Secretary.
Sist. Sarah Jenkins, R. W. D. G. D. of Records.
Bro. Jonathan Davis, R. W. G. F. Secretary.
Sist. Cornelia Gilbert, R. W. G. F. Daughter.
Bro. James Dolphin, R. W. G. Treasurer.
Sist. Elizabeth Maston, R. W. G. D of Treasurer.
Bro. Henry H. Gilbert, R. W. G. Conductor.
Sist. Elizabeth Briant, R. W. G. D. Conductor.
Bro. Wm. Carper, R. W. G. I. Sentinel.
Sist. Sarah Young, R. W. G. D. of the Key.
Bro. George Murray, R. W. J. G. Sentinel.
Sist. Susan Fausett, R. W. G. D. of the Pass

After the installation ceremonies, the R. W. National Grand Sire declared District Grand Lodge No. 2, of the I. O. of G. S. and D. of S., to be a regular organized body, under the jurisdiction of the R. W. National Grand Lodge.

On motion, it was resolved: That a list of the officers be published in the *Christian Recorder*, and the *Anglo African*.

JONATHAN DAVIS, M. D., }
WM H LONGFELLOW, } Committee

Domestic Items.

Gradual Emancipation.—Message from the President.—WASHINGTON, March 7.—The President to-day transmitted to Congress the following Message:

Fellow Citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives:—I recommend the adoption of a joint resolution by your honorable bodies which shall be as follows:

Resolved, That the United States ought to cooperate with any State which may adopt gradual abolishment of slavery giving to such State pecuniary aid to be used by such State in its discretion to compensate for the inconveniences, public and private, produced by such change of system.

If the proposition contained in the resolution does not meet the approval of Congress and the country, there is the end; but if it does command such approval, I deem it of importance that the State and people immediately interested, should be at once distinctly notified of the fact, so that they may begin to consider whether to accept or reject it. The Federal Government would have no right or interest in such a measure as one of the most efficient means of self preservation. The leaders of the existing insurrection entertain the hope that this government will ultimately be forced to acknowledge the independence of some part of the disaffected region, and that all the Slave States north of such parts will then say—The Union for which we have struggled being already gone, we now choose to go with the Southern section. To deprive them of this hope, substantially ends the rebellion, and the initiation of emancipation completely deprives them of it as to all the States initiating it. The point is not that all the States inaugurating slavery would very soon, if at all, initiate emancipation; but while the offer is equally made to all, the more Northern shall, by such initiation, make it a part of the national honor and interest that the less Northern shall follow in their footsteps. I say initiation, because gradual and not sudden emancipation is better for all. In the mere financial or pecuniary view, any member of Congress who has carefully calculated treasury reports before him, can readily see for himself how very soon the current expenditures of this war would purchase, at fair valuation, all the slaves in any named State. Such a proposition in the present General Government sets up no claim of a right by Federal authority to interfere with slavery within State limits, referring as it does the absolute control of the subject in each case to the State and its people immediately interested. It is proposed as a matter of perfectly friendly action with them. In the annual message last December, I thought fit to say: The Union must be preserved, and hence all indispensable means must be employed. I said this not hastily, but deliberately. War has been made, and continues to be made an indispensable means to this end. A practical acknowledgment of the national authority would render the war unnecessary, and it would at once cease. If, however, resistance continues the war must of course continue, and it is impossible to foresee all the incidents which may attend, and all the ruin which may follow it. Such as may seem indispensable, or may obviously promise great efficiency towards ending the struggle, must and will come. The proposition now made is an offer only. I hope it may be accepted no offence to ask whether the pecuniary consideration tendered would not be of more value to the States and private persons concerned than are the institution and property in it, in the present aspect of affairs. While it is true that the adoption of the proposed resolution would be merely initiatory, and not within itself a practical measure, it is recommended in the hope that it would soon lead to important practical results. In full view of my great responsibility to my God and to my country, I earnestly beg the attention of Congress and the people to the subject. (Signed) ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The War an Invasion for Cotton.

[From the Richmond Examiner.]

Who has read without deep mortification the late order of the Federal Government that "the cotton just taken in Tennessee to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars shall be forwarded to New York?" Fifty thousand bales, it is said, are already in New York, brought from Port Royal; another quantity was secured by the gunboats ascending the Tennessee river; now it is ascertained that a hundred thousand dollars worth (twenty-five hundred bales) have been secured on the first entrance into Tennessee.

The Dress of the Federal and Rebel Soldiers.—The Richmond *Dispatch*, of Friday, has a long editorial on the dress of the Federal and rebel soldiers. The editor concludes thus:

The ability of the Yankees to dress themselves in handsome style is all due to the South, whose staples they have used to make themselves rich, and in dulge in all manner of luxurious living. This mat ter of dress is a matter of taste, even when people are not shut out from the source of supply. The North has always been in the habit of paying all it was worth on its back and in entrenails, whilst the South has been content with a plain style of living in everything.

How the Virginians try to Escape the Draft.—The muster rolls just handed in to the colonels of the Nineteenth and One hundred and seventy-ninth regiments are the most ridiculously curious documents it has ever been our luck to encounter. In their anxiety to get clear of militia duty, hundreds of the men have attached to their names the record of some permanent injury or horrible distemper. The rolls are thus made complete catalogues of all the ills that flesh is heir to. The great number of one-eyed and deaf men, the prevalence of chronic diarrhœa, and rheumatism in all its varieties, is truly astonishing. Some parties, who, perhaps, could think of no particular affliction, have stated in general and comprehensive terms that they were "physically disabled," and in "bad health." One old gentleman, who avowed himself a hypochondriac, actually appended his will and codicil to his signature. Great numbers have signed themselves "exempted by the Governor," and numerous citizens, thought only, perhaps, making a pair of shoes for a clerk in the Treasury Department, have followed their names with the imposing announcement, "employed on Government work."

It is our opinion that this city has already contributed her quota to the army, but we hope these muster-rolls will be published, that the world may know the men who would shirk muster themselves, and only parade (in many instances assumed) diseases when their country calls for soldiers.—*Examiner.*

The Arrest of Prominent Union Men in Richmond.—The *Examiner*, of Thursday, has the following in its local columns:

It has already been announced that the Rev. Alden Bosserman, pastor of the Universalist Church in this city, had been arrested.

On the last general fast-day Mr. Bosserman refused to open his church, and gave as his reason that Mr. Franklin Stearns had requested him not to open it, and that as Mr. Stearns paid him more money than all his congregation put together, whatever he said should be done. On last Sunday he prayed from his desk in church that this "unholy rebellion should be crushed out."

Good Generalship.—The boast in the South has always been that they had the ablest Generals, and that in a war where military science and strategy played a conspicuous part, they would necessarily have the advantage. This advantage turns out to be as baseless as the supposed superior courage and determination of the rebel soldier. We have just seen the fact developed how much abler our Generals are in strategy than the rebel leaders, who were not able to penetrate designs so fatal to their cause till it was too late to prevent disaster to their arms. Our General divided the line of the enemy, and put himself in the rear of both their armies, and so arranged his forces that suddenly, and without a moment's notice, he had both their armies attacked in the front and rear at the same moment. On the other side of the Mississippi, General Price was met in the same way. The rebel armies had cannon in the front of them, and cannon in the rear, and nothing was left them but flight. It was probably to keep Price from running away successfully (as Floyd has done) that our army retired from Springfield instead of driving him back, to concentrate elsewhere.

It is important to remark that it would have been fatal to our entire success to have had the plan of the campaign developed until the rise of the Western waters in Kentucky and Tennessee should have allowed our boats to go up the Cumberland and Tennessee twenty feet above the shoals and the torpedoes laid for them. These rivers, fed from the South, rise before those dependent on the melting snow. This is the beginning of the season for reliable operation of gunboats on the waters of the Western and Southwest. It was for this rise that General Scott wanted eleven months to work upon. Had the rebels, however, suspected for a moment his real object, nothing would have been easier than to have defeated it. General McClellan has completely out-generalled the whole of the Southern leaders, military and civil, and thrown his whole attacking force just on the very spot (Nashville) to which the rebels had thought of retreating with their confederate capital, as the most secure from all attack. We know not, at the present, how much of the conception of this plan is due to General Scott, or how exclusively to McClellan. There is in it glory enough to make a name in history for both, if both were in for it, for McClellan beyond all doubt.

From Gen. Banks' Command.—The enemy entrenched near Winchester, with 60 pieces of Artillery CHARLESTOWN, Va., March 6—Reliable intelligence states that the enemy is in full force at Winchester, and have completed formidable earthworks on this side, mounted with sixty guns, including the field batteries

Yesterday several deserters were brought into town by the cavalry. Among them was Lieutenant Arthur Markell, of the Fifth Virginia volunteers.

Latest from Charlestown, Va.—Smithfield occupied.—CHARLESTOWN, Va., March 6—8 o'clock, P. M.—Smithfield, seven miles northwest of this place, was occupied to day by a strong force.

General Banks has issued a general order forbidding all kinds of depredations or marauding upon the property of citizens. He says: No officer or soldier shall disturb in any manner the ordinary business of the country.

The country supplies, which, on our arrival, were cut off, are now coming in more freely. Public sentiment in regard to our presence is gradually undergoing a favorable change, and faces which scowled upon the Union soldiers now smile in pleasant intercourse with the officers and men.

The army store-houses here are fast filling up with confiscated articles of produce and manufactures, and such as are required are being issued to the army. The sources include fire hundred and seventy barrels of flour and two hundred bushels of wheat, the latter being in bags marked "Confederate States."

It is believed generally at Bunker Hill that the force at Winchester had been greatly reduced, leaving not over 5,000 to 6,000 men there. Others say that Jackson's force has been strengthened by the regiments from Lynchburg. Capt. Coe's scouts last night reached a point only four miles from Winchester, but no entered it, a regular force of the enemy's cavalry picket.

Departure of Gov. Johnson for Tennessee.—WASHINGTON, Feb. 7, 1862.—Gov. ANDREW JOHNSON, accompanied by Messrs. Clark, Nelson, Johnson, Wm. A. Brownlow, secretary, &c., Hon. Horace Maynard and Hon. Emerson Etheridge, Clerk of the House, left Washington this afternoon for Nashville.

a train to the more Southern that, in no event, will the former ever join the latter in their proposed conf[illegible]

A Great Naval Battle with the Iron clad Steamer Merrimac.—Whatever doubts may have been at first expressed regarding the efficiency of the rebel iron-clad steamer Merrimac, the events of the last day or two show that it is never wise to despise an enemy or underrate his power to do mischief. The steamer Merrimac has been preparing for many months for some desperate undertaking, and on Saturday she came out of Norfolk, while the two rebel gunboats Jamestown and Yorktown came down the James River, and the three engaged the frigates Cumberland and Congress, the first a twenty-two gun ship, and the latter a fifty-gun ship, which, unfortunately, had no regular crew on board. The Merrimac ran into the Cumberland with all steam on and sunk her. The Congress struck her flag, and was set fire to by the rebels. The Minnesota, fifty guns, the Roanoke, fifty, and the St. Lawrence, fifty, came up and joined in the fight, but the Minnesota got aground. The shot from our ships glanced harmlessly off the iron sides of the rebel iron-clad vessel. Night put an end to the naval fight, and there is no telling what might have been the result, but for the opportune arrival of the new iron steam battery, the "Monitor," from New York. She reached Fortress Monroe on Saturday night, and soon had her powers put to the test. Early yesterday morning, the three rebel vessels attacked her, but after a five hours' fight they all hauled off, the Merrimac in a sinking condition.

This action illustrates the fact that iron-plated vessels are more than a match for the best not iron plated. The Merrimac at first was a failure, because she was overloaded with iron; but the rebels, with an energy and perseverance which are characteristic of them, went to work and remedied this defect by stripping the vessel of some of its armor. She fully proved herself to be a most formidable vessel of war, superior to the largest wooden vessel, unless the character of the armament on board our vessels of war is changed, and guns of the Rodman pattern are put on board of them. Nothing but a crushing weight of iron can affect the sides of a vessel sheathed with railroad bars. Bollins' attack on our vessels at the mouth of the Mississippi, some months ago, demonstrated the fact that our wooden ships, with smooth-bore guns, were entirely at the mercy of iron-plated ships, and were obliged to fly from them. That ought to have been a warning to the Navy Department, and with the preparations known to be making upon the Merrimac at Norfolk, a floating battery of heavy guns should have been ready for her at Fortress Monroe. Any of the old hulks, useless for sailing purposes, could have been plated in the same way the Merrimac was, and armed with the heaviest guns known, would have been an effectual safeguard against any attack. But if the Merrimac illustrated the superiority of iron-plated vessel, the Ericsson proved the still greater efficiency of iron armor combined with the heaviest weight of guns. She is armed with two of Rodman's guns, which throw a 480-pound ball. The effect of these on the Merrimac seemed to have been most damaging. To the superiority of the Ericsson is certainly due the honor of retrieving the disasterous the early part of the fight. But for her arrival it is possible that the rebel vessel would have battered all our ships to pieces. The Merrimac is not adapted for sea, but with coal enough on board, it is quite possible that she could have passed Fortress Monroe, run down the coast, and captured every one of our vessels of war which could not run away from her. The Navy Department should now keep their eyes upon the Nashville, at Beaufort. It would not be surprising to see her sent out some day from under the guns of Fort Macon, plated with iron or armed with heavy guns, and capture the blockading vessels.

Another Triumph.—We have glorious news from Missouri. A grand battle has been fought and a grand victory achieved. Fort Donelson is destined to be wholly forgotten, for the time, in the jubilation over the last intelligence from HALLECK. The army of the South-west, under General Curtis, has completely routed the combined hordes of McCulloch, Price, Van Dorn, and McIntosh, which are being pursued by our cavalry. A large quantity of guns, provisions, etc., have fallen into our hands. The loss of the enemy, as may readily be imagined, must have been enormous, when our own is estimated at no less than 1,000 men.

In view of the remarkable success of the Monitor in the action of Sunday, it is probable that the Senate Finance Committee will recede from its opposition to the House appropriation of fifteen million dollars for iron-clad gunboats. Until the news of this battle arrived, the Senate Committee was determined in its opposition to the gunboat bill, but circumstances alter cases, and there is now a new phase of the case to be considered.

A special despatch from Washington says the chairman of the Naval Committee of the House declares that the disaster will produce a good effect. If Congress will learn from it the lesson that iron is superior to wood for the construction of vessels of war.

At last we have intelligence from Commodore Dupont's fleet, whose departure from Port Royal we chronicled several days ago. Brunswick, Georgia, and Fernandina, Florida, have both been taken possession of without resistance, the rebels abandoning the forts at both places, with all their contents, on the approach of our gunboats. The occupation of these points by the Federal forces gives the Government the control of the whole coast of Georgia from South Carolina to Florida.

We see no reason to doubt the reports about the evacuation of Manassas by the rebels. The *National Intelligencer* of yesterday, says that the military authorities in Washington have received reliable authority to that effect. The lines of the army of the Potomac were so rapidly closing around the rebel stronghold, that its evacuation or capture was only a question of time.

We have stirring news from New Madrid, Missouri. General Pope's forces have reached that place and commenced an attack on the rebel strongholds.

The rebels are in large force there, and have several gunboats helping them, but as Commodore Foote's fleet have gone down to the scene of operation, it is probable that they will not be allowed to do much damage to our forces. If the rebel gunboats are driven off, we may expect to hear of another large capture of prisoners, as General Pope's army has them surrounded, so that they cannot retreat by land, while Commodore Foote will attend to them by water.

Onward Progress of the Union Arms.—The operations against the rebels are as active as they are extended. From all around the cordon which is enclosing them, come encouraging accounts of gains, which prove that the rebel power is not equal to the contest it is engaged in, and that the work of concentration with them has begun, as a military necessity. Com. Dupont, with his fleet of vessels, has taken Brunswick and Fernandina, the first in Georgia, the last in Florida. Fort Clinch was abandoned by the rebels, and the flag of the Union now floats over it. This is the first of the forts on the coast seized by the secessionists which has been "retaken," as President Lincoln said they would be. It will not be long before others are added to the list. From New Madrid, on the Mississippi, just where it bends on the southeast corner of Missouri, General Pope has commenced an attack on the rebels whom he had invested there, their number being about 10,000, with four of Hollin's gunboats. This battle, which was going on by the last despatches, will be a land and naval fight, and Capt Foote will have another opportunity to exhibit his daring and skill. Besides this, we have a report that Winchester, Va., has been abandoned, and from other indications it is supposed that the rebels are about to retire from Manassas. The movements in Tennessee by Buell, and behind Norfolk, by Burnside, are very threatening to them, and independently of the proposed concentration of their forces, would be likely to make them withdraw from Manassas, if they could do so with safety to Richmond. From Arkansas comes the intelligence of a great battle, lasting three days, between Curtis' division of Halleck's army and Gen'l Price. It has been a most sanguinary battle, but Price has been utterly routed and many prisoners taken. All these successes indicate the speedy downfall of the rebellion.

Great News from Virginia—The United States Troops in Manassas.—Washington, March 11th.—Manassas has been evacuated by the rebels, and our forces have taken peaceful possession.

The rebels had all fled precipitately, before our forces took possession, abandoning their fortifications at Centreville, as well as those on the Lower Potomac. It is believed that they are in full retreat

MEETINGS OF ANNUAL CONFERENCES

The OHIO Annual Conferences will meet in Zanesville city, Ohio, April 15th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

The INDIANA Annual Conference will meet in Indianapolis, Ind., August 28th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

The MISSOURI Annual Conference will meet in Louisville, Ky., August 28th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M

W. PAGE GROSS

The PHILADELPHIA Annual Conference will meet in Trenton, N. J., on the 10th day of May, 1862, in the Mount Zion Church, at 9 o'clock

The NEW ENGLAND Annual Conference will meet on the 31st day of May, at New Bedford, at 9 o'clock, A. M., in the A. M. E. Church.

The members of these Conferences will strictly attend to the financial duties as laid down in the Discipline and without which our itinerant progress will be incomplete! Punctual attendance is expected.

A notice of my visits will be given in the future

W. NEARY

Advertisements.

THE United Brothers and Sisters of Rev. Willis Nazrey Society, are requested to attend their regular stated meeting, the 19th of this month, at 8 o'clock, P M., on the corner of Quince and Locust Streets. Punctual attendance is strictly requested, by order of the President.

ARMIS HALL, *President.*
E. MALONEY, *Secretary.*

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 15th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows

From Garnet Union No 1, D of T, from Phœnix Union, No 2, D. of T., from Northern Union, No 16 D. of T., Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa., from Dr. Bias' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 19, D. of T.; from Vanbrakle Union, No 15, D. of T., of Norristown, Pa

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows—

Grand P., Sister Bennett; Grand Associate, Sister Burris; Grand Treasurer, Sister Fausett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dobbins; Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall

G. P. P., Sister E. Rogers, G. P. P. Sister Anderson,
" " E. Rowan, " " J. J. Burns,
" " M. H. Bonny, " " M. A. Cranes,
" " S. Newman, " " White,
" " S. Davis, " " S. Hall.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY.

THE STATED QUARTERLY MEETING of the Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August and November

The meetings of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the society

Mrs. SARAH CARTER, President.
Mr. L. R. SEVERUS, Sec'y.

MRS. JOHNSON AND MRS WARE

Beg leave to inform the Public in general that they continue

LAYING OUT AND SHROUDING THE DEAD.

REFERENCES.

Thomas Charnock, No. 427 South Sixth Street
James Le Count, No. 920 Rodman Street.
Thomas W Allmond, No 1047 Rodman Street.

☞ ALL ORDERS ATTENDED TO AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

Mrs. JANE JOHNSON, Residence—616 S. 8th St. | Mrs. ANN WARE. Residence—641 Lombard St.

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PRESENCE OF MIND

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER

Did you ever cross the Catskills by the old-fashioned turnpike on a [illegible] day? Long, over sit out with the driver just as the summit was gained, and the stage began to swing down the dizzy descent? You laid tight hold, I'll warrant you, of the side strap, and braced both your feet on the foot board, and if you were a little inexperienced in mountain travel, you said somewhat nervously, "Now, driver, go carefully down here."

The driver smiles, changes his quid coolly to the other side of his cheek, rings a loud crack with his whip, and clasps his heel on the break as much as to say *"festina lente,"* and away the coach sings down the mountain. Presently the driver, with a slight catch in his breath, says, "I declare if the reins on that off leader ain't broke!" Sure enough the lines are unloosed from the bit of the gay skittish creature, and he tosses his head with an airy motion very suggestive of a runaway. Your first impulse is to scream to the inside passengers, your next one is to make a break-neck leap from the box of the coach. "Keep quiet, keep quiet!" says the driver, and then swings his long whip around the legs of the two dancing leaders, as if he too were in a plot to send the coach and its precious cargo to Davy Jones' locker in the shortest possible time. "Driver, what *do* you mean?" "Keep quiet," he says, with another touch of the whip to the leader's white fetlock, "I know what I'm about; those leaders are full of mettle, and I want to make them think that I am *giving* them the loose rein; if they only knew they were loose, they would dash us all into kindlin' wood in less than five minutes." We try to believe that John is right, but secretly we give up all for lost. We look down at the narrow thread of the Hudson River, winding ten miles beneath us, and then across to the distant Green Mountains of Vermont that gleam in the October sun as the Delectable Mountains gleamed before Bunyan's Pilgrim. It is astonishing how of mind sense objects when in great danger or when expecting death. A culprit listening to his death-sentence notices every button on each juryman's coat.

With this intense study of the scene before us, and with our hand so numb that we do not *feel* the strap we are grasping, we whirl down a half mile of the declivity. Before us is a slight rise in the road of four or five feet. Just as the leaders gallop up it, the driver jumps with his whole weight on the break—gives a tremendous pull on the reins of the wheel horses—shouts "*Woo*" with a startling screech—and in the instant that the coach halts, he leaps from the box, and is at the leaders' heads! It is all done in a twinkling. And before the frightened inside passengers have had time to shout, "What is the matter?" the quick witted driver is fastening the rein-buckle again into the bit.

Now there was presence of mind. Had that driver been "out of his wits" he would probably have dashed himself off of his coach, to be followed by the coach dashing itself over the mountain-side. But he had his wits within reach—or what the old Greeks called nearness of mind. As the shrewd Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, says in one of his essays, "It is a curious condition of mind that this requires. It is like sleeping with your pistol under your pillow, and the pistol on full cock; a moment lost, and all may be lost. There is the very nick of time. Men, when they have done some signal feat of presence of mind, if asked how they did it, do not very well know—they just *did it*. It was in fact done, and then thought of; not thought of and then done, in which case it would likely never have been done at all. It is one of the highest powers of mind thus to act; it is done by an acquired instinct."

This presence of mind is invaluable in a military commander. Nearly every battle turns on one or two rapid movements, executed amid whirl of smoke, and thunder of guns that jars the solid globe. Napoleon possessed this quality beyond any general of modern times. His mind acted like the lightning; and never with such prompt precision as in the moments of greatest confusion and danger. What confused others clarified him. At Arcola, he saw that the tide was turning against him; he called up twenty-five horsemen, gave them each a trumpet, and made a dashing charge that gave him the victory. At Montebello, he computed with his eye the distance of the Austrian cavalry, saw that it would require a quarter of an hour for them to come up, and in those fifteen minutes executed a manœuvre that saved the day. "These quarters of an hour," he used to say, "generally decide the fate of a battle. The Austrians never know the value of time." A little of this Napoleonic presence of mind might have saved for us the battle of Bull Run. But officers and soldiers lost both; and one-half of that whole army set off on a wild, topsy-turvy chase after their *wits!*

A good physician needs to have his mind at his finger-ends. There is a sudden turn in the disease or there must be a rapid surgical movement. His books are useless unless his books are in his head. He must grow cooler as his patient or the bystanders grow more frightened. Napoleon feared that the physician who was attending upon the Empress at the birth of the King of Rome would lose his self-possession. "Compose yourself," said the Emperor, "and imagine that you are attending only a poor girl in the Faubourg St. Antoine."

The pulpit debutant who sees his manuscript swimming about on the walls of the church that is swimming too—the panic-struck house-wife who throws her mirrors out of the third-story window at the alarm of fire—the pilot who gives the wrong pull to the wheel when a vessel comes suddenly out of a fog upon his bow—are all familiar illustrations of one's wits "stepped out" just at the moment that they were wanted. Dr. Brown in his essay gives a couple of instances of the opposite.

A lady was in front of her lawn with her children, when a mad dog made his appearance, pursued by the neighbors. What did she do? Better than you or I would have done. She ran straight toward the dog, received its head in her thick stuff gown between her knees, and muffling it up, held it with all her might until the men arrived. No one was hurt. Of course, she fainted after it was all over. Both her acts were womanlike.

The other case Dr. B. gives is of a Mrs. Major Robertson, a slight and beautiful woman, who, on going alone to her room, sees the foot of a man projecting from under her bed! Only a servant is in the house. She goes carelessly about the room, until suddenly exclaiming aloud, "I declare, I've forgotten that key again," she leaves the light and coolly goes down stairs. When she comes up again it is with a policeman, and the *foot* is soon on its way to the watch-house.

Presence of mind is partly a natural gift, and partly an acquisition. It is hard to to ach it to a fool, but many a wise man has played the fool for want of it.

MEMOIR OF BUNSEN.

We are glad to see it announced in the *Record* of London, that the widow of Chevalier Bunsen is engaged in preparing a memoir of her late distinguished husband. Few men better deserve a memorial than he. An eminent scholar and statesman, and moving in the highest ranks of society, he was yet a devout believer in the truths of Christianity, and an humble disciple of the Great Master.

THE HEAD AND THE HEART.

The "head" brings those things which pertain to faith into the place where they belong, namely, "the heart." It was a great and important question which a distinguished man once asked Spencer, "How can we bring the head to the heart?" Is not the correct answer this?—"Prepare a place in the heart for the head, through the awakening of feeling for faith, and then bring the head itself into it."

FIFTEEN FOLLIES

1. To think that the more a man eats, the fat-

2. To [illegible] with more [illegible]

3. To [illegible] that if exercise is good for the health [illegible] more good is done.

4. To [illegible] that every heart [illegible] room in the house is large enough to sleep in.

5. To argue that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better, is "good for" the system, without regard to more ultimate effects. The soothing syrup," for example, will stop the cough of children, and does arrest diarrhœa, only to cause a little later, alarming convulsions, or the more fatal inflammation of the brain, or water on the brain, at least, it always [illegible] disease.

6. To commit an act which is felt in itself to be prejudicial, hoping that somehow or other it may be done in your case with impunity.

7. To advise another to take a remedy which you have not tried yourself or without making special inquiry whether all the conditions are alike.

8. To eat without an appetite, or continue to eat, after it has been satisfied, merely to gratify the taste.

10. To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep, and a weary waking in the morning.

11. To remove a portion of the clothing incidentally after exercise, when the most stupid draysman in the city knows that if he does not put a cover on his horse the moment he ceases work, in winter, he will lose him in a few days, by pneumonia.

12. To contend that because the dirtiest children in the street, or on the highway, are hearty and healthy, that, therefore, it is healthy to be dirty, forgetting that continuous daily exposure to the pure out-door air, in joyous, unrestrained activities, is such a powerful agency for health, that those who live thus are well, in spite of the rags and filth.

13. To presume to repeat, later in life, without injury, the indiscretions, exposures, and intemperances which, in the flush of youth were practised with impunity.

14. To believe that warm air is necessarily impure, or that pure cool air is necessarily more healthy than the confined air of a close and crowded vehicle. The latter at most can only cause faintness or nausea; while entering a conveyance after walking briskly, lowering a window, thus while still exposed to a draft, will give a cold infallibly, or an attack of pleurisy or pneumonia, which will cause weeks and months of suffering, if not actual death within four days.

15. To "remember the Sabbath day," by working harder and later on Saturday than on any other day in the week, with a view to sleeping late next morning, and staying at home all day to rest; conscience quieted by the plea of not "feeling very well."—*Journal of Health.*

INCIDENTS OF THE FORT HENRY BATTLE.

Flag Officer Foote is beloved by all his men. The night after he captured Fort Henry, a gentleman said to him that he was getting nervous, and must have some sleep. "I never slept better in my life than I did the night before the battle, and I never prayed more fervently than on that morning; but I couldn't sleep last night for thinking of those poor fellows on board the Essex," was his reply—a reply which at once reveals his whole character; for he is not only a moral man, but humane, self-sacrificing: one who openly recognises the claims of Christianity, and lives up to his professions.

In the explosion on the Essex, at the capture of Fort Henry, one of the seamen was shockingly scalded. His clothing was at once removed; linseed oil and flour applied to his parboiled flesh, and he was carefully wrapped in blankets and placed in bed. A few moments after, came news that the rebel flag was struck, and the fort surrendered. In his enthusiasm, he sprang out of his berth, ran up on deck, and waved his blanket in the air, huzzaing for the stars and stripes. The poor fellow, after the first excitement was over, was assisted below, and in the night he died, full of rejoicing to the last at the triumph of the old flag.

A correspondent writing from Fort Henry says: "Since the rebel inhabitants about here have met our troops, they have strangely altered their views, and express great pleasure at their happy disappointment, though they concluded at first General Grant's army must be an exception to Yankees generally. One elderly female, living a few miles above the fort, declared to some of the scouts that the Yankees were worse than the Indians; that they always burned the bodies of the rebels, and that they had eat the corpse of Gen. Zollicoffer to pieces and eaten them. The woman honestly believed the story, and said that she had been told it by a man who had witnessed this instance of Northern cannibalism."

GOOD FOR MR. LINCOLN.

We learn from excellent authority (says the Philadelphia Bulletin) that during the recent visit of the Finance Committee of our Board of Trade to Washington, an informal visit was paid to President Lincoln, by whom the Committee was received with all of his well known affability and cordiality. Encouraged by the President's open manner, one of the members of the Committee made bold to attack him directly upon the topic nearest his own heart, when the following dialogue ensued:

"Mr. President, I wish you would tell me where the Burnside expedition has gone."

"Why, don't you know where they have gone? I thought every body knew that."

"Well, sir, it may appear very ignorant in me, but I must confess I don't know, and that I would like to know, exceedingly."

"You really surprise me, sir. The papers have been full of it; every body has been talking of it, and I did not suppose there was anybody who did not know all about it. Of course I will tell you, if you will promise not to give your authority."

The gentleman promised solemnly.

The President drew his chair close to him and with his hand carefully interposed between him and the rest of the company, whispered, with mysterious emphasis:

"The Burnside expedition, sir, has gone *to sea!*"

THE SIRENS.

Have you ever heard the story of the Sirens? They were women of wonderful beauty, dwelling on an island, green and flowery, in the Mediterranean sea. When vessels passed their island they would sit upon the shore, making the air musical with their sweet singing and coaxe the poor sailors so that they could not refrain from leaping into the water to rush to them. But when the Sirens had them on the shore, they murdered them, and the heaps of white bones scattered here and there over the beach showed too plainly how successful their allurements had been. When Ulysses was returning to his home in Ithaca after his long and painful wanderings, he was obliged to pass by the island of the Sirens. His friend, the goddess Circe, had warned him of their fatal beauty and had advised him how to escape it. So when the charming islands came in sight, the cunning Ulysses stuffed his ears and those of his men with wax, so that they might not hear their songs, and he made his sailors bind him with cords to the mast so that he should not be enticed by their bloodish ments to his destruction. Yet when he saw their beauty, he wished to get loose and rush to them But his men would not untie him, and so they got safely past.

Now do you understand what this story means? Perhaps it is not true, but it has a deep meaning. When you are assailed by temptation and sin, you should close your ears against them as Ulysses did his, and cry to God for strength to enable you to withstand them. And if you do yield to them, you will be certainly suffer and [illegible] unfortunate, when you wish to indulge in any [illegible] think of this little story and try to fight against it and to conquer it. H.

Family Circle.

HOUSEHOLD BABY

[illegible]

What a joy to human eyes,
When it laughs, or when it cries;
What a treasure, what a poise
[illegible]

Be its temper roving, falling,
[illegible]
'Tis the same dear precious darling—
[illegible]

If the scene without be dreary,
If the heart within grow weary,
Baby wakes, and all is cheery—
What a rush for baby!

Mamma's eyes grow bright with joy—
[illegible]
Gladly leaves his last new toy
To play bo-peep with baby!

Sisters from their music run,
Maud has caught the "sweetest one,"
Grace bends down in girlish fun,
To make a horse for baby!

Up to everything we know,
Hands and feet "upon the go,"
What a funny creature though,
Is the household baby!

Bring the puppy and the cat,
Let her pull and pinch and pat,
Puss and pup were made for that,
Made to please the baby!

Bring that china vase, mamma,
Quick "the mirror and the hammer,"
Any thing to make a clamor,
And delight the baby!

Let it clang and clash away,
Let it laugh and shout and play,
And [illegible] while it may,
Dear mischievous baby!

What a joy to human eyes,
What an angel in disguise,
[illegible]
Is the household baby!

Little Pilgrim.

PRINCESS PEARLYPAT.

BY LYNDE PALMER.

Little Prue had been very sick, but had so far recovered as to sit up in the big arm-chair—wrapped in so many blankets that she looked like a quaint little mummy—and receive the visits of her friends. So one bright afternoon they came in a flock, each kind hand bringing a present to make rosy pleasure dance in the little pale cheeks. Madge had an orange, Bernard a bunch of hot-house grapes, Flaxy, a wonderful "picture-book," Bettine, a kitten as handsome as if Hermann had rubbed "Mac" and "Jeff" into one, and finally, tenxing Dudley, after looking over all the room, and pretending as great surprise at discovering Prue in the blankets, as if she had been a needle in a hay stack, drew up his chair, and whispered confidentially,

"You see, 'Dot,' I've been hard at work at the 'Golden Rule,' ever since I heard your story, and to-day there is such a splendid wind' I couldn't think of anything that would please me better than a magnificent kite, with no end of tail, so I've bought you one, though it has stripped me of my last cent. See, here it is, and if you don't think the tail is long enough, I've got Seward's correspondence on the Mason and Slidell affair, and we'll just make it up into tags, and then I guess we can back *that* tail, for length, against the world."

Poor Prue tried to be grateful, but looked very blank.

"There, you don't like it," said Dudley, with an air of immense disappointment. "Didn't you say we ought to do to others as"—

"Yes," said little Prue, hesitating, "and you're very good to me, but you see little girls don't fly kites much, and the next time you give me anything I'd rather you'd do unto me as you would like to have me do unto you, if you were me."

"Good," said Dudley, "I just begin to see it."

"Come," said Bernard, "you are taking up too much time. Remember that 'Princess Pearlypat' is going to tell little Prue a story."

"Oh, how nice!" cried Prue, clapping her little thin hands.

"Wait a minute," said Dudley, fumbling in his pocket, "here's a doll that old Pennyman on the corner persuaded me to buy, but I'm sure I don't know what to do with it, unless the housekeeper can pick up this head to wear her linen thread, and perhaps stuff a pincushion with those fussy yellow curls."

Little Prue uttered an exclamation of dismay at such a fate for those lovely pink cheeks, and golden ringlets, and involuntarily stretched out her hands.

"Oh, would you care for it?" said Dudley, in great surprise. "Who would have thought it? You are very kind to take it off my hands. What a good little Prue you always were. Now don't do it just to oblige me."

Dear simple little Prue assured him that it wouldn't trouble her in the least, to take care of the doll, and Dudley professing great relief, turned to blushing Bettine, alias "Princess Pearlypat," who was chosen orator for the occasion.

"In the first place," began Bettine, "you must know that my big brother Frank called me Princess Pearlypat, because I was like the Princess in a funny old German story, whose hair was so bright and yellow that it looked like a crown of gold. I wouldn't tell you this only that at the time of my story nobody called me by any other name. A great many years ago, when I was quite a little girl"—

"How many?" asked Dudley.

"Well," said Bettine, considering and coloring a little, "about *three*. I was standing one Saturday night out by the gate, not feeling good-natured at all. You see I had expected to spend all that day pick-nicking in the woods, and instead I had just sat by the play-room window, and seen it pour, pour, pour, from morning till night. This was very hard, and now, just at sunset, when it was too late, the clouds all rolled away in the most provoking manner, and, as I stood at the gate, all the West grew like a great crimson sea, the trees were all over diamonds, and you would have thought the birds were just going crazy. But I was very angry. 'It's all very nice for you, Mrs Robin,' I said, 'who don't study fractions and geography from Monday till Friday, and go to church all day Sunday. You needn't feel a bit disappointed about the rain, when you can be playing about all day to-morrow, while I sit cooped up in that high-backed pew, with old Miss Prim's big black bonnet bobbing before me.'"

Just then Paul Peyser came along. You remember Paul, and what great friends we used to be. He's gone away to school now. Well, Paul and I had a long talk over our grievances and disappointments. 'It will be a splendid day 'to-morrow," said Paul, at last, "It will be too bad for you to be perched up all day behind Miss Prim's bonnet."

"I *hate* Miss Prim," said I, feeling that I must be angry with somebody.

"Yes," said Paul, "I don't care if she is a member of the church, and going to be an angel some day, she isn't near as pretty to look at as a weed."

Then we both laughed at good old Miss Prim, and after a little more talk together, we formed a very bad plan, as you will see as I go on with my story. I must say I felt rather uneasy about it, after I went into the house, and the next morning when I told mother that my head ached, so that I did not feel like going to church, it was not quite a story, for I had been tossing and restless all night, and my head was very hot. So my kind mother bathed my forehead, and darkened the room, and leaving me on the sofa, told me to keep very still till she came home. She was hardly out of the house before Paul's round face looked in at the window.

"Oh, you're there, are you, Princess? All right! Come on! Such a time as I had though, I was such a fool as to play sick before breakfast, and I declare they didn't let me eat enough to keep a horn-bug alive. Come, what are you waiting for?"

"I'm afraid it isn't right to spend the holy Sabbath in the woods."

"There, I might have known you'd back out, girl-baby!" said he, scornfully, and then he changed his tone. "Come, Pearlypat, that's a brave girl! I've got the dearest little cave to show you. I was the Columbus, and found it all myself, but I'll tell you the secret, and no one else shall know. Won't it be fun to hide there sometimes? It's a little place. I'm going to call it 'the Princess' Thimble,' or 'Pearlypat's Cradle,' or whatever you like. Come, we won't be gone but an hour. Let me lift you your highness' sun bonnet;" and so some way, I hardly know how, he coaxed me out over the soft green fields into the woods. It was the loveliest morning that I ever knew, and now that the church bells had stopped, there wasn't a sound except the birds, and those dear little noises of bees, and lazy, sleepy flies. I thought how very good God was to make everything so beautiful, and when, as we struck into the mossy, shady path, Paul quoted from the piece he used to speak Friday afternoons, 'The groves were God's first temples,' I began to think we were not doing anything so very wrong after all. Why couldn't we be just as good out there in the dear old woods as sitting bolt upright in the little brick church.

"Let's try and be good out in these 'first temples,' Paul," said I. "Let's each say the verse we learned this morning."

"Oh, I was too sick to learn any," said Paul, with his gay laugh. "What's yours, Princess?"

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him, for he knoweth our frame. He remembereth that we are dust."

"That's a great verse for us, Pearlypat," said Paul. "I never thought of it just so before. Don't you see, if we're doing wrong to-day, God won't be very angry with us. We won't be expected to act just like angels. Don't you see He'll just *remember* that we're *dust*."

I knew there was something wrong about this, and I had a sort of dim idea that we ought to be very thankful if God remembered this when we were trying to do our very best. But I didn't know just what to say, and so we went on and pretty soon we forgot all about verses and Sunday. We sailed boats in the brook, and had a little feast in the cave, and finally began to play "catch," and while I was chasing him very hard through the woods, where there wasn't any path, I saw Paul suddenly throw up his hands, then he gave a little cry, and there was the last of him. I came after rather more slowly, you may be sure, and found that in our play we had come right upon the edge of the ravine, and looking over I saw that Paul had only fallen a little way, and was holding on to a twig.

"Ah, Pearlypat," said he, laughing, for I believe he would laugh if he were going to be hung. "You see the wood-spirits are dragging me down, but just reach me your hand, and I'll be up in a minute."

So I took hold of a little bush, and leaned over and he caught my hand, and struggled up, but just at the worst minute, my bush gave way, over I tumbled, and Paul after me, over and over. I quite lost my breath, and was so stunned with hitting my head against stones, that I didn't know anything for a long time. At last I heard Paul laugh, he always laughed, though this time he groaned the minute after.

"Well, Princess," said he, "how do you like playing *gralanche*?"

"It's poor fun," said I, trying to sit up, but feeling so sure all over, that I burst out crying.

"Nonsense, Pearlypat," said Paul, dragging himself up to me, and smoothing my hand, "I've either sprained or broken my foot, so I can't walk, but you see some one will come to find us before long, and they'll carry us home on rose leaves. No one will think of scolding us when they find we're hurt, but we'll be petted, and have all kinds of nice things to eat, and won't go to school for a week."

"But as the hours passed away, and no help came, matters began to look pretty serious. Once we thought we heard steps in the woods above, and cried with all our might, but we were so far from the road that no one thought of looking for us in that dark ravine.

"O how many times during the day I would have given anything in the world to have been sitting in my clean white dress behind Miss Prim's black bonnet. But the day wore on, and when the sunset burned so fierce and red behind the solemn old pines, I felt as if God was very angry with us.

"What do you think of my verse now, Paul?" said I, "I'm afraid we'll have to stay here all night. Do you think God will remember that we are *dust*?"

"I'm afraid he doesn't remember anything else," said Paul, with a doleful shake of the head, "I'm afraid he thinks we might just as well lie here a year or two, as those little lumps of clay there."

"Then, as it was pretty dark, I'm quite sure Paul laughed a little the wrong side of his mouth, though he made all manner of fun of me, and said they wouldn't need any more rain in the ravine all summer.

"I don't remember much after that, only that Paul made me lay my head on his shoulder, and I went half to sleep, though I always kept dreaming I was an avalanche, and would wake up with a great jump and a sob.

"All of a sudden, when the stars had been out more than an hour, Paul started up with a cry, and I thought we had fallen into the hands of the Indians, there was such screaming and hallooing, and great red torches that flared till all the trees seemed dancing like mad. I thought I must die then to be sure, and shutting my eyes, I began to say my prayers just as fast as I could, 'Now I lay me down to sleep' when somebody caught me right up in his arms, and I heard dear Frank say almost sobbing, 'She is alive, dear little Pearlypat,' and he kissed me over and over.

"I was very sick for a long time, but everybody was a great deal kinder than I deserved. I remember that good Miss Prim used to rub my aching limbs, and carry me about every day, till I could quite cry for shame, to think we had said she was uglier than a weed.

"No one ever said a word to me about how naughty I had been, only one day Frank said very softly, 'I used to hope dear little Pearlypat was one of God's children,' but I couldn't answer a word; so he said, 'Does my little Princess know that she must act very differently if the great King ever calls her to be a princess in the other world?'

"I didn't say anything, but Frank knew I was thinking a great deal, so he kissed me and went away.

"That same day Paul came to see me, looking rather pale. 'I've had a pretty tough time, Pearlypat,' said he, laughing, of course, 'but I wasn't too sick to learn a verse,' and then he grew quite sober—'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.'"

THE LITTLE CAPTIVE GIRL.

The first missionary, in the land of Assyria, was a little captive girl. She was stolen out of the land of Israel, from her father and mother, and taken far away into a strange land. It was very hard for the little girl to leave her father and mother, and brothers and sisters. It was still harder for her to leave the house of God, and a family where God was worshipped, to go to a land where God was not known, and where there were none to sing his praise. But she was stolen, and forced to go away, far away from home. Those who took her were wicked, cruel men, and they did not care for her crying, nor how much the loss of her dear friends would break her little heart. She was placed in the family of a man whose name was Naaman who was an idolator, and who neither worshipped nor prayed God. How hard was it for her to have the children of this man laugh at her, and mock her, when she prayed and sang psalms to God. But their laughing and mocking did not keep her from praying to God. Her master was a very rich man, and he had a very bad disease called leprosy. No doctors in all that land, could cure him, and unless he was cured he knew he would surely die. One day this little captive girl told her mistress, that if her master would go to the prophet in Samaria, he could be cured. Her mistress laughed at her. But the little girl still said, "Oh, that my master were with the prophet in Samaria!" One day, when the man was almost dead, his wife told him what the little captive girl had said, and persuaded him to go to the prophet and see if *he* could cure him. He consented and went. He took a rich present, and many men with him, and came to the prophet's house. The prophet sent word to him, as he stood at his gate, to go and wash himself seven times in the river Jordan, and he would be cured. He went and washed, and was cured of the leprosy. Children, the world is full of leprosy, for sin is the worst of all leprosy, and unless the sinner is washed in the blood of Christ, he must die, forever die. Will you tell sinners of Christ the great Prophet? That Christ is willing and able to save sinners? You, *little reader*, must be washed from sin, in the blood of Christ, or you will die eternally. He invites you to come and be washed. Come yourself, and tell all others to come, and to be cured. Be like the little captive girl, say to sinners, Oh, that you would go to the great Prophet, for he will heal you.

A.

THE SABBATH SAILING EXCURSION.

A TRUE STORY.

Dear little Charlie J., with his sunny curls, blue eyes, and rosy cheeks, his good nature and obliging disposition, was a favorite with all who knew him. His playmates would engage in no game till they had searched for him; and at home he was considered the sunshine of the household. A few months after his parents had removed from Pittsburgh to St. Louis, one beautiful Sabbath afternoon in July, Charlie, with his books under his arm, started out, as usual, for Sabbath School. Nothing but sickness ever kept him at home, and his lessons were always well prepared.

As he was walking along he heard some one call him, and looking back saw Willie Lee and Harry Scott.

Willie said, "Do not be in such a hurry, Charlie; we wish you to take a walk with us. It is not school-time, so we are going to walk along the river bank."

Charlie at first refused, as his mother had always forbidden his going any place else, when on the road to Sabbath School. At last he yielded to their persuasions, and went with them.

These boys were older than Charlie, and he was so old going, that it was very difficult for him to say no, but should he not have done so? After going some distance they saw a sail-boat, which Harry immediately proposed appropriating for, as he said, "a little while." Charlie hesitated, but being more easily influenced than before, jumped in with the others. They were enjoying themselves very much, when suddenly there was an end to their sport. A violent storm had arisen. Their own pleasure occupied so entirely their attention, that they did not perceive the large, black clouds which obscured the sun, and spread themselves over the whole sky. Their boat was tossed to and fro, and finally upset. Two of these little boys sank beneath the waves, to rise no more, till called forth at the last day, by the great trumpet of Him who is the "resurrection and the life." Charlie and Willie were drowned. Harry alone remained to carry the sad tidings to the now desolate homes. My little reader, do you think he would ever again break the 4th and 5th Commandments? Although this was such an impressive lesson to him, he will be likely again to disobey his parents, or break the Sabbath, unless he asks God to help him. Without His aid we cannot keep from sin. I hope when tempted to do wrong, you will think of little Charlie and his deeply grieved parents, and ask God to give you strength to say *no*.

MYRTA

DON'T FRET.

Parents, we mean you, when we say, "Don't fret." Don't fret with your little ones when they are slow to understand your teachings—when their pertness occasionally brings a sharp reproof to your tongue. Remember the world is new to them, and their little minds cannot grasp the mass of facts and truths which continually crowd upon them. Don't fret because your child cannot keep pace with your further. Teach the little ones patiently. Line upon line, and precept upon precept, here a little and there a little.

Children ask a great many questions. But, answer them pleasantly, and as clearly as you can. Do not answer them with impatience, nor with a frown. Seek to deepen their curiosity. Let your reply be such as to stir up a desire to know more in the heart of the little ones. Teach your little ones with patience and care, and they will bless you in after years. Sow in their young hearts the seeds of divine truth and love, looking to God for his blessing, and you will receive an abundant reward.

Pittsburgh Market.

APPLES—Green [illegible] $2.50 ₱ bbl.
ASHES.—Pots [illegible]; Pearls [illegible]; Soda-ash, 3½@4c.
BREAD.—Water crackers, per pound, 6c.; Butter do. 7c.; Sugar do. 8c.
BEANS.—Small white,—@1.25 ₱ bushel.
BROOMS.—Common to fancy, $2.25@3.25 ₱ dozen.
BUCKETS, &c.—Buckets, per dozen, 1.50@1.75; Tubs, per dozen, 7.50.
BUTTER.—Fresh roll, 13@14c. ₱ pound; packed, 9c.
BACON.—Plain hams, 7(@7½; sugar-cured, 7½@—; sides, —@—; shoulders, 4½@5, country, 4 hams.
CHEESE.—Western Reserve, 6½@6¾, Goshen, —@—.
CANDLES AND SOAP.—Dipped 10; Mould, —; Adamantine, 20. Rosin soap, 4½; fancy 6c.
COTTON YARNS &c.—Cotton Yarn, ₱ pound, from No. 1 to 10, —; and —cent advance each No. cotton chain, 23; [illegible] 32; cotton web, 32; batting, 18; fancy do., 22 to 30.
CORDAGE.—Rope, [illegible] 32; cotton web, 32; batting, 18; fancy do., 22 to 30.
DRIED FRUIT.—Apples, ₱ bushel, 1.00@1.25; Peaches, —@—.
DRIED BEEF.—[illegible] ₱ pound.
EGGS.—Barrel or box, 10c.— ₱ dozen.
FLOUR.—Superfine, from store, —@—; extra, 4.00@—; extra family, 5.00@5.50; Rye, 2.87.
FEATHERS.—Fresh, [illegible] ₱ pound.
FISH.—Large No. 3 Mackerel, 5.00@5.50; Baltimore Herring, 6.00; Lake Fish, —@—; Codfish, 5@6c.
FEED.—Sales of feed at 55@70, ₱ one hundred pounds.
GRAIN.—Wheat, Red 90c.—; White, 1.—@1.07; Rye, 45@48; Oats, 26@—; Corn, 35@40.
GLASS.—City brands, 8x10, 2.15 ₱ box of fifty feet; 10x12, 4.00; Country brands, 8x10, 3.25; 10x12, 4.75.
GROCERIES.—Sugar, by the barrel, 10@10¾; hhds., —@—. New Orleans Molasses, [illegible] Golden Syrup, 75. Coffee, 20@24. Rice, 6@6½.
HOMINY.—4.50 ₱ bbl.
HAY.—Sales at scales, $16@12 ₱ ton.
IRON.—Common bar, 2½@2¾; blooms, —; Pig Metal, $24@26.
LEAD, &c.—Bar, 8@9; Pig, 7c. Shot, ₱ bag, 2.25 @2.50.
LEATHER.—Sole, 24—; Upper, ₱ [illegible]
LIME.—Rockville ₱ barrel, 1.25@1.50.
LARD.—No. 1, 7@8c.
NAILS, &c.—10d, ₱ keg, 3.25, with per cents at [illegible] Cut Spikes, 4.50 ₱ keg, for 3 to 4 inch.
NAVAL STORES.—Turpentine, ₱ gallon, 1.50. Rosin, ₱ barrel, —@—. Tar, per barrel, —. OILS.—Linseed, 75 ₱ gall.; Tanners'. [illegible] 65@70.
POTATOES.—40@50c.
POWDER.—Rifle, 7.25 ₱ keg; Rock, 5.00.
RAGS.—Mixed, 3c.
SALT.—No. 1, 1.75 ₱ barrel; extra, —.
SHEETINGS.—No. 1 and 2, —@— ₱ yard.
SEEDS.—Flaxseed, 1.00@— ₱ bushel; Timothy, 1.75@—, Clover, 3.50@—.

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The undersigned, Ministry to Contrabands, have examined more than twenty different kinds of Sewing Machines, and after six weeks' experience with Wilcox & Gibbs' Patent, he has purchased one of them, [illegible] and is now employed in the [illegible] and [illegible] for the [illegible]

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Poetry.

THE HEART THAT LANGUISHES.

Oh! pity the heart that languishes,
And is drooping all the while,
Not for the flatterer's blandishes,
But the kindly word and smile;
The heart that is breaking, oppressed with grief—
The tree all too soon in the yellow leaf.

Ay, follow that heart with friendliness
And the greeting smile of worth,
Speaking in tones of kindliness
To the sorrowing ones of earth:
For hearts all around us are sad and lone,
And breaking with sorrows they dare not own.

Then, pity the heart that languishes,
And is drooping all the while,
Not for the flatterer's blandishes,
But the kindly word and smile;
The heart that is broken, oppressed with grief—
The tree that is casting the yellow leaf

March, 1862. MOUNTAIN BARD.

MARTIN LUTHER'S DEATH.

FROM THE DANISH.

In Wittemberg, in Saxon-land,
May be seen a good man's grave,
Where he now in peace repeateth,
All under the old church nave;
Famous name, that each one knoweth
Who loveth his Bible well;
By what name called—with God,—unknown,
Unknown, till some angel tell,
Tell, when we with him assemble.

'Twas he who unlock'd the Bible,
Book so firmly seal'd before;
He saw God's glory in the Mirror,
Wise in its prophetic lore;
Lent it the tongue of the people,
Then brav'd the ban, steel and stake!
Aught against that Wind contending
Sank in earth, no more to wake,
Sank beneath that Word omnific!

Spite of Craft, Force, Ban, and Fortune,
Wide flew the Word o'er the land,
Which spake the language of the people,
All up to the Northern strand;
It sounded at the Danube fountains,
Echo'd loud from Dover-chain,
Peal'd at Blocks-berg and at Hecla,
Peal'd in church-song yet again!
O then but to live was joyous!

When home he went, brave and pious,
To the Father up on high,
Wide o'er the land mourn'd the Christians,
Sighing deep, with tearful eye.
Was he followed to entombment,
Both by lay and learned, too?
Yes, many a knight, brave, chivalrous,
Did with tears his shield bedew:
But still the Word made them joyous!

—*Congregationalist.*

Selections.

BREVITY IN SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Children soon become listless and weary, if any exercise in which they engage is tedious in length.

Superintendents and teachers in Sunday schools need always to remember this fact, and be guided by it. A teacher gives advice to the *Banner of the Covenant* on this point:

"Be brief!" Such was the pithy advice of a greatly revered father in Israel to his neophytes, when introducing them into his pulpit. I would fain whisper it in the ears of my fellow-teachers,—Make your lessons short. Make your questions brief. Above all, make your prayers brief. You have only an hour for reciting lessons, hearing catechism, reading and questioning, exhortation, singing and devotional exercises. If you pray fifteen minutes, and if somebody addresses the school fifteen minutes, what time is left for other duties?

I listened last Sabbath with great pain to a prayer at the opening of a school, which could only be described by a word coined by the Rhenish translators, longanimity. It was a good prayer, and an earnest one, and the officer remembered every interest of the church, from China to the Potomac; but right in front of me was a class of rowdy boys, without a teacher, trying to steal each other's caps, and cut the buttons off each other's jackets, and the class behind that was trading knives, and the infant class was carrying on a comparison of mittens and skating caps. O, how I longed to pull that brother's skirt and whisper in his ear, Stop. Would not five intelligible words—words carrying some meaning known to the children—be a more acceptable prayer from that Sabbath school, than the fifteen minutes' prayer, for things which they could not possibly understand, and had no thought of asking?

Teachers, never exceed three minutes in your prayers. Every minute more is only training the children to formalism and hypocrisy.

THE DEATH OF THE BELIEVER.

Psalm 116 *Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.*

The death of the believer is a matter of vast interest from whatever point it may be viewed. One important aspect of the matter is, its consistency with the privileges of God's redeemed children. This we may designate its theological aspect. A proper view of the subject is necessary to preserve the symmetry of our faith. This is happily presented in the answer to the eighty-fifth question of our Larger Catechism. The very beautiful and satisfactory answer there given will bear to be reviewed and revised; and, like every other precious truth contained in the word of God, it will grow brighter by every turn. It is a great loss to the Presbyterian denominations that the Larger Catechism is allowed to mould and rust by neglect.

Our present inquiry is: How can a believer die at all, since Christ has paid the *whole* penalty, suffered the *whole* death of the covenant of works? How is it that a believer can even taste the bitter cup? It is a most consoling thought that believers *shall* be delivered from death at the last day—a thought which ought to satisfy all our personal anxieties, whether about ourselves or our friends. Still there are other considerations demanding our attention, and carefully presented to our faith in the word of God. Among others, take the following:

I. The death of the believer is not a necessity.

It is by no means requisite to fulfil either the Covenant of Works or the Covenant of Grace: it is merely an appointment. Heb. ix 27: "It is appointed to men once to die." Important exceptions to this rule prove it is a matter of convenience only, and not of necessity. Long before the deluge, "Enoch was translated, that he should not see death." God took him home (Gen. v. 24, Heb. xi. 5). Being a believer, this was the result of his faith. Death was no necessity to him.

Some 2,000 years after, when the world was advancing to maturity, "Elijah was taken up by a whirlwind into heaven. 2 Kings ii. 11. This was a favor conferred on him evidently for his faithfulness in witnessing for God during a period of great apostacy; this faithfulness was the fruit of his faith, and procured for him still farther honor, in a happy interview with Christ on earth, at the period of his transfiguration. That is a strange passage of Elijah's biography which we read in 2 Chron. xxi 12: "There came a writing from Elijah the prophet." This seems to have occurred, or, at least, to have been made known, several years after he had been received into heaven. Did the "chariot" carry him back and forth, just as the convenience of Christ's kingdom demanded such a visit?

A more important exception to the general law of death we have in the Epistles of Paul, who assures us that the whole generation of believers on the earth, at the Redeemer's coming, will be translated in like manner. 1 Cor. xv. 51: "Behold I show you a mystery. We shall not all sleep; but we shall all be changed." Yet the same apostle assures us that this will give that generation no advantages over their senior brethren. "The dead shall rise first: the living shall be caught up together with them." 1 Thes. iv. 16. This last exception will probably be a great multitude, making a very important exception to the Reign of Death.

We are now prepared to look at another kind of exception to the general rule appointed, namely, the death of some persons *more than once*. What cause of those who were raised from the dead? The Shunamite's son, the man cast into the prophet's grave, Lazarus, and all who have been recalled to life, by the Master himself, and by his apostles, seem to have returned by the same path. True, we have no records of their second dying, neither have we of their translation; yet have they, in some manner, gone from earth, and it is entirely reasonable to class them among the exceptions to the general rule of dying only once. Thus, while we have some who die not at all, we have others crossing the valley twice. These put together, satisfactorily prove that death is not, to the believer, a legal necessity, but an appointment of Christ for *convenience*. So entirely subordinated to convenience do we find the grave, that at Christ's death the graves opened, but their occupants did not leave them till He rose again; Matt. xxvii. 52–53; thus honoring him who was just then vanquishing death.

II. The believer's death answers many valuable purposes in the economy of grace. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

1. We may notice its entire correspondence with other arrangements of the Kingdom. "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." Now, if the believer were exempt from death, it would be a matter of very remarkable observation. So soon as a man had passed the ordinary period, it would be known to all his acquaintances that he was one of the sealed ones. Those who are willing to imitate the failings of godly men, would then have some excuse for so doing, unless they should, at the same time, arrive at sinless perfection. But Christ has wisely appointed that there shall be no physical distinction between the righteous and the wicked; yea, in this respect, the man has no pre-eminence above the beast, all return to the earth. The only distinction intended in this life, between the righteous and the wicked, is of a spiritual kind.

2. The multitude of believers make it convenient that they should, in some way, be removed from the world; Christ, as a sovereign, holds the keys of death, and can conduct them through this passage as easily as any other, in order to bring them to himself. This makes their death precious to him and to them, that every obstacle is removed which prevented the free communication of his love.

3. As Christ was made in all points like his brethren, it is fit that they should be conformed to him in body and soul, in life and in death, and in the glory of the resurrection. This should make death precious in our sight, as well as the sight of the Lord.

4. It is proper that faith be tried and exercised in a great variety of forms. If the believer were exempt from death, many opportunities would be lost for the exercise and trial of his faith. There would be no place for courage sanctified to the Lord's service; no laying down of life for Christ or for the brethren; no danger and no fear. Faith must lose its power and its uses, in ten thousand forms, if the believer were not, like other men, exposed to death.

5. The constant proximity of death is made a means of completing our sanctification. Not a necessary means, to be sure, we are trusting only of the convenience of the economy of grace. The Lord and his Spirit could make us perfectly holy at once; but we see that he has chosen a different course—the progressive development of the new man. Various are the expedients he uses in carrying on this work: and for this purpose, if there were no other, the death of the saints is precious in the sight of the Lord.

6. The conflict between the seed of the serpent and the children of God enters into the economy of grace, and forms a very extensive feature of that economy. Let us suppose a believer removed from the world without death, and many questions which now agitate the world would lose all their interest. The divine authority of the Scriptures would stand on another footing entirely. What church, what routine of observances were most in accordance with the will of God, would be determined, not so much by the written word, as by the number of persons taken away without death. In short, much of the blessings of the last day would be anticipated if the Lord would in this tangible manner show who are his.

Again: suppose the believer living all the time in the world through the four, five or six thousand years of its existence past, and secured against death in the future, where could the ruthless hand of the persecutor bathe itself in blood? The victim might be stoned, sawn asunder, or plunged in a caldron of boiling oil, might be immured in the dungeon or nailed to the cross; but the full amount of fiendish enmity could never be reached, he must suffer his Master's fate. The death of the sainted martyr, so closely following the faithful and the true Witness, is peculiarly precious in the sight of the Lord. In this aspect death is a conservative. Satan can show what he is—a murderer from the first, and his seed can only prove their paternity.

III. The Redeemer has the undoubted right to determine how his people shall live in the world, and how they shall leave it.

All the sufferings and sorrows, all the discouragements, doubts, difficulties, and dangers we encounter stand on the same footing as our death. The mixture of good and evil in the present life is one of the guarantees of the kingdom—one to which theologians have not given sufficient attention. The fact is patent to every observer, thrusts itself on the most thoughtless, but what is the moral philosophy of such a tangled skein? How is it that a believer can go mourning all the day, and die a felon's death at night, while a cardinal in his purple can enjoy the ague? True, the day of judgment will reverse and rectify the whole. But still the scientific mind asks how, under the perfect regime of the Omniscient, even a temporary period of disorder can exist. The student of the Bible is delighted to find a theorem for all such questions in the *immeasurable value of the atonement*. Rejecting, as we do, the silly notion of a numerical satisfaction, and considering the death of Christ a matter of infinite worth, we can view him using all wicked men and devils at his sovereign pleasure; bestowing on the worst of them abundant enjoyment and prosperity in their unholy schemes; sending rain upon the just and unjust; allowing tares to flourish among the wheat, by an absolute sovereignty, without the slightest ground of complaint against himself or his Father; without giving countenance to sin, or the smallest hint of laxity in the government of the universe.

Our Redeemer magnified law and made it honorable, even to SUPEREROGATION, leaving to himself a broad margin wherein to exercise his sovereignty in our little earth.

In relation to his own people, he has so purchased *them*, and innumerable blessings for them, that, without any reflection on his rectitude, goodness or love, he can subject them to any amount of misery which may be needful, whether to burnish their own graces or to expose the hatefulness of their adversaries. He was still Job's Redeemer, although he gave Satan power over him for a time; he walked with the three children in the furnace; he sent his angel to shut the mouths of the lions in the den. Satan has his period for roaming the earth; the Lord Jesus is as righteous in superintending that period as in sealing the pit when it is closed over him. See him at the top of Jacob's ladder presiding over a solemn scene. The witnesses strip and lay their clothes at the feet of a young man; the martyr kneels and looks above; one company stones him to death; another bears his soul to the bosom of Abraham, and still another carries his body to the grave. The blood of the Lamb has washed the soul; the Intercessor presents him in the presence chamber; the Sovereign spares the wretches for the time, and seals the seven thunders till the day of wrath. Precious in the sight of the Lord is such a death. Yes, a believer can die; only a believer knows how to die. Christ has purchased for the believer a *right to die*. 1 Cor. iii. 22: "——the world, or life, or death, all are yours."

IV. The believer is abundantly compensated for all the inconveniences of a present life; all the fears and all the sufferings of death.

As many as I love I rebuke and chasten. Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God; and he shall go no more out. To him that overcometh will I give to sit with me on my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne.

V. Still a believer does not die THE DEATH. His exit from the world is a totally different thing. The wages of sin is death; Christ died *that*, leaving only the shadow of it to his people. In noting the distinction between the believer's death and that of the unbeliever, we observe, 1. The believer's exit from the world has nothing penal in it. It is the loving requisition of the Saviour. "He shall call and I will answer." 2. It is free from the curse. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." 3. There is no sting in it. With his last breath he bids adieu to sin and suffering at once. "Let me die the death of the righteous." 4. It has the most happy results. Forsaken relatives drop the tear of sorrow; but he is gone to enter the joy of the Lord. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my hereafter be like his." 5. Death is henceforth *dead* to him forever. Sleep is, in Scripture, the favorite name for such a change. The body sleeps to wake in more than mortal vigor; the soul not even sleeping, but receding from our view to the rest above. Difficult as it may be to realize it here, it is no more than simple truth that Christ has abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel.

R. H.

Grove Hill, Iowa, Feb. 1862.

WHO WILL HELP THE WOUNDED!

Christians and patriots! Loyal men and loyal women! thousands of our wounded countrymen need your aid. There are more agencies than one already in the field to meet this need, but all are wanted, and more besides, to meet it completely.

The Christian Commission is ready and anxious to do its part of the work. The large number wounded in the recent gallant affairs in the West, make a special demand at the present juncture. Thousands of husbands, sons, and brothers lie in the hospital wards, and while their bodies receive the care they need for their recovery, mind and soul are wide open to the truth, and crave it with earnestness. Shall it be withholden?

Chaplains from every quarter are pressing their appeals, not only for directly religious reading, but for all varieties of sound and profitable matter. What the Sanitary Commission is so largely and so efficiently doing for the body, the *Christian Commission* seeks to do for mind and soul. The opportunity is one too broad, too happy, and too imperative to be neglected.

Through its several District Committees at the several points of the East and West, and its local army committees in almost every town, the "Commission" is seeking both to reach the public with the appeal of the army, and to reach the army with that which the appeal brings in from the public. Fortunately in the West, there are numbers of loyal and noble young men, who stand ready to give time and labor to this work; but their hands are empty. Thus under a powerful appeal to us at the East-ward, whose means are more abundant, to fill them.

God be thanked for the spirit of liberal sympathy already displayed. But the work is not done, and we feel assured that the sources of loyal beneficence will only expand the wider to meet the increased demand, and will not stint till it is all and well supplied.

The able and active Chairman of the Army Committee, at St. Louis, says in a recent letter:—

"We prefer to labor in the hospitals, as offering more permanent and profitable fields of labor. Our work will be,

"1. Placing permanent libraries under the superintendence of stewards, nurses, or convalescents, to be changed or enlarged, as may seem best.

"2. To distribute tracts, religious books and papers, magazines, and all other profitable reading. To execute this, we propose organizing a permanent Board of Visitors, to visit every soldier, attend to his spiritual wants, by placing in his hand such reading as may be suited, accompanying it with personal conversation; thus to afford all the possible means to throw into the mind of the sick, wounded and dying, that which shall render them happy here and beyond.

"3. To hold religious meetings in all such apartments as the Sanitary Commission may grant for that purpose. Visitors, aided by [illegible] visitors, will thus carry [illegible]

[illegible] their families [illegible] ate heartily [illegible]

go to the expense of their abilities."

This extract will give some idea both of the spirit, and of the method of the work, and will serve to show how efficient and penetrating it is capable of becoming.

Immediately upon the fall of Fort Donelson, the Army Committee of Chicago deputed a number of young men to visit and assist the wounded of both the loyal and rebel armies. They have been just heard from at Paducah. Received with satisfaction and delight by the sick and wounded of our own forces, their loving care excited *profound surprise* among the wounded and captured of the enemy.

They had expected nothing of the kind from "ruthless Yankee invaders," the "Lincoln hirelings," the "barbarous mercenaries." Nothing seemed so to shake their loyalty to the rebellion as this most palpable, moving evidence that they had been made the sport of a cruel and dastardly deception.

There is a moral, however, in such conviction greater than the national might of many armies, and to the subtle spread of which throughout the society of our misguided countrymen at the South no power of the sword can oppose any check. Every man approached by this tender and loving service of Northern sympathy, is a man twice gained to the cause of our country, and ten times lost to that of the rebellion.

Shall not this service be increased tenfold? A little spent in this kind of warfare will go farther than anything else in following up our national victories with that moral force of conviction and reconciliation, which must succeed the desolating track of armies before healing unity and everlasting amity can return, to bind a severed nation once more into one cordial whole.

The loud-mouthed peacemakers of battle must be followed by the tender-toned peacemaking of forgiveness, and of love. Then our victories will be not only gallant and glorious; but as fast as they shall be pressed forward, effectual and complete.

The men then stand ready to go forth; their hearts and their lips are full of love and sympathy, but their hands must not be empty. They call loudly for an abundant supply not only of directly religious reading; but of secular literature of a solid and profitable sort.

For these objects are needed:

1. The large-hearted contributions of loyal publishers, whether of *book* or *periodical literature*.

2. The collections of all; men, women, or children, who have a heart, to go out and gather up *really valuable* reading matter from house to house.

3. And last, but far from least, money is needed to make large purchases of the various valuable and appropriate publications, which have been issued especially for distribution to the army.

All, of every class, whose hearts are opened to give, are earnestly solicited to do it without delay, for the need is great, and the call, particularly from the West, urgent.

Money should be sent to Hon. B. F. Manierre, Treasurer *Christian Commission*, Importers and Traders' Insurance Co., 24 Wall Street, New York.

Send *reading matter, always prepaid*, to Rev. A. M. Morrison, Office of *Christian Commission*, No. 4 Bowling Green, New York, whence it will be at once forwarded, either to particular addresses, or used for general distribution, as directed by the donors.

Don't send matter which you have consigned to some dusty corner of your garret, as unfit, or without interest for yourselves. It is useless expense. Don't send masses of old newspapers or odd religious periodicals.

Files of the leading religious papers, not more than one year old, in good condition, may be sparingly sent. Magazines, literary or religious periodicals of the same age, or if Quarterlies, or illustrated periodicals, of *any* age, and properly arranged, are invaluable, and will be thankfully received and immediately distributed.

GEORGE H. STUART, Chairman.
A. M. MORRISON, Secretary.

FOREIGN ITEMS

Bible Homes.—The wonderful success that has attended the labors of the Bible women in London, in getting so many Bibles and Testaments disposed of among the poorest and most wretched of the metropolitan lower classes, has stimulated the friends of evangelical truth to employ a similar agency in several of our large cities and towns, both in England and Scotland. In Glasgow, Bible women have been at work for some time with the most gratifying results. I heard lately an account of the labors of one of these women in an Ayrshire country town. On visiting the houses of the working classes, she ascertained that a far larger proportion than had at all been supposed, were destitute of the word of God. And so successful was she in her efforts to induce the parties to purchase copies of the Scriptures, that in the course of six weeks she sold two hundred and thirty Bibles and Testaments. I see, also, that attempts have been made to benefit religiously those who attend our markets, hirings, and fairs, by circulating among them religious tracts. One instance of the good that a few zealous Christian men may be able to accomplish, I may quote from a recent London religious paper. At a late execution at Newgate of a man who murdered his wife, a Christian man, accompanied by a Bible woman and other friends, not only addressed the crowd assembled on the occasion, but was listened to with great attention, while he himself and others in different parts of the crowd, no fewer than from 20,000 to 25,000 tracts were distributed, and earnest conversations on religion were engaged in with a goodly number of those present.

The Great Exhibition building is rapidly approaching completion. It is all covered in, and the internal painting and decoration are in a very forward state. The railway companies have agreed greatly to reduce the rates chargeable on goods sent up for exhibition; and we see it stated that packages have begun to arrive. During the erection of the enormous building, every attention has been given to the religious instruction of the workmen. At the dinner hour, when the thousands of tradesmen issue from the building, it is customary for two preachers to appear every day. One of them, after prayer, addresses the men on the great concerns of religion, and afterwards tracts are delivered. The elder of these two men was a *enemy* a few years ago, and is admirably qualified for his work. At a recent meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, held in London, Sir Culling Eardley announced that arrangements were made for providing, as soon as the exhibition is opened, that the gospel shall be daily preached in most of the continental languages, for the benefit of the [illegible] who are expected to visit London next summer. We anticipate, from all these agencies, that this year will not only be one of great and varied Christian effort, but remarkable for the number of immortal souls brought during it to the knowledge of salvation through the Lord Jesus.

Awful Accident.—One of the most alarming [illegible] that has occurred for many years past, took place [illegible] instant, at Newcastle on Tyne, [illegible] Newcastle on Tyne, [illegible] engine connected with this colliery is the largest employed in such work in the north of England. The beam of the engine, which weighs forty tons, suddenly broke in two, on the morning in question: the one-half fell into the pit, down which it descended with fearful momentum, carrying timber, brattices, and everything else along with it at the moment eight men were drawn up out of the pit. Five were thrown out of the cage and killed. The timber and other *debris* choked the shaft half way down, and cut off two hundred and fourteen men and boys who were at work in the pit from all communication with the bank. From the time the accident occurred, the ablest mining engineers and pitmen in the tract were incessant in their efforts to remove the obstructions, and reach the men and boys below. There is, it appears, but one shaft to the mine, but there is a communication between the lower or "main seam," by means of a staple, or ladder, and the "yard seam, twenty-fathoms higher up, and out of the reach of water. For about two days after the accident, the buried men were distinctly heard working at the shaft from that seam, evidently attempting to clear away the obstruction on it from below.

It was not until the morning of last Saturday that the workmen were enabled to clear the shaft so as to get down to the yard seam with safety, their operations having been suspended for nearly two days, by the ascent of most deadly gas vapors from the pits. On getting down to the yard seam, a terrible scene presented itself: the bodies of the dead men were seen lying in heaps. The first man found was sitting on a coal seat, his head resting on his arm in a posture of calm repose, and immediately beyond him was a row of corpses seated on the ground with their backs against the wall of coal. Further on were three or four rows of dead men, lying *pell mell* with legs interlaced, some with their heads lying on each other's breasts, and some locked in each other's arms. Families were found lying in groups. Fathers and sons, and other near relatives had clung together, as if they wished to be near each other when the sleep of death came over them. It appears that, for some time, they had lived on such food as they had in the pit, for the corn bins were empty, and corn was found in the pockets of several of the dead men; but, from the general appearance of the corpses, there can be no doubt that they died from the effect of the gas, and died quietly and calmly. No one survives to tell the tale of their feelings when they first became conscious of their fearful imprisonment—their plans and suggestions for relief—their hopes on hearing the effort made from above to release them—and their state when they felt, from the generating of the gas around them, that deliverance was too late, for ere it could reach them they would all be in eternity. But though no living witness survives to tell these things, a scrap of paper has been found in a candle box, which in part informs us how they occupied themselves during their terrible imprisonment. It was written by one of the foremen, and states that, twice before this scrap was written, they had had a prayer meeting, and several individuals are mentioned, who addressed to their companions words of exhortation and consolation.

The heart of all England has been moved by this appalling catastrophe. The Queen telegraphs from Osborn to say, that "her whole heart bleeds, and she is most anxious to know as to the safety of the men," and when the dreadful fact was at last ascertained, Her Majesty sent, not only a contribution of £200, but a most affecting letter to the bereaved widows and mothers, to comfort and sustain them under their bitter and heavy calamity. Meetings are being held all over the country to sympathize with the bereaved, and raise funds for their support, and the appeals made to the country are meeting everywhere with a most ready and generous response.

J. B.

THE LATE PRESIDENT OF HARVARD COLLEGE.

CORNELIUS CONWAY FELTON was born in what is now Newbury, Mass., Nov. 6, 1807, so that he has passed away at the comparatively early age of 55. He entered Harvard in 1823, at the early age of 16, where he distinguished himself for literary taste and *belle-lettres* culture; being elected when a senior an editor of the College periodical. On graduation in 1827, he taught for some two years in Cincinnati, N. Y., in 1829 was appointed Latin tutor in his *Alma Mater*; Greek tutor a year later, and College Professor of Greek in 1832. In 1834 he was elected to the Eliot chair, which place he held till his acceptance of the Presidency, some two years ago.

President Felton was unwearied as a scholar, and his works praise him at the gate. In 1836 he published an edition of Homer with Flaxman's illustrations and English notes; which has since held sway in the market. In 1840 he translated Mauricio's German Gymnastics, to which he added a volume and the same year published his "Greek Reader," which has since been frequently reprinted. In 1841 he published an edition of the "Clouds" of Aristophanes, with notes—afterwards reprinted in England. In 1842, in conjunction with Profs. Sears and B. H. Edwards, he issued a work entitled "Classical Studies,"—mostly essays on subjects connected with the study of the classics—a work, by the way, which we think it would be well to reprint. In 1845, "Poets and Poetry of Europe," was shared by him with Prof. Longfellow. In 1847 he published Selections from Lessing and Richter, with introduction and English notes—both reaching second editions. In 1849 he translated Prof. Guyot's "Earth and Man," and published the Berlin Atlas plates, with English notes. In 1852 he issued a selection from the works of Prof. Popkin, his predecessor in the Professorial chair, with an introductory biography; and in the same year a volume of selections from the Greek Historians. In 1853-4 he visited Europe, spending about three months in Greece. On his return he revised for the press Smith's "History of Greece," with a preface, [illegible] and the same year an edition of Lord Carlisle's "Diary in Turkish and Greek waters." In 1856 he published a volume [illegible] from *Mount Greece* [illegible]

Besides these more elaborate performances, President Felton was the author of many and valuable articles in the *Christian Examiner*, the *North American*, the *Boston Courier*, and other periodicals, besides contributing many valuable articles to Appleton's new Cyclopedia.

President Felton also has been one of the Regents of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington.

In 1858 he visited Europe the second time [illegible] his election to the Presidency two years [illegible] has devoted himself with great success [illegible] up the discipline of the College in a manner [illegible] second to us very much to be commended.

An affection of the heart [illegible] President F was on a visit to [illegible] M. Felton, Esq., formerly Superintendent of the Fitchburg Railroad.

A GOOD JOKE.

The following story, [illegible] Mr. [illegible] "Lyrical Ballads" first came out, it was among us early, and they made a good deal of noise. A few days after they were published I dined at Mrs. Barbauld's, and sat beside 'many-toned' Pinkerton, as he was called, from the number and variety of his writings. We talked a good deal together, and I found him very amusing, and full of general information. When we retired to the drawing room he led me to a recess, having taken up a copy of the 'Lyrical Ballads,' which lay on the table. 'Pray, sir,' said he, 'have you read this thing?' 'I have looked into it.' 'Do you know the author?' asked he. 'Do you know the author?' echoed I, resolved not to be caught. 'No,' said Pinkerton; 'but I never read such utter trash as his book, particularly an extravagant farrago of absurdity called "The Ancient Mariner." 'Don't you think it insufferable?' *Coleridge:* 'Intolerable!' *Pinkerton:* 'Detestable!' *Coleridge:* 'Abominable!' *Pinkerton:* 'Odious!' *Coleridge:* 'Loathsome!' *Pinkerton:* 'Sir, you delight me. It is really delightful to meet a man of sound taste in these days of our declining literature. If I have a passion on earth, it is an abhorrence of these "Lyrical Ballads," of which every one is talking, but most especially of this "Ancient Mariner." *Coleridge:* 'Hush! not a word more! Here comes our hostess! I know she is acquainted with the author, and she might be hurt.' *Pinkerton* (pulling Coleridge by the button, taking a huge pinch of snuff, and speaking in a whisper:) 'I'll tell you what, sir; we mustn't let this matter drop. Let's fix a day for dining together at the Turk's Head. We'll have a private room, a beefsteak, a bottle of old port, pens, ink, and a quire of foolscap. We'll lay our heads together and review this thing—and if we don't give it such a slashing, such a tearing, such a ——' 'If we don't!' said Coleridge. 'Is it a bargain?' 'Most certainly.' 'Done!' 'Done!'"

Grattan's Reminiscences.

MATERIALS IN THEIR INVISIBLE STATE

If a piece of silver be put into nitric acid, a clear and colorless liquid, it is rapidly dissolved, and vanishes from the sight. The solution of silver may be mixed with water, and, to appearance, no effect whatever is produced. Thus, in a pail of water we may dissolve and transfer more than fifty dollars' worth of silver, lead, and iron; but every other metal can be treated in the same way, with similar results. When charcoal is burned, when candles are burned, when paper is burned, these substances all disappear, and become invisible. In fact, every material which is visible can, by certain treatment, be rendered invisible. Matter which, in one condition, is perfectly opaque, and will not admit the least ray of light to pass through it, will, in another form, become quite transparent. The cause of this wonderful effect of the condition of matter is utterly inexplicable. Philosophers do not even broach theories upon the subject, much less do they endeavour to explain it. The substances dissolved in water, or burned in the air, are not, however, destroyed or lost.

By certain well known means they can be recovered, and again be made visible; some exactly in the same state as they were before their invisibility; others, though not in the same state, can be shown in their elementary condition; and thus it can be proved that, having once existed, it never ceases to exist, although it can change its condition like the caterpillar, which becomes a chrysalis, and then a gorgeous butterfly. If a pailful of the solution of silver be cast into the stream, it is apparently lost by its dispersion in the water; but it nevertheless continues to exist. So, when a bushel of charcoal is burned in a stove, it disappears, in consequence of the gas produced being mixed with the vast atmosphere; but yet the charcoal is still in the air. On the brightest and sunniest day, when every object can be distinctly seen above the horizon, hundreds of tons of charcoal, in an invisible condition, pervade the air. Glass is a beautiful illustration of the transparency of a compound which, in truth, is nothing but a mixture of the rust of three metals.

The power of matter to change its conditions from solid capacity to limpid transparency causes some rather puzzling phenomena. Substances increase in weight without any apparent cause; for instance, a plant goes on increasing in weight a hundred fold for every atom that is missing from the earth in which it is growing. Now, the simple explanation of this is, that leaves of plants have the power of withdrawing the invisible charcoal from the atmosphere, and restoring it to its visible state in some shape or other. The lungs of animals and a sandstone furnace change matter from its visible to its invisible state. The gills of fishes and the leaves of plants reverse this operation, rendering invisible or gaseous matter visible. Thus the balance in nature is maintained although the continual change has been going on long prior to the creation of the "extinct animals."—*Times.*

WHAT TO EAT, AND WHEN

When a piece of land is exhausted of the element which is the principal ingredient of a certain crop, that ingredient must be supplied, or the crop will fail in quantity and quality; hence, the thrifty farmer ascertains the wants of the soil, and supplies it with the needed manure every year. The human body is exhausted of its elements day by day, and day by day must these elements be supplied by what we eat and drink; but the required proportion of these elements changes with the seasons, with the temperature of the weather, and he who eats the same in quantity and quality in July as at Christmas, will die in a month, because the adult eats for two reasons—to warm and to nourish. All food contains two chief principles—Carbon, to keep from freezing; Nitrogen, to keep from famishing. The proportion of these elements varies with the food. Those who work a great deal, require a great deal of nourishment, of nitrogen, for it is the flesh-forming principle. Those who are exposed a great deal to the cold, should eat the carbonaceous, the heat-supplying food. Butter and fat are three-fourths carbon; vegetables have but little [illegible] Hence, Greenlanders, in their icy homes, luxuriate in blubber and whale oil, while the people of the sunny South revel in oranges and bananas, on the plantain and the peach, on dates and figs, on lemons, tamarinds, pine-apples, &c. We who live in latitudes between, are permitted the diet of the Polar Seas and the tropics, in their season. A wise man will take but little carbonaceous food on a suddenly hot day; but if suddenly cold, it is best for him to eat more of fuel-making food. An infinite number of fevers and colds would be avoided if timely attention were paid to these things. By the aid of these statements, the following tables may be used to great advantage, showing the amount of carbon, or heat-forming principle, in several articles [illegible] gen, or flesh forming principle, in fruits, berries, and the more common vegetables. Meats have about fifteen per cent. The meats average twenty-five per cent of nutriment, that is, including both carbon and nitrogen. Of all meats, mutton is the most nutritious, thirty per cent.; fish least, twenty per cent. Of all vegetables, white beans are the most nutritious, ninety-five per cent.; wheat flour, ninety per cent.; turnips, the least, five per cent. Of fruits, plums are the most nutritious, thirty per cent. [illegible] The more waste, the more open the bowels are:

[illegible]	0	Arrow Root,	[illegible]
[illegible]	0	Green Peas,	[illegible]
[illegible]	0	Starch,	[illegible]
[illegible]	0	Lentils,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Wheat Bread,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Sugar,	[illegible]
[illegible]	10	Apples,	[illegible]
[illegible]	10	Meats, Fat,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Butter,	[illegible]
Lean Meat,	[illegible]	Potatoes,	[illegible]
Rye Bread,	[illegible]	Beets,	[illegible]
Gum Arabic,	[illegible]	Carrots,	[illegible]

If you wished a doctor of [illegible]

LONDON BEGGARS.

The following is derived from MAYHEW's book:

Army and navy beggars abound, as we all know, in every part of the country, and more especially in parts remote from garrison towns and from seaports. Experienced persons can easily detect the imposture, and real soldiers and sailors soon catch them in details, for which they are not prepared. Mr. Halliday relates that he was once walking with a gentleman who had spent the earlier part of his life at sea, when a "turnpike sailor" shuffled on before them. They had just been conversing on nautical affairs, and Mr. Halliday said to his companion, "Now, there is a brother sailor in distress, of course you will give him something." "He a sailor!" said the friend with great disgust. "Did you see him spit?" Mr. Halliday answered he had. "He spits to the windward," was the reply. Mr. Halliday asked what of that? "A regular landsman's trick," said the true salt. "A realsailor never spits wind'ard. Why he couldn't." No great are the delicacies of the art, and so hard is it to counterfeit nature. Generally a sham sailor or soldier who finds he has to do with a specimen of the real article gives in at once, and makes the best of his way to the dwellings of unprofessional people. But Mr. Halliday tells a story of one who stood a contest with his detector, and had the best of it. The "turnpike sailor" was giving a vivid and minute account of an engagement during the Crimean war, and was telling an admiring circle of hearers how he and his mates boarded the enemy and did wonders. Mr Halliday let him finish the yarn, and then determined to show him up. "I saw," he said, "the account of the action in the newspapers, but they said nothing of boarding. As I read it, the enemy were in too shallow water to make it possible. The vessels were more than half a mile apart." The rogue saw his advantage, and with the utmost coolness replied, "The newspapers—the newspapers. You don't believe what they says, surely. Look how they served out old Charley Napier. Why, sir, I was there and I ought to know."

Mr. Halliday sorts into different classes the numerous beggars of a low type who hang about the streets, and leaves us with an impression that every beggar in the street must be an imposter. With the ordinary types of disaster "beggars," such as shipwrecked mariners, blown up miners—"those having real or pretended sores, vulgarly known as the scaldman dodge," we are all familiar with. But there are oddities and niceties even in this humble department of the begging art. There are, for instance, the lucifer droppers. The business of these persons is to take a box or two of lucifers and offer them for sale at a crowded and dirty corner. They choose a victim and continue to get in his way. Down go the lucifers in the mud, and the professional sets up a piteous howl. The gentleman is ashamed of having done so much mischief, and to quiet the complainant, who is generally of the softer sex, he gives her many times the worth of her dropped lucifers. "Famished beggars" seem highly successful in their own line, but their success demands the natural advantages of a corpse-like face, an emaciated frame, and a power of enduring the winter's cold in rags. Among those endowed with these requisites, the more accomplished performers have invented many ingenious subtleties. One device is the "choking dodge." The famished beggar seizes on a crust and eagerly devours it: but he has been too long without food—he tries in vain to swallow it, it sticks in his throat

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, March 22, 1862.

EPISCOPAL VISITS.

I will be on the Westchester Circuit on the 29th of March. The Elder may make arrangements up to the 5th of April. I will then leave for Oxford on the Penningtonville Circuit, and remain to the 12th, on which day I will leave for Lancaster Circuit, where I will remain a week. The Elders or Preachers will make their arrangements and inform me of them. W. NAZRRY

OUR PROGRAMME.

If no preventing providence should interpose, we shall leave for the Ohio Conference, which meets on the 15th of April, and we will preach in Harrisburg, Pa., on Thursday, the 10th of April, at half past 7 o'clock. Rev. B. F. Gibb will please make the necessary arrangements. On Sabbath, the 13th instant, we will be at Pittsburg, with Rev. Brother Watts and the other brethren.

MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

The Bethel Choir or Musical Association will give us some of their choice musical selections on the 27th instant, at the Philadelphia Institute, in Lombard Street.

Those of our friends who would like to avail themselves of the opportunity to be present at a rich treat, should not fail to go. The price of admission is only ten cents. Just drop in at our office and get a ticket.

OLD FOLKS' CONCERT.

Father Burris and his Troupe will repeat, in compliance with the special request of many delighted friends, their Concert at Franklin Hall, on Monday evening, the 24th instant. It will not be necessary for us to eulogize upon the merits and moral excellence of the concerts given by Father Burris, at least to those who were present on a former occasion. To those who were not so fortunate as to hear the first rendition of his brilliant and beautiful gems of sweetest music, we say, emphatically, *Don't fail a second time!*

APPOINTMENTS

IN BETHEL CHURCH, SABBATH, 23D INST.

The Port Royal Contrabands.

A collection will be taken up in Bethel Church on Sabbath, the 23d instant, in aid of the Contrabands.

Preaching at 10 o'clock, A. M., by the pastor Preaching at 8 o'clock, P. M., by the Rev. A. L. Sunford, of Little Wesley Church. Preaching at half-past 7 o'clock by the Rev. James Gloucester, of New York.

Let the members of the church and congregation come prepared to contribute to this laudable and humane object, and receive the blessings of the destitute boodman.

JOSHUA WOODLIN, Elder in Charge.

HELP WANTED.

Our church at New Brunswick, N. J., is in trouble. Part of the roof and the tin that covered it blew off in the storm of the 24th ultimo. It would cost about two hundred dollars to replace it, and we have no money nor credit.

March 15, 1862. P. GARDINER.

NOTICE.

My Quarterly Meeting will take place at Birdsborough on the 30th and 31st of March.

At Reading on the 5th and 6th of April.

At Pottsville on the 12th and 13th of April.

At Downingtown on the 19th and 20th of April.

At Deep Valley on the 26th and 27th of April.

At Centreville on the 3d and 4th of May.

SPENCER LEWIS

NOTICE.

The Quarterly Meetings of the Bordentown Circuit will be held as follows. The Quarterly Conference of the circuit to be held at Cranberry, March 29th, 1862, at 3 o'clock, P. M

Quarterly Meeting at Cranberry, March 30.
Cookstown, April 6.
Bordentown, April 13.
Allentown, April 20th.

The Quarterly Conference of the Freehold circuit to be held at Fairhaven, April 20, 1862, at 3 o'clock, P. M. W. D. W. SCHUERMAN, Min.

ANNUAL CONFERENCES.

Bishop Quinn has some time since announced his Ohio Conference to meet on the 15th of April, and we were glad when we saw it announced.

Bishop Payne had appointed his Conference (Baltimore) to meet on the 24th of April, which would have given the Bishop an opportunity of meeting each other's Conferences, but now we see that Bishop Payne has changed the Baltimore Conference to meet at the same time as that of the Ohio Conference. We are really sorry for this, for we desired to meet both Conferences. We wish that different arrangements could be made. There are many things that we might say, and truthfully say too, in relation to the present state and condition of the church, but will forbear for the present. We are a close observer of the times.

NOTICE.

Mr. A. H. Bandois, manufacturer of rosewood and gilt moulding looking-glasses, &c., at Third and Callowhill Streets, Philadelphia. We recommend our friends to give him a fair patronage.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Received from Rev. John Turner, of St. Louis, Mo., as follows:—

Mrs. Susan V. Roberson, on last year,	$1 00
G. W. B. Wedley, renewed,	1 00
Ezekiel Pine,	1 00
Mrs. Mary James,	1 00
Catharine Muthby,	1 00
Anthony Rouse,	50
Sarah Grey,	1 00
Mrs. Matilda D. Pediford,	50
Mrs. Lucy J. Roberson,	1 00
Mrs. Louisa Johnson,	1 00
Mrs. Harriet Francis,	1 00
Received from Rev. J. J Hurbert, of Port Deposit, Md.,	4 00
Received from Rev. William H. Chase, Lee, Mass.,	1 00
Received from Mr. Meshio L. Graham, Bellefonte, Pa,	1 00

AID FOR THE CONTRABANDS

We have not said anything about this subject for two reasons:—1 We entertained doubts as to whether we would not uphold and encourage Slavery by contributing to their support, in the event that the Government remanded them (the contrabands) to those who might claim them as their property; also enforce the Fugitive Slave Law; thereby placing the Government in the same predicament as it was before the Rebellion 2 That had we opposed the enterprise—said it was a good one, and worthy of all aid—we would have been, through our influence, the means of preventing many who have aided, and may still aid more Therefore we have given it a careful and prayerful consideration, and our conclusions are, that the cause is a good one, and deserves special attention. We would say, in behalf of the people of color, that when it is made clear to them that the premise laid down is a good one, there is no class of people under the heavens more liberal to give than they are. Now we say, and do recommend, to all of our people, as well as all others, to give to this cause, for we believe it to be a Christian act and a Christian duty:—1. Because those claiming to be their masters have fled for their lives, leaving the contrabands behind They also left behind them corn, wheat, poultry, cows, hogs, &c. enough, which might have done them until they could have shifted around and provided for more. But our soldiers having taken possession of the deserted land and houses where those contrabands were left, ate what they wanted, plundered and destroyed the rest, leaving these poor souls without any support while they (the soldiers) are supported by the Government. 2. These contrabands are surrounded with certain elements; a portion of which would debauch them, and then drive them to the clutches of those who had already deserted them in order to secure their own lives But let us provide clothing and money to help to take care of them; let us send them kind teachers, both colored and white; let there be also persons to work with them, and let them till the ground, raise cotton, grain, and potatoes, as they understand the ground and climate. We recommend our people and churches to take hold of this matter, and appoint good and efficient committees who may be responsible for any amount that may be put into their hands.

Again, we would recommend those of our ladies, here in the city, who can cut and make dresses, pants, &c., to give as much time as they can spare, and then let work be furnished them, and they can employ persons to come to their houses and work on the cheapest scale. We believe our women will do that, however. We believe we can speak for Mrs. Wilkins, Mrs. Palmer, and Mrs. Weaver, at No. 610 Pine St. These are all of our acquaintance.

THE WEST.

Our Western brethren may imagine our feelings, as the cloud which seemed to have intervened between them and us has begun to disperse, and the rays of light begun to glimmer into, and illuminate, our office. We know that the West can move mountains, for we are well acquainted with her machinery and her great levers. Yes; we remember well when Rev. A. R. Green was General Book Steward and Editor, how we used to put our hands together, and send substantial aid to Rev. Mr. Green. We remember that such was the appreciation of the cause of our Book Concern and paper, Brother Green only had to notify such men as Rev. W. R. Revels; and we remember of pulling three dollars out of our pocket in Rev. W. R. Revels' house, in the city of Jeffersonville, Ind., and giving it to him as a free will offering, in making up ten dollars for the benefit of the then *Christian Herald*. A similar case occurred with Rev. Robin Jones' and the late Rev. Byrd's paper, Kentucky. In 1852, when Rev. M. M. Clark was Editor of the *Christian Recorder*, the West still stood by him and the Book Concern. The young men had come in, and were making their mark, such as Revs. William Jackson, W. J. Davis, W. A. Dove, Rev. John Turner, Rev. Richard Bridges, Rev. F. Myers, and Elisha Weaver, your humble servant, and many others, like Rev. John M. Brown, the Editor of the *Repository*. All of the fore-mentioned names can bear testimony how often we had to go down into our own pockets to send our dollars to assist and encourage Brother Clark. Yes; hundreds and hundreds of dollars have we sent up from the West to sustain the man whom the General Conference saw fit to appoint as her agent to superintend and manage the affairs to the best advantage. Yes; Brother Clark can say that he never called upon the West but what she responded to his call, and that largely too. Our Rev. and dear Brother Campbell, our predecessor, can say that the West was a great friend to him and the cause while he was General Book Steward and Editor. But, in relation to us, we had almost concluded that the West had hung her harp upon the willow, but Revs. John Turner, of St. Louis, Mo., Rev. Wm. A. Dove, of Chicago, Ills, and the Rev. William Jackson, of Vincennes, Ind., sent letters, and we refer all our readers to them, with the hope that they may be read. They begin to say, that though the times have been very bad in relation to money affairs, and the winter cold and dreary, yet they have not forgotten us. Amen, amen! Do so again, my brethren, and may the good Lord bless you in the attempt

TWO CENT MONEY.

We call the special attention of the brethren to page 219, New Discipline, in relation to the two-cent money, and especially to the 16th paragraph under the same page. We do hope that all of our brethren having charge of circuits and stations will obey the General Conference of our beloved Zion, and commence in time to collect their two-cent money; and if the brethren have so far obeyed the law by making a collection every month, or every two months, we are quite sure that there will be a change in matters pertaining to our financial department. Suppose that Bethel Church, of Philadelphia, with over twelve hundred members, (we will say twelve hundred, though there is said to be some fifteen hundred,) should comply with the request; twenty-five times twelve would be three hundred dollars,—and this, it will be remembered, is only twenty-five cents a head. At the very lowest estimate, this is what Bethel Church will owe us at our Annual Conference

The Union Church, placing the membership at two hundred, at twenty-five cents each, will be fifty dollars. Baltimore (Md.) Bethel Church has about twelve hundred members; suppose that she is caused to do her duty—that the minister should feel it his duty to see that each member pays his or her twenty-five cents per year; there would be three hundred dollars due the Book Steward, to be appropriated as per Discipline. Ebenezer Church has at least two hundred members, and twenty five times two hundred is fifty dollars

Now here would be seven hundred dollars,—leaving out Washington, New York, Brooklyn, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville Indianapolis Chicago, and St. Louis, and besides hundreds of churches on circuits, and other stations where brethren are. If brethren will only do what the regulations of the Church have demanded of them, all would be well. We believe that there is not a member in our Church but what would consider it a great insult to say that they were *too poor* to pay the small sum of *twenty five* cents a year for the benefit of the Book Concern and of our brethren who have labored hard to carry the glad tidings of the gospel to the dying world.

We are glad to see that Rev. Bishop Nazrey has notified all of his Conferences and members to come prepared to give a good account of themselves. So you may look well to the eastern brethren, and govern yourselves accordingly; for if he enforces the law, which he is bound to, somebody's head may have to come off. We hope that the other Bishops will do the same.

RELIGIOUS UNION.

We reprint our article, which appeared some time ago, upon the subject of "Religious Union," and shall be glad to see from our brethren a reply to it, and also to Rev. S. T. Jones' article, which appeared in our previous number; for there are brethren who can talk masterly upon subjects of Religion:

RELIGIOUS UNION

This is the title of an article which appeared in the 42d number of the CHRISTIAN RECORDER, with the signature of Rev. Singleton T. Jones In relation to the article, we remark first, that it has not been lost sight of; and there are two reasons why we have not said something about it before now.

1. We have been so much engaged, in a pecuniary interest for the welfare of this paper and Book Concern that we did not find time to think on much else.

The 2d reason is, that we were waiting to hear some of the older brethren speak out, for we *held* that there is no impropriety in discussing a matter of so much magnitude as these precious words, viz., *Religious Union*. Now, the writer, in his article, refers to us, as we preached the first discourse on the day in which he refers to, in Bethel Church, in obedience to the national proclamation issued by the President. He says, that "presuming from our discourse on the same day, that we were fully committed to the Union policy." We would just say, that according to our understanding of the word *union*, we could not be of any other opinion; for, if religion mean anything, it means love, and where there is *love* there must be *union*.

In relation to what the writer says in his article, that there should be but the one colored Methodist *Church*, we most heartily and sincerely endorse *his views*, that there ought not now, nor ever ought to have been, but the one colored Methodist Church in this country. I suppose that we would be safe in saying that we speak the sentiments of our church, or at least the most of them; for we believe that there is no Methodist, or rather true Methodist, but what is in favor of Religious Union. Now, we propose to ask a few questions, to be answered by some one or more.

1. What is the cause of our not being a great and glorious body now?

If that query is answered, the second question is, What is the most healthy and effective means to be raised to remove the *cause*? The means being solved, the third is, Who will set about the work to remove the cause? and in the event the cause shall be removed, the fourth question is, When, where, and how shall we meet to amalgamate?

We hope that our brethren will speak out freely and frankly upon the subject, and let us know the drift of the minds of the church, and her ministry. Therefore, as Rev. Dr. Jones has led the way for some thinking and discussing to be done, and we have asked some several questions to be answered by or from either side of the house, we will, therefore wait for further information.

For the Christian Recorder.

OUR BALTIMORE CORRESPONDENCE.

Our city has once more assumed its usual quietness. Business has commenced to revive. The business part of the city presents the appearance of past days, when the Monumental City was looked upon as one of the great commercial places of this nation. Hopes are entertained that the day is not far distant when Baltimore will once more occupy her former position. There is a great commotion among the religious community, and particularly with some of the members of the M. E. Church. It has gone so far that several of the leading members have withdrawn from the Conference, and are about to organize an independent M. E. Church.

We have been favored with a visit from Rev. Alexander Crummell, B. A., of Liberia, Africa. He preached an able sermon in Bethel Church on last Sabbath morning. He is regarded as an orator and a first class scholar. On Sunday afternoon he preached in the St. James' P. E. Church. His discourse was much admired. He also preached for Rev. J. M. Brown at night.

On Monday night Mr. Crummell lectured in Ebenezer Church on the Progress of Civilization on the Western Coast of Africa. It was a masterly production, and gave more satisfaction than any previous one we have heard. He will lecture on Thursday evening in Bethel Church upon the same subject.

We have just conveyed to the house appointed for all the living another one of our highly respected members, viz., Sister Ann Ash, who was well known to many of the African Methodist family.

The Baltimore Annual Conference will meet on Thursday, 17th of April, instead of the 24th, as reported by me in a previous number of your paper, and we extend an invitation to our brethren to come and see us.

We were pleased to learn, a few days ago, that Rev. Richard Barney, of the Philadelphia Conference, is on a visit to our city, the place of his nativity. He is much respected in our city. We never see him but we think of the time when he and I were licensed to exhort by the well known Rev. Richard Williams of blessed memory.

As we write, Rev. James N. Gloucester is taking leave of our city for his home in Brooklyn, New York W

Baltimore, March 18th, 1862

THE OLIVE CEMETERY COMPANY IN COURT

In the case of the *quo warranto*, issued at the suggestion of Richard Wilson, John Dutton, Joshua P. B. Eddy, Francis Deuterte, and William Winters, against Stephen Smith, and others, Managers of the Olive Cemetery Company, recently tried before the court, verdict was entered for the plaintiffs, Richard Wilson, and others.

L. HUMBERT,
No. 615 South Street

COME AND SEE

The death-bed scene of the Rev John Wesley is now to be seen in our book room, hanging up in a frame, so that any one can have the pleasure of seeing it; after which we think they will purchase one, as we have them for sale. It is a beautiful steel engraving.

For the Christian Recorder

LETTER FROM WM JACKSON.

Vincennes, March 12th, 1862

MR. EDITOR:—It is truly gratifying, in these times, to know that the feelings for the Book Concern, the Editor and *Recorder* on this Circuit are on the increase. We cannot reasonably expect to swell the number of our subscribers during these exciting times; still if we can keep up an interest in our work for the *Christian Recorder*, we will be doing comparatively well, simply because some of our people are poor, and would do more for the *Christian Recorder* if they could. I am happy to see the young ladies and gentlemen of our city so appreciate the *Christian Recorder* as they do The following is an evidence of the right spirit and a determination to stand by the Book Concern, and to pray for our beloved Editor, Rev. Elisha Weaver, and to subscribe for and pay for the *Christian Recorder*. I have tried, and yet am trying to set the demands and wants plainly before our people. I find my people a willing people, a religious and intelligent people.

We held a meeting March the 10th, 1862, in the A. M. E. Church, for the special benefit of the *Christian Recorder*. The meeting was opened by singing and offering prayer to a throne of grace—after which it was, on motion,

Resolved, That Rev. Wm Jackson be the Chairman of the meeting, which prevailed.

It was also by motion

Resolved, That Rev. John W. Waller be the Secretary of the meeting.

The Chair arose and stated the object of the meeting, after which Mrs. E. A. Jackson arose and made some interesting remarks. She spoke of her knowledge of the connexion, and that she has had the pleasure of being a member of the A. M. E. Church for 26 years. She referred to the *Christian Herald* and the *Christian Intelligencer*, and the efforts made on the part of the Editors to sustain these papers, and the Book Concern. She also spoke of their failure, and the embarrassed state of the Book Concern, and then referred to the present Editor, Rev. E. Weaver, whom the Lord raised up in the Indiana Conference. It is he who stands head of our Book Concern, and the Editor of the *Christian Recorder*—the organ of a great people. She, therefore, recommended this periodical, and hoped that it may be supported at all hazard.

Mrs. Sarah A. McGilpin arose and made an interesting address on the importance of education and the support of the *Christian Recorder*. She was very beautifully responded to by Mr. William Stewart, who urged the citizens to engage in this laudable enterprise, and support the *Recorder*.

Miss Caroline Rollins arose and spoke on the subject of the elevation of our race, and the *Christian Recorder*. She said, though the progress was slow, it will finally be accomplished if properly looked to. She referred to the slow progress of Noah's ark, and the final accomplishment of it; also to the building of Solomon's Temple, and the accomplishment of it. She was responded to by Mr. Reservos Knigh. He impressed that our example should be extended to the rising generation. Miss Mary Posey arose and addressed the audience in a very sublime and interesting manner. She was responded to by Mr. Joseph Stewart. He referred to the life and emancipation of the Right Rev. Richard Allen, and the progress and extension of our Church through the many difficulties to which she has come, and he spoke of the *Christian Recorder* as the only organ that we have to meet our demands, and that we ought to support the *Christian Recorder*, for its Editor is worthy of the strongest encouragement, after which we raised a collection of two cent money for the benefit of the Book Concern—two dollars and sixty cents—and got eight new subscribers for the *Christian Recorder*, as follows, seven for six months and one for three months:

Two-cent money for the Book Concern,	$2 60
Twenty numbers of the *Christian Recorder*, March 8th,	1 00
Subscribers for the *Recorder*:	
Mr Joseph Stewart,	1 00
Mr. Patrick Thomas,	1 00
Mr. Eli Lofton,	1 00
Mrs. Sarah A. McGilpin,	1 00
Mr. John W. Beard,	1 00
Mr. Charles L. Posy,	50
Miss Caroline White,	1 00
Mr. George Dunlap,	1 00

Please to send me four hymn-books for ninety cents a-piece, and three Disciplines, and two Union Bible Dictionaries, two dozen Catechisms, and send me 30 more of the *Recorders* of March 8th. I had not enough of them to supply the people, and send me 20 extra numbers of the paper that you record this article in. I remit you the sum of $13.00.

I will settle all that is due you.

Yours in Christ, WILLIAM JACKSON

For the Christian Recorder.

WHO IS OUR FRIEND?

One of Cicero's greatest axioms is, Friendship is the only thing in the world concerning the usefulness of which all mankind are agreed. Friendship that is true, noble and lasting, is not that which is obtained by participating in any vice to satisfy or please one whom you may respect. When thus obtained it will not remain: as soon as you cease to sacrifice any of your moral courage then friendship is rudely scrapped, and he whom you daily met and conversed with is now your greatest enemy; for just in proportion as a good friend is sweet, a false friend is full of bitterness. Walking along with a person the other day, we were stopped, and my companion drawn aside by a business-looking man: after talking with the stranger a few minutes, he joined us again, and curiosity led us to inquire of him, who that might be. Our quickly returned answer was, only a friend of mine. What an answer! only a friend. Now we say that when only is applied as a limiting term to a person, there is an air of indifference and carelessness, which indicates that he is not a friend; but a repulsive disagreeable person, who my companion would just as lief had not stopped us on our way. There are those whom we esteem as friends, when prosperity attends us, who, as the chilling blast of poverty and want overtake us, are the first ones to drive us from their doors as vagrants. Give us a friend who was born in the winter time, whose cradle was rocked in the storm; he will last. As the great Spurgeon has it, I had rather have a robin for a friend than a swallow; for a swallow abides with us only in the summer time, but a robin cometh to us in the winter. To select a true friend you must know all about him; for upon a better acquaintance you may discover something you would certainly dislike and produce bitter and sinful feelings towards him. Will a friend induce you to indulge in such thoughts? Emphatically no! To have the true and real friendship of another you must inspire him with true and honest motives for such friendship. Be friendly to all; but make none your friends until they know you, and you know them

For the Christian Recorder

THE DISCOVERY OF INCONSISTENCIES CONTINUED.

MR. EDITOR:—I see that the Rev. J. P. Campbell has noticed my communication on Bishop Nazrey's position, as found in the *Christian Recorder*, Vol. II, No. 7, Feb. 15th, 1862, headed, "A Discovery of Inconsistencies."

He says, "Rev. T. Strother, of Terre Haute, thinks he has made a discovery of inconsistencies; and, after telling us what he conceives them to be, he tells us himself that he does not know what the major proposition is about which he is writing."

Now, Mr. Editor, while I very highly respect Elder Campbell, I must say here that he has misrepresented me very glaringly—either wilfully or inadvertently. I think, too, that he has given me very broad grounds upon which to criticise I commence that criticism on him by denying most positively that I ever used such language as he positively says I did. If any one wishes to know who has told the truth, let them read my communication, to which Elder Campbell refers, and they will see who has. It is found in Vol. II, No. 7, of the *Christian Recorder*. There you will see what I have said. Now, his major propositions and mine are different; for he proposes to explain or define Bishop Nazrey's position, and to speak ironically, I think he has made a beautiful thing of it. My major proposition, if I have one, is found in the predicate of the sentence which forms the heading of my communication, which predicate is, "A Discovery of Inconsistencies." Discovery of inconsistencies, then, is my major proposition.

Now, have I ever said that I did not know what those inconsistencies were? If I have, then Elder Campbell has told the truth; but if I have not said that I did not know what those inconsistencies were, then he has told the *opposite* of the truth!

I was so far from saying that I did not know what said inconsistencies were, that I went on to name the very circumstances which go to constitute those inconsistencies, showing them to exist, from the fact that General Conference, in discussing Bishop Nazrey's position in 1860, decided most positively that he was at that time identified with the Canadian Church; and Bishop Nazrey saying, at the same General Conference, that he held then the same relation to the A. M. E. Church in the United States as he had formerly held. I showed then that these statements made by these two parties were greatly at variance, and showed a wonderful discrepancy. I went on to give it as my opinion that it was impossible for Bishop Nazrey to hold a legal identification with two different and distinct denominations at one and the same time, which opinion I still hold, and expect to hold, until decided by authority different from Elder Campbell. I also went on to show other inconsistencies, which any one may see by reading said communication, that go to show great inconsistency in that which I stated at the outset I discovered inconsistencies in. It is to be regretted that Elder Campbell has spoken so carelessly in this matter, and has subjected himself to such glaring ridicule. He winds up his comment upon my communication by promising to furnish me with certain information, which *he* says I seem to need. He goes on to instruct me by saying that "H. J. Young read a request emanating from the Canadian Annual Conference, upon the subject of granting them permission to withdraw and form a separate A. M. E. Church in Canada." He says the whole was referred to a select Committee, which Committee, he says, reported favorably to the granting said request, and, after the Committee had given their reasons why such a request should be granted, they said, Your Committee, however, would greatly deprecate anything in the division that would have a tendency to sever the union existing between the A. M. E. Church of the United States of America and that of the Province of Canada, while we recommend the adoption of a book of discipline, in loyalty with government. We therefore recommend that in order to the continuation of a reciprocity of feeling and interest, a corresponding delegation should exist between the A. M. E. Church of the United States and the A. M. E Church in the Province of Canada, who shall fully participate in the deliberations of the General and Annual Conferences, but not vote. If any of the ministers or members desire to remove from one connexion to the other, they shall be received by certificate, with all their standing, so that a friendly relation may continue between the two connexions, although they exist under different governments, and shall be bound together by cords never to be broken. Adopted

It seems that the request emanating from the Canada Annual Conference, as Elder Campbell has it, was that they might be permitted to withdraw from the A. M. E. Church in the United States, and form a separate A. M. E. Church in Canada

The select Committee appointed to attend to the request of the Canada people reported favorably to granting said request. That is, I suppose, Elder Campbell means for us to understand that said Committee did grant the Canada people the privilege of withdrawing and forming an A. M. E Church. Well, I wonder where that Church is. I read of the *B.* M. E Church of Canada—but the *A.* M. E. Church of Canada is what *I* have never been so fortunate as to become acquainted with.

Over and above this, Mr Editor, I cannot conceive, for the life of me, how such a separation could take place, nor why the Canada people should ask such a thing. The A. M. E. Church to ask to be granted the privilege to separate itself from the A. M E Church!—and, what is still more astonishing to me, that this Committee granted the A. M. E. Church in Canada their request—that is, to separate itself from *itself!* and my astonishment is kept up to the highest pitch when I consider that the Canada people did make such a request of the A. M. E. Church in the States, which was nothing more nor less than to ask the privilege of separating itself from itself

And, Mr Editor, according to Elder Campbell's showing, this Committee, after they had granted the Canada people their request, and had spoken to full extent in favor of the Canada people withdrawing from the A M. E. Church in the States, then, with the same breath, so to speak, declared that they "deprecated anything in the division that would have a tendency to sever the union existing between the A. M. E. Church in the States and the A. M. E. Church in Canada." That was to say, taking all into consideration that they had said, that they were willing for the A M. E. Church to separate itself and become two distinct A. M. E. Churches, but that they sincerely hoped that in that separation they would not separate.

This Committee, also, according to Elder Campbell's showing, seemed to have thought it their duty to plan the form of a discipline for the new Church organization in Canada;—this they seem to have done, while they themselves belonged part to the Canada Church, and a part to the A. M. E. Church in the States. Where they have a precedent for anything of this sort, is what I cannot tell.

Elder Campbell says again, "Who told them (meaning the Committee appointed on Canadian affairs) to request Bishop Nazrey to resign forthwith whatever relation he sustained to the British M. E. Church?" Here, you see, Mr. Editor, he introduces a different Church from the one spoken of in the division. Now, I should like extremely well to know how Bishop Nazrey got *legally* into the B. M. E. Church, to make it necessary for him to resign that Church, in order to get legally out of it! I express myself thus from the fact that Elder Campbell says that the Committee appointed to determine which one of the Bishops should go to Canada have never yet reported. If this be true, how did the Bishops know which one should go to Canada? How did Bishop Nazrey know that he was chosen to go to Canada? Elder Campbell says Bishop Nazrey went to Canada and officiated as Bishop four years. I would like for some one to tell me how all this happened—legitimately? No one has ever yet told me that much!

Mr. Editor, I would now undertake to answer Elder Campbell's questions. Question 1st—"What force, if any, is there in these words, in accordance with the wishes of the Canadian Church?" I answer, about as much force as there is in the words, Bishop Nazrey did exercise legal authority in the A. M. E. Church and the British M. E Church, as found in Elder Campbell's communication. Question 2d—"How did Bishop Nazrey come to exercise Episcopal jurisdiction over the Ohio district, and also, at the same time, exercise jurisdiction over the Canadian Church?" Answer—I think, Mr. Editor, that Bishop Nazrey did not think that to act as he has was impolitic, as I hope he now sees it is." Question 3d—"Should the agreement of the A. M. E. Church General Conference for 1856, with the Canadians through their legally appointed delegates be respected or not?" I answer, *Yes*; it should not be; because, if I understand Elder Campbell, that agreement was for the A. M. E. Church to separate from the A. M. E. Church—a thing impossible, and, for that reason, if no other, should not be respected. Question 4th—"What effect should the protest of the delegate from the B. M. M. Church of 1860 to the General Conference of the A. M. E. Church have upon the subject in question?" None in the world—nor should it be respected; for the reason that the matter of resignation belongs solely to the one resigning.

T. STROTHER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TURNER ON THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

MR. EDITOR:—The late Message of President Lincoln to Congress, relative to emancipation, has given rise to more speculations, and created more surmises than any other document ever issued from the mansion halls of the White House; and likely no other Message ever, for the moment, was productive of so surreptitious suspense since this nation had its name. Its announciation seems to benumb the most active intellects, and paralyse the most flippant tongues.

Both Houses of Congress were thrown into a muzy wonder, as to how they would unwind the intricate strata of its apparent preternatural syllabication. Collegiate sons, who had been reared on the bread of literature, and had prowled through the fields of classic lore, gleaning from every source language, constructibility, and how its convoluted recirculations should be dismembered, were paradoxically magnetized, from all appearance, or else logic, rhetoric, and analysis, were proving recreant to the noble trust for which they had been procured.

But passing on from Congressmen to the lower grades of society, we behold governors, State legislatures, mayors, City counsellors, police officers, political petit-maitres, Irishmen, Germans, women, children, and, last of all in God's universe, the Ethiopian, all making terrible strides to get the paper. The newspaper boys are flitting up and down the streets as an India rubber toes and wiry springing heels, proclaiming, as they go, *President Lincoln on emancipation!* Silence, my the inmates of many houses, (who never think of a paper.) What's that? The boy shrills out again—*President Lincoln on emancipation!* Got the paper, get the paper! say the rich, poor, white or colored, whoever he may be, for all must see. Accordingly, the paper is bought, regardless of price; and the way they go at reading it!—every one is spell-bound, the children all come around, with eager anxiety, to see what is the matter, they look as though a death-warrant had arrived, the old folks are all breathless, the reader proceeds to chatter out the message,—listen—be quiet,—

"*Resolved*, The United States ought to co-operate with any State which may adopt gradual abolishment of slavery, giving to such State pecuniary aid to be used by such State in its discretion, to compensate for the inconveniences, public and private, produced by such a change of system."

But at this juncture the baby wakes up, and countermands the silence by a few sonorous yells, (great confusion.) Every solace is offered, and unless the irritated child soon learns the art of muteness, it is horrid away to some sphere where its interrupting loquacity breaks not the incorporate charm that enshrines every fibre of the mind.

The Ethiopian, too, with all his untutoredness verges out of his dreary iceberg cavern, as if touched by the thawing sun of a freer day. Laying hold of the Message, he grapples, with Herculean strength, to untwisting its most technical terminologies, hoping to congratulate in the person of the President a Moses waving a mace of independence, with a voice waxing louder and louder, exclaiming, *Let my people go*,—hoping to hear freedom's birth heralded in tones of volcanic mutterings,—hoping it (the Message,) to be the Jesus of liberty coming to dethrone the Herod of tyranny,—hoping to hear the Jubilee trumpet, *Arise, ye slaves, and come to freedom!* but, alas, alas, *not yet*, is the echo

Newspaper correspondents, too, join the puzzled van, and drift down the deep current of—*I don't know what it means*. Several days pass by, and no one dares to comment upon it. The thing is too tender—too near the heart-strings. The vitals of the nation are touched. The immortal negro is too precious—dearer than the thousands of the gallant sons of the nation, who have fallen the bloody victims of slavery's hellish caprice

The Generals, Colonels, Captains, Lieutenants and Soldiers, who have wallowed and died in human gore, at Bull Run and other places, the carnage hand and devastating sweep of death, which rocks the nation and convulses society, the widowed wives and orphaned children, are all insignificant and worthless when compared with the brave sons of Africa. Why, who would have thought, five years ago, that we were so valuable?

But what is the conclusion arrived at in relation to the true spirit of the Message? Sir, it is this:—A great many here have been blinded and made to believe that it portends hope for a brighter day; but I look at it as one of the most ingenious subterfuges, to pacify the humane and philanthropic hearts of the country, that was ever produced, and I believe it will result to the North what Senator Douglass' Squatter Sovereignty did to South Carolina. I have not time nor space to analyse the Message; but how some of our people can see so much in it to elate them, I cannot find out; for, after recommending it, it denies that Congress has any power to legislate on slavery—leaving it under the absolute control of individual States, with which control they have ever been invested. Before we raise our joys too high, mark this phrase,—*giving to such State pecuniary aid to be used by such State in its discretion*. In that phrase there is a broad field, a wide space, an ocean of thought. H. M. T.

Baltimore, March 10, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA CORRESPONDENCE.

Monday morning finds us in no very good plight to write for the press; while the services of the Sabbath are spiritually invigorating, they tax our physical and mental power. Last Sabbath was indeed a profitable and agreeable season with us.

Rev. James N. Gloucester left here on last Thursday, for Baltimore. He preached to most of the colored churches, to their edification, and received the deserved compliment of being a useful man. Having to visit Alexandria, I enjoyed the company of the Rev. gentleman, who seemed to be highly impressed with the wonderful change which was fast taking place on old "Virginny shore." It is enough to make any colored man enthusiastic. Alexandria has been a living monument of the barbarism of slavery. In her palmy days prior to the secession of Virginia, colored persons were liable to be taken up at any moment as runaway slaves—their color being considered a *prima facie* evidence of slavery; they were then under the necessity of proving their freedom or of being sold. Colored persons were not allowed to walk the streets after nine P. M.; to carry a cane weighing over four pounds; to stand three together; to be five in number in any store or place of trade, or to give white persons any impudence whatever. No colored man could lawfully conduct a religious meeting or perform a marriage ceremony. The slave pens of Bruce, of Rephart, *et al.*, bearing on the same barbaric inscription in large letters, "Dealers in Slaves," were a terror to the slave population in the surrounding country. Movements present no such frightful aspect as they did. But now, the lords of these Satanic realms have found [illegible] in secession or Fort Warren; the slaves found in these pens have been released. The slave pens are now being fitted up as hospitals and store houses for the use of the army. Colored people have as much privilege now as in a free state, with the exception of having their oath in law. Standing on the road to Fairfax the contrabands could be seen coming in with songs of joy upon their lips.

The prospect for establishing a Bethel church in Alexandria is good, and if our honored and venerable father Smith had the youthful vigor and mental power of some of his predecessors, he would at this moment seize the golden opportunity. The colored people in Alexandria are right on the church question.

Wendell Phillips' great lecture at the Smithsonian on Friday night, is the theme of conversation in the halls of Congress and at the hotels. Bro. Moore just dropped in while we are writing this, and informs us that this distinguished orator gifted with genius and fortune, lectured at Israel church (A. M. E.) on last night, (Sunday.)

Rumor says that Rev. Mr. Tanner has resigned the pastorate of the Fifteenth street Presbyterian church, (colored.) He has been the installed pastor one year. It will be remembered that the Rev. gentleman declined going to California as an A M. E. preacher, to take charge of this church, being commissioned at the rise of the last General Conference of '60.

Hon. Owen Lovejoy lectured to a large audience of colored people last Monday night.

Capt. Hawkins, of Hannibal Guards, (colored) of New York city, was introduced to your correspondent; he is connected with this war in some way. We know nothing of the captain, but giving him credit for military talent, we hope that this war will develop it, and other things being equal, he will be of great use to his race.

In reading "Major General Commanding" McClellan's proclamation, it strikes one that he is accidentally or intentionally, trying to Napoleonize himself. He says to his soldiers before they have been under fire, what Napoleon said after his had been through the bloody struggle of Lodi and victoriously penetrated the heart of Italy. He declared that the fact that they belonged to the Army of the Potomac would be the highest glory; this remains to be seen, it is not the most probable thing in the world.

Our warm friends and pious members of the A. M. E. Church, together with the more humble itinerant preachers, deplore the unfortunate newspaper controversy which is going on in regard to the Bishopric. I do not think that there would be a great deal contention for the honor of initiating this controversy, as it seems to be regarded as being unproductive of any desired result. I write this in great haste

SACER.

Georgetown, D. C., March 17th, 1862

One is reminded of WASHINGTON by the reports recently received of Garibaldi. Retiring after his memorable successes in the opening struggle for Italian liberty to the Island of Caprera, he is now devoting himself entirely to agricultural pursuits. He employs many men in ploughing his soil, and takes an active part in the daily labors. His evenings are largely spent in reading the journals of the day.

A singular innovation has been made in Italy upon the great system of FREEMASONRY. It is that of admitting women into its membership, its offices, and its honors. Already, it is said, there are in the several Orders Sister Masons, Venerables, and Great Mistresses. If old reports are true, it is wondered what will become of the "secrets" of the system.

NOTICE

To all whom it may concern.

District Grand Lodge, No 2, of the Independent Order of Good Samaritans and Daughters of Samaria.

In accordance with previous arrangements, Thomas Lodge, No 35 of Good Samaritans, Van Brakle Lodge, No 4, of Good Samaritans, Smith Union Lodge, No 18, of Daughters of Samaria, Olive Union Lodge, No 27, of D. of S., Prudence Lodge, No 30, of D. of S., and Perseverance Lodge, No. 42, of D. of S., was reinstated to fellowship with the Right Worthy National Grand Lodge of the I. O. of G. S. and D. of S., *First Branch*, on Tuesday Evening, March 4, A. D., 1862, a dispensation having been granted, the Right Worthy National Grand Sire, Bro. George H. Hick, organized the above-named Lodges into a District Grand Lodge, to be known by the *name, style*, and *title* of District Grand Lodge, No. 2, of the Independent Order of Good Samaritans, and Daughters of Samaria, and installed the following named brothers and sisters into their offices respectfully, viz.:

Bro. James T. Robinson, R. W. P. Grand Chief.
Sist. Mary E. Ashton, R. W. P. G. P. Daughter.
Bro. Henry Brooks, R. W. G. Chief.
Sist. Sarah Davis, R. W. G. P. Daughter.
Bro. Richard H. Gleares, R. W. D. G. Chief.
Sist. Mary Parker, R. W. D. G. P. Daughter.
Bro. Nath. L. Durham, R. W. G. V. Chief.
Sist. Mary Highgates, R. W. G. D. of the Fountain.
Bro. James H. Smith, R. W. G. Prelate.
Sist. Jane Pharis, R. W. D. G. D. of Lessons.
Bro. Frederick C. Revels, R. W. G. Orator.
Bro. Wm. H. Longfellow, R. W. G. S. Secretary.
Sist. Sarah Jenkins, R. W. D. G. D. of Records.
Bro. Jonathan Davis, R. W. G. F. Secretary.
Sist. Cornelia Gilbert, R. W. G. F. Daughter.
Bro. James Dolphin, R. W. G. Treasurer.
Sist. Elizabeth Marion, R. W. G. D. of Treasurer.
Bro. Henry H. Gilbert, R. W. G. Conductor.
Sist. Elizabeth Briant, R. W. G. D. Conductor.
Bro. Wm. Cooper, R. W. G. I. Sentinel.
Sist. Sarah Young, R. W. G. D. of the Key.
Bro. George Murray, R. W. J. O. Sentinel.
Sist. Susan Faussett, R. W. G. D. of the Pass.

After the installation ceremonies, the R. W. National Grand Sire declared District Grand Lodge No. 2, of the I. O. of G. S. and D. of S., to be a regular organized body, under the jurisdiction of the R. W. National Grand Lodge.

On motion, it was resolved: That a list of the officers be published in the *Christian Recorder*, and the *Anglo African*.

JONATHAN DAVIS, M. D., } *Committee.*
WM H. LONGFELLOW, }

NOTICE.

The Social, Civil, and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Pennsylvania open a subscription list to aid the freed men at Port Royal and other points where they may be located, and respectfully ask the co-operation of the colored citizens and others in this city, or elsewhere, in money or clothing.

Any amount of value received will be acknowledged, with the name of the donor, in the *Recorder*, where a constant record will be kept.

Subscriptions may be sent to Jacob C. White, at the office of the Lebanon Cemetery, 711 Lombard Street, and also to William Still, 107 North Fifth Street, and to Rev. E. Weaver, 619 Pine Street.

PAID.

Statistical Society,	$50 00
Clayton Miller,	2 00
William Still,	5 00
Robert Adger,	2 00
Henry Mintern,	2 00
Catherine Johnson,	2 00
Vesti Leche,	2 00
Wm. Warricks,	2 00
Harriet Shorter,	1 00
Sarah S. Hawkins,	1 00
Rev. Jonathan C. Gibbs,	1 00
James P. Clay,	1 00

Port Royal Contrabands.—At a meeting held on Wednesday evening, at the Philadelphia Institute, by the Executive Committee of the Statistical Association of Colored People, of this city, the following resolutions were passed, which were read at the close of a concert by the Hutchinson Family last evening, given in aid of the escaped slaves at Port Royal:

Resolved, That the claims of the "Contrabands" in the vicinity of Port Royal and elsewhere call loudly upon the friends of humanity for material aid and sympathy.

Resolved, That while there is reason to regret that the Government has not more fully defined the status of these poor creatures, nevertheless it is clearly the duty of the Social, Civil and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Pennsylvania, not only to render aid as an organization, but also to commend these sufferers to the consideration of the various colored churches and societies of this city and State, that they may co-operate in the noble work of helping the Freemen's Association or other proper enterprises, which have undertaken to furnish food, clothing, and teachers, moral and religious, so much needed to relieve immediate distress and to inspire them with hopes of final deliverance.

Resolved, That we cannot lose sight of the Act of Congress, passed at its extra session, or of those proclamations emanating from the several Generals and Commanders of the Army, in which freedom has been declared to the slaves of all parties aiding directly or indirectly the rebellion.

Resolved, That in view of these acts, the slaves cannot (in our judgment) be considered other than FREEMEN.

J. C. WHITE, President.
WM. STILL, Corresponding Secretary.
(14) S. M. SMITH, Recording Secretary.

GREAT ATTRACTION.

A Grand Musical Banquet will be given by the Bethel S. Music Association on Thursday evening, March 27th, at the Philadelphia Institute, Lombard above 7th Street, at which time various choice selections of sacred music will be performed, under the direction of Professor C. M. Guitar, with melodeon accompaniment. Also, the tables will be furnished with all the delicacies of the season. Tickets of admission, Ten Cents—to be had of the Committee of Arrangements,

PETER BURTON,
HENRY GORDON,
JOSEPH C. GREEN,
JAMES JOHNSON,
ELIZABETH OLIVER.

and at the A. M. E. Book Store, 619 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

One of the dignitaries of Great Britain, the Marquis of Westminster, has recently shown a noble disposition to do good. He proposes to place twenty-five thousand dollars in the hands of Trustees, to provide from the interest of it an annual pension of one hundred and eighty dollars for all Scripture Readers of the Scripture Readers' Friendly Society, when they shall be incapacitated by age, sickness or infirmity, from discharging their duty.

There are encouraging signs of a great change in the state of things in Austria in regard to religious toleration. It has long been known that a foreign Bible was by law a prohibited book, so far as any general distribution of it was concerned, and hence it has been comparatively unknown. Recently, however, a decree has been published, greatly modifying this law. Its free circulation is now permitted, subject only to the rules required for the general regulation of the Book trade. Great good will doubtless result from this decree.

An unhappy event has just occurred in IRELAND. The First Presbyterian Church in Antrim, one of the very finest of the Presbyterian body in Ireland, was recently entirely destroyed by fire.

Considerable feeling has been produced by a reported expression of the Earl of Shafesbury, saying, some months since, that, "in common with almost every English Statesman, I sincerely desire the rupture of the American Union." Now, however, he comes out and unequivocally and absolutely denies having ever said or thought any such thing, and professes real friendship for the United States. This will greatly relieve the minds of many, for in many ways this man had shown himself one of the noblest and most Christian and liberal of the persons high in place abroad.

A singular Book is about to appear under the editorial management of Mr. Alex. Bishop, at Glasgow, entitled, "The Proverbs of Scotland." It will include about four thousand five hundred, and they are arranged with a convenient glossary, and explanatory and illustrative notes. The only other country in the world that has ever shown a larger number of Proverbs is Spain, where a collection of about thirty thousand has been made.

Religious Intelligence.

THE CLERGY OF THE UNITED STATES.—The salaries of the clergy of the United States do not average five hundred dollars a year; and yet as a class, they are the best educated, the most influential, the most active, refined, and elevated of the nation. The biographies of a hundred clergymen who have families—taken as they come—show that of their sons, one hundred and ten became ministers; and of the remainder of their sons, by far the larger number rose to eminence as professional men, merchants, and scholars.

CLERICAL WEDDING.—The editor of the *German Reformed Messenger*, in narrating some of his experience in the way of ministers' perquisites, says: "In our experience we have married persons for 37½ cents; we have married on trust; and we have married for a counterfeit bill!" To this, *The Independent* adds: "We may soften our German friend's grievances, by quoting the case of the minister who received for a wedding fee a salt cod-fish, which, when he had taken it home for his table, was chiefly eaten by the bride and groom, who had called upon him at dinner!" *The Independent* properly thinks it unnecessary to mention that the potatoes and fixings on the interesting occasion were also furnished by the ministers! However, these are among the little things of a minister's experience. We recollect a case in which a clerical friend, very nearly related to us, not only married a strange couple for nothing, but lent them the money to pay the town clerk for their marriage license; and the loan stands to this day, "as good as new."—*Calendar, (Episcopal) Hartford, Connecticut.*

A GOOD TYPE OF CHRISTIANITY.—A missionary among the Karens, says:—"I do not think I ever heard a Christian Karen complain because he had too many children to provide for, and I never knew an orphan scorned for among them; aunts, uncles, and cousins, all claim them as their special charge."

MISSIONARY FRUIT.—The *Missionary Advocate* states that ten years ago the first Missionaries were sent to Corisco. Now there is a presbytery, a church of sixty-three members, including fifty-two converts from heathenism, and forty more are seeking a spiritual knowledge of Christianity. There is an eldership, including three native converts, all candidates for the ministry. There are Sabbath schools numbering one hundred and sixty pupils.

Rev. N. B. JOHNSON has been sent out by the Board of Domestic Missions of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, as an agent to look after the temporal and spiritual interests of the refugee slaves at Beaufort, S. C.

The venerable and excellent Bishop M'ILVAINE, of Ohio, now in England, was recently entertained by Queen Victoria, at her breakfast-table, as a mark of respect for him, and for the United States, of which he was a devoted and loyal citizen.

Rev. O. D. MILLER, of Nashua, N. H., has renounced spiritualism, after having been several years its devoted adherent and advocate, and has published his solemn protest against it, as a system of evil to any community.

Rev. WM. A. LEECH, an Episcopal minister of the Diocese of Massachusetts, has been solemnly deposed from the ministerial office by his Bishop, Rev. M. Eastburn, D. D.,—having declared that he renounced the holy office, and would not officiate any longer in its duties.

Rev. SAMUEL HANSON COX, D. D., LL. D., is reported to be about to resign his charge of the Ingham Female Institute, at Le Roy, N. Y.

Mrs. EMMA P. DOUGLASS, a returned labourer in the Baptist Mission in Burmah, died recently in West Philadelphia. Her husband, since their return, has become Pastor of the Blockley Baptist Church in this city.

Rev. W. C. SHIPMAN, missionary of the American Board and Pastor of the Native Church at Kaw, Sandwich Islands, died on the 21st of December last, 37 years of age and leaving a widow and three children.

An encouraging state of things exists among the London Cab and Omnibus drivers. A regular chaplain is secured for them, and religious services are held for their good. At the close of the old year, a midnight meeting was held in a large coach-shed in the omnibus yard at Islington, fitted up with seats, and tastefully arranged, and about six hundred persons of this class, together with many of their wives, were present. A most interesting season was enjoyed. Great good is anticipated from the moral and religious efforts that are making in behalf of this often neglected class.

In Great Britain and the United States much has been said about Young Men's Christian Associations. Rome is now skilfully, and with great effect, adopting them. In various parts of Ireland, especially, they are being organized, and by the lectures, which form one of their features, their libraries, and other things—all of which are of an intensely Romish character—the interests of Romanism are greatly advanced, especially among the young. Truly, God seldom raises up a good, without Satan shortly producing a counterfeit!

Evangelism in Germany.—A separation between the Church and the world is in many parts of Germany becoming more marked. The world is assuming a much more threatening position, and the children of God are becoming more faithful. A spirit of prayer appears to be growing. In many districts family worship is more regular. Young men's societies are acknowledging united prayer to be one of the most powerful means of advancing the cause near their hearts. Many are seeing more clearly that mere intellectual perception of the truth, or slavish bowing to a prescribed ritual, gives little strength in life, or comfort in death. At the great fairs of Leipsic, Frankfort, and elsewhere, one will find godly merchants meeting in the evening for prayer and reading the Scriptures. Those who were most active in opposing the work of God in the Elberfeld Orphan House last year, have publicly expressed sorrow for the steps they then took. Meetings on the Sabbath evenings for prayer and conference are becoming much more common, and, though the clergy generally discountenance such proceedings, still the meetings are held, and the prayers are much more spiritual and earnest.—*News of the Churches.*

Preaching to the Secessionists.—The Rev. Mr. Passavant, the Western editor of the *Lutheran and Missionary*, in the last issue of that journal, gives the following interesting account of a religious service held by him among the secession prisoners at Wheeling:

On a recent visit to Wheeling, Va., to dispense the Lord's Supper to the vacant English Lutheran Church in that city, we were permitted by the officer in charge to preach to the secession prisoners in the Athenæum. The hall in which they are confined is large and airy, and being well heated, is as comfortable as such quarters can probably be, where all the operations of cooking, sleeping, and living, are promiscuously carried on. The number of prisoners is upwards of 100; and when we mention the character of many of them as bush-whackers, bridge-burners, murderers (of our pickets, and often of their inoffensive Union neighbours,) their appearance may be imagined by those who are familiar with the class of "poor white trash" in the slaveholding States; the tools of others, for good or for evil. A jug of whisky and the scare-crow of Abolition was sufficient to identify them with secession and its bloody work. Deeply are these men to be pitied, for they are for the most part the ignorant dupes of designing and desperate leaders.

The services were commenced by a hymn, and a prayer by the venerable Dr. Weed, of the Presbyterian Church, who frequently conducts a service among these unhappy men, standing on a chair. We then addressed the assembled prisoners. In all the Bible, no words seemed more appropriate than those of Jesus: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" and we sought to apply this gracious invitation to their burdened hearts. The scene before us was deeply affecting. Their attention and their tears did not so much touch our hearts as did the adaptation of the gospel to the most guilty of men. Jesus says "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," but it is only when sin appears thus "exceedingly sinful," that it becomes possible to realize the infinite mercy of the Redeemer to poor, sinful and fallen man.

At the close of the service a number took our hand, and, with many thanks, bade us farewell. Several of these were aged men, and seemed sadly out of place in such associations. Perhaps, on some missionary tour in Western Virginia as may yet pull at the latch string of some of our Athenæum congregation, and enjoy the hospitality of their cabins.

Domestic Items.

Interesting from Winchester

Enthusiasm of the Ladies.—Bouquets to the Soldiers.—The People Unanimous for the Union.—Skirmish with a Detachment of Ashby's Cavalry.—Destitute Condition of the Inhabitants.—The Railroad.—Gen. Banks' Headquarters.—Gen. Jackson's Present Location, &c.

SENTRY HOUSE MD. March 14, 1862.

I have just arrived here from Winchester. The place is quiet, and every one there professes Union sentiments, and the Union flag floats triumphantly everywhere.

Some of the citizens have gone on a frolic, and declared it to be the best Fourth of July in the history of Winchester.

Ladies make artificial patriotic bouquets for the army, and throw them from the windows as their brawny deliverers march past, to the tune of the "Star Spangled Banner."

The enemy have but about forty prisoners up to this time, captured by our cavalry since the occupation of Winchester. Nearly one hundred horses have fallen into our hands, branded "C. S." In a skirmish about six miles from Winchester to-day

Three of the Ashby cavalry were taken. But one man of our troopers has been taken since the occupation of Winchester, and that one through an accident to his bridle.

Business in the town is beginning to revive. The railway is open nearly to the Potomac, and the first train passed over to-day.

The old stage has recommenced running to Martinsburg, and stores are opening, one after another.

The populace demanded the military bands to play "Jackson's Retreat," amid uproarious laughter and rejoicing at the termination of the Reign of Terror.

The enthusiasm is universal. Winchester is far more loyal than ever before. The enemy have not retreated a great distance from the town, for their cavalry are still within seven or eight miles of it.

Our troops are fully covered against all contingencies. The success of our whole movement on the Upper Potomac, so far, has been more complete and happy than the most sanguine could expect.

It is reported that General Hamilton will be promoted to take command of Lieutenant's division, and that the latter will command a corps d'armee.

WINCHESTER, Va., March 13, 1862.—This afternoon, while twenty-six of our cavalry were foraging on the Strasburg road, three miles distant, they came upon a large barn, bearing evidence of having recently been occupied by Ashby's men.

While our teams were loading with hay, about two hundred of Ashby's cavalry came near, and threw out two companies as skirmishers. Our men covered the departure of their teams, and prepared to resist an attack, which was finally commenced. At length six Wisconsin pickets came up with rifles, and killed two of the enemy. One of our cavalry dashed upon the enemy, amid a shower of bullets, and killed one of the rebels with his pistol.

The enemy made no effort at a charge, but gradually advanced as our troops fell back to the town in good order and unharmed.

It is a noticeable fact that for several months the inhabitants of this section have been entirely without coal, and with limited means of transporting fuel into the towns.

The gas works at Martinsburg, Charlestown and Winchester are closed for want of stock.

The cars to-day only reached Halltown, four miles out of Harper's Ferry, owing to the previous destruction of the bridge.

No movements of importance have taken place to-day.

Gen. Jackson was in person at Middletown this morning, five miles north of Strasburg.

Ashby's cavalry still hang on the rear of Jackson's retreat.

From General Banks' Corps D'Armee—Army Newspapers—Good Feeling in Winchester—Private Rights Respected—Another Fight with Ashby's Cavalry.—WINCHESTER, Va., March 15.—General Hamilton, who yesterday afternoon, waited upon by nearly all the officers of the division, to congratulate him on his advancement, and also to express their profound regret at the necessity for his departure. A Pennsylvania regimental band gave him a serenade, and his staff accompanied him as far as Berryville.

This morning, Ashby's rebel cavalry, with two guns, were driven three miles beyond Newton by a force of United States artillery, infantry, and cavalry. Many shells were thrown on both sides, but, as far as is known, there were no lives lost.

Captain E. A. Pendleton, the Quartermaster of Ashby's Cavalry, was taken prisoner yesterday morning.

The cars reached a point three miles this side of Harper's Ferry to-day. The road is in the worst possible condition, requiring extensive repairs, to be available for heavy transportation. On several occasions obstructions have been placed on the finished track by secessionists.

Col. Gordon, of the Second Massachusetts Regiment, has been appointed to the command of the brigade vacated by the transfer of Gen. Hamilton. All is quiet to-night.

WINCHESTER, Va., March 16.—The members of the Indiana Regiment are publishing a daily sheet here, called the Army Bulletin.

I have received a large well-edited paper, published by a regiment at Leesburg, called the Advance Guard.

The churches here were open to-day, and were well attended by citizens, as well as officers and soldiers.

It is worthy of remark that there has not been seen nor heard of a single invasion of private rights, nor a case of intoxication, since the arrival of the army here. This is highly appreciated by the secessionists, and tends greatly to disabuse the Southern mind of the impression that we are barbarians.

Joseph Seaton's theatrical corps, which for weeks has followed the division, opens here to-morrow night.

The sutlers freely dispense necessary groceries to the citizens, taking, in some instances, corporation shinplasters in payment.

Progress.—Those who at one time complained of the slow progress of the war have no cause for such complaints now. Scarcely a week elapses without two or three important battles taking place, and in every direction our army is pushing forward vigorously against the enemy. Price has been recently routed in Arkansas, Fort Craig has been gallantly defended against great odds, new successes have been gained in Tennessee, Commodore Dupont has taken possession of the whole sea coast of Georgia, and of the strategic points of Florida, and the army of the Potomac has occupied Manassas and Winchester.

New Madrid is Ours.—Cairo, March, 14, 1862.—The rebels evacuated New Madrid last night, leaving a quantity of guns and stores which they were unable to carry away.

Mail-Clad War Vessels.—Ericsson's Monitor has produced a great commotion in Congress, as will be seen by the bill introduced by the Naval Committee in the Senate to-day, making a heavy appropriation for iron-clad boats and batteries.

The bill introduced by Senator Hale, from the Committee on Naval Affairs, to-day, provides for the construction, under the direction of the Secretary of the Navy, of an iron-clad steam vessel of not less than five or six thousand tons burden, and of great speed and strength, to be used only as a ram, for which purpose $1,000,000 be appropriated. Also, $13,000,000 for the construction of iron-clad gunboats, $733,000 for the completion of Stevens' Battery, and $500,000 for extending the facilities of the Washington Navy Yard, so as to roll and forge plates for the armored ships.

The completion of the Stevens' Battery, which has hung fire so long, is provided for in the bill.

Our Foreign Relations in a Most Favorable Condition.—The relations between the United States and foreign nations are now entirely free from any apprehension whatever of disturbance. The tone of all correspondence is conciliatory and amicable. It is considered the British, as well as the French Ministry, is evidently gaining strength, owing to the discountenancing of sympathy with the secessionists.

In the House of Commons, Lord Palmerston, replying to Mr. Wyld, said that at the present moment the United States did not maintain as many guns on the coast of Africa as they were required to do by treaty, but this was occasioned by the exigencies of the war in which they were engaged. He expressed his conviction that the federal government was anxious to co-operate effectively with England in the suppression of the slave trade, and, as a proof of its feeling in the matter, he alluded to the case of Captain Gordon, then under sentence of death in New York for engaging in the traffic.

Gen. M'Clellan.—The Herald says: "We believe it will soon be made apparent, that while the detention of the main rebel army at Manassas all this time has materially contributed to our late great victories in the South and West, the escape of the rebels from Manassas without a battle will not retard, but facilitate the final overthrow of the rebellion. We contend that the rebel Johnston at Centreville was too near our Potomac army to be kept in ignorance of its movements, and too far off to be taken by a forced march on any line. His detention and his retreat, we doubt not, have been timed by McClellan, and the combination pieces which will shortly be executed. The President fully comprehends and approves it, of McClellan's plan, and has entrusted it to the command of the Army of the Potomac."

The Army of the Potomac.—Address of General McClellan to his Soldiers.—The Time for Action has Arrived.—HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE, Va., March 14, 1862.—Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac: For a long time I have kept you inactive, but not without a purpose. You were to be disciplined, armed and instructed. The formidable artillery you now have had to be created. Other armies were to move and accomplish certain results. I held you back that you might give the death-blow to the rebellion that has distracted our once happy country. The patience you have shown, and your confidence in your general, are worth a dozen victories.

These preliminary results are now accomplished. I feel that the patient labors of many months have produced their fruit. The army of the Potomac is now a real army—magnificent in material, admirable in discipline and instruction, excellently equipped and armed. Your commanders are all that I could wish.

The moment for action has arrived, and I know that I can trust in you to save our country. As I ride through your ranks I see in your faces the sure presage of victory. I feel that you will do whatever I ask of you.

The period of inaction has passed. I will bring you face to face with the rebels, and only pray that God may defend the right.

In whatever direction you may move, however strange my actions may appear to you, ever bear in mind that my fate is linked with yours, and that all I do is to bring you where I know you wish to be—on the decisive battle field. It is my business to place you there. I am to watch over you as a parent over his children, and you know that your general loves you from the depths of his heart.

It shall be my care, as it has ever been, to gain success with the least possible loss; but I know that if it is necessary you will willingly follow me to your graves for the righteous cause.

God smiles upon us! Victory attends us yet! I would not have you think that our aim is to be attained without a manly struggle. I will not disguise it from you. You have brave foes to encounter—foemen well worthy of the steel that you will use so well. I shall demand of you great, heroic exertions; rapid and long marches; desperate combats; privations, perhaps. We will share all these together; and, when this sad war is over, we will all return to our homes, and feel that we can ask no higher honor than the proud consciousness that we belonged to the Army of the Potomac.

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN,
Major General Commanding.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to be Opened in Ten Days.—BALTIMORE, MARCH 16.—The work of repairing the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is progressing rapidly, and the whole road will be in complete working order in ten days. Seven trains from the Ohio reached Martinsburg to-day with provisions.

The Harper's Ferry bridge is nearly completed, and when this is effected a daily train will be run from Winchester to Baltimore.

General Shields telegraphed to-day, that the energy of the company in pushing forward the repairs has more than met his most sanguine expectations.

A large force of men is employed on the whole line, and the broken machinery at Martinsburg is being removed to the repair shops.

The Government has engaged the company to run military trains also on the Winchester road.

The Battle of Pea Ridge turns out to have been the hardest fought, and one of the most complete victories of the war. It has resulted in the death of 1,000 rebels, the wounding of nearly 3,000 more, and the capture of 1,600 more, together with thirteen pieces of cannon.

The Proposed Tax Bill is now attracting great attention in Congress and throughout the country. Many amendments will doubtless be offered, and a considerable number adopted. That the war will entail heavy pecuniary burdens is inevitable; but they will, in the main, be cheerfully assumed by the American people. Every good citizen should be prepared to surrender a part of his resources to preserve the whole. Practically, the rebellion compelled the nation to choose between anarchy and virtual destruction, and a herculean effort which would, necessarily, be attended with great expense, to preserve the Republic and all its mighty interests. Self-preservation and patriotism impelled us to adopt the latter alternative, and having adopted it, all the sacrifices that may be necessary to maintain it will be submitted to. The people not only that the war be conducted as vigorously and economically as possible—that no time should be lost in striking the enemy frequently and effectively, and that no money should be unnecessarily squandered.

The amount of revenue that should be collected to maintain the national credit during the continuance of the war, is estimated at from $150,000,000 to $200,000,000 per annum. The latter sum, great as it may appear, is but about one-half the amount of revenue derived in times of peace by the British Government from the people of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland. There are single articles of luxury upon which we annually expend nearly as much as this whole sum. The annual agricultural and manufacturing products of the country in ordinary times, are estimated at $4,000,000,000, and all the national taxes now contemplated will probably not yield more than five per cent. of this amount. All the interests, and all the citizens of the country, will be expected in some way to contribute to the revenues of the nation; but if the burdens are fairly and equitably distributed, they will not fall very heavily upon any class, for those who may be called upon to contribute large amounts will have correspondingly large incomes or estates.

Victory—Island No. 10 is Ours, with all the Enemy's Ammunition and Transports—General Halleck Serenaded.—St. Louis, March 17th.—In response to a serenade to-night, General Halleck announced, from the balcony of the Planter's Home, that Island No. 10 is ours, with all the ammunition and transports the enemy had there.

Burnside Victorious at Newbern, North Carolina.—Baltimore, March 18.—The steamer Commodore arrived here this morning direct from Gen. Burnside's expedition.

She brings the announcement of the capture of Newbern, North Carolina, and the defeat of the rebels there, with the capture of a large number of artillery, after a hard fought battle.

Our loss at Newbern was about ninety killed and four hundred wounded. Our men displayed great bravery.

Married.

By Rev. W. D. W. Schureman, Feb. 20th, 1862, Mr. JOHN CHARMAN to Miss HARRIET STILL, both of Bordentown, New Jersey.

Married, on the 29th day of December, 1861, Mr. JOHN ELSBY to Miss HARRIET E. BERRY, all of West Philadelphia. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Joseph H. Smith, of Burlington, N. J.

Died.

In Thornbury Township, on the 5th inst., ANNA ELIZABETH, daughter of Brinton and Anna Mary Richardson, aged 6 years.

Parent, weep not for Lizzie; she is happier now than we.
By faith in Christ her Saviour, her happiness we will see.
She is hovering round the Throne of Him who in his word did tell,
"Suffer children to come to me, for I do all things well."
In our Sabbath School we loved her; she was so meek and mild:
There were none we esteemed above her—the lovely little child.
But let us not lament our loss, she hath gone with Christ to dwell:
He gave, He took, He can restore—"He doeth all things well."
By her Teacher,
J. H. HEATON.

Died, in New Jersey, February 23d, MARY M. NIXON, wife of Perry Cox, late of Philadelphia.

MEETINGS OF ANNUAL CONFERENCES

The Ohio Annual Conference will meet in Zanesville city, Ohio, April 15th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

The Indiana Annual Conference will meet in Indianapolis, Ind., August 14th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

The Missouri Annual Conference will meet in Louisville, Ky., August 28th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

W. PAUL QUINN.

The Philadelphia Annual Conference will meet in Trenton, N. J., on the 10th day of May, 1862, in the Mount Zion Church, at 9 o'clock.

The New England Annual Conference will meet on the 21st day of May, at New Bedford, at 9 o'clock, A. M., in the A. M. E. Church.

The members of these Conferences will strictly attend to the financial duties as laid down in the Discipline, and without which our itinerant progress will be impeded. Punctual attendance is requested.

A notice of my visits will be given in the future.

W. NAZREY.

Advertisements.

THE UNITED Brothers and Sisters of Rev. Willis Nazrey Society are requested to attend their regular, stated meeting, the 19th of this month, at 8 o'clock, P. M., on the corner of Quince and Locust Streets. Punctual attendance is strictly requested, by order of the President.

ADAM HALL, President.
E. MALONEY, *Secretary*

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention April 16th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

From Garnet Union No 4, D. of T.; from Phœnix Union, No. 8, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 16, D. of T.; from Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Dr. Bias' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 19, D. of T.; from Vanbrackle Union, No. 13, D. of T., of Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:

Grand P., Sister Bennet; Grand Associate, Sister Burris; Grand Treasurer, Sister Fausett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson. Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dukhart. Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall.

G. P. P., Sister P. Bennett. G. P. P. Sister Associates.
" " E. Mower, " " J. I. Bias,
" " M. H. Bundy, " " E. A. Clark,
" " S. Newman, " " White,
" " S. Davis, " " S. Hall.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY

THE STATED QUARTERLY MEETINGS of the Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August, and November.

The meetings of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the society.

Mrs. SARAH CARTER,
President.
Mr. L. R. SEYMOUR, Sec'y.

MRS. JOHNSON AND MRS. WARE

Beg leave to inform the Public in general that they continue

LAYING OUT AND SHROUDING THE DEAD.

REFERENCES.

Thomas Charnock, No. 427 South Sixth Street
James Le Count, No. 830 Rodman Street.
Thomas W. Allmond, No. 1027 Rodman Street

☞ ALL ORDERS ATTENDED TO AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

MRS. JANE JOHNSON, Residence—618 S. 8th St. | MRS. ANN WARE, Residence—641 Lombard St.

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OF THE
AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,
No. 619 *Pine Street,*
PHILADELPHIA.

We keep on hand, in connexion with our other books, Sabbath school books of various kinds; Question Books; Catechisms, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. We have a good assortment of such books as are generally used in the Public Schools. Also, Stationery, Inks, Pens, Paper, Envelopes and Blank Books.

THE DEATH-BED OF THE REV. JOHN WESLEY

Wanted (canvassing Agents) for the splendid large engraving which should be in every house for the benefit of that great and good man. The most liberal inducements offered to those selling this print. Send for Catalogue and instructions.

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Made in the Best Manner, expressly for RETAIL SALES. Lowest Selling Prices marked in Plain Figures. All Goods made to order warranted satisfactory. Our One-Price System is strictly adhered to. All are thereby treated alike. JONES & CO.,
Dec25-1y 604 MARKET STREET.

GOOD NEWS

To Tailors, Dressmakers, and to those wishing to be such. Also, to owners of sewing machines, shoemakers, and large families, for in one day they perform the entire work such Politeness has ever been known to cut and fit perfectly. Ladies' Dresses, Boys and Men's Pants, Vests, Jackets, Sack and Over-coats.

Local and Travelling Agents Wanted.

Address REV. WM. BRADLEY,
Carversville, Bucks Co., Pa.

Or, apply to Mrs. Mary C. Weaver, (wife of the Editor of this paper,) 619 Pine St., Philada., Pa. Jan18—1y

MRS. E. A. PALMER'S
DRY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS STORE.
NO. 105 *NORTH FIFTH STREET.*
PHILADELPHIA

A General Assortment of Hosiery, Trimmings, Dry Goods, &c.

Dress, Shirt making, and Plain Sewing, promptly attended to. Jan18—1y

COAL! COAL!! COAL!!!

The subscriber is selling the best qualities of Lehigh and Schuylkill Coal at the following very low prices:

Lehigh Store Coal, per ton, ... $4 25
" Egg " 4 50
" Nut and Screened " 4 00
Schuylkill, Stove, and Egg, and Broken, and 8 reased, . . . 4 25
" Nut, ... 3 50

Orders left at the Store Store, No. 107 South Fifth St., will be promptly attended to. WM STILL.
Jan18—1y 107 N. Fifth St., Philada.

KEELY'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY
N W. corner Fifth and Coates.

PICTURE GALLERY AND FRAME-MAKING THE FIRST FLOOR.

Strangers should not fail to call and examine.
Admission Free.

JAMES DOWNS,
DEALER IN
NEW AND SECOND HAND
CLOTHING,
No. 225 South Second Street,
No. 17—3mo. PHILADELPHIA

WILLIAM STILL'S
STOVE STORE,
107 NORTH FIFTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and all in want of good stoves, that he has now on hand a general variety of excellent PARLOR, COOK and CHAMBER STOVES, including Gas burning, as well as other patterns, which he is selling at very low rates. He buys entirely for cash, of the best wholesale houses, and of course can sell much cheaper than those buying on the usual credit system. At any rate his friends are invited to give him a call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere, as he feels that they would be convinced that it would be to their interest to give him their patronage. Coal orders constantly on hand. WM STILL.

MRS. S. SHORTER HAWKINS

Would call the attention of her customers and the public generally to her stock of hosiery, trimmings, clothing, and domestic goods, selling at prices to suit the times, and ten per cent cheaper than can be bought elsewhere. Regalia trimmings for Secret Orders, viz: Rosettes, fringe, gimp tassels, stars, &c., always on hand At the old establishment

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JOSEPH H. COLE,
CONTINENTAL RESTAURANT,
No. 717 LOMBARD STREET, PHILA.,
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Where he continues to keep always on hand the very best assortment of OYSTERS and other refreshments, hoping that all his friends and the public in general will favor him with their patronage.

☞ Meals served at all hours. Families supplied with Oysters of the best quality and flavor at the shortest notice.

☞ Also public and private waiting done on the most reasonable terms. 1y

TO LET

A two story brick house, situated No. 707 Minster St. It has five rooms, a good yard and hydrant. The house is in good order, and will be rented only to a family who can give a responsible security for the punctual payment of the rent. No others need apply. Rent, $9 50 per month. Inquire at No. 709 Pine St., from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M.

MRS. REBECCA O'DONNELL,
CHINA, GLASS AND QUEENSWARE,
Lamps, Coal Oil and Variety Store.

Always on hand a general assortment of China, &c., at
No. 740 South Street, Philadelphia. 1y

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Jewelry and Silver-Plated Ware.

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK EVER EXHIBITED IN THIS CITY. CALL AND EXAMINE.

The following is a partial list of the Goods offered for ONE DOLLAR EACH—the same as are usually sold at from $2 to $15 each.

ONLY ONE DOLLAR EACH!
SILVER-PLATED WARE.

Sets of six Forks, (plated on German Silver)
" " Table Spoons, " "
" " Dessert Spoons, " "
" " Tea Spoons, " "
Pairs of Butter Knives, " "
" " Salt Spoons, " "
Salt Stands, (different styles)
Nut Crackers, " "
Drinking Cups, " "
Goblets, " "
Cream Cups, " "
Knife and Fork, " "
Pairs Napkin Rings, " "
Silver Pencils, (with Renton Bros' Gold Pen.)

The above Goods are nearly all manufactured by me, and warranted to give satisfaction.

YOUR CHOICE FOR ONE DOLLAR!
JEWELRY AND FANCY GOODS.

Ladies' Cameo Sets
" Lava Sets.
" Carbuncle Sets.
" Enameled and Coral Sets.
" " Carbuncle Sets
" " Ruby Sets.
" Gold Cluster Grape Sets.
" " " Jet Sets
" " " Black Mosaic Sets.
" " " Gold Stone Mosaic Sets
" " " Fancy Stone Sets.
" " Ribbon Twist Sets, with brilliants.
" " Bouquet Sets, new styles.
" " Cluster Sets, Enameled Styles.
" Plain Gold, Florentine, and Onyx Sets.
" Goldstone, and Coral Sets, different styles.
" Etruscan Lava, and Carbuncle Sets.
" Fine Coral Breast Pins.
" Berlin Iron Pert Mennaies.
" Pearl and Muracca Port Mennaies
" Fine Gold Onyx,

Family Circle.

OFFENDING THE LITTLE ONES

Aunt Ellen went to take care of Mrs. Gray's family while she visited some friends. Lucy Gray, the eldest child, was about ten. She had a cousin from the country staying with her named Mary. Mary brought all her good home habits with her; she was orderly, industrious, and obliging, and she was a child who loved to pray.

But she was timid, and often afraid of Lucy. Lucy teased her so. Lucy was an idle, disobedient child herself, and she seemed determined to make Mary so. She would laugh at Mary for studying, calling her 'little school ma'am,' and she often tried to hinder her praying. Mary did not like to be laughed at, as no one does. Sometimes she would go away by herself and cry, and wish she were at home with her dear, dear mother; sometimes she would give up to Lucy.

'Lucy,' said Aunt Ellen, one day when they were alone together, 'I'am afraid you offended your cousin Mary.'

'No, Aunt,' said Lucy, 'she is very good natured; she never gets angry.'

'You do not know what I mean,' said Aunt Ellen. 'I mean the Bible use of offending.'

'What is the Bible use of "offend?"' asked Lucy. 'I thought "offend," was to make angry, and be sulky.'

'Will you try and find a verse in the New Testament which has offend in it?' said Aunt Ellen.

Lucy's curiosity was excited; and while Aunt Ellen went to superintend something in the kitchen, she took her New Testament and a Concordance and began to search. Do you know what a Concordance is? It is a dictionary of Bible words. She looked for offend. She found a number of directions to the Old Testament; but as Aunt Ellen gave her the New, she at last picked out Matt., xvii. 6, and, turning to the place, found the words, 'Whose shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.' Lucy read it over and over. Then she read before, to see who said it. It was the Lord Jesus.

'It must be something very wicked, to deserve being killed in this way,' said Lucy, and she read it again.

At last Aunt Ellen came back.—'Aunt Ellen,' asked Lucy, seriously, 'what *does* offend here mean?'

'In this place,' said she, 'and in many other places in the New Testament, it means to *tempt* or *lead others into sin*; so that by 'offending one of these little ones,' our Lord does not mean vexing them, ill-using, or making them angry, but tempting or leading them into evil, or throwing hinderances or ("stumbling blocks") in the way of their doing what they ought to; and this he calls wicked, though it were better to die than to be guilty of it.'

'And what does 'little ones' here mean?' asked Lucy.

'Jesus had just before taken a little child, and told his disciples that unless they were converted, and became as little children, they could not enter into the kingdom of God, and then he says they must not tempt to evil, one of these little ones who believe on him, so as to hinder them from doing right. It means, therefore, those who are young in years and easily impressed for good or evil,—those children or grown people who are destrous of doing their duty, but who are shy and timid,—who having no great confidence in themselves, find it hard and almost impossible to stand against laughter and teasing. These are offended in the Bible sense, when they are laughed or frightened out of the Saviour's service.'

'I am afraid I have offended cousin Mary,' said Lucy in a low tone. 'I never knew this before. I wish I had not done it. But, Aunt Ellen, children often laugh at other children who are serious or try to do right; they only do it for fun.'

'But what a wicked sort of fun it is!' said Aunt Ellen. 'It is such fun as Satan wishes; but how displeased Jesus is with it!'

'Aunt Ellen, I never knew so before,' said Lucy; 'I never knew so before.'

Perhaps there are other children like Lucy. Let them study this verse. It lays bare a common fault; but its commonness makes it no less serious and displeasing to God. Beware, then, lest you offend. Beware also how you suffer yourself to be offended, lest you are laughed or frightened away from Christ and the hope of heaven.—*Child's Paper.*

THE OLD WOMAN'S PRIDE.

The sinfulness of pride is a popular theme with moralists of all degrees. But, to our view one of the best hits yet made, was that made not long ago by the good but eccentric Rev Mr. L——, of Mississippi. It is in these terms.

'You don't know how far pride will lead folks. Listen, and I'll tell you:—When I was a young man I travelled one of the circuits contiguous to the sea-shore. The people didn't wear fine silks and calicoes as they do now. No, they thought themselves very fine if they could get calico to wear on Sunday; but the people were just as vain in calico as some are now in silks. It is not the muff we wear that makes the sin; 'tis the degree of homage we pay to it. In that circuit there was an old woman. Her wealth consisted in a pot of land, a churn, and a cow. But she got proud. Oh bo! Yes; and she thought she must have a calico frock to hear the young man in next Sunday.—And so to get it she sold her cow and bought it. Ah ha! Bought a frock?—Yes, and bless God, while she was making it she saw the churn, and she said to herself that she'd have no use for the churn, without the cow; so she sold the churn, and with the money bought a bonnet—and, bless God, when I went to church next day who should come in, big as life, but Mrs. —— with the cow on her back and the churn on her head.

THE DOGS OF ST. BERNARD.

Four great roads cross the Alps from Italy to Switzerland, one of which is the pass of St. Bernard. At the top of this road, eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, in a dreary region of snow and rock, is the famous monastery of St. Bernard. It is a great, strong, square, stone building, standing alone, occupied by monks and dogs, whose kind attention to travellers has made them famous throughout the world. Every stick of wood, and everything to eat, has to be brought up from the village below, on the backs of mules at a great expense of time and money. Around, are tall, grim rocks, a little lake, scarcely thawing in August, and snow-banks glittering through all the Summer sunshine. Dreary as it would seem to be, a beautiful velvet moss creeps into life on the Southern slopes, and in the sunny hollow of the rocks, blooming with little pink-blue and purple flowers, making one feel that the most desolate path may have friendly smiles.

Perhaps the most interesting sight at the monastery is the dogs, frisking and rolling about in the porch in pleasant weather—great broad-chested, short-haired, strong-limbed fellows, to whom many a poor, benighted traveller, perishing in those wild snows, owes his life. From November till May, a trusty servant, accompanied by a monk, goes half way down the mountain every day in search of travellers. Two large dogs follow on, with little casks of meat and drink strapped on their backs; and so keen is their scent, that they will discover a man at a great distance, and find out the roads in the thickest fogs and heaviest falls of snow. Oftentimes all they can see of the dogs is their tails, moving along through the snow.

One of the most remarkable of these noble dogs was Barry, who is known to have saved the lives of forty individuals. Besides his cask around his neck, he carried a warm garment on his back; and if he failed to rouse the traveller into some sense of life by his warm tongue and breath, he would race back to the house, and bring somebody to the rescue. One day Barry found a poor boy asleep, and almost frozen to death, in the celebrated glacier of Balsore. Barry warmed the boy licked him, woke him up, and gave him something to drink, and carried him on his back to the monastery. The joy of the poor parents, who can describe? After a life of service, Barry was sent down the mountain to a warm and comfortable home, where he passed the rest of his days in humble quiet, at the death he duly was carefully buried, and his skin was stuffed, and there he may be seen in the museum of Berne, standing as large as life, with his collar and bottle round his neck, ready to start on his labors of love.

The dogs are short-lived. Many die from diseases of the lungs, and others are lost in the falling of avalanches, and other accidents. Neither men nor dogs can long stand the severe climate and thin air of so great a height. Both are often obliged to go down into the valleys below, and remain amid milder scenes. The leader of the pack now is named Plato—a brave, big creature, doing deeds of usefulness and valor which might put to blush the life of many a one of human understanding, who never risked a thought, much less a deed, to help his fellow men.

ABOUT ACCOMPLISHMENTS

What are popularly termed "accomplishments," are of considerably less than no value at all, unless the pupil reaches such a degree of excellence in them as to render them worthy of the name. Young ladies who speak French badly, draw villanous designs, or

"Learn to force, by unrelenting knocks,
Reluctant music from a tortured box,"

are not "accomplished" in French, painting or music, and, for any purpose of ornament, might as well have neglected them altogether. Indeed, the lady who can do none of these things has the advantage of one who does them badly, and has thus simply added to the number of her natural imperfections. Accordingly, one who has no natural talent for "accomplishments," or lacks time or money to become proficient in them, should forego them altogether, in favor of those solid and useful attainments which nobody can dispense with, and of which even a little is far better than no knowledge at all.

THE LITTLE TEACHER.

"Alice, Mary, come with me to the summer-house in the garden. I have something to tell you," said little Joseph as he returned home from a visit to his Aunt Lizzie's. So the girls ran for their bonnets, and were soon seated in the summer-house, amid flowers and fruit, eager to hear what their little brother had to say. They had not long to wait, for his eyes sparkled and his face beamed with smiles, while his lips parted, and he exclaimed, "Oh, girls! Aunt Lizzie has been so kind to me while I was away, and she has taught me so many things, which I dare say will be as new to you as they were to me, and now if you will listen, I will teach them to you."

"First she asked me what shape the earth on which we live was? Now, as nobody had ever told me anything about the earth, I did not know what to say, but, after studying a little, I said I thought it must be either square or round, (I could not tell which,) and flat like a pancake." "No, dear," said Aunt Lizzie, "it is round like a ball." "Why it is strange we do not fall off? said I." "Not strange at all," said she, "for God has so wonderfully constructed it, and endowed it with the great power of attracting all objects to itself, which power is called the attraction of gravitation." "Then she said that two-thirds of it are covered with water, and that it turns over once every day or twenty-four hours, and moves around the sun once every year. Is it not very strange to you that we do not fall off on our heads when we are on the under side, and that the water does not spill out of the great ocean? I always thought that when the sun went down behind the great hill west of our orchard, that it had gone to bed, but you see it could not go to bed and lie still, if the earth stood still as I thought it did, for you know it comes up in the mornings out of the east, and how could it get there if the earth stood still, and the sun went to bed and slept? Don't you see, girls, how very foolish it was to think so?"

"Well," said Alice, "where does the sun go to then?"

"Did Aunt Lizzie know?"

"To be sure she did," said Joseph. "You know I said the earth was round. Well, Aunt Lizzie said what we live on is called the Western Continent. But you do not know what a continent means, do you?" And little Joseph's eyes glistened at the thought of how much he knew.

"No," said the girls, "we never heard of such a big long word before."

"Well," said Joseph, "it means a vast extent of land, and surrounded on all sides by water. Just let me run and get an apple off you tree, and I will show you as Aunt Lizzie showed me." "There now," said he, as he came running back with a nice big apple in his hand, "we should have a candle to represent the sun, but as we have none, Alice must hold up her hand, and we will call it the sun. Now, Alice, hold your hand just so; and now we will call this part of the apple the Western Continent where we live. Now there is another continent right opposite us called the Eastern Continent, and people live there as well as here. Well our earth keeps turning on, and turns us away from the sun, and when it begins to get dark here the earth has turned so far that the people on the other side begin to see daylight coming; for when it is day here it is night there, and when it is night there it is day here. Aunt Lizzie said the sun standing still could not shine all over the earth at once, but one side of it would always be in the dark if the earth stood still. But you see the earth turns the same way I turn this apple; that is, from west to east; and as it turns over, the sun shines on both sides, giving daylight to all people, but not to all at the same time: consequently there is day and night on both continents or hemispheres."

"Now," said the girls, "what do you mean by hemispheres? You must remember we are not acquainted with as many big long words as you are, and we do not know what they mean."

"Yes," said Joseph, "I intend to tell you what it means. First I must tell you that sphere means a globe or ball, (something round like the apple,) and hemisphere means half a globe or half a ball."

"Aunt Lizzie said all the people in the world do not live on both the continents, but that there are a great many islands in the oceans and seas, and that they are inhabited. Some of the islands are very large and some are very small, and she said a great many of the people are heathen. That means they do not know nor worship the true God. Aunt Lizzie says they make images of wood, some of stone, some of clay, and some of gold and silver, and call them gods, and worship them, and sometimes they worship the sun, moon, and stars, and also rivers. A great many good people called missionaries have gone out to teach those poor heathen to be Christians, and it requires a great deal of money to carry them there, build churches, buy books, and get all things they need."

"I suppose they must be very rich people then that go to instruct the heathen?" said Mary.

"Oh no!" said Joseph, "none scarcely at all are willing to go but the poor Christians, and they are supported by the missionary societies of the Christian Churches. They are very poor, and need all the assistance we can give them. Aunt Lizzie says we must not spend our pennies we get to buy candy with, but save them to buy books for the poor heathen, and I am going to do so, won't you, girls? We will save all we get, and when Aunt Lizzie comes here we will give them to her to send. But there is the tea-bell calling us, so we will have to stop talking this time; but if you girls would like to hear more of what Aunt Lizzie taught me, we will come here to-morrow, and I will tell you about something else."

"O yes!" exclaimed Alice and Mary, "we could listen to you for a whole day, it is so pleasing." SYLVIA.

READ some portion of the Bible every day. It not time for a whole chapter, read part of one, or even a verse. Take up that book of books reverently, for it contains the words of the great God. Utter a silent prayer for help to understand and practise its precepts. But think not that you will earn heaven by reading or much prayer, for the one teaches us how we shall be saved; by the other, we "must know our responsibility to God."

FIGHTING ON SABBATH

Our little readers have all heard of the first three great battles fought between the United States troops and the rebels, since the present war began. These battles were Bull Run, Ball's Bluff, and Somerset, or Mill Spring. All these battles were fought on Sabbath—God's holy day—the day of rest; for Sabbath means *rest*. We want our little readers to remember, that those who commenced the battle, or those who commenced the attack, were beaten by the opposing forces. Those on our side commenced the attack at Bull Run and Ball's Bluff, and the result was defeat, while the rebels commenced the attack at Somerset, and they were defeated. Does not this show us that God will not suffer those who break his holy Sabbath to escape punishment? Dear children, we hope you all keep the Sabbath. And if you should be tempted to break it by bad boys, remember that God will surely punish you. We want you also to read the little story, in another column, about the little boy who was tempted to go on a river excursion on Sabbath day. The story is a true one, and was written by a cousin of the little boy who met with such a sad end. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

COURAGE—TRUE AND FALSE

Reader, did you ever see a large boy thrusting his fist into the face of a smaller one, and daring him to fight? What kind of feelings did the sight raise in your breast? Were they not of contempt for the larger, and of pity for the smaller boy? Did you not feel like taking the part of the smaller boy and protecting him? Yet mean and cowardly as it is, how many such instances do we see? You can scarcely pass along the streets without witnessing something of this kind every day. Pacing up one of the streets of our city, I espied two boys fighting, and upon inquiry found, that one of the boys had been teasing and troubling the other until as he said he had "enough of him." Was this true courage? No! If your comrades trouble you, let them go on, and never mind them; they will soon get tired when they find that you take no notice of them. Noticing an injury is like adding fuel to the fire: it only makes it greater. Remember the old adage, "Sticks and stones will break my bones, but words will never harm me." True courage consists in doing what is right, despite the jeers and sneers of our companions. Show me the boy or girl that has the courage to say, No! and I will show you a boy or girl that will succeed in the world.

AMICUS.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

The following incident occurred a few months ago, and is strictly true:

My little brother, four years of age, was repeating his prayer before retiring for the night, when a brilliant flash of lightning, accompanied by a very loud peal of thunder, startled me both, so that we clung to each other for an instant. Then I told him, that God controlled the lightning, and could protect us from it. He said, "Does God love you?" I hope he does, I replied. "Then He won't let the thunder hurt you, will He?" His faith was so simple and confiding, that I felt rebuked for want of faith in God's promises. And many who have been Christians for years, would be glad to possess faith like these little ones.

ELLEN.

A SCENE AT A REVIEW.

There was a beautiful instance of fine horsemanship displayed at a late review held at Vienna, upon the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the military order of the Maria Theresa, when some thirty thousand cavalry were in line. A little child in the front row of the spectators, becoming frightened, rushed forward just as a squadron of hussars were charging at full tilt—swooping down with maddening velocity, nay, almost on the child. Terror paralysed alike the spectators and the mother of the child, while the lovely and amiable Empress almost fainted with horror, for the child's destruction seemed inevitable. The little one was almost under the horses' feet—another instant would have sealed its doom—when a hussar without lessening his speed or loosening his hold, threw himself along his horse's neck, and seizing the child, placed it in safety in front of his saddle without so much as changing the pace or breaking the alignment in the least. A hundred thousand voices hailed with pride and joy the deed, while but two voices could but sob their gratitude—the one a mother's, the other that of her sympathizing and beloved Empress. A proud moment that must have been for the hussar, when his Emperor, taking the enamelled cross of merit, attached it to his breast—a proud monument alike for the sovereign and the man.—*London paper.*

A NOBLE ACT.

A noble ship was bearing down on the English coast under a stiff breeze and a lowering sky. It was not many hours before she was in the teeth of a violent storm, rolling and plunging in the angry waters. The wind shrieked through her cordage, and her huge timbers groaned from stem to stern. She at last struck and became unmanageable, and hoisted signals of distress. A crew of brave and hardy men from the shore put out to rescue her living freight. Among those on board was a negro with two orphan children under his charge. The boat was soon filled with the affrighted passengers, and there was room for but one more—room for the negro, or the two little ones. Who should be saved—who left behind to perish? The faithful negro did not hesitate. Over the ship's sides he lowered the helpless children into the life boat, and only called out, "Tell Master, Coffie did his duty."

Hannah More was asked to write a poem on this touching event, but she declined, saying, "No art could embellish so noble an action."—*Child's Paper.*

TO STOP BLEEDING

A correspondent of the *American Agriculturist* writes that bleeding from a wound, in man or beast, may be stopped by a mixture of wheat flour and common salt in two parts, bound on with cloth. If the bleeding be profuse, use a large quantity, say from one to three pints. It may be left on for hours, or even days, if necessary.

Philadelphia Markets.

APPLES.—Green, 3.50@6.00; dried, 5@7¼.
ASHES.—Pots, ——@——; Pearls, ——@——; Soda Ash, 2½@2¾.
BARK.—Quercitron, first quality, 32.50@33.50, second quality, ——@30, third quality, ——@25.00, Spanish Oak, cord, ——@12.50; Chestnut Oak, ——@——.
BEEF.—Mess, barrel, 12@14; Prime, 6@7; dried beef, 10@10.
BEESWAX.—Yellow, 32—(@33.
BREAD.—Crackers, 4@6¼
CANDLES.—Sperm, ——@——; Adamantine, 15@18; Tallow mould, 11@12; dipped, 10¼@11.
CHEESE.——@——.
COFFEE.—Cuba, 20@22; Java, 25@——; Maracaibo, 21@23; Mocha, 25@28; Rio, 18@21; Laguayra, 22@23.
CRANBERRIES.—$10@12.
DRIED BEEF.—9@10
DRIED FRUIT.—Apples, per bushel, ——@——; Peaches ——@——.
FEATHERS.—American ——@——.
FISH.—Mackerel, No. 1, 10.00@11.00; No. 2, 8.50@9.00; No. 3, 6.00@7.00; No. 4, 3.50@4.00; Herring, pickled, barrel, 2.00@4.50, box, 25@25.
FLAX.——@——.
FLOUR.—Penna., ——@——, extra ——@——; Western, 5.25@5.37. Rye flour, 3.25@3.37. Corn meal ——@——.
FRUIT.—Raisins, box, 3.00@4.00, quarter boxes, 25@26. Ginger, per pound, 14@15. Citron, 40@50. Oranges, 2.50@2.00. Lemons, 2.00@2.50. Currants, 11@12. Figs, 18@20. Almonds, soft, 18@21; hard, 8@10. Groundnuts, bushel, 1.00@2.50. Cranberries, 7.00@10.00
GRAIN.—Wheat, Penna. red, 1.36@1.38; white, 1.39@1.45; Rye, Penna., 72@74; Southern, 63@68; Rye, 70@74; Corn, yellow, 53@55; white 50@57; Oats, Penna., 36@38; Southern, 37@38 Beans, white, $7.50@2.00.
LARD.——@——; Western ——@——.
LEMON.—White Pine, Susq. 14.00@16.00; Yellow Pine, Virg., 9@14. Hemlock, Lehigh, 6.00@6.50; Alleghany White Pine, 25@28.
MOLASSES.—Cuba, 28@29; Porto Rico, 30@36; New Orleans, 40@45, Sugar House, 45@47
OILS.—Olive, gallon, 1.10@1.15; Linseed, 55@57; Whale, crude, 35@60; winter, 68@75; fall, 64@65 Sperm, winter, 1.00@1.05; spring and fall, 1.35@1.40; Lard oil, spring, 60@62; winter, 65@70; Tanner's ——@——.
PORK.—Mess, 12.50@13.50; Hams, smoked, 6@7½; in pickle, 5.@6; Sides, 5½@6; in salt, 4½@5; Shoulders, smoked, 4½@5; in salt, 4½@5.
POTATOES.—Bushel, 60@68.
BUTTER.—Firkin, 10@14; in bags, 10@12
RICE.—14@17; Gunboat, 14@15
RYE.——@——.
SALT.—Liverpool, 21@22; Turk's Island, 32@33.
SEEDS.—Clover seed, 3.75@4.25; Flaxseed, 2.10@2.15; Timothy, 2.00@2.12; Herd Grass, 80@90; Canary Seed, 2.25@2.50.
SUGARS.—Havana, white, ——@——; yellow, 6.50@7.00. New Orleans, Cuba, 6@6¾; Muscovado, 5@5½. Lowering's D. R. loaf, 11½; refined loaf, 11@11½.
WOOL.—Prime or Saxony, 50@52; American, No. 1, pulled, 42@43; Merino, 36@38.

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Two thousand stitches or two yards of work, can be done in one minute without dropping a stitch.
These Machines are simple and accurate in their construction, so as to prevent the use of the shuttle, and with one thread produce all the practical results of the two thread machines, and more, for these fail without basting, and hem the finest muslin without puckering.
Although at about half the price of the other first class machines they will accomplish double the sewing in a given time.
"It is unquestionably the good, by far, Family Sewing Machine that the public have long been waiting for."—Boston Transcript.
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"Taking into consideration simplicity, cheapness, durability, and doing all work, the committee were unanimously in favor of the Wilcox & Gibbs as a single thread machine."—Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society's Report
"We must, in justice, express our confidence in the merits of the Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine. We consider that a gap at destruction has been supplied by it, by saving frequent doubt, that two threads are not, as we supposed, necessary to a good lockstitch."—Christian Advocate and Journal, June 21, 1860
"We have seen some of these machines in use, and like them highly of it them of any of the number we have tried."—Richmond Whig
The undersigned, Missionary in Constantinople, has examined more than twenty different kinds of Sewing Machines, and after six weeks' experience with Wilcox & Gibbs' Patent, has purchased one of them, as the best adapted to the wants of his family, and as the least liable to require repair. OLIVER CRANE.
Smyrna, July 3, 1860.
The undersigned, during eighteen months, has had in almost constant use, in his family, a Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine, upon which has been made the clothing of his large family—from muslin to pilot cloth including the clothing required by his several boys; and in no case have the seams failed, although in hard service. The machine now in use is the family has required no repair, and is, in all respects, well supported and durable.
JACOB CHICKERING, Boston.
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SEWING MACHINES.
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This MACHINE is constructed on an entirely new principle of mechanism, possessing many rare and valuable improvements—having been examined by the most profound experts, and pronounced to be SIMPLICITY and PERFECTION combined.
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1—Excessive fatigue to the operator.
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THE "EMPIRE SEWING MACHINE" IS EXEMPT FROM ALL THESE OBJECTIONS.
It has a straight needle, perpendicular action, makes the LOCK or SHUTTLE STITCH, which will neither rip nor ravel, and is alike on both sides—performs perfect sewing on every description of material from Leather to the finest Nansook Muslin, with cotton, linen, or silk thread, from the coarsest to the finest number
Having neither CAM nor CAM (OR) WHEEL, and the least possible friction, it runs as smooth as glass.
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But in a more especial manner do we solicit the patronage of
MERCHANT TAILORS, COACH MAKERS, HOOP-SKIRT MANUFACTURERS, SHIRT & BOSOM MAKERS, DRESS MAKERS, CORSET MAKERS, GAITER FITTERS, SHOE-BINDERS, VEST AND PANTALOON MAKERS.
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THE CHEAPEST AND BEST IN THE MARKET.
Wherever they have been tried, they have given universal satisfaction.
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are invited to examine them.—as they are particularly adapted to their wants, being strong and durable. They will sew fine or coarse goods equally well, and are warranted to give entire satisfaction. They make the LOCK STITCH, gather beautifully, and the stitch will not rip or rave, even if the goods have soaked. The thread is used from spools of any size, as our shuttle is of the newest pattern. Full directions with each machine.
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RUNS FAST AND QUIET
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AN EXPERIENCED NURSE AND FEMALE PHYSICIAN, PRESENTS TO THE ATTENTION OF MOTHERS HER
SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
—which greatly facilitates the process of Teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation—will allay ALL PAINS and SPASMODIC action, and is sure to regulate the BOWELS
Depend upon it, Mothers, it will give rest to yourself and
RELIEF AND HEALTH TO YOUNG INFANTS.
We have put up and sold this article for over ten years, and can say, in confidence and truth of it, what we have never been able to say of any other medicine—never has it failed to effect a single instance, to effect a cure when timely used. Never did we know an instance of dissatisfaction by any one who used it. On the contrary, all are delighted with its operations, and speak in terms of commendation of its magical effects and medicinal virtues. We speak in this matter what we know, after ten years' experience, and pledge our reputation for the fulfilment of what we here declare. In almost every instance where the infant is suffering from pain and exhaustion, relief will be found in fifteen or twenty minutes after the syrup is administered.
This valuable preparation is the prescription of one of the most experienced and skilful nurses in New England, and has been used with never-failing success in
THOUSANDS OF CASES
It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will almost instantly relieve
GRIPING IN THE BOWELS, AND WIND COLIC,
and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily relieved, end in death. We believe it the best remedy in all cases of Dysentery and Diarrhœa in children, whether it arises from teething, or any other cause. We would say to every mother who has a child suffering from any of the foregoing complaints, do not let your prejudices, nor the prejudices of others stand between you and your suffering child, and it recover from you, we say, positively, to follow the use of this medicine, if timely used. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, is on the outside wrapper
Sold by Druggists throughout the world
Principal office, 13 Dey Street, New York.
Price, Twenty-five Cents per Bottle.
March 15, 1861.

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DAILEY'S VENTILATED TRUSS,
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MR. C. F. DAILY—Dear Sir: Having been necessitated for the last ten years to wear a Truss for inguinal hernia, during

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Poetry.

THE CITY OF GOD.

REV. XXI. and XXII.

O land of light beyond the skies,
Our Father's mansions in thee rise!
Swift come the hour when we shall view,
The heavens all changed, the earth all new!
Our hope shall be fruition then,
And God, our God, will dwell with men,
And we who traced the narrow road
Pass to the city of our God.

No sigh shall speak a bleeding heart,
No tear shall tell of inward smart,
All that then is shall breathe of peace,
And all that was forever cease;
No more the ransomed creature groan,
For He that sitteth on the throne,
The once-living and the true,
Shall by His word make all things new.

The vaunted sun shall shine no more,
No moon nor star shall gild that shore:
God and the Lamb dispel the night,
And ransomed nations with delight,
Over golden streets, by living streams,
Walk in Their inebriated beams,
Where nothing enters that defiles,
And God in Christ forever smiles.

The blood-bought host within thee sings;
Apostles, martyrs, priests and kings:
Not merely raptured Jesus view,
But gazing are made like him too—
The veil is dropping—Hark! a tone
Comes sweetly floating from the throne;
"Be steadfast, and the scene that shines,
To faith, afar, shall soon be thine."

Selections.

THOUGHTS OF PASSING EVENTS.

We seldom take up a secular paper, which is a vehicle of general intelligence, but we meet with an order passed by some provost marshal or commanding general, prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks to the soldiers. A brief experience shows that they are fraught with all manner of evil in the army. To a remark which we made the other day, which was in substance, that a single company of sober men might guard almost any number of unarmed prisoners, an officer who had been in the army replied, that a company could not keep even a single regiment of our own soldiers in any kind of order and obedience, if they were permitted to indulge in the free use of whisky. What a triumphant vindication of the temperance men, who have, for more than thirty years, been laboring to banish from society the common use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage; and who, more than twenty years ago, succeeded in persuading all intelligent men, who had any real regard for human welfare, to discontinue such use, wherever they were active and persevering in their labors. Since which time little progress has been made. In families, and in communities, drinking habits produce all such evils as they are found to produce in the army.

A day or two before the celebration of Washington's birth-day in St. Louis, the Provost Marshal issued an order, that all the houses in the city in which intoxicating drinks were sold should be closed from an early hour on Saturday morning until Monday morning, that the exercises of the day might not be disturbed by riotous conduct. What is this but a sentence of condemnation passed on all such establishments as the nurseries of disorder and riot?

The mild and judicious, yet firm and determined, course pursued by Gen. Halleck, we think, must receive the approbation of all reflecting men. We should take care not to become wrathful and vindictive in the prosecution of the war, because we have to deal with wrathful and vindictive men; and we should adopt no severe or retaliating measures, but such as are required by the necessities of war. In his 45th order he declared that it is his "desire to impress upon all officers the importance of preserving good order and discipline among the troops in the armies of the West advance into Tennessee and other Southern States. Let us show to our fellow citizens of those States that we come merely to crush out rebellion, and to restore to them peace and the benefits of the Constitution and the Union, of which they have been deprived by selfish and unprincipled men. They have been told that we come to oppress and plunder. By our acts we will undeceive them." He then refers to former orders against pillaging, marauding, and the destruction of private property; that women and children, merchants, farmers, and mechanics, and all persons not in arms, are not to be molested in their persons and property.

These "selfish and unprincipled men" have succeeded in convincing the masses in the South, that the "yankees," in other words, all the people of the North who are not secessionists, are barbarians. Selfish and unprincipled men they are; for, to say no more, many of them have travelled in the North and know better. Perhaps, indeed, they have returned home, vexed and chagrined, on account of the superior civilization which exists where society is not afflicted with their "peculiar institution." Do you wonder how the mass of the Southern people can be so ignorant as to be deceived by them? Give not way to too much wonderment. Reflect, for a moment, on the ease with which the artful demagogue can wield the masses in the North for a time. Think of the crowds in our Northern cities that run to see and hear a "Russian prophetess," who publishes the "good news" that she is among them, who has *cumshaw thousands* in Russia, France, and England with her wonderful mode of discovering human destiny. Even in the Gulf States, and in South Carolina, it is not doubted that many of the common people have been forced into the secession ranks, or were deceived by these selfish and designing men, and would, could they only be undeceived and assured of protection, return to their allegiance with hearty good will. As far as our armies have yet penetrated the State of Tennessee, they have found many ready to welcome them, expressing their joy at seeing once more the "old flag of our Union." In south-western Missouri, as the Union troops advance in pursuit of the rebels, they find the country almost desolate; the simple, confiding people, believing what they had been told by selfish and unprincipled men, fled at their approach; but as soon as they saw that the Federal army was as gentle as a lamb towards all peaceable citizens, they began to take courage and return to their homes. Everything should be done that can reasonably be done to undeceive the masses in the South. There was no reason for the rebellion; no cause which can at all justify it; in no sort, or manner, or sense, was the South the victim of Northern oppression or wrong; the rebellion was not necessary to defend the institution of Slavery from any violence of which it was in danger from the prevalence of the Anti-Slavery sentiment in the North, though it was used as a pretext and deceived many; on the other hand, had there been a statesman—a *real statesman*—among the leaders of the rebellion, he would have seen that secession would not, could not, preserve Slavery, but must hasten its downfall. The rebellion was wholly the work of "selfish and unprincipled men," who were true to nothing but their ambition, and from whose bosoms ambition had banished every humane and patriotic sentiment. But let us not be high-minded and too confident. Have we no such men in the North? Yes, we have, and by far too many of them. We have enough of them to bring swift destruction on us, even if we were in a moment, and by a miracle, delivered from our present danger, unless we take more care than we have hitherto done not to exalt them to high stations in the Government. We need a revival of the doctrine held by Washington and the statesmen of his day; that is, that "knowledge, morality, and religion are necessary to the good government and happiness of mankind." Those who believe this doctrine should not suffer themselves to be divided by mere *political* issues, or by party questions, which are of no real value, and which few of them understand. It is startling to see a Presbyterian elder, or a Methodist class leader, standing beside and supporting a regular profane drunken demagogue while he is making a stump speech, merely because he is the leading candidate of his party.

An unusual interest, or an interest which has not been witnessed for some years, seems generally to have been taken in the late celebration of Washington's birth-day. It was well. He was at least well, if the speakers dwelt on the virtues of that great man; if they took care to show that had he, and but a few others, been "selfish and unprincipled men," all the efforts of our fathers to maintain their just liberties would have been in vain; and if they took care to show that, in the revolutionary war, a *principle*—a fundamental *principle*—of all rational liberty was at stake. We have been asleep for some years. We have been studying too much how to "sell, and buy, and get gain," as if this were all that is necessary to render a people prosperous and happy. Formerly a great interest was taken in the celebration of the 4th of July, and addresses were delivered by chosen speakers in nearly every town and neighborhood. Perhaps many of these addresses were little worth, but many of them were well calculated to keep alive the spirit of patriotism, and to show our youth what they must be and do, if they would preserve our liberties. Our school books contained some reading which was carefully selected to give the youthful mind some idea of the nature of our institutions, and of their high value. And in our academies and colleges, such instruction was imparted to our youth in a more advanced stage. All this has of late been comparatively neglected. The consequence is, that a generation has come forward, in many of whose minds the mention of Washington's name excites no other emotions than such as are excited by the mention of Bonaparte's name.

It seems that the intelligence of the capture of Fort Donelson made such an impression on the minds of the Confederates at Richmond that they resolved to change their programme, and have less parade at the inauguration of Jefferson Davis as President of the new nation which has Slavery for its "corner stone." It was agreed to dispense with festivities, as not in keeping with the gloomy prospects of the Confederacy. As to the "*ball*," a lady said: "It would be disgraceful to be dancing and enjoying ourselves after such defeats, and while our poor soldiers are suffering." This is becoming; the lady commands our respect; and had we the opportunity, we would commend her example to the attention of Mrs. Lincoln. But, while this is so at Richmond, our theatres and other places of "amusement" are open in the North. In St. Louis we have a Professor Henry advertising that he is about to open a "dancing school." Of what he is a professor he does not say; and, till better informed, we shall take it for granted that he is a professor of *the art of flirtation*.

In a late article we spoke of the opposing forces at Fort Donelson being about equal. Such was our impression from the first reports. Though it now appears that the Federal forces out-numbered the rebels, there still was no such disparity as to make the surrender of the fortress a necessity so soon, if it had been defended by earnest men, who had a confidence in the goodness of their cause. Among the rebel prisoners, many admit that they engaged in the rebellion under constraint, though their officers are said to be sullen, haughty, and insulting.

ELIHU BURRITT

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Having long been familiar with the name of Elihu Burritt, "the learned blacksmith," as he has been called, it was with pleasure I availed myself of the opportunity yesterday evening of hearing him deliver a lecture on "Benevolent Associations; their philosophy and power." Any Biographical Dictionary which embraces modern names will inform such as consult it that Mr. Burritt is a native of Connecticut, was born of obscure parentage in 1811, was apprenticed at the age of sixteen to a blacksmith, was led to the study of languages through his desire to read the Scriptures in the original tongues, and that, while still working at his humble avocation, he had acquired celebrity for his acquaintance with the principal languages of ancient and of modern times. Nor has Mr. Burritt earned only the reputation of a linguist, and added another name to the list of those who have pursued and acquired knowledge under difficulties, or "have grown," as a late reviewer expresses it, "under compression." He has gained the more amiable fame of a philanthropist, laboring earnestly, as he has done, for the social amelioration and elevation of his fellow men. He has devoted himself with zeal to the promotion of temperance, of cheap ocean postage, of the abolition of American Slavery, and of the principles of the Peace Society. In 1846 he visited England, that home of practical philanthropists, where he succeeded in establishing a society, designated "The League of Universal Brotherhood;" its object being to employ all lawful means for the abolition of war. Within the past two or three years he has advocated the view that in order to extinguish slavery in the United States, the general government should purchase and liberate the slaves. Whatever may be thought of the feasibility of some of his favorite projects, there can be little doubt as to the good will toward man which pervades and characterizes them. Having offered this sketch of Mr. Burritt's life and labors, I shall now advert more particularly to the impression made upon me yesterday on seeing and hearing him.

In appearance, Mr. Burritt is not distinguished. He looks a good deal like a quiet farmer, with a less healthy appearance, however, than the tillers of the soil generally have. He does not affect the fine gentleman; but stands before you an unassuming man, whose kindness of disposition alone apparently constrains him to claim the public ear or eye. His cast of countenance, especially the conformation of the nose, seems to me to bear a considerable resemblance to that of Mr. Seward, with this difference, at least, that the face of the latter has, as I fancy, a very sinister expression, while that of the former has an ingenuous and honest expression.

In his lecture, Mr. Burritt displayed a good deal of research and analytic power. He traced the operation of the social principle from the earliest times, the Bible being accepted as his chief historical authority. I know not to what religious creed Burritt adheres; but it was very pleasing to observe the reverence with which he referred to the subject of religion and to the sacred writings. A great many aspirants for fame now-a-days, as public speakers or writers, are at pains rather to show that they are free from the trammels, so-called, which the religious world groans under. Sometimes the patronizing air with which a sentence or sentiment from the Bible is quoted, is quite as offensive as a direct assault on Scripture; the speaker or author seeming to say, "See how humble I am in noticing such an antiquated volume; but know ye that I do this only for the sake of weak-minded people who still attach importance to the declarations of that old Jewish book."

Mr Burritt gave a prominent place to the influence exerted by the church in bridging over the chasms which separate man from man, and nation from nation. He eloquently depicted the process by which the Christian religion abolished the mutual antipathies of nations, classes and races in the Roman Empire, thus tending to effect a far nobler union than the iron rule of the Cæsars and the senate could secure. The influence of the crusades in knitting together people of diverse habits and tongues, and inspiring different ranks and races with common ideas was alluded to. The beneficial effects of the invention of printing in promoting among nations a certain community of intellectual goods, and in bringing men in different climes into sympathy with each other, was touched upon. The impulse given in the same direction by the discovery and colonization of America was hinted at, while the newspaper, steam, and the electric telegraph, were noticed as powerful agents in the furtherance of sociality among the kindreds of earth. The lecturer next addressed himself to the exhibition of the power exerted, especially within the present century, by combinations of men for the advancement of benevolent objects. Particularly as illustrations he adduced the achievements of the British Anti-Slavery Society and the Anti-Corn-Law League, both of which at first feeble and small, at length rose to commanding influence, and amid a blaze of glory achieved their ends. The success which has attended these associations, he remarked, was desirable not only in itself, but also for the confidence which it begat, that great evils in society can be righted by peaceful agitation steadily pursued. The great missionary associations by which the spiritual good, and temporal, too, of heathen millions are sought, were adverted to as furnishing very notable proofs of the power which such societies may put forth. There was no allusion made to Free-Masons, and other secret societies which put forward such high pretensions to the honor of being benevolent associations. In conclusion, Mr. Burritt expressed his desire to see the brotherhood of men more generally recognized, and the old mode of settling disputes between nations by the sword exchanged for the more rational and Christian method of peaceful arbitration.

On the whole, I liked the lecture well; and the lecturer stands higher in my esteem now than he ever did before. He seems an honest, conscientious man, one who will not court applause by pandering to vulgar prejudices. He does not find everything good in one country and everything bad in another. He shows himself capable of rising above the narrow local conceptions by which many are controlled, and speaks like one who loves the race better than a race, and the nations better than a nation. His acquaintance with history is not limited to the last seventy or eighty years, and like a good eclectic philosopher he can discover and appreciate the noble and the great in other countries than that in which he first drew breath. For this comprehensiveness and breadth of sympathy I honor him. At the same time he appeared to me in his lecture to lay undue stress on some things, and to cherish unwarranted expectations in regard to the triumph of good sense and feeling over prejudice and passion and selfishness. He seemed to me also to forget that intercourse among nations may lead to serious complications and quarrels, increasing, rather than diminishing, the tendency to war. I would also take exception to the notion which pervaded a good part of his lecture, that in the middle ages, and even till the 17th century, the nations of Europe had slight intercourse with each other. This may be true as relates to nations; but I think it can be shown that, among the learned or reading classes, of those times, there was a very close intimacy maintained. The use of the Latin language in the composition of books, and in social or epistolary intercourse among the educated, brought all the learned men of Europe near to each other; and in fact there seems at the time of the Reformation to have been a far greater measure of correspondence between the thinkers of that day, than subsists at the present hour between the educated men of different countries and tongues.

Mr. Burritt's style of composition is very fine. Perhaps it is too ornate, and I noticed a recurrence of alliteration in his lecture which I should not have expected. Mr. Burritt ought to leave such petty tricks to those who need them to give a kind of glitter to their sentences.

I cannot praise Mr. Burritt's vocal modulations. He falls into a heavy sing-song tone. He travelled through his manuscript in heavy marching order: this was a defect. But how difficult it is for any speaker or reader to detect and remedy his own mistakes and defects in the use of his vocal organs! What speaker has not felt a desire to have the opportunity of sitting in a seat, and hearing himself at the same time speak from the platform or pulpit? How much good might accrue to us could we combine these incompatible things, and be at once the absorbed speaker and the cool, impartial, and critical hearer! H.

ANECDOTES OF THE AUTHOR OF THE COURSE OF TIME.

The first homily which Mr. Pollok delivered at the Divinity Hall, is spoken of as a curious and remarkable production. It was founded on Romans, v. 19: "By one man's disobedience many were made sinners." His mode of discussion appears to have been singular, nay original. He departed out of the beaten track of theological dissertation, and expatiated forcibly on the evils growing out of the apostacy, on the whole animal tribes and instincts. The interest and indeed amusement of the class increased as he proceeded; nor did they conceal their feelings, but on the contrary, violated the order of the occasion by bursts of laughter and exclamations of condemnation. The poet, however, was not to be silenced by such a course of conduct; but continued with philosophic coolness to read the homily. Having reached that part of the discourse, in which he sought to show what earth would have been, if the virus of sin had not polluted it; he appeared to grow more energetic, and to rise in majesty and force according to the canons regarding the climax; then elongating himself, and bending over the pulpit, with outstretched arm and look of indignation exclaimed, "Had not sin entered our world, no idiot smile would have gathered on the face of folly to put out of countenance the man of worth." Never perhaps, before or since, has there been such a rebuke administered in that hall of learning. The faces of the students were instantly crimsoned with shame, and deep silence continued until he closed his homily with the significant language of Milton

"Dear patrimony
That I must leave ye now."

It is needless to say that the class, as a whole, expressed their opinion freely concerning the homily. It was "bombast and nonsense." "The Professor, however, took a different view of it. His criticism was decidedly favorable. He approved of it. He said the division was textual and proper. The discussion of the first two heads correct, under the third, some things were advanced, which might advantageously have been omitted. It showed that the author possessed no small amount of poetical talent, which, however, he would advise should be more sparingly used in sermonizing."

It is impossible to tell what results might have followed on a contrary criticism from the Professor. Dr. Dick in this instance gave encouragement to the poet, and relieved him from an obloquy, with which the students by their injudicious remarks, had covered him. Many a young man of the most brilliant talents, has been hopelessly injured by an unjust animadversion on his mental efforts. The Story of the poet Keats will remain a melancholy monument of this truth.

The poet had also a narrow escape from being wrecked before the Presbytery of Glasgow.

The second exercise was a sermon on 1 Thess. v. 21: "Prove all things." It was delivered before a committee of Presbytery in Paisley; and what adds to the interest of the incident, is the fact, that every member of that committee but one expressed their disapprobation of it. Some went so far as to refuse to sustain it, in the first instance. Dr. Ferrier, however, soon gave a new colouring to the affair. He proceeded to give an elaborate criticism of it; taking up seriatim the plan, doctrine, style and effect. Nor was there one of the committee, after his lucid exposition and defence, who attempted to interpose a negative in sustaining it. Judicatories should always judge according to intelligent and well defined criteria. Now, is any one competent to sit in a judicative seat, who has not prayerfully computed his responsibility.

"AND WHEN THE TEMPTER CAME TO HIM."

The tempter here spoken of is Satan, the great enemy of souls. He was so bold as to attack the Saviour, but without success. It cannot be matter of surprise to us, to know that he is still at work, and with greater success, with sinful and erring mortals. He is described by the apostle Peter as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. He is present with us in our most solemn and devout duties. His success in his evil work, however, is more apparent in our private walks and social intercourse. When in private, especially on the Lord's day, when spending the day at home either from necessity or choice, under the *guise* of solitude, an acquaintance is seen passing the door, or window, and it is difficult to resist the temptation to seek a little social chat.—The moment is improved, a *tete a tete* is the result; and the conversation is anything but edifying to the soul that would have heaven in prospect. Satan always succeeds to a certain extent, in doing evil to both parties by such interviews. It may be, a book of an improper character that is lying near, becomes the agent in tempting to spend a few dull moments in the perusal of it, and thus vitiate, rather than improve the mind by the foul sentiments it contains. Such books should not be admitted into the houses of those who would protect themselves and young people from contamination and crime. The secular newspaper, published the last of the week with design to give the opportunity, may be the temptation to profane the Sabbath by those who will submit to it, by its perusal on the Lord's day. Such a practice should not be tolerated by those who would respect the holiness of the Sabbath. The semi-secular and semi-religious newspaper should also be excluded from Sabbath-day reading, by those who would regard their own spiritual interests and the spiritual interests of others. When such a paper is first taken up on the Sabbath, and in looking at its contents, the eye catches the heading, "WAR NEWS," or some flashing advertisement, or something else connected with the secular department, is it heeding the sentiment contained in the sixth petition in the Lord's prayer, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," to take up such a paper for Sabbath reading? I ask of those who may have done so, if they have been careful, to select the proper pieces for Sabbath day, and to exclude others? I ask what is the testimony of experience? Think, too, if the mind be in a proper state for spiritual improvement, to turn away from reading in the secular columns of a newspaper, even in the church, on the Sabbath day, and then begin the public worship of God by singing the first verse of the 112th Psalm:

"Praise ye the Lord. The man is blessed
Who fears the Lord aright," &c.

The subject is a very solemn one, and should command attention. I had intended to say more upon the subject, but I must desist for the present. The scriptures say: Resist the Devil and he will flee from you. R.

THE ROUGH HOUSE AT HAMBURG, GERMANY.

A brisk controversy is at present going on in Germany respecting a religious association in the Protestant Church, called the Brothers of the Rough House. More than half a dozen books have been published against it, or in its defence, and a large portion of the periodical press have taken part in the discussion, which is still attracting great attention throughout Germany, and which is making the object and the operations of the society extensively known among all classes of the people. The controversy is not yet ended, and bids fair to be of considerable influence on the religious life of the entire country. It, therefore, well deserves that we bring it to the notice of the American churches.

To many of our readers, the name of the Brothers of the Rough House will not be altogether unknown. They are a religious association of men, founded by Dr Wichern, and educated in "The Rough House" near Hamburg, the great parent and central institution of the Society, for becoming school-teachers, for taking charge of orphan and poor houses, of houses of refuge, of hospitals and prisons, and for devoting themselves to other works of Christian charity. The founder, Dr. Wichern, is well known as one of the most distinguished divines of Germany, and, in particular, as one of the chief promoters and organizers of the Home Missionary Societies of the National Church, over whose general meetings, held in connection with the church Diets, he has been accustomed to preside. The association, though by the strictness of its organization it bears apparently some resemblance to the monastic orders of the Roman Catholic Church, is entirely free from all Romanizing, as well as High Church tendencies, and enjoys the entire approbation of the evangelical churches of Germany, which look upon its members as its most efficient missionaries. Some years ago, Dr. Wichern received a call to Berlin as a member of the Supreme Ecclesiastical Board of the Prussian State Church and a counsellor of the state ministry, because the Government wished to secure his valuable services both for the administration of the largest German church, and, in particular, for a reformation of the prisons of the state. In both these positions which he occupied in Prussia, he has exercised a great and salutary influence. More recently, he has been enabled to lay at Berlin the foundation of a large establishment similar to the Rough House of Hamburg. Although the opponents of evangelical Christianity have often had occasion to declare their dissatisfaction with the religious principles of Dr. Wichern, yet they have generally given credit to his philanthropic zeal, and his institutions had but rarely been exposed to attack. Not a little sensation was, therefore, created by a work of Dr. von Holtzendorff, a law Professor at the University of Berlin, entitled "The Brotherhood of the Rough House. A Protestant Order in the Service of the State. From Documents not before Published." (*Die Brüderschaft des Rauhen Hauses.* Berlin, 1861.) As might be expected from the sensation title, the book found a rapid sale. Every one was anxious to see the startling discoveries made in "documents not before published," and in which the author charges the brethren with being a kind of Protestant Jesuits, an association of hypocrites, and most dangerous both to church and state. Those who were personally acquainted with the institution of Dr. Wichern, were not a little surprised to find that the sensation pamphlet produced absolutely nothing but what all the numerous friends of the institution had known for years, and no discoveries could be found in it except it were the author's astonishing ignorance of the subject. He shows himself throughout a blind partisan; he objects to the common prayer of the Brethren and the common celebration of the Lord's Supper; and draws inferences as to the dangerous character of the institution from such regulations as recommend to the members to profess the Lord Jesus by a holy and quiet life, to keep peace with everybody, to live pure and chaste in words and deeds, etc. A particular importance is attributed to the "discovery" of a secret language which the Brethren use in their correspondence, because the author says, "It might be used for secret political societies, for plots and robberies;" and yet the language is not more nor less secret than stenography, and the author had no trouble to get the key to it. To refute such arguments and charges was easy for the members of the association, and the task has been ably performed by one of their prominent men, Rev. Mr. Oldenburg, the chaplain of the jail in Berlin. His work (*Die Brüder des Rauhen Hauses. Wieder Herrn Dr. von Holtzendorff* Berlin, 1861) has given general satisfaction to the evangelical churches, and is recommended by the entire religious press of Germany. From the last papers received from Germany, we learn that Professor Holtzendorff has replied to the work of Oldenberg and other defences of the Rough House, in a pamphlet, entitled "The Order of the Brothers of the Rough House and their labors in the House of Correction, with further Communications from the Documents not yet published." (*Der Bruderorden des Rauhen Hauses*, etc. 1862.) As the title indicates, the author now seeks to limit the controversy mostly to the influence exercised by the Order of the Brothers of the Rough House and their labors in the House of Correction, with further Communications from the Documents not yet published.

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, March 29, 1862.

EPISCOPAL VISITS.

I will be on the Westchester Circuit on the 29th of March. The Elder may make arrangements up to the 5th of April. I will then leave for Oxford on the Pennsingtonville Circuit, and remain to the 12th, on which day I will leave for Lancaster Circuit, where I will remain a week. The Elders or Preachers will make their arrangements and inform me of them. W. NAZREY.

NOTICE.

We wish to say to those brethren who are so long-winded, that they will excuse us from publishing their articles, for we have some articles on the Episcopal Controversy which would take up some two or three columns. We cannot publish such lengthy articles as those every week from brethren. If brethren desire to discuss the matter, let them do so in short articles, and more especially if they have written two or three long articles on the subject. We want brethren to write on various subjects. We like the style that Rev. J. P. Campbell has of condensing his article down upon the subject.

LETTERS.

We received a letter from Rev. William Jackson, of Vincennes, Indiana, with three more subscribers and their money. Brother Jackson says he hopes that I would not consider him troublesome. Certainly not, Brother Jackson; we never consider any one troublesome when they are doing good. We shall have no objection, if you do so every day, and will thank you into the bargain. We say to you, Brother Jackson, that you and your dear companion deserve much credit, and may the good Lord bless you in all your acts to do good.

A letter from Rev. G. A. Rue, of Providence, R. I., and its contents, was received by us. The brother states that they are without a house to worship in. We can greatly sympathise with you and your congregation, Brother Rue, but never mind. The poet says:—

"Though troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us the Lord will provide."

We received a letter from Rev. A. M'Intosh, of the Branch Church, Chicago, Ills., which has been organized since last Annual Conference by Bishop Quinn. We are glad to hear from our old friend, for we did not know what had become of him.

Rev. William J. Davis, of Jacksonville, Ill., sent us a letter. The names and papers are all right, Brother Davis.

A letter from Rev. G. H. Graham was received by us. All right, Brother Graham. May the good Lord bless you in your labors.

Rev. W. A. Dove, of Chicago, Ills., sent us a letter. The package sent is all right.

NOTICE.

The General Committee is hereby notified to meet on the 8th day of May, in the city of Philadelphia, at 9 o'clock, A. M., in Bethel Church, in the minister's study. E. WEAVER,
Book Steward and Editor.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE BALTIMORE CONFERENCE.

The Baltimore Conference will meet in Israel Church, Washington, D. C., April 17th, 1862, at 9 o'clock precisely, by order of the Bishop, Baltimore, March 19th, 1862. J. M. BROWN,
Secretary.

P. S. The members will please be prepared upon all their collections, especially the Two-Cent, Bishop's Support, Missionary Collection, Widows' and Orphans', and Contingent Money. Those brethren in Delaware and Pennsylvania will not forget that the churches in those regions made no report last year, and this year we shall expect a strong effort and a good report. Let old Baltimore not be behind in any particular, especially to those dependent upon us. J. M. B., Sec.

REVIVALS.

The Rev. Henry Davis, at the Union Church, is having quite a good time. This is Brother Davis' second revival during the present winter, and it seems that God has blessed his labors wonderfully this year.

In the Zion Mission Church, Rev. Stephen Smith, the elder in charge, has also a great revival going on in his church. He informed me that it is the greatest he has ever seen in the church. Many souls are brought to the light of the gospel, and the altar is crowded every night. May the good Lord bless, guide, and conduct the van. There seems to have been a pretty general stir in the church. O that God may speed her on her journey.

The Rev. Michael Sluby, of the Smyrna Circuit, Delaware, has also been conducting a revival for the good Lord. All hail to the King of Kings.

APPOINTMENTS FOR BETHEL CHURCH.

On Sabbath, the 30th inst., preaching will be held in the above place in the following order:—Rev. S. T. Jones, of Harrisburg, Pa., at 10½ o'clock, A. M.; Rev. E. Weaver, General Book Steward, at 3 o'clock, P. M.; subject, "Only take heed to thyself, and keep thy soul diligently, lest thou forget the things which thine eyes have seen, and lest they depart from thy heart all the days of thy life; but teach them to thy sons and thy sons' sons." Rev. J. C. Gibb, of the Presbyterian, at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

J. WOODLIN, Elder in charge.

ZION MISSION CHURCH.

Rev. J. Woodlin, of Bethel Church, will preach on Sabbath at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

NOTICE.

The M. E. Conference has been in session for something more than a week in this city, and adjourned on Friday night.

BISHOP MORRIS, President

NOTICE.

The First Anniversary of the United Beneficial Sisters, of the Rev. J. Woodlin Society, will be held on Thursday evening, the 10th of April, 1862, at 8 o'clock, in the Philadelphia Institute, Lombard Street, above Seventh St.

N. B. The society is particularly requested to meet on the first Thursday evening in April at Sister Dorsey's, in Rodman St. Punctual attendance is requested. By order of the President

E. HARMIN, President,
E. STOCKETT, Secretary

MONTHLY REPOSITORY

The Monthly Repository, Vol. IV., No. 3, for March, has made its appearance. We have scanned it over slightly, and we think this number the best of any one we have seen of the monthly. It has both original matter and selections. We find three articles from Bishop Payne, as follows: "Religion of Nature and Religion of Grace," "The Dream," (Villeman,) and "God is Eternal," (to children.)

The Editor (Rev. John M. Brown) speaks of the Recorder being burthened with the Episcopal question. This number of the Repository is pretty well laden with the Bishop's General Conference and the Canadian question; and, from the remarks of the Editor, he intends to continue the discussion of the subject. We think the article of Rev. J. P. Campbell, of this week, in relation to the duty of our Bishops, in calling a Bishop's Council, which ought to be called by "Bishops Quinn and Payne," is of good common sense, and is just what we said in our last number. It is true we have been neutral upon the subject, but not because we knew nothing about the affair, for we profess to know all about it from the beginning to the end; and when the proper step shall have been taken, then, if it is necessary, we shall speak out

VISIT TO BURLINGTON.

Last Sabbath morning, in company with Bishop Nazrey, we took the boat for Burlington, N. J., and arrived about 10 o'clock, A. M. We wended our way to the church, and as we came in close proximity our ears were saluted with sweet voices echoed to God and the Lamb. We ascended to the main audience room, when we found that it was a love feast. The Rev. Joseph Smith, the elder in charge, who was sitting in the pulpit, caught our person as the door was opened, and descended from the pulpit, meeting us at the front of the altar with friendly smiles, shaking our hands, and invited us to take our seats in the pulpit, which we did. The members and friends lost no time in speaking, which, by the way, was very interesting. This was a strong evidence that God is the same everywhere. Our soul felt much lifted up on hearing so many of the old gray-headed fathers and mothers speak with such unshaken confidence of the love of the blessed Jesus shed abroad in their hearts, and the anchored hope they had in the Christian rest. After the love feast closed, there being some eight or ten minutes before preaching, the elder in charge, (Rev. (Rev. J. H. Smith) and the Bishop, held a council in the pulpit; and, behold, to our great astonishment, they fixed upon us to speak in the morning and at night. We were expecting the Bishop would lead in the morning, but, however, we being loyal, obeyed. We exhorted them to God and the Lamb, and afterwards Bishop Nazrey administered the Lord's Supper. There was undoubtedly a good feeling in the house. At 3 o'clock, P. M., the Bishop preached a very excellent discourse from the following text:—"There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God," &c. The Bishop got pretty warm, and, indeed, he said that he felt more like old times than he had for a long time. The good Lord seemed to have been with the Bishop. At 7½ o'clock we preached. There was a good feeling all the time. The Burlington people are a fine people, and we were glad to find them so much attached to their minister. This is what we love to see. When a minister is sent to a station or circuit, let him be a blessing to the people, for that is what gospel ministers are for. The congregation is engaged in prayer for Brother Smith, that he may be returned to them again. And, by the way, they want Burlington a station, which we believe ought to be one, and hope that our Conference will make it one. There are several more places which ought to be made into stations, viz.: Trenton, Bordentown, Gouldtown, and Salem. These places we believe would do much better as a station than to remain as they are. We would not want any better field for operation than any one of the above mentioned places. In the conclusion of the remarks upon our visit, we would just say that the Rev. W. D. W. Schureman's wife is lying very low, and not expected to live many days. We made her some three calls while in Burlington, and she informed me that all was well, and that she was just waiting for Jesus. We can greatly sympathise with Brother Schureman.

THE FRIENDS' REVIEW.

We are happy to receive, as an exchange, *The Friends' Review*. The copy we have is Vol. XV No. 29. The Editor is our friend, Samuel Rhoads, and is well fitted for that position. We have not been able to read it entire, but what we have examined we are well pleased with the matter and the manner of arrangement. It is published weekly at No 109, North Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa Price, $2 00 per annum.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We received of Rev G. H. Graham, of Cincinnati, as follows:—

Mrs. Jane Bailey, for last year,	$1 00
Willis Helton, for last year and this year,	3 00
Received of G. A. Rue, of Providence, on account for papers,	2 00
Received from West Philadelphia as follows:—	
Rev. Richard Berry,	1 00
Michael Johnson,	1 00
Abram Elsey,	50
Mrs. Shepard,	50
Received from Rev. William Jackson, Vincennes, Ind., as follows:—	
Mr. Daniel Richrs,	1 00
Miss Mary Howard,	1 00
Mrs. Indiana Florence,	1 00
Received from Rev. James Lynch, Georgetown, D. C., on account for paper,	1 00

MINISTERIAL NEWS

BISHOP WHITTINGHAM, of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Maryland, has sent to all the ministers in pastoral charges under his care, a Prayer of Thanksgiving for the late victories of the national arms, to be used by them within eight days after being received. This Bishop cannot have much sympathy with secessionism.

Rev. JOHN L. LENHART, of the Methodist Church, and a chaplain in the United States Navy, was lost from on board the frigate *Cumberland* in the unhappy conflict with the Merrimac, near Hampton Roads, on Sabbath, the 9th inst.

Rev. N. O. BENTON, Chaplain of the Fifty-first Regiment of New York Volunteers, was wounded in the battle at Newbern, N. C., on Friday, the 14th inst., and has since died of the wound.

Rev. GEORGE WILLARD, late of the Protestant Episcopal Church, has left that denomination and been received into the Presbytery of Kalamazoo, Michigan.

EMANCIPATION AND ITS OPPOSITION

Much has been said, and still is being said, amongst those who are really opposed to freedom. All sorts of schemes are resorted to for the purpose of impeding and obstructing God's righteous plans to bring about emancipation, but truth, like its Author, (God,) must prevail. Let us notice some of the most inhuman and frivolous objections made, as follows:—

1. It is claimed by the opponents of God's righteous plan to bring about this essential movement for emancipation, that, if the slaves were all set free, they would all flock to the North, become paupers, indigent, and worthless. Certainly not; don't every cool, candid, and impartial man know that if the slaves were set free in the South, and they knew that they were free, that ninety-nine out of every hundred would remain just where they are and till the ground? Most assuredly they would. It would be quite the reverse, for the colored men and women would flock from the North to the South, and many of the whites would do likewise. Hence it is clearly to be seen that this objection goes to the ground for the want of common sense.

2. It is said that the two races can never live together on this continent. Why? Have they not been living together for more than a century? Did not the two races stand side by side in fighting for this country? Did not General Jackson declare, in his proclamation to the people of color, that if they would help the whites to quell the foe that they all should be free men, and stand upon one common platform? Did not God declare that out of one blood he made all nations? We answer he did. Where is the man of truth, candor, honesty, and impartiality who will dare to deny the above facts. Can we wonder that there are so many who claim to be infidels when these plain and simple truths are denied by men of high rank?

3. It is also claimed by others, that, in case the United States' Congress should declare all men free, that there would be a mixing of the races. Why, bless my life, that is just the plan to put a stop to it. There are many things that might and could be said on this subject. We were born in the South, and we have a pretty good knowledge of what the slaves as a mass would do, and for a proof of it we refer those who differ from us to the black emancipated. The distinguished C. M. Clay, of Kentucky, set all of his slaves free, and they all stayed South and worked for pay. This is the truth.

This is the first time that we have said anything about the matter before the public, and we have hardly touched what we can say about it.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

To the friends of the Christian Recorder, and all others who desire so to be, permit us to say that it yet lives, and regularly makes its way every week to its attentive readers, and we are proud to say that there is no paper read more in proportion to the circulation than the Christian Recorder, either in the city or out of it, but more especially as a weekly visitor. The friends are coming up from every direction, which is a strong evidence of its being well liked, but it does not come up so strong but what it might come up more so. Let every preacher, class leader, steward, trustee, and Sabbath School superintendent say that the Christian Recorder, the only organ of the church, shall live, and it will live. Where is Baltimore city, with probably near two thousand members, and with her four stationed pastors? We are sorry to say it. The truth is a pretty thing indeed. We have not a single subscriber in the whole city of Baltimore! Washington, Georgetown, and Port Deposit are all doing what they can. Baltimore, what is the matter? Have you seceded? Louisville, Ky., and St. Louis, Mo., in the South, are doing, as they say, what they can, and show that they are loyal to the Union, and we hope that Baltimore will show herself so in the future by sending up two or three hundred subscribers more or less. We are very sorry to hear of the indisposition of our active and beloved Brother Waters, who used to take from fifty to one hundred copies per week, but since he has been sick there has not been anything done. We are in hopes to hear of better things soon. I heard Rev. Bishop Payne make a remark to this effect, when preaching the late Rev. Dr. Bias' funeral sermon: "That if you want to know a man, live in the house with him." The Bishop had lived in the house with the Dr., therefore he could speak truthfully of him. The Recorder is published in the city of Philadelphia. The citizens love the Recorder, and they prove it by subscribing, giving advertisements, and donations.

YOUTH'S EVANGELIST.

This is the name of a most interesting Sabbath School paper. Its variety of new and rich cuts are quite numerous. Mr. James M. Ferguson is the Editor and Proprietor. We have examined the Evangelist, and we can say that the matter is well adapted to the use of any Sabbath School. We would recommend our churches to patronize the *Youth's Evangelist*. The prices are reasonable:—For a single copy, twice a month, 35 cents, four copies to one address, $1.00; specimen copies sent free of charge. Those desiring to subscribe for this excellent paper can address JAMES M. FERGUSON, Box 518, Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR THE CONTRABANDS.

The African M. E. Church (Bethel) has taken up for the benefit of the Port Royal contrabands, on last Sabbath, $100. This shows clearly that the colored people are not asleep as a church. They had another meeting on the night of the 27th inst.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

On last Wednesday evening at Concert Hall, that renowned orator and distinguished advocate of human freedom, Wendell Phillips, addressed a large and highly intelligent audience, on "the war and the times."

The prolonged applause which greeted the lecturer as he appeared on the platform, and which frequently interrupted the course of his remarks, attested the enthusiasm of the audience as well as their cordial approbation of his views.

But a few months ago Mr. Phillips was hooted through the streets of Boston by a mob, and assailed with a shower of brick-bats for having expressed the views which to-day render him one of the most popular men in the political world. His having recently spoken at Washington, is at once an evidence of the radical change which has occurred in public opinion on the subject of slavery, and an indication of the future triumph of the principles of common justice and humanity.

Eloquence with him is nature, not art: it is a part of himself. In him there is neither rhetorical affectation, nor theatrical rant. On the contrary, his usual attitude is stiff, and his gesticulation is, perhaps, ill-timed and awkward; occasionally, his eyes kindle and lips part in a smile, but in general his countenance wears a placid, earnest expression. But his clear, mellow tones and copious flow of words; his terse and vigorous style and apt modes of expression; his startling historical parallels, and his keen insight into human nature;—these are among the elements that constitute the charm of his oratory.

The reports of the lecture which have appeared in our daily papers are garbled and meager indeed.

The report of the *Press* represents Mr. Phillips to have said the public generally were indebted to the New York papers for their news. He, however, said nothing of the kind, but in alluding to Washington City, he did state that the people there obtained the most of their news from the New York papers.

From the same report one would naturally infer that the speaker had been coldly received and frequently hissed; but on the contrary his allusions to the "Quaker guns" at Manassas, and his withering sarcasms as applied to General Mc Clellan, were hailed with rounds of deafening applause. What would have been thought, asked the lecturer, of a Napoleon with an army of a quarter of a million men on the shores of the Potomac, remaining for months in blissful ignorance of the existence of wooden cannon at Manassas? The tumult which followed, fairly shook the walls, and furnished sufficient proof of the unanimity between the speaker and his auditors.

The following dilemma also elicited loud plaudits: General Mc Clellan either was ignorant of the existence of those wooden guns at Manassas, or he was not. If he was ignorant of their existence it does not redound to his credit; if he was not, he deserves to be censured for having allowed the enemy to make good his escape.

The lecture occupied an hour and a half in its delivery, and was probably the most brilliant that Mr. Phillips has ever delivered. There are doubtless, thousands in this city who would be delighted to hear the lecture on Toussaint L'ouverture, and it is to be hoped that its author will one day repeat it in Philadelphia.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE COLORED PEOPLE AND THE STATE LEGISLATURES.

MR. EDITOR:—Several States, including Pennsylvania, have introduced in their Legislatures bills prohibiting colored persons coming into them to settle. These legislations, says the Philadelphia *Ledger*, succeed each other with great rapidity, and cannot, therefore, be the result of different political bias; but are caused mainly by the silent workings of the law of races, quickened by redundant population, and the fact that the arable lands of the United States are mostly already taken up. These repellant forces, says the *Ledger*, must continue to swell as the white population grows from the thirty million of to-day to the one hundred million in 1900, and to the two hundred million in 1930. And then asks Will not the next move be to expel these descendants of Africa? I answer first, that these legislative acts, succeeding each other with rapidity, are no evidence that they are not the result of political bias, but rather that they are the concerted acts of politicians. These legislations have always had three objects in view. The first was to conciliate the Slave States; the second was retaliation on what is called abolition fanaticism; and third, to excite the prejudices of the laboring whites against the free negroes.

Secondly: this rebellion threatens the interest of a large class of persons interested in slavery, both north and south, and these enactments are intended at the present to encumber and obstruct the General Government on the subject of emancipation. These interested classes influence in some way the State Legislatures, or certain members of them, to get those bills passed. If we watch the petitions, and then the debates that follow their presentation, we are struck very forcibly with the idea that they have not been sprung on certain men, for they show their complicity, and are those generally who have the most abhorrent idea of free negroes.

By the silent law of races, I suppose, is meant the brutal antagonism which impels the stronger and barbarous races to subject and rule over their weaker neighbors, or make the weaker melt away before the withering contact of the stronger. But does the *Ledger* know that there is really a higher law, to which the civilized world is rapidly tending—the law of love, justice and humanity? Such sentiments as those uttered by the *Ledger* will be regarded as libels upon the humanity of the Christian world. The world is silently, but certainly, marching onward to a higher and nobler destiny. If the arable lands are taken up, and there is redundant population, as the *Ledger* says, why has not the circumscribing and restrictive lines of slavery, which says to free labor, thus far and no farther shalt thou come, quickened those Legislatures to demand more space as an outfit for population? No, Mr Editor, straws show from whence the wind blows, the vail is too flimsy, men see through it, and know every move behind it. If these Legislatures have not been quickened to ask and demand more space, the moral sentiment of the people demands that the wicked system of human bondage shall cease from among them, and this wicked rebellion, which distracts the land from one end to the other, has grown out of the contact of slavery, and its attendant horror with this very moral element. This fight is not an unmeaning retaliation, but a revolution of ideas, deep in the moral sentiments of the people—the monster evil grappling for supremacy, and the people resisting its demands. We will see which will survive the ordeal, Liberty or Slavery. The repellent forces, continues the *Ledger*, must continue to act with more and more vehemence as the population increases, until the negroes are expelled from the land. This might have some force, perhaps, if the civilized world was going backward. But taking the past as a guide for the future, unless slavery and barbarism shall overthrow the institutions of freedom, the American people will not, in 1930, be found chasing a few unarmed and harmless negroes through the States of this Union, sword in hand to expel them; and, perhaps, persons who make public such declarations at the present, should they be permitted to live until then, would desire to conceal the sheet on which the declaration was written. Slavery has stayed the progress of the civilization of the world, and the downfall of slavery will only intensify men's desire for free and liberal institutions. Already the drifting sentiment of Christian denominations points with unerring certainty to that fact. By the rebellion of this hour, the Christian churches stand disenthralled. The pent up fire of our holy religion has been under the bone of governmental compromises to the behests of slavery, to what has in many respects been regarded as a Christian duty for peace sake; but now the obstruction has been removed. The rebellion has roused the Church. She will light up the moral heavens with her radiance, and teach man a better Christianity. With Christianity, liberal governments, and the appliances of civilization with the common destiny of mankind before us, with his disposition to assimilate, what beacon or repellent forces, or his inhuman instincts? The men who are bruted over the land and branded as fanatics at this day, when the history of the struggle between liberty and oppression is written, perhaps, it will only be said of them, that they were in advance of their generation in civilization. A. FIELD.

For the Christian Recorder.

SABBATH-SCHOOLS.

Jacksonville, Ill., March 14th, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—As I know you to be a true friend to the Sabbath-school cause, Sir, I suppose you would like to hear what we are doing in the way of Sabbath-schools in Jacksonville. Rev. Sir we truly have an interesting Sabbath-school here, of from forty to forty-five scholars, and six teachers; a very interesting Bible-class, of single and married ladies; and two interesting classes of young people in the New Testament, and the other minor classes. Our Sabbath-school is one of the most interesting I have been in. We now have a concert connected with our Sabbath-school, which makes it very interesting. Its officers consist of a President, Vice President and Secretary. Our Sabbath-school concert meets on the second Sabbath in every month, and as it has often been remarked that the Sabbath-school is the nursery of the church of God, most assuredly that saying is true. Just look abroad in the world, wherever the gospel is preached, and there see the thousands of little children that are now gathered into the Sabbath-school rooms, and there they are taught to read the word of God, and hundreds of them are gathered out of the streets to Sabbath-school. There is another fact we notice: those children that are brought up in the Sabbath-school are very apt to make the most useful members of church. When those religious principles are taught them while young, Rev. Sir, not only are the youth benefited by the Sabbath-school, but see the thousands of young ladies and gentlemen that are regular scholars in Sabbath-school, and by this means they are brought to attend public worship on the Sabbath day. In the Sabbath-school there are many middle-aged, and even old persons are taught to read the word of God. Now let me say a word to Sabbath-school teachers: be ye faithful, and when time shall be no longer here, may teachers, children and parents all help to swell that number which John saw, that came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. We also have a good day-school. Respectfully yours for the elevation of our young and rising generation of the colored race.

W. J. DAVIS.

For the Christian Recorder.

FALSE WITNESS-BEARING.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

The 9th commandment provides for the security of every man's property, that he may suffer no wrong nor detriment in his goods. This provides for the preservation of his good name, which is a much dearer possession, for a good name, saith the wise man, (Prov. xxii. 1,) is rather to be chosen than great riches. And, therefore, it ought to be preserved and guarded by us, although not delicately and nicely, yet tenderly and with respect; whose contemns fame will soon prostitute virtue, and those who care not what others say, will soon arrive to such impudence in sinning as not to care what they do themselves.

Indeed, a good name is so excellent a blessing that there is but one thing to be preferred before it, and that is, a good conscience. When these two stand in competition, credit must give place to duty, and in this case it is far better to lose our repute with men, than our acceptance and reward with God. It oftentimes so happens through the ignorance and general corruption of mankind that what is honest and pure and just, is yet not of good report amongst them. Piety is but affectation; strictness of life a peevish hypocrisy; the cross a scandal; Christ himself a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners, his doctrine heresy, and his miracles impostures; and if thou lightest upon any such froward and perverse censures—as too many such there are in all ages—who think it strange, as the Apostle speaks, that ye run not with them to the same excess of riot: speaking evil of you, seek not by any base and sinful compliance to redeem their good opinion; but rather glory in the testimony of their railing, and account all their reviling speeches to be but so many votes for your blessedness. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall speak all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Matt. v. 11.

Never covet a good name by bad actions; for what will all the concurring applause of the whole world signify to thee, if yet thy conscience condemn thee louder than they can extol thee. This is but to have music at the door. When all the while there is chiding and brawling within, it is far better that others should wound thy credit than thou thy conscience. That is a wound which their tongues can never lick whole again. All the reputation thy popular sinning can bring thee will be but like hanging bells at a horse's ears when all the while his back is galled with his burden.

Whoever will be a Christian must resolve to go through bad report as well as good; he should desire the one, but not anxiously refuse the other. And if any bespatter him, let him be careful that it be only with their own dirt, and not with his, with their own malice, not his miscarriages; and whilst he thus keeps his conscience clear, he may be assured that his credit shall be cleared apart that day when all their unjust reproaches shall but add a crown and diadem of glory to his head. But where a good name is consistent with a good conscience, we ought to prize and value it as one of the choicest of God's blessings in this world, and to use all lawful means to preserve it, for a good name will render a man more serviceable to God, and the fitter instrument to promote his honor and glory in the world, and, therefore, the wise man Eccles. vii. 1, compares a good name to precious ointment,—diffuses its fragrancy through the room where it is poured forth, and affecting all that are in the room with its delightful odor. So do men's gifts when they are famed with a good name delight and attract others, and by a sweet and powerful charm allure them to imitate and practice those virtues which they see to be so commendable, and, therefore, we find it the Apostle's care (2 Cor. vi. 3,) to give no offence in anything, that the ministry might not be blamed, though it be our great folly to estimate men's counsels by their own practice. Since a diseased physician may prescribe some wholesome medicine, yet so it comes to pass.

From the East.

TWO CENT MONEY.

We call the special attention of the brethren to page 210, New Discipline, in relation to the two-cent money, and especially to the 16th paragraph under the same page. We do hope that all of our brethren having charge of circuits and stations will obey the General Conference of our beloved Zion, and commence in time to collect their two-cent money, and if the brethren have so far obeyed the law by making a collection every month, or every two months, we are quite sure that there will be a change in matters pertaining to our financial department. Suppose that Bethel Church, of Philadelphia, with over two hundred members, (we will say twelve hundred, though there is said to be some fifteen hundred,) should comply with the request; twenty-five times twelve would be three hundred dollars,)—and this, it will be remembered, is only twenty-five cents a head. At the very lowest estimate, this is what Bethel Church will owe us at our Annual Conference.

The Union Church, placing the membership at two hundred, at twenty-five cents each, will be fifty dollars. Baltimore (Md.) Bethel Church has about twelve hundred members; suppose that she is caused to do her duty—that the minister should feel it his duty to see that each member pays his or her twenty-five cents per year; there would be three hundred dollars due the Book Steward, to be appropriated as per Discipline. Ebenezer Church has at least two hundred members, and twenty-five times two hundred is fifty dollars.

Now here would be seven hundred dollars,—leaving out Washington, New York, Brooklyn, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis, Chicago, and St. Louis, and besides hundreds of churches on circuits, and other stations where brethren are. If brethren will only do what the regulations of the Church have demanded of them, all would be well. We believe that there is not a member in our Church but what would consider it a great insult to say that they were too poor to pay the small sum of *twenty-five* cents a year for the benefit of the Book Concern and of our brethren who have labored hard to carry the glad tidings of the gospel to the dying world.

We are glad to see that Rev. Bishop Nazrey has notified all of his Conferences and members to come prepared to give a good account of themselves. So you may look well to the eastern brethren, and govern yourselves accordingly; for if he enforces the law, which he is bound to, somebody's head may have to come off. We hope that the other Bishops will do the same.

For the Christian Recorder.

SOMETHING FOR THEODORE TO CONSIDER FROM MOSES.

A.

Let Theodore consider—is an intelligent man to be condemned for maintaining that two contrary propositions can never be so reconciled as to place a man under a moral obligation to support them, as both being equally true at the same time?

B.

Let Theodore consider if it is an unheard of thing for a man to own two horses and one carriage at the same time, and that he should harness them together—hitch them to that carriage—seat himself in it, and drive them both at the same time for his own accommodation and comfort. Again, would his friend be justly censurable who defends him in his legal right to the ownership of the horses and carriage, and the right to drive them at pleasure while the legal right remains?

C.

Let Theodore consider this assumed proposition—namely: The eagles and lions met together, in conventions, for a long time, under the general name of animals—having three kingly rulers over them, all of whom were eagles. In process of time the lions, for reasons best known to themselves, asked leave of the Convention, at one of its meetings, to withdraw from it, and form a separate government of their own, under the generic name of *lions*. This prayer was granted. The lions farther asked that one of the kingly eagles might be allowed to withdraw from the convention of eagles, and reign king over them. This petition the eagles would not grant. And they, by resolution, refused to give the lions one of their kings. But instead of giving the lions one of their kings to reign over them, they pass a resolution by which they appoint one of their kings to serve the lions, according to the wishes of the lions. The lions, in giving expression to their wishes, say that they wish him to serve them as long as he lives. This request is most solemnly granted by the eagles. Now, if at any time subsequent to the last named act, the eagles should repent their bargain, and want to take the services of their kingly eagle from the lions, or else deprive him of the right of being called a kingly eagle, would his friend be justly blameworthy if he should defend the rights of the king against the assaults and attacks of the eagles upon this kingly eagle of their own troops? If they are not satisfied, is he the party to be blamed?

D.

Let Theodore consider, that the maxim, "No man can serve two masters," involves no contradiction of the fact that a man may have two or more masters at the same time. The history of the world shows that the thing may and does exist. That maxim was designed to teach this important lesson—that no man can have and enjoy a just and right state of feelings or affections toward two objects of opposite characters and designs, as opposite as God and Satan—the work of God and the work of the devil—the love of God and the love of the world. But here is no contradiction of the notion that a man may have two masters at one and the same time.

E.

Let Theodore consider the following most ridiculous affair:—

Two men made a bargain about a threshing machine. Both were owners of it between them as common partners. One of the parties, A., sold his right to the other, B. The bargain was so curiously made that, if B. chose, he could justly claim all the time and use of the machine without A. having any other claim, save that of being part owner. At this state of things, A. became dissatisfied, when he saw what a foolish bargain he had made. Becoming very angry about the matter, A. declared, and went to war against the threshing machine, and continued his war upon the machine until he fell down, also upon the battle-field, before a sharp threshing instrument, having teeth. Who ever heard before of such ignorance? Did you ever before hear two parties making a bargain about a thing, and then becoming dissatisfied with the bargain, going to war with the thing about the contract made between the two parties? MOSES.

Trenton, N. J., March 3, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

MR. EDITOR:—Sir, we are yet alive, thank the Lord, and have a portion of health and strength allotted us. Spring has returned, and the sun is pouring forth his glory over the earth. Seed time and harvest is coming, and we are glad. Though war has sounded long and loud, yet we live. Hard times with pinch and want have surrounded us, and still we live. We hope for better days. When war shall cease with the nation, and confusion in the church, then peace will be in the land, and love among Christians. God is in the midst of his people, beholding the evil and the good. He knows them that are his, and will keep them in time of trouble. There is nothing escapes His omniscience. Men may despise His law, and transgress His commands, but the wicked shall not go unpunished. He says by the mouth of His holy prophet, "The lofty looks of man shall be humbled, and the haughtiness of man shall be made low, and the Lord God alone shall be made exalted in that day." It is not worth while, therefore, to think that we will do as we please. There is the law, and it must be obeyed, both the higher law of God, and the law of the land. Let controversy cease, then, and let God, the laws, and Christians settle all difficulties; then we shall have the columns of our paper for a more noble and glorious purpose. As Christians, we may do the will of God, and then we shall live and prosper. I will close this communication by wishing you great success, Mr. Editor, hoping your untiring efforts may be backed up by the abundant aid and assistance of the public.

Yours in Christ, WILLIAM H. CHASE.
North Lee, March, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA CORRESPONDENCE.

Last Sabbath was a day long to be remembered in Georgetown. Not only on account of the attendance of the people, but the manifestation of the goodness of God. In the morning the pastor preached. The most interesting feature was the sermon at night, of the great preacher, poet, and orator, Rev. C. W. Dennison; he spoke an hour and a half, and every one was sorry when he stopped. He argued the equality of the human race, the iniquity of slavery—pictured in glowing colors its final overthrow—the prospect of the colored people for freedom—their duties to themselves and their God. Another important feature was that a very large collection was taken up for the preacher's salary; and the most important of all was that the Spirit of God seemed to be moving upon the people.

The young men of our church in Georgetown recently purchased a handsome gas chandelier at a cost of $54, which they presented to the church on last Wednesday night. The presentation speech was made by Mr. John Ferguson, the response on behalf of Trustees by the pastor; a collection of $10 was lifted on the occasion.

On Monday night, 23d instant, Rev. C. W. Dennison of the U. S. N., lectured to the colored people of Israel Church. In the course of his remarks, he said, "I see Lynch is at hand, with the REPOSITORY and *Repository*, which I hail with delight—they are organs that are a credit to you—to-day I showed the *Repository* to a senator; he looked upon it as an argument in favor of emancipation. I had it while in Congress; members looked at it with delight. The RECORDER, too, edited by Weaver, who works the shuttle, and brings forth mental raiment in symmetry and beauty to adorn the mind. I hope Lynch will administer 'Lynch law' to the man who does not rally in behalf of these organs." These were his words; we followed in the same strain and sold all the RECORDERS on the spot—could have sold 200. I should have said, that this gentleman has written a letter to the New York *Evening Post and Commercial Advertiser*, making mention of these and other efforts and facts creditable to our people.

The Bishop is in Washington. The Wesleyan Conference meets here on the 15th proximo. With our Wesleyan brethren, we hold a warm Christian intercourse—they are not selfish. We could wish that they might be blessed more abundantly in their labors.

Rev. Alexander Crummell is here. We trust this learned divine will say just as little about Africa, at this present time, as he can. When a strong party is forming in the nation to banish from the shores of America the colored man, because there is a prospect of his chains falling off, it is no time to lead directly or indirectly any aid to the scheme of sending the colored people out of the country. No more at present. SACRA.

For the Christian Recorder.

BISHOP NAZREY, OR THE TRUE STATE OF THE CASE.

In the 63d number of the CHRISTIAN RECORDER, vol. 2d, we have seen the beginning of an article from Rev T. Strother, of Terre Haute, on "The discovery of inconsistencies continued." We propose to write a short rejoinder to that article, if need be, when we have seen the end of his long and tedious, dark and gloomy story.

We conceive in our minds that the question, What relation does Rev Willis Nazrey sustain to the A. M. E. Church? has been already sufficiently discussed for all practical purposes in a newspaper discussion. Three different answers have been returned to that question; and by the critical investigation of these, the bottom has been most assuredly fathomed.

The only thing now remaining to be done is one of the following alternatives, viz.:

First. All parties who are not immediately interested and concerned in his administration, let Bishop Nazrey alone in the full and peaceable enjoyment of all the rights and privileges conferred upon him by the General Conference of the A. M. E. Church, and, also, by the Episcopal arrangements of the Bishops, made at the General Conference for 1860. We have no fears that Bishop Nazrey will ever be found engaged in an attempt to subvert, alter, change, overthrow, and annihilate the doctrines and disciplines, government and usages, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church.

Secondly. Let the three Bishops, Quinn, Nazrey, and Payne, meet in a Bishops' council, as they really ought, and are in duty bound to do, and amicably settle it. If there be any difficulty found by them in the Episcopal relation of Rev.

Willis Nazrey. This should be done on or before the meeting of the first one of our Annual Conferences to be held for 1862

Thirdly. If the Bishops meet in council as they should do, on or before the meeting of the first Annual Conference for 1862, and they learn at that meeting that they cannot agree upon such terms as will give to them and all parties concerned mutual satisfaction, let them agree to recommend to the Special General Conference to meet at a given time and place, especially to settle this and other questions to be named in the call.

Is there anything unreasonable, unchristian, or unholy in these propositions? If there be anything of the kind, we await an answer from our bishops and elders, or from some one of them having authority, and who understands the subject.

J. P. CAMPBELL.

Trenton, N. J., March 24th, 1862

NOTICE

The Social, Civil, and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Pennsylvania open a subscription list to aid the freed men at Port Royal and other points where they may be located, and respectfully ask the co-operation of the colored citizens and others in this city, or elsewhere, in money or clothing.

Any amount of value received will be acknowledged, with the name of the donor, in the *Recorder*, where a constant record will be kept

Subscriptions may be sent to Jacob C. White, at the office of the Lebanon Cemetery, 711 Lombard Street, and also in William Still, 107 North Fifth Street, and to Rev. E. Weaver, 619 Pine Street.

PAID.

Statistical Society,	$50 00
Clayton Miller,	2 00
William Still,	5 00
Robert Alger,	2 00
Henry Minturn,	2 00
Catherine Johnson,	2 00
Vasti Locke,	2 00
Wm Warricks,	1 00
Harriet Shorter,	1 00
Sarah S. Hawkins,	1 00
Rev. Jonathan C. Gibbs,	1 00
James P. Clay,	1 00

Port Royal Contrabands.—At a meeting held on Wednesday evening, at the Philadelphia Institute, by the Executive Committee of the Statistical Association of Colored People, of this city, the following resolutions were passed, which were read at the close of a concert by the Hutchinson Family last evening, given in aid of the escaped slaves at Port Royal:

Resolved, That the claims of the "Contrabands" in the vicinity of Port Royal and elsewhere call loudly upon the friends of humanity for material aid and sympathy.

Resolved, That while there is reason to regret that the Government has not more fully defined the status of those poor creatures, nevertheless it is clearly the duty of the Social, Civil and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Pennsylvania, not only to render aid as an organization, but also to commend these sufferers to the consideration of the various colored churches and societies of this city and State, that they may co-operate in the noble work of helping the Freemen's Association or other proper enterprises, which have undertaken to furnish food, clothing, and teachers, moral and religious, so much needed to relieve immediate distress and to inspire them with hopes of final deliverance.

Resolved, That we cannot lose sight of the Act of Congress, passed at its extra session, or of those proclamations emanating from the several Generals and Commanders of the Army, in which freedom has been declared to the slaves of all parties siding directly or indirectly the rebellion.

Resolved, That in view of these acts, the slaves cannot (in our judgment) be considered other than FREEMEN.

J. C. WHITE, President.
WM. STILL, Corresponding Secretary,
(14) . . S. M. SMITH, Recording Secretary.

PIETY

"Impress the sacred things in one of the first lessons a pious parent will teach his child. It is noticed that a well trained child when talking about God, will pronounce that adorable name in a subdued and solemn tone. It is noticed also that he will soon learn to assume a reverential air while a blessing is asked at the table—that he will lay aside his toys and look thoughtful when the Scriptures are read, and the morning or evening prayer is offered—that he will learn to handle the Bible or hymn book with more care than any other volume—and to assume and maintain more seriousness on Sabbath than on any other day of the week. This reverence for sacred things is greatly increased when he becomes old enough to study the catechism, in which he is taught that the third commandment is violated, not only when people "curse, swear, lie, or deceive, in the name of God," but even when they "treat irreverently any of the institutions or ordinances of God." This feeling moreover is increased to a still higher pitch when he reads of the terrible displeasure which God has ever shown against persons who made a profane use of sacred things. The Philistines trifled with the ark of God, and as a punishment were visited with a series of destructive calamities, which well nigh proved their ruin. For only looking into the ark, the inhabitants of Bethshemesh were smitten of the Lord until more than fifty thousand of them were slain. For touching it, when he had no right to lay his hand upon it, poor Uzzah was struck dead with a blow from heaven. For plundering the temple of God, and carrying its sacred vessels to Babylon to be devoted to profane uses there, Nebuchadnezzar was deprived of his kingdom, and driven from the abodes of men to eat grass like an ox in the fields. For impiously quaffing wine, during a Bacchanalian feast, from these sacred vessels, in honor of his gods, Belshazzar was compelled to gaze upon a mysterious hand, writing upon the wall the sentence of his doom, the very tracing of which, without the knowledge of its meaning, made him grow as pale as death, and tremble till his knees smote together. The lamb-like Jesus could allow himself to be stoned, and spit upon, and reviled, and crowned with thorns, and mocked in his dying agonies, without uttering a word of complaint. But when he saw the sacred temple profaned by secular merchandise, his holy indignation was roused to such a height, that he collected a bundle of whips, and at once drove the mercenary traffickers terror-stricken from the place, sounding in their ears, as he applied the whips to their backs, "It is written, My Father's house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves." For eating and drinking irreverently at the table of the Lord, some of the Corinthian Christians ate and drank judgment to themselves, becoming sickly, and dying, on account of the sacrilege

All these examples show that God has drawn a distinct line between sacred and profane things, and that it is exceedingly dangerous to attempt to blot out that line, and act as though it had n ver been drawn. It is true, some of these examples are extreme, and there may be but few people anywhere who would now be guilty of the sacrilege they exhibit; yet it must be acknowledged that there is at the present day, both in the church and in the world, a growing tendency to irreverence for sacred things. The pulpit, from which nothing but solemn truth should emanate, is often changed into a rostrum, from which flashes of wit, and flights of fancy, and floods of stories, are poured forth, to amuse, astonish, and "bring down the house." The singers who lead off in the praises of God, will often borrow the affected style of the opera, and drown all devotional feeling by the horrid incongruity. And the congregation, in some instances, as soon as the psalm or hymn is announced, will irreverently turn their backs upon the altar, and gaze upon the gallery, as though the singers were a troupe of actors and actresses, and they themselves had come together for no higher purpose than to witness the performances. Thus, irreverence for sacred things is cultivated in the most sacred places, and what is no less deplorable, it is becoming cultivated in other places, under the specious pretence, made by worldly-minded people, of showing respect to religion and the religious community. The managers of secular concerts, in order to get the approval and patronage of the Church, will announce, that while the audience will be entertained by a number of natural and sentimental songs, there will also be mingled among them a number of *sacred hymns*. Thus they hope to give the church and the world, God and Mammon, both a chance!

We believe that sacred music is appropriate in a concert But then it must be employed to the exclusion of every other kind that is trifling and ludicrous It must not be sung by persons who have condescended to borrow the ridiculous style of costume often worn by theatrical performers And when it is sung by them, alternated with such songs as have been mentioned above, the performance becomes revolting to every Christian mind, and a direct insult to high Heaven. It is just as great a sacrilege to bring this very solemn part of the worship of God's house into such unhallowed associations, as it was for Belshazzar to bring the sacred vessels of the temple into his Bacchanalian feast. And it matters not how good the intentions of those engaging in it are, the sacrilege remains. We are not authorized to "do evil that good may come." We are not allowed, even with good intentions, to trifle with the holy things of God. Uzzah's intention in laying hold of the ark was to steady it and keep it from being harmed by the rough jolting it received on the cart, but still his good intention did not save for the sacrilege, and he was instantly smitten to the earth. The people who sold doves, sheep, and oxen, in the temple, doubtless intended them for sacrificial purposes, but still they incurred the sore displeasure of Jesus for profaning his Father's house.

Domestic Items.

From the Army at Winchester, Va.—Winchester, March 20.—A portion of Gen. Shields' reconnoissance has returned from Strasburg.

Jackson is reported to be near Mount Jackson.

Last night, the provost marshal made an unexpected descent upon a gambling house recently opened at Winchester, and arrested four of the proprietors and several army officers who were present. The latter were released on parole, but the proprietors were placed in jail. The apparatus and other property of the establishment, valued at $500, were also captured.

Winchester, March 21st.—Mr. William Prescott Smith, with other officers of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, went over the road to Martinsburg on Friday. They expect that section to be opened by the 1st of April.

They also made arrangements to permanently open the Potomac and Winchester road.

Snow, to the depth of an inch and a half, fell last night, and is still falling.

Speculations on the Future.—There must be a great battle and many slain, but we must gain it and occupy Richmond. The capital in our possession, Virginia is once more within the Union, and the war assumes another phase.

When we drive the rebellion within the Cotton States, the war no longer becomes a war of pitched battles. Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky, are just the States to fight in. They are fruitful, productive, well cultivated, and wealthy. An army in these States can be self-sustaining. Plundered Virginia, along the eastern counties, will show how armies manage to live on the people around them. In Carolina no army could live for a year as the army of Beauregard did at Manassas. It would exhaust the State. It could not be readily supplied, as the means of transportation are very limited and primeval. Once conquer Virginia, and embrace within the lines of reoccupied territory the States of Tennessee, North Carolina, and Missouri, and this war loses even the character of a rebellion. It makes no longer any pretensions to a Confederacy. Holding no single part, without commerce in a single city, no one line of railroad which controls a single manufacturing district, driven from the mountains, where nature builds masked batteries and strengthens their military power, their army becomes the army of the guerilla, and their boasted government the scattered remnants of a brutal, revengeful, and marauding faction.

This will be the main result of the coming victory in Virginia. It will end the rebellion by virtually ending the great army which has given the rebellion respectability in the eyes of the nations of Europe. This contest will then be no longer one of war, but one of legislation.—*Press.*

More Iron-Clad Vessels to be Built.—The Secretary of the Navy has made arrangements for constructing a half dozen additional iron-mailed vessels of the style of the Monitor, except that they will be something longer and larger, and the tonnage will probably reach the neighborhood of one thousand tons. The smoke stack is to be heightened, so as to prevent smoke from being blown down and suffocating the crew. With this change, the officers of the Monitor said to Mr. Fox, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, that they had no fear of going to sea in her. Indeed, Mr. Ericsson is preparing specifications for constructing a Monitor-shaped ship which shall be over three hundred feet long. Should this style of iron-clad vessel be the only one fit for seagoing, then we are ahead of the navies of the world. The new vessels are to have turrets a foot thick, of iron, and fifteen-inch Dahlgren guns are to be used in them.

The Rebel Cavalry Seizing Union Men.—March 17.—On Sunday night, a portion of Ashby's Cavalry approached within four miles of the town and impressed every man they could lay hands on to serve in the rebel army. Houses of the inhabitants were visited by them, and the male occupan takes off without scruple. This information come from persons who have escaped, and made the be of their way to Winchester.

Arrivals from Woodstock.—Nine men have just arrived in town who have made their way from the neighborhood of Woodstock, twelve miles south of Strasburg, And thirty from Winchester. They were two or three days getting through, taking to the mountains and secreting themselves whenever anything indicated the proximity of rebel troops. They were in rather a pitiable plight, with little to eat, and seemed to hail the Federal encampment as a haven of rest and safety for them. These men are amply provided for as fast as they arrive. Various other straggiers have arrived here during the past two or three days, and others will, in all probability, be coming in.

Good News from Winchester.—March 23, 10 o'clock, P. M.—We have this day achieved a glorious victory over the combined forces of the rebel Generals, Jackson, Smith, and Longstreet. The battle was fought within four miles of this place. It raged from half-past ten o'clock this morning until dark. The enemy's strength was about fifteen thousand, and the strength of our division was not over eight thousand.

Important News from General Burnside - Immediately after the occupation of Newbern, North Carolina, General Burnside started an expedition to Beaufort, North Carolina, but the place was evacuated before our troops approached.

On the day that General Burnside occupied Newbern, sixteen thousand rebel troops were on the road between Goldsborough and Newbern.

The battle near Winchester was much more disastrous to the rebels than we had supposed, five hundred of them having been killed or wounded, and the survivors have been driven back to Strasburg For thermore, we have made three hundred of them prisoners, and captured, at least, one thousand small arms.

The last mentioned fact will best attest the complete panic into which the enemy were thrown

Our latest intelligence from Island No. 10 is to 3, P. M., of Wednesday last, at which time our gunboats had succeeded in silencing all but two guns of the upper battery. The island is said to be dotted with tents, and the rebels are estimated to number at least twenty thousand. It is almost impossible that they can have held out for this length of time. We are momentarily expecting the news of their surrender.

Foreign Summary.

The state of morals in different countries is strikingly seen in the following, which is taken from official records. In Paris, 38 out of every 100 of the children born are illegitimate; in Munich, 48 per cent. are in this condition; in Vienna, 51, or more than one half, are so; but in London, only 4 out of the 100 are so; and in the United States, less than two in the 100. Why this difference in favor of Protestant and Bible-reading countries?

The Jesuits still live. Late statistics published by their general at Rome, say that their total number at the close of last year (1861) was 7,231, and that of these, 2,203 were Frenchmen. How many are there in the United States?

A sad picture of the condition of the lower classes of the Poor in England is presented in the fact, as stated in the London *Spectator*, that nearly 200,000 persons are now receiving parish relief. This is four and a half per cent. of the entire population of the country.

The number of Fires in London during last year (1861) was 1,193, of which 53 resulted in the entire destruction of the property ; 7 were very formidable, and 1,133 were slight ones. Accidents in these fires, 100 were caused by gas, 150 by candles, 9 by children playing with fire, 17 by Lucifer matches, 17 by smoking, and only four were proved to be by incendiarism though 14 were suspected to be s

A singular process has sprung up in India of quite exciting interest. As Railroads have opened up, the facilities of travelling are far greater than they were formerly. The question is, how far is the merit of pilgrimages to celebrated shrines effected by this mode of travelling? The priests are discussing it with much ardor.

To the names of Principal Cunningham, Dr. Symington, and others who have recently been called to rest from their labors, must be added that of Rev. Andrew Reed, D. D., whose visit to this country many years since, in company with Rev. Dr. Matheson, will long be remembered, and who died, after being pastor of Wycliffe Chapel, London nearly 40 years. Feb 25th, aged 74 years Also, Rev. James Sherman, of the "Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion," and the gifted and popular successor of Rowland Hill as pastor of Surrey Chapel, London, died in the pastoral charge of a new church at Blackheath, (whither he had retired in 1854,) on Feb. 15, aged 66 years. His preaching was always sought by crowds, and in 1837 he preached a sermon to which 84 persons attributed their saving conversion, as it was accompanied by the Holy Spirit.

Scotch *remonstrance* is proverbial. It is seldom their simple shrewdness is found at fault. The following is characteristic. Some months since, three dessens of Dumbarton left on a pleasure trip for Paris. After spending the first night in a hotel, one of the party next day took a stroll alone in order to see the sights of the city, but missed his way back to the hotel, the name of which he had forgotten, a predicament rendered worse by his ignorance of the French language. After searching fruitlessly for it for some hours, he hit upon the expedient of purchasing from an old fruit-seller her stock of gooseberries, with which he patrolled the streets, shouting, "Gude Scotch grosets, a penny the pint!" Words so outlandish to Parisian ears soon collected a large crowd round, amongst which was a resident Scotchman, who straightway accosted the amateur fruit-vender, and after learning the "fix" he had got into, piloted him in safety to the hotel.

Efforts are on foot to re-lay a Telegraph Line between Ireland and Newfoundland. Mr. Cyrus W. Field, the leading American operator in this matter, has had an interview at the Foreign Office with Lord Russell on the subject, and it is understood to have been of a very encouraging and satisfactory character.

It is reported that Smith O'Brien has challenged Sir Robert Peel to fight a duel, offering to meet him in Belgium or France.

Mr. Peabody, the very successful American in business in London, has a fortune that brings him an income of seventy thousand pounds sterling per annum. He has just offered to give one hundred thousand pounds to the "Albert Memorial," if the funds that shall be collected for it will be devoted to the erection of a charitable institution. If this is not done, he will expend this amount in building convenient houses for the working classes of London. Truly, this is having money to some good purpose.

In France much distress is reported to be prevailing among the working classes. The Emperor is said to have just sent 250,000 francs out of his own private purse, to be distributed among them at the great industrial centres.

Victor Emmanuel was received at Milan on the 6th instant very enthusiastically by the numerous crowds of people of all classes.

In Bulgaria there has been a great agitation on religious grounds. On account of the intolerant and haughty course of the Greek Patriarch, the Archbishop has seceded from the Greek Church and joined the Roman Catholic. Two thousand two hundred of the Bulgarians had united with him in this, and a great excitement was thus aroused between the two churches

In China things are still in a troubled state. The rebels had invested Shanghai, and the Consuls of the Allied Powers had declared the city now under their protection. If the rebels, therefore, persisted, as in their infatuation it was very probable they would, the most unhappy consequences might follow.

The facilities of communication between London and Paris have become very great and rapid. A person can breakfast in the former city, and sup in the latter—and recently the first edition of the London morning papers has begun to be regularly delivered to readers in Paris in the evening of the same day.

Though late, a movement is on foot to erect at Geneva a memorial of Calvin. Dr. Merle D'Aubigne, and others of the ministers of that city, have sent out a circular to all who in any way sympathize with his doctrinal views, for aid in the work. In this circular it is proposed to have for this memorial a hall erected in a central position on the shores of the lake where he fixed his home, to be used for public meetings, and also for preaching the gospel to the working classes As Calvin forbade any monument to be raised over him, it is thought this would be most in accordance with his spirit and wishes.

Some idea may be formed of the immense naval efforts of Great Britain from the character of the IRON-CLAD ships that she is now erecting. Four are now under orders. Each is 400 feet long, 59½ broad, and will have a tonnage of 6,815. The iron coating will be 5½ inches thick. The outer plates of each vessel will weigh two thousand tons. The armament will be thirty-six 100-pounders on the main deck, twenty-one on the spar deck, two 200-pounders in the bows, and a pivot gun of the same calibre in the stern. Each vessel will cost $2,000,000, will throw its shot nearly five miles, and will require, at least, twenty-six months for its being built.

It should be a matter of grief and execration that the Slave Trade, with all its fiendish horrors, is said to be exceedingly active on the West coast of Africa since the withdrawal of the United States Squadron from those waters. Surely, Spain, and all countries that will tolerate its being carried on, ought to be held to an immediate and strict accountability.

Another desolating and terrible explosion has just taken place in the English Mines. It occurred in the Cathin Coal Pit, which a Mr. Crowsley, an extensive iron master, owned, and where about two hundred men were employed. Fifty lives were destroyed. These occurrences have a most painful frequency.

A rumor is very current in Paris that Archbishop Hughes, of New York, now in Europe, will be strenuously urged by the French Emperor upon the College of Election at Rome for the Popedom on the demise of Pope Pius, now in the Pontifical chair. No man knows better how to promote the interests of the Papacy in this western world than Bishop Hughes.

Married.

On the 20th inst., in the City of Providence, R. I., by Elder Geo. A. Rue, Mr. JOHN H. RICHARDS to Miss MARY E. eldest daughter of Rev. J. D. S. Hall.

MEETINGS OF ANNUAL CONFERENCES

The Ohio Annual Conference will meet in Zanesville city, Ohio, April 16th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

The Indiana Annual Conference will meet in Indianapolis, Ind., August 20th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

The Missouri Annual Conference will meet in Louisville, Ky., August 28th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

W. PAYNE QUINN.

The Pittsburgh Annual Conference will meet in Trenton, N. J., on the 16th day of May, 1862, in the Mount Zion Church, at 9 o'clock

The New England Annual Conference will meet on the 21st day of May, at New Bedford, at 8 o'clock, A. M., in the A. M. E. Church.

The members of these Conferences will strictly attend to their several duties as before mentioned in the Discipline and without which our itinerant progress will be impeded. A notice of my visits will be given in the future.

W. NAZREY.

Advertisements.

The Cairo Brothers and Sisters of Rev. Willis Nazrey Society are requested to attend their regular stated meeting, the 19th of this month, at 8 o'clock, P. M., on the corner of Quince and Locust Streets Punctuality a nuisance is strictly requested, by order of the President.
ADAMS BELL, *President.*
F. MATHEWS, *Secretary*

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 19th, 1861 Representatives from Lodges are as follows:

From Garnet Union No. 4, D. of T.; from Phoenix Union, No. 5 D. of T from Northern Union No. 16, D. of T.; Wesh's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Dr Bias' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 19, D. of T.; from Vanbrunkle Union, No. 15, D. of T., of Norristown, Pa

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows—

Grand P., Sister Bonnet; Grand Associate, Sister Burrus; Grand Treasurer Sister Fassett; Grand Corresponding Secretaries, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dubbart, Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall

G. P. P., Sister E. Bowers, G. P. P. Sister Anderson,
" " E. Bowen, " " J. F. Black,
" " M. H. Dandy, " " E. A. Cook,
" " S. Newman, " " S. White,
" " S. Davis, " " S. Hall.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY.

THE STATED QUARTERLY MEETINGS of the Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August, and November.

The meetings of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the society.

Mrs. SARAH CARTER,
President.
Mr. L. R. SEYMOUR, Sec'y.

MRS. JOHNSON AND MRS. WARE

Beg leave to inform the Public in general that they continue

LAYING OUT AND SHROUDING THE DEAD.

REFERENCES.

Thomas Charnock, No 417 South Sixth Street
James Le Count, No. 920 Rodman Street.
Thomas W. Allmond, No. 1027 Rodman Street.

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OF THE
AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,
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" Broken and Screened, per ton,	4 25
" Nut, " "	4 00
Schuylkill, Stove, and Egg, and Broken, and Screened,	4 25
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The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and all in want of good stoves, that he has now on hand a general variety of excellent PARLOR, COOK and CHAMBER STOVES, including Gas-burning, as well as other patterns, which he is selling at very low rates. He buys entirely for cash, of the best wholesale houses, and of course can sell much cheaper than those buying on the usual credit system. At any rate his friends are invited to give him a call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere, as he feels that they would be convinced that it would be to their interest to give him their patronage. Coal orders constantly on hand. WM. STILL.

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Drinking Cups,	"	"	
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Plain Gold, Florentine, and Onyx Sets
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Fine Coral Breast Pins
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Fine Gold Onyx, and Miniature Pins.
Bracelets, plain and engraved
" Coral, Bead, and Jet Bracelets
Misses' Bracelets, plain and engraved.
" " fancy link.
Neck Chains, fancy settings
" Armlets, fancy settings.
Ladies' Guard Chains
" Medallions, large size, for two likenesses
Gents' Fine Vest Chains, twenty different styles
" " Onyx Studs, and Sleeve Buttons to match
" " Enam'd, Florea., Plain, and Cameo Studs.
" " Carbuncle Studs, Engraved
" Gold Pens, Silver Extension Holders.
" " " Ebony Holders, with cases
" Heavy Gold Pens, Propelling Holders.
" Gold Propelling Pencils.
" " Finger Rings. (different styles.)
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Memoir of Mrs. Rodgers,	30
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Family Circle.

BEWARE HOW YOU USE IT.

BY THE MOUNTAIN HARP.

"All admit the influence one sex has over the other. None will deny the influence the wife has over the husband, the mother over the son, or the sister over the brother; but while we know that we possess that influence, we should be careful, very careful, how we use it. Men, in the majority of cases, will not be commanded or coerced into any measure. Tenderness, persuasion and affection may and will accomplish much, while a different course will estrange him farther from you. Oh! how the words of a criminal, who was convicted for a state prison offence, now ring in our ears. He said: *One kind word, one affectionate look from my wife, would have saved me from this!*

The readers of this paper may remember having seen the above quotation under the head which we use, going the rounds of the press, and credited to the *Christian Secretary*. It is here requoted for the purpose of adding a few remarks, which our lady friends in particular will please note, as not altogether impertinent.

1. The influence of woman, now felt and acknowledged throughout the whole civilized world, is greater than many suppose it is. It is greater than most *women* seem to be aware, greater than some men allow.

2. That influence is not always properly used. It is sometimes misdirected—it may be knowingly, but oftener, we are persuaded, unreflectingly; and, again, as the case referred to above seems to indicate, merely not exerted at all—which is equivalent to misdirection.

3. That influence misdirected, or not used for good, may be made a most fearful curse. There was a time when "one kind word, one affectionate look" from the criminal's wife, would have saved him. It was denied him, and that denial sent him for years to prison. A young man was visited in his cell, the day before his execution for murder, by his mother. In answer to her tears and sobs, his only answer was, "Mother, you never taught me better."

4. That influence, properly used, may be both to its subject and its object a great blessing Instances are not wanting. How often has the sister reclaimed her falling or fallen brother—the mother her son—the wife her husband!

A woman, rather good-looking, and apparently well-bred, was in town with her drunken husband I happened to meet them in the store of a friend, where they were making some little purchases. *She* had the money, and *he* wanted some "change," and appeared anxious to get where *something else* was sold, though then he could hardly stand. He coaxed, and she teased. At last she gave him the change—twelve and a half cents. I felt sure it was going over another counter. But no—though his hand is on the door-latch, hers is there, too, and she just happens to remember that in his own work-shop at home he needs a gimlet and a little glue, and a few nails; and the twelve and a half cents are invested. The man was rather a rough-looking customer; but for his wife he had only smiles and kind words, perhaps because for him she had only smiles and kind words. That woman will reclaim that man if he can be reclaimed. And, though he be not in all things the man she deserves, she is certainly the very woman for him

MORAL: "Beware how you use it."

THE BIRTH OF THE SNOW DROP.

(Adapted from the German.)

It was on a very gloomy-looking day, while the thick snow was lying on the ground, and the wind was whistling through the naked trees, that an old man stood in the middle of the field. His heavy, gray beard was covered with shining sleet, and icicles were hanging from his long white locks.

Every body who had a home was seated by his warm stove, and telling winter stories to his children; in fact, there were very few persons out of doors, it was so cold. But this old man, though he shivered very much, seemed to like the snow and the bleak winter wind. He had no hat on his head; and, as his eyes looked out over the white fields, and along the winding valleys, and up the white mountain-sides, he smiled, as if saying to himself: "How I love the cold winter!"

But suddenly the smile left his wrinkled face! He shook his head, and the sleet fell from his beard, and the snow-flakes and icicles dropped off from his long gray locks. Then he doubled his fist, and, standing as straight as he could, he shook it at something in the sky. And what was he shaking it at but the bright sun, which was just now peeping out of a dark cloud, and beginning to shoot down warm beams upon the snow-fields and icy-mountains? It was the bright sun that made the old man angry. He shook his fist again; he stamped upon the ground, he spoke bitter words; and then, as he looked at his feet, and saw the snow melting there, great tears rolled down his cheeks. If you had seen the old man, you would have said: "What can make you so angry? How I pity you, you poor old man!"

As he turned his eyes aside, he saw a boy near by him, who had all the while been watching him, and laughing at him. He wore a beautiful green cloak, and had long pink boots on his feet. He had bright blue eyes and rosy cheeks. When the old man saw him, he became more angry than ever.

"What are you doing here?" he asked; "you are an impudent upstart. It seems as if you don't want me to cover the earth, and keep it warm any longer. You are an unruly rebel, and bring trouble and mischief with you wherever you go. What is the use of your waking up the flowers, and butterflies, and grasshoppers so early? Don't you know that the sooner you wake them, the sooner they must die!"

"Why do you bother yourself about these things, you old grumbler?" replied the beautiful boy, "Haven't I got a wreath of flowers on my head, and a bouquet on my breast? and can't I find every where a frozen pond, which will serve me for a looking-glass? Let me attend to my business, and you may attend to yours."

"Oh! you silly boy," the old man answered; "you don't think about anything but your beauty. Why not permit old people, like myself, to enjoy their age in rest and quiet? You not only want to wake up the flowers, and butterflies, and grasshoppers, but you want to put every body to work again. Even the children in their warm cottages you would turn out of doors, and send to school."

"Well, old man, that is my work. You can do nothing but scold and fret all the time. I know well that every living being loves me, and for weeks has been longing to see me, because I have stayed away this time much longer than usual. But I know somebody whom no one loves, and that is you, you snow-bearded old man. You are the enemy of children, and every poor person hates you, and——"

The old man would not let the boy say more, but, stooping down and picking up a handful of snow, threw it into his beautiful face. As quick as thought, the happy smile and bright red color left his cheeks. With a loud scream he fell down on the ground, and, as his green cloak dropped from his shoulders, it became white like the snow. The poor boy was a great sufferer, and looked for all the world as if he were dead. But a moment before he was so gay and happy; now he was helpless, and lying in the snow!

When the old man saw what he had done, a smile played over his wrinkled face. Immediately he doubled his fist and shook it again at the sun, who was hiding once more behind a dark storm-cloud. Then he stooped to snatch up another handful of snow.

As quick as thought the boy revived and he determined to improve the present moment. He sprang up again and with one leap he jumped on the old man's back. Then he shouted and laughed so loud that the very valleys rang again with his joyous words.

"I have got you now, you old complainer," he said, as he stood on the old man's shoulders and [illegible] gray head. "I have got you now, you old jailer, who would like to keep all the pretty things forever in your old prison-house. I exercise them and keep them there just as long as you can. I will break their bonds and set them free. And for my work all the flowers and trees and birds will praise me as long as I live. I'll show you what it is you must suffer for your wickedness. Wait now, and I will soon bring your kingdom to an end."

The old man tried hard to shake the boy from his shoulders. But the more he tried the weaker he grew, and finally he found it impossible to do it. And what was very remarkable, the longer the boy stood on the old man's shoulders the larger he grew. You could see him grow, until his arms became as strong as a blacksmith's. Gradually the old man sank beneath his weight, and lay helpless on the ground. Just then the boy stood with both feet on his head, and all you could hear from the aged sufferer was a faint sigh. He tried to speak, but he could not do it at first

Suddenly the happy boy shook his cloak, which now was green again, in the fresh breeze. Then he smoothed his curls, and kissed his hand at the sun as it came out from the cloud once more.

After this he stooped down and said these words to the old man's ears:

"Now, will you confess that I have conquered you? Old grumbler, will you give up now?"

The old man sighed and then whispered: "I believe I will. Don't hurt me any more. I will go away willingly."

"That is all I wish," shouted the boy. "I don't wish to inquire if you will go away of your own accord. But every year I have to go over the same trouble and conquer you again. I should think you would have learned long before now that I can conquer you in the end. Why will you be so stubborn?"

"Oh! oh! How heavy you are on my poor aching head! Oh! how the warm sun burns me! Let us make peace and separate as good friends."

"I will never make peace with you," said the boy, "until you will give me a pledge that in the future you will never undertake to conquer me again. If you do this, we shall be friends."

"What do you mean?" grumbled the old man.

"I mean will you give me a certain sign which will come again every year in token of our friendship? And when that sign appears, will you take your departure quietly without putting me to the necessity of giving you another fresh drubbing?"

"Yes, I will agree to that. But what sort of a sign will it be?"

"I will tell you," responded the boy. "Since it is to be a sign of our friendship, it must bear both your color and mine."

Then the old man smiled as if tickled with that new thought "My color!" he answered, "and what else?"

"It shall be a little flower," said the boy, "which shall signify your departure and my coming. Do you agree to that?"

The old man whispered: "Yes, right willingly." Then the boy leaped down from his head and threw his arms about his neck. And arm in arm they kneeled down to the ground and kissed it.

"Now, let me go," said the old man; "I am very tired and weak, and must depart for some other country to restore myself once more."

Then he went away, but limped as he walked off. The happy boy raised his arms toward the heavens, and the bright sun smiled down upon his rosy cheeks. "Can that be a blue bird?" said he to himself. "If so, I have no time to lose."

Quick enough he gathered his green cloak about him, and walked all over the hills and valleys of the earth.

Button the spot where the green-clothed boy and the gray old man kissed the earth, a flower is now blooming. Through the melting snow it shoots up its tender stalk, and on the top of it there hangs a little blossom. The little flower is as white as the old man's beard, and the leaves around it are as green as the boy's bright cloak

"SNOW-DROP!" That is what people call the flower. Every year when the snow melts it comes again to make all things happy. It is just what the beautiful boy said it should be—a sign of universal joy

Now, children, would you like me to tell you who these two wonderful persons were? The old man with the gray beard and long locks was frosty, gloomy Winter; but the boy with the green cloak and pink boots was bright happy Spring

God made them both

The Methodist.

LITTLE WILLIE'S FUNERAL

Willie Lincoln had his acquaintances among his father's friends, and I chanced to be one of them. He never failed to seek me out in the crowd, shake hands and make some pleasant remark; and this in a boy of but ten years of age was, to say the least, endearing to a stranger. But he had more than mere affectionateness. His self-possession—*aplomb*, as the French call it—was extraordinary. I was one day passing the White House, when he was outside with a playfellow on the sidewalk. Mr Seward drove in, with Prince Napoleon and two of his suite in the carriage; and, in a mock-heroic way—terms of amusing intimacy evidently existing between the boy and the Secretary—the official gentleman took off his hat, and the Napoleon party did the same, all making the young prince President a ceremonious salute Not a bit staggered with the homage, Willie drew himself up to his full height, took off his little cap with graceful self-possession, and bowed down formally to the ground, like a little ambassador. They drove past; and he went on unconcernedly with his play; the impromptu readiness and good judgment being clearly a part of his nature. His genial and open expression of countenance was none the less ingenuous and fearless for a certain tincture of fun; and it was in this mingling of qualities that he so faithfully resembled his father.

With all the splendor that was around this little fellow in his new home, he was so bravely and beautifully himself—and that only! A wild-flower, transplanted from the prairie to the hot-house, he retained his prairie habits, unalterably pure and simple, till he died. His leading trait seemed to be a fearless and kindly frankness, willing that everything should be as different as it pleased, but resting unmoved in his own conscious single-heartedness. I found I was studying him, irresistibly, as one of those sweet problems of childhood that the world is blest with, in rare places; and the news of his death (I was absent from Washington, on a visit to my own children at the time) came to me like a knell heard unexpectedly at a merry-making.

On the day of the funeral I went, before the hour, to take a near farewell look at the dear boy; for they had embalmed him to send home to the West—to sleep under the sods of his own valley—and the coffin-lid was to be closed before the service. The family had just taken their leave of him, and the servants and nurses were seeing him for the last time—and, with tears and sobs wholly unrestrained, for he was loved like an idol by every one of them. He lay, with eyes closed—his brown hair parted as we had known it—pale in the slumber of death; but otherwise unchanged, for he was dressed as for the evening, and held, in one of the hands crossed upon his breast, a bunch of exquisite flowers—a message coming from his mother, while we were looking upon him, praying that those flowers might be preserved for her. She was lying sick in her bed, worn out with grief and overwatching.

The funeral was very touching. Of the entertainments in the splendid East-room, the boy had been—for those now assembled, more especially—a most life-giving variation. With his bright face, and his apt greetings and replies, he was remembered in every part of that crimsoned curtained hall built only for pleasure—of all the crowds, each night, certainly the one least likely to be Death's first mark. He was his father's favorite. They were intimates—oftenest seen hand in hand And there sat the man, with a burden on his brain at which the world marvels—bent now with the load of both heart and brain—staggering under a blow like the taking from him of this child! His men of power sat around him—McClellan, with a moist eye when he bowed to the prayer, as I could see from where I stood, and Chase and Seward with their austere features at work, and Senators and Ambassadors and soldiers, all struggling with their tears—great hearts sorrowing with the President as a stricken man and a brother. That God may give him strength for all his burdens is, I am sure, the present, the prayer of a nation!

Willis in the Home Journal.

THE LITTLE TEACHER.

"Oh! Joseph!" exclaimed Alice, as he came into the room where she was, the next day, "Oh! just see how it rains, is it not too bad? for now we cannot go into the garden and hear what you were going to tell us," and the tears again coursed down her rosy cheeks.

"What! Alice, not crying I hope," said Joseph.

"Come, dry up your tears, run and find Mary, and I will tell you something about the rain. If we cannot go out doors, I think we can entertain ourselves quite as well in the house; there, let me kiss those two big tears from your face, before they fall—now run and bring your sister"

Alice hastened away, wondering what her brother could tell about "the disagreeable rain,"—"surely the rain never did any good," thought she, "only to make the ground soft and muddy, the grass and bushes, fruit-trees and garden-walks wet and unpleasant;" and once when she had forgotten her doll and cradle in the baby-house in the yard, she had found them all soaking wet, and heartily wished "it never would rain," thus spoiling her treasures.

Mary was soon found, and as they joined their brother in the sitting-room, he turned to them and abruptly said:

"Girls, can you tell me if the rain is of any use?"

"Yes, I can," said Alice, "it does no manner of good at all, only to annoy and vex one. I was to have a horse-back ride behind papa, to the post office this afternoon, but now I must stay at home; it is too bad it should rain to-day."

"Oh! Alice! I think you must be wrong, for I heard Bridget say we could have no more ice-cream, until it rained."

"Why, Mary! how strange you talk, it does not rain ice-cream, does it?" said Alice

"No, not exactly," said Mary, "but Bridget said the pasture had nearly all dried up, and the poor cows could scarcely get anything to eat, and that they had failed so much in giving milk, that they only gave enough to make the bread with, and some to make butter to eat on our bread, so you see if it had not rained we would have to do without a great many things."

"Yes, sister, many more things than you are aware of," said Joseph. "If it did not rain nothing would grow at all. Cows we would have no bread to eat, no water to drink, everything would die, and so would we."

"Oh! no, Joseph," said Mary, "I went into the granary yesterday with papa, and he said there were a hundred bushels of wheat in one bin, and I think there were four bins; let me see, four times one hundred would be four hundred, and then our great spring of water always comes bubbling up, and running over all the time, ever since I can mind, so you see there is not much danger of our bread or water coming to an end, even if it did not rain."

"But Mary," said Joseph, "do you know what makes the wheat grow, that we use for bread? or what makes the water come bubbling up out of our spring?"

"Why I suppose it is the Good Man in heaven, mother says he makes everything."

"Yes, Mary, there you are right, but at the same time He uses means, for instance; He gives light, heat, and rain to make the things grow. If it would never rain any more, in a short time everything would dry up, the moisture would dry out of everything, and nothing would have life. The beautiful flowers would wither, the grain would wilt on its stalk, the nice green leaves would dwindle away and fall to the ground, there would be no fruit on our trees, no grapes on our vines, no corn on the stocks, no potatoes in the ground, for nothing would grow, all, all would die, if it did not rain

"Now, girls, I will tell you how Aunt Lizzie said springs, rivers, and such things were formed, and then tell me if you think our spring would come 'bubbling up,' as you say, if it would cease to rain.

"In the first place, Aunt Lizzie said, when it rained some drops of water sank into the ground, and those drops trickled along meeting other little drops, and presently it became a very small stream under ground, but it ran along meeting other small streams formed in the same way, until it came to a bed of clay, yellow hard clay, then it stopped, for water cannot run through such clay And when the water has filled the basin made of the clay, and it cannot get any farther, then it bursts open the ground and comes bounding out, and we call it a spring. Then this little spring brook runs along and meets other brooks, and it becomes larger and larger until it becomes a large river."

"And what becomes of the river?" said Alice.

"It runs to the great Ocean," said Joseph, "and don't you see, girls, if it did not rain the springs would all go dry? and when there would be no spring brooks to make rivers, there would be no rivers."

"Yes," said Mary, "the rain does a great deal more good, I see, than I had any idea of."

"And I," chimed in Alice, "will never again say I do not want it to rain, but, brother Joseph, can you tell us how the rain gets up in the clouds? I have often thought about it, and wondered where it came from, or how it got there."

"Well," said he, "Aunt Lizzie told me a great deal about that, and I am sorry to say I cannot remember it all, but what I do I will tell you; she said when the sun shines on this earth of ours, it warms it, and causes little particles of water, (which is called vapor,) to rise up in the air, and form the clouds, which we see floating around, and when a great number of them are collected together they become heavy and fall down, and we call it rain. She illustrated it to me in this way; she put some water in the tea-kettle, and set it over the fire. As the fire warmed the water little particles arose from the water and congregated on the under side of the lid, and when Aunt Lizzie lifted the lid off, there were many large drops hanging to it, which at the most gentle touch would drop off, and she said it was just so with rain."

"Oh! beautiful! how beautiful!" exclaimed Alice, as she lightly tripped to the opposite side of the room and gazed eagerly on a bright colored rainbow, which was just becoming visible. Her brother and sister were soon at her side, enjoying the grand sight also.

"See what handsome colors are there. I wonder if any body ever found out how many there are?" said Mary.

"Yes, Aunt Lizzie knows," said Joseph, "and she said there are seven primary colors, namely, blue, green, indigo, violet, orange, yellow, and red. It takes a bright sunshine and a shower to cause a rainbow to be seen; we must always see a very dark cloud on the opposite side of it from us too. But girls do you know when it was that God placed this beautiful bow in the heavens?"

"I suppose he put it there when he made the world," said Mary

"No," said Joseph, "it was this way: many hundreds of years ago, and before our Saviour was born too, the people that lived on the earth became all very wicked, all except one family, an old father and mother, their three sons, and their sons' wives; they all loved God and worshipped him, but all the rest of the people were very wicked. This good man's name was *Noah*. God resolved to destroy these wicked people, but wished to preserve Noah and his family, so he told Noah to build a great ark three hundred cubits (that is 450 feet,) long, fifty cubits (75 feet,) wide, and thirty cubits (45 feet,) high, so Aunt Lizzie said. The ark had three stories, and a great many rooms in it, and it was so well pitched that no water could get in it any way. When the ark was finished God caused two of every living thing upon the face of the earth to come to the ark, there were beasts of every kind, birds and fowls of the air, and creeping things, two by two, male and female, came in the ark to Noah. He also took provision of every kind for himself and all that were with him in the ark; when they were all in God himself shut them in, then the fountains of the deep were broken up, the windows of Heaven were opened, (the Bible says,) and there was a general deluge, every person, every animal, and every thing that was left on the earth were drowned

"When the flood was over and the ark once more rested on land, and Noah and his family had come out of it, he immediately built an altar unto the Lord and offered sacrifice upon it. This pleased the Lord, he blessed Noah and his family, and set this beautiful bow in the heavens as a sign that he never would drown the world again, and when we see this beautiful emblem, we may rest assured that the rain will soon be over.

"Now, girls, I cannot tell you any more this time, but, to-morrow, I will tell you something else"

SYLVIA.

THE LITTLE BOASTER.

Walter Thorndike was a little boy who was never satisfied with telling a plain, straightforward story He was always obliged to invent a little to add to it, so that it might sound rather more wonderful. For instance, if he passed through a field in which there were one or two cows feeding, he would come home and say, "Oh! mother, I came through *a whole herd* of cattle this morning, and there did not one of them touch me!"

Thus you see he told a story which was almost entirely untrue, although he only meant to make his mother think that he was a very brave boy, and I dare say he would have been very much displeased if any one had told him that he had told a falsehood.

His parents tried in a great many ways to cure him of this bad habit, but they did not succeed very well. One day, however, his father had given his elder brother Johnny, some work to do, out in the barn. It was to sort over a large box of nails, laying the different kinds in separate piles. "I think, Johnny," said his father, "that you can get it done in an hour, if you keep on steadily."

"Oh! father," cried Walter, "I wish you had told me to do it instead. *I* could do it in ten minutes, I know."

"Very well," said Mr. Thorndike, "you shall do it; but if it is not all done in ten minutes, I shall not take you with me to your grandfather's, to spend the day, as I expected to."

Of course Walter could not finish the nails in so short a time, and so he lost his pleasant visit. For a long time after that, whenever he wished to exaggerate a little, he remembered his disappointment, and only said what was actually true.

M. A. E.

MAN.

I would know what, here below the sun,
He is, and what his place, that being which seems
The end of all means, yet the means of suns.
Who searches and combines, aspires and dreams;
Seeking new hopes in ever the same thing;
A king without the powers of a king,
A beggar, with a kingdom in his scope.

Who only sees in what he hath attained,
The means whereby he may attain to more;
Who only finds in that which he hath gained
The want of what he did not want before.
Whom weakness strengthens; who is soothed by strife;
Who seeks new joys, to prize the absent most;
Still from illusion to illusion tost,
Himself the great illusion of his life.

OWEN MEREDITH

Treat your enemies as if they would some day or other be your friends

Pittsburgh Market.

APPLES.—Green, $3.00@$3.50 ₱ bbl
ASHES.—Pots, 4(@4¼; Pearls, 5¼(@6; Soda-ash, [illegible]
BREAD.—Water crackers, per pound, 6c.; Butter do. 7c.; Sugar do. 8c.
BEANS.—Small white,—@1.25 ₱ bushel.
BROOMS.—Common to fancy, $2.25@4.25 ₱ dozen.
BUCKETS, &c.—Buckets, per dozen, 1.50@1.75; Tubs, per dozen, 7.50.
BUTTER.—Fresh roll, 13@14c. ₱ pound; packed, [illegible]
BACON.—Plain hams, 6½@7; sugar-cured, 7½@—; sides, 6@—; shoulders, 4½@5; country, 4 less.
CHEESE.—Western Reserve, 6½@7. Goshen, — ₱ pound.
CANDLES AND SOAP.—Dipped, 10; Mould, —; Adamantine, 20; Rosin soap, 4½; fancy 10c.
COTTON YARNS, &c.—Cotton Yarn, ₱ pound, from Nos. 5 to 10, 33c., and one cent advance each No.; cotton chain, 32c.; colored do., 32½; cotton wick, 32; batting, 18; fancy do., 22 to 30.
CORDAGE.—Manilla, ₱ pound, 1.50@3.00.
DRIED FRUIT.—Apples, ₱ bushel, [illegible]
Peaches, —@3.00.
DRIED BEEF.—10@10½c. ₱ pound.
EGGS.—Barrel or box, 10c.— ₱ dozen.
FLOUR.—Superfine, from store, ——(@——; extra, 4.00@——; extra family, 5.00@5.50; Rye, 2.87 @——.
FEATHERS.—Fresh, 35@40c. ₱ pound.
FISH.—Large No. 3 Mackerel, 8.00@8.50; Baltimore Herring, 6.00; Lake Fish, ——@——; Codfish, 5@6c.
FEED.—Sales of feed at 55@70 ₱ one hundred pounds.
GRAIN.—Wheat, Red 20@—; White, 1.00@1.07; Rye, 45@48; Oats, 26@—; Corn, 37@—
GLASS.—City brands, 8x10, 2.15 ₱ box of fifty feet; 10x12, 4.00; Country brands, 8x10, 3.25; 10x12, 5.75.
GROCERIES.—Sugar, by the barrel, 10(@10½; hhd., —@—. New Orleans Molasses, 40@—; Golden Syrup, 75. Coffee, 20@21½. Rice, 8@9½.
HOMINY.—4.00 ₱ bbl.
HAY.—Sales at scales, $10@12 ₱ ton.
IRON.—Common bar, 2½@2¾c.; Blooms,——; Pig Metal, $24@25.
LEAD, &c.—Bar, 8c.; Pig, 7c. Shot, ₱ bag, 2.25 @2.50.
LEATHER.—Sole, 21@23c.; Upper, ₱ dozen, $33@38.
LIME.—Louisville, ₱ barrel, 1.25@1.40.
LARD.—No. 1, 7(@8c.
NAILS, &c.—10d, ₱ keg, 3.25, with pro rata advancement. Cut Spikes, 4.70 ₱ keg, for 3 to 4 inch.
NAVAL STORES.—Turpentine, ₱ gallon, 1.50. Rosin, ₱ barrel, —@—. Tar, per barrel, —.
OILS.—Linseed, 75 ₱ gall.; Tanners', —; Lard, 65@70.
POTATOES.—40@50c.
POWDER.—Rifle, 7.25 ₱ keg; Rock, 5.00
RAGS.—Mixed, 3c.
SALT.—No. 1, 1.75 ₱ barrel; Extra, ——.
SHEETINGS.—No. 1 and 2, —¾ ₱ yard

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This valuable and popular medicine has universally received the endorsement of the Medical Faculty, and is now offered to the public as the most efficient and agreeable saline Aperient It may be used with the best effect in Bilious and Febrile Attacks, and Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Nausea, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Acidity of the stomach, Torpidity of the Liver, Gout, Rheumatic Affections, Hysteria, Piles, and all complaints where a gentle and cooling aperient or purgative is required.

It is particularly adapted to the wants of Travellers by Sea and Land, Residents of Hot Climates, Persons of Sedentary Habits in Cities and sometimes acts: Captains of Vessels and Planters, should not be without it, as a valuable addition to their medicine chests.

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Put up in [illegible] ready to be applied on the Roof, which combines the very desirable properties of *Elasticity* and *Durability*, which are universally acknowledged to be possessed by GUTTA PERCHA AND INDIA RUBBER.

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We will make liberal and satisfactory arrangements with responsible persons [illegible] establish themselves in a LUCRATIVE and PERMANENT business

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MANUFACTURED FROM UNBURNED BONES

BY BAUGH & SONS,

Wholesale office and Works, 20 S. Wharves, between Market and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia.

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In the preparation of this Valuable Manure, BONES ARE USED IN THEIR RAW STATE ONLY. They have never been boiled or steamed. They are taken as nature has made them, crushed with the virtue of the bone is retained, a fertilizer is produced, forbidding in a concentrated and *soluble form*, the two indispensable ingredients for the growth of Plants and enriching the soil, viz.: phosphoric acid and ammonia. These two ingredients, by the use of "BAUGH'S RAW BONE SUPER PHOSPHATE," are given to the soil in the [illegible] strength and purity. They assimilate at once with the soil, furnish all the essential aliments for their growth, giving it ample resistance, and leave the land permanently benefited, so that its presence can be traced for years afterwards.

Downingtown, Chester County, Pa., April 9th, 1860

Messrs. Baugh & Sons: Gentlemen,—I have been using your article of Super Phosphate on wheat and corn for several seasons and am well satisfied of its value as an active and "paying" fertilizer

I have applied it on wheat at the rate of 200 pounds per acre, alongside of a heavy coat of barn-yard manure, kept dry and on the same, and the result was, that by harvest the wheat where the Phosphate was put, was much the better looking, and heavier, while the grass was taken more strongly than on the other portion of the field. I have also used the Phosphate by the side of Peruvian Guano, which is the same quantity, and in regard to both grain and straw, the action of your preparation was much the more marked; in my experience in its use has been the' it pays well for the money laid out.

Yours respectfully, ISAACT LEWIS.

Newtown Square, Delaware Co., Pa., July 23d, 1860

Messrs. Baugh & Sons:—Being anxious last season to test some preparation manure offered for sale, I was induced by your agent to make a trial of three different kinds, which I did on a small piece by side in the same field. I purchased Peruvian Guano, and Super Phosphate of Lime, one of the most popular in use, together with your *Raw Bone Super-Phosphate*, and used them as above stated During the growing, as well as the gathering of the crop, the last result of [illegible] day in favor of the latter

But whether it is from the seed and care in preparing, or in the superior quality of the material used in your Raw Bone Super-Phosphate, I am unable to say; however I therefore intend to try the result of my trial during that there can be no interest in such experiments, and in my opinion, greatly to the agricultural interests of the whole country

Yours &c., JAMES DUNWODDY

Plymouth, Montgomery Co., Pa., August 16th 1860

Baugh & Sons, Gentlemen,—Having used your Super Phosphate, purchased of Mr. Wetherspoon at the Norristown Rail Road Depot, on wheat and corn, I can with pleasure recommend it. The wheat it produced was an excellent, that it greatly increased my confidence in the reliability of Fertilizers Where it was applied on the wheat, the soil was decidedly the poorest on the field, yet the yield was fully equal to the balance, which had a heavy coat of barn-yard manure Where it was applied on the corn, I am satisfied the yield was fully double

Very respectfully, DAVID MARPLE

Also apply to WM. S. YOUNG, 1625 Race Street, or 23 North Sixth Street Phila., Pa.

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ON

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Preached in Portland, Oregon, October 21, 1860. By Rev. F. R. Chamberlain, pastor of the First Congregational Church. Third edition. Price 10 cents. $1.00 per dozen, $7.00 per 100. Will be sent by mail, on receipt of the money and direction. Wm. S. Young, No 625 Race street, Philadelphia

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Published by the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, for the Dissemination of Religion, Morality, Literature and Science.

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Poetry.

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

John v., 1—9.

A POEM, BY REV. JOEL SWARTZ.

Five porches hung around Bethesda's pool,
Where sick and wan a mass of suff'rers lay,
Upon the waveless fountain's bosom cool,
They fixed their haggard eyes from day to day
Naught broke the form of cloud or bending trees,
As mirrored on the pool they floating lay,
Save when by chance a soft and thirsty breeze
Would curling o'er its placid surface play
Months passed—and still a thousand bending heads
Saw imaged forth their hollow sunken eyes,
As down they gazed from overhanging beds,
To see, perchance, the troubled waters rise.
For once a year a pitying angel came,
As round the realm he bent his guardian flight,
And moved by crime of blind, and halt, and lame,
He wept a tear upon its bosom bright.
When lo! a sudden boiling quickly seized
The sleeping spirit of the conscious wave,
And gave the mystic pool a balm that eased
The first, who stepping in, their limbs should lave.
At once the crawling, halting, suff'ring tide
Of waiting wretches, for the waters strove;
Some, helpless, for their friends most piteous cried;
Some heedless threw themselves from beds above
The waters touched, and straight the healthful flow
Of life coursed through their withered limbs again;
The cold dull eye, the pallid cheek would glow,
And hearts oppressed with grief forgot their pain.
But whilst some joyful touched the healing tide,
And lost amid the waves their heavy chains,
Others, alas! forlorn, despending died,
And in the grave Bethesda healed their pains.
One sad, retired, and meekly suff'ring form.
Far back by cold, unfeeling hands was thrown,
Where year by year, mid heat, and cold, and storm,
He friendless, waited, wept, and prayed alone.
Thirty and eight long years infirm he lay,
Long sought Bethesda's often troubled tide,
And saw the mystic waters wash away
Some fell disease from suff'rers by his side.
But ere he, crawling to the fountain's shore,
Could drag infirm his languid length along,
Some other waiting feet would press before,
And leave him helpless mid the tangled throng.
The years passed slow along, and one by one,
His former friends forsook his loathsome cot,
Wearied of cost and care, left him alone,
And o'er at last his very name forgot.
His mother, in his childhood's helpless years,
Had brought and laid him by Bethesda's side,
And daily sitting, wiped away his tears.
And for her charge, her daily task she plied.
And when, at length, the longed for day appeared,
And angel hands Bethesda's waters moved,
Grasping her child, she quick the fountain neared,
But others *first* his healing virtues proved.
Again, and still again, from year to year,
The faithful spirit stirred the lucid wave,
And they who quickly touched the waters near,
Are healed of whatsoe'er disease they have.
But still a strangely sad, severe decree,
Debarred from health the mother's fated child;
He seemed alone a helpless wretch to be,
Whilst health restored, as others frequent smiled.
Yet God the mother's daily prayers had heard,
Though long the gracious answer seemed delayed;
Another Power, by Calvary's tortures stirred,
Was destined to afford the suff'rer aid.
Yet long before the world's Bethesda streamed
O'er Calvary's steep, a sacred, crimson tide,
And long before its healing flood had gleamed
Beside the sheepgate pool—the mother died
Earth's first, and last, and earth's most constant friend;
A mother, fond, untiring, now was gone,
And thus, the only stay that Heaven would lend,
Had fled, and he indeed was left alone.
The angel came, the waters moved again,
He published far and near the Saviour's fame.
Jesus, thou art the same forever more,
Thou art the same Bethesda still to-day.
Thou can'st the wounded heal our sight restore,
And drive the broken spirit's grief away
I too was sick, my head, my heart was faint,
My soul was foul with leprous spots of sin,
No troubled pool could ease my soul's complaint,
The dire disease lay deep my heart within
I too, for many years had helpless lain,
And sought, and vainly sought myself to cure,
The more I strove to heal my inward pain,
The less my heart its ails could endure
Till once, my Saviour, thou didst pass this way.
And saw'st me helpless, friendless and alone.
Thou saw'st my grief, as sad I weeping lay,
And heard'st my broken spirit's heavy moan.
When thou didst point me to thy wounded side,
Thy hands, thy feet with cruel piercings riven,
That beneathed flowed thy heart's pure crimson tide,
For me, for all mankind, how freely given.
I looked, and lo, my sin sick soul was healed,
My heart its rending anguish felt no more,
I (for my health) received the pardon sealed
And heaven all through my soul its gladness pour

When inclined to give an angry answer, lift up the heart in prayer.

Selections.

THE FAITH OF PARENTS

We sometimes hear people ask, "How can parents believe for their children when they bring them to Baptism?" and yet the word of God has many examples where parents did believe for their children, not only for the good of the souls of their dear ones, but also for the healing of their bodies. We will only notice a few of these examples as they are recorded in the Bible.

1. In reference to those children whose bodies were afflicted with serious diseases and the Saviour healed them, when their parents *exercised faith for them.*

a. The little daughter of Jairus, a ruler of the synagogue, we are told in Mark 5: 36, "Jesus saith unto the ruler of the synagogue, Be not afraid, *only believe.*"

b. The man whose son was possessed with a dumb spirit. "Jesus said unto him, (the father of the child) If thou *canst believe*, all things are possible to *him that believeth.* And straightway the father of the child cried out, and said with tears, *Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief.*" Mark 9: 23, 24

c. The nobleman's son, who was sick at the point of death in Capernaum. "Jesus saith unto him (the father of the child) Go thy way, thy son liveth. And the *man believed the word that Jesus had spoken unto him.*" John 1: 50

Now the above mentioned children were all healed from their evil diseases by our blessed Lord because their fathers exercised faith in Him.

2 Households, or children who were received in the Christian Church by baptism because their *parents believed.*

a. The family of Lydia, Acts 16: 15. When the Lord opened the heart of Lydia, that is, when she believed, "*she was baptized and her household*"

b. The family of the jailer at Philippi, Acts 16: 31, 32 "And they said, (Paul and Silas) Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and *thy house.* And he took them the same hour of the night, and washed their stripes, and *was baptized, he and all his, straightway.*"

c. The family of Stephanas, 1 Cor. 1: 16. "I (says Paul) baptized also the house of Stephanas." In reference to all those baptisms, it is to be observed, that no one in either of the families professed faith, but the *parents alone*, therefore, the other members of those households must have been children, and were baptized on the faith of their believing parents.

Abraham believed God and was circumcised, and his children were circumcised because of the faith of their believing parents; thus all the male children of the whole Jewish church for nearly 2000 years, namely, from the days of Abraham to the days of Christ, were initiated into the Church of God when they were eight days old, because of their believing parents. Gen. 17: 23. Let us then, "also walk in the steps of that faith of our father Abraham, which he had being yet uncircumcised." Rom. 4: 12.

S. R. B.

A WORD FROM THE PULPIT.

I know *one* minister (but would like to know hundreds of the same pattern) with whom it is quite a common thing to say: "Now I have a word here for my young friends," or something similar. Then comes a simplification of what has been addressed to the older hearers, or a new point suited to the little folks, or a practical appeal to them, graced and pointed with figures and narratives which commend them to the juvenile part of the congregation. Why should a habit of this kind be found in only one here and another there, with miles of manuscript and whole Sabbaths of speaking between, in which the world is falsely assumed to be peopled with adults and adults alone?

This forgetfulness or neglect of the young must come to a conclusive end. They are there, in the pews, with their lively intellects and warm hearts Let them be spoken to Let every minister, as he prays, as he studies the Bible, as he consults books, as he bends over his manuscript page, bethink himself of what he has for the little ones, and so get some food ready for them Nay more, as he skims the newspaper, walks the streets, visits among his people, goes among the rich, the poor, the strong, the sick, the rejoicing, the sorrowing, let him cull materials for the *bairns* So will his pulpit work be not less acceptable or profitable to the grown people; and he will reach a wider circle than he reached before. I know a little boy, six years old, who is frequently asked, when he returns from church: "Well, what did the minister say?" His answer on one occasion was: "He said: 'Let us pry.'" This was uttered after a pause full of careful reflection

Foreign Magazine.

THE SOUTHERN BRIBE

Incredible as it appeared at first, there now seems to be some foundation for the story, that the Commissioners from the Southern Confederacy have been, either directly or indirectly, holding to the ears of England and France, the promise, that, if they would recognise the Confederacy as a power, all the children afterwards born of slave mothers shall be free. What then will become of the "corner stone?" And how are they carrying out the doctrine of Dr. Palmer of New Orleans, that the mission of the South is to preserve and perpetuate Slavery? But, "you cannot catch old birds with chaff." The English people seem unwilling to trust them; perhaps because they believe with the Scriptures, that "great men are a lie." But, it is impossible to tell what the *Literati* of England may persuade their government to do, now, that the *Westminster Review* is said to have discovered that the "rice swamps" are in "Tennessee."

By the way, Dr. Palmer, in his fast-day sermon, beat "the drum ecclesiastic" like a hero. Grant what he takes for granted, but does not attempt to prove, because it is incapable of proof; that the South had just cause, and a good reason, for rising up in rebellion against the Government, all that he says is well calculated to fan the patriotism of his hearers into a flame, and bring them to a resolve to resist oppression to the "last man and the last dollar." It is thus that the artful orator may abuse the minds of his hearers. And it is just such harangues which have maddened and rendered desperate many simple-minded souls in the South who would otherwise be peaceable, law abiding citizens. And the men who have done all the mischief have now nothing before them but the utter wreck of all their ambitious hopes; for, if subdued, the cause of humanity requires that they should be treated as criminals. If not soon subdued, they must fight while there is a man left, to the utter destruction of all the interests which they profess to take up arms to defend. Should any of our old friends in the South happen to see what we now write, we entreat them to consider it without passion, and compare it with what we wrote before the rebellion was fully inaugurated. Did we not say that there was not a single *statesman* among their leaders, if we take the standard of statesmanship from such men as Washington and Franklin; and that, while they might bring much evil on the whole country, their mischievous doings would bring *ruin* on themselves?

An air of probability is cast on the story above referred to, by the correspondence between Earl Russell and the Southern Commissioners which has lately appeared in the Philadelphia Press. Messrs. Yancey & Co. court the favor of Great Britain, notwithstanding that the "Anti-Slavery sentiment is so universally prevalent in England" We commend this to the attention of those politicians, and editors, and *divines* in the North, who have been throwing the blame on the Anti Slavery men. Abolitionists, as they are called, and accusing them of having provoked the South to break out in rebellion Why dissolve the Union because an Anti-Slavery sentiment exists in the States, and took on the power in which the Anti Slavery sentiment "is universally prevalent?" Farther, they say: "It was from no fear that the slaves would be liberated that secession took place. The very party in power has proposed to guaranty Slavery forever in the States, if the South would but remain in the Union." This is going too far; it makes the "party in power" quite too good to the South What then is the real ground of quarrel? This leaks out: the object of the war, they tell Lord Russell, is, "to keep the slave in subjection to his owner, and to *control his labor through the legislative channels which the Lincoln Government designs to force on his master.*" Here is the old complaint. To understand it, we must know what has long been a prevailing sentiment among the Southern oligarchy. The South is an agricultural region. The Union has been injurious to Southern interests. To aid the commercial, manufacturing, and shipping interests of the North, the South has always been oppressed by the Federal Government; or, if it has not been oppressed, it has been tormented with the constant dread of oppression, the material interests of the two sections are so opposite. When the Federal Constitution was adopted, a feeling of jealousy existed in both the extreme sections of the Union, arising from their supposed conflicting interests by the Calhoun school of politicians. It has been cherished in the South for more than thirty years; and while, as governors, and legislators, and judges, they have been all along binding themselves by solemn oaths to support the Constitution and laws of the United States, they have been longing for a favorable opportunity to destroy that which they solemnly bound themselves to uphold. An oath of office, what is it? Why; let us not close our eyes against the startling truth; it is administered with such frequency, and with such levity, and so often by men that have no fear of God before their eyes, that it has come to be regarded by thousands as nothing more than a *legal qualification* for office. Of all oaths, promissory oaths are more frequently violated, and the most insnaring. Their history shows, that, seldom indeed has any good resulted from administering them to masses or classes of men The doctrine of the oath needs to be re-examined.

SKETCHES FROM WASHINGTON.

March 26th, 1862.

Very lively has our city been for the last few days! Troops, troops; arriving, encamping, and departing; thousands on thousands! One cannot help rejoicing. The impression is that of conscious, accumulate, and irresistible power. Regiment after regiment has passed along, in the beautiful brightness of this brisk and blessed morning, the light band music leading off, and the heavy foot-music following, with occasional burrah for "Dixie," anticipating the long-desired march on "the sacred soil." Surely, if the Lord be on our side, every human preparation is now so complete, as to assure us of speedy victory.

My notions have changed very much, and very agreeably, in many respects, during the progress of the war. In particular, I see that the standard of humanity is higher, in our country, than I had supposed. Having been so much confined to city-life, it seemed to me at times that the race must be dwindling, both physically and morally. But what is a city, or a dozen cities, in comparison with our country? Lo! how the mountains and hills, the valee and plains, where the winds and waters are so pure and free, send forth from their shady forests and sunny fields their myriads on myriads of tall, stout, strong, active, enduring, honest, earnest, patriotic, and self-sacrificing natural noblemen—many of them spiritual noblemen, too—fit to be examples of sovereign freemen to the whole world! "Mud-sills," indeed! "Greasy mechanics," indeed! "Dollar-worshipping cowards," indeed! "Afraid of the smell of Southern gunpowder," indeed! "Running from the sight of Southern cold steel," indeed! Nay, rather:—

"Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind go by"

What ignorance and impudence had distinguished the aristrocratic slaveholders!—Amazing! And yet it is the tendency of slavery to produce and foster such distinctions. There can be no true Republicanism, no true Democracy, in such a state of society. The essential principles of the system is, the Divine right of the few to mastery over the many The only way to manage such a system is,—to destroy it. Still, therefore, let the hosts of the North and West extend and strengthen their south-looking line; and let the shout of their heroic commanders continue to be—"*Forward, March!*"

I cannot cease to wish that there may be, ere long, at least three millions of these pioneers of liberty, ever pressing toward the Gulf; retaking and repossessing the usurped state territories, distributing themselves in due proportions among all; forming alliances with the native loyalists and lovers of freedom and manly independence; and so preparing the way, by efficiently-determined legislative action, for the constitutional and peaceful accomplishment of all that is necessary to sectional and national justice, harmony, prosperity, *change the balance of power by new populations!*

27th. Did I not, from the commencement of the session, predict the slavery debate? True; this required no special inspiration. Still, there are so many people who have an abhorrence of this subject, that, if practicable, the discussion of it would be prevented. Petitions multiply, from various quarters, that it be *let alone* Surely, they come in vain.—all in vain! How can it be alone? The President alludes to it, in both his opening and special messages. He submits, what, perhaps, is new to the Presidency, a resolution, in form, for the consideration, and, if approved, the adoption of Congress. Emancipation becomes pressing, and colonization equally pressing. The old and bitter antagonists, strange to say, are reconciled by the war, and leagued together. The Tax Bill calls up slavery. The Confiscation Bill calls up slavery! The District of Columbia calls up slavery! And, in a word, the only way to get rid of the debate on slavery is,—to abolish slavery itself. In both Houses, the debate progresses with unflagging zeal and interest. And it is a little amusing, especially in the Senate, to find the preliminary business some phase of slavery, and then, when the special order succeeds, lo, another phase of slavery! Harmonize the contradictories as we the North and South. the North divided, the South united,—and the latter by help of Northern allies, always in a haughty majority. Now, the South is divided, the secessionists have withdrawn into *Dumbdom*, and the Border States, a meager minority, are left to contend, on this subject, with a nearly united North. Wonderful, indeed, is this reversal of majorities; but pro-slavery Border-State men now afford examples of heroism, that remind an old observer of the same quality as exhibited by the anti-slavery Northern men in the evil days, gone by, I trust, forever. I remember well when there was but one out-spoken abolitionist in the Senate; and it may be that the time is not far distant, when but one anti-abolitionist will stand, like a monument of meekness, within the same area of historic grandeur

My rejoicing is this:—the conviction, that, after all manner of human mismanagement, the All Wise Disposer of events has taken the matter into his own hands, and will accomplish His own will, not independently of human instrumentalities, indeed, but, by such arrangements and employments of them, as men neither have foreseen nor could have devised, but which will prove abundantly worthy the Divine administration, and promotive of our own true, best, and most enduring interests. Our main duty, in the crisis, it seems to me, is this—to *wait on the Lord.* "Be still, and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth. The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge." And yet, I do not mean, by this application, let us be either dumb or idle; but, whatever we say, and whatever we do, let us remember our dependence in the Divine sovereignty, and expect all that is desirable, not from man, but from God.

Does it never enter into your hope, that the good Lord intends, by His overruling providence in connexion with this strange war, to do *more* for us than even the most merciful settlement of the slavery question involves? Are there no other evils in our state relations requiring corrections? Do our church relations, and social and secular relations, suggest no need of improvement? Let me whisper in your ear that one of your brethren, at least, delights himself in contemplation of many and great improvements. Shall I specify them? This were easily done. But it may be better, for the present, to mystify them,—or, at least, leave them to your own discernment and appreciation. I know that the denomination to which you belong have tried, pretty hard, to maintain an advance position in the grand highway of Christian progress; and I comfort myself with the thought, that, although you are not yet perfect, nor likely to become so very soon—except as individuals, translated to sainthip in heaven, you will, nevertheless, sympathize with the sentiment that our ever-blessed Lord and Master means something more than has yet appeared, in His continuous exhortation—"*Follow me!*" O, for the kingdom of Christ! All hail, every indication of its coming! Welcome! thrice welcome! a thousand times welcome any new fulfilment of His purposes! On a certain occasion, a distinguished preacher, a man of great piety, philosopher as well as orator, lifted his eyes and hands, and exclaimed, in the fulness of his heart,—*O, how glad I am that God is happy!*" How simple! How sublime! And how his hearers must have thrilled with joy! The happiness of God is the assurance of our own. And so, with the same kind, if not the same degree of pleasure, each one of us may say,—O, how glad I am, that, in the midst of all the afflictions of the present time, there is reason to believe that the Lord Jesus Christ is hastening, in every way, the completion of His arrangements, "according to the will of God and our Father," "to appear the second time, without sin, unto salvation!" Observer.

A STAGE COACH INCIDENT.

BY ANNIE ELTON.

Some years since a pressing invitation from an old friend required me to visit a small town in the interior of Indiana. Not being located upon any of the lines of railroad, the last forty miles had to be performed in a stage coach—a mode of travelling in which I am not very partial, especially as Western roads are not particularly good.

When I entered the coach there were only three passengers inside, therefore I anticipated quite a comfortable ride. But I was doomed to disappointment, as one person after another dropped in, till the coach was quite full. We rode on for some time without interruption, until we were all startled by a loud, shrill voice, crying—'Driver, driver!'

All eyes were directed towards a small cottage by the roadside, out of which an immensely fat old lady, weighing not less than two hundred and fifty pounds, and loaded with carpet bags, bundles and bandboxes, was seen frantically rushing towards the coach, screaming to the driver all the while.

By this time, as I have said, the coach was uncomfortably crowded, and all looked at one another in consternation. The old lady reached the coach, puffing with her exertions

'Where in the world!' exclaimed she, as, standing upon the upper step, she gazed on the crowd within, 'where in the world am I goin' to set, driver?'

'Oh, you'll ride well enough, ma'am—plenty of room—take that seat in the corner.'

'In that corner—why, there isn't room enough there for one of my bundles'

'Don't trouble yourself about your bundles, ma'am,' said the driver, 'I'll take care of them. Let me take your bandbox.'

'Oh, no! I wouldn't have that out of my sight for anything. My best bunnit is in it, and it would be sure to roll off in the mud, and get jammed and dirty.'

The driver, without waiting to hear more and growing impatient at the long delay, closed the door and leaped upon his box. As the horses sprang forward, the old lady was precipitated, bundles and all, into the lap of a very nervous gentleman who sat just behind her.

'I think, madam,' said he, in a voice which sounded as if he was near suffocating, 'that I'll sit outside with the driver, if you will permit me to rise.'

'O, no, no,' said the old lady, who, finding her seat very comfortable, commenced disposing of her bundles around her. 'I set very well, now—I won't trouble you to move.' I sat in the corner much amused, while the old lady proceeded—

'Hain't got far to go, and I thought I'd have all my baggage where I could lay my hands on them, for I'm dreadful 'fraid of thieves, and have been ever since Lizy Ann—that's my darter—lost her handbag, 'cause she was too proud to take it into the stage with her. But Lizy Ann don't take after me—not a bit.'

As she said this, she looked around to set a large carpet bag, which thus far had hung on her arm. Seeing no room for it in the bottom of the coach, she suddenly turned towards me, saying,

'Here, young woman, let this lay in your lap, can't ye? 'Ta'n't very heavy.'

Seeing it held towards me, I involuntarily held out my hand to receive it. Not heavy, indeed!

Why my hand fell at once when she lowered her hold of the bag. However, I managed, by using both hands, to get it into my lap. For two years afterwards I was afflicted with lameness, which I have always thought was caused by holding the old lady's carpet bag so long And this wasn't all, as the sequel will show.

We rode on, not very comfortably, being so crowded, for several miles; the old lady was very communicative, informing us who she was, where she lived, and how she happened to get married She told us she was going to visit Lizy Ann, who married a city chap, and boarded at a tavern in L——, about twelve miles distant.

'Does she expect you?' asked the gentleman who sat in the same seat, and who as well as myself, was very much amused by the old lady's talk.

'Well, I reckon she don't. You see I calkerlated to surprise her, for Lizy Ann thinks I'm too old to travel, and if she'd known I was coming, she'd sent word for me not to come on any account. But I pin't but sixty-nine years old, and can do as much work as any lady in town.'

She sat in silence for a moment, perhaps thinking of her own accomplishments, and turning to me, she said:

'Young woman, can you milk?'

The reader will readily understand that, having been brought up in a city, I could not have seen many cows, much less understand the art of milking I accordingly answered in a dignified manner in the negative

'Can't milk!' exclaimed the old lady, astonished, why, Sally Jane—that's her darter milking before she was ten years old. She's my oldest darter, Sally Jane is, and a smart gal, too She takes after her mother!'—and a complacent smile rested on the old lady's countenance.—Then, turning to me again, she said, 'I reckon you're about Sally Jane's age—and you are about her size, too How old may you be—if I might be bold enough to ask?'

I can't say I liked the idea of being compared to the daughter of *such* a woman even in size and age, therefore I answered rather petulantly:

'Only twenty-four!' exclaimed the old lady, 'why Sally Jane is past thirty, and I'm sure she looks younger than you do. But then some people *does* show their age more than others.'

I was too indignant to reply to this, and, to hide my feelings, I pretended to move the carpet bag (which still lay in my lap) in order to take my handkerchief from my pocket. As ill luck would have it, the bag dropped from my grasp immediately on the nervous gentleman's feet. He sprang forward, exclaiming—'Oh! my corns, my corns!' and pitched the old lady, handbox and all, against the gentleman at my side. He was just on the point of looking out of the window when the accident happened, and reached forward just in season for the old lady's handbox to strike his head. The blow came so suddenly, and with such force, that his hat was knocked into my lap, and his head forced into the handbox, which was of thin pasteboard, thereby damaging the old lady's Sunday bonnet, which it contained. After much confusion, order was at length restored, though the old lady insisted that I 'knocked the bag down a purpose'

She was still talking about her 'bunnit' being spoiled, when the stage stopped, and the driver informed her that she had reached her place of destination. 'How much are you a going to charge me for my ride?' asked she, fumbling in her pocket for her purse.

'Seventy-five cents,' said the driver.

'But you hadn't ought to charge me more'n half price, seein' that I had to set in this man's lap all the way.'

'That's the regular price, and I can't say any less; besides,' added he, noticing her size, 'if you sat in his lap all the time, he had the worst of the bargain, no doubt.'

Just then the old lady discovered that her purse was missing She at length declared that all the passengers must be searched. 'Though for my part,' she said, pointing to me, 'I suspect that young woman in the corner has taken it.'

'What!' exclaimed I, indignantly, 'do you accuse me of stealing?'

'Well,' said she, 'perhaps I may be wrong, but I doubt it. You don't look very honest at any rate.'

To satisfy her we emptied our pockets, but the missing purse could not be found.

'What kind of a purse was it?' asked the driver.

'Why, it was a green silk one that Lizy Ann made for me, and only yesterday I marked the first two letters of my name on it—T. T., for 'Tildy Trott.'

After a protracted search, the purse was found at the feet of the old lady, where it had dropped, and I was relieved from the disagreeable suspicion of being a thief. But the only notice the old lady took of it was to say, when she got out—

'Lucky for you, young woman, that you didn't take it It might have carried you to the State Prison.'

The remainder of the ride passed without any incident worth mentioning, and I got out at my place of destination with not the most pleasant remembrances of 'Tildy Trott.

ELLEN DEVINE.

On a bright and beautiful day in June, 1855, a number of orphan children were brought to Chambersburg, Pa., by the Emigrant Association from the city of New York. They constituted a group of little outcast wanderers, seeking homes among strangers and in a strange land. Sad search for little ones! What must have been their feelings, as one after another they were taken by stranger hands and carried to stranger homes, until at length all were gone save one—a pale, quiet-looking little girl, about six or seven years old. Solitary and alone she was left. She was so tender, so fragile, and so timid-looking, that no one seemed willing to give her a home.

At length, in the providence of God, a gentleman accompanied by his wife, came into the room. They had learned that there were orphan children there, seeking homes, and concluded that they would take one. Upon entering, they found that this delicate little child was the only one that was left. The child looked up for a moment into the face of the lady, and then running to her, called her mother.

This was enough. The mother's heart was touched, and the little stranger found a home. The child was at once taken to her new home, and what little she could tell of her early history was gathered from her by her new friends. She could just remember her mother as being kind and gentle, but no more. She knew that this good mother had died; but she did not see the corpse, and knew not where it was buried. After the death of her mother, her father, a very intemperate and bad man, gave the child to an aunt. And here her first sad lessons in suffering and sorrow were learned

Her aunt's conduct towards her was cruel and heartless; the poor child was exposed to every kind of trial; tasks, far beyond her youthful strength, were imposed upon her, and accosted with threats and blows. So heartless was the treatment received from this aunt, that the father, besotted as he was, could not endure it, and she was taken away and put to the orphans' Refuge. Here the Emigrant Association found her, and from this place she was brought to Chambersburg. When she came to her new home, the cruel treatment she had received was painfully manifested; a foot-fall would startle her, and a shadow on the wall would make her tremble. Her aunt, having been in the habit of frightening her with ghost stories, ghosts were her especial dread. It required months of kind and gentle treatment to overcome these fears; but kindness soon triumphed, and she became the most kind and gentle of children, always obedient and eager to learn. Her new situation had become a home, indeed, and a father and mother were found. Nothing could exceed her affection for her new mother. "Dear mother" and "sweet mother," were expressions that often fell from her lips, especially during her long illness. Her taste for reading was very great, and never for anything else than religious books. For trifling stories she cared nothing, and would not read them

With a taste uncommon to children, she loved the most serious books, and after reading them, would talk about their contents, showing a memory of remarkable power. Above all things on earth, she loved the church and the Sunday-school, and she would often come home and repeat large portions of the sermon, or relate in her earnest way what she had heard in the Sunday-school. She loved her teacher, and spoke feelingly of her; and her dying message to the Sunday-school was, "Tell the children that I am going to heaven, and they must meet me there." Her sufferings were very protracted and severe; but no murmur escaped her lips The realizing sense of the presence of Jesus seemed to lift her above the influence of bodily suffering. Her friends spoke frequently of her uniform gentleness of manner, and kindness of speech; and her sensitive nature was frequently illustrated on her death-bed. On one occasion, when she seemed to be dying, she asked that the little boys of the family might be called from their beds, that she might ask their forgiveness for an impatient expression she had once used towards them. This was a touching scene! the dying child asking forgiveness for an utterance the boys had never noticed, or long since forgotten; but her heart was lightened, and she was peaceful. During all her sickness, she seemed to have a realizing sense of the presence and love of the Saviour; and on the Sabbath before she died she enjoyed the full assurance of faith, and a rich blessing from on high. Her sufferings at this time were very great; yet her face was radiant with smiles She said that she was dying, and going home to heaven, that Jesus was present with her, and was taking her home Her foster mother's heart, bleeding at the sight of her sufferings, she was about to leave the room, when the child said, "Mother, dear mother, do not leave me, I am not suffering very much; stay with me until I am gone."

She always spoke of death with calmness and composure; and when asked where she would like to be buried, she replied, "Any where, only bury me where other people are buried." Even in the grave, the gentle loving child did not want to be alone.

The last hours of her life were quiet and peaceful. Her pains had subsided, and beautiful visions of a sweet little child at her side, and lovely flowers around, seemed to fill her dying imagination. The last words she uttered were expressions of affection for her mother, and unshaken confidence in her Redeemer. In her parting admonitions there was much tenderness, and more than earthly wisdom, and none were forgotten, the smallest child of the household, a very babe in years, being recommended by her to the care of God, and admonished to grow up in his fear.

"And her last fond lingering look is given
To the love she leaves, and then to heaven,
As if she would bear that love away
To a purer world and a brighter day."

The little orphan sleeps in Jesus, and has found a home in heaven! M.

CHINESE PRINTING

We have lately heard how Prince Kung was fain to have copies of the treaty contracted with England posted upon the walls of Pekin, as well as published in the Imperial Gazette. We will suppose for a moment that his highness has the original document in his hand, duly signed in vermilion by his Celestial Majesty, with the impression of the Great Seal of England dependent therefrom, encased in a silver box. *But yes mai yee*, he must publish the obnoxious document; he therefore commands that they bring a cunning scribe, who takes an accurate copy of the original on very thin paper, this is placed in the hands of a person answering to our compositor. He selects a piece of hard wood, rather larger than the copy, and that being something like four feet square, his stock is severely taxed to afford one of the dimensions required. The copy is then glued upon the surface, with the face downward, so that the characters show, though *reversed*. He then cuts away all the plain paper and a film of the board with marvellous celerity, leaving the letters standing out in low bas-relief. The board then passes from the compositor, (or more properly the carver) to the printer. He fixes it in a frame, and dipping a large brush in very thin Indian ink, he passes it lightly over the surface in such a manner that a sufficient quantity is left for four or five impressions. From a pile of paper he selects a sheet, and deftly lays it upon the board, pressing it gently down by drawing a soft brush over it, increasing the pressure with each impression till the whole of the ink has been absorbed. So rapid is the process that it is confidently asserted that one man can print seven hundred sheets an hour; and, in this instance, we can well imagine that the command for expedition was urgent. In respect of the treaty it are remained nothing to be done, but to post it upon the walls of Pekin. But as regards book-work, the Chinese paper is so thin that only one side is printed; in order to avoid the unsightly blank appearances of every alternate page, the sheet is so folded that the doubled edge is in front, and the board having been so engraved as to contain two pages, the effect is the same as though the impress had been taken on both sides of the paper. The binder is careful to make the single edges form the back of the book, the folds being in front, which are never cut.—*Chambers' Journal.*

A LETTER FROM AN ARMY CHAPLAIN.

The following letter from the Rev. A. Axline, of the Second Iowa Regiment, which performed prodigies of bravery at the taking of Fort Donelson, will be read with a melancholy interest:—

Savannah, Tenn., March 17th, 1862.

Dear Brother Passavant:—Since my last from St. Louis, Mo., our regiment has passed through some exciting scenes, a brief account of which may be of some interest to the readers of your excellent paper. On Tuesday, the 11th of February, we left St. Louis early in the morning; and, after a pleasant and interesting passage down the Mississippi, and up the Ohio and Cumberland Rivers, we finally arrived at a point about four miles below Fort Donelson some time during the night of the 13th, where we remained on the boat until the following morning. At early dawn, the troops from our own boat and others, amounting in all to nearly ten thousand men, were speedily landed, and soon we were wending our way towards the field of strife. About noon we reached the place of our destination, on the right wing of the enemy and our left. The weather had become quite cold, and there was already a considerable snow on the ground, so that our men who had left their blankets at the boat found it very difficult to keep comfortable. They built up large fires, however, and stood and sat around them till morning, very few even attempting to sleep. Early on Saturday, the 15th, the Rebels made an attack on our right, evidently designing to cut their way through our lines and effect their escape; but a long and desperate struggle made it apparent that they could not possibly succeed, and they finally retired again into their intrenchments. About this time an order came that a charge should be made by our left upon the enemy's right, and soon everything was ready for the attack. The Second Iowa Regiment led the charge, and was supported by the 25th Indiana, the 7th Iowa, and 13th Iowa, these constituting Col. Lauman's Brigade. The ground over which our men were compelled to pass was strewn with logs and brush, and so steep that it would have been difficult of ascent, even of there had been no obstructions in the way, and yet our brave men charged up the hill at double quick, with fixed bayonets; and although many of them fell, killed and wounded, they never faltered nor fired a shot until they reached the enemy's entrenchments. Then they poured into the Rebel ranks a storm of leaden hail which scattered them in all directions, and they were compelled to take shelter behind their inner fortifications. Here the battle raged till almost dark, when our troops were drawn off to the outer works, prepared to renew the attack in the morning. When the morning came, however, the white flag was seen waving over the fort, and soon the news was spread throughout our camp that the Rebels had made an unconditional surrender of everything. It seemed difficult at first for our men to realize the truth of the report, but when it was made certain they sent up cheer after cheer that made the woods ring again In a short time our troops entered the fortifications, headed by our regiment, to which was assigned the post of honor, because it had been the first to carry the stars and stripes into the Rebel works on the previous day. It was a proud day for the Second Iowa, but it richly deserved all the honor which it received. Almost every officer and man in the regiment had contributed his full share towards the glorious success which had crowned the efforts of the preceding day, and no less than forty of their comrades lay dead upon the bloody field, and many more were suffering terrible agony in the hospital. I will not attempt to describe the scene of suffering which I witnessed on the field during the fight, and afterwards whilst the wounded were lying on the cold damp ground having their wounds dressed, and awaiting their turn to be taken to some place of shelter. It was two o'clock on Sunday morning before we were able to remove them all indeed two or three were not found until some time during the next day. Then it was a sad sight to look at those ghastly corpses as they lay scattered over the field in almost every position; some mangled with canister shot or cannon balls; some covered with dirt and blood, in consequence of the dreadful struggle with which they had terminated their untimely career on earth; while others seemed to be sweetly sleeping with a smile upon their countenance, as if they had welcomed death for their country with joy, and I felt like treading lightly less I might disturb their peaceful slumbers. Then I could not help thinking of the spirits which had so recently left those tenements of clay. Have they flown to a world of bliss where war is unknown? Were they prepared to dwell with God forever? Have they left kindred spirits on earth who will learn their loss with tears of sorrow? How many hearts have been bereaved! How many homes have been made desolate by the loss of those whose lifeless forms now lie before me! Such were the thoughts which would crowd upon my mind as I contemplated the scene of blood and carnage around me Talk not of "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war!" It is a hideous monster too frightful to contemplate A battle may not appear so terrible to those who sit comfortably by the fireside and read about it from their favorite daily, but let them see the reality upon the field; let them hear the shrieks of the wounded and the groans of the dying, and methinks they will say with many of our brave men who participated in the memorable fight of Fort Donelson: "I am satisfied; I never wish to see another battle."

On the 6th inst., we left Fort Donelson in the midst of a severe snow storm, and arrived the day following at a point about two miles above Fort Henry Here we pitched our tents and remained till the 12th inst., when we started up the Tennessee River to this place. On Sunday, the 9th inst., we held religious services, for the first time this Spring, in the open air, and the weather was so mild that we found it quite pleasant to worship the God of our fathers once more under the broad canopy of heaven. During the winter we were compelled to hold our services in the quarters of the soldiers, and hence were very much hampered for want of room, but now we have no difficulty of that kind. On last Lord's day we held our devotions in the cabin of the boat upon which we are lying. But we have just been ordered to go on up the river as far as Pittsburgh, Tenn., and hence I must close my letter in order to be able to send it off as soon as possible. If anything transpires worthy of note I will write again.

Yours, in Christ,

A. Axline,
Chaplain, 2d Iowa Reg. Infantry.

Lutheran and Missionary.

STATISTICS.

American Religious Statistics.—*Zion's Herald* gives an important summary of American religious statistics, as follows:

"The Baptist Church was organized in 1639, and had in 1850, 9980 churches, valued at $11,001,127, and accommodating 3,248,580 persons, and a membership of 986,807. At the present time it has 12,371 churches, 8952 ministers, and 1,020,442 members. This embraces the Baptists in all part of the United States.

"The Presbyterian Church was organized in 1706, and had, in 1850,

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, April 5, 1862.

REVIVAL

Rev. Stephen Smith, of the Zion Mission, Philadelphia, is holding his protracted meetings. He reports to us that some 20 conversions have already taken place, and the altar is crowded every night with poor, penitent souls, inquiring for Jesus. God be praised for his gracious work.

REV. J. P. CAMPBELL.

We call special attention to Rev. J. P. Campbell's article in relation to a Bishops' Council; because we believe it to be the only correct and proper method to get at the case he alludes to. To tell the truth, it is the very reason why we have not said anything about the matter, because we, as the publishers of our beloved Discipline, &c., try to keep ourselves posted upon all subjects pertaining to the government of the Church, and the very points which Brother Campbell refers to in our Discipline, are the ones which we have already jotted down in our memorandum, to take with us when we visit the Conferences.

"ANGLO-AFRICAN"

We see that the editor and managers of the *Anglo-African* are following our plan for raising funds to assist in carrying forward their printing operations. It will be remembered that we argued, for several weeks, in the *Recorder*, the importance of the Sabbath Schools of our Church to give exhibitions for the benefit of the *Christian Recorder*, on the birth-day of the sainted Allen, and some few have responded, and others are looked for yet.

AID FOR THE CONTRABANDS.

The members of Bethel Church, in Sixth St., Philadelphia, are engaged in making up clothing for the contrabands. They are cutting and sewing day and night, up to nine and ten o'clock. We would recommend the different churches to pursue a similar course. It is really interesting to drop in at Bethel Church and see the activity of both males and females. Let all who want to give anything for this good cause, come forward immediately. We refer our readers to the advertisement of the Social and Statistical Association in aid of the same great enterprise, to which contributions may be sent.

☞ JOHN S ROCK, Esq., of Boston, a colored gentleman, and a member of the bar, who is now in our city, lectured at the Institute for Colored Youth. He speaks German and French quite fluently. May his name ever live. His lecture for Tuesday evening will be found among our advertisements.

APPOINTMENTS.

On Sunday, the 6th inst., the afternoon services in the A. M. E. Wesley Church, Hurst St., commencing at 3 o'clock, will be dedicated to Almighty God for the benefit of the Sabbath School connected with said church. A sermon will be delivered on the occasion by the Rev. E. Weaver, Editor and General Book Steward of the A. M. E. Connexion. In the evening, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered. Sermon to be delivered by Rev. T. Cooper, of Camden, commencing at half-past 7 o'clock.

A. L. STANFORD, Minister.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Rev. W. Demond, Newport, R. I., on account for papers, . . . $2 00

By Rev. Wm. Jackson, Vincennes, Indiana, March 28th, as follows:

Miss L. Posey,	1 00
Miss Cornelia Rolens,	1 00
Rev. Nathaniel Newton,	1 00
Mr. Aaron Bates,	1 00
Rev. W. Jackson, by Howard's Express,	9 00
Sevous Knight,	
Malinda Hawkins, Washington,	
Rev. W. H. Chase, Lee, Mass.,	1 00
Rev. B. H. Cain, Brooklyn, N. Y., on account for papers sold,	6 00

By Rev. J. J. Hurbert, Port Deposit, Md., as follows:

Richard Gones,	2 00
Ephraim Cornish,	2 00
Maria A. Hatton, Cambridge, Mass.,	1 00

NOTICE.

To all whom it may concern:—

This is to certify that we took up a collection in Bethel Church, Philadelphia, for the benefit of the New Brunswick A. M. E. Church. We counted the money, and made it amount to $17.00. I paid it over to Brother P. Gardner, pastor of said church. The collection was taken up on Sabbath, the 10th of November, 1862, and on the next Tuesday, Brother Gardner came to me and said that he had carefully counted the money over, and could not make but $16 00, and gave the amount to me on a piece of paper. I thought perhaps we had made a mistake in the counting, and so let it pass as being all right, and hope that this will be satisfactory to all concerned.

JOSHUA WOODLIN, minister in charge.

Philadelphia, April 2, 1862.

BAD TREATMENT—OLD SATAN LOOSED FOR A SHORT SEASON.

Our Louisville (Ky.,) correspondent writes of a distressing time in that city. It would really appear that old Satan has broken loose for a very short season, since the Northern soldiers have left that city on their way South, to rout the secessionists and to bring them to an account for rebelling against good government. The man who is now acting as Provost Marshal, (who is a confirmed negro hater, and who has, probably, some fears as to how the Government will dispose of them at the close of the war,) knowing that his reign will be a very short one, seems to take advantage of the power vested in him, by imposing heavy burdens on the people, cutting short their privileges, and closing the sanctuaries of worship—not even allowing them to pray together. We would like to know if the Government sanctions such conduct in one of its officers? If these loyal colored men and women are found in open rebellion to the Government, let them be taken and treated as such. If they are caught in a conspiracy, in any way whatever, let them suffer the penalty of the law. But if they have passes from their masters in Louisville, to go and meet and worship with their brethren, and to be at home at seasonable hours, we would like to know whose right it is to interfere? We hope the Government will have an eye to this. We hold that if a colored man is guilty of an unlawful act, his punishment should be in proportion to that of a white man who is guilty of the same offence.

CONTRABANDS

There has been considerable doubts, at least, as to whether the contrabands would be confiscated or not. Many believing that the Government is so obligated to Slavery and its advocates that it was really afraid to do even what it knew to be right and just in the sight of Almighty God; and also that the executors of the law were not faithfully carrying out their pledge to sustain and keep in justice to all mankind, which reads as follows: "All mankind are created equal, and are endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which is life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." However, on one evening of last week, the scales of doubt were thrown from many a mind's eye, by the arrival in our city of ninety-nine contrabands, being one less than a hundred. Therefore, there are no doubts as to whether they are free or not. One of their number was a woman one hundred and four years old. The old lady, since she has gained her freedom, is full of joy to know that God has spared her life to see that day when she could say that she was not a thing but a human being, and could now claim her freedom. The old lady walks and moves around as though she was about 20 years old. Elder Woodlin was called upon to baptise some of the little children; and when he was about to perform that duty, we are told that the mother of one of these children ran out of doors, and some of the ladies tried to prevail on her to go back in the house. She did not know what they were going to do to her child, and partly forgetting that she was now free, the old fear and dread of that oppression came over her, and such a thing as dedicating children to God she had heard nothing of before, and hence she knew nothing about it having been kept in the dark as it relates to her duty to God, herself, and children. Lord who shall abide in thy tabernacles? Many, no doubt, who are enemies to our people, hope to have much to say in relation to those contrabands being a burden and a nuisance in our midst, but we are proud to inform them when the 99 arrived, and the news went abroad, the citizens threw open their doors, and they were all well provided for, and ladies and gentlemen were riding about in their carriages to employ the men and women. Good, but we are sorry that many of them had to go home without being able to find any but what was bespoke. On Monday night last, there was a meeting held at Brick Wesley Church in relation to the contrabands. Many of them were present, and made their statement as to their freedom, which they appreciate as far superior to that of slavery. Some made a statement that they had to support their masters and all their family, and then had to support themselves aside from that. They knew very well that they could take care of No. 1 with ease, because they well understand how to work and to economize. May the good Lord bless them in health, and enable them to prove to their enemies that they know much better how to make an honest living than those who may oppose their God-given rights.

TWO CENT MONEY.

We call the special attention of the brethren to page 219, *New Discipline*, in relation to the two-cent money, and especially to the 10th paragraph under the same page. We do hope that all of our brethren having charge of circuits and stations will obey the General Conference of our beloved Zion, and commence in time to collect their two-cent money; and if the brethren have so far obeyed the law by making a collection every month, or every two months, we are quite sure that there will be a change in matters pertaining to our financial department. Suppose that Bethel Church, of Philadelphia, with over twelve hundred members, (we will say twelve hundred, though there is said to be some fifteen hundred,) should comply with the request; twenty-five times twelve would be three hundred (dollars,)—and this, it will be remembered, is only twenty-five cents a head. At the very lowest estimate, this is what Bethel Church will owe us at our Annual Conference.

The Union Church, placing the membership at two hundred, at twenty-five cents each, will be fifty dollars. Baltimore (Md.) Bethel Church has about twelve hundred members; suppose that she is caused to do her duty—that the minister should feel it his duty to see that each member pays his or her twenty-five cents per year; there would be three hundred dollars due the Book Steward, to be appropriated as per Discipline. Ebenezer Church has at least two hundred members, and twenty-five times two hundred is fifty dollars.

Now here would be seven hundred dollars,—leaving out Washington, New York, Brooklyn, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis, Chicago, and St. Louis, and besides hundreds of churches on circuits, and other stations where brethren are. If brethren will only do what the regulations of the Church have demanded of them, all would be well. We believe that there is not a member in our Church but what would consider it a great insult to say that they were *too poor* to pay the small sum of *twenty-five* cents a year for the benefit of the Book Concern and of our brethren who have labored hard to carry the glad tidings of the gospel to the dying world.

We are glad to see that Rev. Bishop Nazrey has notified all of his Conferences and members to come prepared to give a good account of themselves. So you may look well to the eastern brethren, and govern yourselves accordingly; for if he enforces the law, which he is bound to, somebody's head may have to come off. We hope that the other Bishops will do the same.

For the Christian Recorder.

REV. BROTHER WEAVER:—It seems as if the breaking up of the winter has awakened us up in this part of the country, and we hope to be able to keep our eyes open, so that we can see what is going on around us. We mean to be somewhere in keeping with the spirit of the times. We preached this afternoon and evening, after which we joined in holy matrimony, Mr. William Fields, of Lee, to Mrs. Martha Michlet, of Lenox; and I do assure you the church was crowded to its utmost capacity. Everything was conducted in the best manner possible, and seemed to give general satisfaction. They were so much pleased, that they remembered us with some of that bright stuff which we all like so well. The groomsman, also, pleased us very much by handing us a paper that had something hard inside. I can tell you it is just such things that make one feel good. We were favored with several pieces of sacred music by the Misses Brusters, ladies whose musical talents are much appreciated. May these only be dew-drops before a more plentiful shower.

REV. W. H. CHASE.

Lee, Mass., March 30, 1862.

EPISCOPAL VISITS.

By Divine permission, I will be at Princeton, N. J., April 20th; 24th, at New Brunswick; May 4th, at Great Valley, Pa.

W. NAZREY.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE GREAT PROSPECT.

The heart of the colored man almost swells to bursting as he views the wonderful change taking place in his civil relation to the American nation. One is forced to exclaim: "Thank God that thou rulest." In the present conflict we behold the onward march of ideas; ideas to which the Spirit of God and of nature has given birth. These are powers more terrible to workers of iniquity, who oppress the weak and rob immortality to pamper in luxurious ease and magnificence perishing mortality, than gleaming sabres or thundering cannon; powers which the votaries of wrong cannot render totally inactive, but only give increased momentum by opposition. A great American orator, whom I love to honor, says: "It is the maxim of natural philosophers, that the natural forces wear out in time all obstacles and take their place; and it is the maxim of history, that victory always falls at last where it ought to fall; or, there is a perpetual march and progress to ideas." It seems that they are destined to remove one obstacle after another until man shall have what, and be what, God intended. An entire revolution of the social and political institutions of the Southern States is an inevitable sequence of the causes now at work.

The close of this war will find upon Southern soil thousands of hardy yeomen, skilful mechanics, practical farmers, and professional men. They will love the South because they redeemed the South. Accustomed to gaze upon the sterile soil of New England, its rocks, its hills, and other natural barriers, over which their indomitable energy and perseverance alone enabled them to triumph, they will be apt to look with delight upon the rolling lands of the South, intersected with beautiful rivers, the mild winter, the early balmy spring, and the easy road to wealth.

The North has not one-tenth part of the physical advantages of the South; and is only superior in resources because she had no snake of slavery in her bosom to destroy her vital energies. Who cannot see that the colored population of the South are to be mightily advanced? What inviting fields are to be opened for usefulness? To say nothing of the other States of rebeldom, just look at Virginia! See the immense colored population of the cities of Roanoke, Norfolk, Richmond, Petersburgh, committees of colored people who are noted for industry and thrift, but who are ignorant. They are suffering for the Gospel and for education. They want a light to carry them through the world, and through "the dark valley and shadow of death." If there are colored men here and there whose intellect, piety, and energy place them head and shoulders above their brethren, now is the time for them to be up and doing. With a heart for any fate, the slaves who may be emancipated, or who may, of military necessity, (contrabands) become free, are destined to swell the colored population of the large cities and rural towns. They will want religious encouragement, direction, and education. Surely there is a mighty work before the colored churches, and we hope in God they will not exhaust their energies in contending about Bishops or anything else. Better give a bone of contention (even if it be a hundred bishops) a secure burial than have it breeding a train of evils which affect the interests of millions born and unborn. This is no time for trifling; no time for standing upon formalities, bringing up dead issues, and with no higher ambition than self-aggrandizement, war against individual collective co-workers. There are always a set of men who want to be thought great, yet do nothing and try to do nothing; they sit still and find fault. If you have a revival, they will say: "Oh, it is all nothing!" If you do anything to improve the people, they are ready to say: "It don't amount to much." May Elijah's God put in motion the whip and spur of our Saviour's gospel, and of progress, and whip out these drones. And may we all realize the great prospect of bringing to Christ and educating the millions of the South "who crave the bread which we can give." EACHS.

Georgetown, D. C.

For the Christian Recorder.

BISHOP NAZREY, OR THE TRUE STATE OF THE CASE.

In consequence of the occurrence of a typographical error in our last article, number 64, upon the subject with which this is headed, and the vital importance of the propositions therein contained, we will here republish these propositions with a few additional words, as they follow:—

First. All parties who are not immediately interested and concerned in his administration, let Bishop Nazrey alone in the full and peaceable enjoyment of all the rights and privileges conferred upon him by the General Conference of the A. M. E. Church, and, also, by the Episcopal arrangements of the Bishops, made at the General Conference for 1860.

We have no fears that Bishop Nazrey will ever be found engaged in an attempt to subvert, alter, change, overthrow and annihilate the doctrines and discipline, government and usages of the African Methodist Episcopal Church.

Secondly. Let the three Bishops, Quinn, Nazrey, and Payne, meet in a Bishops' council, as they really ought, and are in duty bound to do, and amicably settle it, if there be any difficulty found by them in the Episcopal relation of Rev. Willis Nazrey. This should be done before the meeting of the first one of our Annual Conferences to be held for 1862.

Thirdly. If the Bishops meet in council as they should do, on or before the meeting of the first Annual Conference for 1862, and they learn at that meeting that they cannot agree upon such terms as will give to them and all parties concerned mutual satisfaction, then, let them agree to recommend to the Several Annual Conferences meeting this year, the calling of a Special General Conference to meet at a given time and place, especially to settle this and other questions to be named in the call.

We call the prompt attention and the faithful action of the Bishops to, and upon the law governing the case.

Discipline, page 65. "At each and all of our Annual Conferences not less than two of the Bishops should be present." Discipline, page 57. "The General Superintendents or acting Bishops, with or by the advice of all the Annual Conferences, shall have power to call a General Conference, if they judge it necessary at any time."

Discipline, page 67. "In all classes of difficulty where the presence of a Bishop may be required, it shall be the duty of the Bishop to attend when notice is given by the officers of the Church."

We hope and pray, that our Bishops will not unjustly and contemptuously disregard our calling of their attention to these provisions of the Law. We are in duty bound cheerfully and willingly to love and respect our Bishops, just so long as they love and respect the laws by which we are, or at least ought to be governed.

A Bishops' Council held in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and for his glory, under the guiding influences of the Holy Spirit, in the love of God, and with an eye single to his glory, will settle forever and at once, without further trouble or difficulty, whatever apparent cause there may now be for trouble or difficulty in the case under consideration.

We, the ministers and members of the Church, who are the true and faithful friends of our Beloved Zion, earnestly pray and beseech you, "Our affectionate Brethren and Pastors, who labor night and day, both in public and private, for our good," to attend to this matter without further delay, lest evil befall us through your neglect.

If the Bishops met annually in Council before the meeting of any one of the Annual Conferences to hold an annual meeting, there could never exist many of the evils, by which, as a Church and ministry we are now most severely afflicted; and must forever be while the Bishops' Annual Council is not held.

J. P. CAMPBELL.

Trenton, N. J., March 29th, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

REV. J. M BROWN, AND THE EPISCOPAL CONTROVERSY.

Our old friend for whom we cannot afford to do otherwise than entertain the most generous and friendly feelings, seems extremely unwilling, ingenuously to acknowledge that we have given to the Church and the world the true state of the case relative to Bishop Nazrey's position.

In the Repository, Vol. 4, No. 3, he says: "We conceive that our good brother has made a splendid blunder in his two articles in the Christian Recorder, No. 3, Feb. 22d, 1862. This blunder, we cannot think intentional, but a *Lapsus Calami*,—is not this charitable." We answer that we shall certainly think it to be charitable when he succeeds in proving "a *Lapsus Calami*;" that is, when he shall have succeeded in proving that we have fallen, or slidden into a misfortune by which we have brought any great distress upon ourself or other individuals.

The Editor will certainly excuse our bold attempt to translate his learned Latin into unlearned English, when we have informed him that we have done it for the benefit of the readers of the Christian Recorder, many of whom are not acquainted at all with the learned-dead languages. They are not Hebrew, Greek and Latin scholars, and our duty is, to speak not to them in an unknown tongue, according to the Scriptures, but in one that they know and understand. We have purposed in heart a reply to our friend when we have heard what he has to say, first, if he proves what he has asserted, we will acknowledge the truth. Secondly, if he does not prove what he has asserted, we shall feel at liberty to show up his fallacious reasonings, contradictions, and absurdities.

We are sorry, that the Editor of the Repository has gone so far out of the good and right way, as to make an unjustifiable attack upon the Editor of the Christian Recorder. He says: "The Recorder is burdened with the Episcopal question: no less than four long articles appeared in the last number. We shall be prepared to vote by General Conference. Hope that we shall all consider it prayerfully." Does our brother think that to be a just and manly statement? God forbid that he should be so far lost to all sense or what constitutes a just cause of propriety. He is both a gentleman and a scholar.

Recently, the Editor of the Christian Recorder has done himself much credit in the management of the Episcopal discussion; he has acted wisely by giving all parties a hearing through the columns over which he presides. None have a just ground of complaint against him, and by the course he has pursued in this matter, he has lost no friends in number; and if he continues to pursue the same course that he has done during several weeks past we shall certainly know how to vote in the General Conference.

The sixth reason assigned by the Editors of the Repository, why it should be continued and patronized, reads as follows:

6. "Because we need an organ which will publish both sides of any question concerning our Ecclesiastical affairs, whether they harmonize with our views or be opposed to them. The Repository is such an organ, therefore it ought to be supported." That is a very liberal proposition, and most powerful reason why the Repository should be supported. But do the Editors of the Repository practise according to that rule? We think they do not.

We have seen a series of scandalous abuses trumped up against Bishop Nazrey, in four successive numbers of the Repository, and thus far we have not seen that any man has been allowed to say one word in his defence. It is well said by another, that "consistency is a jewel." You have not been consistent. But the Editor of the Recorder for some weeks past, at any rate, has been consistent, and if he goes a head steadily in that particular direction he will not lose his reward. "We shall consider the subject prayerfully."

J. P. CAMPBELL.

Trenton, N. J., March 29th, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

MR. EDITOR:—With your permission the subscriber proposes, in this communication, to notice some of the charges, allegations, or complaints urged against one of the bishops of the A. M. E. Church. Let every man be nameless here, while we take cognizance only of position, fact, and principle. Others have firm dates, documents, and quotations sufficient, and we will not, therefore, burden this brief article with them.

The first thought that strikes us is this—Is the person in question one of the Bishops of said church? We affirm that he is duly and honestly elected to that high position, and is thereby entitled to the unqualified support and esteem of at least those who were instrumental in his elevation; provided, however, always that he has not forfeited such support by deviation from moral rectitude on the one hand, or an abandonment of well-defined legal rules on the other.

The former is not charged; but the latter is intimated by implication, and as innuendo, indeed, is attempted to be urged by what some might, out of charity, call argument. Now let us come to the case disrobed of all extraneous issues.

In what act or series of acts does the groundwork exist?

Let it be understood that we demand that the indictment shall be made plain, both with regard to time, circumstances, persons, and place. His standing was certainly legally and morally good at the time the General Conference requested him to resign a relationship, not that he himself had, but one that the Conference had created for him. Up to this hour then all was right, so far as he was concerned.

Resignations are mere individual announcements formally disconnecting one's self from official relation, so far as it can individually be done. The merest tyro in deliberative matters must know, that the individual who presents to a body a paper containing his resignation, has no power whatever to compel its acceptance. The case of the bishop would still be more difficult in this respect than an orderly case, for the reason of the B. M. E. Church not acknowledging him as a party to the agreement, and hence, duying his power to so disconnect himself. And, indeed, it appears plain, from our stand-post, that instead of the bishop being the sinner, so far in the case that the blame rests with the power that made the arrangement with the Canada Church for not accompanying or preceding the resignation with agentary powers, to absolve themselves from relations resulting from previous legislation. But we will not press this matter, not desiring to deal in recrimination, or to stand on mere punctilios.

Again, it is urged that since he offered his resignation, that he has avowed himself Bishop in Canada. Now, with what show of truth can this charge be sustained? Why simply by the quibling captiousness and play upon words, which we will endeavor to show, as follows:

A charges B with having said certain things which were not true. B rejoins that, according to what A says, I must have told a lie. Now, who but one desiring much to make it so, would see in the rejoinder an assertion or even admission of the charge? Who is able to see, in the reply of our Saviour to those who charged him with casting out devils, an admission of the truth of their charge, because he reasoned from their premises?

As one of the laity we are ashamed of these attacks on one of our bishops. Not that we are among those who would sit down in silence and awe, and allow authority to trample us beneath its feet. Nor would we play the sycophant; but our reputation as a people, as a church, and as Christians, seems alike to forbid such deportment as has distinguished some ministers of the gospel of peace. In this case, in spite of all the charity that we can summon to our aid, there does appear disgustingly conspicuous in these assaults, an acrimony and a bitterness backed by a determination to embarrass one whom you have elevated to a position rendered all the more vulnerable by its eminence. We hold that a high sense of honor, a determination never to take a mean advantage of another, a strict adherence to truth, delicacy and politeness towards those with whom we hold intercourse, are the essential characteristics of those who are entitled to the name of gentlemen. But when in addition to this Christian character, it is claimed with the superadded responsibilities of high clerical profession, it is not expecting too much, that these endowments shall extinguish those who lay claim to them in our midst. If these brethren desire us to respect them, when placed over us without our vote or choice, they must encourage us in doing so by respecting those placed over them by their vote and choice. Example in this case is worth much more than precept.

Many of the laity are confounded and amazed in the presence of the sorrowful fact, that one who occupies a similar official position in our connexion, should join in the hue and cry that has been raised against the bishop in our district. In the present writing we shall say no more than this—that we deem it an evidence of unjustifiable eagerness to condemn on his part a co-ordinate official, and thereby compromising his impartiality in the extent of the matter ever coming before the General Conference. Now, if I shall be brought to judgment for the above remark, or animadverting unfavorably on those high in authority, let him that is without sin in this respect cast the first stone.

ISAIAH C. WEAR.

For the Christian Recorder.

A LETTER FROM KENTUCKY.

MR. EDITOR:—As it has been some time since I have corresponded with you, and my mind being pregnant with many thoughts concerning our condition and situation in Kentucky, I thought that it would not be amiss to give you a few items by way of information, and also the many readers of the RECORDER. Your correspondents from Washington, Baltimore, and other directions in the East, have thrown much "light, West," on the various topics of the day, especially as it regards our people, and we feel honored to reciprocate the favor.

We are truly glad to learn that the effects of the war has so far proved beneficial to our race in the vicinity of Washington, Alexandria, Baltimore, and elsewhere, our prayers are, that it may continue, for to enjoy the privileges of a free man, and then be kidnapped, and taken into bondage, is but little less than death, from which good Lord deliver me.

Louisville has been noted as being one of the best Southern cities for privileges toward our people, but it has undergone many changes for several years—for the worst. When the rebellion broke out we were worshipping every Sabbath and once through the week, in our churches, and when the legions of the North made Louisville their headquarters, it seemed that a new reign was instituted, and we worshipped in our splendid churches, almost *ad libitum*, and nothing said to the contrary, notwithstanding.

But lo! a sad change has taken place, the Northern army has proceeded southward, forcing its passage into the "Land of Dixie." Kentucky has been redeemed; "her white people are free" and her "free blacks are enslaved," and they have no more "rights that white men are bound to respect." Our condition so far is worse than before the war. Our churches are closed, and a free man cannot walk after dark though he has his free papers, with the great seal of the state and county, and owns thousands of dollars' worth of property, (which some do) and pay taxes, and support the war, and be also loyal to the government. All this has been brought about by a slaveholder and a negro hater, the Provost Marshal, whose name is Dent, he having control of the city since the removal of the headquarters of Gen Buell to Nashville, and instead of hunting rebels, as there are thousands in the city, he has made the colored people his subjects of oppression and inhuman treatment. He commenced his cruel operations by ordering his provost guards, the cavalry men, to flog all colored persons out after dark, free or slave; so we were then pounced upon with the cow hide and cat-o'nine tails in old "plantation style" without hinderance, for his order was supreme. He had many visitors the next day to inquire into his order: he replied, it was a "military" order and must be respected. All free negroes who had business out after dark, must have passes.

COPY OF PASS.

Headquarters, Provost Guard, Louisville, Mar '62.

By order of Lt. Col. Henry Dent, A. B., is permitted to pass from his shop on C street to his home on W street. This pass will be respected until 10½ o'clock, P. M.

SELLY HARVEY,
Major, Pro. Guard.

Before one of these passes could be obtained you would be compelled to take some responsible white citizen with you, and then undergo the most severe and rigid investigation, as though the blacks were conspiring to overthrow the government; at first he refused to respect passes given by masters to their slaves, but after receiving some severe cursing, he concluded to respect white men. Mr. Editor, these are some of the ordeals we are passing through in the "neutral state of Kentucky," and we have yet to see the first remonstrance raised against it by the press; our daily editors are dumb; they open not their mouths; from their silence I judge it is approved by them. I think that if the government has any loyal people in her midst, it is the colored people, and they have done good service even in this city towards detecting smugglers and traitors, and the Marshal has at times been suspected of secession proclivities; I judge that he is now being revenged on the colored people for their faithfulness to the Union cause, as his guards have dispensed with fire arms and formed into "patrols" and instituted the cow hide and cat-o'nine tails, which seem to please them well, for they are very nimble and dexterous in chasing the blacks after dark, through the streets, on the pavements, down lanes and alleys, as though they were riding down wild bulls, and when caught their cries and screams are heart-rending, but no one dare interfere for the patrol are dressed in "Uncle Sam's livery." Some have been whipped unmercifully.

Our churches has suffered much since this barbarous treatment. He has told them to open on Sunday, but some have had the flogging meted out to them after benediction, so many have concluded to stay at home, (since old Satan has been loosed) but we trust "only for a little season." Now you see the effect of the war in this direction. This is considerable worse than the old status, and if it is to continue, I think of all men we will be the most miserable. And as it regards the subject of emigration, such treatment as we have been receiving for two weeks, if not discontinued, we will be willing to go any where rather than suffer such degradation, and it is now the theme of many, Where shall we go? And where can we go?

About three weeks ago, our esteemed and worthy brother, Rev. M. M. Clark visited us, and he preached and lectured in both of our churches and in two of the churches under the M. E. church, on the subject of Liberia, his tour while in that country, &c., &c. His lecture was highly interesting to our community from the fact that the information was general and satisfactory to nearly all who heard him, and he had crowded houses on each occasion. He was tendered the hospitality of the city by the mayor, and the police forbidden to disturb him; he has proceeded to the capital of the state and other surrounding towns, where no doubt he will be treated kindly, but we venture to say, that on no other subject could he get permission to lecture in this state, hence the cause of so much mistrust among our people on the subject of Liberia and colonization.

The sympathy and prayers of our people have been for the ultimate triumph of the Union cause, but if these are the fruits we fear that we have not prayed aright, but we shall continue to pray, and also begin to work some with our hands, and feet and legs. Perhaps our faith hath been without works, and if so, pray for us, that we may have strong faith, living faith, and great works also. AN OBSERVER.

Louisville, Ky., March, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

MR. EDITOR:—A short time since, I was in company with several of the ministers and officers of one of our churches, when a brother inquired if a certain doctrine was taught as being essential to the admission of persons into the "Church of Christ" as members? Several of the brethren made replies to the interrogatory, but nothing definite was arrived at while I was present. My mind was forcibly impressed with the importance of the subject, and I was led to consider if there might not be some means by which the doctrines, faith, and tenets, of our Church might not only be given to the ministers and adult persons, as is by the "Discipline," but also to that class upon which the hopes of our Church in the future, are placed—that is, our young people, particularly those of the Sabbath School. In a word, I would ask, Mr. Editor, Has the A. M. E. Church a Catechism containing its doctrines, tenets, and faith—a Catechism, from which a correct exposition of its principles may be learned and taught in our schools, as have other denominations of Christians? If there is none, (and I fear there is not,) and if there are no persons appointed to compile and arrange a series of questions and answers, showing forth the principles of our beloved Zion, will not some good father or brother in the ministry use his efforts and energy that so great and important a want may be supplied to our youth, that they, having learned our system of faith, may be good and intelligent members of the Church of Christ. Respectfully yours.

Coates St., April 2, 1862.

LONG ARTICLES.

We give notice to the author of this article, and to other brethren, that, unless the subjects treated of by them, are in the proper position for discussion, we shall suppress all articles that occupy over one sheet of paper, except those coming from the Bishops. But as the following one has been on hand for two weeks, we insert it with that understanding.

For the Christian Recorder.

MR. EDITOR:—I have given my answer to the 4th Question in my last. I go on now to answer the balance of Elder Campbell's interrogations.

Question 5th. "When a law, rule or covenant is enacted, made, or agreed to, and the said covenant is ratified between two or more parties, can the said law, rule, or covenant, be abrogated, set aside, made null and void, by any one of the parties at will, without the consent of all parties concerned?"

I answer this negatively. This is a mixed-up, unjointed question; but I answer in the negative.

Mr. Editor, Elder Campbell has made the fifth Question a heterogeneous piece of work. We are informed by logicians, that a proposition is a verbal representation of some act, affection, or perception of the mind, which consists of a subject, a predicate, and a copula. The subject of a proposition is that of which something (not things,) is either commanded, asserted, or inquired. Then, according to this, we find a number of questions asked in Elder Campbell's 5th Question, which 6th Question of his I will divide into a number of plain, simple questions, for the sake of convenience. The first of these is—"Is not a minister of Jesus Christ commanded to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature?" I do not suppose, Mr. Editor, that anybody ever would answer this question only in the affirmative, more than this question is certainly irrelevant to the subject in hand. The second one is—"If, in obedience to that command, the Church sends him into the province referred to above, can it be truthfully said that he is exercising double jurisdiction?" A wonderful question, indeed! If, in obedience to that command, the Church sends him into the province referred to above, was Bishop Nazrey sent to Canada to officiate as Bishop over the Canada Church, merely in obedience to the command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature?" What a futile subterfuge! I would say, though, in order to answer the question squarely, that I do not think it could be said, in truth, that a Bishop was exercising double jurisdiction if he were sent to the province of Canada merely in obedience to our Saviour's command, as stated above? If he had passed right on to some other point, in obedience to that command, and had not stopped four years to officiate as Bishop, there would not have been the least sign of double jurisdiction. The third question is—"And can it be said, in truth, that Bishop Nazrey exercised, also, double functions, because he may be exercising double jurisdiction?" I answer, if it were true in one case—that he did, it would be true in the other. You see, Mr. Editor, that I have made three full questions, or propositions, of Elder Campbell's 6th Question, and yet there are quite a number of words in it which are neither subject, predicate, nor copula, but a mere waste of paper, time, and ink, as well as of words.

Now, Mr. Editor, I can but conclude that the whole of this 6th Question of Elder Campbell's (of which I have made three, and had a surplus of words over,) is not only irrelevant, but it is also a kind of *ignoratio elenchi*.

When I consider, Mr. Editor, the nature of Elder Campbell's 7th Question, I think (to use his own language,) that he has lost sight of the major proposition; or, at least, we will examine, briefly, the nature of the subject that he has under consideration, namely, the office of a minister sent to a foreign Court. I do this because he asks, in Question 7th, "Can it be said of a minister of State, sent to a foreign Court, that he is exercising double functions when performing those duties assigned him?" His duties, then, diplomatically speaking, are to negotiate, or treat, before the Court of the nation to which he is sent, so as to keep up friendly, commercial, and other relations, between that nation and his own. But what was Bishop Nazrey's business as officiating Bishop in Canada? To preside in all their Conferences, to make out the appointments of the travelling preachers, to appoint the principals and teachers for their seminaries and colleges, to change and suspend their preachers, as necessity might require, to decide questions of law, and to see to the spiritual and temporal concerns of the entire Church in Canada. Has a minister of State, as he calls him, anything of this sort to do? A wonderful comparison, indeed! This 7th Question amounts to a *non causa pro causa*, as the logician would say. So I leave it for every one who may read it, to judge of it.

Elder Campbell says: "If the unreasonable ground assumed by those who have asserted and attempted to prove (but, happily for the Church, have failed to do so,) that Bishop Nazrey is not a member of the A. M. E. Church, be admitted, where are we? And what must be admitted to agree with this state of things?"

In answer to this, I would say, that Elder Campbell seems to have set himself up here for a judge. He seems to be trying to avoid an evil that is behind him. It looks to me like men who would act the more wisely to try to avoid evils to come, rather than evils past. I do suppose that that is one of the reasons why this Bishop's case is so hard to settle. The very men who made the blunders by which these troubles came, are not willing to acknowledge their wrongs; and so long as they do not, they will have trouble themselves, and, of course, they will give trouble. But there is one thing they must not forget, and it is a matter of great moment, too, that no human being ever did, or ever can have his sins forgiven, until he confesses them. It would be infinitely better for men to confess their sins, and their ignorance, too, than to die unforgiven.

Elder Campbell, in another place, says: "Having shown that Bishop Nazrey, during the four years referred to, did exercise legal authority in both places."

In answer to this bold and groundless assertion, I would say, that I expect there is not another man in the connexion who entertains the same views upon this subject as those of Elder Campbell,—at least, I hope there is not; for, if I thought there was, I would become uneasy for the connexion in the future. I think this is merely injudiciously *petitio principii*.

The more I think about the Clark resolution and the doings of those committees, referred to by Elder Campbell, the more erroneous and absurd it seems,—"The empowering of all our Bishops with three Elders selected by them, to say which of our Bishops should serve in Canada, in accordance with the wishes of the Canadian Church." Who ever heard of such a thing in all the wide range of ecclesiastical operations? I know of no precedent for such conduct, throughout the wide world. But let me see what I am saying. A committee appointed to say, or rather to determine which one of the three Bishops belonging to the A. M. E. Church in the States, should go to serve in another Church—one perfectly different from the one to which they belong—the case is a clear one; but who ever heard of such a case? If our Bishops were machines, which only act as they are acted upon, then such a procedure might have been expected; but as they are rational, intelligent, and free moral agents, a different course from that pursued by said committee, would have been more proper. Let us see what it would really run into, logically speaking, to take said committee on their own grounds. They contend, as the others, that it was perfectly legal for them to decree that one of our Bishops should go and serve the Canadian Church. The Canadian Church is distinct from the A. M. E. Church; the Wesleyan Methodist Church is distinct from the A. M. E. Church: then it would be legal for one of our Bishops to serve the Wesleyan Methodist Church, if the Wesleyan Church only knew it, and would but petition our General Conference for one of them. Then, if it be right for us to dispose of our Bishops in this way, we might soon lose the whole number of them.

Elder Campbell, in his winding-up remarks, says: "We are now as we were in the General Conference of '60, opposed to the thing in itself." Then, according to his own showing, he not only

was opposed to Bishop Nazrey doing right in said Conference of '60, but he says, in so many words, that he is still opposed to Bishop Nazrey doing right; at least, Mr. Editor, his language bears this interpretation; for he certainly has taken a great deal of pains to show that Bishop Nazrey's position is right. If that is consistency, then I have always taken the opposite for that thing. I think that Elder Campbell's communication is headed wrong. Instead of "The true state of the case," as he has it, it should have been headed "The wrong state of the case." T STROTHER.

Terre Haute, Indiana.

NOTICE.

The Social, Civil, and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Pennsylvania open a subscription list to aid the freed men at Port Royal and other points where they may be located, and respectfully ask the co-operation of the colored citizens and others in this city, or elsewhere, in money or clothing.

Any amount of value received will be acknowledged, with the name of the donor, in the *Recorder*, where a constant record will be kept.

Subscriptions may be sent to Jacob C. White, at the office of the Lebanon Cemetery, 711 Lombard Street, and also to William Still, 107 North Fifth Street, and to Rev. E. Weaver, 619 Pine Street.

PAID.

Statistical Society,	$50 00
Clayton Miller,	2 00
William Still,	5 00
Robert Alger,	2 00
Henry Minturn,	2 00
Catherine Johnson,	2 00
Vasti Locke,	2 00
Wm. Warricks,	2 00
Harriet Shorter,	1 00
Sarah S. Hawkins,	1 00
Rev. Jonathan C. Gibbs,	1 00
James P. Clay,	1 00
Benjamin F. Hill,	2 00
S. M. S.,	2 00
Elizabeth Gordon,	1 00

Port Royal Contrabands.—At a meeting held on Wednesday evening, at the Philadelphia Institute, by the Executive Committee of the Statistical Association of Colored People, of this city, the following resolutions were passed, which were read at the close of a concert by the Hutchinson Family last evening, given in aid of the escaped slaves at Port Royal.

Resolved, That the claims of the "Contrabands" in the vicinity of Port Royal and elsewhere call loudly upon the friends of humanity for material aid and sympathy.

Resolved, That while there is reason to regret that the Government has not more fully defined the status of these poor creatures, nevertheless it is clearly the duty of the Social, Civil and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Pennsylvania, not only to render aid as an organization, but also to commend these sufferers to the consideration of the various colored churches and societies of this city and State, that they may co-operate in the noble work of helping the Freemen's Association or other proper enterprises, which have undertaken to furnish food, clothing, and teachers, moral and religious, so much needed to relieve immediate distress and to inspire them with hopes of final deliverance.

Resolved, That we cannot lose sight of the Act of Congress, passed at its extra session, or of those proclamations emanating from the several Generals and Commanders of the Army, in which freedom has been declared to the slaves of all parties aiding directly or indirectly the rebellion.

Resolved, That in view of these acts, the slaves cannot (in our judgment) be considered other than FREEMEN.

J. C. WHITE, President.
WM. STILL, Corresponding Secretary.
(11) S. M. SMITH, Recording Secretary.

Religious Intelligence.

A Bible Society in India.—The Madrid Auxiliary Bible Society has published versions of the Scriptures which meet the wants of 335,315 square miles of territory, embracing a population of 42,956,506 souls.

The Bible in Russia.—The London *Christian World* has received a letter from a Russian lady of the highest rank, confirming the statement that the Emperor had been induced to encourage the translation of the Scriptures into the Modern Russ, the vernacular of the millions of Russians who belong to the National Church, and of the two or three millions of Dissenters, such as the Molokai and others. The translation of the entire New Testament has been finished, the publications of all the gospels and of the Acts of the Apostle, has been made, and many thousands have already been put into circulation. The publication of the Epistles and the Book of Revelation will soon follow. A few months ago we could scarcely hope to hear such good news from that great empire. The Lord be praised for it, for, after all, it is a part of "his doings," who is King in Zion, and in whose hand is the government of the earth, with its many rulers and its nations.

President Theodore D. Woolsey, of Yale College, has been appointed to fill the vacancy made in the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institute by the death of President Felton, of Harvard University.

Fraser A. Stearns, Adjutant of the 21st Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, and son of Rev. Dr. Stearns, President of Amherst College, fell in the battle near Newbern, pierced with a bullet in his right breast, and, falling instantly, died in his place.

Horace Holden, Esq., a well-known member of the bar in the city of New York, a Manager of the American Bible Society, and Ruling Elder in the Brick Presbyterian Church, (Rev. Dr. Spring's,) died on Tuesday, the 25th ultimo, in the 70th year of his age. He will be widely lamented.

Hon. **Horatio Ballard**, Secretary of State for New York, stated, in his recent report to the Legislature, that the whole number of poor persons relieved during the year 1861 in that State was three hundred and fourteen thousand seven hundred and ninety seven, or over ninety thousand more than were thus helped in 1860. The actual amount of money, however, thus expended, was fifty-four thousand dollars less than during the preceding year, showing thus that it must have been but a pittance, indeed, that many received.

Domestic Items.

Operations of Gen. Sherman.—Union Manifestations in Eastern Florida.—Another State has been wrested from the sham Confederacy. Pensacola has been evacuated, together with Forts Barrancas and McRae, and the whole area of Florida has been abandoned to our armies. General Sherman has issued a proclamation to the Floridians, in which he assures them that his mission is one of peace rather than conquest. All loyal citizens are assured that they shall be protected in the pursuance of their occupations, and the enjoyment of their constitutional rights. The General recommends them to assemble in their cities and towns to swear allegiance to the Constitution of the United States, and to elect their officers in the "good old way," presiding as a result the return of prosperous and peaceful times.

At a meeting of the loyal citizens of Jacksonville, on the 20th, a declaration of rights, protest, and resolutions were unanimously adopted, to the following effect

That no State has a constitutional right to separate from the United States; that the act of Secession adopted by the State convention is void, being in conflict with the Constitution, is never having been submitted to the people for ratification. That Florida is an integral part of the United States, subject to its constitutional jurisdiction, and we believe that thousands of her citizens will hail with joy the restoration of the Government, bringing deliverance from the terrors of unrestrained military despotism.

They protest against all the acts and ordinances of the Convention depriving them of their rights as citizens of the United States; against the despotism which denied the freedom of speech and of the press; against the contributions in money, property, and labor, and military enlistments forced upon them; against the tyranny which demands the abandonment of homes and property, and the exposure of their wives and children to sickness, destitution, famine, and untold miseries; against the barbarous policy which sends a brutal soldiery to pillage, burn property, and destroy life, as a punishment for remaining in their homes; against the Government who threatened to hang them because they would not tamely submit to such indignities.

Having been released from such dangers and indignities, and restored to the Government of the United States, and the reign of terror having passed, it now becomes them as loyal citizens to raise up a State Government, and we recommend that a convention of all loyal citizens be called forthwith to organize a State Government of the State of Florida. Also, that the chief of the military department of the United States be requested to retain sufficient forces to maintain order and to protect the people in their persons and property.

Complimentary.—Secretary Welles, on behalf of the President, has sent a letter to Lieutenant Worden, the commander of the Monitor during her engagement with the Merrimac, complimenting him and his crew for their heroism on that occasion, and expressing the deepest sympathy with the gallant Lieutenant in his affliction. The officers and crew of the Cumberland also received a letter from Secretary Welles, complimenting them on their gallant behaviour in the same battle. [It will be remembered the Cumberland went down with her flag flying.]

New Bill for the Abolition of Slavery.—Mr. Wright introduced a bill in the Senate, (making the third one pending,) abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia. It differs, in many respects, from the pending bills. The first section provides that no person not now within the District of Columbia, nor now owned by any person resident here, nor hereafter born within it, shall ever be held in slavery in its limits, or without it, if born in the District. Provided, that no officers of the Government, being citizens of slaveholding States, coming into this District on public business, and remaining only as long as may be reasonable, may be attended into and out of said District, and while here, by the necessary servants of themselves and their families, without their right to hold said servants in service thereby being impaired.

The following section provides that all children born of slave mothers within this District shall be free after the first day of ——, 1862, but shall be educated by their parents, and serve as apprentices in return therefor till the age of 21, when they shall be entirely free. The corporations of Washington and Georgetown are empowered to carry into effect this provision.

The fourth section enacts that all persons held as slaves in this District, or owned by persons resident within it, shall remain such at the will of their respective owners; provided, that any such owner (or legal representative) may at any time receive from the Treasury the full value of his or her slave, upon which such slave shall forthwith be free. The President and Secretaries of State and War shall be a Board for determining the value of such slaves as their owners may thus desire to emancipate, and hold sessions on the first Monday in each month.

The fifth section empowers the corporations of Washington and Georgetown with efficient powers to arrest and deliver up all fugitive slaves escaping into this District.

The sixth section submits this bill to a vote of all white male persons (as April 1) above 21 years of age, and of twelve months' residence here—and if adopted, the President is to announce the fact by proclamation.

The corporate limits of Washington and Georgetown are extended by this bill to the District for the purpose of enforcing this act.

New Treasury Notes.—Nearly a million of the new legal-tender notes reached the Treasury, and will be paid out immediately. The signatures are printed on them, but the precautions against counterfeiting are even more effective than with the present notes. By the middle of April the Department hope to have at least half of the one hundred and fifty millions for issue.

The Railroad to Manassas.—The cars are now running to Manassas, and the road is open four miles beyond.

The War in Tennessee.—On Monday last a reconnaissance, in force, was made at Pea Ridge, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, where the rebels were said to be fortifying, but no enemy was found.

Our forces are continually augmenting by the arrival of fresh troops.

The latest advices from the rebel camps at Corinth, Mississippi, give the strength of the forces there at 70,000.

On Sabbath last a force of United States troops was sent to Nicholas Landing, sixty miles south of Savannah, which seized fifteen thousand pounds of fresh pork, and forty-five thousand pounds of cured hams and shoulders. For a long time this has been the mart for the pork business of the Confederate States army. Within the last two weeks, large quantities have been sent southward by teams.

On Monday an engagement occurred between the gunboats Tyler, Lexington, and a masked battery, in the vicinity of Eastport. The gunboats fired fifty shots. The Tyler's smoke-stack was struck once. The effect on the enemy's works was not ascertained.

Fearful Explosion in Philadelphia.—Gun-Cartridge Factory Blown Up.—Terrible Scenes and Incidents.—Shocking Loss of Life.—Investigation by the Coroner and Fire Marshal.—Since the year 1850, when the great fire occurred at Race street wharf, which occasioned such terrible destruction of property and loss of life, the city of Philadelphia has not been thrown into such an intense state of excitement as was created on Saturday by the rumor that a terrible explosion had occurred in the lower section of the city. These rumors took on tangible shape till nearly 12 o'clock, at which time it was generally believed that some thirty persons had been instantly killed by the explosion of a powder magazine and gun-cartridge manufactory. Those of our citizens, who while taking their morning meal, heard a slight noise such as might be caused by the firing of a gun at the navy yard or at the refreshment saloons, were far from suspecting the real cause of the concussion.

It seems that Professor Samuel Jackson, the well-known manufacturer of pyrotechnics, had a manufactory for the getting up of his explosive commodities at Tenth and Reed streets, immediately north of the Debtors' Apartment of the Moyamensing Prison. The factory was located immediately at the point where the cars on the Tenth street railway turn off to go westward.

THE EXPLOSION.

The legitimate business of Professor Jackson was destroyed by the war, but he was extensively engaged in the manufacture of Minie ball cartridges for the United States Government. He had girls, men, and boys engaged in making cartridges—the girls cementing the bullet to the powder, and covering the joint with pieces of silk. Even with his large force of work people, the pressure upon the establishment was great, and on Friday fifty additional hands were advertised for. About seventy-five thousand cartridges were turned out daily, and at one time within a week there were a million on hand at one time.

About half-past 8 o'clock, on Saturday morning, when the hands were all busily engaged, an explosion took place, which was followed a moment after by a second and more violent explosion, which shattered the building to pieces, and sent the fragments flying through the air, mingled with portions of human bodies. The work remaining upon the ground immediately took fire, and the horrified spectators who were first upon the ground saw men, boys and girls creeping from the ruins, with their persons burned and blackened, and in some cases with their clothing on fire, writhing in agony upon the ground.

The head and part of the trunk of a man were blown into Passyunk road, more than a square distant from the factory. A portion of the thigh struck against the rear wall of the tavern of Mr. Daugherty, No. 1324 Passyunk road, leaving its bloody mark upon the brick work, and then falling into the yard. The head, which appeared to belong to the same body, was thrown over the building and fell down in Passyunk road. The skull was dashed completely to pieces, its fragments being held together by the scalp, and the brains were dashed out. The hair, sprinkled with gray, and a short whisker, which had been scorched and singed, were all that were left to lead to the identification of the remains.

The fragments of mutilated humanity which had been gathered up were all removed to the First-ward station-house. The wounded had their immediate wants supplied at the drug stores, dwellings, &c., in the neighborhood; they were then removed to their own homes, or to the Pennsylvania Hospital, the great majority being taken to the last-named institution. The men and boys had suffered the most severe injuries, some of them being shockingly burned. The females were less seriously hurt. Fortunately for this portion of the operatives, the rules of the factory required them to divest themselves of their hoop skirts upon going to work. This circumstance probably prevented many from being burned to death, as their clothing was much less combustible in the absence of the distending hoops.

The noise of the explosion was heard to a great distance, and hundreds of people hurried to the spot under the impulse of curiosity. Among the throng were the half distracted parents and friends of those who had been employed in the devastated building, uncertain as to their safety, and searching frantically about for them in the crowd and in the neighboring houses, while fearing the worst, searching shudderingly among the fragments of clothing which still clung to the almost quivering remains of the mutilated dead. There were many painfully affecting scenes at the spot, and in the places where the dead and wounded were carried.

The intelligence of the disaster was telegraphed to the Central Station, and Mayor Henry, the Chief of Police, and several of the lieutenants, with squads of policemen, hurried to the ground, and did all that was in their power to gather together the scattered remains of the dead, to relieve the injured, to take charge of endangered property, and to keep the crowd from overrunning the ruins.

The police, and also the people residing in the neighborhood, did everything in their power to alleviate the sufferings of the unfortunate ones. Several ladies furnished blankets, settees, &c., for the wounded while being conveyed to the hospital. Several milk and farm wagons, passing at the time, were voluntarily relieved of their contents and used as means of conveyance. Certainly, there was never more sympathy expressed for suffering humanity

It seems that the first explosion took place in the moulding-room, in the south-west portion of the premises, where eight men and four boys were employed.

The cartridges upon which the persons in the factory were employed are known as "Dr. Barlow's [illegible] cartridges." They are made without the use of paper, the powder being made into pasteboard-like cases, and the ball forced by means of mallets and iron plunges into brass moulds, where they take the proper form and [illegible].

Mr Jackson had a large order for making these cartridges, of various sizes, for the use of the army of the Potomac, and for the last three weeks he had been engaged in filling a contract for 1,500,000 cartridges for cavalry pistols. They were to be completed within twenty days more, and they were being turned out at the rate of about 75,000 a day.

Most of the persons in the moulding-room are as badly hurt as to be unable to give any account of the origin of the disaster. One of them, named Charles Griffith, informed the Fire Marshal that he saw the first flash from a mould at which one of the men was at work, and the general explosion at once followed.

Foreign Summary.

A terrific FLOOD has prevailed in Austria and Hungary. For four days the rain poured down in incessant torrents. In Vienna alone, it is said, the houses of eighty thousand persons have been submerged, and this vast number of people have been suddenly thrown on the charities of the public. The entire valley of the Danube has been laid waste, and whole villages are said to have been swept away, while large cities, like Pesth, Ratisbon and other places, have been completely inundated.

The reports about the arrest of NENA SAHIB are premature and incorrect. He is still at large, and there is a certain restive uneasiness in much of the native mind in various districts of India.

A strong indisposition is reported among the CHRISTIAN subjects of the Sultan of Turkey to be quiet under his rule. Real or imaginary insults are keenly noted, and there are threatening signs of trouble in different places. At Van, in Armenia, the Turkish garrison was attacked and beaten, and the citadel taken possession of by the Armenians, who supposed some indignity had been offered to one of their symbols of Christianity.

The French Government is gradually committing itself to a strong opposition to all that disposition which the Romish Church has to intermeddle with the affairs of the State. It has recently dissolved the Catholic Association of St. Francois de Sales, at Niames, and is more and more coming into direct antagonism with the politic priestly power of Popery.

An effort has lately been made to relieve the persons imprisoned in Spain for reading and circulating the Holy Scriptures. Major General Alexander, having been requested by the British Committee of the Evangelical Alliance, which met in Geneva last fall, to visit Madrid, did so, but has accomplished nothing. He was courteously treated by the Prime Minister, and was assured that Spain is far "less intolerant than was generally supposed." But still the poor sufferers were compelled to be left in their prison for "the word of GOD."

A firm in Scotland celebrated for the manufacture of steel has recently contracted to furnish the French government with muskets so constructed that they will discharge *seriatim*, through one barrel, sixteen cartridges, by means of a slide containing sixteen chambers. When the contents of the slide are fired off, another loaded slide can be inserted by the soldier in a few seconds, by which thirty-two shots can be discharged in one minute. By drawing the trigger, the chambers containing the charge adjust themselves to the barrel in succession. The model is furnished by the French government.

Married.

On the 16th of January, inst., by Rev J. D. S. Hall, Rev. R. H. CAIN, of Indiana, to Mrs. LAURA HAZZARD, of Baltimore.

On the 6th of March, 1862, by Rev. R. H. Cain, MICHAEL PETERSON to Miss ISABELLA SHARS, both of Brooklyn, New York.

Died.

Departed this life, Tuesday morning, March 18th, 1862, in the 80th year of her age, DIANA VORRES, widow of the late Thomas Vorees, of Trenton, New Jersey.

She died in full triumph of the Christian faith. Mother Vorees was born a slave in the family of a Mr. Van Buren, at Millstone, Somerset County, in the State of New York, about the year 1782. She was reared in Greggetown, where she became the wife of Thomas Vorees. By this union she was the mother of three children—two boys and one girl.

The boys have both gone before their mother to another world. The daughter, our Sister in Christ, Jeanette Staats, has lived to survive the death of her mother, and also ours in the Lord. All of her children were born while she lived a slave. Subsequent to that time her husband purchased her freedom. She was a resident of Trenton forty years, where she embraced religion and joined the A. M. E. Church, when they worshipped in a cooper shop in South Trenton.

She continued a member in good standing, without intermission, until the day of her death. She had a long and lingering illness, covering a period, more or less severe, of 17 years.

During all this time, in patience she possessed her soul

Mother Vorees was a woman of unblemished character, deep vital piety, and pure godliness—a Christian woman of the very first order. She was blessed with an originally clear and bright intellect, to which she added, by individual exertions, a good degree of mental culture in the common branches of an English education.

She was familiarly acquainted with the Holy Scriptures, in which she meditated day and night, from a knowledge of which she possessed a vast fund of useful information. She was both a useful and active member of the Church, in which direction, it is universally admitted, she had no superior in her day. But she has gone from labor to reward. May her body rest in the grave, and her soul in heaven.

J. P. CAMPBELL

Trenton, N. J., March 31, 1862.

MEETINGS OF ANNUAL CONFERENCES

The OHIO Annual Conference will meet in Zanesville city, Ohio, April 16th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M

The INDIANA Annual Conference will meet in Indianapolis, Ind., August 13th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

The MISSOURI Annual Conference will meet in Louisville, Ky., August 20th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

W. PAPE QUINN

The PHILADELPHIA Annual Conference will meet in Trenton N. J., on the 28th day of May, 1862, in the Mount Zion Church, at 9 o'clock

The NEW ENGLAND Annual Conference will meet on the 31st day of May, at New Bedford, at 9 o'clock, A. M., in the A. M. E. Church.

The members of these Conferences will strictly attend to the financial dates as laid down in the Discipline, and without which our itinerant progress will be impeded. Punctual attendance is requested.

A notice of my visits will be given in the future.

W. NAZREY

A LECTURE

JOHN S ROCK, Esq., of Boston, Mass., will deliver his great lecture, "A Plea for my Race," before the Philadelphia Library Company, on Tuesday evening, in the Lecture Room of St. Thomas's Church, 5th Street, below Walnut. Admission ten cents

Lecture to commence at 8 o'clock.

NOTICE

The First Anniversary of the United Beneficial Sisters, of the Rev. J. Womilis Society, will be held on Thursday evening, the 10th of April, 1862, at 8 o'clock, in the Philadelphia Institute, Lombard Street, above Seventh

N. B. The Society is particularly requested to meet on the first Thursday evening in April, at Sister Dorsey's in Bedford Street. Punctual attendance is requested, it being the night of the President [illegible]

J. HOWARD, President.
E. ATKERLEY, Secretary

THE YOUTH'S EVANGELIST

Is published twice every month, and is prepared expressly for use in the Sabbath schools of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is printed on fine white paper, and is illustrated with fine engravings in every number.

THE TERMS ARE PER PAYMENT AS FOLLOWS:

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We have secured the services of [illegible] who will furnish original articles for every number, which will add much to the interest of its columns.

It is the intention of the subscriber to make the Youth's Evangelist a help to parents and sabbath school teachers in the training of the youth committed to their care and a welcome visitor in all the families of the Methodist Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal Church South, African Methodist Episcopal, and United Brethren Churches.

A specimen will be sent to any one who may wish to see whether it is worth subscribing for. Address

JAMES M. GIBSON,
[illegible] Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS.—Thomas Johnston, Monmouth Illinois. John Fleming, Xenia, O. R. J. Murdoch, United Presbyterian Office, Pittsburg, Pa. Sprout & Lyons, Allegheny, Pa.

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The new process of breadmaking, patented by Perry & Fitzgerald, consists of the obstacles which have hitherto rendered it impossible to manufacture perfectly pure, sweet, and nutritious bread. The entire process is performed by mechanical means, and is [illegible]

The process consists in mixing the flour in a closed vessel, and the application of pure carbonic gas, under *pressure*, by which the dough used is made thoroughly light and ready to be discharged into pans, for baking, in the brief space of fifteen or twenty minutes. The "change" is nearly the same as that which effects a revolution in the operation, in all its details, from the putting in of the flour to the discharging of the dough, in from twenty five to forty minutes. The "change" in the quality of Perry & Fitzgerald's effects a revolution in the preparation of bread, by establishing a system of wholesome manufacture not subject to the vicissitudes and evils of fermentation; but a sure and certain [illegible] Success, by the substitution of mechanical for manual labor, and to the superior value of the article produced, it promises large profits upon the capital employed [illegible] as well as to the public, as the [illegible] will add to the patent rights and public security &c. a competition. But whilst preventing undue competition it produces some of the evils of a monopoly, because it leaves the consumer at all times in possession of his former means of supply, to be resorted to, should the monopoly become prejudicial.

The application of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure, to a mechanically kneaded dough mass, as in the invention of Perry & Fitzgerald, did not occur to Dr Ure, though he seems to have had a clear knowledge of the importance of the application of [illegible] gas, since he states, by the [illegible], that "if water highly impregnated with carbonic acid gas, be used for kneading the dough the resulting bread will be remarkably spongy. Could a light article," he continues, "be produced in this way, that is, if the sugar would remain undecomposed, the bread would be as much the sweeter and more nutritious."

What, in Dr. Ure, was evidently a clearly comprehended chemical truth has been practically [illegible] by the ingenious inventors of Perry & Fitzgerald. Posterity will hold their names in grateful remembrance, as among the most eminent benefactors of mankind.

ITS SUPERIORITY. The superiority of unfermented bread is by no means new. Dr. Cullen, who wrote more than seventy years ago, says:

"In Scotland, nine tenths of the lower class of people, and that is the greater part of the whole, live upon unfermented bread, and unfermented farinaceous in other forms, and there are not a more healthy people anywhere to be found. In the course of fifty years, that I have practiced among them, I have had occasion to know this, and have hardly met with a disease, of any consequence, that I could impute to the use of unfermented farinacea."

At a later period, Professor Thompson, of Glasgow, in his work on the "Food of Animals," after alluding to the facts referred to above by Dr. Cullen, and other kindred facts, observes:—

"Such, then, being sufficient evidence in favor of the wholesomeness of unfermented bread, it becomes important to discover in what respects it differs from fermented bread. The result gained by this process (fermentation) may be considered to be merely the expansion of the particles of which the flour is composed [illegible] the mass more readily divisible by the peculiarly active process of digestion. But, as this object is gained at a sacrifice of the nutriments of the flour, it becomes a matter of interest to ascertain the amount of the loss sustained in the process."

The result of these [illegible] experiments was a full confirmation in favor of unfermented bread of nearly seven per cent. more than made by the ordinary process. In other words, there was a loss of nearly one-tenth of the nutritive properties of the flour, which, by the process of fermentation, was driven into the air and lost.

We come now to a more particular consideration of the superiority of the bread made without fermentation, or the use of chemical agents, over the bread made by those processes. Although, from what has already been said, this superiority appears in most vivid contrast, yet the public will no doubt be better satisfied to have the points stated specifically for it only needs that the advantages secured by this method be clearly understood in order to its universal introduction in the manufacture of bread.

I. ITS CLEANLINESS.—Instead of the dough being mixed by the naked hands or *feet* of the bread, from the putting of the flour to the completion of the baking, is not, as it usually is, "a work," to use the language of Dr. Willard Parker, "in its entire cleanliness." Says Dr Winchester "The process is not only purely scientific, but preeminently cleanly."

II. ITS PRESERVATION OF ALL THE NUTRIENT PRINCIPLES OF THE FLOUR.—As the raising of the dough is by the mechanical introduction of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure, in a closed vessel or receiver, it takes a perfect vesicular or spongy texture. All the constituents of the flour remain wholly unchanged, while the process of raising [illegible] is [illegible] as fibrine is one of them as has been already shown.

III. ITS UNIFORM CHARACTER.—Bread made by the Soo Process is uniformly light, sweet, and wholesome. The conditions being simple, and not liable to variation, or failure can occur to always producing bread of the same quality. It retains its moisture much longer than fermented bread, and may be eaten warm with impunity. The [illegible] a part [illegible] in all nights, even in the most sensitive [illegible].

"The objectionable consequences of fermentation being avoided, the constituents of the flour are left in the unchanged and unexhausted, the resulting loaf being absolutely pure."

IV. ITS WHOLESOMENESS.—Being free from the deleterious substances which in the process of fermentation [illegible] to [illegible] it is [illegible] to digestion, and agrees with the most delicate stomach [illegible] dyspeptics," says Dr Doe, [illegible] the N. Y. Medical College, "it will be invaluable, as they will be able to use it when the fermented manufactured bread has been found to have signally failed as an article of diet." Says the London *Medical Times and Gazette*:—

"Since the introduction of the new unfermented bread, there have already been received from members of the medical profession, who have recommended it in their practice, as well as from non-professional sources, accounts of the really astonishing results that have followed its use in cases of deranged digestion and assimilation. Many persons have regained their capacity to [illegible] after years of suffering and misery, by the simple use of the bread as a diet. Many cases have also been reported by medical men of position, in which certain distressing forms of [illegible] which had resisted every [illegible] as if by magic, almost immediately after adopting the use of the unfermented bread.

"The beneficial effects of the new bread are attributable to two causes. The one is the absence of the prejudicial matters imparted to ordinary bread by the process of fermentation; and the other is the presence in the bread unfermented of those elements which are the essential agents of digestion and assimilation."

The most eminent members of the medical profession, both in Great Britain and in the United States, not only speak in the highest terms of the ease with which it is digested, and of its rich, nutritious qualities, but especially of its peculiar [illegible] as a remedy in cases of dyspepsia. The effect of it in cases of other strong forces, which, in a greater or less degree, are characteristic of fermented bread, renders the new bread peculiarly [illegible] to invalids.

V. ITS ECONOMY AND ECONOMY.—By the use of mechanical means, instead of manual labor, a barrel of flour is converted into baked loaves in forty-five minutes, whereas by the ordinary process four or five hours are required in the [illegible] of the sponge, and a further time in kneading, raising, and baking the dough.

"The absolute economy of the consumption of bread," says a correspondent of the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, "results in an article peculiarly suitable to be prepared and supplied by a public company. And since the new process removes all the objections of [illegible] and [illegible] of domestic economy, the supply of bread is placed at once in the same category with gas, water, or other articles of prime necessity."

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Advertisements.

THE UNITED Brethren and Sisters of Rev Willis Nazrey Society, are requested to attend their regular stated meeting, the 19th of this month, at 5 o'clock, P M., on the corner of Quince and Locust Streets. Punctual attendance is strictly requested, by order of the President.

AARON BELL, *President.*
E. MALONEY, *Secretary*

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, at being the thirteenth convention, April 10th, 1862. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

From Garnet Union No 4, D. of T.; from Phoenix Union, No. 8, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 16, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Dr. Bias' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 19, D. of T.; from Vanbrackle Union, No. 15, D. of T., of Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows.—

Grand P., Sister Bennet; Grand Associate, Sister Burris; Grand Treasurer, Sister Faucett; Grand Corresponding Secretary, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dunbar Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall

G. P. P.,	Sister E. BANKERS,	G. P. P.	Sister ANDERSON
" "	E. BROWN,	" "	" J. V. HILL
" "	M. H. BUSBY,	" "	" E. A. CLARKE
" "	E. M. NEWMAN,	" "	" WORTHY
" "	S. DAVIS,	" "	" S. HALL

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY

THE STATED QUARTERLY MEETINGS of the Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August, and November.

The meetings of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the society.

Mrs. SARAH CARTER, President.
Mr. I. R. SAYMOUR, Sec'y.

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Family Circle.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

WHEN VACATION COMES!

MARCUS FURMAN was attending school in the lovely town of Bingen on the bank of the Rhine. He was only eleven years old, and his parents lived ten miles in the country. He was boarding with a widow lady who took very good care of him But every Friday afternoon the stage stopped before the school-house door to take him out to his country home, and the next Monday morning he returned to school again.

"What are you looking for, Marcus?" asked his mother one Friday evening, about a half-hour after they had all got up from the supper table

"For the Almanac, mother, I can't find it anywhere."

"You will find it in my work-basket. But I can tell you the day of the month without that trouble. It is the eighth of June."

"Oh! I know the day of the month. That is not what I wish to find; but on what day of the week the eighteenth of July comes, and then how many days our vacation will last. Let me see now —thirty-six days! That is plenty long enough for what I want."

"What do you want to do in vacation, Marcus?" his mother asked.

"I will tell you. I want you and pa to let sister Flora and me make a visit to Uncle Thomas. What a splendid castle he has down the Rhine. What vineyards, and flocks, and parks, and gardens! And just think, mother, that we have not seen Uncle Thomas for a whole year."

"But where will you get money from, to pay your travelling expenses? Your father may not have it to spare. Besides, you will need some very handsome clothes if you spend your vacation with your Uncle Thomas. And whom will you get to go with you? I would not trust you and little Flora alone so long a distance."

"I think that can all be fixed," answered Marcus, whose eyes sparkled like two great diamonds, in hope of the vacation journey. "Flora and I have already twenty-five dollars in our money-chest, and if we can add ten more to it, I am sure we shall have enough for all our wants. I will work every Saturday in Mr. Wallen's vineyard, and I think there will be no doubt about raising the whole sum. We would want Aunt Julia to go with us. She would take good care of us, and walk out with us every day while we are making our visit to Uncle Thomas."

Just then Aunt Julia entered the room. Marcus told her all his plans, and she agreed to accompany them if their parents would give their consent to the journey. So next day it was fully decided that Aunt Julia, and Marcus, and Flora, should pay a long visit to Uncle Thomas.

Marcus put the Almanac into his pocket, so that he could often refer to it, and count the days and hours that must pass before vacation. Many a time did he speak about it on Saturday and Monday, and say to his mother: "What a good time we will have when vacation comes!" She invariably told him that he must not depend too much on his plans. "It is never safe to trust to the future," she would add; "for I have many a time been disappointed when I least expected to be."

"But, mother," he answered, "what could happen in so short a time to prevent our visit to Uncle Thomas? We are all well, Aunt Julia is going with us, we will have money enough, and I can't think how anything could hinder us from our journey down the Rhine. What a good time we'll have *when vacation comes!*"

Again, his mother told him not to depend on the future. "Even if you were intending to go to-morrow," she said, "something might break up all your plans. Suppose some of us were to be very sick; I am sure you would not want to go and leave us."

"I don't see how that can be. None of us have been sick, pa said the other day, for two years. So it is not likely that any one in our family will get sick between the eighth of June and the eighteenth of July. And that is *when vacation comes!*"

Marcus was unconvinced, but still his mother told him that "man proposes but God disposes." He and Flora went out to take a little walk, and they talked about nothing else. What flowers they would pluck, what nuts they would have on the Rhine, what presents they would get from Uncle Thomas. All these, and a hundred more things they talked about, expecting to enjoy them *when vacation comes.*

When Marcus went to school next week he told his playmates what he was going to do and where he was going in vacation. And when he returned to his parents on Friday evening, he did nothing but talk about his splendid journey. His first expression was: "Another week less before vacation comes!" He counted the hours, and every time he came home he used to say: "How long the days are! Time never went so slow before." Finally, the last week came. And as Marcus went out to get into the stage he said:

"When I come home again, vacation will be here. Now, Aunt Julia, have everything ready, so that we can start next morning. Good-by, won't we have a pleasant time *when vacation comes!*"

"Halt! halt!" shouted Marcus' father to the stage-driver as he was driving off. "I have a parcel for my son." And out came Mr. Furman with a good-sized package.

"Marcus, take these pamphlets to the bookbinder in Elm street, and tell him to have them bound for you in time to bring them out with you on Friday evening."

"I will attend to it, pa. There will be no mistake, and when you get the books, vacation will be here."

When soon came that day, Marcus took the books to the bookbinder. He lived in the third story of an old house, and whoever went to see him had to be very careful that he did not fall down the narrow, dark stairs. But Marcus was not afraid, and soon he was in the presence of the old bald-headed bookbinder. He told him what he wanted, and that the books must be done by next Friday.

"I have never disappointed anybody when I could prevent it," said the old man. "You may depend upon me. If I am well, these books shall be bound."

"Vacation comes next Friday;" said Marcus to the old bookbinder. "I suppose you hardly know what vacation is, do you?"

"Oh! yes. Schoolboys' vacations are like a great many other things that cannot be trusted. My son Andrew was looking forward to his vacation a year ago with a great deal of pleasure. But just before it came, he was taken sick with a severe rheumatism, and he has never been able to help me bind books since. Hannah, his little sister, spends all her time in nursing him. He is now lying in the back-room on his bed, and would be glad to have you chat with him awhile."

"I haven't got the time now," said Marcus, "but may be I shall have when I come after the books next Friday."

"Before you leave, however," said the old man, "let me tell you not to depend too much on your vacation. You may be sick a-bed. A great many people are sick in Bingen. The doctors say it is the cholera; and you know when that disease gets hold of anybody, he cannot live long. You may get sick, too. You must be very careful of your food. But mind, *don't trust too much to your vacation. If you don't get the cholera, something else may happen to prevent your pleasure.*"

"You'll see, bookbinder, that I won't get disappointed. I am as well now as I ever was, and only think, it is but five days *before vacation comes.*"

"Ah! my son, when you get as old as I am, you will see how foolish it is to trust to the future. I'll try and have your father's books ready. Call again on Friday at twelve o'clock. Come in time to have a little talk with Andrew. He is only fifteen years old, and you would be good company for him."

Marcus was soon off to school again. Every few hours he went to look at the barometer, for he wanted to know if he would have good weather "*When vacation comes,*" he said to himself, "what a delightful time I shall have! Little Flora and I will be as happy as a king and queen"

At last Friday came. The sun was bright, and the barometer said, "good weather." Marcus was a diligent student, and passed a good examination At noon he went around to Elm street to get his father's books

I hope you have time," said the old bookbinder, "to talk a little with Andrew. He is so lonely All his old friends seem to have forgotten him

"I am very sorry, but I have just finished my examination, and this afternoon I must bid my school mates good-by, and get my new clothes from the tailor's, and my new boots from the shoe maker's. You see I haven't got the cholera, but am as well to-day as I can be. To-morrow I am going down the Rhine to spend vacation with Uncle Thomas. How happy one feels *when vacation comes!*"

"The books are ready for you. Here they are; and a pretty good package they make, too"

Marcus settled the bill, and started down stairs But the books were very heavy, and he was not careful enough in going down the dark, steep stairs. All at once he fell, and rolled down to the next floor. He lay there senseless, and when the bookbinder came to pick him up, he found a large cut on his forehead. The blood streamed down his face and over his clothes. He was taken up stairs and laid upon a little cot in the same room where sick Andrew was The doctor was sent for immediately, but by the time he came, Marcus was returning to his senses again. The wound was severe, but the doctor said it would be at least a week before he could be taken home again.

I might make my account of Marcus and his great disappointment a very long one, but I will not do so. The news of his accident was sent out that day to his father, and he came the same night to see him. The next day his mother, and Aunt Julia, and sister Flora came by the stage, and when they saw how great a sufferer Marcus was, they all wept very bitterly. Little Flora said, when she came up and kissed him: "I'm so sorry we can't go down to the Rhine to visit Uncle Thomas." Marcus wept as she spoke these words, but he answered: "Never mind, dear sister; it may be all for the best. I will bear it as well as I can. Here is poor Andrew, who has been sick a year with the rheumatism. His father says he never complains, and I won't complain either."

"How good he must be," said Flora. "I wish we could help him."

"May be we can," replied Marcus. "The doctor says if he could be taken to the mineral spring at Warmbrunn, he would be cured in two or three weeks' time. You see we can't visit Uncle Thomas; so let us give our money to poor Andrew, and his father will take him to be cured."

Every day Marcus grew better, and was then taken home. He still kept to his purpose of giving his money to poor Andrew, to get cured by the mineral water. His father, and mother, and indeed everybody in the house, agreed to it. The box was opened. There were thirty-six dollars in it. Then Mr. Furman took the stage for Bingen, and called first of all to see the old bookbinder He said:—

"You would not receive anything for your kindness to my son. Here are thirty-six dollars to all ver which he and his sister Flora make a present to *your* son Andrew. They have been saving it for many months, but as they are disappointed in their vacation-journey, they have no use for it Accept it with my thanks for all your trouble."

The old man could hardly believe his own eyes when he saw the bright silver dollars. The tears stole down his cheeks, and all he could say was:

"The Lord be praised! The Lord be praised! May the good Lord bless you and yours in time and eternity!"

The next week Andrew started for Warmbrunn. The great present that he received did him much good, even before he left Bingen. It was not necessary for his father to go with him, but his little sister Hannah accompanied him. She was a very sweet girl, and was eleven years old. When they reached the place, the first thing she did was to write a letter for Andrew back to Marcus; and she continued to write every few days. Each letter found Marcus a great deal better, and he would always say: "How happy I feel when I think that poor Andrew is getting better I wish I had a thousand dollars for him!" I must tell you a part of one of little Hannah's letters. She had never written one before she went to Warmbrunn; so you must not laugh at it. The address was:

"To that good young gentleman, Marcus Furman, who gave brother Andrew thirty six dollars to come here and get cured. The postmaster at Bingen will please send it out to him by the first stage."

Now that was enough to make anybody smile But little Hannah didn't know any better. The letter read thus:—

"DEAR, GOOD, YOUNG MR MARCUS:

"The weather here in the mountains is quite cool. Andrew can walk about very easily with a cane. It is the same one your father gave him when he handed him the money. It rains here almost every day. At five o'clock in the morning all the sick people get out of bed. Then they drink the mineral water. Andrew has a great appetite, and can eat nearly all the time. Every day the good Lord performs wonders. People who come here leaning on crutches, soon get well enough to walk without them. I plait straw every day for hats. In this way I can pay my own board. So all the money goes to Andrew. I was afraid you might think that some of it had to pay my expenses. We both pray every day for you and little Flora. When I see so many sick people, I often think of this verse in the Bible:—'For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'

"The doctor here comes every day to see Andrew, and gives him as much attention as if he was the Prince of Prussia Good by!

"Your true friend, the bookbinder's daughter,

"LITTLE HANNAH."

In due time Andrew got well and came home. Marcus was able to commence school again the next term. During that year his Uncle died, and when his will was opened these words were found:—

"To my nephew, Marcus Furman, I bequeath my castle on the Rhine, and all my lands and flocks, and furniture and books. If it should ever be asked why I do this, let it be said Marcus was kind to the poor. May he be patient, and never trust too much to the future. I die with the fervent prayer that his severe accident in the old bookbinder's house may teach him always to put his confidence in God, and never to forget to say, when he makes his plans, as St. James did—'IF THE LORD WILL, WE SHALL LIVE, AND DO THIS OR THAT.'"

MARY LEE.

From the Youth's Evangelist.

THE FATAL TEMPTATION.

I have a short story to relate to the young readers of the EVANGELIST. It is only one instance, among many happening every day, shown the awful effects of intemperance. The incidents I am about to relate may be termed one as true in the details.

It was a cold, wintry night. The driving storm, and the whistling wind, made us gather closer around the fire, and feel how comfortable we were, and pity any who were compelled to be abroad in such weather.

Our attention was suddenly arrested by a faint sound, which seemed to come from a distance. At first we paid but little notice to it, but on the sound being repeated, we hastened to the door the source whence they proceeded. Procuring a light we searched the out-buildings. The sounds we heard at first were very faint; soon, however, they were repeated, and with more distinctness appearing to proceed from some person in distress. Following the direction, we quickened our steps and soon came up to the object of our search Here we were presented with a sight which, I trust, we may never be called to witness again, and the remembrance of which, though it happened years ago, yet makes the blood run cold in the veins.

A sled, with two horses attached, was standing at the side of the road, or rather had slided into ravine at the side of the road It had been loaded with barrels, but the sudden lurch had made them roll out. We found a man lying prostrate on his face, in the snow, utterly helpless in more respects than one. He was still uttering the feeble noise which had attracted us to the place. We proceeded quickly to release him from his uncomfortable situation, glad with the thought that we were made the instruments of saving the life of a fellow-being. But judge of our horror on being addressed thus, "My poor brother is covered up somewhere near me, and I think he must be dead, because I have not heard him move or make any noise for a good while!" The sad truth was soon made evident. His brother was indeed dead. O, how sad were our feelings then! We regretted bitterly that we had not reached the spot a little sooner, when by removing the barrels which had crushed and smothered him in the snow, we might have succeeded in saving his life. But, if we felt thus, how much sadder were the feelings of that brother's heart. By a slight exertion he might have released himself, or started the horses, and thus pulled the sled off them both. A good-sized but empty jug, that was found lying on the road, near at hand, seemed to speak a history from its mouth. The whole sad story could be summed up thus, "It was whisky that did this."

They had been to the neighboring town, and were returning home. Unfortunately they had partaken too freely of strong drink, both before starting and along the road. And hence, when meeting with the slight accident, they were unable to help themselves. Along with others, I was struck with a beautiful if not remarkable instance of sagacity. On reaching the bottom of the hill, on our way to the sled, we were met by the faithful dog, who howled piteously, and running back and forth, seemed to say to us as plainly as he could, that help was needed; and he stationed himself near at hand while we were releasing his unfortunate master.

A minister was sent forward to carry the sad tidings to the bereaved family. O, what a sad scene was there witnessed, and how shocking to that family, and especially to the poor wife! The husband of her youth, who had left her that morning in smiling health, is brought back to her a lifeless corpse! It was a sad but loud warning to the many friends and neighbors, who were called together so unexpectedly to perform the last sad offices of respect for the dead. The awful scenes of that night made an impression on my mind which nothing can efface.

How many hearts, to-night, are made sad—how many homes made desolate, by this cruel vice of intemperance! A mighty army of drunkards are marching to the grave—all ages, ranks and conditions, compose the mournful company! How sad such an end! And then the awful thought, Lost, forever lost! "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God!" Who, then, would fill a drunkard's grave? Summon the courage to resist the temptation Determine this—By the grace of God, I will never be a drunkard. Come, pledge you, each one,—here is the safe, the Bible rule, "Touch not, taste not, handle not."

HOWARD.

THE MISSIONARY.

A missionary is one sent forth to preach Christ. He has to endure many hardships. In the West especially, where he must travel a whole day across broad prairies without seeing a house—without any food but a few cakes in his pocket, he experiences much self-denial. Two years ago, one of our young ministers started on a tour in western Iowa. He was poor, and had no horse to ride. One morning he started from his lodgings on foot. He threaded his way through the prairie, without seeing a human being. In the afternoon a dreadful storm arose. The wind blew, and the rain poured. There he was, without food or shelter. He could not move forward or backward, for the fury of the storm. At last he sat down, and in pensive tones sang that song, "Do they miss me at home."

This is but a single instance, and I mention it that you may be led to think of, and pray for the missionary in this and heathen lands. How glad he would feel, if he knew that the little boys and girls of the Sabbath Sch ol remembered him We cannot get along without sympathy in this world, and none need it more than the preacher of the gospel.

Missionaries have generally been good men. Christ was one, and he never sinned. All the apostles were pious men. No doubt your own minister is a good man. He loves you, and you ought to love him.

But did you ever think that you might be a missionary, though you are but a child yet? Can you not take a paper or tract, which tells of Jesus, to some boy whose parents never bring him to church? Can you not ask John, or William to come with you to Sabbath School? Can you not tell boys who swear, that God is angry at such conduct, and ask them to quit it? Yes, you can do all these things; and in doing so, you will be missionaries quite as much as Miss Dales, in Egypt. O, children, do all the good you can! Christ notices all you do. He will richly reward you for doing right. JOHN.

RAINY SABBATHS

The Sabbath is a holy day. It was given to man that he might rest from his labors, and give himself up to meditation and prayer. All, whether young or old, should spend the whole of it in the service of Christ. When you can, you should go to church. When you cannot go, you should read the Bible or some good book If you get tired of these duties Then will be good for both soul and body It will keep you from weariness or disorder.

But the Sabbath is sometimes wet Then the Devil suggests many reasons why you should absent yourself from the Sabbath School, and from church. You should not try to feel sick for the occasion; but you should attend as though the sun shone out in all his beauty. To go may be unpleasant. You may get your clothes soiled a little You may feel somewhat uncomfortable as you walk along in the wind and rain; but remember, if you ever get to heaven, it must be by the path of self-denial. Christ endured anguish and death for you; will you not suffer a little for him?

If you are not kept away by rain, your Sabbath School teacher, your pastor, and above all, your Saviour will love you. The heart of your minister will be sad, if he finds that you never come, on a wet day, to the house of God." Would you not rather make his heart glad than give him one pang of grief? I am sure you would. Then come regularly to his preaching: be so punctual, that when he finds your seat vacant, he may certainly know that you are absent from home or sick

Dr Baker lived about thirty years ago. He was appointed to preach in a village eight miles distant. When the day came, the sky was covered with blackness, and it was very wet and windy. But the good man started out, his heart being warm with love for souls. By the time he reached the church, he was quite as wet as if he had taken a plunge into the river. But worse than all, he found the church closed, and not one to welcome him to shelter. This was discouraging, and would well fill with shame those who lived within a few rods of the church. Afterward, some one asked him how he felt? His Christian, noble reply was "Never more happy or contented in my life I felt that if all the world that day had neglected their duty, I had not neglected mine."

JOHN.

HOW TO LIVE LONG

We have no doubt that all our little readers would like to live a long time Dear children, we think not one of you would like to die now God has promised long life to you on certain conditions Who can repeat the fifth commandment? There you have the conditions. We recollect of reading a story about a little boy, who lived long, because he honored his father, by obeying a command his father gave him. One of those large and beautiful sycamore which run around the Lake was standing the side of a steep mountain nearly above Sabbath Day, and I [illegible] Willard's long way from where the boat took fire. The scene was described as appalling We would not attempt to describe the despair pictured on the countenances of fathers and mothers sisters and brothers, and friends. This little boy got out of the boat and was holding on to the rudder, by which the vessel is kept on her course. Here he was discovered by his father, who was on a floating bench. His father said, "Hold on, my boy, hold on," and was seen no more. The flames often licked his hands, and his arms were terribly burnt, and wave after wave would almost suffocate him; but still the brave boy remembered his father's words and held on, and was saved, and lived many years.

A few years ago, while a large number of children were assembled in one of our public schools, in Philadelphia, the cry of fire was raised. A scene of confusion ensued, and in the struggle to get to the door many of the children were severely injured. But one little girl never moved from her seat. When asked why she did not rush for the door like the other children, her reply was, "My father, who is a fireman, told me, when the cry of fire was raised, not to move from my place, and he knows best." This little girl honored her father by obeying his commands, and perhaps saved herself from injury. We might, if we had space, tell you a great many more such incidents, but these two are enough.

Children, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long on the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee," and you will be happy, and if God does call on you to die, he will only take you home to himself where you will be happy for ever.

INFLUENCE.

BY GEORGE W. BUSHAT.

Deep follows deep and swells
With rain the sweeping river,
Word follows word, as I tells
Truth that lives forever.

Flake follows flake, like sprites
Whose wings the winds discover;
Thought follows thought, and lights
The realm of mind forever.

Beam follows beam to cheer
The cloud the bolt would shiver;
Throb follows throb, and fear
Gives place to joy forever

The drop, the flake, the beam,
Teach us a lesson ever:
The word, the thought, the deed
Impress the soul forever

LITTLE CHARLIE'S TRUST

BY W. J. S. CRAWFORD.

I knew a little boy who died
Some seven years ago,
Who in his dying moments tried
To soothe his mother's woe:
Though he could scarcely breathe the words,
He whispered, "Mother dear,
Jesus will protect me now,
So that I need not fear"

That little boy was very young,
But not too young to die,
Nor yet too young to know on whom
In death he must rely:
He knew that Jesus died to save,
To Him his heart was given,
And so, to him, the gloomy grave,
Was but the gate to heaven

May every little child who reads
What lying Charlie said,
Give up its tender heart to Him
Who through death's solemn shade
Led Charlie to the blessed land
Where there is no more night;
Where now before the throne he stands,
An angel pure and bright

THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE TO CHILDREN.

BY M J E CRAWFORD

Children! have you heard how Jesus,
When he dwelt with men on earth,
Kindly spoke to little children,
Checking not their harmless mirth
In his arms he gently took them,
Clasped them to his loving breast,
And in accents mild and tender,
Each dear child he sweetly blessed

Stern-browed men rebuked the mothers,
Who had brought their children near,
But the tender hearted Saviour
Bade them come and not to fear.
"Suffer ye the little children."
Thus he spake, "to come to me,
For of such is Heaven's kingdom.
Such my Father's face do see."

"Oh! what happy little children,"
You will say, "who heard his voice;
If we, too, could see and hear him,
We should love him and rejoice!"
Yet these precious words of blessing,
Were not breathed for those alone,
Who within his arms were folded
Jesus on his heavenly throne

O'er the little ones is watching,
Guarding them by night and day,
Kinder than the kindest mother,
And when little children pray,
Jesus hears them, and rejoices
As the holy scriptures says,
He rejoiced, when in the temple,
Little children sang his praise

Children! love this blessed Saviour,
He deserves your warmest love,
For he died that he might bring you
To his glorious home above.

DEAR CHILDREN, let not the stream of your life always be a murmuring stream We do not like to hear little ones all the time uttering complaints Let your life be as joyous and smiling as possible, and you will thus make all around you smile, and be in continual sunshine yourselves

Philadelphia Markets.

APPLES.—Green, 4.00@4.50; dried, 4@7.
ASHES.—Pots, ——@——; Pearls, ——@——; Soda-Ash, 2½@2¾.
BARK.—Quercitron, first quality, 33.50@35.00; second quality, 31.00@——; third quality, ——@29.00; Spanish Oak, cord, 11.00@12.50; Chestnut Oak, 9.——@10.—.
BEEF.—Mess, barrel, 12@14. Prime, 6@7
dried beef, 9@10.
BEESWAX.—Yellow, 32@33¾.
BREAD.—Crackers, 4@6½
BUTTER.—Firkin, 10@13; in lugs, 10@12.
Roll, 14@18; Goshen, 16@22.
CANDLES.—Sperm [illegible] Adamantine [illegible]
[illegible] Tallow moulds dipped, [illegible]
CHEESE.—5@7¾.
COFFEE.—Cuba, [illegible]@2. Java, 25@28. Laguayra, 21@22. Maracaibo, 20@21: Mocha, 23@24; Rio, 18@22; St. Domingo, 19@20.
CRANBERRIES.—$1.00@12.
DRIED BEEF.—9@10.
DRIED FRUIT.—Apples, per bushel, ——@——
Peaches, ——@——.
FEATHERS.—American, 34@36.
FISH.—Mackerel, No. 1, 10.00@10.50; No. 2, 8.00@8.50; No. 3, [illegible] No. 1 [illegible] Herring, pickled, barrel, 2.00@4.50; box, 15@16.
FLAX [illegible]
FLOUR.—Penna., 5.00@5.25, extra, 5.25@5.75; Western, 5.00@5.25. Rye flour, 4.25@4.37. Corn meal, 2.87½@3.00.
FRUIT.—Raisins, box, 2.12@3.50; quarter boxes, 75@85. Currants, per pound, 11 [illegible] Citron, 50@60. Oranges, 2.50@2.75 Lemons 2.00@2.75. Currants, 11@12. Figs, 10@16. Almonds, soft, 32@35; hard, 8@10. Groundnuts, bushel, 1.00@2.40. Cranberries, 9.00@12.00.
GRAIN.—Wheat, Penna. red, 1.30@1.33; white, 1.40@1.50; Southern red, 1.34@1.37; Southern white, 1.40@1.50. Rye, Penna., 70@70½; Southern, 68@70; Corn, yellow, 52@54; white, 58@60; Oats, Eastern, [illegible] Southern, [illegible] Barley, white, 1.75@2.00.
HAY [illegible] Western [illegible]
LUMBER.—White Pine, Susq., 14@15; Yellow Pine, Virg., 9@14; Hemlock, Lehigh, 9.00@10.00; Albany White Pine, 25@28. Shingles, cedar, M., [illegible]
MOLASSES, [illegible] Port Rico [illegible]
37; New Orleans, 40@46; Sugar House, 45@47
OILS.—Olive, gallon, 1.11@1.15; Linseed, [illegible]
Whale, crude, 54@58; winter, 58@60; fall, 58@60. Sperm, winter, 1.56@1.65; spring and fall, 1.35@1.50; Lard oil, spring, 58@62½; winter, 65@75; Rosine, 25@35.
PORK.—Mess, 12.50@14.00. Hams, smoked [illegible]; in pickle, 5@6. Sides, 3@6; in salt, 4@5. Shoulders, smoked, 4@5; in salt, 3@4.
POTATOES.—Bushel, 50@65.
RICE.—7.00@7.25.
SALT [illegible] 21 [illegible] York's Island, [illegible]
SEEDS [illegible] Clover, [illegible] Timothy, 2.12½@2.25; Herd Grass, 80@90
[illegible]
SUGARS.—Havana, white, 7 [illegible]; yellow, 6.50@6.87½. New Orleans, 6.00@6.25; Cuba, 6.00@6.00; Loaf and Lump, [illegible]
WOOL.—Prime or Saxony, 50@52; American, No 1, pulled, 45@48, Merino, 40@44.

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Save your broken Furniture
IT WILL MEND LEATHER
Mend your Harness, straps, Belts, Boots, &c.
IT WILL MEND GLASS,
Save the pieces of that expensive Cut Glass Bottle
IT WILL MEND IVORY,
Don't throw away that [illegible] it is easily repaired.
IT WILL MEND CHINA,
Your broken Chinas Cups and Saucers can be made as good as new.
IT WILL MEND MARBLE,
That piece knocked off [illegible] Mantel can be put on as [illegible]
IT WILL MEND PORCELAIN,
No matter if that [illegible] it is only a shilling a bottle and it will mend it
IT WILL MEND ALABASTER,
That costly Alabaster Vase is broken and you can't match it, mend it, it will never show where you put it together

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It can be applied to new and old Roofs of ALL KINDS, steep or flat, and to PITCHED ROOFS without removing the Shingles

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This is the ONLY material manufactured in the United States which combines the very desirable properties of flexibility and durability, which are unfortunately unacknowledged to be possessed by GUTTA PERCHA AND INDIA RUBBER

No Heat is Required in Making Application

The expense of applying it is trifling, as an ordinary Roof can be covered and finished the same day

It can be applied by any one,

and when finished forms a *perfectly* FIRE PROOF *surface*, with an elastic body, which cannot be injured by HEAT, COLD or STORMS, SHRINKING of ROOF BOARDS, nor any external action whatever.

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This is the ONLY Cement that [illegible] which will successfully resist [illegible] changes of all climates, for any length of time, when applied to *metals*, to which it adheres firmly, forming a body equal to three coats of paint, and [illegible] each [illegible] and will LAST THREE TIMES AS LONG, and from its elasticity is not injured by the contraction and expansion of TIN and other METAL ROOFS, consequent upon sudden changes of the weather

It will [illegible] CRACK IN COLD OR RUN IN WARM WEATHER, AND WILL NOT WASH OFF.

LEAKY TIN AND OTHER METAL ROOFS can be readily repaired with GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT, and prevented from further corrosion and leaking. THEREBY ENSURING A PERFECTLY WATER TIGHT ROOF FOR A MANY YEARS

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For preserving and repairing Tin and other Metal Roofs of every description, from its great elasticity, is not injured by the contraction and expansion of Metals, AND WILL NOT CRACK IN COLD OR RUN IN WARM WEATHER

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CASH PRICE $45 PER TON OF POUNDS (2½ CTS PER POUND)

In the preparation of this Valuable Manure, BONES ARE USED IN THEIR RAW STATE ONLY. They have never been boiled or calcined. They are taken as nature has made them, crushed with powerful machinery, and subjected to a process, by which, while all the virtues of the bone is retained, a Fertilizer is prepared, furnishing in a concentrated and soluble form, the two indispensable ingredients for the growth of Plants and enriching the soil, viz.: phosphoric acid and ammonia. These two ingredients, by the use of BAUGH'S RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE, are given to the soil in all their original strength and purity. They assimilate at once with the soil, furnish all the needful ammonia for the growing crop, giving it a vigorous appearance, and leave the land permanently benefited, so that its presence can be traced for years afterwards.

[illegible]

Downingtown, Chester County, Pa., April 9th, 1860

Messrs. Baugh & Sons: Gentlemen,—I have been using your article of Super Phosphate on wheat and corn for several seasons, and am well satisfied of its value as an active and 'paying' fertilizer

I have applied it on wheat at the rate of 300 pounds per acre, alongside of a heavy coat of barn-yard manure, kept dry and under cover, and the result was, that by harvest the wheat where the Phosphate was put, was much the better headed and heavier, while the grain was taken more strongly than on the other portion of the field. I have also used the Phosphate by the side of Peruvian Guano, each in the same quantity, and in regard to both grain and grass, the action of your preparation was much the more satisfactory On corn, my experience in its use has been the' it pays well for the money laid out.

Yours respectfully, ISAACT LEWIS

Newtown Square, Delaware Co., Pa., July 23d, 1860

Messrs. Baugh & Sons:—Being anxious last season to test some prepared manures offered for sale, I was induced by your agent to make a *trial of three* different kinds, which I did on wheat, side by side in the same field I purchased Bone-dust from [illegible] and your Phosphate of Lime (sent the most popular kind) put together with, as your Bone Super Phosphate, a small [illegible] Guano stated. Leaving the grazing, as well as the gathering of the crop the last season of most [illegible] in favor of the latter

But whether it be from the seeds and care in preparing, or in the superior quality of the material used in your Raw Bone Super-phosphate, I am unable to say; however, I observed all round you the result of my trials, thinking that others may be induced to make similar experiments, and in my opinion, greatly to the agricultural interests of the whole country

Yours, &c., JAMES DURBOROW

Plymouth, Montgomery Co., Pa., August 10th 1860

Baugh & Sons Gentlemen, Having used your Super-Phosphate bought of John W Christman, at the Montgomery Co. Agricultural [illegible] on wheat and corn [illegible] the effect it produced was a most satisfactory one, and I consequently purchased in the spring of your Factory. Without reserve, I can say that the crop was decidedly the best on the farm. The yield was fully equal to the former, which had been a heavy coat of barnyard manure. Where it was applied on the corn I am satisfied there was fully double

Very respectfully, DAVID MARPLE

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BY

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No. 619 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

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Rev. L. ROSS.

Poetry.

EUTHANASIA.

Thou, God, before whose sleepless eye not even in vain the sparrows fall,
Receive, entrain me, sundry my soul. Thou knowest, thou lovest all.
Too weak to walk alone, I see Thy hand, I falter back to Thee!

Saved from the curse of time which throws its blessings on us day by day;
In wretched joys and worthless woes, till all the heart is worn away
Thee near! I hold my breath by the half-open door of death!

[illegible] been one search for thee 'mid thorns [illegible] thy dear blood;
In [illegible] Gethsemane I seemed to stand where thou hadst stood,
And scorned, in this world's judgment-place, at times, through tears, to catch thy face.

Thou suffered'st here, and didst not fail: Thy bleeding feet these paths have trod:
But then wert strong, and I am frail; and I am man, and thou wert God.
Be near me; keep me in thy sight, or lay my soul asleep in light!

Oh! [illegible] where the meanest mind is more than [illegible] Shakspeare! where can look
[illegible] more than here of wise can find, though [illegible] slow from books to book!
[illegible] is knowledge, love is sure, and hope's [illegible] promise made secure!

[illegible] lies of human praise! the crude ambitions [illegible] with!
[illegible] immortal lays! great pauses of perennial [illegible]!
A [illegible] wert! [illegible]ier aim! . . . And what are [illegible] truths and fame!

Oliver Wendell.

THE BURDEN OF LIFE.

BY [illegible] C. RAINEY.

[illegible] hills and its troubles,
[illegible] low at thy throne,
[illegible] imploring!
[illegible] fardless, lone.

[illegible]—oh! the cross of its trials
[illegible] and long on my shoulders has lain:
When shall my Father, shall heaven reward me?
When end this wearisome journey of pain?

Weary of life—oh! the burden is so heavy;
Dark is my way thro' this valley of tears;
Day after day brings its own night of sorrow;
Slow to the flight of the circling years.

Weary of life—put kiss the hand that chastens,
Grieving my evil behaviour and deed,
Kneeling each cloud and its slight ray of gladness,
[illegible]hen my desert—more than my need.

[illegible]y of life—oh! Thou who reigns forever,
[illegible] my end journey lead to perfect day.
[illegible] me to bear the burdens of its crosses,
[illegible]owing that rest shall end the weary way.

[illegible] life—oh! Father, in high heaven,
[illegible] dark valley, be a lamp of light;
[illegible] oh Saviour, when the shades of even
[illegible] round me darkly in the last sad night.

Pine Street, February 20th, 1862.

Selections.

EXTRACTS FROM COUNT DE GASPARIN.

If you wish to know what the Presidency of Mr. Lincoln will be in the end, see in what manner and under what auspices it was inaugurated; listen to the words that fell from the lips of the new President as he quitted his native town: [illegible] which have devolved on any other man [illegible] of Washington. I hope that you, [illegible] all pray that I may receive that [illegible] on high, without which I cannot [illegible] with which success is certain." "Yes, [illegible]; we will pray for you!" Such was the response of the inhabitants of Springfield, who, [illegible], and with uncovered heads, witnessed the [illegible] of their fellow-citizen. What a *début* [illegible]ercmens! Have there been many inau[illegible] here below of such thrilling solemnity? [illegible]orms and plumes, the roar of cannon, tri[illegible]arabes, and vague appeals to Providence, [illegible] simple words: "Pray for me!" "We [illegible] you!" Ah! courage, Lincoln! the [illegible]nion and of America are with you [illegible]rage! you hold in your hands the destinies of [illegible] great people and a great people. Courage! You have to resist your friends and to face your foes; [illegible] the fate of all who seek to do good on earth. Courage! You will have need of it to-morrow, in a year, to the end: you will have need of it in peace and in war; you will have need of it to avert the compromise in peace or war of that noble program which it is your charge to accomplish, more than in conquests of slavery. Courage! your role, as you have said, may be inferior to no other, not even to that of Washington: to take up the United States will not be less glorious than to have founded them. * * *

Let England beware! it were better for her to lose Malta, Corfu, and Gibraltar, than the glorious position which her struggle against slavery and the slave trade has secured her in the esteem of nations. Even in our age of armed frigates and rifled cannon, the chief of all powers, thank God! is moral power. Woe to the nation that disregards it, and consents to inundate its principles to its interests! From the beginning of the present conflict, the enemies of England, and they are numerous, have predicted that the cause of cotton will weigh heavier in her scales than the cause of justice and liberty. They are preparing to judge her by her conduct in the American crisis. Once more, let her beware! * * *

The freedom of the South: The South has no feared to write in set terms, in its fundamental law, what none before it ever dared to write, *the constitutional guarantee of slavery.* Slavery, in accordance with the constitution of the South, can neither be suppressed nor assailed. Slavery will be the holy ark to be regarded with respect from afar off, the corner-stone which all are forbidden to touch. By the side of this, the South ostentatiously proclaims freedom of speech, of the press, of discussion in every form. Men shall be free to speak, but on condition of not touching, nearly or remotely, on any subject connected with slavery, (and every thing is connected with it in the South.) They shall be free to print, but on condition of giving no writing whatever to the public from which may be inferred the unity of mankind, the sanctity of family ties, the great principles, in fact, which the "patriarchal system" throws overboard. They shall be free to discuss, but on condition of not disturbing this institution, impatient by nature, and still more so in future, now that it feels itself honored in and threatened on all sides. It will be by itself alone the whole Constitution of the South; this one article will devour the rest; in default of legislatures and courts, the Southern populace know how to give force to the guarantee of slavery, and to restrain freedom of speech, of the press, and of discussion.

THE CHANGEABLENESS OF WORDS.

It is quite common to confound names with things. Many forget that there is a constant tendency to change in the meaning of words. In order to understand a passage, we must learn the signification of the words, not as they are used now, but as they were employed by the author or translator. The more ancient the document, the greater should be our care in this particular. No one can understand correctly many English books two or three hundred years old, if he proceeds on the supposition that every word now signifies precisely what it did then. Dean Trench says: "Words that have changed their meaning have often a deceivableness about them; a reader not once doubts but that he knows their intention, has no misgiving but that they possess for him the same force which they possessed for their writer, and conveyed to his contemporaries, when, indeed, it is otherwise altogether." The reader will be interested in some of the illustrations of this distinguished writer:

A reader of our day lights upon such a passage as the following (it is in the *Preface* to Howell's *Lexicon*, 1660:) "Though the root of the English language be *Dutch*, yet it may be said to have been inoculated afterward on a French stock." He may know that the Dutch is a sister language or dialect to our own; but this, that it is the mother or root of it, will certainly perplex him, and he will hardly know what to make of the assertion; perhaps he ascribes it to an error in his author, who is thereby unduly lowered in his esteem. But presently in the course of his reading he meets with the following statement, this time in Fuller's *Holy War*, being a history of the Crusades: "The French, *Dutch*, Italian and English, were the four elemental nations whereof this army [of the Crusaders] was compounded." If the student has sufficient historical knowledge to know that in the time of the Crusades there were no Dutch in our use of the word, this statement would merely startle him; and probably before he had finished the chapter, having his attention once roused, he would perceive that Fuller, with the writers of his time, used "Dutch" for German; even as it was constantly so used up to the end of the seventeenth century; what we call now a Dutchman being then a Hollander. But a young student might very possibly want that amount of previous knowledge, which should cause him to receive this announcement with misgiving and surprise; and thus he might carry away altogether a wrong impression, and rise from a perusal of the book, persuaded that the Dutch, as we call them, played an important part in the Crusades, while the Germans took little or no part in them at all.

And as it is here with an historic fact, so still more often will it happen with the subtler changes which words have undergone, conveying now much more blame and condemnation, or conveying now much less than formerly; or of a different kind; and a reader not aware of the changes which have taken place, may be in continual danger of misreading his author, of misunderstanding his intention, while he has no doubt whatever that he is perfectly apprehending and taking it in. Thus, when Shakspeare, in 1 *Henry VI.*, makes the gallant York address Joan of Arc as a "miscreant," how coarse a piece of invective this sounds! how unlike what the chivalrous soldier would have uttered; or what one might have supposed Shakspeare, even with his unworthy estimate of the holy warrior-maid, would have put into his mouth! But a "miscreant" in Shakspeare's time had nothing of the meaning which now it has. It was simply, in agreement with its etymology, a misbeliever, one who did not believe rightly the articles of the catholic faith. And I need not tell you that this was the constant charge which the English brought against Joan, and on which in the end they burnt her—namely, that she was a dealer in hidden magical arts, a witch, and as such had fallen from the faith. It is this which York means when he calls her a "miscreant," and not what we should intend by the name.

In reading of poetry, above all, what forces through this ignorance are often lost, what emphasis passes unobserved! how often the poet may be wronged in our estimation—that seeming to us now flat and pointless, which at once would lose this character did we know how to read into some word the power and peculiar force which it once had, but which now has departed from it! For example, Milton ascribes in *Comus* the "*tinsel-slippered* feet" to Thetis, the goddess of the sea. How comparatively poor an epithet this "tinsel-slippered" sounds for those who know of "tinsel" only in its modern acceptation of mean and tawdry finery, affecting a splendor which it does not really possess! But learn its earlier use by learning its derivation; bring it back to the French "étincelle," and the Latin "scintillula;" see in it, as Milton and the writers of his time saw, "the sparkling," and how exquisitely beautiful a title does this become, applied to a goddess of the sea! how vividly does it call up before our mind's eye the quick glitter and sparkle of the waves under the light of the sun or moon. It is Homer's "silver-footed" (*argyropezis*,) not servilely transferred, but reproduced and made his own by the English poet, dealing as one great poet will do with another—who will disdain to borrow, but to what he borrows will often add a farther grace of his own.

The principle illustrated by the above statements is of the very highest practical importance to all, especially to those who undertake the exposition of the sacred Scriptures. A two-fold process of inquiry must be observed in the critical interpretation of any given passage in the authorized version of the English Bible; first, what is the sense in which the word was used when the translation was made? and secondly, does the word in that sense correctly exhibit the meaning of the original?

Take a few examples. Mark says: "And it came to pass, that he went through the cornfields on the Sabbath-day; and his disciples began, as they went, to pluck the ears of corn." Suppose a boy of twelve years of age, reared on the prairies of Illinois, should read this passage, what would be his inference? Certainly, unless specially instructed, he would conclude that the Master and his disciples plucked "roasting ears," ears of Indian corn or maize. But this product, though with the exception of rice, now the most widely cultivated grain in the world, was unknown till modern times. The term corn, two hundred and fifty years ago, meant all kinds of cereal grain used for bread, and in England such is its meaning till this day. In this country, however, it is generally confined to maize, and in Scotland to oats. In the Scriptures it includes wheat, barley and other small grains. The seven eared stalks of corn in Egypt were, no doubt, a species of wheat. The phenomenon may still be seen in that land.

When our Saviour says, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God," most little girls would think of a sewing needle, and never dream of the small side gate through which foot-passengers were accustomed to pass.

"We took up our *carriages* and went up to Jerusalem," says Luke. Wheeled vehicles would be generally understood here. But the idea is not that which carries, but the thing carried. We took up our baggage, is Luke's meaning; an old translation reads, "We trussed up our farriels."

We might continue these illustrations to a very great length. These, however, are enough to show the very great practical importance of attending to the changes that are continually occurring in the usage of every living language, and the liability wholly to mistake the meaning of many important terms and phrases in the Bible. Any one can see the inconclusive arguments employed by many in endeavoring to decide questions of great moment. The word "slave" is of modern origin, and is used only in two instances in our English version. In neither case could anything be inferred in regard to the lawfulness of modern slavery. Must we, therefore, hold that the Bible has given no deliverance of any kind on this great subject? Certainly not. But, on the other hand, it would be equally incorrect to hold that slavery is sanctioned in the Scriptures, by showing that mention is often made of "servants," and that masters often call their slaves by this name. The question is not whether the word servant occurs, for that cannot be denied, but in what sense is it employed? Does it denote a person held as chattel-property? The Hebrew word for "servant" is one of the most general in the language, being applied to a surety, hostage, hired man, laborer, farmer, soldier, officer, believer, minister, magistrate, Messiah; and hence, unless we ascertain what is the precise sense in any given passage, we may make as great a mistake as the Illinoisian lad who interprets the Saviour's walk in the corn-field from the scenes around him. We are not here arguing for or against the institution of slavery. We are only pointing out erroneous methods adopted sometimes both by friends and foes of the system.

The above remarks account for the apparent want of dignity and delicacy occasionally discovered in the Old and New Testaments. We forget the changes that have been wrought in our language, and charge upon the inspired writers what is really due to the vicissitudes of every living tongue. An old English poet sung solemnly:

Oh! Israel, oh! household of the Lord,
Oh! Abraham's *brats*, oh! brood of blessed seed!

The poem is in the most solemn strain, and in the author's day must have been considered in excellent taste. To modern ears, "brat" is a word of contempt, and, accordingly, the above couplet seems as if intended to ridicule sacred themes by base words.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

"Don't you think I've got a good husband, Charlotte? He's the best man in the world!"

The lady who made this interrogation and answered it in the same breath, in so inflated a style that her relations with the subject of her remark only excused it, was a warm-hearted, highly impulsive little woman, a wife of half a dozen years.

She was sitting in the pleasant and tasteful, but by no means elegant parlor of her friend, Mrs Charlotte Dexter, and she had run in for a friendly call two days after Christmas.

The ladies had been schoolmates, and the warm friendship of their girlhood had been continued and solidified after their marriage.

Mrs. Ripley and Mrs. Dexter had crossed a little beyond their thirtieth birthdays. Both were intelligent and agreeable women. Both had married men of worth and integrity, who by economy and strict business habits were making their way in the world, for neither had a fortune to commence with.

Now, it happened that Mrs. Dexter's parlor communicated with her sitting-room, that the door between them was ajar, and that just as Mrs. Ripley made the remark which opens our story, Mr. Dexter hung his coat on the hat rack and walked into the sitting-room, and spread his hands over the pleasant grate fire, for they were blue with the cold. A smile, with a mixture of amusement and contempt, went over his face, which was, on the whole, as agreeable one, as he heard the remark of his wife's friend, which exalted one man at the expense of all the rest of his sex.

"That sounds just like a woman," he muttered to himself. "It's amusing to hear 'em talk. They deal in such tremendous adjectives!" But his cogitations on this feminine infirmity were cut short by the bright, earnest voice,

"Now, you will think just as I do," it continued, "when I show you what he brought me home last Christmas."

"I shan't be brought to admit that he's better than Edward. You must make up your mind to that, Julia," subjoined a voice that somehow sounded, just then, particularly sweet in the listening ear of Edward Dexter.

"Ah, well, I'll make no exception in his favor, as it happens to be his wife to whom I am speaking;" and this was followed by a moment's silence, during which Mrs. Ripley had thrown aside the folds of her cloak, drawn a gold watch from her waist-belt, and slipped it into Mrs. Dexter's hand.

"What, a gold watch?—why Julia!" was the astonished exclamation which followed, as Mrs Dexter lifted up the pretty time-piece and gazed at it admiringly.

"Yes; isn't it a perfect beauty? I always liked that rich, plain chasing so much; and there's a gold cap inside, also," displaying the inside of her watch with that childlike sort of pleasure which always counts on sympathetic admiration and delight in the beholder. "You can't think, Charlotte, how perfectly taken back with amazement I was, when I found it in my stocking, which Willard had hung on the mantle Christmas morning. I rubbed my eyes several times to be certain that I was awake."

"Well, you have got a kind husband, Julia, that is certain," cordially responded Mrs Dexter, but somehow these words did not give quite as much pleasure to her husband as her former remark had done.

"Isn't he? I thought that such a gift these hard times was terribly extravagant, and told Willard so. But he said no; that the watch was a useful article, and that if we were ever reduced to selling it, it would probably bring nearly the money back which he gave for it, and he wanted me to have one present from him which I could look at and remember with peculiar pleasure, for his sake, all the days of my life, and, moreover, he said that I'd earned the watch, by the six years of nice, fast economy which I'd practised in my household."

"Well, I congratulate you, Julia, both on Willard and on the watch," responded Mrs Dexter; and her husband felt a shade of sadness in her voice. He knew that it did not spring from any envy on her friend's good fortune. His wife was above such a petty feeling, and would be genuinely glad in any thing which brought pleasure to Mrs Ripley.

"And now, did you have a pleasant Christmas, Charlotte?"

"O, yes, but a quiet one." The tones were very "quiet," in which ran along the words and the husband felt that there were no warm, bright memories to give them color and animation. "I gave the day quite up to the children. Indeed, I was busy sitting up so late the night before to dress Mary's doll, and I was out in the early part of the evening hunting up some toys for my boy and girl. You know how children's hearts are set on these things, and providing them always falls on me, because Edward is so hurried with business at this season of the year."

"It's just so with Willard. But I always coax him into giving me an hour or two for selecting the children's Christmas toys; and I believe he enjoys it as much as I do."

"I know it; but somehow I can't drag Edward away from the store; so that I have that part of the enjoyment to myself."

Probably Mrs. Dexter was not aware how much regret, which touched on pain, there was in her words, for she was too true and loving a wife to insinuate by look or tone anything which could reflect in the slightest degree on her husband, or give one the slightest reason to infer that he was not above reproach in all domestic relations and obligations; but Mrs. Ripley must have felt in the tones somewhat that her friend would never have acknowledged to her, for she said, quickly, and in a half-commiserating way,

"O, well, you know, Charlotte, that men never think of these things as we do. Willard is quite a marvel for the interest he takes in such matters. But I've had to draw him into it and take most of the credit to myself."

And then Mrs. Ripley looked at her watch, and saw that it was an hour later than she suspected, and rose at once to leave.

Her friend did not detain her. *She* had no Christmas gift to show!

Mrs. Dexter returned to the parlor, and busied herself in arranging the vases and books on the table, and her husband still stood with his hands spread before the grate fire, and an unusually thoughtful expression on his countenance.

The truth is, he was annoyed and disturbed, for it was somewhat humiliating to feel that he has been brought into comparison with the husband of his wife's friend, and that the result had been unflattering to himself.

The man moved uneasily, and rubbed his hands briskly as this unwelcome thought intruded itself. Edward Dexter had a very comfortable degree of self-esteem. He held his own opinions with tenacity, and was not easily convinced that he could be mistaken or enlightened in any matter respecting which he had thoroughly made up his mind. Moreover, he was naturally of a somewhat practical tendency, and the mercantile life in which he was engrossed had certainly been little calculated to develop that tender and healthful sentiment which gathers its sweet blossoms about one's home, and fills it with beauty and fragrance.

Edward Dexter meant to be a good husband, a loving and watchful father. He supplied the wants of his wife and family cheerfully, and for its sake, as he believed, devoted himself assiduously to his business; and he would have been amazed and indignant if any one had insinuated that he was not above reproach in both of these relations.

But the dew and the sunshine of tender and loving words did not fall softly, day by day, on the roots of that vine under whose shadow he sat. Its green and goodly tendrils were not full of the golden blossoms and fruits of all sweet and gracious ministrations, and the heart of his wife often ached with a dumb, sad, yearning pain for something of the lost sweetness of her youth. And there broke dimly into the mind of the husband and father, for the first time in all the years of his married life, a conception of this truth.

He remembered when Charlotte had suggested some Christmas presents for their boy and girl, that he had answered, hastily, "Nonsense, Charlotte; I've got business of more importance to attend to than hunting up baby-toys; besides, it's a foolish waste of money, any way, and I don't approve of indulging the children in such follies. You can do as you like about it, however." And remembering this speech, Edward Dexter recalled the pained look on his wife's face, and the words sounded cold and unsympathetic to him as they did not at the time.

"Poor Charlotte!" he said to himself. And then his thoughts strayed back down the long avenue which wound through the past years of his married life.

He saw Charlotte Dexter no more as the mistress of his home, the mother of his children—but he saw her in the joy and bloom of her maidenhood, when the shy roses first began to widen in her cheeks as she felt his glances on her face. He saw the brightness in her eyes, the smiles on her lips, and her breaks of light laughter went down in his heart like the ripple of pleasant waters. He saw her as she stood one morning in her youthful loveliness by his side, and once more the solemn voice of the minister, as he bound their lives into one with those holy words, "husband" and "wife" came back to him.

And then he remembered what a true and loyal wife Charlotte Dexter had been to him through all these years, what a fond and devoted mother; and as his gaze swept over the years, he felt that all the right and holy claims of her womanhood had not been recognised—that there must have been many hours when her woman's heart had ached for sympathies and appreciation which she had never received. There must have been something chilling and barren in her life, for which his own rose up and rebuked him. And it was not enough that he could say to himself, "I have been a careful provider, a kind husband to my wife, a good father to my children."

"Why, Edward, how long have you been home?"

These words were the first which startled the husband from his reverie.

He turned from the fire, and saw his wife standing near him, the first surprise on finding him there not quite gone out of her face. He looked at her with a new tenderness and interest. Maternity had paled the roses in her cheeks, and the soft hazel eyes had lost something of their lustre. They had a chastened expression, and the lips, though they were sweet ones still, had not the old smile drifting about and breaking over them, as though her heart was like a fountain which ran over with sweet-leaping waters.

The face of Charlotte Dexter was not unhappy, but there was some brightness gone out of it, for which, in that moment of revelation, Edward Dexter held himself responsible.

"I came in a little while ago. Aren't you feeling well, Charlotte?"

"O, yes; quite as usual. What makes you ask me, Edward?"

He had detected a little shadow on her face when he first saw her, and he guessed rightly that she was thinking of the Christmas gift of her friend.

"Because you are not looking quite so bright as I like to see you, my dear little wife."

The tones and the words were not like those which Charlotte Dexter was accustomed to. She looked up in surprise, and as she met the smile and tenderness in her husband's eye, a change came over her face. There was a quick leap of brightness, like that which he remembered in her girlhood, and then it melted suddenly in a gush of tender feelings, and the tears stood bright in her hazel eyes.

The sight moved Edward Dexter strangely. He put his arms around his wife's waist, and drew her to him and kissed her as he used to in the old days before she had belonged to him.

Charlotte Dexter drew a long breath much like a tired, grieved child who has been watching long for its mother, and sees her at last. She laid her head down on his shoulder, and the sobs came thick and fast, and every one which shook to and fro her slender frame went to the heart of her husband, as he held her tightly and tried to comfort her.

"God forgive me!" said the man to himself, in his sudden, self-abasement, "he has given me a great and precious gift which I have not half-appreciated nor understood."

At last the lady looked up, and a smile trembled out through her tears. "You took me so by surprise, Edward, that I was overcome completely."

"Well, darling, if kind words affect you like this, it is unmistakable proof that I am very remiss on my part. But dry up those tears, now, for they are a reproach to me."

"O, Edward, it does my heart good to have you speak to me in that way!" and she clung to him.

"Charlotte," said her husband, with a gush of feeling which fairly choked his voice, "you have been the best and truest wife that ever a man had, and I haven't half deserved you."

Just at that moment the dinner-bell rang, and the "boy and girl" burst into the room, hungry and vociferous. But something in their parents' tones subdued the children. And Edward Dexter thought it had been long since the face of his wife had worn such a radiant brightness as it did that day at dinner!

"Charlotte shall have a New Year's present. It will be the first one that I ever gave her—poor child!" murmured Edward Dexter to himself, on his way to the store the morning before New Year's. "I don't know what in the world to get her, hungh," mused the man; "she don't want a watch, for her brother gave her that pretty one on his return from California, after our marriage. And a brooch? No, she has got that pearl one. What *shall* it be?" Suddenly a conversation, which he had partially heard in an abstracted mood, between Charlotte and her dressmaker, the week before, recurred to him.

"You'll have hard work to get the waist and sleeves out of this Mrs Dexter," said the dressmaker after a thorough inspection of the green silk which the lady had given her.

"I know I shall, Miss Gray. But I can't afford to get a new silk, and I must turn the old one, and make it do. We must set our wits to work and get it out in some fashion. You know they wear tight sleeves now, and I can afford half a breadth from the skirt."

"She shall have a new silk dress, and a handsome one!" was the audible conclusion of Edward Dexter's cogitations, as he struck the heel of his boot down hard on the pavement.

"A happy New Year to you, Charlotte!" and the young husband dropped something done up in brown wrappers, into his wife's lap.

It was a beautiful morning, and like a flash of golden-winged birds, came the sunbeams of the newly-born year, with joy and blessing into the home of Edward Dexter.

"Is this for *me*, Edward?" asked his wife, her face full of surprised pleasure.

"For you, dear."

Her rapid fingers broke the small cord in a moment, and then the dress rolled out.

It was a rich, dark-brown silk, overshot with lustrous green leaves and buds, a most graceful design.

"Do you like it, Charlotte?"

"O! Edward, I never in all my life saw such a beauty. Is it really for me?"

"'Really' for you, my dear wife."

She tried to thank him, but the tears overmastered her voice.

"Mamma! mamma! let us see!" and the two bright-haired children bounded into the room.

Her face was radiant through her tears as she lifted up the fabric. "It's mamma's New Year's present, my children."

"What makes you cry, then?"

"Don't trouble mamma now, my little girl and boy," said the father, slipping his arm around his wife. There was a new light in his face.

"Papa, you look happy, if mamma does cry," said his little boy, sidling up to him.

"I am, my child. It shall be, please God, a happy New Year to all of us."

And it was!

O, husband and father, see to it that you make for you and *yours*, also, a happy New Year!

HOW TO SAY, "NO."

There are a thousand methods of saying "Yes," all from the good tempered affirmative of the indulgent "governor," to the almost inaudible response of the lady in orange-blossoms—all excellent. There are a thousand methods also of saying "No;" but among these thousand there is but one good one: the art consisting in being able to catch this one without being caught yourself.

The martyrs in the good old times (?) when required by their religious principles to say "No," said simply "No." Now, this was all very reasonable, but still more stupid than reasonable. To say "No" when you must say "No," is, as I have before remarked, an art, too, by no means easy of attainment. It is the *post nascendum* of social life, a famous bridge, and which would be a bridge of gold were a toll of but one half-penny levied on each passenger.

The celebrated Cardinal Richelieu was a hero in this description of warfare, as well as in many others; he granted nothing, it is true, but the applicant inveriably left his cabinet delighted, he refused with so much grace, he was so affable when saying "No;" so charmed was the petitioner with his refusal that it appeared as though it would have been almost a disappointment had he obtained his request.

One day the poet Desmarets, who was then very young, succeeded in obtaining an audience of the Cardinal. When the poet was ushered into the presence of the minister, and when the latter, with his usual courtesy, had inquired to what cause he owed the pleasure of this visit—

"Monseigneur, 'said the poet, 'I have come to solicit from your Eminence the appointment of Comptroller General."

Astonished at the boldness as well as at the magnitude of this request the Cardinal frowned and fixing his eyes sternly on the young petitioner, said

"And what had you to hope for, young man, in making such an audacious request?"

"I had hoped, replied the poet modestly "for the favor that your Eminence will perhaps grant me."

"I deign to grant me! I had hoped for the favor of a refusal. They say your Eminence refuses so well."

"I am accused to it!" observed Richelieu flattered by the compliment, a compliment by no means unpleasant, as we suppose, proved, for from that day the Cardinal took Desmarets into favor, and later, gave him a pension in the very appointment which the poet had come to request. *Newspaper Magazine.*

BIG WORDS.

A CLERGYMAN, while composing a sermon, made use of the words "continuous head." Throwing down his pen, he went to study himself before he proceeded, so as whether a great portion of his congregation might not perhaps find the meaning of these words, and he adopted the following method of proof. Repairing the hall his footman appeared, and he was thus addressed by his master:—"What do you consider to be implied by an attentive man?" "An attentive man, sir," said Thomas. "Why, no I should say a perfect gentlemen." "Very good," observed the other, "send Ellis, (the coachman) here." "Ellis," said the vicar, "what do you imagine an attentive man to be?" "An attentive man, sir," replied Ellis, "why, I should say an attentive man means what we calls a civil spoken person—a very jolly fellow." It is needless necessary to add that the vicar substituted a less ambitious word.

YOUNG MAN,

Have you ever had a desire to connect yourself with a Secret Society? If so, I want to say a word to you. Your friend, who writes these lines, has been in regular membership in seven different Secret Societies. I will in this communication refer to the Masonic Society, which is the foundation of all others; and now permit me to ask you a question. Do you expect to find the Saviour in the Masonic Lodge? The Jews are largely represented in this order; and if there is one Jew in the Lodge, CHRIST must stay out! I have very frequently heard the name of JESUS used in the Lodge Room, and once, I remember well, I was forcibly struck with the beauty of a Scripture quotation—"Behold the LION of the tribe of Judah, the root of David," &c.

It is a well-known, established fact that *all* Societies of this kind do bind their applicants to *obey* a certain code of unknown laws—at least to a very great extent unknown. Now, if you please, go with me to Matthew xiv. 7 and 9, and let us read:—"Whereupon he promised with an oath to give her whatsoever she would ask. And she, being before instructed of her mother, said, Give me here John Baptist's head in a charger. And the king was sorry: nevertheless for the oath's sake, and them which sat with him at meat, he commanded *it* to be given *her*." On festive occasions like this, it was customary for the king to express his special approbation. Herod on this occasion had made an oath to give her whatsoever she would ask. When her request was made known, Herod was sorry. But for his oath's sake, &c., the command went forth to behead him. This promise was very wicked in the sight of GOD; more wicked to keep it than to break it. He was here very inconsistent in making the oath, and then regretting it, notwithstanding his conscience smote him. He was afraid—he wanted to preserve his *false* honor. And now, young man, beware of these Societies, for they are but "vanity and vexation of spirit;" and if you persist in entering the secret chamber, when you have entered the "preparation room," stop one moment and think of the sorrows of Herod—think of his rash act; and if you proceed, you, too, may sorrow for your sin as Herod did. Be admonished "to have no fellowship with their unfruitful works of darkness," &c. "In vain do ye worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men."

Young man, *stop out!*

ANTI SECRET SOCIETY.

THE CRITICISM OF HYMNS.

We live in an age when servants are above their masters, and when, in more senses than the Scriptural one, the last has come to be first, and the first last. Prominent among the forced marches which characterize our generation, is that of a calling peculiar to a time of free thought and untrammelled license of speech—Criticism. We think that in this, not only vicious practices but false theories prevail. Criticism is a high art, but not the highest of the arts. The disciple is not above his master, and the critic is surely not more than the author, on whose foundation he raises his superstructure. Literature must exist before literary criticism can; genius or great talent in the writer of prose or poetry must usually precede the exhibition of the lesser talent of his reviewer. Authors do not exist for the critics, but critics *for* the authors; the being of the one class, is essential, of the other, secondary and derivative.

That these fundamental facts have been too often forgotten, is a melancholy truth. Hence the arrogance, the injustice, the inconsistency, the insane originalities of Criticism. Men set themselves up for judges of their betters, without questioning their fitness for the task, their knowledge of the subject, their ability to comprehend and appreciate its parts, its bearings, and its issues. Intoxicated with the dignity of his position, the would-be critic frequently forgets that there is any one in the world but himself, or regards authors as dumb and helpless targets for the shafts of his severe eloquence, and renders as a submissive and mindless crowd, who will accept with open mouthed, unquestioning admiration, the oracles which fall from his lips. His views, his theories, his verdicts, are the only just ones; no matter how wild, fantastic and unexpected—of this he is the judge: if precedents are opposed to them, precedents must fall; if they contradict the common conclusion of mankind, mankind was in the wrong. Shakespeare is not as much as people think; besides, it is probable Lord Bacon was Shakspeare: Scott did not write the Waverley Novels: some worthy printer has a style 'superior to Addison:' Coleridge is 'sickly and useless:' Tennyson lacks the qualities of a poet. But the world think differently? the world was mistaken, for surely we are the people, and wisdom shall die with us.

Men of intelligence and ability sometimes class themselves with these miserable pretenders, by allowing one or two ideas to run away with them. A single prejudice may so pervert the mind, as to make an otherwise sensible man say very foolish things. Notions, lightly accepted but absolutely held, often amount, for practical purposes, to monomania. A man who gets his views rather from sensation than reason; who takes things for granted, without weighing the merits of the case, and analysing the pro and contra; who jumps at conclusions, who believes because he does *not* understand, and who starts with the position that his instincts are infallible, is not fit for a critic.

Very different from all this is the spirit of true Criticism. It is modest, liberal, reverent. It approaches its subject as the less to the greater; not making its own eyesight the measure of light, nor thinking the well of truth so shallow as to be sounded by its understanding. It can allow for the hidden meaning of an author, and for his superior judgment. If it see what seem gross faults, it will look again, perhaps the error is in its own eye, perhaps it will disappear or diminish on inspection. Its desire is, if to 'nothing extenuate,' at least to 'set down naught in malice.' It seeks not self, but truth; it is a philosopher, not a sophist; a lover of wisdom, rather than a professed wise man. It goes to work with no preconceived, set notions, which may bar out the object of its search: it is ready to find good everywhere, and prepared to meet the omnipresent evil: its aim is to discover and brand error, and to point out, develope, illustrate, and pay homage to the loveliness of truth. The true critic has strong likes and strong dislikes, but he does not let them till he is sure of losing right. He has his own views, as every man with a head and a heart must have, but he remembers that the object of writing is not to publish his private thoughts and personal feelings, and that others, if he will be the first to believe them and the last to obtrude, so he takes the pains to convince by reason. He is ever ready to own a mistake, but he is more careful to avoid it. Candor, modesty, and profound knowledge of the subject, and of Christian sympathy and godly consideration for men and opinions, these are the essential attributes of the true critic.

These principles are true in general applied to that section of the art which deals with the songs of Zion. We know that in our day there is much dislike to Hymns and Criticism, which to old men is two names for one thing almost as good as known. But leaving at the most these two names correct, in theory and in practice, a comparison of our sacred literature is more important than the end must be long seriously neglected. The hymns of the church are our greatest earthly treasure. Not all the unexpired books of doctrine and devotion have been so precious or so essential as those holy lyrics which made the cause of peace and prayer. He who deals with them, whether in selecting and arranging or in merely commencing on the selection and arrangement of others, needs to be well furnished for his work. The composition of a hymn is a work of more delicate and difficult nature than [illegible]

witness the poverty of nearly all existing manuals compared with the wealth of the materials from which they are made up: and even the competent criticism of separate hymns or of collections, requires a knowledge, a judgment, and a moderation, which few people possess. Two rules, hinted at above, must govern him who aspires to the title, and undertakes the labors of a Hymnologist. He must have respect both to the origin and the end of hymns; to the author, and to those for whom, as much as for himself, the hymns were written, and who, like himself, are entitled to form judgments, and do form them.

He must start with a respect for the author. The hyme-writers are among the greatest benefactors of the Church. Some of them were men rarely gifted, intellectually and spiritually; most of them were pure in doctrine, earnest in devotion, holy in life. Their character and deeds deserve a better return than the contemptuous indifference, the positive abuse, which some critics shower upon them. The despisers of "doggerel," from John Wesley, down, have too often rendered ungracious thanks to the humble Christians, who, with their one talent, tried faithfully to serve their Master and their brethren. There is certainly a monstrous mass of poor hymns in the language. The great majority of Watts' are of low poetical character: the same is true of Doddridge, Newton, and most others: while many minor writers, like Stennett, Fawcett, Gibbons, only succeeded in working out a good hymn now and then, as it were by accident, amid a mountain of very long or very common metre. Now a proper respect and gratitude to those good men need not induce us to use their unsuccessful attempts at lyric poetry, or to pretend to admire their faults; the Church has done that too long already, to her own damage: no, let us keep the trash out of our hymn books, or, if any of it gets in, let us (since an evil must be exposed, to be remedied) point out its defects, 'mildly but firmly;' let us abstain from 'railing accusation' and gratuitous insult. But a worse offence is committed when the critic supplies not only the blame but its cause; when the fault ascribed to the poetry exists in his own mind alone. Too often men are severe because they are blessed by nature with a cracked temper, or because they are unable to appreciate the piece criticised. This meddling of one's own sins upon another is surely out of order. A captious, fault-finding spirit, will discover flaws in the most perfect work of art; such a critic, in the words of Professor Park, "corrupts the minds of men who would have thought no evil, if he had not suggested it."

Again, regard is due to the judgments of others. A hymn book concerns everybody; it is prepared for the use of 'the great congregation;' and the peculiarities of individuals ought to be stamped upon it no further than as those peculiarities are virtues which ought to be common to all. A compiler or a critic must not suffer his personal taste solely to govern him; he must regard the varying tastes of others, and by help of these, study to approximate towards a standard of perfect purity and correctness. A hymn should not be admitted or commended simply because it is popular, if it be not deservedly so; still less should a hymn be accepted or refused by the isolated judgment of a single critic. This is the use of revising committees, and the danger of hymn books compiled by one unassisted individual: two heads are better than one, and in the multitude of coun

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, April 12, 1862.

NOTICE

New Brunswick, April 3, 18[illegible]

Rev. Jabez P. Campbell has sent by the hands of P. Gardiner Five Dollars to the African Methodist Episcopal Church, to assist in putting on their roof, for which we are extremely grateful to him. We need and deserve your strongest sympathies. Who else will send us two, three, five or ten, dollars? We challenge you to send soon. It will be acknowledged.

Rev. PETER GARDINER.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Of Rev. A. R. Green, Windsor, Canada West,	1 00
Of Mrs. Mary A. Jones, of Carlisle, Penna.,	2 00
Elizabeth Lawe, of Woodbury, N. J., per J. W. Burly,	1 00
do. Rachel Maxey, of New York,	1 00
Of Rev. James Lynch, of Georgetown, D. C., on account,	1 00

MASONIC NOTICE

Newark, N. J., Ap. 3, A. D. 1862, A. L. 5862

To all whom it may concern

The grand officers of the Right Worshipful (Union) Grand Lodge of free and accepted ancient York Masons for the State of New Jersey, held in the city of Burlington and State aforesaid, and in union with the most Right Worshipful National Grand Lodge of free and accepted ancient York Masons of these United States of America, did, on the 3d instant, in the city of Newark, in the State of New Jersey, organize a new Masonic Lodge of free and accepted Ancient York Masons, namely Prudence Lodge, No. 15, and the following brethren were duly installed to their respective offices:

Brother Peter D. Hedges, Worshipful Master.
" John M. Lowery, Senior Warden.
" James P. Lowery, Junior Warden.
" Robert Williams, Treasurer.
" Martin Berry, Secretary.

Past Grand Masters—Bros. Freeman Gould, Obadiah L. Parre, of the Grand Lodge of New Jersey; and Bro. James W B Smith, from New York, was present on the occasion. We shall not soon forget Sister Williams. Her hospitality made us think she was a true heroine.

J. WOODLIN, *G. Sec.*

REVIVALS.

The work of Almighty God seems to be spreading in many directions among our people. The Rev. William W. Grimes, of New Bedford, Massachusetts, writes us that the good Lord has most powerfully blessed his labors. For the last five weeks he has been conducting a revival for the Lord, and during that time some thirty souls have been hopefully converted to God and the Lamb; and, at the time of his writing, the altar was crowded with mourners seeking for JESUS. But lo! 'tis a sad piece of intelligence he concludes his letter with; and it is as follows. Some scamp attempted to burn the church down by kindling a fire before daylight in the library of the church, burning up the library, and doing considerable damage generally. We are glad to learn that an insurance covers the entire loss. He further states that they will not be able to get in for some time. The Zion Mission Church, Rev. Stephens, Pastor, was still in progress, up to the time of writing, and, according to the report, somewhere about thirty persons claim to have been converted to God—and thus, in the Philadelphia district, there has been a general revival in the churches.

OHIO ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

This Conference meets on the 15th instant in the city of Zanesville, Ohio. Bishop Quinn will preside. We hope that the brethren will come up prepared to make good reports of their two-cent money; for that district is a long ways behind.

The good Lord willing, we shall be with you this time, and shall lay claims to all that is due the Book Concern of our beloved Zion. We hope to have a good time with the brethren.

NOTICE

To all the members of the General Conference Book Committee:

You are hereby notified to meet in Philadelphia Bethel Church, minister's studio, May the 8th, at 9 o'clock, A. M., either in person or by proxy We would also say, in answer to a brother, in relation to him deputizing any brother to act in his place, that we know of no law to guaranty any thing of the kind in our Church this side of the General Conference, except the General Committee; they have power to fill any vacancy they may choose.

ELISHA WEAVER,
General Book Steward and Editor.

NOTICE.

The District Grand Lodge of No. 2 of the Samaritans and Daughters of Samaria will hold a called meeting on the 15th inst., at Masonic Hall, South and Eleventh Streets, Philadelphia. Punctual attendance of the members is requested. To commence at 7 o'clock, P. M.

QUARTERLY MEETING

In the A. M. E. Union Church, on Center St Philadelphia, on the 19th and 20th insts.

Love Feast on the evening of the 21st inst.

Rev. HENRY DAVIS, Elder.

April 2, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—We have just closed a four weeks' anxious meeting, held in the A. M. E. Union Church, in Philadelphia, which resulted in some twelve converts to the Christian religion, and a number still mourning and seeking deliverance from their sins.

Rev. HENRY DAVIS, Elder.

April 2, 1862.

JOHN S ROCK, ESQ.

A colored member of the Boston bar, delivered a splendid lecture on Tuesday evening, in the lecture-room of St. Thomas' Church, in Fifth Street Subject—A plea for my people. It was handled in a masterly manner, and elicited much credit on the speaker. At the request of many friends, who heard it, he was prevailed upon to stay and repeat his lecture in Sansom St. Hall, which will take place on Monday evening, the 14th inst. Admission, 25 cents.

CONTRABANDS AT FORT ROYAL.

The ladies of Bethel Church are doing their duty for the benefit of these poor sufferers. Day and night they are employed. Those who wish to see a real pleasant sight, just walk into Bethel Church any afternoon or evening, and while there, you may leave a little [illegible]

QUARTERLY MEETING

Services for the 4th and last Quarterly Meeting in the Wesley A M E Church, Rev. [illegible] for this Conference year, will take place as [illegible] Sunday, the 13th, preaching at 10½ A M by the Rev. I J Hill. At 3 P M, by the Pastor. At 7½ P M, by the Rev. J Watson, Minister of Bethel Church

Love feast will be held on Wednesday evening, the 16th. Doors open at 7 o'clock; close at 8 o'clock.

SNOW.

On last Tuesday there was a wonderful snow storm here in Philadelphia, which continued till the following morning. The 8th and 9th of April will long be remembered on account of their winter-like appearance.

TWO CENT MONEY.

We call the special attention of the brethren to page 219, New Discipline, in relation to the two-cent money, and especially to the 16th paragraph under the same page We do hope that all of our brethren having charge of circuits and stations will obey the General Conference of our beloved Zion, and commence in time to collect their two-cent money; and if the brethren have so far obeyed the law by making a collection every month, or every two months, we are quite sure that there will be a change in matters pertaining to our financial department. Suppose that Bethel Church, of Philadelphia, with over twelve hundred members, (we will say twelve hundred, though there is said to be some fifteen hundred,) should comply with the request; twenty-five times twelve would be three hundred dollars,)—and this, it will be remembered, is only twenty-five cents a head. At the very lowest estimate, this is what Bethel Church will owe us at our Annual Conference.

The Union Church placing the membership at two hundred, at twenty-five cents each, will be fifty dollars. Ebenezer (Md.) Bethel Church has about twelve hundred members, suppose that she is caused to do her duty—that the minister should feel it his duty to see that each member pays his or her twenty-five cents per year; there would be three hundred dollars due the Book Steward, to be appropriated as per Discipline. Ebenezer Church has at least two hundred members, and twenty-five times two hundred is fifty dollars.

Now here would be seven hundred dollars,—leaving out Washington, New York, Brooklyn, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis, Chicago, and St. Louis, and besides hundreds of churches on circuits, and other stations where brethren are. If brethren will only do what the regulations of the Church have demanded of them, all would be well. We believe that there is not a member in our Church but what would consider it a great insult to say that they were *too poor* to pay the small sum of *twenty-five* cents a year for the benefit of the Book Concern and of our brethren who have labored hard to carry the glad tidings of the gospel to the dying world.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.

How important it that we should improve our time to the best advantage that we possibly can, in some way. We do steadfastly and firmly believe that every one of us feels anxious to do something for ourselves and for the benefit of others. Although we often hear persons exclaim, "Oh! dear; how I wish that I had nothing to do;" and when those have nothing to do, they are always uneasy and feel unhappy all the time until their hands are employed in the busy tolls of the day Therefore, we say that it would be wrong for active and intelligent beings not to have anything to do. And why? Because God has commanded us to do whatsoever our hands should find to do. This he speaks of in a spiritual sense, but some will say, "So long as I improve my time, I can do anything;" but we feel that it is our duty to contradict this, because some might waste their time by reading novels and other books which are not appropriate for them to read, and especially young ladies. Again, our time might be spent by attending the ball room, and by occupying the gambler's chair and playing cards, and by various amusements. Therefore, I think that our time should not be wasted. In like manner, God has appointed the time of man to be three score and ten years, and who is there that has lived those many long years, and say that they have been too faithful in improving their time. I answer, no one, no, not one. God has made us active beings; has placed the mark of intelligence on our foreheads; he has given us intellects to improve, and if we do not improve those talents it will be read of us as of the servant that hid his Lord's talent in the earth; therefore when he comes, if he finds that we have not added to our talent, he will take away that which we have, and give to him that has improved his time.

We are also commanded to improve our time in these words, "Work while the day lasts, for the night cometh when no man shall work." Therefore we are not only commanded to do our temporal work, but we are commanded to do a spiritual work with fear and trembling; because he told his disciples that he would come in an hour that they knew not. He told them also to watch and pray continually, lest they should enter into temptation, and these commands have been handed down to us and to every age of the world until the present time and by the Holy Scriptures we are compelled to obey them. Now, you see my fellow-travellers to eternity, that we have no time to spend in [illegible] but we must [illegible] have any enjoyment!" O yes; but we as Christians should think that the greatest enjoyment that we have is when we are engaged in saving souls. And oh, sinner, your enjoyment is but for a season, they are all vanity an [illegible] of spirit at the end of time. Therefore, I beseech you, leave off your sinful ways and improve your time by seeking favor of God and enjoying his presence for ever We should remember that—

'Tis easy work, if we begin
To seek the Lord betimes,
But sinners that grow old in sin,
Are hardened in their crimes."

MISS M E F

New Haven, Conn

TO CORRESPONDENTS

A responsible name should accompany all communications designed for insertion in the RECORDER. The writer may not [illegible] himself; but we must have the name and address of the

BISHOP PAYNE'S REJOINDER TO BISHOP NAZREY.

RT. REV AND DEAR BROTHER:—Yours in the Recorder of March 15th is before me. I have neither time nor disposition for controversy. My precious moments are more nobly employed in feeding the sheep of the fold with strong meat, and the tender lambs thereof with the sincere milk of the word. But inasmuch as we believe that the cause of truth and good government are at stake, we will devote a few moments to reply to his [illegible] Bishop Nazrey

Your letter may be divided into three parts 1st. Five Assertions, 2d. The Denials, 3d. The sinister [illegible] Contempt and Partiality. These I shall review as concisely as possible First, The Invective. This is contained in the first four paragraphs, to which, I reply by saying, We will not curse but bless you, for placing us in the glorious company of the [illegible] where the Chief Priests and Pharisees said "That Deceiver," also of the Apostles who were regarded "*as deceivers and yet* [illegible]" Second, The Denials of the patent facts of history These denials embrace seven distinct paragraphs.

In the first you "Positively deny" that you ever "asked the members of the General Conference of 1860 to give some plan concerning" your "Bishopric." To this my answer is, if you deny your own *letter* published in the Recorder of January the 11th addressed to said persons, then, you will never believe any thing which we might advance in proof of our assertion; then, also, is that letter a solemn *enigma*. In relation to the "Clark resolution" to which you refer, we say, That resolution only contemplates a *single episcopate*. You are *exercising a double one*, therefore we oppose it. Your third denial declares that you never "exercised a double episcopal authority." To this we give three replies. 1st This denial contradicts the *deliberate judgment of the decree* of the General Conference of 1860. If you deny what that *authoritative* and venerable body affirm, no one can expect you to believe us. 2d. You deny what all candid men assert, both in Canada and in the United States,—in the A. M. E. Church and outside of it. 3d You also deny your own statements in your defence before the "Informal meeting of the members of the [illegible] Conference."

Moreover, the parallel which you attempt to draw between the authority of Bishops Brown, Quinn and D. A Payne, and your double episcopate is a complete *failure*. Because while they presided over the churches in Canada, these churches were nothing more nor less than so many missionary branches shooting out from the great mother tree in the U. S.—mere ramifications of the A. M. E. Church, having one political faith, one discipline, and acknowledging but one authority—then, they were not in *union*, but a *unit* with the A. M. E. Church. But *your* authority *ever since* 1856, has been over the British M. E. Church, having a *different* political faith, a different discipline, acknowledging a different authority both in civil and ecclesiastical, foreign to ours, *antagonistic* to ours. Moreover, our authority was only *temporary*, yours for life,—ours was only *permissive*, yours is *legal* and *rightful*. He who cannot see the difference must be blind in one eye, and unable to see out of the other, that is, wilfully blind. Bishop Nazrey, let me humbly tell you, instead of being parallel, the two cases constitute *divergent lines*.

Your fourth denial declares that you have not failed to fulfil the pledge made to the General Conference, that you would resign from the B. M. E. Church. The only reply which I will now give to this denial is that, *I wonder you do not deny your own existence*. 5th. You deny that the General Conference made any such decree as we affirm in our letter, and then with an air of triumph ask us if we "Know not that a request is not a decree!" Our answer is, yes, most sapient Bishop, we are not so ignorant as not to know that a request is not a decree. But be kind enough now to let me put to you a question. Knowest thou not that *this request* under consideration is the *legitimate result of the decree* touching your bishopric? If the fruit is like the tree, then is this request like the decree from which it sprang—resulting from a decree, *it must partake of the nature of a decree*. But why this request? Because the General Conference having previously decided, that you, and you alone, were the Bishop of the B. M. E. Church, had no power to command you; therefore, they respectfully request you to resign: for they also know that if you attempted to exercise a double episcopate after May, 1860, as you had done previously to that time, the result would be perpetual strife, schism, and probably a split in the A M E Church

You see a conflict between the decree of 1856 and that of 1860. We see none. We maintain that they are perfectly harmonious. That of 1856, provided that whenever the Canadians might ask for one of our Bishops, one should be given them. They asked for you, and you were given, not against your will, but with your *free consent*. In view of this fact, the decree of 1860 confirmed you in your life time Bishopric; then afterwards we respectfully requested you to resign it, and return to your former status in the A. M. E. Church. This you gave a written promise to do, and declared it should *take effect* on and at the rise of the General Conference of the B. M. E Church; but this is the very thing which you have failed to do: hence, all the trouble on both sides of the lakes. Now to consent that you shall exercise episcopal authority while this pledge remains unfulfilled is what we *never can, and never will* consent to do in the face of the [illegible] decrees of the last General Conference.

Our reply to your seventh is this. We have never ordered you to leave the A. M. E. Church. On the contrary, I, D. A. Payne, [illegible] years ago, had to entreat you not to leave [illegible] also, we never ordered you to leave the United States. In 1852 or '3, you left it of your own free will, went to Canada, and bought yourself a farm of your own free will, built on it a comfortable house of your own free will, gave up yourself to the Canadian Church to be their life-time Bishop, of your own free will, and yet you intimate that we have made an "impudent" attempt to "order" you out of the A. M. E Church, yea, even to "mob" you out! An honorable man regards his word more than his life. You gave your word to resign from the B. M. E. Church, and because we urge you to make your word good, you tell us we are making an *impudent attempt* to order you away. Moreover, a *religious man "sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not."* You also boast of obtaining "the great blessing of religion in the A. M. E. Church." This is what Bishop Allen could not do, because he, like some of us, *unfortunately* obtained it in the *Methodist Episcopal Church*. To be born in A[illegible] land is accidental to mankind: in [illegible] His Church is accidental to the Bishopric. Wise men never boast of accidentals

You challenge us to prove that you "have been exercising episcopal jurisdiction in Canada by proxy" To this we say, the proofs are ample and strong enough to convince any man, except one who is determined to deny the plainest facts of history, even his own deliberate pledge.

But for the benefit of others I will now furnish two proofs which Bishop Nazrey himself has unconsciously given; the one is found in your defence before the "Informal meeting of the Philadelphia Annual Conference," in which you declare, that at the very General Conference of the B M E Church which refused to accept your resignation, "they created an Assistant Superintendent" Now, to whom is he an assistant? To the Archbishop of Canterbury? That is impossible. To the Lord Bishop of Toronto? Certainly not. To the Bishops Smith and Richardson of the M E Church in Canada? 'Tis foolish to say so. Whom then? Why he is an assistant to the Rt. Rev. Willis Nazrey. Now an assistant to a Bishop is the agent of that Bishop, and if an agent is not a proxy, what is he? But an agent or assistant is a proxy, and, therefore, the assistant superintendent of Canada is the proxy of Bishop Nazrey

The second proof is the fact, that you are now, by one or more of your proxies, using Bishop Green for Episcopal Jurisdiction in the B. M. E. Church.

And, now, my Reverend Colleague, let me respectfully ask, why do you treat the thirty brethren who signed the "plan" with such silent contempt? Are they so small that they cannot be seen? Or, are they not members of the last General Conference? Why do you single out so small a man as myself for a target? The thirty ministers who signed the "plan" represent five Annual Conferences. Are they not worthy of your notice? Moreover, why are you partial? You called upon the members of the Conference to present a "plan" for promoting the peace of the two connexions. Since then, Rev. J. P. Campbell presented "a plan," so did Rev. E. Weaver. You never assailed them with an unkind word. But as soon as D. A. Payne, with thirty one respectable Elders, representing five Annual Conferences, offered you "a plan," for setting at rest, *a question fraught with so much mischief*," you single out and assail one of their number as "A *Deceiver*."

Again, you also suggested that the "plan" should be offered through the columns of the Recorder, and for complying with this your *own request*, you tell us that we "have departed from a plain Scriptural and disciplinary duty, either from an erroneous judgment," "or with an intention to *deceive* and *lead astray the judgment of others*." Verily, verily, my Reverend brother is a *miracle of self-contradiction!*

We have indeed fallen upon evil times when the judgment of two elders representing one Conference is regarded as respectful, if not infallible, while that of thirty-one elders representing five Conferences is to be *scouted, criticised*, and *reviled!*

We shall not advise *you*, as you have done *us*, to "Crack your whip," and drive your team through two foreign lands, and two foreign churches, conquering and to conquer, but in the courteous language of the General Conference, *We respectfully request you to resign from the Canadian Church* and come *back* to us. If you will not take this advice then we offer you another, go to Canada and exercise your episcopate there, as one of the Bishops of the B. M. E. Church.

Were you to call a council of a thousand Bishops they could not give any other advice, unless they could first *destroy* your present relations to the B. M. E. Church, or *trample* the decrees of the last General Conference under their feet.

The idea of calling a special General Conference to make you do, what you promised the last to do, or to make them decide against their own convictions, and *annul* their own decree, *is absurd* and *wicked*.

As for me, I wish all concerned to know what ground I occupy on this and every other question involving a duty, an obligation, or a moral principle, and they can know when I tell them, that *as I would sacrifice my friend to my country, and my country to my God, so also, I would sacrifice my friend to the Church, and all ecclesiastical relations, honors, and emoluments to Christ, the truth, and the right.*

Signed in behalf of thirty-one members of the General Conference of 1860

D. A. PAYNE.

For the Christian Recorder.

REFLECTIONS.

BY SACER

"Honor and worth from no condition rise.
Act well your part, there all true honor lies."

'Tis a strange world which we live in, but 'twill mend just as fast as we operate upon it, and just *as* we operate upon it. Life—the longest—is but short: its fleeting moments are precious, because so few. Yet, how small are the number that realize its shortness, and that it is swiftly passing away. If a squad of infantry attack a battery and have but fifty rounds of ammunition, the great question would be, How best to use it? To use to the best advantage that which if once lost cannot be again obtained, is the aim of every reflecting individual. The most important of all questions then, is How can I use my life to the best advantage? For what purpose do I live? How shall we answer this question? Where shall we find the answer? If we turn to the world, the answer will be, we live for ourselves. "Every man for himself, and the captain of the dark regions takes the hindmost." I mean by the answer from the world, the general example set by the world The world will tell us to seek the gratification of our hearts' desires, be they good or bad—minister to the demands of passion, and thus satiate ourselves with the things of time. The world says to you, If, in the main, you love freedom from care and responsibility, then enjoy ease and comfort, and the ostentatious display of attire—live to eat—to laugh and grow fat. If you desire wealth, it says get it, no matter how. Hold on to the gold with grasp that cannot be broken—deprive yourself—those dependent upon you of the necessities of life—commit any dishonesty that will not send you to the state prison—make the promise to the ear, and break it to the hope—steel the heart to the wants and miseries of mankind—oppress the poor—regard not the helplessness of the orphan—the bereavement, sad and distressing, of the widow: get your wealth. It says if you, in the main, desire fame, get it, no matter how: get it, whether it be by intrigue or by merit. We might extend the world's answer to this question a great deal farther, but time will not permit. It is enough to say that the world's answer is false, because the world is false Wickedness, indeed, hath made it a vast, moral desert, and the good that is in it, is but as the oases here and there, that cheer the traveller on the sandy waste. Thank God! the oases are increasing, widening, and growing more beautiful.

But turn to nature—turn to nature. Oh, nature! thou mighty oracle! thou clearest of all types of thy Maker's will, how precious is thy testimony! to thee do we appeal for an answer! She gives it in the shining gems which deck the brow of night. She gives it in the limpid stream, that winds a silver thread around the rugged mount. Yes; as her objects are ten thousand times ten thousand, so she ten thousand times ten thousand answers gives—and each answer speaks thus: "We should live not for ourselves, but for our God and our fellows." The sun, while he darts his shining rays into the darkest corners, and while there is no place where his light is not, seems to address the world. Did it not occur to us, that the sun speaks in language as potent as its radiant beams are resplendent? The earth is wrapped in the dark mantle of night, and the sun in the morning seems to awake to lift this covering How, as he breaks from the confines of the Eastern horizon, does he seem to struggle—the hills seem to interpose obstacles—the clouds seem to obstruct: to a stranger upon *terra firma* the issue would seem doubtful—yet slowly and steadily does he progress—his rays growing stronger and stronger—his velocity unabating! Oh, what an emblem of patience, strength, and charity are here; for he gilds with a golden tinge the darkest obstructions that obtrude upon his course! As the sun comes forth into the world, every true man comes forth on the world's stage to play a part.

Every man should be a sun to light a world; that world is his particular sphere of life. He comes forward, then, under difficulties; his little world is all dark; but realizing that it is his duty to light it up, he shines, let what may come. Difficulties may arise, and say, "Stay behind me, horizon, in obscurity," he heeds them not, but rises in his sublimity higher and higher in altitude, dispensing with more and more power the blessings which form his existence Clouds may drift across his pathway; obscure him from sight: he still shines. Yes, shines till he sets behind the hills that overlook Jordan's stormy banks; and then, in mellowed splendour, hurls his expiring rays to give their golden tint to every obstruction.

John Brown, of Harper's Ferry renown, was a sun: his sphere was an effort to free the unfortunate descendants of Africans. Under what difficulties did his light break forth, and what or who could keep it from shining? Though captured, wounded, brutally treated, Incarcerated, and murdered, still his holy principle which made him a sun burned on; and all the clouds of infamy, which arose from the corrupt moral atmosphere of America, heated with the breath of torment, could not put out the light of his sun, though they might obscure it. He, one of the mortal few, whose light must shine in the world until the death-knell of time is tolled, and the light of all these suns are swallowed up in the light and glory of God. The true man and true woman, whose life is rendered luminous by the burning of moral principle within, has, indeed, attained height, when, like the sun, they need really fear nothing. It does not seem that perfection is necessary to this great moral effulgence, for on the sun's disk there are spots. Nor does it depend on circumstances; for circumstances seem oftentimes to combine with power and say, "Oh, sun, thou shalt not shine!"

Oh! that we could learn of nature, and then we would know how to "act well our own part." The blushing rosebud, wet with dew, as though it had been weeping for the absence of the sun in early morn, lifts its head to greet his rising The sun smiles upon it. The dismal swamp, that seems to rejoice in the blackness of night, for then it is that the birds that dwell in it sing, seems to frown and turn away from the rising sun. Yet he smiles upon it, and carries off its miasma. The birds leave their carolling, fold their little wings to rest, as the earth puts on the habiliments of nocturnal darkness, but break forth in church anthems when the king of day comes forth: the sun smiles upon them. How excellent is he, that regardless of the condition or disposition of his fellow, can add to his comfort, his improvement, or his happiness.

Too many men follow the tide: women do so, too. We often have to row against wind and tide (though men are not very free to admit that women should ever row against the tide of their will.) The "what will people think" has too much to do with our actions. It paralyzes exertion, stifles noble promptings, destroys manhood, and makes one the tool of the next dexterous hand stretched out after them. Let us, then, not be aimless; let us fix our stakes; let us choose our parts; and then cry out—"Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish," I will struggle to obtain a certain object in life, and then let action be continued, and unceasing. I have always found, that the more a man complains about the circumstances which surround him, the difficulties and trials that beset his pathway, the more evidence does he give of his inadequacy to the great battle of life; and that he is not "up and doing with a heart for any fate"

Why there is nothing that can transpire in our lives, that we may not turn to our own account. If, indeed, we are impressed by the magical power of the word onward, and have started in the right direction, as God's three great finger boards point out, any one might as well try to stop us, as to stop the onward roll of the rainbow-crowned Niagara, or put out the fires of burning Vesuvius.

For the Christian Recorder

TROUBLES OF LIFE

Man is born to trouble, as the sparks are to fly upwards The course of life is a two sided subject. It has a bright side and a dark side. If we look at the dark side we see nothing but a loom of trouble, disappointments, injustice, sorrows, and heart-rending sorrows. What is the cause of all this sorrow The pages of sacred writ tell us that sin is the cause of all this trouble. But, says one, What is trouble? I answer it is that part of man's life which is mixed with vexation, confusion and [illegible] that [illegible] may be known to us in various stand points. One trouble is the departure of friends and relations by death To [illegible] loved ones from our family circle is trouble to the [illegible] to reach that the [illegible] and misery implied that [illegible] with cure, is now hushed in [illegible] perhaps, with which none other. When I hear the winds blow, and see [illegible] of descending in such torrent, I think [illegible] departed friends, and it brings back to my mind the remembrance of bygone days.

Another cross is the loss of fortune, and the disappointment of future prospects. When the mind is towering upon the pinnacle of prosperity, and the future hopes are luxury and happiness—when we can say to the soul, Soul, thou shalt live for many days—then let destruction come, our friends be separated from us, our fortune fly, and the heir be brought to adversity,—and who can tell the pain, the anguish, the chagrin, the perturbation that must fill such a soul! What thunder is to the ear, and lightning to the eye, and the piercing of a sound is to the flesh, so is such news to the heart of one in the situation just described.

Another great cross is poverty; and, I think, in my opinion, it is the heaviest of all crosses to bear. Many persons say that they are poor, and yet are comfortably situated. But I speak of extreme poverty—where the widowed mother and half a dozen children are stowed away in some time-worn hut, where the weather beats in whenever it wants, and where they have no fuel but that which they find in the woods, or which some kind friend brings them,—with very little to eat, and that little from the hand of some kind benefactor. When the mother looks at her half-dressed, shoeless, stockingless, and bare-toed children, day after day, and cannot think that times will be any better until winter is gone, how great must be her anxiety of mind. Such a scene, I think, is heart-rending sorrow.

Another great cross is disobedient, dissipated, and ungrateful children. Many parents can quote the language of Scripture, and say: "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me." Some people suppose that if it were not for their children they would be happy. But, as I have before said, "Man was born to trouble." It is impossible to get through this hostile world without trouble. There are those who, seemingly, have no trouble; yet they have their sightings without, and fears within. But, with all our conflicts in this world, we desire life; and many of us, in our darkest hours, look forward to sunshine.

As we have already said, "This world is a two-sided subject." Some persons look on the dark side, and others on the bright side. Many meet trouble half way—that is, they worry themselves about what they are afraid will happen. Many persons have the fair side turned towards them: they neither carry trouble, nor meet it until it comes. They walk in sunshine to-day, and take a view through the telescope of enthusiasm, and see nothing to mar their happiness. When great trouble comes upon such persons, it is like the overflowing of the river Nile.

Seeing that man is doomed to trouble, let us lean upon the arm of God, remembering that his arm is omnipotent.

MISS M. MANLY.

Woodbury, N. J.

For the Christian Recorder.

MR. EDITOR.—*Dear Sir:* In glancing over the *Recorder* of September 21st, 1861, I saw an article entitled, "Thoughts on Greece," which is claimed to have been written by a distinguished clergyman of the A M E Church.

Now, although he may not have *intended* to deceive, yet I find the self-same article, *verbatim et literatim*, in a book printed in 1829 by Vanderpool & Cole, New York, and entitled, "Stephanini's Narrative." It is, as its title imports, the personal narrative of J. Stephanini, a native Greek, and is written in a very clear, glowing, and elegant style. Indeed, neither the reverend clergyman above alluded to, nor any one else alive to the eloquence of letters, can be in the least censured for falling in love with so fine a work.

That the A. M. E. clergyman has seen and copied from this book, I cannot say. Yet this much may be advanced: if the said clergyman and the native Greek (J. Stephanini) both think *exactly* the same thoughts, and express those thoughts in the same words, arranged in the same manner, I submit that *one of them* might, without any loss to the literary world, take up some other employment than writing *pro publico*. At least, such is the opinion of

W. T. S.

Philadelphia, March 31, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

REV. T. STROTHER AND HIS CAVILS ABOUT INCONSISTENCIES.

As we have before intimated, Brother Strother has written three long and tedious, dark and gloomy articles about inconsistencies, in the 58th, 63d, and 65th numbers of the *Christian Recorder*, which, in themselves, contain, from the confused and agitated brain of that good brother, the most inconsistent reasonings—or, more appropriately, we should say, rambling assertions, contradictions and absurdities—that we have ever seen from any one writer in the columns of this paper, from its first publication unto the present issue. Moreover, his FALSE reasonings, contradictions and absurdities relative to the present Episcopal discussion appear to exceed in the amount of their ridiculousness and number the sum total of all that has been said by all other writers put together! This assertion is made without the least fear of a truthful and successful contradiction whatever from ANY source. We purposely and intentionally refrain from entering into a discussion with him about the statements made in his first article upon the subject, in number 58, because he pleaded *ignorance* of the subject about which he wrote in that article But in his *second* article (number 63) he charges us with misrepresenting him "very glaringly."

He now positively denies making use of the following language quoted by us from his article in No. 58, Feb. 15th, 1862, which reads as follows: "If I know which one of the Church organizations he (that is, Bishop Nazrey) went with in the division of the Churches as named above—and if I know how often he had resigned since—and if I knew what Church or Churches he has attached himself to since such resignation, I would know then precisely where to go to find him; and in that way I would put a stop to any further wrangling or jangling on the subject" These, and these only, are the words quoted *from* him *by* us in our article, No. 59 of the *Christian Recorder*, headed, "Bishop Nazrey, or the True State of the Case." Now, when a brother makes a statement like the one above specified, and afterwards "most positively denies" that he has made that statement, in the face of a written and published document, when it is quoted in as near a [illegible] against him by another brother, he is not the man with whom we should discuss any question whatever in hope of receiving or imparting light upon *any* subject; and from such we turn away with disgust and horror Brother Strother cannot show our readers [illegible] one word quoted by us from him, and in his name, that he did not utter. We have been particular in this matter, because we have no confidence nor any pleasure in an attempt to advance the cause of truth by false reasonings and misrepresentations. Logical, philosophical, and *friendly* controversy is an occasion of the advancement of light and truth in the world—but absurdities, contradictions, and cavillings never do; and the man who will deny written and published statements made over *his own* signature, is not worthy of receiving any other reply than an exposure of his weakness and unmanly attempt to cast contempt upon an honest opponent.

Brother Strother wishes to make the impression upon the minds of his readers that he is a logical reasoner. In view of that fact, we will give them a specimen of his logical acumen. He says, "I see that the Rev. J. P. Campbell has noticed my communication on Bishop Nazrey's position." "He says Rev. T. Strother thinks he has made a discovery of inconsistencies; and, after telling us what he conceives them to be, he tells us himself that he does not know what the major proposition is about which he is writing. Now, Elder Campbell has misrepresented me very glaringly. Now, his major proposition and mine are different; for he proposes to explain or define Bishop Nazrey's position: my major proposition, if I have one, is found in the predicate of the sentence which forms the heading of my communication, which predicate is, 'A Discovery of Inconsistencies.' Discovery of inconsistencies, then, is my major proposition."

Here we have an exhibition of his logical powers. He calls the heading of his article both a sentence and proposition—more: he calls the same term both a proposition and the predicate of a proposition; for he says, "A discovery of inconsistencies is my predicate:" and then, in the next sentence, he says, "Discovery of inconsistencies is my major proposition." If a collection of words are so arranged as to constitute a proposition, then they are not the predicate of that proposition. Again: a collection of words, as, "A Discovery of Inconsistencies," do not constitute a sentence. A sentence in logic must always consist of these three parts—a subject, predicate, and copula. The words, "Discovery of Inconsistencies," are not a proposition in logic—much less do they constitute the major proposition of a logical syllogism. A sentence is a judgment expressed in words. A logical proposition is a sentence indicative. But the words "A Discovery of Inconsistencies," is neither one or the other. Our *would-be* logician tells, in the beginning of his article, that he has been writing a communication about Bishop Nazrey's position, and, within twenty-five lines afterwards, tells us that Elder Campbell is explaining Bishop Nazrey's position; but my subject is different—mine is a discovery of inconsistencies. Now, the truth is, that the sentence which we quoted from Brother Strother's article, which appears in No. 58, as stated by us in No 59, is a hypothetical proposition, with three conditional antecedents in the major premise—all of which directly refer to Bishop Nazrey and his position. Let those who are possessed with curiosity enough, and who are *really* versed in the science of logic, examine the matter for themselves for farther satisfaction. We are unwilling to discuss the question under consideration with any brother who reasons like Brother Strother. There are brethren in both the West [illegible] and East with whom we are willing to discuss [illegible] they are *reasonable* men. J. P. [illegible]

Trenton, April 8th, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—I will now give you a short sketch of the state of things with us. We have had a very hard year, both spiritually and temporally. This may be some help to such as are being discouraged in their labors of love. We entered our field of labor, this year, through a great deal of opposition from many in the Board, and this has been continued, by some of them, up till the present time. We have thought that this must be the season when the devil is turned loose. It is true that the spirit of the times is in our people here; for the spirit of rebellion and war has been in the people during all the year. Truly, we have thought, we would be driven from the walls this year, and compelled to seek some employment, in order to get bread for our [illegible] but as the day came, the Lord supplied our need, and we have labored on, the Lord helping us through it all; and though the devil, through men on earth, has raged, the Lord hath given victory on Israel's side. On the 23d of February, the work broke out—the Holy Ghost giving edge to the word. Sinners were convicted, mourners presented themselves at the altar, that prayer should be made for them, that they might escape the impending wrath they saw hanging over their heads; thus we have had from 5 to 28 mourners at once, and the Lord, in answer to prayer, has converted and added to the Church, which we trust [illegible] especially saved. 19th of March, we baptized five on P[illegible] on the 23d and 24th, at New Richmond, [illegible] were baptized, and the work is still going. Praise be given to the God of love.

I am ever yours, in Christ,

D. COOPER.

Whitecoat Point, New Richmond Circuit

MUST BE HELD SACRED

"Slavery is the sum of all villainies. It [illegible] the children of Africa, degrades [illegible] human brotherhood; it puts the manhood of [illegible] the chastity of woman, the unity of the family, the sanctity of the Sabbath, and the gates of the temple in the power of the master; it hides the key of knowledge and withholds the word of God, and cries at will—'Going—going—gone,' over human hearts. It hath its revenges on the master, too, for it opens the gate to his lust, loosens the reins of his passions, bewilders his intellect, sears his conscience, obscures to his vision the bright forms of liberty and justice, and exhibits the Son of God as the patron of its concentrated wrongs; it has filled a belt of States with treason and perjury, disgraced the character, invaded the territory, stolen the property, exiled the friends, and blockaded the Capital of the United States; it has torn down our flag within a tract the greater part of which was bought with our money, and stretched around it a line of troops, so that our citizens cannot penetrate it without fire and sword; yet we must hold it *sacred*."

Dr. Thompson.

EMANCIPATION OF SLAVES OF REBELS.

ST. LOUIS, March 31st.—General Curtis has issued the following special order:

"Headquarters Army of the South west, March 26th, 1862.

"Charles Morton, Hamilton Kennedy, and Alexander Lewis, colored men, formerly slaves, employed in the rebel service, and taken as contraband of war, are hereby confiscated, and not being needed for the public service, are permitted to pass the pickets of this command northward, without let or hindrance, and are forever emancipated from the service of masters who allowed them to aid in their efforts to break up the Government and the laws of our country.

MERIT TO WHOM MERIT IS DUE.

We copy the following from the *New York Independent*, which we recommend to all our readers, especially to those who have had so little confidence in the ability of our people, either in the North or in the South, and we doubt very much whether there is any other class of people under the heavens would have been so quiet under the past and present circumstances. It is their religion that enables them to stand:

THE REMARKABLE good CONDUCT of the African people during the convulsions of the past year ought to excite the attention and gratitude of good men. The free colored people have avoided any intercourse calculated to excite prejudice already too sensitive. In the South, they have justified all the good opinions that have been entertained of them, and put to shame the popular expectations. For the people have for a generation been brought up and fed on the fears of insurrection, rapine, blood, cruelty, conflagration, robbery, and lust, should the slave lose the control of his master. Instead of this, the thousands and thousands of escaped or liberated slaves have proved themselves as kind obedient and as industrious as was possible in their circumstances.

They have never proved fractious or indocile.

They have never been revengeful or sullen.

They have shown no indisposition to be restrained and guided by civil and special police regulations.

They have, in the main, been industrious, faithful and as careful as their training would allow.

They have gladly received religious instruction and shown an eargerness in learning to read and write. These things give great encouragement to Christians. In the providence of God, we are called to an extraordinary work. The least misconduct of the slave or free colored population will be a spark upon the most inflammable materials, and produce disastrous consequences. Nothing but Divine help can prevent development of the worst passions of the ignorant and unprincipled part of our white population. Christians never so much needed to be clothed with the spirit of the Master. Let much prayer be offered, not only for our rulers but for those under them. Especially, let unceasing supplication be made that out of the churches of this land may go forth an influence which shall hold in restraint the cruel prejudices and the selfish passions of men. Should this people be enabled to deliberate and justly settle the momentous questions now before them, it will present to the world one of the noblest triumphs of Christianity. It would also unalterably convince the world that a Republican Government, under Christian auspices, is the safest as well as most efficient of all.

We entirely agree with Dr Palmer of New Orleans, that God committed the African people to this nation as a solemn trust. *They are a trust.* God will require them at our hands! Dr. Palmer would execute this trust by imposing the slave law upon the African. We would execute the trust by breaking their bondage to men, and by giving to them the liberty of the Gospel. They are among us. They are weak, ignorant, and despoiled. We cannot escape responsibility. We must take care of them! Many think that the question may be settled by avoiding it; by dextrous management; by casting it out of Congress, and keeping it out of politics; by excluding it from church courts and from the pulpit.

This will not do. There are Divine Decrees at work. Four million human beings are not to be ignored easily. They pull at us on every side. They come upon us from the most unexpected quarters. Do what we will we shall not be able to rid ourselves of the black men. He cannot vote, and yet he will control the ballot-box. He is dumb, yet he keeps the whole nation in endless discourse. He meddles with our laws, and corrupts them. He shuts the school-book from our Southern Brethren, and locks the school-house. He casts his shadow on the pulpit; he sits behind the judge and grins over his shoulder. He interrupts the caucus, and sends confusion into Congress. The African is the pivot on which public affairs will turn for half a century.

It is time that men should cease talking about ridding themselves of this subject. They have no more control over it than they have over the seasons. Our only choice is whether we will accept and administer this trust in a spirit of Christian justice and mercy, or will leave it to be settled by hate, lust, and selfishness?

NOTICE.

The Social, Civil, and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Pennsylvania open a subscription list to aid the freed men at Port Royal and other points where they may be located, and respectfully ask the co-operation of the colored citizens and others in this city, or elsewhere, in money or clothing.

Any amount of value received will be acknowledged, with the name of the donor, in the *Recorder*, where a constant record will be kept.

Subscriptions may be sent to Jacob C White, at the office of the Lebanon Cemetery, 711 Lombard Street, and also to William Still, 107 North Fifth Street, and to Rev. E. Weaver, 619 Pine Street.

PAID.

Statistical Society,	$30 00
Clayton Miller,	2 00
William Still,	5 00
Robert Alger,	2 00
Henry Minters,	2 00
Catherine Johnson,	2 00
Vasti Locke,	2 00
Wm. Warricks,	2 00
Harriet Shorter,	1 00
Sarah S. Hawkins,	1 00
Rev Jonathan C Gibbs,	1 00
James P. Clay,	1 00
Benjamin F. Hill,	2 00
S. M. S.,	2 00
Elizabeth Gordon,	1 00

Port Royal Contrabands.—At a meeting held on Wednesday evening, at the Philadelphia Institute, by the Executive Committee of the Statistical Association of Colored People, of this city, the following resolutions were passed, which were read at the close of a concert by the Hutchinson Family last evening, given in aid of the escaped slaves at Port Royal:

Resolved, That the claims of the "Contrabands" in the vicinity of Port Royal and elsewhere call loudly upon the friends of humanity for material aid and sympathy.

Resolved, That while there is reason to regret that the Government has not more fully defined the status of these poor creatures, nevertheless it is clearly the duty of the Social, Civil and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Pennsylvania, not only to render aid as an organization, but also to commend these sufferers to the consideration of the various colored churches and societies of this city and State, that they may co-operate in the noble work of helping the Freemen's Association or other proper enterprises, which have undertaken to furnish food, clothing, and teachers, moral and religious, so much needed to relieve immediate distress and to inspire them with hopes of final deliverance.

Resolved, That we cannot lose sight of the Act of Congress, passed at its extra session, or of those proclamations emanating from the several Generals and Commanders of the Army, in which freedom has been declared to the slaves of all parties aiding directly or indirectly the rebellion.

Resolved, That in view of these acts, the slaves cannot (in our judgment) be considered other than FREEMEN

J. C. WHITE, President.
WM STILL, Corresponding Secretary.
(pro) S. M. SMITH, Recording Secretary.

"Don't Send the Whisky."—A soldier in the army, who, himself not a professor of religion, had a praying mother and wife, wrote home last December, requesting that a bottle of whisky should be included in his Christmas-box. The Christian wife, praying every day for her husband, hesitated to fulfil his wish, but at last concluded that her duty required it, and prepared the bottle to go with the little luxuries and love-tokens which every one hoped would give a sweet remembrance of home. But just before the box was to be sent, another letter came, and it began with these words, "*Don't send the whisky;* for since I wrote you I have *found Jesus*, and given myself to him, and I do not want a bottle of whisky to add to my temptations." The letter went on to thank his faithful partner for her consistent Christian life, her love and her prayers, and to describe his joy in the newly-found Saviour.

Drinking has made sad work in our army, and it is to be hoped that many a manly second thought, even though not springing from actual [illegible] of a converted soul, may refuse the proffered temptation, or write home the welcome words, "Don't send the whisky."

Religious Intelligence.

Rev J. V. HUNTINGTON, who was formerly an Episcopal minister, but became one of the converts to Popery and a few years since returned [illegible] has asserted that [illegible] enjoy real fortification thus erected, and that their only service was in a fair field. The rebels have [illegible] at Corinth, Miss., [illegible] Memphis [illegible] our hands.

Dates from Fort Union, New Mexico, up to the [illegible] had been received at [illegible] Canby's [illegible] was still penned up in Fort Craig, but it was [illegible] Union to succor him. Albuquerque and [illegible] in possession of the rebels, and Fort [illegible] was [illegible] Fort Craig, [illegible] and three regular boats opened fire on the rebel floating [illegible] broke loose from its moorings, and floated down the river, considerably injured. Our fleet also threw several shells into the different batteries of the rebels, but with what effect is unknown.

A despatch from Fortress Monroe informs us that important military movements are taking place in that vicinity and that startling news may be expected at any hour. A large army having, as is well known, been gathered at that point, it is more than probable that a forward movement has taken place.

Governor Curtin has issued a general order, in which he compliments the two Pennsylvania regiments engaged in the battle of Winchester. The Governor says that their bearing during the trying moments of that day was worthy of the high reputation already won by Pennsylvania soldiers on the fields of Drainesville, Roanoke, and Newbern. "Winchester, 23d of March, 1862," is also ordered to be inscribed on the ensigns of the 84th and 110th Regiments.

A despatch from St. Louis states that General Steel's advanced guard had reached Pittman's Ferry, Arkansas, and that Colonel Carline had had a skirmish with the enemy, during which he captured five prisoners, and a lot of camp equipage and other spoils.

By order of the President, Secretary Stanton has issued a war bulletin, creating a new military department in that portion of Virginia and Maryland lying between the Mountain Department and the Blue Ridge. It has been called the Department of Shenandoah, and is placed under the jurisdiction of Major General Banks. That portion of Virginia east of the Blue Ridge, and west of the Potomac and of the Fredericksburg and Richmond Railroad, including the country between the Potomac and Patuxent rivers, has been made the Department of the Rappahannock, and the command of it has been assigned to Major General McDowell.

MONDAY.—From Fortress Monroe we have the information of a reported fight at Yorktown, in which direction heavy firing had been heard all day on Saturday. The *Merrimac* on Friday night was coaling up at the Norfolk Navy Yard, and was expected to come out on Saturday. Fort Macon still holds out, and extensive preparations for a siege were being made. A flag of truce has restored to loyal soil four gallant officers of the Union army. Two men claiming to be British subjects were [illegible] have been hung in Richmond last Friday for disloyalty, but a short respite was granted them. By an arrival from Newbern we are furnished with the current report that Burnside had been ordered to abandon that place within six days, and that he had answered the rebel commander by a promise to meet him at Goldsboro' and Raleigh.

Our gunboats on the Tennessee river have made another reconnoissance up stream as far as Florence, Alabama. They met with no resistance.

The news that the rebel battery at Island No. 10 had been disabled is confirmed by a later despatch One of our shells exploded directly within the battery, killing three men and so injuring the vessel that it drifted down the river helpless. A rebel battery opposite Point Pleasant opened fire on one of General Pope's batteries at that place, but was speedily silenced. The telegraph between New Madrid and Cairo has been cut in several places Gen. Pope threatens retaliation upon the residents along the route if the outrage is repeated.

There seems to be little doubt that Fort Pulaski, the principal fort on the Georgian coast, and one of the strongest in the country, is in possession of our forces The steamship *Supply* left Warraw Sound on the 30th ult., and heavy firing was then heard in the direction of the beleaguered fort, which was so surrounded by our batteries that its reduction was certain.

The news from General Banks' command is cheering. On Friday afternoon a rebel battery opened on the right wing of our forces at Edenburg. One of our batteries under command of Captain Huntingdon shelled the rebels from their position. The military force under Jackson is said to be in a spiritless condition, being composed mostly of impressed men, large numbers of whom refuse to fight the Federal troops

A letter from Nashville states the organization of a Union League in that city, and the arrest of the traitor Cheatham. A very general desire prevails to obtain information as to the success attending the efforts of our Government to restore constitutional law and liberty in Tennessee; and while a few doubt the final result, all attach much importance to the slightest indication pointing to its happy consummation.

General Wool has sent an important despatch, dated Fortress Monroe, Saturday, to Secretary Stanton, in which he states that firing has been heard in the direction of Yorktown. The *Merrimac* is in the dry-dock at Norfolk taking a supply of coal. Gen. Wool does not believe that McClellan's army will have a very formidable foe to contend with.

The New York *World*, in an extra issued on Saturday, states, as a piece of reliable information, that Beauregard's army at Corinth, Mississippi, has been outflanked, and that a considerable body of Federal troops is between it and Memphis, thus cutting off its communication and retreat. The news needs confirmation.

TUESDAY.—General McCLELLAN has telegraphed to the War Department that he had thoroughly examined the rebel fortifications, and found them very formidable, especially their water batteries.

A desperate battle is impending at Shiloh, [illegible] Point and a number of other places not named in the telegraph have been occupied by our forces.

General Wool says that there are 30,000 rebels behind the entrenchments, under the command of General Magruder.

Affairs on the Mississippi, in the neighborhood of Island No. 10, are coming to a decisive point. Two of our gunboats have run the rebel blockade, and arrived safely at New Madrid. A ferry-boat, also, has reached the same point by a new route around the swamps. Under cover of these, General Pope crossed the river and landed on the Tennessee shore.

The official despatch about the occupation of Washington, North Carolina, has been received.

When the *Merrimac* retired from the contest with the *Monitor*, she had *seven feet of water in her hold.*

Recruiting Stopped.—All officers engaged in the recruiting service have been ordered to their regiments, and notice given to the Governors of States that no new enlistments nor new levies will be received until further orders from the War Department.

The force now in the field is deemed amply sufficient for the suppression of the rebellion and the speedy termination of the war.

The Foreign News.—The steamer *Hibernia*, which arrived at Portland yesterday, brings us five days later news from Europe than previously received. The President's emancipation policy was still a fruitful theme for the comments of the English journals. The *Daily News* [illegible] the last Confederate message to the House of Representatives, while the *Times* continues to think that no practical use can be made of the proposition. Mr. Russell has another letter in the *Times*, in which he observes that the passage [illegible] Bridge was a splendid spectacle, and eulogizes McClellan for forming an army out of disorderly masses of men. The Spanish Government has ordered General Prim to [illegible] he enters the city of Mexico. Demonstrations in favor of Garibaldi [illegible] in different parts of Italy. The Greek insurrection is not yet quelled.

Island No. 10 Surrendered!—NEW YORK, April 8th.—We have information that Island No. 10 was surrendered at midnight last night, with all the men, transports, &c.

The Future.—"Ossessian-I" writes: "This is the week that many newly enemies age or utterly mar the Rebellion [illegible] land and our navies by sea will soon strike other and more effective blows. Gen. Wool tells the Secretary of War, in a public and printed despatch, that [illegible] the army of the Potomac will find many troops to contend with. From this, it is fair to assume that the rebels are now, and have been for some time, on the move, and that, on the arrival of our army at Norfolk, Richmond [illegible] their points heretofore supposed to be impregnable, the [illegible] will [illegible] general climax. It [illegible] and reposeful days [illegible] and vapourous dissipations [illegible] capture the rebel [illegible] of the Mississippi. On the [illegible] to let results speak for us [illegible] our military movements [illegible]

A Great Battle at Pittsburg Landing, Tenn.—[illegible] Landing, on Fort Henry, April 12th, a. m. [illegible] greatest and bloodiest battles [illegible] both morning. The battle lasted, without intermission, during the entire day, and was renewed on Monday morning, and continued undecided until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when the enemy commenced to retreat, and are still flying towards Corinth, pursued by a large force of our cavalry.

We have taken a large amount of artillery, and [illegible] a number of prisoners. We lost a number [illegible] prisoners yesterday; among them is Gen. Prentiss. The number has not been ascertained yet, but is reported at several hundred. Gen Prentiss is reported wounded.

The loss on our side is estimated at from 5000 to 7000 killed and wounded. The rebel loss is twice that number.

Among the killed on the rebel side, is the General-in-Chief, General Albert Sidney Johnston, by a cannon ball, on the afternoon of Sabbath. It is further reported that Beauregard had his arm shot off

Thanks to the Almighty.—*War Department, April 9th, 1862.*—Order giving thanks for the recent great victories over rebels and traitors. Ordered,

First, That at meridian of the Sabbath next after the receipt of this order at each and every regimental [illegible] in the armies of the United States, there shall be offered by its Chaplain, a prayer giving thanks to the Lord of Hosts, for the recent manifestations of His power in the overthrow of the rebels and traitors, and invoking the continuance of His aid in delivering this Nation, by the arms of patriot soldiers, from the horrors of treason, rebellion and civil war.

Second, That the thanks and congratulations of the War Department are rendered to Major General Halleck for the signal ability and success that have distinguished all the military operations of his department, and for the spirit and courage manifested by the army under his command, under every hardship and against every odds, in attacking, pursuing and destroying the enemy wherever he could be found.

Third, That the thanks of the Department are also given to Generals Curtis and Sigel, and the officers and soldiers of their command, for the matchless gallantry at the bloody battle at Pea Ridge, and to Major Generals Grant and Buell, and their forces, for the glorious repulse of Beauregard at Pittsburg, in Tennessee, and to Major General Pope, and his officers and soldiers, for the bravery and skill displayed in their operations against the rebels and traitors entrenched at Island No. 10, on the Mississippi river. The daring courage, diligent prosecution, persistent valor, and military result of these achievements, are unsurpassed.

Fourth, That there shall this day be a salute of one hundred guns from the United States Arsenal at Washington, in honor of these great victories.

(Signed,) EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War

Foreign Summary.

Preparations of a very extensive character are making for the great Exhibition in London. Among the things to be exhibited, the Archbishop of Paris has lately had prepared a reliquary, which consists of one of the finest pieces of Parisian goldsmith work, containing the nails and pieces of the cross of the *true Cross*, brought from the Holy Land by St. Louis in 1254. Surely, such things would well grace the antiquary department of such an exhibition!

A MARRIAGE of considerable interest took place at Frankfort on Wednesday, the 12th of March. It was between Mlle. Adele de Rothschild and Baron Solomon de Rothschild. On the 13th the civil ceremony took place, and on the following day the religious part of it was performed at the synagogue—the Great Rabbi of the Consistory of Paris officiating. The Rothschild family, entire, from Paris, London, and Vienna, were all in attendance. Truly, riches were well represented on the occasion.

The exports from Great Britain to the United States have greatly fallen off during the past year. The official returns for 1861 show that while the United States was formerly England's best customer, it is now the fifth on the list, being exceeded by British India, Germany, Australia, and South America. This, no doubt, has much to do with any uneasiness and restiveness there is among business men on account of our national troubles. Interest often makes individuals and nations great lovers of peace.

Much has been said about Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, but the following statistics of his church in London for the past year are interesting. During the year, three hundred and ninety-seven persons were received by baptism, and forty-two by letter. Only fifty-eight were removed by death, dismission, expulsion, &c., and thus the real increase was three hundred and thirty-nine. The entire membership is one thousand nine hundred and twelve. Who is sufficient to take proper care of so many souls?

A good deal has been said about the practice of English Baptists on Communion. It is well known that Robert Hall and Baptist Noel have ever repudiated the principle of close communion. Rev. Dr. Perkins, a returned missionary from Persia, says, after spending half a year in England, on behalf of the Turkish Aid Society, and preaching often in Baptist churches, he was invariably invited on sacramental occasions to commune with them. This is far from the Baptist practice in the United States.

Great interest is taken in England in the Handel Festival, which is to be held in the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, London, in June next. There is to be a chorus of four thousand voices—and such is the desire to be sure of an attendance, there were £8,000 (or $40,000) worth of tickets sold on the first day the sale of them was open to the public. Oh! that multitudes were as ready to give for duty as for pleasure!

A wonderful, and, it may prove, a most important step has been taken by the Turkish Government. An order has been given to have all the libraries connected with the Mosques and other religious institutions carefully revised, systematized, and catalogued. In Constantinople there are about fifty of these libraries, founded long since in the most prosperous periods of Turkish history, and containing vast numbers of valuable and hitherto, probably, unexplored manuscripts of inconceivable value. Large results may flow from this step.

There is a strong tendency to Union among the different members of the Presbyterian family in Great Britain. This is seen, among other things, in the following statement, of a recent date:—"A united communion of members of the congregations belonging to the English Presbyterian and United Presbyterian bodies favorable to their union, took place on Saturday evening in Rev. Dr. Hamilton's church, Regent Square, London. The entire area of that spacious and elegant place of worship was allotted to communicants, and every seat was occupied. The gallery was for spectators. Of the ministers participating, there were three belonging to each denomination. Rev. Robert Redpath, of Wells Street Chapel, Dr. Archer, of Clerkenwell, and Dr. Edmund, of Islington, represented the United Presbyterians, and Rev. Dr. Hamilton, Rev. Mr. Chalmers, and Rev. Mr. Bannatyne, the English Presbyterians. Rev. Dr. Hamilton preached on Sabbath the ministers in London [illegible] to the movement exchanged pulpits."

MEETINGS OF ANNUAL CONFERENCES

The One Annual Conference will meet in Zanesville city, Ohio, April 16th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

The Indiana Annual Conference will meet in Indianapolis, August 15th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M

The Missouri Annual Conference will meet in Louisville, Ky August 7th, 1862, at 9 o'clock A. M

The Philadelphia Annual Conference will meet in Trenton, N. J., on the 10th day of May, 1862, in the Mount Zion Church, at 9 o'clock

The New England Annual Conference will meet on the 21st day of May, at New Bedford, at 9 o'clock, A. M. in the A. M. E. Church.

The [illegible] Conference will strictly attend to the financial duties as laid down in the Discipline, and without which our itinerant progress will be impeded. Punctual attendance is requested.

A notice of my visits will be given in the future.

W. Mabrey

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Domestic Items.

Island No. 10—Storming of one of the Forts.—Washington, April 2.—The following official despatch has been received from Com. Foote.

U. S. STEAMER BENTON,
Off Island No. 10, April 2d, 1862.

Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

Last night an armed boat expedition was fitted out from the squadron and the land forces at this point, under command of Col. Roberts, of the 42d Illinois regiment. The five boats comprising the expedition were in charge of First Master J. V. Johnson, of the St. Louis, assisted by Fourth Master G. P. Lord, of the Benton; Fourth Master Pierce, of the Cincinnati; Fourth Master Morgan, of the Pittsburg, and Master's Mate Scanlin, of the Mound City—each with a boat's crew of twenty men from their respective vessels, carrying in all one hundred men, exclusive of the officers under the command of Col. Roberts.

At midnight the boats reached the upper or No. 1 Fort, and, pulling directly in its face, carried it, receiving only the harmless fire of two sentinels, who ran off, discharging their muskets, while the rebel troops in the vicinity rapidly retreated; whereupon Col. Roberts spiked the six guns mounted in the Fort, and retired with the boats uninjured.

The commanding officer represents all under his command, from their coolness and determination, as being [illegible] to perform more hazardous service, had it been required—the fulfilment of the object of the expedition.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, &c., your servant,

A. D. H. FOOTE, *Flag Officer.*

CAIRO, April 4.—This morning, the Benton, Cincinnati, and Pittsburg, with three mortar boats, opened, and continued for more than an hour a fire on the rebels' heavy floating battery at Island No. 10, when the latter, having received several shells from the rifled guns and mortars, cut loose from her moorings, and drifted two or three miles down the river.

Western Virginia in Favor of Gradual Emancipation.—Wheeling, April 3.—The vote in this city to-day gives 646 majority for the new Constitution, and a majority of 7888 in favor of gradual emancipation.

The interior counties, as far as heard from, give the same ratio.

The rebels are preparing, with tar and rosin, to burn Memphis when compelled to evacuate. The most prominent citizens of Memphis say they would yield forthwith, if assured of the safety of their property from confiscation by the United States Government.

Judge Ogden Edwards, a well-known citizen and jurist of New York, and a near relative of Aaron Burr, who was buried from his house, died on Tuesday, the 1st inst., at his residence on Staten Island, 81 years of age.

Gen. Geo. B. M'Clellan has been elected a corresponding member of the New York Historical Society.

The late somewhat eccentric, but clear-headed and able **Col. Benton**, of Missouri, is said to have warned the country, some years since, of Jefferson Davis, in the following language:—"He is a martinet, puffed up with West Point science, dogmatical and pragmatical within his circle; but that circle is a narrow one, and he moves uncontrolled within it. He is an avowed secessionist."

The well-known Parson Brownlow, as he is termed, having been driven by the enemies of the Union from his home in Knoxville, Tennessee, is now on his way northward, and Childs (late firm of Childs & Peterson,) has offered him $10,000 for his Autobiography.

Wendell Phillips, after lecturing in Philadelphia, Washington, and Pittsburgh, and some other places, in a greasy meeting in the open air, in the state of the country, was recently mobbed, chased, and driven out when attempting to deliver a lecture in Cincinnati.

M. Blondin, whose walking on single ropes and in most exposed positions, has caused much sensation in this country and abroad, has been in various parts of England, where he is said to have realised $150,000 from the witnesses of his performances.

Hon. T. S. Cooper died, April 4th, at his residence in Pittsburgh, Allegheny county. He formerly was a member of the present Congress from the 7th District

Col. Barksdale who was a recording delegate to the National Democratic Convention at Charleston, from Mississippi, is Colonel of the [illegible] from that State. His regiment is said to be [illegible] the first which deserted from Manassas Junction.

Chronicle of the Latest News. Tuesday.—The bombardment of Island No. 10 still continues. Significant movements of our forces have taken place in that quarter lately. Several boats have been sent down to General Pope at New Madrid. With these he is expected to cross the river and cut off the retreat of the rebels by land. Their retreat by water is an impossibility, so long as our troops hold possession of New Madrid and Point Pleasant. [illegible] to co-operate with the land forces. He is confident that he can in three hours drive the rebels from all of these batteries, as soon as the proper time shall arrive. Everything betokens a desperate conflict at Island No. 10.

We have news from Fortress Monroe that the rebels have fired several shots from Sewall's Point at our transports, but without doing any damage. A reconnoissance [illegible] Wednesday from Newport News, and a party of three thousand rebels, who endeavored to dispute the passage of the troops, were dispersed. The rebels have reoccupied Big Bethel. The *Merrimac* has *not yet* made her appearance, but [illegible] Savannah paper says that the battle of Pea Ridge was a severe disaster to their cause.

A number of refugees from Richmond [illegible] at Washington. All between the ages of eighteen and forty-five are being pressed into the rebel service, and gangs of men are [illegible] hunting for those who hide themselves to escape the draft. All the necessaries of life are selling at very high rate, and the people have commenced to eat [illegible]

Advertisements.

THE UNITED Brothers and Sisters of Rev. Willis Nazrey Society are requested to attend their regular stated meeting, the 19th of this month, at 8 o'clock, P. M., on the corner of Quince and Locust Streets. Punctual attendance is strictly requested, by order of the President

AARON HALL, *President.*
E. MALONEY, *Secretary*

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met at [illegible] the thirteenth anniversary, April 20th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:

From Gabriel Union No. 4 D. of T. from Phenix Union, No. 8, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 10, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Dr. Rice' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 19, D. of T.; from Vanbrunkle Union, No. [illegible] D. of T., of Norristown Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows

Grand P., Sister Bennett; Grand Associate, Sister Burris; Grand Treasurer, Sister Fawcett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dubbert; Grand Chaplain Sister Ha.

G. P. P.,	Sister E. ROBERTS.	G. P. P	Sister ANDERSON
"	" E. ROWIE.	"	" J. V. BLACK.
"	" M. H. RUSSEY.	"	" E. A. CRAIG.
"	" S. NEWMAN.	"	" WOOTEN.
"	" S. DAVIS.	"	" S. HALL.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY.

THE STATED QUARTERLY MEETINGS of the Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August, and November.

The meetings of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the society.

Mrs SARAH CARTER,
President.
Mr. L. R. SEYMOUR, Sec'y.

MRS. JOHNSON AND MRS. WARE

Beg leave to inform the Public in general that they continue

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Thomas W Allmond, No. 1007 Rodman Street

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WM STILL.

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" " Ebony Holders, with cases.
" Heavy Gold Pens, Propelling Holders.
" Gold Propelling Pencils.
" " Finger Rings. (different styles.)
" " Breast Pins. " "
" " Watch Keys. " "
" " Ribbon Slides. " "
" " Charms for Watch Chains. " "
Fine Hair Brushes, Inlaid. " "
" Cigar Cases. " "
Ladies' Reticules. " "
" Cabas " "
" Enameled Crosses, " "
" Engraved " "
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PROGRESS IN AGRICULTURE

Maxwell's [illegible] and [illegible] gives the following amusing sketch of agriculture in Berkshire, Eng., at the present day, and what it may be in 1900

A. D. [illegible]

Come wife, 'tis time for we to rise,
The clock is striking five,
Be quick and get the taties fried:
Now do, lass, look alive.
I've got to put my barley in,
At know the first of May 'a come,
I don't know how I shall get on,
If many rainy days come.
I've got to cart out all my dung
And time to till the taties
The land's as wet as wet can be
How bothered my poor pate is!
There's Brisk and Boxer cruel galled,
And Tidy Mare is gripy;
And oats are down, and wheat's a'veiled,
And Roger's always sappy,
And all the sheep have got the scab,
And wool's a going down,
And I've to draw my produce in,
Vul fourteen miles to town.
And Lady-day's a'come and gone,
And I've not paid my rent yet.
And Bill, and Jan, and little Joe
He 'ain' to school been sent yet
Us can't get on if times don't mend—
Tis rely quite alarming:
I only wish my lease was out,
I'm sure I'd give up farming.

A. D. 1900.

Matilda! order chocolate,
It's nearly ten a'clock;
And getting up at half-past eight
Is really quite a shock.
I worked so hard till nine last night,
To prove that last analysis,
That, should my brain be farther tried,
I really fear paralysis
Well, I'll just take a quiet ride
James, bring my locomotive—
That half-horse power, with trotting spring,
Of health 'twill be promotive.
And, James, do fetch a gallon of
Concentrated Thames water;
I'll just top dress my cucumbers—
Five acres and a quarter.
Well, here I'm back, I've been all round;
The farm is looking splendid.
What fools they were, some years ago,
To work as hard as men did!
I've heard my grandsire say, his dad
Met with some dreadful losses,
No wonder, when they used to work
With those great horrid horses.
And, James, just touch the telegraph
And bid my engineer
Turn out six dozen plows next week,
To get the breaches clear:
And tell Professor Farmby,
And my sub-chemist, Jones,
To forward, by next Monday's post,
Their last extract of bones
'Tis time I got my turnips in;
I should not like to mess it;
And as I've only one square mile,
There'll be enough to dress it.
And, James, do turn the battery on,
The wheat is just in flower,
And give it one galvanic shock.
It wants a gentle shower.
And syringe all the cabbage plants
With essence of guano;
And ask Miss Jane to milk the cows
With the new "vaccine piano."
And, James, fetch down my last balloon,
With speed-retarding crupper;
I'm going to Barnet fair to-day.
And shan't be back till supper.

WHY I GAVE UP SMOKING.

BY EBENEZER DAVIES.

Minister of the Caledonian Road Chapel, London, formerly a missionary in New Amsterdam, Berbice.

I was a smoker, and the son of a smoker. I began to smoke when I began to preach—that is, when about twenty years of age. Most of the preachers of my acquaintance did the same. I thought it preacherly to imitate them. I smoked during the time I was at college: that was contrary to the rule of the institution; but then the President was a smoker too. In after years, however, when we were having a friendly chat over our pipes, he positively and solemnly assured me that, if he had found me out, he would have expelled me from the College *instanter!* When about to sail as a Missionary to a distant land, I recollect having the honor and felicity of having, in a little room, not three miles from Paternoster Row, in London, a pipe with a Veteran in the service, whose praise was, and is, in all the churches. "A fine thing," said he, with a little Scotch accent, "is a Pipe of Tobacco in a hot climate. Let me recommend you, my young brother, to take with you a good stock of pipes and tobacco." You need not ask me whether I did so. In the course of time, however, when laboring as a missionary, I felt compelled, for the sake of example, to become a Teetotaller, and to throw myself heart and soul into the total abstinence movement; but, still adhering to the beloved pipe.

In a parcel of Ipswich Temperance Tracts, kindly sent me by R. D. Alexander, Esq.; was one headed, "*Dost thou Smoke, Bill?*" I read it and it made me feel uncomfortable. Some copies of it had got into circulation among my people before I was aware. A fine black young man came to me one day, and after bowing and scraping, and bidding me "good morning," "Will massa please gie me one leetle tract?"

"Yes, Quamina, and welcome; which will you have?"

"Dat tract called '*Dose you smoke, William?*'" (He thought it would be too vulgar, in my presence, to say "Bill;" politeness led him to say "William.") I gave him the tract; but I felt I would rather he had asked for any other than that, and my uneasiness was increased. The tract was evidently exciting some attention. It was condemning, amongst the people, their pastor's habit.

One night, soon after Quamina's visit, having knocked out the ashes of my last pipe, before retiring to rest, a colloquy took place between my conscience and myself, of which the following is a faithful report:

Conscience. You have given up all intoxicating drinks, and you have done well. Why not give up that smoking too?

Myself. I cannot. It is a pleasant habit, to which I have been addicted for fifteen years

Conscience. Does it do you any real good?

Myself. I must confess that it does not.

Conscience. Is it not in a variety of ways positively injurious to you?

Myself. It is; both my judgment and my experience are against it.

Conscience. Do you not, at Temperance Meetings, feel that many of the arguments urged against the use of drinks tell with almost equal power against the use of tobacco?

Myself. I cannot deny that I do.

Conscience. How much have you spent on tobacco during the fifteen years that you have been a smoker?

Myself. Oh, not much; I never smoke cigars, except when some ship captain makes me a present of a few: they are otherwise too expensive; the pipe is much more economical.

Conscience. But how much has the pipe cost you since you became a preacher? Try to form an estimate

Myself (after a long pause. The amount, I find, is larger than I thought it was; I cannot, however, exactly say how much it is.

Conscience. But I insist upon knowing. Honestly now, can it have been less, on an average, than two pounds a year, or thirty pounds in the fifteen years?

Myself. I believe that will be somewhere about it.

Conscience. And how much during the same period did you contribute directly toward the spread of the Gospel?

Myself. I really cannot tell; for I try not to let my left hand know what my right hand doeth

Conscience. Come, come, none of that cant and nonsense. I insist upon knowing. Call to mind your contributions, and give me some approximate idea.

Myself (after another long pause.) I believe about ten pounds.

Conscience (in a thundering voice.) What! only one-third of what you have spent upon tobacco!

Myself. Only one-third!

Conscience. And yet you are a minister of the Gospel!

Myself. Yes, I am.

Conscience. A missionary sent out to this distant land?

Myself. Yes.

Conscience. Supposed, of course, to be a very good man.

Myself. Yes.

Conscience. And your business as a missionary is to try to make these black and colored people around you good?

Myself. Yes

Conscience. You tell them that their money is not their own; and you urge them to deny themselves, and to make sacrifices, in order that they may be able to contribute towards the support and spread of the institutions of Christianity

Myself. I do

Conscience. You urge even the children not to spend their little [illegible] goos, sugar-canes, and mpeddlas, with other fruits and sweets but to give it to send the Gospel and to plant its institutions where they are not yet known?

Myself. I do

Conscience. A pretty fellow, then you are! During the time you have had the honor of being a minister of the gospel, you confess that you have yourself spent three times as much of God's money on that worthless weed, or rather that injurious poison, tobacco, as you have given for the spread of that glorious Gospel, which you call "*Heaven's best boon to man!*" And yet you have the face to call upon others to deny themselves for that purpose! Shame, shame upon you!

Myself. I am ashamed and confounded. I scarcely felt ever more despicable in my own eyes than I do at this moment. *From this night forth, I vow that I will never spend another penny in tobacco.*

Conscience. Good, good; stick to that, and you will be more worthy of your position and office

So ended the colloquy. Having asked God to forgive me the great sin of which I had been guilty, and to grant me grace and strength to carry out the resolve I had just made, I went to bed

The next day was the commencement of a great conflict. At the usual times for taking the pipe, the craving for it was very strong. I managed to resist it however by putting to myself a few simple questions, such as, "What is the matter with you? Why are you restless and unhappy? Have you a headache?" "No." "A toothache?" "No." "Have you pain in any part of your body?" "No." "Are you cold?" "No." "Hot?" "No." "Are you hungry?" "No." "Thirsty?" "No." "Then why, in the name of all that is rational, are you not contented, and even thankful to God for the exemption from pain which you enjoy?"

In this manner I lectured myself against the unnatural craving. Every time I resisted the appetite, I felt that I had achieved a victory; that I was rising higher in the scale of being; that my moral strength was augmented; that I was getting more into harmony with God's laws and my own conscience; and that my example, in regard to the youths of my congregation, was becoming more worthy of me as a Christian missionary and pastor. Ere long the craving ceased; the appetite died away; I was emancipated! And now I would not be again enslaved for "all the world calls good or great." Most devoutly do I thank God for my deliverance both from alcoholic drinks and from tobacco. Against them both I am determined to battle till I die.

THE CATS AND THE BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

Rev. Robert Boyd, of the Pittsburgh Conference, in his *Personal Memoirs*, just issued, narrates the following, pages 184–6:—"I recollect a sore, red-eyed woman, that wore an old hat, on the first circuit I travelled, who had prepared dinner before going to meeting at the old log schoolhouse. And as it was her purpose to bring the preacher home with her, even the buckwheat cakes were all baked, and set in what was called the stock-hole, in the back wall of her cabin chimney. As all had gone to meeting except the cats, when the door was opened the cats were seen helping themselves to the cakes. The old lady hallooed, 'Thise cats!' at the top of her voice, and then, in the way of heavy complaint, remarked that she believed they 'had the worst cats in all the country, for they wouldn't let any thing alone.' But as they only nibbled around the edges, and did not eat much, the old lady sprang around and got the cakes on a slab table, with some milk in hard-looking tins, and some butter on an old pewter plate, which reminded me of Joseph's coat of *many colors*. I managed so as to wait till some one took the top cake, on which the cats had sat, and in taking off another, I was careful to use only the middle part, leaving the edge part, marked with the cat's teeth, on my plate. I have often felt that it would have been a great relief if I could have kept away from such meals. And I only sat at these tables lest I should offend them by staying away. I frequently tried to talk about hunting or any thing that came to hand, in order to keep them from noticing how little I ate. Yet I often heard the wonder expressed, how it was that I looked so well and ate so little But they did not know that I sometimes had bread in my saddle-bags, which I used along the road, and drank pure water from the rocks instead of dirty milk."

THE COW

When George Stephenson, the celebrated Scotch Engineer, had completed his model of a locomotive, he presented himself before the British Parliament and asked for the attention and support of that body The grave M. P.'s looking sneeringly at his invention, said:

"So you have made a carriage to run only by steam, have you?"

"Yes, my lords."

"And you expect your carriage to run on parolled rails, so that it cannot get off, do you?"

"Yes, my lords."

"Well, now, Mr. Stephenson, let us show you how absurd your claim is. Suppose when your carriage is running upon those rails at the rate of twenty or thirty miles an hour, if you're extravagant enough to even suppose such a thing is possible, a cow should get in the way. You can't turn out for her—what then?"

"*Then 'twill be bad for the cow, my lords*"

PRINCE ALBERT AND LUTHER'S BIBLE

The late Prince consort once sent to the British Museum to borrow a copy of Martin Luther's Bible. A messenger was sent with it to the palace, and shown into a room where he saw the Queen and his Royal Highness engaged in the study of the Bible. The Prince, opening Luther's Bible, referred to a passage which had been the subject of investigation, and expressed his great satisfaction in finding his views supported by the text of Luther's Bible.

PRESENT TRIALS AND FINAL SALVATION

When all thy waves and storms are past,
Shall I, shall I be saved at last?
Then let my Lord conceal his face,
Withhold the knowledge of his grace
Leave me in doubts, in darkness leave,
But at the latest hour forgive.

Deliver from the wrath to come,
And scourge me, Saviour, to the tomb;
[illegible]
And weep in unrenewed [illegible]
But when my lying head I bow
Assure me then those tortures more

WESLEY.

Rev. J. W. Chadwick, Rector of the Church of the Epiphany, (Protestant Episcopal,) in this city, which was formerly under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr Tyng, and afterwards of his lamented son, the Rev Dudley A. Tyng, has resigned the charge, stating, in his farewell discourse, he had been constrained to take this step on account of the persecution to which he had been subjected in the congregation because of his sentiments of loyalty to the Union.

Family Circle.

CHARLIE LEE

BY M. P. H.

Did you ever know Charlie Lee? Perhaps not, but when I tell you about him, you will say, "I know a boy just like him."

Charlie is one of that class of boys, who always walk with a stoop in their shoulders, as though they were very tired, or just going to shiver with the cold, and who [illegible] they can hardly lift them at all, and whose hands, if they have any, are put carefully away in their pockets. They get rid of all the "chores" at home, and all the lessons at school, if possible, and always "fish" their sums from the other boys' slates, when they can. The boys call them "lazy," but as that is not very elegant, we do not like to repeat it No one thinks them very manly, however, and you never hear people say, "that boy will be the Governor some day."

Charlie Lee got sadly punished last winter for his disposition to get away from a little extra labor. As he learned nothing at home, his mother sent him away to boarding school.

It was the last day of the quarter, and the boys were to have three days' vacation between the terms. Of course they were not to go home for so short a time, but the skating, sliding, and fort building they had planned for those three days was enough to last all winter.

They had put their books away, and were waiting to be dismissed. The teacher's bell called their attention, and after thanking them for their diligence and good behavior, Mr. Percy said—

"There is one exercise more I am very anxious to give you before we close the term, but my time is all gone now, and I see no other way than to borrow some of yours. Of course you need not give it to me unless you choose, but if you will come to the school-room as usual to-morrow morning, I shall be very much obliged."

Now that was a disappointment, wasn't it, to boys who had almost put on their skates the night beforehand? But boys know what is right, and they generally mean to do it too. They knew that Mr. Percy had been trying to make their time pass happily, as well as profitably, all winter, and they at once agreed to do as he desired,—all but Charlie Lee

He knew what Mr. Percy wanted—it was that hateful algebra review. It was bad enough to study when they were obliged to. They needn't go unless they chose, and for his part he didn't choose to.

The next morning Charlie kept out of sight. The others all assembled in the school-room, with slates and algebras, for they too had "guessed" what their extra task was to be.

"Now the first thing to be done," said Mr. Percy, "is to get your coats and caps, and come with me to the front door"

Their surprise was only equalled by their haste to obey this unexpected order. There stood a sleigh large enough to hold them all, with four horses attached.

"This is the exercise I meant for you," said Mr. Percy, "a ride to the city, and a day among the curiosities. But where is Charlie Lee?"

Charlie had hidden himself so effectually for fear of the algebra, that he was not to be found

They went without him. After a fine ride of ten miles, they reached the city, visited the museum, a fine panorama, and looked at other pleasant sights until they were tired, and then rode home again, to talk about their famous "extra exercise" the rest of the year—and they will not forget it the rest of their lives.

As for Charlie, he stayed at home, with the consolation of thinking that he "didn't choose too."

Mothers' Journal

THE "JUST AS I'VE A MIND TO."

I saw a tigress, a little while ago. She was in a cage gnawing a bone. A man put his umbrella against the bars of her den, and oh! how madly her eye glared. She showed her white teeth, growled, and sprang towards the man, in a way that made him start back in a hurry.

"Well," thought I, half aloud, "if you were loose, Mistress Tigress, and in the streets, I should not like to meet you. You'd make mince-meat of the boys and girls 'mazin' quick."

"But there is a creature as dangerous as the tigress, running loose among the children," whispered a friend at my elbow

"Ah!" cried I, looking around with surprise in my looks; "what is it?"

"The *Just-as-I've-a-mind-to*."

"The *Just-as-I've-a-mind-to*," mused I. "He's joking, I guess. And yet it seems to me I've heard that name before."

"Oh! I've got it! He means the spirit of willfulness and obstinacy which leads a boy or girl to despise good counsels, and to say, 'I'll do just as I've a mind to.' That's it. The Just-as-I've-a-mind-to is a tigress indeed. It destroys a great many children, certainly."

Then I thought of some things the Just-as-I've-a-mind-to had done. I remembered Will Crusty, who was sent to mill one day by his father with the horse and wagon. As he left the dooryard, his good father said:

"Will, don't ford the river to-day. The water is too high. Go round by the bridge."

Will cracked his whip, and drove off muttering; "I shall do just as I've a mind to about that, old gaffer," said Will

So he drove into the river at the ford. But the water was very high, the current was strong. The horse lost his foothold, and was carried into deep water. Will was frightened, and falling into the water, was carried over the mill-dam, and dashed to death among the rocks. The Just-as-I've-a-mind-to killed him as certainly as any loose tigress would have done. Children! beware of it!

HOME TRAINING

How important it is that parents should pay the greatest attention to the home-training of their children—to those tender plants which have been committed to their care to be nurtured for eternity.

Some parents think, that if they prepare their children for the Sabbath School, and send them there to be instructed by their teachers, that they have done their duty, and nothing more is necessary on their part But not so; first the parent, then the teacher; and if both would perform their duty faithfully, what a different world this would be!

The mother, in a special manner, exerts a mighty influence for weal or wo upon the future lives of her children. Think of the influence exerted upon the great artist West, by his mother, when he made use of such language as this, "It was my mother's kiss made me a painter;" and of the high estimation in which an eminent English Lord held his mother, when he said, "If the whole world were put into one scale, and my mother into the other, the world would kick the beam."

Parents, therefore, especially mothers, should train their children with the utmost care, so that when they arrive at the years of maturity, they will be able to use the language of the examples quoted above.

MINNIE

My Dear Children:—In your catechism you learn, that "Man's chief end is to glorify God," but have you carefully inquired what this means? If you have not, pause now, and reflect. Ask yourselves,—What am I doing to accomplish this, the great object in my creation? You must not think that it is time enough to begin to serve God when you are men and women; for then it may be too late. I will tell you some things that very little children can do to glorify God. They can sing His praise—when you are able to read to the Bible, you will find that God has said, "Whoso offereth praise glorifies me" "Obey your parents in all things; for this is well pleasing unto the Lord." "Putting away lying, speak every one truth to his neighbor" Keep holy the Sabbath day, remembering that it is the Lord's day, and that he has given you six other days to seek your own pleasure and speak your own words

Do not let evil companions draw you away, making you believe that you can glorify God or not, as you please; for if you are hard-hearted and rebellious, He will deal with you as he dealt with his people of old, and glorify himself in your destruction. He will make even the wrath of man to praise Him:

"The Lord preserves all who him love,
[illegible]
But he all those that wicked are
[illegible]"

Rem

ONLY A LITTLE WAY.

There were two little boys who lived in one of our large cities. They had very kind parents, who had brought them up to love them and respect their commands as well as to love God. One day a regiment of soldiers was passing their house, with a fine band of music. These little boys were on the street, and they were so delighted with the music and the gay appearance of the soldiers that they followed them to the next street, contrary to the commands of their parents. When they got about a square from home, one said to the other, "Let us go to the next street, and then we will go back, and Pa and Ma will not miss us" The other agreed to this. Now observe, how the giving way just a little, leads on to give way a great deal. After they had gone past another street, they thought they might go a little farther. They were so much occupied in looking at the soldiers and listening to the music that they did not notice how far they were going from home, until they looked around and saw that the houses looked strange. They stopped and thought they would go back. So they started for home the way they thought they had come. But after walking a long distance, they did not come to any place which looked familiar to them. They would not ask the way home, as they were too proud to appear as if they did not know the city.

By this time it began to get dark, and they too late repented of their disobedience to the commands of their kind parents. After wandering around till night had fully set in, the younger one began to cry. This attracted some persons to ask them their names and where they lived; but they were so frightened they could not tell. Some kind person took them to the police telegraph station, where they were cared for, and where inquiries would likely be made for them.

In the mean time, their parents were very much alarmed about them. The father went to a telegraph station, and the officer there telegraphed to all the stations in the city, to know if two little boys had been found answering to the description given by their father. An answer came back that they were at such a station, in a distant part of the city. The father sent word home to their weeping mother, telling her they were safe and would soon be home, and then started off for them. Soon they were in their father's arms. And, oh! how glad they were to be safe in that father's arms once more. They resolved they would never again leave home without their parents' consent.

Dear children, obey your parents in all things, as they know what is best for you. See what trouble these little boys got into by this one act of disobedience. These little boys did just what we are all doing, when we disobey our Heavenly Father. When we do any thing wrong, we are disobeying Him, and we are going astray. The only way then is to go to Him, and he will receive us with open arms

THE BIRD'S MISSION

Too bad! too bad! pouted Annie, as she threw herself upon the grass in the garden, I wish Pa and Ma were so poor, that to procure a livelihood their tolls might prevent them from making such strict rules, or requiring me to live up to them; study six hours a day, and then washing and dressing is a duty every day to perform. What a luxury it would be not to be compelled to be so particular. While Annie sat complaining, a bird being in some way injured, had fallen, and now lay dying not far from her. Upon seeing it, she began saying, dear little bird, your parents do not chain you at home, [illegible] when they [illegible] with a mournful chirp, and limping to some water near, lowered its head and after drinking looked upwards, then falling back—died.

Annie, with a very sad countenance, brought the dead bird to show to her brother and mamma. Annie's mother being a good woman, improved the opportunity to teach her little girl how to be thankful. After this Annie became more thoughtful. What a little thing, only a drink of water, yet it seemed thankful, looking up to heaven in thanksgiving as it was received. This and many better thoughts passed through her mind, and her face burned with shame, that the tiny songster should become her teacher, and that its life had been sacrificed for her good. Then, Annie's eyes were raised upwards, and her humbled heart asked forgiveness for its unthankfulness.

Let us all strive to perform our mission as faithfully as the bird did, and like it evince willingly a thankful spirit, for even the *least* of the blessings we receive

AGGIE.

Pittsburg Markets.

APPLES.—Green, [illegible]
ASHES.—Pots, [illegible]; Pearls, [illegible]; Soda-ash, [illegible]
BREAD.—Water crackers, ₱ pound, 6c.; Butter do. 7c.; Sugar do. 8c.
BEANS.—Small white, —@1 25 ₱ bus
BROOMS.—Common to fancy, [illegible]
BUCKETS, &c.—Buckets, per dozen, 1.50@4.75; Tubs, per dozen, 7.50.
BUTTER.—Fresh rolls, 13—; the pound packed [illegible]
BACON.—Plain hams, [illegible] sugar cured 7@—; sides, 6@—; shoulders, 4½@—; country &c. less.
CHEESE.—Western Reserve, 8@9. Goshen, [illegible]
CANDLES & SOAP.—Dipped tens, Mould, —; [illegible]
COTTON YARNS, &c.—Cotton Yarn, ₱ pound, from Nos. 3 to 10, 33c, and one cent advance each No.; cotton chain, 39c.; colored do. 32; cotton wick, [illegible]
CORDAGE, —Bed-cords, per dozen, 1
DRIED FRUIT.—Apples, ₱ bushel, 1.37½@—; [illegible]
FIRE BRICK.—Per thousand [illegible]
EGGS.—Barrel or box, 8@— ₱ doz.
FLOUR.—Superfine, [illegible]
tra, 4.60@—; Extra family, 5.00@5.15. Rye, 2.87½@—
FEATHERS.—Fresh, 35@40c. ₱ pound.
FISH.—Lake Herring, 6.00; Lake Fish, —@—; Codfish, 5@6c.
FRUIT.—Apples, [illegible] ₱ 100 pounds
GRAIN.—Wheat, Red, 90@—; White, 1.00@1.07. Rye, 45@48. Oats, 24@25. Corn, 35@40.
GLASS.—City brands, 8@10, 2.15 ₱ box of 50 feet; [illegible]
GROCERIES.—Sugar by the barrel, 9½@—; hhd., —@—. N. O. Molasses, 45@—; Golden Syrup, 75@—; [illegible]
HOMINY.—3.50 ₱ barrel.
HAY.—Sales at Scales, 1.00@1.11 ₱ ton.
IRON.—Common bar, 2½@2¾c.; Blooms, —@—; Pig Metal, —
LEAD, &c.—Bar, 8c.; Pig, 7c. Shot, ₱ bag, 2.25
LEATHER.—Sole, 21@24c.; Upper, per dozen, [illegible]
LIME.—Louisville, ₱ barrel, 1.25@1.40.
LARD.—No. 1, 7@8c
NAILS.—[illegible]
OILS.—Linseed, 75 ₱ gallon; Tanners', —, Lard, [illegible]
POTATOES.—[illegible]
RAGS.—Mixed, 3c.
SALT.—No. 1, 4.70 ₱ barrel; Extra, [illegible]
SHEETINGS.—Nos. 1 and 2, —@2½ ₱ yard.
SEEDS.—Timothy, [illegible]

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THE CHEAPEST GLUE IN THE WORLD
THE BEST GLUE [illegible] IN THE WORLD
THE ONLY RELIABLE GLUE IN THE WORLD
THE BEST GLUE IN THE WORLD

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE

is the only article of the kind ever produced which

WILL WITHSTAND WATER

IT WILL MEND WOOD,
Save your broken Furniture.
IT WILL MEND LEATHER,
Mend your [illegible] Harness, Belts &c.
IT WILL MEND GLASS,
Save the pieces of that expensive Cut Glass Bottle.
IT WILL MEND CHINA,
Don't throw away that broken Ivory Fan, it is easily repaired.
IT WILL MEND CHINA,
Your broken China Cups and Saucers can be made as good as new.
IT WILL MEND MARBLE,
That piece [illegible] can be put on so
strong as ever
IT WILL MEND PORCELAIN,
No matter if that broken Pitcher did not cost but a shilling, a shilling saved is a shilling earned
IT WILL MEND ALABASTER,
That costly Alabaster [illegible] will never show when put together

It will Mend Bone, Coral, Lava, and in fact everything but Metals.

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IT IS FIRE AND WATER PROOF.

It can be applied to new and old Roofs of ALL KINDS, steep or flat, and in Summer Heats Without removing the Shingles

The Cost is only about One-Third that of Tin, AND IT IS TWICE AS DURABLE.

This article has been thoroughly tested in New York City and all parts of the United States, Canada, West Indies, and Central and South America, and in all climates of the globe, such as Panama, Porto Rico, Cincinnati, Rail Road Depots, Cuba, and on Public Buildings generally, Government Buildings, &c., by the principal Railroads, Architects, and others, during the past four years, and has proved to be the CHEAPEST and MOST DURABLE ROOFING in use; it is in every respect, A FIRE, WATER, WEATHER and TIME PROOF covering for ROOFS OF ALL KINDS.

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and when finished forms a perfectly Fire Proof surface, with an elastic body, which cannot be injured by Heat, Cold or Storms, Resembling of Rose Blanks, nor any external action whatever.

LIQUID

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For Preserving and Repairing Metal Roofs OF ALL KINDS.

This is the only Composition known which will successfully resist extreme changes of all climates, for any length of time, when applied to metals, to which it adheres firmly, forming a body equal to three coats of ordinary paint, some much less, and will LAST THREE TIMES AS LONG, and from its elasticity is not injured by the contraction and expansion of TIN and other METAL ROOFS, consequent upon sudden changes of the weather

It will NOT CRACK IN COLDER RUN IN WARM WEATHER, AND WILL NOT WASH OFF

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For preserving and repairing Tin and other Metal Roofs of every description, from its great elasticity, is not injured by the contraction and expansion of Metals, AND WILL NOT CRACK IN COLDER RUN IN WARM WEATHER

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CASH PRICE $45 PER TWO POUNDS, 2½ CTS. PER POUND.

In the preparation of this valuable Manure BONES ARE USED IN THEIR RAW STATE ONLY. They have never been boiled or calcined. They are taken as nature has made them, crushed with powerful machinery, and subjected to a process by which we avail the virtue of the bone as contained in a Fertilizer by presenting it in a concentrated and *soluble* form, the two indispensable ingredients for the growth of Plants and reaching the soil, viz.: phosphoric acid and ammonia. These two ingredients, by the use of BAUGH'S RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE, are given to the soil in all their original strength and purity They assimilate at once with the soil, furnish all the essential ammonia for the growing crop giving it ample nourishment, and leave the land permanently benefited, so that its greatness can be traced for years afterwards.

Downingtown, Chester County, Pa., April 9th, 1860

Messrs Baugh & Sons: Gentlemen,—I have been using your article of Raw Phosphate on wheat and corn for several seasons, and can well attribute to it the value as an active and "paying" fertilizer I have applied it on wheat at the rate of 200 pounds per acre, alongside of a heavy coat of barnyard manure, kept by side and never, and the result was, that by harvest the wheat where the Phosphate was put, was much the better headed and heavier, while the grass was taken more strongly than on the other portion of the field. I have also used the Phosphate by the side of Peruvian Guano, each in the same quantity, and in regard to both grain and grass, the action of your preparation was much the more satisfactory On corn, my experience in its use has been that it pays well for its [illegible]

Yours respectfully, ISAAC LEWIS

Southern Square, Delaware Co., Pa., July 23d, 1860

Messrs. Baugh & Sons:—Being anxious last season to test more properly manure offered for sale, I was induced by your agent to make a *trial of three* different kinds, which I did on wheat, side by side, in the same field. I purchased Peruvian Guano, Stone and Super-Phosphate of Lime (one of the most popular in use) together with your *Raw Bone Super-Phosphate*, and used them as above stated. During the growing, as well as the gathering of the crop, the test resulted [illegible] My in favor of the latter

But whether it is from the mode and care in preparing, or in the superior quality of the material used in your Raw Bone Super-Phosphate, I am unable to say; however, I have [illegible] most [illegible] of my friends, thinking that others may be induced to make similar experiments, and in my opinion, greatly to the agricultural interests of the whole country

Yours, &c., JAMES DUNWODY

Plymouth, Montgomery Co., Pa., August 10th, 1860

Baugh & Sons: Gentlemen,—Having used your Super Phosphate, bought of [illegible] W. Christman at the Montgomery Agricultural Store, on wheat and corn, I can with pleasure recommend it. The effect it produced was remarkable [illegible] on wheat, as also on the corn, it was very perceptible [illegible] wheat, but was decided in the general appearance of the field was fully equal to the [illegible], which had a heavy coat of barn yard manure. Where it was applied on the corn, I can safely say the yield was fully 4 bbls

Very respectfully, DAVID MARPLE

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No. 16, April 14 (correct date,

should be serially No. 15.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

Published by the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, for the Dissemination of Religion, Morality, Literature and Science.

Rev. Elisha Weaver, Editor. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 19, 1862. Vol. II.—No. 16.—New Series.—Whole No. 67.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER

is published every Saturday, on behalf of the

AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

BY

REV. ELISHA WEAVER,

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Rev. L. ROSS.

Poetry.

NONE BUT THEE.

BY GIO. B. GRANT.

Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.—Psa. lxxiii. 25.

Lord of earth! thy forming hand
Well this beauteous frame hath planned,
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his power;
All that strikes the eye unsought,
All that charms the lonely thought;
Friendship—gem transcending price;
Love—a flower from Paradise;
Yet amid this scene so fair,
Should I cease thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I on earth but thee?

Lord of heaven! beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer light;
There, in love's undecided reign,
Parted hands shall clasp again,
Martyrs there, and prophets high,
Bless—a glorious company;
While immortal music rings
From unnumbered seraph strings.
O! that world is passing fair:
Yet if thou were absent there,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I in heaven but thee?

Lord of earth and heaven! my breast
Seeks in thee its only rest:
I was lost! thy accents mild
Homeward lured thy wandering child;
I was blind! thy healing ray
Charmed the long eclipse away,
Source of every joy I know,
Bless of my every wo,
O, if once thy smile divine
Ceased upon my soul to shine,
What were earth or heaven to me?
Whom have I in each but thee?

THE RESURRECTION.

The greatest event of the Christian year, is celebrated in the noble extract beneath. Poetic genius cannot work more worthily than by adorning, glorifying, and applying to human experience, the simple but glorious texts of the everlasting Gospel.

[illegible] xxiv. 1-6.—new xx. 1-18.

Methought—(it was the midnight of my soul,
Dead midnight,) that I stood on Calvary;
I found the cross, but not the Christ. The whole
Of heaven was dark: and I went bitterly
Weeping, because I found him not. Methought—
(It was the twilight of the dawn and mist,)
I stood before the sepulchre of Christ:
The sepulchre was vacant, void of aught,

Saving the sere-clothes of the grave, which were
Upsiden straight and empty: bitterly
Weeping I stood, because I an even there
I found him. There a voice spake unto me,
"Whom seekest thou? Why is thy heart dismayed?
Jesus of Nazareth, he is not here:
Behold, the Lord is risen. Be of cheer;
Approach, behold the place where he was laid."

And while he spake, the sunrise smote the world.
"Go forth, as I tell thy brethren," spake the voice,
"The Lord is risen." Suddenly unfurled,
The whole unclouded Orient did rejoice
In glory. Wherefore should I mourn that here
My heart feels vacant of what most it needs?
Christ is arisen!—the sere-clothes and the weeds
That wrapped him lying in the sepulchre

Of earth, he hath abandoned; being gone
Back into heaven, where we too must turn
Our gaze to find him. Fear, O risen Sun
Of Righteousness, the light for which I yearn,
Upon the darkness of this mortal hour.
This tract of night in which I walk forlorn.
Behold, the night is now far spent. The morn
Breaks, breaking from afar through a night showers.

OWEN MEREDITH.

Selections.

From the Christian Instructor.

THE POSITION OF ENGLAND.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN VIEWS.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The enclosed is clipped from the Edinburgh *Weekly Scotsman*. We send it to you with the request that you will give it a place in the INSTRUCTOR.

We do this because of several articles which have appeared of late in your columns, censuring, in bitter terms, Great Britain in reference to the position she has taken in relation to the American Civil War, and attaching to her the most unworthy motives.

Such uncalled for vituperation may please a party who can see nothing good nor great over which the American eagle does not float. At least, such uncalled for fault-finding is calculated to engender bad feeling at a time when the bonds of friendship should be strengthened. Indeed, we would like to know what the British Government could, in honor, do, which they have not done in reference to your national troubles. If British sympathy, as alleged, be with the South, what power on earth could prevent the practical manifestation of such by acknowledging the Southern Confederacy, breaking up the blockade, and consequently concluding the war in favor of the South?

Though a British subject and living on British soil, I am actuated by no bad feelings in these remarks. My whole sympathy is with the North, and my prayer is that she may never lay down her arms till *Slavery* shall no longer lift its monster head under the stripes and stars of liberty.

Yours, fraternally,

ROBERT WILSON

Galt, C. W., April, 1862.

ON BEHALF OF CANADA

"Dr. Guthrie began by defending in a humorous strain his presence as a Christian minister at such a meeting, more than one minister [illegible] upon him [illegible] entering the; he was Angus born, Angus bred, and had an Angus tongue to his head, and that he thought he was in his proper place wherever he could do good, whether by preventing dissipation, and keeping lads and lasses in good order, as at Bigger Fair, where he could contribute to the pleasant, innocent, or profitable spending of an evening among such a highly respectable assembly as he saw around him. (Applause.) The Rev Doctor then announced Commerce as the theme, and proceeded to deliver a lengthened, and often humorous and anecdotical address, from which we make the following extract:

AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

"I [illegible] at the present time; but, at the same time, while I know many excellent Americans for whom I have the highest esteem, while I know there [illegible] to which I do not [illegible] in Christendom has such missionaries as the American churches have—I am bound to say that our friends across the Atlantic—our cousins over the great lake pond, as they call it—[illegible] vain. (A laugh.) There was a pride and haughtiness—for I have met them—and an assumption about our friends in America that I must say, while it is very ridiculous, was very intolerable. Just think of a people that had four millions of their fellow-creatures in chains—four millions of human beings in chains!—and sell them by the pound. I saw a gentleman who was in the Southern States not very long ago, and who told me he was present at a slave auction; and I said to him "What did you see, Sir?" "Why," he said, "I saw a beautiful boy of twelve years of age, put on the auction block, and on one side of him stood an old gray-headed negro—it was plain he was his father—and he kept his eyes on the boy, and the boy kept his eyes upon the old gray-headed man, and the tears rolled in silence down the cheeks of each. On the other side of him stood a ruffian with manacles." Near beside us there stood a little lady, very little either by me or by the speaker, and I shall never forget the flash of her eye, or the clench of her hand, when she looked up to this tall traveller, as he told of the manacles, and said, "Did you not knock him down, Sir?" I felt that it was the voice of nature. Well, I say for a country such as that to talk of itself as standing in the van of freedom—in the van of freedom!—and waving over four millions in chains the vaunted flag with the motto, "All men are born free!" is not that a mockery? (Applause.) After all, I am not sorry that the wind is going to be taken out of them. (Laughter.) There was a friend of mine who, talking of another man who was rather vain, said, "Oh, he is a mere windbag." Now, I must say our friends in America are rather like a windbag—(laughter)—but I am sorry that it should be the knife that is being used to take the wind out of them. I am sorry it should be taken out in such a way; nevertheless I am bound to say, in regard to that country now learning the evils of war, that there was a haughty insolence about these men that was really intolerable. (A laugh.) And what vanity was that that made them think—and I read the American newspapers every week—what intolerable vanity is that that makes them think we are envious of them, and makes them say we are now rejoicing in their disasters, because we are jealous of their Republican liberty? Envious of them! (with great irony,) envious of them! Britons are envious of none. (Applause.) We have no cause to be envious. We have a Sovereign enthroned in the hearts of her people—(loud applause)—with whose tears we have mingled our own, and who has mingled her tears with those of the poor bereaved widows of the Hartley Colliery. (Renewed applause.) And I venture to say, if American or Frenchman, or any man, dared to touch a hair of Queen Victoria's head there are ten thousand thousand arms would rise up in Britain to defend her. (Great applause.) Well, we have a Sovereign enthroned in the affections of her people. We have a Parliament—I don't say the Parliament always behaves as well as it should do—(laughter)—but considering all things it does marvellously well, and, on the whole, reflects the mind of the public. Then, we have a free press, and then we have free tongues; and we have no tarring nor feathering in our country. (Laughter.) The only use we make of feathers is to make soft pillows, and the only use we make of tar is to pitch the bottoms of our ships. We never put it into men in that way, whatever we do in other ways. (Laughter.) We have no cause to be envious of any country; and I take this opportunity of saying that our friends in America are labouring under the greatest of all possible delusions in fancying that we rejoice in their disasters or are in any way envious of them. (Hear, hear.) If people do rejoice, I am sure they do not rejoice in their disasters, but I am free to confess that we do like to see a vain people a little humbled. Nobody likes pride. I hate ecclesiastical pride; I hate national pride; and above all things I hate purse pride. There is a word for you, merchants of Dundee. (Laughter.) Well, you know we do not object much to see the pride a little taken out of people just as you see a man come strutting down the streets of Dundee tailored to the top of the fashion, smiling by everybody as if they were the dirt on his feet, and treating the earth as if it was beneath his notice, carrying his head as high as if there was nothing below the stars worthy of his notice, when by comes a gust of wind and carries off his hat—(laughter)—and his wig, too. (Renewed laughter.) Then he scuds away, not under bare poles, but under a bare poll—(great laughter)—in pursuit of his hat. Now, really you cannot hinder the people to laugh. (Laughter.) I do not blame them for laughing; I laugh myself, and the more proud the man was, I laugh the more. And then the laugh did him so [illegible] the man gets up to the hat, and just when he is about to grasp it, the hat—oh, that wicked hat—(laughter,—as if it had a pleasure in making a fool of him, starts off on a new journey and goes rolling away into the mud, until the man has not one cover either for his head or for his confusion. (Laughter.) You see we all like to see pride taken down a little. But, with regard to America, God grant that the troubles of that country be soon over! We have no hatred towards America; I am sure it would be well for Dundee if peace were restored in that country; and God grant that it may be soon. But I heartily say that I for one would say "No peace" so long as there is slavery in America. Slavery in America! God send no peace till that evil, that cancer, is thrust out of their land! I have no hesitation in saying that; but I hope in God's blessed providence that the grand result of these troubles will be freedom to the slave. We have heard of fasts in America—the last I went President Lincoln to proclaim is that fast which God says he hath chosen, "to break the bonds of wickedness, and to let the oppressed go free." (Loud applause.)

MERCY

A brother in Canada has sent us an extract from a lecture delivered by Dr. Guthrie in Dundee, in which he professes to give the British feeling towards us in our present trials. While we differ very widely with both the speaker and the sender, yet we are willing to let them be heard, believing that it is generally best to hear both sides of every question.

Our good brother takes the INSTRUCTOR pretty sharply to task, for its "censuring, in bitter terms, Great Britain," in "uncalled for vituperation," in "uncalled for fault-finding," and asks "to know what the British Government could in honor do, which they have not done in reference to your national troubles," and strongly intimates that we may consider ourselves very fortunate that Great Britain has been so generous as not to exert her unbridled power in "breaking up the blockade, and concluding the war in favor of the South."

Now to all this we answer, that while the mass of the Irish, and many good people in England and Scotland feel sincere sympathies with us in our present troubles, and we are grateful therefor, yet we do believe and affirm that the British Government and the lords and moneyed aristocracy from which that Government draws its inspirations, has been and still is against us, and we therefore have expected nothing for us, and been restrained from doing anything against us upon the ground of nonintervention, as the best they could do under the circumstances. Last May, when [illegible] rallied haste she recognized the Southern Confederacy as a belligerent power, and ever since has given moral aid to the South by the proclamation of her ministers in Parliament and out of Parliament, that secession is a permanent thing, and that the North [illegible]

With human tribunals there is many a slip by which the guilty is cleared. Can you hope to escape condemnation at the white throne of God upon any such plea as this?

Do you hope to escape the trial? Many a defaulter has pounced upon a treasure of gold and absconded to some foreign land, where he has eluded his pursuers. The murderer has often wandered a fugitive and a vagabond on the earth, without being caught. In the black and dark night, many a libertine has gratified his lust, and never been overtaken by justice at the hand of man. But can you so escape with God? Can you elude his grasp? Can you baffle his detectives? What wilderness will afford you an asylum? What ship of Tarshish will convey you beyond his reach? "Whither," says the Psalmist, "whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell to the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand hold me."—(Psalm cxxxix 7-10.) "Though they dig into hell, thence shall my hand take them," saith the Lord. "Though they climb up to heaven, thence will I bring them down; and though they hide themselves in the top of Carmel, I will search and take them out thence; and though they be hid from my sight in the bottom of the sea, thence will I command the serpent, and he shall bite them."—Amos ix 2-3.

Do you hope to clear [illegible] the lawyers? In this way man often escape from justice at a human tribunal. Human laws are necessarily somewhat imperfect and skilful advocates avail themselves of those imperfections, and so clear their clients. Cases are continually occurring where the culprit escapes through a defect in the charge made against him, or a failure of the written law to cover his case. His lawyer readily discovers the loophole, and sends the transgressor, through it, away from the grasp of justice.

Do you hope thus to be acquitted? Who will be your advocate at the bar of God? Who will point out some flaw in the indictment, some technicality, some oversight on the part of the officers of justice, or some failure of the law to meet the exact case, by means of which you can be cleared? Satan would doubtless make a good attorney, but all his wiles would be of no avail. Christ is an advocate with the Father, knows the law, and has a right to plead at that tribunal; but not a word will he utter in behalf of the impenitent. Those who believe, have him as their advocate, and have the assurance that he will leave them fully acquitted; but the unbelievers know that Christ will testify against them, and confound and overwhelm them with everlasting shame and contempt!

Will you escape [illegible] want of proof? Often, in the administration of justice upon earth it happens that the transgressor is brought before the bar, and duly charged with his guilt, yet no one can certainly testify to the facts. The deed has been done, but it was secretly, or those who are acquainted with it are unknown, or if they enter into court, testify falsely, and so although the man is guilty, he goes unpunished for want of proof. Some thought of this kind takes possession of the sinner's mind, in reference to his condemnation before God. He flatters himself that his wickedness will never be known. "They slay the widow and the fatherless, yet they say, The Lord shall not see, neither shall the God of Jacob regard it." See, also, Ps cxxxix. 1-5, and 11, 12.

Well proof of your guilt be wanting? Some [illegible] especially not [illegible] your conscience will [illegible] you. Like [illegible] with worn [illegible] the wedding garment, you will be speechless. All your secret acts will stand out as if written in letters of light. The human mind is indeed so constructed, that it may need no other witness against itself. We forget, sometimes, that we have sinned, but who has not had his sin recalled by some unlooked for event, and that suddenly, as in the twinkling of an eye? You hear a child warned against lying, and instantly a scene of the kind, committed, perhaps, fifty years ago, leaps before your eyes more vividly than ever. A single word in praise of the honor and happiness of chastity, has not the utmost forgotten effect of early life before the mind and recall the [illegible] and feel anew the vileness of [illegible] be that every sin is recorded as with the point of a diamond, in a rock for ever. Take the case of a drunkard for the sake of illustration. You may have some reason to suspect him of tippling, you go to him and inquire about it but he protests his innocence. Time rolls on and the man's face proclaims unmistakably his guilt. The unnatural redness, the bloated cheek, the "rum blossom," (those signals of distress that are hung out upon his face,) and tell to every intelligent beholder that the man is a confirmed drunkard. Anything [illegible] man in a chemical room, working with a certain kind of liquid, saw his employer absent, went to a drawer and took out some money. His employer charged him with the theft, but the young man, as is generally the case, denied it, thus adding sin to sin. "Look here," said his master, "were you not the only person who has been working in this liquid?" "Yes, sir," said the thief. "Now look, here are the proofs of your guilt. On this drawer are the marks of the liquid, which at first is invisible, but after drying can be seen." The young man saw that he was caught in a trap that he had unconsciously set with his own hands. So it may be that we are all recording in some way every evil deed. But, be this as it may, we have to deal with an omniscient God, who knows the law and [illegible] and will [illegible] Away, then, with the thought, that there will be no proof of our sins.

Do you hope to [illegible] the judge? The guilty have often been cleared through the perverting influences of money. Will you, my guilty reader, approach the burning throne of God with a bag of gold in your hand? Will you get some influential friend to slip into the pocket of the judge a reward for your clearance? How will you manage this matter? How much gold and silver would be necessary to bribe God? How will you get it quietly sent to the judge?

Or, after all, *do you hope to [illegible] of the sentence?* The guilty have many a time been condemned, but the [illegible] of the law have been unable to carry out the sentence, and the [illegible] Shall you [illegible] Almighty shall contend with [illegible] Dost [illegible] like him? He [illegible] There is none that shall let it." "Ah [illegible] behold thou hast [illegible] earth by the great power and [illegible] hand for thee!

Mere [illegible] like panelling [illegible] recesses and elevations, and ensembles [illegible] of devotion. But coming lower down, [illegible] beneficial; it rouses the circulation [illegible] mination around. Does a lazy man [illegible] Does a milk and water character [illegible] a stirring note? Never. Song is [illegible] of mental and physical activity, and both by its exercise. No child has [illegible] a religious education who has not [illegible] it to sing the song of Zion. No

CAN THE GUILTY BE CLEARED!

The encouragement in the proclamation of Jehovah's name, (Exodus xxxiv. 6, 7,) is as strong as the penitent sinner can possibly desire. "And the Lord passed by before him, and proclaimed, The Jehovah, the Jehovah God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, and transgression and sin." Here God is revealed as the self-existent and independent One, He "who is, and who was, and who is to come, the Almighty;" and consequently also the eternal, immutable and infinitely perfect God. He is also revealed especially as the God of pardons, waiting to be gracious, having exhaustless stores of blessing, able to bestow mercy on thousands of thousands, and to forgive all the various descriptions of sin. If, therefore, it be possible for divine language to give hope to the anxious inquirer, he certainly may find it in these precious words. [illegible] Hebrew who had been dancing and shouting around the calf of gold, when stricken with terror for his sins, was hereby warranted to approach the Lord in the full assurance of faith, [illegible] needed that He who had spoken such words concerning himself, would not despise the sacrifice of a broken heart and a [illegible]

But [illegible] by the eye of the Lord, in the clefts of Sinai, does not reveal God as indifferent to sin, or as giving any encouragement to the transgressor to continue his sinful [illegible] in the way of the sin [illegible] God yet countenance is given to his perverse [illegible] in wrong. The voice [illegible] tudes on the plain, was [illegible] of your work it [illegible] whatsoever, that [illegible] had, and that [illegible] would regard [illegible] falsely sworn [illegible] Law [illegible] the peaks of [illegible] things, and even [illegible] might trample it under their foot as an unmeaning thing. To give the law with so much solemnity, and then to encourage its transgression, is a [illegible]

"And that will by no means clear the [illegible]

This does not mean that every [illegible] doomed to suffer the penalty of his [illegible] would be to render the mercy of [illegible] in the foregoing words, a dead [illegible]

[illegible] by be condemned. If men [illegible] they shall be forgiven through the [illegible] mercy and grace. If not, they [illegible] "He that believeth not, shall be d[illegible] Jehovah is the sinner's Judge.

OUR FORERUNNER

It is not in every one who [illegible] us to any place that we can recognize a forerunner. Enoch and Elijah went before us unobserved, but though we might infer [illegible] we could not [illegible] the certainty that [illegible] Nor when [illegible] other [illegible] we [illegible] enter [illegible] us, but they did not [illegible] our [illegible] runners, enter "for us."

A forerunner is one who goes before to some specified place, in order to prepare the way and arrange certain important matters for others who are to come after him. It is a great pleasure to the traveller, especially if in lands foreign and remote, to know that some dear friend has even preceded him, and looked upon the scenes on which he is now, for the first time, gazing as he follows on. And this pleasure is, of course, greatly enhanced if he knows that this friend is now in the distant, and, to him, new and strange place whither he also journeys, "*for him*," preparing [illegible] and happiness when he shall arrive. If the journey is long and difficult, and beset with perils and trials, it renders the preparation made along the journey, as well as at the journeys' end, so much the more welcome.

Never can the writer forget the emotions of a little band of travellers, to which he was attached, on a journey to the earthly Jerusalem. It was in the midst of wars and tumults that convulsed the land. The "Holy City," toward which we bent our pilgrim steps, was wholly new and strange to us all, and, to some of our company at least, the toil, anxiety, and difficulty encountered in reaching it would have proved a [illegible] rence, had it not been for one delightful considera tion. *Very dear friends had gone on before us* to prepare, so far as they could, the way for us; [illegible] And when worn with the toils of the way, we at last approached as near to the city as to descry its [illegible] battlements and towers, and especially, when our dear friends came forth from the gates to meet us, and congratulate us, and accompany us, amid rejoicings, to the "place prepared" for us "within," we had, perhaps, the best illustration we could have of what is meant by a forerunner, and especially a forerunner to the heavenly Jerusalem. And it was with a meaning that looked beyond the now and the present, that [illegible] us, after escaping from the scenes of war and [illegible] were [illegible] as we entered the city-gates, "Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy [illegible] For my brethren's and companions' sakes I will now say, Peace be within you."

How delightful it is to the Christian pilgrim, amid the toils and [illegible] of his journey homeward, to know that a forerunner has gone before him on purpose to make preparation for his coming. "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also." "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail, whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus."

Jesus, our forerunner in heaven, is our forerunner on the way and through all the way that leads to heaven. We are prone to feel that, in some of our earthly experience, the path by which we go is one which has never before been trodden. But we are mistaken. Jesus is familiar with the path, and, so far as was best in the circumstances, he prepared and smoothed the way for us when he passed over it. This is especially true of the dark valley and shadow of death. If, after traversing the wilderness, he had leaped over Jordan's flood without descending into the valley; or if, like Elijah, he had ascended to heaven in a chariot of fire without dying, then indeed would he not be our forerunner in one essential respect. It might be well with us even then, if we did but once enter the gates of heaven. But, alas, we never should enter there. We should perish in our struggle with death at the very threshold. We should not envy, like Bunyan's Pilgrim, think of a road to cross the dark valley, but we should, on the contrary, dread it. But if, when we enter it, we find that Jesus has been there before us, and prepared the way, slaying its giants and changing them all to terror or despair; oh, how it will lift the cloud, and let in light even upon the gloomy [illegible] Then should we pass "within the vail," whither he has also gone, and where he waits to welcome us. He has gone before us to take possession of glory in our name, and in our behalf. From the moment of his entrance there, on his return from the victories of his earthly career, he raised the banners of his redeeming cross upon the battlements of heaven, as the signal of triumph and of welcome to his redeemed people who, on their way heavenward, might [illegible] from afar. Oh, should not they, who are called on for their forerunner, rejoice to be [illegible] And should they not press on [illegible] words the Lord [illegible] "whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus."

SPRING WORK.

At length, the long dreary winter is gone! Spring with its resurrection and life has come. All nature shows signs of renewed and exulting joy. Life glows in every sunbeam and waves in every breeze. Man catches the universal inspiration and his dwelling, garden and grounds, feel its reviving touch. Decay, deformity and death, disappear, and freshness, beauty, and purity, give to home and its surroundings the air and sweetness of spring. Even childhood lends its willing hand in the general renewal, too happy to bear the humblest part in this work of love.

When all nature puts on her beautiful garments, and the abode, even of the poorest, receives the touch alike of hammer and of brush, should not the sanctuary of the Christian share the common renewal? This is the proper season for the adornment of the sanctuary and the improvement of its sacred grounds. And yet, in how many places is this manifest duty neglected until spring and summer have passed away. Shame, that [illegible] christians, are content to [illegible] with broken windows, dingy walls, [illegible] roofs and most forbidding [illegible] they dwell in ceiled houses, and shrubbery and flowers must charm to [illegible] Verily, we might not go [illegible] call together [illegible] without delay attend [illegible] work, we add a few words [illegible]

[illegible] ished in a [illegible] taken [illegible] broken panes of glass in the windows. A dollar [illegible] after, and will add greatly to the comfort and [illegible] of the worshipers.

2 One thing is greatly needed in many country and village churches. It is blinds for the [illegible] These [illegible] some hour his fervid rays [illegible] now mainly innocent of shades. Could not the [illegible] They can if they will. They will, if they are asked. Let them then by all means be [illegible] and in a short time this want will be supplied.

3 We come to the surroundings of [illegible] nary. If it stands bare and treeless, for sweet [illegible] sake, plant *at once* some fine shade trees. The locust, the maple, the linden, the pine, and the elm, are excellent varieties. Take young and vigorous trees with strong roots, and plant them deep with a [illegible] ground and they will seldom fail. Then, protect them with frames, that horses may not be tied to them nor cattle destroy them. Some sanctuaries are also surrounded by great banks of clay from the foundations. Let these be so graded that the water will be carried away from the building and [illegible] the whole be well raked and sodded or sown in grass. If the enclosure will permit, plant more shrubbery around the church. Train an ivy or prairie rose over the doorway and let the house of God, like your own dwelling, be "a thing of beauty" amid the beautiful works and wonders of God's hand.

5. The Cemetery, or "sleeping place" of the departed, should not longer be neglected. Let the briers be rooted out; the enclosure be repaired and the walks be nicely cleaned. To our mind, the most forbidding places on earth are the "graveyards" of some churches. They are Aceldamas, places of skulls, or more literally yards full of graves. Brambles and thorns are the only friendly plants they contain, for they, in some measure, at least, hide their deformity. The [illegible] places [illegible] certainly be made attractive to the living. Shrubbery and flowers—fit emblems of the resurrection, should grow and blossom amid the graves of the quiet sleepers. [illegible] where but little attention has been paid to the arrangement of the cemetery and the [illegible] are [illegible] buried, the present [illegible] appear [illegible] burying ground may be changed by the planting of a few trees and the laying out of some simple walks. Let this at least be done under the direction of the council, and an invitation be extended to all who have friends, to aid in this work. The grave will then be a favored spot not only to the dead, but to the living, who will go there to meditate and pray.

We have confined ourselves wholly to the outward business of the house of God, but mean not that the spiritual interests are of secondary importance. The very reverse is what we insist upon, and these outward things are mainly important because of their intimate connection with the higher ends of the Lord's house and of His worship. They are means to this end, and because of this, they ought not to be neglected. Let them, then, be vigorously prosecuted and the good effects will soon be manifest in many ways.

HINTS TO CONTRIBUTORS.

In the treatment of every contribution the real interests of editor and writer are absolutely the same, and any antagonism is merely traditional, like the supposed hostility between France and England, or between England and Slavery. No editor can ever afford the rejection of a good thing, and no author the publication of a bad one. The only difficulty lies in drawing the line. Were all offered manuscripts unequivocally good or bad, there would be no great trouble; it is the vast range of mediocrity which perplexes: the majority are too bad for blessing and too good for banning; so that no conceivable reason can be given for either fate, save that upon the destiny of any single one may hang that of a hundred others just like it. But whatever be the standard fixed, it is equally for the interest of all concerned that it be enforced without flinching.

Nor is there the slightest foundation for the supposed editorial prejudice against new or obscure contributors. On the contrary, every editor is always hungering and thirsting after novelties. To take the lead in bringing forward a new genius is as fascinating a privilege as that of the physician who boasted to Sir Henry Halford of having been the first man to discover the Asiatic cholera and to communicate it to the public.

Do not despise any honest propitiation, however small, in dealing with your editor. Look to the physical aspect of your manuscript, and prepare your pages as neatly that it shall allure instead of repelling. Use good pens, black ink, nice white paper, and plenty of it. Do not emulate "paper sparing Pope," whose chaotic manuscript of the "Iliad," written chiefly on the backs of old letters, remains in the British Museum. If your document be slovenly, the presumption is that its literary execution is the same. Pope to the contrary notwithstanding. An editor's eye becomes carnal, and is easily attracted by a comely outside. If you really wish to obtain his good will for your production, do not first tax his time for deciphering it, say more than in visiting a millionaire to solicit a loan you would begin by asking him to pay for the hire of the carriage which takes you to his door.

On the same principle, send your composition in such a shape that it shall not need the sight of a literary reason before printing. Many a bright production dies discarded which might have been made thoroughly presentable by a single day's labor of a competent scholar in simply smoothing, dovetailing and retrenching. The reason seems so slight an affair that the aspirant cannot conceive why there should be so much fuss about it.

"The piece, you think, is incorrect; why, take it.

I'm all submission: what you'd have it, make it."

But to discharge that friendly office no universal genius is enlarged, and for intellect in the rough there is no market.

CAPTAIN SMITH AND POCAHONTAS.

There is no doubt what the Muse of History ought to do, after the saving of Smith's life by Pocahontas, were she a dame of proper sensibilities: she would have Mr. John Smith married to Miss P. Powhatan as soon as a parson could be got from Jamestown. Were it a romance, this would be the result. As it is, we find Smith going off to England in two years, and living unmarried until his death; and Pocahontas married to the Englishman John Rolfe, for reasons of state, we fear,—a link of friendship between the Reds and the Whites being thought desirable. She was of course Christianized and baptized, as any one may see by Chapman's picture in the Rotunda at Washington, unless Zouave criticism has demolished it. Immediately she went with her husband to England. At Brentford, where she was staying, Captain John Smith went to visit her. Their meeting was significant and affecting. "After a modest salutation, without uttering a word, she turned away and hid her face as if displeased." She remained thus motionless for two or three hours. Who can know what struggles passed through the heart of the Indian bride at this moment,—emotions doubly unutterable to this untaught stranger? It seems that she had been deceived by Rolfe and his friends into thinking that Smith was dead, under the conviction that she could not be induced to marry him, if she thought Smith alive. After her long, sad silence, before mentioned, she came forward to Smith and touchingly reminded him [illegible] company, of the kindness she had shown him [illegible] her own country, saying, "You did promise Powhatan what was yours should be his and he like to you; you called him [illegible] reason so I must call you." After a pause during which she seemed to be under the influence of strong emotion, she said, "I am no more your Father, and you shall call me child [illegible] Then she added, slowly and with [illegible] "*They did tell us alway you were dead. I have no other till I come to Plimouth.*" [illegible] after this interview that Pocahontas died [illegible]

THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY LIFE.

(From the German of Thiersch.)

BY REV. C. A. WENZEL.

The Creator has established laws and ordinances for the moral as well as for the natural world by which each is supported and within whose appointed limits each is developed. But whilst nature follows its appointed course by necessity, that pointed out by the moral law, is only to be entered upon and followed by freedom of choice. Yet they are as unalterably fixed in the one, as in the other, and assert their authority in spite of apparent hinderances. Unalterable as the course of the stars, is the Divine plan according to which mankind—the moral cosmos—must shape its course. The principles regulating it are as far from consisting in mere words, or dead letters, as are those forces which move the heavens and regulate the motions of the spheres. It is just when man imagines himself in a condition to dispense with moral laws, that he becomes conscious of their reality; they possess the power of protecting and conferring blessings upon those who obey, as well as of destroying and annihilating those who resist them.

As the creative word and the creative act—for both are one and the same—have continued to operate upon and uphold all things to this day, even so will the word and act which established human relationships continue to operate upon them for ever.

Of all such institutions, the family is the most ancient and comprehensive. Its fundamental laws, fidelity, love, devotion and obedience, form the strongest and most indestructible foundations of human happiness. Blessing and prosperity are inseparably connected with them, and it is only by holding fast to these, that moral development and an advancement towards perfection is possible. Man may indeed weaken the ministry ties that bind him here, but he can never rend them asunder; should he attempt it, he will, to his own hurt, discover their strength. He may mar and impair these relationships—yes, and indeed in the progress of human depravity every thing has been done to unsettle them, yet we find everywhere and at all times the original institution and appointment in force. It asserts and maintains its influence in a threefold manner; first, as a wonderful and lasting supporter of whatever is good, even in the worst of times; second, as a curse to whoever attempts to destroy it; and lastly, when after having for a long time been misunderstood and obscured, by reasserting its power, triumphing anew in the consciousness of man, reaching its fullest realization and even presenting a more sublime and glorious aspect than at first appeared.

Who does not know, that such is, in truth, the history of every Divine institution with which man has anciently been intrusted? They have been neglected, misunderstood, profaned. Yet nevertheless standing their indelible, sacred character was preserved, the possibility of their restoration remained, and God ultimately vindicates his own. What had been forgotten and appeared to be only destroyed, He will again bring to light and cause it to work more gloriously than before.

Such has also been the case with the marriage and the family institution. Its organization in paradise was followed by its decay, brought about by the darkness of heathenism and the hard-heartedness of the Jews; this was again followed by its restoration and high elevation in the Christian church. After this renewed organization it has been again disfigured and debased by man, but Christ's Spirit, who is ever present in the Christian church, is ever active in opposing this perversion, and in striving to bring about a perfect realization of this Divine moral ideal.

DOUBTING CHRISTIANS ENCOURAGED.

Remember, doubting Christian, the Lord's Supper [illegible] If your penitence for sin is not deep enough, this is the place to have it deepened. The more strikingly the sufferings of our Lord appear to us, the more awful does sin appear, which caused Him all that suffering. Deep sorrow for sin is an invariable effect of partaking of the Lord's Supper, except where it is done in a careless or indifferent spirit. If your faith is weak, what can strengthen it more than the ordinance that tells of blood [illegible] and shed for you, for the remission of sins? And are you in any Christian duty or ordinance, no matter what is the defect in your Christian character, this is one of the means appointed to have that deficiency supplied; and, therefore, the greater your wants, the more reason there is for you to be at the Lord's table.

In a word, there is but one course for a professing Christian to pursue in this matter. If you go there in the midst of your sins, impenitent and careless, you add to your sins by making an unholy use of a most holy ordinance. If you stay away because of your sins, in place of your sins occasioning your absence, your absence will only increase your sins. What then shall you do? Go; but go aright. You have taken hold of the plough, and you dare not look back. "The gifts and calling of God are without repentance." Confess your sins to God, and forsake them. Go on your knees to Jesus, and give yourself to Him. In the secret of your closet, swear your allegiance to Him anew, and thereby gain His friendship and love, and you may find at the coming communion, although you are the most unworthy of all servants, that you have become the beloved disciple who shall lean on his breast at the Supper.

CHRIST IN SCRIPTURE.

What more glorious truth can possibly remain concealed in the Scriptures, now that the seals have been broken, and the stone is rolled from the door of the sepulchre, and the transcendent mystery has gone forth,—Christ the Son of God became a man, God is Three in One, Christ has suffered for us, and will reign for us for ever and ever? Verily, these things are universally known and spread abroad. But take Christ from the Scriptures, and what will you find in them more?

LUTHER.

[illegible] could write down twenty [illegible] an, "when I wished God had done [illegible] was to be did; but which I now see, had I [illegible] would have led to [illegible] sive [illegible] The act of a Christian is a life of [illegible] He must [illegible] hold on God, he must [illegible] must learn to let God alone [illegible] one of the most difficult of all Christian [illegible] our where he pleases, to be what he [illegible] we be, and this as long as he pleases."

Christian Treasury.

[illegible] When I gaze into [illegible] upon me with pity [illegible] from the [illegible] eyes [illegible] le lot of man [illegible] and as more as our [illegible] more. Yet [illegible] Shame [illegible] are [illegible] [illegible] more [illegible] and [illegible]

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, April 19. 1862.

NOTICE

There will be a quarterly meeting held on the last Sunday of this month, April 27th, in the A. M. E. (Woodbury) Church, N. J. Lovefeast to take place in the morning. Doors open at 8 o'clock—close at 9 o'clock

Rev. [illegible], in charge

NOTICE

Protracted meeting, held at Zion Mission Church, by Stephen Smith, minister in charge, closed 14th instant after a gracious outpouring of the Spirit of Christ. Thirty-two professed to find an interest in the blood of Christ, and twenty-one attached themselves to said Church

Quarterly meeting will take place at said Church, on the 19th and 20th instants.

APPOINTMENTS

Sunday morning, thanksgiving sermon, minister in charge. Afternoon, Rev. Joshua Woodlin. At night, stranger from the West.

ADDRESS TO STEWARDS

The Stewards of each Circuit and Station in the Philadelphia and New England districts are recommended to meet at the close of the Conference year, for the purpose of furnishing the Annual Conference a correct account of the moneys collected during the year for the Preachers, Bishops, Book Concern, Conference, &c Otherwise, let them forward the different amounts collected in each circuit or in each station to the recording Steward, and he forward to the Annual Conference a condensed account of moneys and other matters that are of interest to the circuit or station. If such a course is adopted, it will give great satisfaction to the Annual Conference, and will be of benefit to the Circuits and stations in general. I hope this will be strictly attended to, both in the Philadelphia and New England districts

W. Nazrey.

A MAN OF WORTH.

Our esteemed Editor and General Book Steward, Rev. E. Weaver, departed from his comfortable residence and interesting family, on Thursday, the 10th, for the Ohio Conferences. The weather was quite unfavorable, and the face of nature presented a Winter appearance. Many would have waited for the genial rays of the sun to carry off the immense quantity of frozen rain, which the heavens poured down on the previous Tuesday and Wednesday, but my brother's high regard to a faithful discharge of duty compelled him to pursue a long and tedious journey. We learn that he has suffered a slight affliction, doubtless the result of taking cold. I can truthfully say, that Brother Weaver seems to be one of the few ministers of Christ, who are willing to sacrifice time, money, health, and comforts of home upon the high altar of faithfulness to God and the church. May the Lord prosper his labors, and long preserve his life for future usefulness. Such men are of real worth. I am grateful for the expression of respect, or flattering compliment of being called upon to render my services during his absence to this well-conducted organ of the church; but deeply regret that I am inadequate for the task.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

FROM PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

Mr. J. W. Barker,		2 00
Samuel Golden,		2 00
A. J. Billows,		1 00
Mrs. M. J. Scroggins,		1 00
Lydia S. Billows,		1 00
Susan Gaiter,		2 00
Mr. Berry Smith,		2 00
Washington Ridout,		1 00
Mrs. Martha McCarry,		1 00
Mr. John Turfley,		1 00
S R. Alexander,		1 00
Gideon Hughes,		1 00
Adam Watkins,		1 00
Mrs. Adeline Collins,		1 00
Mr. George B. Knox,		1 00
Alfred A. Gibson,		1 00
Oliver Perry,		1 00

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Rev B L. Brooks, Louisville, Ky., on account for papers,	$5 00

PROCLAMATION OF THE PRESIDENT ON THE RECENT VICTORIES

By the President of the United States of America.

A PROCLAMATION

It has pleased Almighty God to vouchsafe signal victories to the land and naval forces engaged in suppressing an internal rebellion, and at the same time to avert from our country the dangers of foreign intervention and invasion.

It is, therefore, recommended to the people of the United States, that at their next weekly assemblages in their accustomed places of public worship, which shall occur after the notice of this proclamation shall have been received, they especially acknowledge and render thanks to our Heavenly Father for these inestimable blessings; that they then and there implore spiritual consolations in behalf of all who have been brought into affliction by the casualties and calamities of sedition and civil war, and that they reverently invoke the Divine guidance for our National councils, so that they may speedily result in the restoration of peace, harmony, and unity throughout our borders, and hasten the establishment of fraternal relations among all the countries of the earth.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the great seal of the United States to be affixed.

[L. S.] Done at the City of Washington, this, the 10th day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty two, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty sixth

Abraham Lincoln.

By the President:

William H. Seward, Secretary of State.

There is no medium between truth and falsehood

GOOD FRIDAY AND EASTER

On the 18th and 20th inst., we have the return of two great days of festivity for the Christian church. The former called Good Friday, or the day on which the crucifixion and death of our Lord Jesus Christ is commemorated. The latter called Easter, which is held sacred by true Christians in commemoration of His resurrection. To understand the obligation Christians are under to observe these festivals, we have but to notice the great importance of the objects or events commemorated.

The first event—namely, the death of our Lord, is of vital importance to the world of mankind, and especially to believers in Christ, who partake of its benefits. Our Saviour, by His death, purchased redemption for the world. On that memorable Friday, eighteen centuries ago, He gave himself up willingly to be lifted on the cross, that He might draw all men unto Him.

"He was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was laid upon Him; and by His stripes" all that believe "are healed." He chose the wide world for His hospital, and all men for His patients: none are excluded from the benefits of His death, saving those who wilfully refuse it.

The second great event—namely, the resurrection of Christ, is of no less importance While the first laid the foundation, the second built the superstructure of that doctrine, which is the grand centre of the Christian system. The doctrine of Christ's resurrection is the grand pivot upon which the Christian religion is suspended; If the doctrine be true, Christianity rises, but if the doctrine be erroneous, Christianity falls. "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain." But if Christ be risen, then they who believe in Him may enjoy peace and pardon, happiness and heaven.

Hence, our personal safety obligates us to keep in remembrance the death and resurrection of the "once crucified, dead and buried." but now arisen and ascended Saviour. "By which," saith Paul to the Corinthians, "ye are saved if ye keep in memory what I preached unto you, unless ye have believed in vain. For I delivered unto you first of all, that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures; and that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures," &c.

It is evident from Biblical authority, that festivals among the Jews to perpetuate the memory of great events were numerous, and the manner of their celebration or observance various. Among the chief, held yearly, was the Passover in memory of their departure out of Egypt; the feast of Pentecost in memory of the law given to Moses on Mt. Sinai, of which we cannot now particularly speak

We believe, however, that the most acceptable and profitable manner of observing the two great Christian Festivals is by true devotion to God, in the form of humiliation, fasting, and prayer on Good Friday, and by praise and thanksgiving on Easter Sunday.

TWO CENT MONEY.

We call the special attention of the brethren to page 219, New Discipline, in relation to the two-cent money, and especially to the 16th paragraph under the same page. We do hope that all of our brethren having charge of circuits and stations will obey the General Conference of our beloved Zion, and commence in time to collect their two-cent money; and if the brethren have so far obeyed the law by making a collection every month, or every two months, we are quite sure that there will be a change in matters pertaining to our financial department. Suppose that Bethel Church, of Philadelphia, with over twelve hundred members, (we will say twelve hundred, though there is said to be some fifteen hundred,) should comply with the request; twenty-five times twelve would be three hundred (dollars,)—and this, it will be remembered, is only twenty-five cents a head. At the very lowest estimate, this is what Bethel Church will owe us at our Annual Conference

The Union Church, placing the membership at two hundred, at twenty-five cents each, will be fifty dollars. Baltimore (Md.) Bethel Church has about twelve hundred members; suppose that she is exceedingly dicker duty [illegible] should feel it his duty to see that each member pays his or her twenty-five cents per year; there would be three hundred dollars due the Book Steward, to be appropriated as per Discipline. Ebenezer Church has at least two hundred members, and twenty-five times two hundred is fifty dollars.

Now here would be seven hundred dollars,—leaving out Washington, New York, Brooklyn, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis, Chicago, and St. Louis, and besides hundreds of churches on circuits, and other stations where brethren are. If brethren will only do what the regulations of the Church have demanded of them, all would be well. We believe that there is not a member in our Church but what would consider it a great insult to say that they were *too poor* to pay the small sum of *twenty-five* cents a year for the benefit of the Book Concern and of our brethren who have labored hard to carry the glad tidings of the gospel to the dying world.

For the Christian Recorder

ERRATA IN BISHOP PAYNE'S REJOINER

On the third column, eleven lines from the bottom, read "A *righteous man* sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not"

In the same column, four and five lines from the bottom, read, "To be born in America or England is accidental to *manhood*."

There is great difference between a religious man and a righteous man. A religious man may do many bad things; a righteous man will not do any. Then there is also great difference between manhood and mankind. All of Adam's children are mankind, but all of them do not possess manhood, in the technical or specific sense of the word, especially in the sense employed by [illegible]

ERRATA.

The article, entitled "Bishop Payne's rejoinder to Bishop Nazrey" found in the last [illegible] contains the following sentence:

"The second proof is the fact, that you are now, by one or more of your presbyters, using Bishop Greene for Episcopal jurisdiction in the M. E. Church." This sentence, as printed, I find is destitute of the meaning intended by the original. My pressing duties and brevity of [illegible] undetected, while examining the proof sheet. The word "using" should have been "suing"

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM RAHWAY, N. J.

April 1st, 1862.

Rev. Sir: Allow me to mark the columns of the *Recorder* with matters in fine among our people in the Mount Paran A. M. E. Church, in this city, of the A. M. E. connexion in the United States of America. The good Lord is in mercy still visiting his people in spirit—convincing, convicting, converting, and building up in the faith of the gospel his people—and sinners are still inquiring the way to Zion; they are standing in the path to see, and are inquiring for the old way. [illegible] has been one of pleasure, amid trial, temptation and sorrow; but out of all the Lord has saved us thus far. We look forward to a better day Brethren, pray for us.

We have had a concert here for the benefit of the church on the night of the 31st of March, given by the choir of our church, which is, I believe, the best in the State that is amidst our Church now, and, with due attention to the arts of the musical world, and a continued onward [illegible] was bestowed upon me. They gave full satisfaction to the audience; the house was filled, and, in proof of their skill, they were much, very much, applauded; and, since, the great subject of the citizens is, of the able manner in which they performed. We were assisted by the citizens in the monetary direction. Mr. U. M. Osborn had published for us the placard of the concert—Mr. J. I. Woodruff furnished us with a melodeon—Mr. A. Peppenser presided at the melodeon very efficiently—Mr. Elias Brokaw, one of our young men, obtained for the occasion four flags; to them were sung the Star Spangled Banner with pleasantry. The audience, all together, joined in full chorus, then ending with claps, stamps, and laughter.

We realized quite a neat sum.

We have caught the thief at last that has run at large so long among us here. We sent officer Try in pursuit, who arrested him. We have court-martialled and arraigned him before Judges Necessity and Will. The counsel employed was Importance and Study. The counsel thought he ought to hang, but the Judge's decision is, that he go to jail, and there remain, looking out of his prison house's dark cell, and reflect during life

A. G. C.

For the Christian Recorder.

"IS OUR CHURCH EPISCOPAL?"

BY SACER.

An article, smooth in style, and lucid in expression, thus entitled, appears in the April number of the *Repository*. This article attempts to answer the question, "Is our Church Episcopal?" affirmatively and *unqualifiedly*. Want of space will not allow a systematic consideration and *refutation* of the arguments contained therein.

The real spirit, genius and tendency of Methodism—its nature and design, is certainly not taken cognizance of in *this* article; and is either not well understood by the writer, or is not considered important to *his* purpose. Our Church, the African A. M. E. Church, and the M. E. Church, are not Episcopal in a Roman Catholic sense, nor in a Protestant Episcopal sense. The very idea at which the article swells with "holy" indignation is the one which is carried out in the Methodist Episcopal Church form of government, *i. e.*, uniting in one the Presbyterian and Episcopal economy, embracing the advantages of each, and rejecting that which is superfluous and detrimental—most especially that absurd humbug, "Apostolic Succession," which runs through the Protestant Episcopal Church to the Romish line, and thence back to St. Peter. This "succession" is too rotten for us to have any affinity with. The article, in imitation of the deep-toned mutterings of an affrighted English Archbishop, as he beholds the "audacity" of a dissenting preacher in preaching the gospel and converting souls to God, says: "The doctrine of co-existent equality of Bishops and Presbyters in a church Episcopally constituted is damnable." (Have some mercy.) We reply that ministerial parity of Bishops and Presbyters, or Elders, is the acknowledged doctrine of the A. M. E. and M. E. Churches, and of the Wesleyan Church in England; and upon the ground of this parity we have a "succession" as truly and scripturally as any other Episcopal Church on earth.

The article then goes on farther to give forth terrible warnings to those who travel the road of the "two (*antagonistic?*) systems"—*i. e.*, Episcopal and Presbyterian. Well, as the writer would not be surprised at veterans of many a well-fought battle-field laughing at a recent West Point Graduate's [illegible] warnings about the exercise of certain military tactics they had chosen, he need not be surprised if his warnings against the votaries of Methodism, as generally received, should only give rise to a little mirth.

To use the language of the article, it is truly "palatable to the taste, and pleasing to the prospect of a disloyal and delinquent elder, that, besides Conference authority, there is no Episcopal jurisdiction to whom he is amenable, as his office as Elder is equal to that of Bishop." To use Elder Campbell's phrase, "that is the true state of the case." He is amenable for his moral, official and religious character to none on earth but the Annual Conference. The Bishop cannot reprove, suspend, or expel any preacher, except by and with the consent of the Annual Conference; outside of the meeting of that body, he can exercise no more authority over a preacher than a layman can, except in special cases made and provided by the proper judicatories of said Church. However great his moral power may be, his legal power, outside of the Conference, amounts to nothing.

This is palatable, not only to "disloyal and delinquent Elders," but to all men who desire to stand upon *their own official merits:* one man may err in judgment, but it is not so likely that a large number should be thus liable while acting in concert.

The admission of the doctrine of ministerial parity of Bishops and Elders does not, as the article states, "degrade every deacon to the rank of a layman" If a deacon be but a layman in the Presbyterian Church, does it follow that he is the same with *us*, because we regard Presbyters or Elders the highest order of ministry known in the New Testament? Not so! If I build one story of my house like my neighbor's, does it follow that I build *all* the stories like his?

With much apparent force, the question is asked in the article, "Whence the necessity of a [illegible]" He reply, there is no actual necessity for such consecration, and without a triple consecration there is power to ordain as [illegible] as the New Testament declares. The recognition of this third order, like all other corruptions and abuses, fastened itself upon the Church almost imperceptibly, and by slow degrees. The power to ordain is a delegated power, and, if granted to [illegible] depend. The importance of training the infant mind is gaining more and more attention; Infant schools have been established, teachers of liberal education and of enlarged views, who love the employment, are devoting their time and talent to the cause We have teachers among us who are fully competent and capable of imparting instruction to the uneducated, teachers who have made it their study to communicate knowledge in the most easy, natural, and endearing manner, and they endeavor to prepare their scholars for usefulness in this life, and for happiness and glory in the next. Alas! some parents are satisfied with [illegible] are complacent, and while they are anxious to provide these for their children, they too often neglect their immortal souls. In conclusion I will briefly remark, I have taught in the State of Pennsylvania, but for the last seven years my field of instruction has been in this State, New Jersey, viz.: Camden, Woodbury, Dutchtown, and Hushtown, Salem Co., which is quite a remote town. But intelligence brightly displays itself there The rising generation are improving rapidly, means are given to us, and are to be faithfully used by us. The success is all of God to bring forth fruit some thirty, some sixty, and some a hundred fold

Preceptress.

For the Christian Recorder.

W. T. S. VS. JAMES LYNCH.

Mr. Editor:—Over the initial signature of the plaintiff in your issue of April 12th, in an article charging "a distinguished clergyman of the A. M. E. Church" with *plagiarism*. That "distinguished clergyman" is the undersigned—James Lynch, of Georgetown, D. C. Being brought before the bar of public opinion, I want to have the indictment correct—with the right name; therefore, I would have inserted, James Lynch, instead of "distinguished clergyman." The defendant goes before the Philadelphia Literati, and the rest of creation, on the following plea: I do not now, nor did I ever own, or have for my use, any book entitled "Stephani's narrative." That I should think and express the same thoughts in the same way, *is beyond a possibility*.

The article written for the issue of the Recorder of September 21st, 1861 was sent off hastily. Rummaging among my compositions, essays, &c., prepared, read, and delivered in school-boy days, I found an essay prepared for the "Philadelphian" Society of K. W. A. Academy, in the state of New Hampshire, of which academy and society I was a member, between the ages of thirteen and sixteen years. Having but little confidence in myself at that time—the youngest student in the Academy, the youngest member of the society—I remember on two or three occasions, I did get a fellow student to prepare essays for me, when appointed by the society to write. He was in the habit of so doing for the students, and made money by it. His plan was to write it for you, allow you to copy it, and then retain the original himself, that there might be no positive evidence against him. That he drew largely upon rare works, considering the great number of essays he wrote, is not improbable.

I recopied this essay "Ancient Greece," written when I was but fourteen years old, which is nine years ago, and sent it to the Recorder last September, spending no thought about it at that time. Admitting the truth of the statement of W. T. S.—for we would not think him a falsifier—we trust this explanation will prove satisfactory. Why W. T. S. waited so long before he made the charge I cannot say. Of this, however, I will not complain. As for myself, I ask leniency and favor from no one. With charity commended to my race, and for any fate, I go before the world on the honesty of my intentions, and my own merit great or small.

While I do not choose for myself the lofty position of literary censor, where I will have nothing to do but find fault with others and their productions, I expect to think for the good of my race and to express [illegible] inviting the dissecting implements of criticism, and bidding defiance to any obstruction they may oppose.

Some men are like buzzards. This bird flies through the air, over a field. In this field may be the golden wheat ready for the scythe, the fruit trees laden with precious fruit, or any of nature's choicest gifts; the buzzard sees them not. But let a dead chicken or pig be in the fence corner, this bird will fly over this field most seven months, if necessary, until it could get a chance to fly up in the air with it, so that all might see it. That these buzzards are necessary evils we may admit, but we do not think their position enviable.

I despise plagiarism as I do theft, and I am solaced by the thought that those who know me know that plagiarism is something that I would never commit

Respectfully Yours,

James Lynch.

Georgetown, D. C

April 15th [illegible]

For the Christian Recorder

THE SUBJECT OF EDUCATION

Woodbury, N. J., Gloucester Co., March 12, 1862

There is yet room for discussion upon the subject, "How should a Christian mother educate her children;" much depends upon maternal education, for instance; Cornelia taking upon her the care of her family, and the education of her children, distinguished herself by her modesty, magnanimity, and maternal influence and affection. Her two sons she brought up with such care that though they were, without dispute, of the noblest family, and had the best natural dispositions of any of the Romans, yet they seemed to owe their eminent virtues more to their education than to their birth. I must here remark, the day-star of truth has risen upon our world, and opened to our view a standard of moral excellence such as heathens never dreamed of. A Christian mother instructs her family thus, that pride, the strongbold of a heathen's virtue, has been discovered to be a soul-destroying sin, the very sin that drove angels from heaven, and man from paradise. Do we act as consistently as heathens did, teaching them that all the attainments and all the knowledge in the world were a dear-bought purchase at the expense of one right feeling, of one solid Christian virtue? Let every one who reads this watch the movements of their own hearts, and judge of the fact; the nature of this seed is but too well proved by the harvest it produces. To the gifted we may say, make use, by assiduity, of what you possess, and to those who are less endowed make amends, la pars versare, for what you have not gained, and gradual culture must bring it to perfection. I ask a question; should parents, Christian [illegible] entirely out of their own hands—ought this to be the case? parents of pleasure, parents of fashion, I fear cannot do otherwise; parents will be held accountable for the education of their children, and they are bound to bring them up in the fear [illegible]

bound to regard, because he is a party to such delegation of authority; it is a mere *human* arrangement. Bishops have no more Scriptural right to ordain their Elders—only, Elders enter into an arrangement by which the power of granting orders is delegated to some one or more of their number.

It is beyond a doubt that the terms, Elder and Bishop, are applied to the same person in the New Testament. The government of the Methodist Episcopal Church seems to have been framed for the rapid spread of our Saviour's Gospel. Its founders cared more for vital piety than for creeds; more for men's souls than splendid churches and lordly hierarchies. Therefore, the highest honor known to the Church—the highest office, is, that which results from the high commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach my Gospel"—not sit down and wait for a snug church and congregation, but *go!* to the burning shores of Africa!—to Asia!—the Isles of the Sea!—to California! regardless of self or friends.

P. S.—In a most hurried manner was this article written More may be said in your next

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For the Christian Recorder.

THE BISHOP'S QUESTION

We think this question has been amply discussed on both sides, at least both sides have had a hearing in the columns of the Recorder, and the parties have arrived at no better understanding The farther agitation of the question in the public print can answer in no way any practical good. I think the editor of the Recorder would serve the best interests of the Church by refusing to publish any more articles on the subject, and I am certain in this he will be seconded by all the subscribers in Philadelphia, for we are heartily tired of hearing the question debated. The paper is losing subscribers by it.

A. F.

LECTURES BY JOHN S. ROCK, ESQ

The citizens of Philadelphia have recently been favored with a visit from John S. Rock, Esq., the distinguished colored orator and lawyer, of Boston. During his short stay he gratified a wish long cherished by them to hear one or two of his popular lectures. Last week he spoke in the scientific library course of the Institute for colored youth, to a very full audience. His theme was, "The Character and Writings of Madame de Staël." The address itself was one befitting the place and the audience: it was chaste, accurate, scholarly, and marked with exceeding good taste But *the* address of this visit was given at Sansom St. Hall, on Monday evening. That large and fashionable Hall was quite well filled by an audience partly white and partly colored, among whom we noticed some of our best and most influential fellow-citizens. Dr. Rock's subject was, "A Plea for My Race." To say that the lecture was *eloquent*, conveys only an idea in the aggregate—it was something more than what is generally termed an eloquent discourse. It was full of meat for strong men, pith for rousing the sluggish, humor for the lively, and logic for the philosophical. Everything was in excellent taste. The *manner*, as well as the matter, was noticeable. Dr. Rock, tall and manly in form, his stern, dark eye flashing under an intellectual brow, did himself look the orator. There was no bluster, no empty rant and beating of the air, no mere clamoring after effect, no "hollow words of empty sound." His voice, smooth, pleasant, mellifluous, is exactly adapted to his calm and graceful action, and to his elegant diction.

We cannot say that we agree with the accomplished orator in some of his ethnological views. But in the hopeful and cheering view he took of the times, and of the relation of his race to this country in case of a foreign war, he struck a responsive chord in the hearts of his people. Upon this point he said most beautifully: "In such a war, if my race are treated like men, if they are guaranteed the recognition of their manhood, they will defend the country which has given birth to them and their fathers for over two hundred years; but if they cannot be thus recognized, they will not take up arms at all: they will not fight against their country."

But we will not attempt a report of this excellent and eloquent discourse. Altogether it was one of the most entertaining, instructive, and finished productions we ever listened to.

E. D. B.

THE OLD VERSIONS OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE

The following interesting specimen of the various English translations of the Bible which preceded the one now in use, or as it is commonly called, the Authorised Version, is from a series of articles now passing through the columns of the [illegible] on the Internal History of our Authorized Version

MARKS.

It is necessary first to explain the marks which, for the sake of brevity and clearness, we employ.

I. The English translations on which our Authorised Version is based, are ranged chronologically with it, and marked with the letters from A to F, thus:

A Tyndale, Five Books of Moses, 1530, in the Matthews Bible, 1537.

B. Coverdale's Bible, 1535.

C. The Whitechurch or Cranmer Bible, 1539

D. The Geneva Bible 1560

E The Bishop's Bible, 1568.

F. King James' or Authorized Version, 1611.

II. First is given in each case Tyndale's rendering, marked A, and if the succeeding versions have adopted it, their letter is also affixed to it. Thus, A B C means that Tyndale, Coverdale and Cranmer have the reading which follows. Tyndale's renderings are printed in **heavy black type**, and the matter that lies between them from other versions, is in every case parallel with exactly the same amount of the original. As the other versions are marked by their letters, and follow chronologically, the reader sees at a glance with which one of them a reading originated, and by how many, if by any, of the others it was adopted. Where a dash lies between the letters, it means that all the [illegible] marked by those letters and the letters between have the reading so marked. Thus A—F means that Tyndale and the authorized, with all the versions between, have that reading. Where slight variations, purely verbal, occur, they are [illegible]

a t[illegible] omits that word, or with a t[illegible] that it there adds a word, or without either of those marks, where it substitutes a word. Where any of the marks affect more than one word, a line | indicates how far back the change extends. Where a version gives a marginal reading, its beginning and end are marked with [illegible]

The arrangement is such that the reader can reproduce, verbatim, any one of the versions. By simply reading, for instance, what is marked A, he has all of Tyndale. If, in any case, he is at all at a loss to trace the connexion, he can at once see it by reading one or more of the versions separately, or by comparing it with the text of our authorized version

THE SONG OF MOSES ARRANGED SO AS TO SHOW THE INTERNAL CONNEXION OF THE ENGLISH VERSIONS FROM TYNDALE TO THE AUTHORIZED. (1530—1611.)

DEUTERONOMY XXXII.

1. **ACE** Hear [Eyes] **BD** Hearken **F** give ear,
   A O heaven **B**—**F** O [D*] ye heavens.
   A what I shall speak **B** I will speak **C**—**F** and I shall [D **F** will] speak;
   AF and hear, O earth. **BCDE** and let the earth hear
2. **A**—**F** the words of my mouth. My doctrine
   AB drop [illegible]
   ABCE as doeth [**B E** doth] the rain **DF** as the rain
   A—**F** and [**EF***] my speech
   AB flow **CE** shall flow **D** shall stil **F** shall distil
   A—**E** as doeth [**BCE** doth] the dew **F** as the dew
   A as the mystelng **B** even as the rain **CDE** as the showr **F** as the small rain
   A—**F** upon
   ACDE the herbs **B** the grass **F** the tender herb,
   ABCE and as the drops **D** and as the great rain **F** and as the showers
   A **F** upon
   AC—**F** the grass **B** the herb:
3. **A**—**E** For I [illegible] Because
   ABC I will call on **D** upon **DEF** I will publish
   A—**F** the name of the LORD:
   A Magnify the might of **BD** give ye [D*] the glory unto **CE** Ascribe ye honour unto **F** ascribe ye greatness unto
   A—**F** our God.
4. **A** He is a rock. and perfect are His deeds. **B** Perfect are the works of the Stone. **CDE** Perfect is the work of the most [D*] mighty God. **F** He is the Rock. His work is perfect:
   A—**F** for all his ways
   A are with discretion **B** are righteous **C**—**F** are judgment:
   A God is faithful **B** God is true **CE** He is a God of truth **F** A God of truth
   ACDE and [**CE***] without wickedness **B** and [illegible] without [illegible]
   A both
   ABC **C** righteous **DF** just
   A—**F** and
   ABCE just **D** righteous **F** right
   AF is he.
5. **AB** The froward and overthwart generation hath marred themselves to him ward, and are not His sons [illegible] for [illegible] their deformities' sake, [**E***] **CD** Frowardly have they done against him [illegible] thorow their deformities [**E** by their vices:] not [**EB** sons] his own children, but a wicked and froward generation. **D** They have corrupted themselves toward him by their vice, not being his children, but a froward and crooked generation. **F** They have corrupted themselves. He **AE** hath corrupted to him ward their spotted [illegible] of his children. Or, that they are *not his children*, that is *their* blot, they are a perverse and crooked generation.
6. **A** Doest thou so reward the Lord? **B** Thankest thou the Lord thy God so. **CDE** Do ye so reward the Lord? **F** Do ye thus requite the Lord?
   ACE O [**EFthou**] foolish nation and unwise. **B** [illegible] foolish and unwise people? **DFG** foolish people and unwise?
   A—**F** Is not he thy Father,
   AC and thine owner? **B** and thy Lord? **DEF** that hath bought thee?
   ABCDEF Hath he not made thee **D** he hath made thee
   A—**F** and
   ACE ordained thee? **B** prepared thee? **D** proportioned thee? **F** established thee?
7. **A**—**F** Remember the days
   AB that are past **CE** of the world that is past **DF** of old.
   AF Consider the years
   AC from time to time **B** of the generations **abovetime DEF** of so [F*] many generations: *Heb. Generatium and generation.*]
   A—**F** Ask thy father,
   AC—**F** and he will show thee; **B** he shall [illegible]
   A **F** thine [illegible] Elders,
   AC **F** and they will tell thee **B** they shall [illegible] thee.
   A—**F** When
   ABC the most highest **D** the most high **Gen E** the highest **F** the most High
   A gave the nations an inheritance **BC** divided [illegible] **DEF** dividedst [F*] the nations their [illegible]
   A and divided **B** and scattered **C** **F** and [**DF***] when he separated
   AC—**F** the sons **B** the children
   A—**CF** of Adam. **B** of men,
   ACE he put **BF** then [F*] he set **D** he appointed
   A—**E** the borders **F** the bounds
   ABCE of the nations **DF** of the people
   AC fast by the multitude **BDEF** according to the number
9. **A**—**F** of the children of Israel. For the Lord's
   ABCE part **DF** portion
   ABC is his folk **DEF** is his people
   AC **E** and
   A **F** Jacob
   ACE in the portion **B** is the meetlyne **DF** is the lot [*Hebr. cord.*]
   A—**F** of his inheritance.
10. **A**—**F** He found him
    AC **DF** in a desert land **B** in the wilderness [illegible] the land **CE** wast howling
    AC in a voyde ground, and [**CDin a**] roaring wilderness **B** even in the dry desert where he found **D** in a waste, and roaring wilderness **F** and in the waste howling wilderness:
    A—**F** He led him about **EF** *or* compassed him about;
    AB and **CDEF** he
    ABCE gave him understanding **D** taught him **F** instructed him.
    ACDE And **BF** He
11. **A**—**F** Kept him as the apple of his eye. As an Eagle
    ACE that
    A—**F** stirreth up her nest and fluttereth over her
    ABCEF young **D** birds
    A he stretcheth out **B** spreadeth abroad **CE** and [**DF***] stretcheth out **E** and spreadeth **F** spreadeth abroad
    AF his **CDEF** her
    AC—**F** wings **B** feathers
    AB and took him [**E***] **C** so doeth he take them up **DEF** taketh them
    AB and bare him [illegible] **D** and [illegible] beareth them
    ABC on his [illegible] on her
    AC shoulders **BDEF** wings:
12. **ABCE** The Lord [illegible] **D** [illegible]
    AC—**F** alone **B** only
    ABCE was his guide **D** led him **F** did lead him
    A **F** and there was no strange god with him [*Or, god of strange nation.*]
13. **A** He set him up upon **B** He carried him over **CDE** He carried him up to **F** He made him to ride on
    AC an high land. **B** the height of the earth, [illegible]
    A and he ate **BC** and [**CDate**] fed him with **DEF** that he might eat
    ABCEF the increase **D** the fruits
    AC—**F** of the fields. **B** of the field
    A And he gave him honey to suck **BD** [**De** [illegible] **CE** And [illegible]
    A—**F** out of the
    ABCE [illegible]
    ABDF and oil **CE** and with oil
    AB out of
    AB the hard stone **CE** the most hard stone. **D** the hard rock **F** the flinty rock,
14. **A**—**E** With [**BDF***] butter of [**B**the] kine, and milk of the [**DF***] sheep, with [**B**the] fat of the [**F***] lambs
    AC and [illegible] fat rams **B** and rams of the [illegible] and fat of rams **F** and rams of the breed of Bashan,
    A—**F** and he [**DF***] goats,
    A with fat kidnies and with wheat. **B** with the fat of the kidneys and wheat **CE** With the fat [illegible] most plenteous wheat, **D** with the fat of the grains of wheat, **F** with the fat of kidneys of wheat,
    A And of the blood of grapes thou drunkest wine. **B** and gave him drink of the [illegible] **CDE** Of the [illegible] the grape [illegible] **F** and thou diddest drink the pure blood of the grape.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE

The hope of Christians

NOTICE

The Social, Civil, and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Pennsylvania upon a subscription list to aid the freed men at Port Royal and other [illegible] this city, or elsewhere, in money or clothing.

Any amount of value received will be acknowledged, with the name of the donor, in the *Recorder*, where a constant record will be kept.

[illegible] office of the Lebanon Cemetery, 711 Lombard Street, and also to William Still, 107 North Fifth Street and Rev. J. W. Loguen, 78 Fifth Street.

Statistical Society,	[illegible]
Clayton Muller,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] Vogel,	[illegible]
Henry Minturn,	[illegible]
Catherine Johnson,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Wm. Warricks,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Sarah S. Hawkins,	[illegible]
Rev. Jonathan C. Gibbs,	[illegible]
James P. Clay,	[illegible]
Benjamin F. Hill,	[illegible]
S. M. S.,	[illegible]
Elizabeth Gordon,	[illegible]

Port Royal Contrabands—At a meeting held on Wednesday evening, at the Philadelphia Institute, by the Executive Committee of the Statistical Association of Colored People, of this city, the following resolutions were passed, which were read at the close of a concert by the Hutchinson Family last evening, given in aid of the escaped slaves at Port Royal:

Resolved, That the claims of the "Contrabands" in the vicinity of Port Royal and elsewhere call loudly upon the friends of humanity for material aid and sympathy.

Resolved, That while there is reason to regret that the Government has not more fully defined the status of these poor creatures, nevertheless it is clearly the duty of the Social, Civil and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Pennsylvania, not only to render aid as an organization, but also to commend these sufferers to the consideration of the various colored churches and societies of this city and State, that they may co-operate in the noble work of helping the Freemen's Association or other proper enterprises, which have undertaken to furnish food, clothing, and teachers, moral and religious, so much needed to relieve immediate distress and to inspire them with hopes of final deliverance.

Resolved, That we cannot lose sight of the Act of Congress, passed at its extra session, or of those proclamations emanating from the several Generals and Commanders of the Army, in which freedom has been declared to the slaves of all parties aiding directly or indirectly the rebellion.

Resolved, That in view of these acts, the slaves cannot (in our judgment) be considered other than FREEMEN.

J. C. WEARS, President.
WM. STILL, Corresponding Secretary.
(2t) S. M. SMITH, Recording Secretary.

MISSIONS IN MADAGASCAR.—The Directors of the London Missionary Society having lately received letters from the Rev. William Ellis, who was sent out to ascertain the state of things in Madagascar since the accession of the present King to the throne, say:—

"The following facts are now clearly ascertained:—The number of native Christians has not been exaggerated in the representations of their friends, but actually exceeds their largest calculation. Those who were imprisoned for their Christianity are all set free. They have returned to their homes, and, under the auspices of the new government, enjoy unrestricted religious liberty. They are now eagerly looking for the visit of Mr. Ellis to the capital, and, through him, they entreat the Society to send missionaries and teachers forthwith. With equal urgency, they beg for Bibles and other books from which they may acquire Scriptural and useful knowledge; and in all these measures they have the sanction and cordial concurrence of the new sovereign."

Six missionaries will embark for Madagascar at the end of March.

Domestic Items.

Island No 10.—Commodore Foote telegraphs to Secretary Wells that he has taken formal possession of Island No. 10, and the surrounding batteries, which were found to be constructed in the best engineering style, and were in a comparative sense, impregnable. The batteries mounted seventy guns, of the largest calibre, and they with their ammunition, were found to be in good condition. Four steamers, afloat, have fallen into our hands, and two others, with the rebel gunboat Grampus, were found sunk, but they may be easily raised. The floating battery, mounting sixteen heavy guns, is lying ashore near New Madrid, and it will, no doubt, fall into our hands. Secretary Welles has issued a general order, returning praise to Almighty God for the bloodless victory, and also complimenting Commodore Foote, and the officers and men under him, for their skill and bravery.

Monitor and Merrimac.—European Impressions.—The conflict between the *Merrimac* and *Monitor*, in Hampton Roads, has created a great sensation in Europe, and bids fair to revolutionize the whole naval system of Great Britain. All hands agree that wooden walls, even if defended with the heaviest artillery, stand a very poor chance of winning a victory when they are brought in competition with mail-clad vessels, and that the latter, if properly constructed, are almost invincible.

Tennessee.—The Nashville office of Mayor is vacant. The Mayor was under $10,000 bail to appear before the military authorities on the 7th instant.

A rumor prevails in Nashville that Colonel Corcoran has been foully dealt with. A newspaper, unconditionally for the Government, will shortly be established in Nashville. The *Banner* and *Patriot* both endeavour to preserve neutrality.

Every day brings us cheering intelligence from that city, with regard to the growing Union sentiment. The health of Governor Johnson, at last accounts, was good. The Hon. Horace Maynard is yet in Nashville, and may prolong his stay there several weeks. Men of all parties daily visit Governor Johnson, and assure him that loyalty to the United States Government is on the increase. He is also daily in receipt of letters from Tennessee prisoners, wherein they speak in the most grateful terms of their treatment in the North. The greater part of them desire to return to their allegiance. Three hundred men have already joined the First Tennessee regiment. The Governor's Guard, from the city, and a large number of recruits from the country, are shortly expected. The loyal Germans of Nashville are also endeavoring to get up a regiment, and one company is almost full.

Halleck and Siegel.—A despatch from St. Louis states that the rebels are withdrawing their forces from northwestern Arkansas, and concentrating them at Pocahontas, in the northeastern part of the State. General Halleck, in anticipation of this movement, had despatched General Steele with a sufficient force, to the Arkansas line, to check the movement of the rebel Generals. General Siegel has arrived at St. Louis, suffering from illness.

Rebel Forces on the Rappahannock—A New York journal has received a special despatch from the Rappahannock, stating that there are not five thousand rebels between Gordonsville and Richmond. The river is said to be very high.

Reports from Port Royal.—Exciting, if true, Intelligence comes to us from Port Royal. Our pickets are now within eight miles of Savannah, and the city is to be assaulted to-day. Other important events are promised us very shortly, in that vicinity.

Rebel Statements.—In the rebel accounts of the battle of Pittsburg Landing, no mention of Monday's struggle is made; and thus, what is really the greatest disaster yet sustained by the enemy, will be converted by their irresistible logic into a glorious victory, and will cause cheer after cheer of a general thanksgiving and jubilee in all the realms of the Southern Confederacy. Fort Macon is said to be provisioned for a six months' siege, and garrisoned by three hundred North Carolina troops. Twenty-four hundred Union troops were landed at Pass Christian, Mississippi, on the 4th instant, and shelled the town, which is but twenty-five miles west of Biloxi, and a short distance north-west of Ship Island. The rebel force of three hundred men appears to have escaped.

Yorktown.—Several slight skirmishes have taken place before Yorktown. In each case the rebels were the assailants, and in each case were they repulsed with loss. On the part of the Pennsylvanians engaged, however, two men were killed, and four wounded.

A balloon reconnaissance from the rebel lines was made [illegible] which formerly

Battle of Winchester—General Shields' official report of the late victory near Winchester has [illegible] Eighty-fourth, Tyler's Brigade, Ohio Fifth, Indiana [illegible] venth, and three companies of the Ohio Eighth. The killed, as reported, are one hundred and three, and among them we have to deplore the loss of the brave Colonel Murray, of the Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers, who fell at the head of his regiment while gallantly leading it in the face of the enemy. The [illegible] them slightly, and the missing are twenty four. The enemy's loss is more difficult to ascertain than our own. Two hundred and seventy were found dead on the battle-field. Forty were buried by the inhabitants of the adjacent village, and, by a calculation made by the number of graves found on both sides of the valley road between here and Strasburg, their loss in killed must have been [illegible] and in wounded one thousand. The enemy admit a loss of between one thousand and one thousand five hundred killed and wounded. Our force, in infantry, [illegible] and artillery [illegible] hand. That of the enemy must have exceeded eleven thousand.

We have taken three hundred prisoners, two guns, four caissons, and a thousand stand of small arms. The report concludes with an acknowledgment of the services rendered by Colonels Kimball, Tyler, Sullivan, Carroll, and Daum, and with thanks to the entire division for its effective valor.

The Battle of Pittsburg Landing.—Every item of additional intelligence goes to prove that the battle of Pittsburg Landing in the exact reverse of our defeat at Manassas. At the latter, the Union troops marched forward, driving back the enemy from point to point, and McDowell not only announced their defeat on the field, but sent a despatch to that effect to General Scott, at Washington. Just at that moment came up the reserves of Johnston, and the tide turned.

Then came, not only the tidings of our great reverse, but a panic-struck mob, disorganized and demoralized, came pouring into the capital, declaring with wild alarm that all was lost. The enemy, indeed, sustained great losses, and was not in condition to pursue; but such was Manassas to us.

The tables are turned at Corinth. The despatches of Beauregard, written on Sunday night, "on Federal paper, in the enemy's camp," announced the entire defeat of the Union troops. Then came the reinforcements of BUELL and WALLACE; the battle of Monday, the desperate struggle, the successful charge, the panic, the flight, and the rebels found Bull Run reversed. We had gained the day.

SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE INQUIRER.

Cairo, April 12, Midnight.—I was taken prisoner at the late battle of Pittsburg Landing, but have succeeded in making my escape from the enemy. Acting Brigadier General Peabody, and Major Powell, of the Twenty-fifth Missouri Volunteers, with whom I was breakfasting at the time of the surprise, were both killed. The rebels robbed me of everything except my pantaloons and boots.

I have with me a full written account of the battle, but the telegraph has already given you the main features. Our loss is at least four thousand killed, and twelve thousand wounded; that of the enemy, one-third more. General Albert Sidney Johnston, of Kentucky, and General Beuford Johnson, of Tennessee, are both dead. The latter made his will before dying.

Bragg, Beauregard, and Breckinridge escaped. The battle lasted thirteen and a half hours on Sunday, and eight hours on Monday, when the enemy fled. We captured all their cannon, except two or three. Among the batteries captured is the famous Washington Light Artillery, of New Orleans.

H. B.

Alabama.—General Mitchell, commanding one of the divisions of Buell's army, after a forced march, had occupied Huntsville, Alabama, on the 11th instant. He surprised the rebel force in the town, and captured two hundred prisoners, fifteen locomotives, and a large amount of other necessary articles. Huntsville is on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, about fifteen miles south of the Tennessee boundary, and forty-five miles east of Florence. By seizing Huntsville, General Mitchell has succeeded in severing the railroad connexion between Memphis and Charleston, and Memphis and Richmond.

The Merrimac.—The Merrimac, Jamestown, Yorktown, and several small tugs, came down the Roads on Friday, as if they intended to attack the Federal fleet. After manœuvring for some time, the Jamestown sailed towards two brigs and one schooner which were anchored near Newport News, and in less than half an hour she captured them, and was towing them towards Craney Island. The Merrimac came down later in the afternoon, and after exchanging shots with the Monitor, Naugatuck, and several gunboats, returned. As most of the shots fell short, no damage was done.

Emperor Napoleon.—A RUMOR.—A startling rumor comes to us from Washington. If the *on dit* can be believed, the Emperor Napoleon, in view of the fact that the stars and stripes float over the soil of every rebellious State but one, will reconsider his recognition of the rebels as belligerents, and perhaps extend to the Federal Government such aid and comfort in suppressing the rebellion as may be compatible with his position as the representative of a leading European power.

Beauregard—As was expected, General Beauregard has claimed the battle at Pittsburg Landing as a victory for the rebels. He has captured *so he says*, thirty-six pieces of artillery and eight thousand prisoners, and fallen back on Corinth, which he is "fully able to hold."

General Mitchell.—General Mitchell, by a most daring and successful coup, has severed the great rebel line of communication between the Atlantic and Mississippi, and now holds a hundred miles of the Memphis and Charleston railroad. This is one of the splendid results of the late battle at Pittsburg Landing.

Fort Pulaski—It is reported from rebel sources that Fort Pulaski has surrendered unconditionally.

General Herman Gansevoort, son of the late General Peter Gansevoort, the hero and defender of Fort Schuyler, in the Revolutionary War, recently died at his residence in Gansevoortville, Saratoga County, New York, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

Dr. Isaac Hayes, the Arctic Explorer, has been appointed by the President, and confirmed by the Senate, Brigadier-Surgeon in the army.

W. L. Yancey, one of the Commissioners of the Southern Confederacy to Europe, has succeeded in reaching the South again, and is reported by the Richmond *Enquirer* to have arrived in that city and taken his seat in the Senate, after subscribing the usual oath of office.

Vine Hall the well-known and able captain of the steamship Great Eastern in her trip to this country, has gone to the South Seas, where he has been appointed Superintendent of the mail steam packet running between Australia and New Zealand.

Count Louskay, a Russian of distinguished character, for several years past Minister of the Interior, and a devoted friend of the Emperor's great scheme for emancipating the serfs, recently died at St. Petersburgh.

Abd-el-Kader, whose name has become well-known from his faithful services on behalf of the Christians during the terrible massacres in Syria in 1860, has received from the Prussian Government the insignia of the Order of the Red Eagle as a mark of the national gratitude for his conduct.

W. H. Russell, the well known correspondent of the London *Times*, and whose mirth in the United States has obtained for him no very enviable notoriety, either for truthfulness, propriety, or personal worth, has been recalled, and [illegible] the 7th inst., on board the steamship CHINA, from New York.

Judge Seymour, in a recent suit for assault and battery in the Superior Court for Fairfield County, Conn., decided that a school-teacher may use all reasonable means to have his commands respected and obeyed, and that it is his duty to the scholar, to the parents, to the good of the school, and to the community, to do so.

Major-General John Pope, commanding the United States troops in the recent brilliant taking of Island No. 10, is the son of Governor Nathaniel Pope, of Virginia, resided for some time in Kentucky, and afterwards in Illinois. He graduated at West Point in 1842, was in the Mexican War, and has acted a most noble part in the present struggle for the Constitution and the Union.

From the Rappahannock.—The *National In*[illegible] river, down to Wednesday morning, state that the Union forces occupy the north bank of the river, which is much swollen. The railroad is repaired up to Warrenton Junction.

Numerous refugees and contrabands are coming in daily, who report that the main body of the rebel army have fallen back to Richmond, doubtless with the intention of strengthening General Magruder. The rebel pickets are occasionally seen on the north bank of the Rappahannock, [illegible] be merely watching our movements.

Foreign Summary.

The times are changed from what they were when [illegible] dared to show that they had a will or wish of their own. Under date of March 8th, a correspondent of the London *Daily News*, writing from Malta, says: "There is to-day handed about Malta a very long [illegible] ples, and signed by about six thousand of the Roman Catholic clergy. Several chapters have affixed their official seal to it, and it is to be very like Protestantism—but they call it pure Roman Catholicism. It urges the Pope to abandon his temporal power, to purge the Church to its primitive state, and to remember that a great majority of his clergy are from the people. The document is admirably composed, and must have emanated from a very liberal mind. The Italians appear to approach nearer to the Reformed Church than we do in Malta."

The latest report in regard to the Pope is, that if he is compelled to leave Rome, he will return to Malta—and thus will be found virtually taking refuge under the flag of Protestant England.

[illegible] its utterances have often been regarded as little less than royal mandates. Its position has been one of great power; and in proportion to its exalted position, it seems to be sought for as the medium of notices to the public. Its issue for the 15th of March, alone, contained 1900 advertisements, and filled sixty columns.

The trouble from the INSURGENTS in China, painfully continues. The city of Ningpo has been taken, and given largely over to plunder and to massacre. The missionaries had retired to the suburbs, and were generally unmolested; but the masses of the people suffered every outrage at the hands of their countrymen. Shanghai, also one of the ports of entry for foreigners, according to the treaty made many years since, is threatened. In this state of things, and as the treaties have never been dissolved, the British government have sent out orders to the English authorities to employ both military and naval force, if necessary, to protect the city from any of these desolating attacks of the rebels. It is hoped this may put a stop to their terrible course.

An example of most munificent and useful giving, has just been given, in London, by the well known American, GEORGE PEABODY. Impressed with the oftentimes inconvenient, and thence vicious and unhappy dwellings in which the poor of that city frequently have to live, he has placed £150,000 (about $750,000,) at the disposal of Hon. C. F. Adams, the American Minister, Lord Stanley, Sir Emerson Tennent, and Messrs. Simpson & Morgan, as Trustees, for the purpose of ameliorating the condition of the poor. His leading idea, we believe, is to have neat and convenient, but not expensive houses erected in large numbers, to be let on proper conditions, and thus have a practical encouragement given to honesty, industry, and a virtuous life among the poor. It is, indeed, a noble charity.

The affairs of GREECE are in a very troubled state. Under a deep cherished desire, it is said, to be rid of the king who was obtained from Germany, there is a restless and even insurrectionary spirit painfully manifested. The effect is already disastrous. Athens looks as if in a state of siege. Business is largely suspended. The *cafés*, in numerous instances, are closed, as are also the University and the Gymnasia. And on the streets, the people shun each other, lest they should be suspected and arrested for plotting conspiracies and insurrections together.

It is said more than two hundred RAILROAD bills will be brought under the consideration of the British Parliament during the present session. Among these, will be one asking help from the Government in the construction of a Railway twenty miles long, from Dover, in England, to Calais, in France, by means of a submarine wrought iron tube. The estimate cost of the work, is £12,000,000, and if successful, it would bring London and Paris within seven or eight hours of each other.

Speaking of Railroads, the latest statistics show some colossal facts. Altogether, the Railways of Great Britain employ an army of 100,000 men, control a capital of £350,000,000, and receive an annual revenue of £28,000,000. The London and Northwestern Line, extending from London to Carlisle, from Peterborough to Cardiff, and from Leeds to Holyhead, includes 1000 miles of track, has a total capital of £36,756,660, and a working stock of 972 locomotives, 1,972 passenger cars, 1,048 guards breaks, horse boxes, travelling post-offices, &c., &c.; and the revenue is at the rate of £8,200 a week, £12,600 a day, £525 an hour, day and night, during all the seven days of the week. There are other Lines on the same scale.

The affairs of ITALY seem in a very disturbed state. Ricasoli, the candid, bold, and honest successor of the lamented Cavour, has resigned, and his place is filled by Ratazzi, who has the reputation of being the pliant tool of the French emperor. Prince Napoleon has, in several bold speeches in the French Senate, given the Pope a party much trouble. Among other things, he has demanded that the French troops should evacuate Rome, and, in the course of his speech, showed, by documentary evidence from as far back as 1669, that the temporal power of the Pope has always been deplorable.

A BILL has been before the British Parliament again, to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Last year, the Bill was defeated on the second reading, by a vote of 177 to 172. This year, after a dull debate, and in a thin house, it has passed by a vote of 144 to 123. It may be thrown out on the third reading, and, it is said, will not pass through the House of Lords. There seems to be great persistency in seeking the passage of this bill.

A WORK of interest is announced as in preparation from the press. It is lengthened and, no one can doubt, interesting reminiscences of the late Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne. It is being arranged and brought out under the special supervision of his daughter, Mrs. Sarah Ann Cheyne.

The INTOLERANCE of the laws of Spain, in regard to all religious privileges outside of the Romish Church, is well known. In view of it, and the very great difficulty of enjoying such privileges either pleasantly or permanently, the Missionary Chaplain to the English, in Spain, thus writes to the *Times*:

"We ask for liberty to meet for united worship in consulates or private houses, liberty to have a resident chaplain and schoolmaster, liberty to import Bibles and Prayer-books in English, for our own use, liberty to bury our dead in our own cemeteries, with the service of our Church; and all this not on mere sufferance, but by the guarantee of international treaty. As the Spanish law at present stands, all these things are illegal. It is quite true that at Madrid and Malaga service is permitted, and I have myself frequently officiated in Barcelona, Valencia, Alicante, Denia, and other towns, in consulates and private houses, without molestation. But for this so-called toleration, there is no security. Service may [illegible] by the police, and all concerned imprisoned or summarily turned out of the country."

A striking movement is going on in PORTUGAL. Rome has had little less power in this country than in Spain. There, however, a bill has just been introduced into the Cortes, suppressing all religious societies and brotherhoods educating children, or nursing the sick. If successful, this will be the entering wedge to the overthrow of some of the vilest and worst features of the Romish system.

STRIKES seem more and more doomed every year. [illegible] Throughout these colonies, all slaves "will become free on the 1st of July, 1863, under the following conditions.—1. Compensation of 300 guilders for each slave man, woman, and child, to be paid to the owner. 2. Slaves to remain under apprentice[illegible]

PERRY & FITZGERALD'S

PREPARED FOR MAKING LIGHT MUFFINS, AND QUICK TEA BREAD, WITH OUT FERMENTATION

The new process of breadmaking invented by Perry & Fitzgerald, and patented in the United States, France, and Belgium, is rapidly superseding the old method of fermentation. The process consists in mixing the flour in a closed vessel with the combination of pure carbonic gas, under pressure, by which the dough made is made three times lighter, and ready to be [illegible] The "charge" is usually 200 pounds, and each machine [illegible] the operation, in all its details, from the putting in of the flour to the discharging of the dough in from twenty five to forty minutes.

The invention of Perry & Fitzgerald effects a revolution in the [illegible] of bread, by establishing a system of wholesome manufacture [illegible] not subject to the vicissitudes and perils of fermentation.

The application of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure to a [illegible] dissolves as it were the particles of flour, and [illegible] a clear fermentable wing of the impurities of the artificial one of the [illegible] which [illegible] and [illegible] the dough the [illegible] of carbonic acid gas, [illegible] of animals, to be produced in this way, thus, as the sugar would [illegible] and prevent the bread would be so much the sweeter and [illegible]

What, in Dr. Ure, was evidently a scarcely comprehended theoretical truth has been practically developed by the brilliant invention of Perry & Fitzgerald, and we will need their names to grateful remembrance, as among the most eminent benefactors of mankind.

ITS SUPERIORITY.—The superb purity of unfermented bread is by no means new. Dr Cullen, who wrote more than seventy years ago, said:

"In Scotland, also both of the better class of people, and the greater part of the whole, live upon unfermented bread, and are accounted fairest in other parts, and there are not a more healthy people anywhere to be found. In the course of fifty years that I have practised among them, I have had occasion to know this, and have hardly met with the [illegible] I never [illegible]

At a later period, Professor Thompson, of Glasgow, in his work on the "Food of Animals," after alluding to the facts referred to above by Dr Cullen, and other kindred facts, observes:

"Such, then, being sufficient evidence in favor of the wholesomeness [illegible] it differs from fermented bread. The less [illegible] in this process (fermentation) may be considered to be merely the separation of the particles of which the flour is composed so as to render the mass more readily divisible by the preparatory organs of digestion. But, as the object is gained at a saving of the [illegible] IT BECOMES A MATTER OF INTEREST to ascertain the amount of the [illegible] sustained in the process.

The result of Professor Thompson's experiments showed a difference in favor of unfermented bread of nearly seven per cent, over that made by the ordinary process. In other words, there was given [illegible] one-eighteenth of the nutritive properties of the flour which, by the process of fermentation, was driven into the air and lost.

Were the most [illegible] particulars [illegible] the [illegible] of the Bread made without fermentation, or the use of chemical agents, over the bread made by these processes. Although from what has already been said this superiority appears in most vivid contrast, yet the public will be more satisfied to have the points stated specifically, for it only needs that the advantages secured by this method be clearly understood in order to its universal introduction in the manufacture of bread.

I. IN CLEANLINESS.—Instead of the dough being mixed by the naked hands to [illegible] the bread from the working of the flour to the completion of the baking, is not, and scarcely can be, touched by any one. "One dodecatyrian stabbed in its manufacture," says Dr Willard Parker, "is its entire annihilation." Says Dr Wardrop: "The process is not only purely scientific, but pre-eminently [illegible]

II. IN PRESERVATION OF ALL THE NUTRITIVE PROPERTIES OF THE FLOUR.—As the raising of the dough is by the mechanical interstices of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure, in which the dough made is made three times light, and ready to be [illegible] the assortments of the flour remain wholly unchanged, while the process of raising by fermentable [illegible] is at the [illegible] [illegible] Bread made by the New Process is uniformly light, sweet, and wholesome. The [illegible] is not liable to variation. Yeast, or [illegible] produce bread of the same quality. It retains its moisture much longer than fermented bread, and may be eaten warm with impunity. The process also insures a perfect freedom from all [illegible]

"The objectionable consequences of fermentation being avoided, the nourishment of the flour are left [illegible] and unexhausted, the resulting loaf being absolutely pure."

IV. IN WHOLESOMENESS.—Being free from the dietetic objections which are the product of fermentation, or chemical restraint, by the old modes, the bread made by the New Process is easy of digestion, and agrees with the most delicate stomach. "Dyspepsia," says Dr Coe, [illegible] the N. Y. Medical College, "will [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] of the manufactured bread has been [illegible] to [illegible] as an article of diet." Says the London *Medical Press and Gazette*:

"Since the introduction of the new unfermented bread, there have already been remitted from members of the medical profession, who have recommended it to their patients, as [illegible] non-professional sources, accounts of the really astonishing results that have followed its use in cases of deranged digestion and assimilation. Many persons have reported their recovery to health after years of suffering and misery, by the simple use of the bread as a diet. Many cases have also been reported by medical men of position, in which certain distressing forms of dyspepsia, which had remained intractable under every kind of treatment, have yielded as if by magic, almost immediately after adopting the use of the unfermented bread.

"The [illegible] effects of the new bread are attributable to two causes. The one to the absence of the [illegible] matters imparted to ordinary bread by the process of fermentation; and the other to the presence in the bread [illegible] of the [illegible] which are the essential agents of digestion and assimilation."

The most eminent members of the medical profession, both in Great Britain and in the United States, not only speak in the highest terms of the same with which it is favored and of its rich, nourishing qualities, but especially of its peculiar palatableness, and wonderful keeping properties. The absence of acidity and other objectionable flavors, which, in a greater or less degree, are characteristic of fermented bread, renders the new bread peculiarly desirable to the taste.

V. IN ECONOMY AND ECONOMY.—By the use of mechanical means, instead of manual labor, a barrel of flour is converted into bread in forty-five minutes, whereas [illegible] the kneading process for five hours are required in the formation of the dough, and a further time in heating, raising, and baking the dough.

"The cheapness of the consumption of bread," says a correspondent out of the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, "renders it an article peculiarly suitable to be prepared and supplied by a public company. And since the new process removes all the intricacies of manufacture, and the expense of the machinery gives a comparative monopoly, the supply of bread by companies on the same economy with gas, water, or other articles of prime necessity."

VAN RIPER & CAMP,
EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS,
Corner of Broad and Buttonwood Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.

CONFECTIONERY AND FRUIT STORE.
WILLIAM H. SHUGARD,
(Successor to Thomas Fay,)
Wholesale Confectioner and Fruiterer,
No. 232 North Third Street, above Wood,
PHILADELPHIA,

Manufacturer of Candy, [illegible] Cream Candies, French Toys, White Sugar Toys, &c., &c.

AND DEALER IN
Oranges, Lemons, Raisins, Currants, Citron, Fire Dates, Prunes, Almonds, Walnuts, Filberts, Cocoa Nuts, Pecan Nuts, Fire Crackers, Figs, Tamarinds, Liquorice, Rock Candy, &c. &c. &c.

The attention of Dealers is requested to an examination of my stock, which is [illegible]

N. B.—Orders by country [illegible]

TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT.

This valuable and popular medicine has universally received the most favorable recommendations of the Medical Profession and the Public as the most efficient and agreeable Saline Aperient. It may be used with the best effect in Bilious and Febrile diseases, such as Fevers, Sick Headache, Nausea, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Acidity of the Stomach, Torpidity of the Liver, Gout, Rheumatic Affections, Unrest, Piles, and all complaints where a gentle and speedy, yet certain purgative is required.

It is particularly adapted to the wants of Travellers by Sea and Land; Residents in Hot Climates; Persons of sedentary habits; Invalids and nervous ladies; Captains of Vessels and Packets, and will find it a valuable addition to their medicine chest.

It is in the form of a powder, carefully put up to bottle, to keep in any climate, and merely requires water poured upon it to produce a delightful effervescent beverage.

Numerous testimonials from professional and other gentlemen of the highest standing [illegible] the [illegible] of this preparation, and the [illegible] Sores and valuable character, and commend it to the favorable notice of an intelligent public.

TARRANT'S CORDIAL ELIXIR OF TURKEY RHUBARB

This beautiful preparation from the true Turkey Rhubarb, has the approval and [illegible] of many of our best physicians as a valuable and [illegible] Family Medicine, and is preferable to any other form in which rhubarb is administered, either for Adults or Children, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] palate [illegible] the [illegible]

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For marking Linen, Muslin, Silk, &c., has been proved, by many years' experience, to be the best, most permanent and reliable preparation ever offered to the public.

The superiority of this article is acknowledged by all, and purchasers and dealers will find it to their interest to give it a preference over all similar preparations.

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No. 278 Greenwich St., cor. Warren St., New York.
And for sale by all Druggists generally.

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KEARNY and BANK, PHILADELPHIA.

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Dealers in UNCURRENT BANK NOTES and Coin. Sovereigns and Western Funds bought on the most favorable terms.

Drafts on New York, Boston, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Richmond, Cincinnati, St. Louis, &c. &c., constantly for sale.

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OPTICIANS,
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Manufacture, Mathematical Instruments, Spy Glasses, Philosophical Apparatus, Opera Glasses, Thermometers, Barometers, Pictures, &c. Wholesale and Retail.

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PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS
No. 225 [illegible] 229 N. Broad St.

Advertisements.

The Colored Brothers and Sisters of Rev. W[illegible] Society are [illegible] the corner of Quince and Locust Streets. Punctual attendance is strictly requested, by order of the President.

A. MOORE, Secretary.

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth anniversary, April 10th, 1862. Representatives from Lodges [illegible]

From Garnet Union No. 4, H. of T.; from Phoenix [illegible] No. 6, I. [illegible] from Northern Union, No. 9, I. [illegible] Dr. Miss' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 16, D. of T.; from Vanbrackle Union, No. 15, D. of T., of Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows.—

Grand P., Sister Bonnet; Grand Associate, Sister Burris; Grand Treasurer, Sister Faucett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Duckard; Grand Chaplain, Sister [illegible]

G. P. Sister P. Bonnet, G. A. Sister [illegible]
" " M. H. Burris, " " K. A. Evans
" " C. Thompson, " " J. Wiltz,
" " S. Davis, " " S. Hall.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY.

THE STATED QUARTERLY MEETINGS of the Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May August, and November.

The meetings of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the society.

Mrs. SARAH CARTER,
President.
Mr. L. R. SEYMOUR, Sec'y.

MRS. JOHNSON AND MRS. WARE

Beg leave to inform the Public in general that they continue

LAYING OUT AND SHROUDING THE DEAD.

REFERENCES.

Thomas Charnock, No. 427 South Sixth Street
James Le Count, No. 920 Richman Street.
Thomas W. Anderson, No. 1220 Richman Street.

☞ ALL ORDERS ATTENDED TO AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

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OF THE
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We keep on hand, in connexion with our other books, Sabbath school books of various kinds, Question Books, Catechisms, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. We have a good assortment of such books as are generally used in the Public Schools. Also, Stationery, Inks, Pens, Paper, Envelopes and Blank Books.

THE DEATH-BED OF THE REV. JOHN WESLEY

[illegible] which should be in every [illegible] all admirers of that great and good man. The most [illegible] [illegible] fitted to these evils, the print [illegible] Catalogue.

WM. STILL,
[illegible] South Third Street, Philadelphia.

WANTED.—The charge of a Public School. Reference as to ability can be given. Apply to
J. W. A., 1641 Helmuth St.

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OF THE LATEST STYLES,

Made in the Best Manner expressly for RETAIL SALES. Lowest Selling Prices marked in Plain Figures. All Goods made to order warranted satisfactory. Our One-Price System is strictly adhered to. All are thereby treated alike.
JONES & CO.,
Dec 21-ly 604 MARKET STREET

GOOD NEWS

To Tailors, Dress makers, and to those wishing to be such: [illegible] to measure of sewing machines, story-keepers, and large [illegible] for its own use; to cut and fit perfectly, Ladies' Dresses, Boys and Men's Pants, Vests, Jackets, Sack and Over-coats.

Local and Travelling Agents Wanted.

Address [illegible]

Or apply to Mrs. Mary C. Weaver, (wife of the Editor of this paper.)

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DRY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS STORE,
NO. 105 NORTH FIFTH STREET.
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A General Assortment of Hosiery, Trimmings, Dry Goods, &c.

Dress, Shirt making, and Plain Sewing, promptly attended to. Jan 9—1y

COAL! COAL!! COAL!!!

The subscriber is selling, [illegible]

Lehigh Stove Coal per ton [illegible]
" Egg [illegible]
" Nut [illegible]
Schuylkill, Stove, and Nut, [illegible]
Nut,

Orders left at the Store [illegible] North Fifth St., will be promptly attended to.
WM STILL.
Jan14—ly

KELLY'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY
N. W. corner Fifth and Cestes.

PICTURE GALLERY AND FRAMES ON THE FIRST FLOOR.

Strangers should not fail to call and examine.

JAMES DOWNS,
[illegible]
NEW AND SECOND HAND
CLOTHING,
No 225 South Second Street.
No. 17—3mo. PHILADELPHIA

WILLIAM STILL'S
STOVE STORE,
107 NORTH FIFTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and all in want of good stoves, that he has now on hand a general variety of excellent PARLOR, COOK and CHAMBER [illegible] as other patterns, which he is selling at very low rates. He buys entirely for cash, of the best wholesale founders, and of course can sell much cheaper than those buying on the usual credit system. At any rate his friends are invited to give him a call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere, as he feels that they would be convinced that it would be to their interest to give him their patronage. Coal orders constantly on hand. WM STILL

JOSEPH H. COLE,
CONTINENTAL RESTAURANT,
NO. 717 LOMBARD STREET, PHILA.,
(Above Seventh St., under Philadelphia Institute.)

Would continue [illegible] to keep always on hand the very best [illegible] of OYSTERS and other refreshments, hoping that all his friends and the public generally will favor him with a call.

☞ Meals served at a [illegible] notice, of the best quality and flavor.

☞ Parties and private waiting [illegible] on the most reasonable terms.

Mrs. S. Shorter Hawkins
[illegible]
NEW SPRING GOODS.

Consisting of Dolmens Mantillas [illegible] Skirts of all sizes, [illegible] Hoop Skirts, [illegible] Corsets, [illegible] Hosiery and Gloves.

N. B. Manufacturers are invited to examine my assortment of [illegible] trimmings of the latest styles, all will be sold cheap for cash at the Old Establishment,
615 Lombard Street

MRS. [illegible]
CHINA, GLASS AND QUEENSWARE,
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Always on hand a general assortment of China, &c., at
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CLARK'S **$1.** STORE

THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD!
Jewelry and Silver Plated Ware
LARGEST AND BEST STOCK NOW EXHIBITED IN THE [illegible]

The Cheapest Store in the City for ONE DOLLAR EACH the articles are usually sold at from 62 to $1 each.

WE WERE VERY POOR TOGETHER

[illegible] Mary
A wee small cot was mine.
Two cows alone were all thy dairy
In happy days lang syne.
[illegible]
To tread the mount and moor
At eve to clasp thee once again
When we were very poor.

Oft the castle in the [illegible] wang
With many a window bright.
And many a crystal cup was flowing
With ruby wine by night;
But on the heath our little cot
Sat hidden, dark and damp;
But I was happy with my lot,
For Mary was my lamp.

I have gained thee golden gear and sorrow
[illegible]
But on eve awaits me on the narrow
Like the one I used to know.
O give me back my wee wife,
My small cot on the moor,
For joy has left me lone in life
Since we were very poor.

Cincinnati Enquirer

THE LAW OF UMBRELLAS

A correspondent of the New York *Knickerbocker* says he wishes to lay down the moral law on the subject of umbrellas, which people should observe. Some who make great pretensions, have a slender appreciation of the *meum* and *tuum* in particular cases. The very judge who condemns a criminal to the penitentiary, if the law were rightly executed, which he expounds, is often himself a thief! Will he tell us in what code it is laid down that umbrellas are a thing in common?—that they may be seized upon and appropriated, wherever found, without consideration? This, then, O, honest man! is the *Lex of Umbrellas*:

"*Sec.* 1. If you are away from home, and caught suddenly in a shower, and you see an umbrella standing in some corner, for which there appears to be no owner, and, being much in need of it, to save you from a wet jacket, you take it without ceremony—that is *stealing*.

"*Sec.* 2. If you have a cotton umbrella, and in your haste to get away, or because the lights in the hall are dim, exchange it for a neat silk one—that is *stealing*.

"*Sec.* 3. If, in stress of weather, you borrow one from an obliging friend, who insists on your taking it, and does not impress it on your recollection to restore it to him the next day—that is *stealing*.

"*Sec.* 4. If you find a stray umbrella in your house, which has been accidentally left, and you give it house-room, without making any effort to find the bereaved owner—that is *stealing*."

THE HORSE HAIR WORM

A gentleman from Detroit had the kindness to send me one of those long thread-like worms (*Gordius*) found often in brooks, and called horse-hairs by the common people. When I first received it, it was coiled up in a close roll at the bottom of the bottle, filled with fresh water, that contained it, and looked more like a little tangle of black sewing silk than any thing else. Wishing to unwind it, that I might examine its entire length, I placed it in a large china basin filled with water, and proceeded very gently to disentangle its coils, when I perceived that the animal had twisted itself around a bundle of its eggs, holding them fast in a close embrace. In the process of unwinding, the eggs dropped away, and floated to a little distance. Having finally stretched it out to its full length, perhaps half a yard, I sat watching to see if this singular being, that looked like a long black thread in the water, would give any signs of life. Almost immediately it moved toward the bundle of eggs, and having reached it began to sew itself through and through the little white mass, passing one end of its body through it, and then returning to make another stitch, as it were, till the eggs were at last completely entangled as in an intricate network of coils. It seemed to me almost impossible that this care of offspring could be the result of any instinct of affection in a creature of so low an organization, and I again separated it from the eggs and placed them at a greater distance, when the same action was repeated. On trying the experiment a third time the bundle of eggs had become loosened, and a few of them dropped off singly into the water. The efforts which the animal then made to recover the missing ones, winding itself round and round them, but failing to bring them into the fold with the rest, because they were too small, and evading all efforts to secure them when once parted from the first little compact mass, convinced me that there was a definite purpose in its attempts.

VEGETABLE LIFE IN THE MOON

It was for a long time the common opinion among astronomers, that the moon was without an atmosphere, and destitute of water; and that, consequently, neither animal nor vegetable life could be supported on its surface. But several eminent modern astronomers have maintained that the moon has an atmosphere, though of very limited extent. And quite recently, Mr. Schwabe, a German astronomical Professor, thinks he has discovered signs of vegetation on the surface of our satellite.

It is well known that there are certain dark lines or scratches, as they appear, extending across the slopes of the highest mountains in the moon. These have been variously explained; some regarding them as the beds of dried-up streams, others, as the channels left by torrents of lava, and others, as having some other origin. But Professor Schwabe claims to have discovered in these lines a greenish color, which appears at a certain season, lasts a few months, and then disappears. He therefore regards these lines as belts of vegetation. If his observations should be decisively confirmed by those of other astronomers, it will settle the question that the moon has both air and water, and will therefore remove any presumption against the existence of animal life on its surface.

HOW TO SELECT POULTRY.

A young turkey has a smooth, dark, leg, feet supple and moist, and the end of the breast bone pliable, like gristle. If the head is on, the eyes will be full and bright if fresh killed.

Fowls, when young, have smooth combs and legs. In other respects, they are like young turkeys.

Young geese will have yellow bills and feet, and a pin-head may be forced through the skin of the breast. (It requires considerable pressure to thrust a pin through the breast of an old, tough goose.) If fresh, the feet will be pliable. The same rule applies to the selection of ducks.

As a general rule, all old birds have bony claws, that are not easily straightened. Young birds have pliant and easily-yielding claws. The spurs of old turkeys and roosters are hard, long and sharp. Of young ones but the first development is seen.

HEARING A GHOST

"Believing in ghosts! of course I do," said the widow Tough; "my poor husband appeared to me, just as plain—"

"Did you see him?" her hearers asked, in open-mouthed astonishment.

"No, I didn't see him," said the widow; "but I heard him. He went to the cup-board and took down the tea-pot and drank from it just as he used to, and then he went to work at the stove. I laid and heard it, but thought it was one of the boys."

"Who's there?" said I, but there was no answer.

"What are you doing there?"

"I take my business [illegible] I know to be my husband's, because he always spoke to that pleasant way. I got up, and there wasn't nobody there."

The teeth of her auditors chattered.

INSECTS ON FOWLS

There are several kinds that infest the hen. By attending to the following remedy, they will be kept entirely clear. First of all, if in confinement, in the dust corner of the poultry house, mix about [illegible] them free from parasites, and give the feathers a glossy appearance. If infested with the insects, dampen the skin under the feathers with a little water, then sprinkle a little black sulphur on the skin. Let a bird be covered with the insects, and they will disappear in the course of twelve hours. Also, previous to setting a hen, if the nest be slightly sprinkled with the sulphur, there is no [illegible] neither will the chickens be annoyed by them. Many a fine hatched brood pines away and dies through nothing else, and no one knows the cause. Having had an ostrich under my care, that was pining, I looked into his feathers, and observed thousands of parasites. I employed tobacco water, also lime water, under my then master's orders, to no effect. In his absence, I well dampened him and sprinkled him under the feathers with black sulphur, when next day they were examined with [illegible] and some macaws, also parrots, that were addicted to biting off their feathers, I employed the black sulphur by well syringing them with water, then sprinkling the sulphur over their skins. If tame, sponge the skins, then rub gently, with the points of the fingers, with the sulphur, every other day, for about a fortnight, when the parrot or macaw will cease to destroy his plumage. It is not a remedy which has not been proved; for I have used it these two years with success.

John Hamilton, in *The Field*.

INSANITY—RELIGION

Dr. Ray, in the report of the Butler Hospital for the insane in Rhode Island, says: "I believe—and it is in some measure the result of considerable observation of various psychological states—that in this age of fast living, nothing can be relied upon more surely for preserving the healthy balance of the mental faculties than an earnest, practical conviction of the great truths of Christianity."

MUCH MAY BE DONE WITH LITTLE.

"Here, my little one," said an Athenian to a little Hebrew boy, in a sportful way—"here is a penny; buy something for me with it. Let it be an article of such a kind that I may eat some myself, give some to a guest, and have some to take home with me for my family."

The witty boy went and bought salt.

"Salt!" exclaimed the Athenian; "I did not tell you to buy salt."

"Quite right," answered the boy, wittily; "but did you not tell me to buy some article of which you might eat yourself, have enough for a guest, and also some to take home for your family? This is the article that answers the purpose. You can eat your fill, give to another as much as he wishes to eat, and have a good supply left to take home for your family."—*Hebrew Stories*.

RAMBLES IN WESTERN CORNWALL, a new English publication, contains the following story about Oliver Cromwell: "There was an old Frenchman knighted named Barrois, an indefatigable animal-hunter as if he were a Western politician from Indiana or Illinois just arrived at Washington. One day he way-laid the Protector in St. James' Park to solicit his signature to a recommendation of his humble self to certain persons in power. Oliver told him he had no pen and ink. These Mr. Barlase produced on the spot. 'But I have no desk here or any convenience to write upon,' said the Protector. 'Write upon my back, then, please you, sir,' says Mr. Barlase. The petition was granted."

DIDN'T GO THAT WAY.—*The Hudson Gazette* says that the popular steamer Oregon was delayed on the river by a dense fog a few days since, and was compelled to "lay to" for several hours. An impatient passenger approached Captain King with the inquiry:—"I say, Mr. Pilot, sin't you going to start soon?"—"As soon as the fog clears up," blandly replied the captain.—"Well, but it's starlight overhead now," urged the passenger.—"Oh! yes," replied the captain, with a mischievous twinkle in the left eye, "but we *are not going that way!*"

WHAT is commonly called [illegible] has never been considered incompatible with the *presence* of a vigorous intellect. The late distinguished mathematician, Professor Hamilton, of Aberdeen, was notorious for his absence of mind. Emerging hastily one day from the arched gateway of King's College, he stumbled against a cow which happened to be passing. In the confusion of the moment, the Professor raised his hat, exclaiming: "I beg your pardon, madam!" Walking in Union street, a few days afterward, he did accidentally stumble against a lady who was walking in an opposite direction. In sudden recollection of his former adventure, he called out: "Is that you again, you brute?"

ALPHABETICAL CONSOLATION.—Why is the letter A like the meridian? Because it is the middle of day. Why is the letter B like hot fire? Because it makes oil boil. Why is the letter D like a fallen angel? Because by its association with evil, it becomes a devil. Why is the letter E like the end of time? Because it is the beginning of eternity. Why is the letter F like death? Because it makes all fall. Why is the letter G like wisdom? Because it is the beginning of greatness and goodness. Why is the letter G like the dying words of Adams? "This is the end of earth." Why is the letter J like the end of spring? Because it is the beginning of June.

Jones and Brown were talking lately of a young clergyman whose preaching they had heard that day. The sermon was like a certain man mentioned in a certain biography—"very poor and very pious." "What do you think of him?" asked Brown. "I think," said Jones, "he did much better two years ago." "Why, he didn't preach then," said Brown. "True," said Jones, "that is what I mean."

A VOLUNTEER who prides himself upon the domestic arts he has learned during camp life, writes home to advise the girls not to be in a hurry to marry, for the boys will return in a short time and the girls can then get good husbands who can cook, wash or iron, and do general housework, or work in the garden, or run errands for their wives.

A COUNTRY magistrate, noted for his love of the pleasure of the table, speaking one day to a friend, said—"We have just been eating a superb turkey; it was excellent, stuffed with truffles to the neck, tender, delicate, and of high flavor; we left only the bones." "How many of you were there?" said his friend. "Two," replied the magistrate. "Two!" "Yes; the turkey and myself!"

Lord Kames, in a conversation with his gardener one day, said: "George, the time will come when a man shall be able to carry all the money [illegible] pockets." "I believe it, sir," said the gardener, "but he will then be able to carry all the crop in the other."

THEY say that there is a man living in Edinburgh [illegible] attends church regularly, and sleeps [illegible] to sleep during prayer time that he can't get them [illegible]

EARTHQUAKE.—The first ask[illegible] Englishman [illegible] "Upon my word, I don't know," said the [illegible]; "but why would try!"

BREEDS AND SPECIES

A curious instance of the power of man, not only in developing the pliability of an animal's organization, but in adapting it to suit his own caprices, is that of the Golden Carp, so frequently seen in bowls and tanks as the ornament of drawing-rooms and gardens. Not only an infinite variety of spotted, striped, variegated colors has been produced in these fishes, but, especially among the Chinese, so famous for their morbid love of whatever is distorted and warped from its natural shape and appearance, all sorts of changes have been brought about in this single species. A book of Chinese paintings showing the Golden Carp in its various represents some as short and stout, others long and slender,—some with the ventral side swollen, others hunch-backed,—some with the mouth greatly enlarged, while in others the caudal fin, which is the normal condition of the [illegible] tail and is forked like those of other fishes, has become erected and arched, or is double, or crooked, or has swerved in some other way from its original pattern. But in all these variations there is nothing which recalls the characteristic specific differences among the representatives of the Carp Family, which in their wild state are very monotonous in their appearance all the world over.

Were it appropriate to accumulate evidence here upon this subject I could bring forward many more examples quite as striking as those above mentioned. The various breeds of our domesticated Horse present the same kind of irregularities, and do not differ from each other in the same way as the wild species differ from one another. Or take the Genus Dog: the differences between its wild species do not correspond in the least with the differences observed among the domesticated ones. Compare the differences between the various kinds of jackalls and wolves with those that exist between the bull-dog and greyhound, for instance, or between the St. Charles and the terrier, of between the Esquimaux and the Newfoundland dog. I need hardly add that what is true of the horses, the cattle, the dogs, is true also of the donkey, the goat, the sheep, the pig, the cat, the rabbit, the different kinds of barn-yard fowl—in short, of all those animals that are in domesticity the chosen companions of man.

In fact all the variability among domesticated species is due to the fostering care, or, in its more extravagant freaks, to the fancies of man, and it has never been observed in the wild species, where, on the contrary, everything shows the closest adherence to the distinct, well-defined, and invariable limits of the species. It surely does not follow that because the Chinese can, under abnormal conditions, produce a variety of fantastic shapes in the Golden Carp, therefore water, or the physical conditions established in the water, can create a fish, any more than it follows, that, because they can dwarf a tree, or alter its aspect by stunting its growth in one direction and forcing it in another, therefore the earth, or the physical conditions connected with their growth, can create a pine, an oak, a birch, or a maple.

Nature holds inviolable the stamp that God has set upon his creatures; and if man is able to influence their organization in some slight degree, it is because the Creator has given to his relations with the animals he has intended for his companions the same plasticity which he has allowed to every other order of his life. In virtue of which he may in some sort mould and shape it to his own ends, and be held responsible also for its results.

The common sense of a civilized community has already pointed out the true distinction in applying another word to the discrimination of the different kinds of domesticated animals. They are called breeds, and breeds among animals are the work of man;—species were created by God.

HINTS TO YOUNG FARMERS

It is a very easy and simple affair to keep a cash book, and yet how few farmers do it. Any person who can write can keep a book of this description, and many advantages accrue from it. On one page of your cash book set down every thing sold, and the sum received for it. On the other side put down all your outgoings or expenditures; and when it is begun, if the amount of cash on hand is put at the top of the column of receipts, at any time by adding up the two pages and taking the difference of them, will show [illegible] hand; and if there is any disagreement, there must be some error of entry, or there must be "a hole in the purse." A book of this kind accurately kept would show at the end of the year, or at any other time, the amount of wheat, corn, potatoes, butter, poultry, eggs, or any other article sold, and the sum received for them. It would do more—it would show all your outlaying for stock, seed, implements or husbandry, repairs, clothing, tea, coffee, sugar, salt, &c., &c., and also for wages, and would present a very curious and interesting document [illegible] the end of twelve months, and if there should be found to be "a hole in the purse," it would indicate the spot where repairs were most necessary. A farmer keeping a book of entry of this description would be [illegible] as a captain of a ship does when on the ocean, and he would be less likely to run on the shoals, or get among the breakers. As it is not very usual among farmers to take receipts when money is paid on ordinary occasions, and not in very large sums, and as the memories of many people are very frail, such a book of entries as has been referred to would be of essential service as a record of payment where no other evidence of it existed, and might prevent litigation and trouble [illegible] of the parties.

On the death of the head of a family who has kept no regular records of his receipts and payments, much difficulty, and sometimes heavy losses, have occurred, besides a good deal of trouble and anxiety to those who were obliged to grope in darkness settling the estate. It is well known that very many intelligent, worthy farmers, are careful to preserve an accurate statement [illegible] in proper form, and such rarely find "a hole in the purse." But there are many others who would at once plead guilty, or, if they did not, could readily be convicted on responsible testimony of totally neglecting to keep an intelligent series of entries in a book, of their outgoings and incomings, and these are the persons who often complain of "a hole in the purse," and yet they are not careful to have it repaired in due season.

WALKING.

Of all forms of exercise, walking is the most useful, as it brings into play the greatest number of muscles, without unnatural strain upon any. It also leaves free scope to the external senses, while allowing of simultaneous occupation of the mind. Another advantage is, that it admits of complete regulation, both in degree and duration, according to the strength, time, or wishes of each individual. Those who have weak lungs, or heart, must be satisfied with gentle walking, and [illegible] vital activity, it is often advisable to keep the mind free from severe or sustained thought when walking. Hence the advantage of a companion with whom cheerful conversation can be kept up, or observing surrounding objects, whether in town or country, so as to divert the mind from study and care. The pursuits of natural history are good in this way, and hence, also, the chief hygienic of shooting and field sports, excitement and diversion of mind accompanying the actual exercise. Those who are engaged in business, [illegible] at a distance from their place of residence, ought to walk at least part of the way, both in the morning [illegible] to walk more than they generally do. The time is [illegible] well [illegible] ye be received to [illegible] brain will do at much work in one hour, when there is a fine glow of pure oxygenated blood, as in double time, when the nervous system is exhausted, and the veins congested with dark blood. Artificial stimulants may quicken thought for a time, but their effect diminishing by habit, the [illegible] has to be increased, and more is done to the system.

Family Circle.

SUBDUE YOUR CHILD'S WILL.

How seldom do we see a person whose will was not restrained in childhood, becoming a Christian! "A child left to himself" not only "bringeth his mother to shame," but almost surely brings ruin upon himself. The parent who neglects, with love and firmness, to subdue his child, in the language of the wise man, "hateth his own soul; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes."

The son of pious, but [illegible] parents left home and ran into evil courses. His father and mother were almost heart broken, but wrote continually letters overflowing with affection and earnest entreaties to leave his sinful ways.

A friend was in his room when one of these home-letters came. He read it seriously, and evidently with a troubled conscience, then sat a few moments lost in thought; when, suddenly rising, he dashed the letter in the fire, exclaiming, "There, let them warn, write letters, pray and whine; it is of no use. A good whipping ten years ago, would have done more to save me."

Submission to parental authority is a preparative for submission to God's will, while continual self-indulgence fosters the evil passions of the heart, and strengthens its natural enmity to God.

The mother [illegible] a little girl who was always delicate, and subject to fits on any excitement, was told by physicians to keep her as quiet as possible and never let her be crossed. But, instead of producing the desired effect, this course made her peevish, irritable and stubborn. After making it a subject of earnest prayer, the mother decided to govern her as she did the other children. Taking the little one upon her knee, she told her of the error of the course she had pursued, and that henceforth she must obey, or be punished.

Presently some duty was required, but the child paid no heed to it. Punishment followed, but still the little will held out. It was repeated, with no better success. Again was the trial made, the mother's heart crying to God for strength and guidance. At last the little offender was completely subdued, and became a most obedient, loving child. Once at midnight she waked her mother with the entreaty, "O, mother, pray for me, I am such a great sinner!" It was not long before she gave good evidence that she was "born again." That mother lived to hear her say, with pallid lips, "I thank you, mamma, for punishing me that day. If you had not, I would have died in my sins and gone to hell; but now I feel that my sins are forgiven, and I am going to Jesus."

Parent! will you not heed the lesson? But never punish a child when you cannot pray at the same time for God to bless the chastisement. A punishment given in anger, will do more harm than good.

American Messenger

WHIP ME, BUT DON'T CRY.

A pious father had devoted great attention to the education of his son, who had maintained an unblemished reputation until the age of fourteen, when he was detected in a deliberate falsehood.

The father's grief was great, and he determined to punish the offender severely. He made the subject one of prayer, for it was too important in his esteem to be passed over as a common occurrence of the day. He then called his son, and prepared to inflict the punishment. But the fountain of the father's heart was broken up. He wept aloud. For a moment the lad seemed confused. He saw the struggle between love and justice in his parent's bosom, and broke out with all his usual ingenuousness, "Father, father, whip me as much as you please, but don't cry."

The point was gained. The father saw that the lad's character was sensibly affected by this incident. He grew up, and became one of the most distinguished Christian ministers in America.

ONE OF GOD'S BIRDIES.

You would love little May Warren, if you knew her, I am sure. She is such a sweet little thing, that I believe I speak the truth in saying that everybody loves her who has had the pleasure of looking into her bright face.

"Please, mother, let me go to school with cousin Willie this morning," said she, one day, running into the room where her mother sat with her baby brother; "please do, mother, I will be real good."

"Let you go to school, dear!" answered her mother, kissing the rosy lips held up to her; "and where is Willie?"

"Here, auntie," said he, coming in at the open door, with [illegible] black eyes sparkling with mischief, as usual, and his cheeks glowing like the roses that peeped in at the open window.

"Yes, little May may go to school this morning, if she will be very good, and mind Willie, and promise to take care of her."

"Oh! you are so good," said May, throwing her arms around her mother's neck, and giving a half-dozen kisses; then she danced off for her sun bonnet, and soon she and Willie were racing down the broad gravelled path to the gate.

It was a [illegible] morning. The dew drops sparkled on the grass and trees by the roadside, and the dandelions and buttercups in the meadow looked up to the blue sky with a bright smile on their [illegible] while the birds were doing their best to put their happiness to music.

Just as the children came to the bridge over the little brook that went dancing merrily along in the golden sunlight, Willie's bright eyes caught a glimpse of a robin, hopping along by the road side with a bit of dried grass in his bill—probably building-material for his nest.

"Keep still, May," whispered Willie, quickly. "Don't say a word," and he stopped to pick up a stone that lay at his feet. But May caught hold of his arm just as he raised it to throw.

"Don't, Willie!" she cried; "it's one of God's birdies. Don't hurt it, please."

Willie stopped, and looked at her a moment in astonishment, and said:—

"What a queer girl you are, May! Well, I won't hit him now, just to please you; and I couldn't any way, for see! he has flown away," and the children hurried on to school.

A day or two after, Willie was going on an errand for his mother, when he saw a little kitten running along the road, and his first thought was to look for a stone to throw; but his next one was:—

"I suppose May would say that was one of God's kitties. What a funny girl she is!" and the kitten was not hurt that time.

Willie is a big boy now, but when he is tempted to hurt any innocent animal, he always thinks of little May's words, "one of God's creatures," and they are never harmed by him.—*Child at Home.*

WHO CAN DELINEATE A GENTLEMAN?

Shakespeare is able to delineate a gentleman—one, that is, who, while nobly and profoundly a man, is so delicately individualized, that the impression of him, however vigorous and commanding, cannot be harsh: Shakespeare is equal to this task, but even so very able a painter as Fielding is not. His Squire Western and Parson Adams are exquisite, his Allworthy [illegible] tan Colonel Esmond of Thackeray is not to be [illegible] in the rough, sparkle better than

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Save the pieces of that expensive Cut Glass Bottle.
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IT IS FIRE AND WATER PROOF.
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This article has been thoroughly tested in New York City and all parts of the United States, in all kinds of climates, and [illegible] and found to be the most durable article in use. It is [illegible] Rain, Snow, Sleet, Gales, and Lake Storms. Railroad companies, [illegible] Agents, &c., in the principal Seaports, Arsenals, and others, during the past four years, and has [illegible] HEAT AND COLD [illegible] in every respect. A PERFECT WATER, WEATHER and TIME PROOF covering for ROOFS OF ALL KINDS.
This is the ONLY [illegible] in the United States which combines the [illegible] properties of [illegible] and durability, which are universally acknowledged to be possessed by GUTTA PERCHA AND INDIA RUBBER.
No Heat is Required in Making Application.
The expense of applying it is trifling, as an ordinary Roof can be covered and finished *the same day.*
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GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT.
For Coating Metals of all Kinds when exposed to the Action of the Weather, and
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This is the only Cement [illegible] which will [illegible] and endures changes of all climates, for any length of time, when applied as [illegible], to which it adheres firmly, forming a body equal in thickness to [illegible] of ordinary paint, costs much less, and will LAST THREE TIMES AS LONG, and from its elasticity is not injured by the contraction and expansion of TIN and other METAL ROOFS, consequent upon sudden changes of the weather.
It will not CRACK IN COLD OR RUN IN WARM WEATHER, AND WILL NOT WASH OFF.
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CASH PRICE $45 PER TON [illegible] ($1.15 PER POUND)
In the preparation of this Valuable Manure, PURE ANIMAL BONE IN THEIR RAW STATE ONLY. They have never been bolted or [illegible]. They are taken, as nature has made them, crushed with powerful machinery, and subjected to a process, by which, while all the virtue of the bone is retained, a Fertilizer is produced, [illegible] in a [illegible] and [illegible] form, the two indispensable ingredients for the growth of Plants and enriching the soil, viz: phosphoric acid and ammonia. These two ingredients, by the use of "BAUGH'S RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE," are given to the soil in all their *original strength and purity.* They cannot act at once with the [illegible] of [illegible] but [illegible] gradually, [illegible] and [illegible] so that its presence can be traced for years afterwards.
Downingtown, Chester County, Pa., April 6th, 1860.
Messrs. Baugh & Sons: Gentlemen,—I have been using your article of Super Phosphate on wheat and corn for several seasons, and am well satisfied of its value as an active and "paying" fertilizer. I have applied it on wheat at the rate of 300 pounds per acre, alongside of a heavy coat of barn-yard manure, kept dry and under cover, and the result was, that by harvest the wheat where the Phosphate was put, was ready for better handled and heavier, while the grass was taken more strongly than on the other portion of the field. I have also used the Phosphate by the side of Peruvian Guano, each to the same quantity, and in regard to both grain and grass, the latter is [illegible] manure. I [illegible] by my own, my experience in its use has been the [illegible] money laid out.
Yours respectfully, ISAAC T. LEWIS.
Western Branch, Delaware Co., Pa., July 23d, 1860.
Messrs. Baugh & Sons:—Being anxious last season to test some prepared manures offered for sale, I was induced by your agent to [illegible] your [illegible] Super Phosphate, and used them on three acres of [illegible] side, in the same field. I purchased Peruvian Guano and Super [illegible] New Bone Super Phosphate, and used them on three acres of [illegible] Peruvian Guano, as well as the gathering of the crop, the last resulted well [illegible] in favor of the latter.
But whether it is from the seeds and sets in preparing, or in the [illegible] [illegible] I cheerfully award you the result of my trials, thinking that others may be induced to make similar experiments, and in my opinion, greatly to the pecuniary and national interests of the whole country.
Yours, &c., JAMES DUNWOODY.
Plymouth Meeting, Pa., August [illegible]
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Poetry.

INDEPENDENCE BELL.

BY REV H SHERIDAN.

Thou cherished relic of the time
That nerved our fathers' hearts and hands,
To execute the deeds sublime
Whose fame has rung through distant lands,
Though we, the children, never may
Thy tones, now long suspended, hear,
As on our Freedom's *natal* day
They chim'd like music on the ear;
We yet with double interest turn
Thy form to honor and admire,
As freedom now is onward borne
To be *baptized* with blood and fire,
To take a higher, purer stand
Before the face of every land.

Philadelphia, April 5, 1862

IN MEMORIAM.

Another little form asleep,
And a little spirit gone;
Another little voice is hushed,
And a little angel born.
Two little feet have gone the way
To the home beyond the skies,
And our hearts are like the void that comes
When a strain of music dies.

A pair of little baby shoes,
And a look of golden hair;
The toy our little darling loved,
And the dress she used to wear;
The little grave in the shady nook
Where the flowers love to grow
And those are all of the little hope
That came three years ago.

The birds sit on the branch above,
And sing a requiem
To the beautiful little sleeping form
That used to sing to them.
But never again will the little lips
To their songs of love reply;
For that silvery voice is blended with
The minstrelsy on high.

Selections.

MOB LAW.

The papers which think that Mr. Wendell Phillips was served right when he was mobbed in Cincinnati are the same papers that thought the speech of Mr Yancey at the Cooper Institute, just before the election of 1860, a very eloquent oration, and profoundly worth public attention. In that speech Mr. Yancey told us that slavery was a grand thing, and if we undertook to censure it by electing Mr. Lincoln slavery could not think of submitting to such an indignity, and must necessarily break up the Union. There was no report of rotten eggs or rioting upon the occasion. It was simply a part of the effort to carry the election under threat of revolution.

When treason was struggling to make good what Mr. Yancey had said, Mr. Phillips declared in Cincinnatti that he was an abolitionist and a Union man (the telegraph said *disunionist*, but that was the very thing Mr. Phillips repudiated)—and he was mobbed for saying so. "Served him right," cry the papers that had so tender a heart and quick an ear for Mr Yancey.

Now let us have a fair understanding of this matter. Mr. Yancey was an open disunionist, so was Mr. Phillips. Mr. Yancey was for disunion because the dominance of slavery in the Government was threatened. Mr. Phillips because he thought the Government hopelessly committed to the protection of slavery. One thought that the Government was going to be just, therefore he was its enemy. The other thought that it was unjust, therefore he opposed it.

The mob in Cincinnati was an effort to solace treason. It was engineered doubtless by men who would betray that city to Jeff Davis to-morrow if they could. It is applauded by men who applauded Yancey—by men so utterly lost to manhood that a man who would destroy this Government for the sake of slavery is a more tolerable character than he who would have destroyed it for the sake of liberty. And the men and papers that commend this riot and anarchy, during which the foundations of society are imperilled, are the newspapers and the politicians who claim to be especially *conservative* and *law-and-order-loving* citizens! To save and favor slavery, which is the direct and personal enemy of every laboring man in the country, they applaud anarchy. They are as blind as they are vicious.

Harper's Weekly.

WASHINGTON'S VIEWS ON SLAVERY

Washington, while faithful still in his duties to his God, was not unconcerned in regard to the welfare of his country. Especially be manifested his true patriotism, as well as his unrestricted philanthropy, by his solicitude for that unhappy class whose wrongs and woes a retributive Providence sooner or later must avenge, if not redressed. At this crisis in our country's life, it is gratifying indeed to find that Washington was no friend to slavery. He thus expresses himself on this subject in a letter to Lafayette, who, inspired with the true principles of liberty, had made arrangements to emancipate the slaves on an estate in one of the French colonies: "The benevolence of your heart," he says, "my dear Marquis, is so conspicuous on all occasions, that I never wonder at fresh proofs of it; but your late purchase of an estate in the colony of Cayenne, with a view of emancipating the slaves, is a generous and noble proof of your humanity. Would to God a like spirit might diffuse itself generally in the minds of the people of this country." At another time he says to Robert Morris: "I hope it will not be conceived that it is my wish to hold the unhappy people who are the subject of this letter, in slavery. I can only say there is not a man living who wishes more sincerely than I do, to see a plan adopted for the abolition of it." In a letter to General Mercer, he says: "It is among my first wishes to see a plan adopted by which slavery in this country may be abolished by law." In his will he provides for the emancipation of all the slaves whom he held in his own right.

Hon Theo Frelinghuysen, President of Rutgers College New Brunswick, N. J., and one of the most honorable men of the country, died at his residence in Newark, N. J., in the 76th year of his age.

From the Christian Intelligencer.

SKETCHES FROM WASHINGTON

What now? How do things look from this political stand point? I was in Maryland, New Jersey on the Atlantic, to Oregon and California on the Pacific, and within all that mighty belt of free states and territories, there is not a spot where the rebels have dared to advance an army, or unfurl a flag. And yet their boast was, that the battle-fields should not be on their own "sacred soil," but among the homes of the cowards of the North. Vain boasters! The war has lasted a year, and their feet have not touched our limits, except to enter our prisons! Again,—I look upon the border states, from Delaware to Missouri. They belonged to the South, and no power on earth could prevent their secession. But, lo! Delaware, Maryland, Western Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri, are virtually free, and destined to remain so forever! Eastern Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee, are fast coming into the same position. And again,—when I look at the cotton states, full of the finest soldiers in the world, who were to chase the Yankees and Hessians as the hurricane chases the flying leaves of the stricken frost bitten! Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, South Carolina, and Georgia, are trembling within their circle of fire, setting the torches to their dwellings, warehouses, and bridges, and so, like the Indians on the flaming prairies, fighting fire with fire. Alas for them! No pleasure have I in their sorrows, any more than in those which they have so wickedly brought upon us. But, so it is—they have sowed the wind, and are now, with a vengeance, reaping the whirlwind. O who could have anticipated such a conspiracy of iniquity, with such consequences of woe!

Meantime, here in Washington, the hoof of Providence stamps on the head of the serpent—the serpent in our political Eden,—the accursed corrupter of those who once bore the image of God, but seem now to have lost it, almost utterly, if not forever. No wonder, the head being thus trampled under foot, that the loosened and squirming coils of the monster, writhing through all the South, manifest so strongly the spreading pangs of death. All hail the day of emancipation here! All hail the day of prospective emancipation everywhere! Aha! thou rattle-snake, slavery! and art thou at last humbled in the dust? Would thou couldst suffer as thy victims, both white and black, have suffered!

Yet, after all, and always, I cannot give much credit to human agency in this matter. I cannot but think that men have sadly mismanaged the whole slavery agitation. How the abolitionists denounced the colonizationists, more bitterly than they did the slave-holders themselves, and more to their faces, as being among them. And how, in like manner, the colonizationists opposed the abolitionists. And now, what is the Providential solution? *Emancipation and colonization both!* Not *compulsory* colonization, Senator DOOLITTLE says. Very well; that is right. And I might say, in Hebrew style, not *compulsory* emancipation either. Are there not *some* slaves who would *prefer* to remain as they are, in good hands, with kind masters, and in their native land? Why not lead such to the door-posts and bore their ears? And then again, may it not be said, no compulsory *exclusion* of them from *any State*? Is not such exclusion cruel? Besides, is it not needless? Providence will rightly determine this, as every thing else. As I regard the whole development, "It is the Lord's doing;" and in view of its suddenness and majesty, may well be "marvellous in our eyes." Every day I am more and more prompted to exclaim, in hearing of the President and his Cabinet, and of Congress, and of the army and navy—FOLLOW IN SILENCE! Don't try to forestall Providence. Our trust now is, that after all human mismanagement, infinite Wisdom is about to vindicate its own honor in the best possible settlement of the case. O, for grace to be docile and obedient!

Yesterday, and I suppose to-day also, the detention of General STONE, without charge or trial, was before the Senate, on a motion of inquiry by Mr. MCDOUGALL, of California. Mr. WADE, of Ohio, replied to Mr. MCDOUGALL quite sharply; and it would seem that we must still exercise confidence in the simple assurance, that the authorities have acted on sufficient evidence. Certainly, let who may be responsible for it, the Ball's Bluff sacrifice was one of the greatest blunders of the war—if not gross treason. My own mind has rested on these three faults: 1. Shelling the woods on the Virginia shore, from the Maryland shore, *Sabbath afternoon*, as if to give the enemy a signal for preparation. It will be remembered no reply was made. 2. The want of transports. 3. The failure to furnish reinforcements.

By the way, do you not see how the *Sabbath* is still providentially vindicated? The march for Big Bethel, if I mistake not, started on *Sabbath* night. Ball's Run, Ball's Bluff, Somerset, Winchester, and Pittsburgh Landing, have all shown the same result of *Sabbath* unrest. It is a serious vindication; but the *Sabbath* is of sufficient importance to justify even more impressive judgments. Strange, that men cannot see its utility, beauty, and glory—its universal and perpetual adaptation to the whole work of redemption; and the absolute indispensableness of maintaining its divine authority and sanctity!

FREEDOM—ALL HAIL!

All hail the sixteenth day of April, 1862!—the first day of freedom in the District of Columbia, in the Capital of our Republic! All hail, with thanksgiving to God, and gratulations to mankind! All hail, with special gratulations to those who now stand up, "redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled!"

"Thus shines the morning star!"

Sunrise is not far behind. If, taking "the wings of the morning," you can poise yourself in the shadowy rim of the horizon, and look over and downward a little, you will start back, dazzled by the near approach of the greater glory. O, thou King of glory! soon must all be day every soul! Amen. So be it, a thousand times over! Let the angels of history and prophecy sit down side by side, and each make her record. HISTORY, thus:—"April 16th, 1862. President LINCOLN announced to Congress that he had signed the bill for the immediate emancipation of slaves in the District of Columbia. Blessed be the name of the Lord forever!" PROPHECY, thus:—"——, 18——. President —— will announce to Congress, that, by co-operation of each of the Slave States with the United States Government in whole, the great and glorious work of emancipation has been consummated, and the entire territory of the Union made free forever. 'For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

Great is my daily rejoicing in the assurance that God has had his eyes on the dark and grievous iniquities of the slave conspiracy, and that He has suffered them to reach their present development only that, by overruling evil with good, He may accomplish deliverance for the slaves, and a just retribution to the traitors and rebels who have plotted so much wrong and promised so much suffering. Whatever credit may be due to good, wise, and brave men, as the instruments of Providence in this magnificent achievement, I am not at all disposed to withhold; but still my heart, and mind, and hands, and voice all tend heavenward with the preliminary acknowledgment,—forecasting yet greater things:—"Alleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

Every advance, even though *political*, in the work of redemption, is cheering. Surely the time will come when the hopes of the ages will be realized in *complete* redemption; physical, mental, moral, political, and religious; in a word, all kinds of redemption.

"Come then, and added to Thy many crowns,
Receive one more,—the [illegible] of all the earth,
Thine own immortal wreath."

Christian's Pen.

GOD'S GOODNESS.

We see this everywhere. It shines all around us. We must shut our eyes or behold it. Sometimes men think they see in nature's laws evidences of tyranny, instead of goodness. But this arises from ignorance. We would notice, at present, one provision for managing the affairs of this world, which exhibits goodness in a very striking manner. It is seen in one of the very common things of life.

It is a law of heat that it *expands* all bodies with which it comes in contact. They consequently occupy a greater amount of space. Cold or a decrease of heat causes bodies to *contract*, and consequently occupy a less amount of space. There is just as much exactness to the law, and that exactness exhibits God's goodness as clearly that we would be left without a doubt was there no other evidence of that goodness.

Water freezes at a certain temperature, and becomes ice. That temperature is 32°. Now, water exhibits the same law as other bodies, viz., heat expands it and cold contracts it, except at a certain degree of temperature, when the law is reversed. And it is in the reversing of a natural law that we see God's goodness.

Take a stream of water at a temperature of 60 degrees. Apply cold to the top of it, and it will be contracted just like any other body. Being contracted, the same amount of it will occupy a less space. Hence, its specific gravity is increased, that is, it becomes heavier. And, as the particles of water move freely among each other, as a natural consequence, that part on the top, becoming the heaviest, will sink to the bottom, and the warmer, and consequently lighter portion, will arise to the top. Thus, the whole mass is cooled down. Now, if the law of heat and cold should hold true with reference to water as it does with reference to all other bodies, so far as known to men, the result would be, that the colder, and consequently heavier portion would continue to sink to the bottom, and the warmer would rise to the top, until the whole mass of water in the stream would be cooled down to the freezing point. The result would be, the whole would at once be converted into ice. But we find, that in fact, this is not the case. Ice, we know, forms on the top of the stream, and never to a very great thickness. How account for this? By remembering the simple fact, that this universal law of heat, is, by the *goodness* of God, reversed in the case of water, at a certain temperature.

We have supposed the temperature of the water to be 60 degrees. Now, as it cools down from that point, the cooler portion continues to contract, become heavier, and sink to the bottom, until it reaches a temperature of 40 degrees. But as it cools down from 40 to 32 degrees, (the latter being the freezing point,) the law of expansion and contraction, which holds good in all other cases, is reversed. Between 40 and 32 degrees, an increase of cold, instead of contracting water, expands it. Hence, it does not become heavier, as before, and sink to the bottom but lighter, and remains upon the top. The coldest portion of the water now being the lightest, and remaining upon the top, soon forms into ice, on the top of the stream, while the lower portion is not frozen. Ice being a very poor conductor of heat, the water below it, cools very slowly, and freezes but little. Hence, the ice does not, even during the continued cold of a severe winter, become very thick.

Now, see God's *goodness* in this arrangement. If it was not for his reversing this law, universal in all other cases, all our rivers and lakes would, as soon as the cold should become sufficiently intense to freeze water, become great masses of ice. As a natural consequence, all life in them would become extinct. The heat of the longest summer would do nothing more than melt these great masses a little on the top. See what loss; see what suffering must happen to men as the consequence. And then, see the goodness of God, in preventing it. Well may man exclaim; "The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord."

M. M

FREEDOM IN THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

A burning shame has been at length removed by law. The slave-master, slave-breeder, and slave-dealer are henceforth outlaws in the city of Washington. The act entitled, "An act for the release of certain persons held to service in the District of Columbia," has been signed by the President, and is consequently now a law. Thus, a great reproach has been finally wiped away. The nation will now breathe a little more freely. It can hold up its head in the presence of the civilized world, as it could not heretofore, while the old burden rested upon the national shoulders.

It seems strange that this deed, so becoming a great nation, was not performed long ago. Perhaps every statesman, like Mr. Lincoln, has never doubted the constitutional authority of Congress, to abolish slavery in the District, and certainly every lover of liberty desired, like the President, to see the National Capital freed from the institution in some satisfactory way. Why, then, was it not accomplished long ago? Simply because the spirit that at last broke out into open rebellion was the controlling power in the Capital. But when its "vaulting ambition o'erleaped itself," when, the better to secure the institution, rebellion was inaugurated, the oligarchy undesignedly gave slavery its death-blow. There is no reason whatever to suppose that slavery would have been abolished in Washington to-day, if the rebellious states had submitted quietly to lawful authority. The old financial, political, and social or "salaam" props would have been as pillars of iron to the institution. Now, however, these are chiefly taken away, and the love of freedom begins to appear.

There is another reason for the change. War, while it engenders many of the worst feelings, calls out also much that is praiseworthy. It makes men earnest, and forces them to fall back on the first principles of justice and freedom. All, even the most careless, feel that when the hosts are going forth to the battle, it is a time to put away sin. It is when men are in the fire, that their souls conceive and execute great deeds. Our revolutionary history illustrates this. When Jefferson poured "the soul of a continent" into the Declaration of Independence, he was the spokesman of men who had made their appeal to the bar of God, and felt that their only hope was in the righteousness of their cause. So now, the nation feels, as one expressed it in Congress, that it is always wise to be just.

Every Christian, every patriot ought to be thankful for the passage of this act of emancipation. It is a great moral victory—worth more than a dozen bloody triumphs on the field. It does not take away the stigma of the past, but it does gild the future with hope. It denationalizes slavery, takes away much of its prestige, and makes the capital worthy of the twenty millions of free men, who revere it as the centre of their national life.

Rev. Dr. K. WARNER, an able Missionary [illegible] in India, arrived with his family, in New York, on the 4th inst., having been compelled by the long illness of his wife to leave his field of labor.

DO YOU PRAY IN THE MORNING?

As you leave your bed in your very first act to kneel by your humble, and give your heavenly Father thanks for your protection during the night? Surely hours of sound sleep, the health enabling you to rise, the protection of your family from sickness and of your property from fire, with numberless other things we cannot mention, are things for which to be thankful. They are certainly worth thanking God for, if they are worth anything at all. When some of your household have been very sick, you have been but too thankful to obtain their recovery by nights of weary watching and by expensive fees of physicians. Is it worth less to have them and yourself kept entirely from sickness? For keeping you from pain and calamity, all that God asks of you is thankfulness and prayer—thankfulness for what He has done, prayer that the same divine good will be continued. If you were raised from the dead, you would think it but a small return to thank God for such a mercy. But your rising from sleep every morning is an act of less kindness on the part of God, and less importance to yourself only because it is so common and familiar. It is no less deserving of gratitude. And there is pleasure in expressing our thankfulness—no pleasure more delightful to the right kind of heart. It keeps open the springs of noble feelings and gives a high and generous tone to all the other affections.

At once bracing everything is favorable for a suitable and profitable approach to God. The very great mercies just mentioned fit us to come to Him with a deep sense of our obligations and of our dependence on Him as the author of our spiritual no less than our natural being. The passions of the soul, like serpents yet sleeping in their lair, have not been roused; the affections like morning flowers, are open to drink in from the Spirit of holiness the dews of Hermon and the dews that descend on the mountains of Zion. The sun of business has not yet risen with its scorching heat to wither up the pious feelings, and make them hang like wilted flowers on their stems. The tide of worldliness is out, and you can now walk along the strand to gather those shells in which lie truths more priceless than pearls, and where He who was so often found at morning's dawn on the shore at the sea of Galilee, may still be found by those who seek Him early. Like Mary, go very early in the morning to the tomb of Jesus by prayer, and like Mary you will still meet there with angels. It was when the dew lay round about the camp that Israel found the manna; here under the morning's dawn may we find every blade of scripture truth rich with the hidden manna, and the Spirit's heavenly dews.

The scholar knows that the morning is the best time for study, then the mind is clearer and the powers more vigorous. The Christian knows that the morning is the best time for prayer; then the faculties are clearer and the affections more ready than to control them to their meditations. The thoughts are less wandering; the emotions are calm and less broken. In coming to Jesus at that hour, we can run without weariness, with faculties fresh from repose, and have not to make our way through a thronging crowd of worldly passions and disturbing agitations. All nature, too, the brightening dawn, the glorious sun, the quietness yet hardly broken by the awakening hum of business, all are in harmony with the spirit of devotion, and seem waiting as though to give us time to pay our worship before the agitation be allowed to have arisen. And how much does this communion with Jesus add to our enjoyment of all these surrounding blessings and beauties! Of our meeting with Jesus, the Beloved, in morning prayer, we may say—

"Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistering with dew, fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night
With this her solemn bird and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train:
But neither breath of morn when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistering with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering starlight, without Thee is sweet.
Jesus, my soul's Beloved, Lord of all."

All the beauties of nature, thus in unison with the spirit of devotion, are for drawing us to the throne of grace in thankfulness and prayer. And when we think of the dangers to which we must be exposed during the day, of the duties to be [illegible], of the temptations which no sagacity can foresee, against which no forethought can provide, and which no human strength unaided can resist; we [illegible] Lord at the mercy seat, to renew our strength and secure his guiding and guarding providence in our behalf. If as the day advances, you find yourself forgetting your Saviour and his love, becoming the prey of your irritable passions and the dupe of the tempter, neglecting pious duties and active only in the gain of ungodliness, ask yourself, Did I pray in secret this morning?

Pacific Expositor.

REVIEW OF THE PAST YEAR.

The year that has just closed has witnessed not only the commencement, the completed organization, the rapid and confident progress, the partial triumphs and incipient recognition abroad of the Southern rebellion; not only the trials of the National cause, the peril of a foreign war, the horrors of a prolonged period of seeming inaction, the loss of valuable lives, and in two or three instances of national prestige, but it has witnessed, too, the culmination, decline and inevitable swift approaches of the final overthrow of the Rebellion. For three months past, or during the entire period of renewed activity of the National forces, it has suffered—with the exception of the naval success of the *Merrimac*—an unbroken series of reverses [illegible] and overwhelming character. In strategy, it has been out-generalled, in forces it has been outnumbered. It has been driven from [illegible] it has been driven from [illegible] Kentucky, [illegible] Tennessee, [illegible] Missouri, [illegible] Arkansas have been captured, and its [illegible] have been thrown back,—[illegible] strength and lavish armaments, on the Potomac at Manassas Junction, at Forts Donelson and Henry, at Bowling Green, Columbus, and Island No. 10, has fallen into our hands. We cannot better represent to our readers the progress of our arms than by the following tabular view of the [illegible] tions which have taken place since the middle of January last:

Date.	Name.	Pieces of Artillery taken.
[illegible] 19.	Mill Spring,	[illegible]
[illegible]	Fort Henry,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
" 8.	Elizabeth City,	[illegible]
" 16	Fort Donelson,	65
March [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
" 1	New Madrid,	[illegible]
" 14.	Newbern,	60
" 25.	Winchester,	[illegible]
April 7.	Island No. 10,	[illegible]
" 7.	Eutonville,	150
" [illegible]	Pittsburgh Land'g	10

We have named only the scenes of [illegible] engagement and retreat before the advance of our forces [illegible] of the latter are of [illegible] ding Bowling Green, Columbus, with 40 cannon, Nashville, with 1600 sick and wounded rebel [illegible]diers, Winchester, Manassas [illegible] on the Potomac, with the small arms captured, of which 20,000 were reported taken at Fort Donelson alone.

These, then are the grand and sufficient reasons for the President's call for a Thanksgiving service on first Sabbath, in all the churches of our land. What a kind and gracious Providence is that which gives to the first year of the war of rebellion a close so suspicious to the cause of the Nation! which seems about to secure us against a second year of its awful ravages, and to settle our National existence on a stronger and better foundation than ever.

HOW A WOMAN'S PERSEVERANCE SECURED A FINE HOMESTEAD

The following is copied from a recent letter to the American Agriculturist, from one of its German subscribers in Tipton county, Ind., and is but an imperfect picture of what has occurred, and is still occurring, in many western localities:—"About twenty years ago a young couple came here, and built their house. Though the prairie was low, the purchase money nearly exhausted their means. They began with hard labor to build for themselves a future home here, and the wife, a rich, educated German girl, who never had a care, was at the side of her husband, and encouraged him to persevere. One day when they were trying to tell one of the big oak trees the man exhausted and discouraged, said: 'I think we had better give up, and try some other business, where we have not to work so hard.' The young wife looked up, and said: 'No, my husband, don't be discouraged. Only persevere a little longer, and I am sure we shall succeed.' Her husband was so easily discouraged. 'Oh, but away!' she said, 'we will conquer these trees by and by, and make a home here.' Now, in fact, they have a beautiful farm of 200 acres. They are well off as people say. At the county fair the woman received premiums for her fine apples and grapes. The daughter had good needlework there, and the father [illegible] horses and mules. He has a thousand bushels of corn in his crib. He reads the Agriculturist; and procures good books for his wife and children to study. The husband often relates the story to a circle of friends, and says that he would not have had this farm and independent homestead, but for the perseverance and encouragement of his wife on that day."

DISCEDE. MORATOR

The excavations at the buried cities of Pompeii, Herculaneum, Pæstum and Capua are bringing to light numerous [illegible], under the [illegible] of appropriation of money by the government from the Neapolitan treasury. At present Naples has the work under its exclusive care and control. At Pompeii now [illegible] have been discovered, and there is [illegible] on the wall of what was probably a workshop of some kind, as [illegible] "*Otiosis hic locus non est. Discede, Morator.*" This phrase is not for the lazy. Loosely translated, "This place is not for the lazy. Leave, delayer." The inscription is as good for industrious establishments [illegible] as in ancient times, as it was for those of ancient Pompeii. Its discovery is interesting from the fact that it shows that human nature was the same eighteen centuries ago in Italy as it now is in America; that there were lazy folks and loafers who would intrude into workshops, and waste the time or divert the attention of the workmen; and that it became necessary to put up inscriptions, giving a general warning to all such to "get!"

Evening Bulletin

SHAVING AND BEARDS

It is a great saving of time to allow the beard to grow. Shaving is really a daily nuisance. A modern writer thus enumerates not the loss of time only, but, also, the loss of *patience*. "Perhaps, there is no ill to which male flesh supposes itself to be heir to, which it does not submit with better grace than the daily nuisance of shaving. The [illegible] dullness of the razor, and the abnormal grit of the strop—the over heat, or over coldness of the water—the unfeasability of the soap—the sleight slip that draws claret that will drip, drip, with bloody perseverance, until court-plaster beautifies the chin—the impossibility of shaving without a glass, and the possibility of shaving very miserably with one—the demand upon valise room when packing for a journey,"—these and many such like annoyances, who does not remember, that has ever been enslaved to the razor despotism?

But we spoke of the *time* spent in shaving. Southey says, "the poet Campbell asserted that every man who shaves himself, (and we think it would take much longer if he had to wait in a barber's shop,) every day, from the time his beard begins to grow, to the age of three score and ten, gains by that operation as much time as [illegible] to learn seven languages." Southey then proceeds to verify the calculations, and from experiment of the time consumed in the act of shaving, he finds that there would [illegible] seven languages, but fourteen, and this so thoroughly that he could read, write, and speak them sufficiently well for all ordinary purposes. He goes still farther, and concludes that, considering the [illegible] with the labor of acquiring, and the knowledge of [illegible] languages, would give for acquiring another, any one of remarkable aptitude could learn all the languages in which there are books to be preserved. In all this, he allows but ten minutes a-day. The opinion of such a man as Southey is surely entitled to some consideration.—*Dr Campbell's Lectures on Homiletics.*

MARRIAGE

From the German of [illegible]

BY REV. A. W. [illegible]

The nature of marriage is as many-sided and various as that of man himself. Like him it has a natural, a moral, and a religious aspect, and these three aspects are necessary to the realization of its idea. The natural is subordinate to the spiritual, but is not extinguished and annihilated by it. As, in general, it is not the business of man to ignore nature, but rather to bring it into the service of an enlightened and sanctified spirit, [illegible] it in this particular relation. [illegible] the natural [illegible] and [illegible] on this account that the marriage relation has indeed one chief design, but as it has more aims than one, any definition which assigns to it no more is unsatisfactory. The several definitions given to it vary in correctness accordingly as they either approach or depart from its religious or moral signification. The diversity of opinion in regard to it is owing to the different degrees of moral culture to which men have been raised; and so intimate [illegible] moral worth of a man may with certainty be formed from the views he entertains concerning the marriage [illegible].

Marriage may by virtue of its institution, already [illegible] of the human race, not only a natural, but a moral relation. It is [illegible] fact, namely, that it has gradually been elevated from [illegible] rism to a state of moral dignity. As little as man has gradually worked himself up from a brute to a state of humanity, just so little can this have been the case with the most important of all human [illegible]. Marriage [illegible] afterwards defiled, yea, in its [illegible] to exhibited the deepest degradation of man. "But in the beginning it was not so," says Christ; and the [illegible] turned by the laws and customs of the most ancient nations. Not only among the ancient Germans was marriage regarded as a sacred and indissoluble tie, but the history of the Roman empire, during the first few centuries, does not furnish a single instance of adultery; and the original laws of the ancient Greeks were [illegible] and rigorous, as was the custom obtaining among the ancient Germans. Even down to the close of ancient history, when all else was threatened to be swallowed up in dissolution and ruin, Plutarch preserves in his "Precepts for the married," a remnant of genuine moral principles, compared with which even much that has been written by Christian theologians appears pale and worthless.

But the [illegible] contradictions in reference to the moral signification of the marriage relation, met with in the lives and views of the heathen world, are not to be regarded as the origins [illegible] but as a sinful [illegible] of which [illegible] under the [illegible] patriarchs and the Mosaic laws presenting [illegible] not to be regarded as primitive, but as a necessary preparatory step towards Christian marriage, but only as exceptions, and are to be accounted for on the ground of Divine [illegible] with a great degeneracy of men. For we are [illegible] not only by Christ, but even in the Old Testament [illegible] appointed by God, and [illegible] to their ways is acceptable to [illegible] Woman Abraham took Hagar as a second wife, and [illegible] Jacob had [illegible] wives, and [illegible] [illegible]

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, April 26, 1862.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

We call the special attention of our readers to our "District of Columbia Correspondence," in another column of the paper, which contains, among other items of interest, the two following: 1. *"President Lincoln and Bishop Payne's Interview."* This conference will doubtless be profitable to our people in the future. As wise and great men seek to improve such opportunities as may be presented for acquiring knowledge, the Chief of this great American Nation, having in his presence an ecclesiastical representative of the colored people of these United States, without doubt sought to make himself more thoroughly acquainted with the wants and capacities of that portion of his much despised but loyal subjects. And all who are acquainted with the mental ability of Bishop Payne and his zeal for his race, are satisfied that by this interview the President was favorably impressed.

2. This article or correspondence also informs us that a question relative to the call of a General Conference at an early date is under consideration in the Baltimore Conference. It must be conceded by all who are acquainted with the present state of the Church, that such a call is necessary; and as it requires the advice or consent of all the Annual Conference, per Discipline, it is hoped that all of our Conferences will follow the same example of the Baltimore Conference, and may our unhappy differences and discussions relative to the Episcopal question be brought to a close, and the peace and harmony of the Church preserved.

P. S.—We have in our possession an article from Bishop Nazrey, attempting to expose the fallacy of "Bishop Payne's Rejoinder." The brevity of our time did not allow us to get it in press for this number of the *Recorder*; it will appear in our next.

QUARTERLY MEETING.

For the fourth and last Quarterly Meeting in Bethel Church, Sixth Street, for this conference year. General class on Friday evening, the 25th instant, at half past 7 o'clock. Preaching on Saturday evening, the 26th instant, at 8 o'clock. Band Love Feast on Sabbath morning, the 27th instant, at half-past 5 o'clock.

Preaching on Sabbath morning, at 10 o'clock.
Preaching on Sabbath afternoon, at 3 o'clock
Preaching on Sabbath evening, at 7½ o'clock, by the Rev. A. L. Stanford, Minister of Little Wesley Church.

Love Feast on Monday evening, the 28th instant. Doors open at seven o'clock. Commence at eight o'clock.

J. WOODLIN,
Minister in Charge.

NOTICE.

There will be a Quarterly Meeting held on the last Sabbath of this month, April 27th, in the A. M. E. Woodbury Church, N. J. Love-feast to take place in the morning. Doors open at 8 o'clock; close at 9 o'clock.

REV. THOS. H COOPER,
Minister in charge.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Rev. Jas. Hollen, Lancaster, Pa., paid on account of Hymn books, per Rev. W. Nazrey, ... $2 50
Joanna Cooper, W. Philadelphia, per Rev.
R. Berry, for the *Recorder*, . 1 00
Rev. T. Strother, Terre Haute, Ind., on account, ... 1 00
Miss Mary J. Cole, for the *Recorder*, 1 00
Mr. W. H. Perkins, for the *Recorder*, 1 00
Miss S. E. Peters, for one year, per Rev.
J. P. Campbell, Trenton, N. J., . 2 00

WESTERN TOUR.

Stopping on the way—Arrival in the city of Zanesville, Ohio, (where the Conference is held,)—Opening of Conference.

We left home on the 10th inst., at half-past 11 o'clock, A. M., on the Pittsburgh and Philadelphia Railroad,—a Road distinguished of late, and the only one, too, under the Union Star Spangled Banner, that crowd all the colored people, who cannot pass for white, and all the drunken Irish, and others, into the front car, one-half of which is used for smokers, making no difference as to how well raised and refined a lady may be; she, also, even if she is travelling alone, must go in among them, and stand or sit, as the case may be. My sister-in-law informed me that, when on her way from Washington city, with two little children, at Harrisburgh, Pa., they would not let her get into any other car than the front one, and who, had she worn a veil, might have passed; she was the only female in the car. Shame! shame! on such treatment.

But we must speak of our visits. We stopped at Harrisburgh on the following night that we left home, with Rev. R. P. Gibbs, the minister, and had a meeting, per arrangement; at the close of our discourse, brother Gibbs had a collection taken up for the missionary cause, &c. We had some thirty papers, or more, and they all went off in a short time. We also disposed of several Hymn-books. There is a living people here, who deserve much credit. Their preacher is a gentleman and a Christian, and we hope he will be returned to them for another year. At 8 o'clock, the next morning, after having taken the cars, we arrived in Pittsburgh, where we found many of my wife's old friends glad to see me. Sabbath morning, April 13th, we preached twice, in Allen Chapel and Wiley Church. Monday, 2 o'clock, P. M., left Pittsburgh in company with Revs. Watts, Hartwell, Jackson, and Gross, and arrived in Zanesville, Ohio, the seat of the Conference, at 11 o'clock, P. M., and stopped with brother William Fielding. We found Rev. James Shorter, father Fielding, and Rev. J. Divine, waiting at the depot for us. We also found Rev. C. H. Graham, our room mate, at our stopping-place. Tuesday morning, April 15th,—fine morning. Conference met at 9 o'clock, A. M. Bishop Rev. W P Quinn in the chair. Conference was opened, by Rev. L. Gross, by reading the 14th chapter of Luke, and singing, by the use of the hymn on page 289,—"Try us, O God, and search the ground of every sinful heart,"—and by prayer. The members of Conference were called by Rev. W. Watts, after which, on motion of Rev. S. Davis, brother Watts was elected Secretary of the Conference. On motion of Rev. J. Shorter, it was resolved that the chairman appoint all the Standing Committees, unless otherwise ordered. On motion of Rev. J. W. Divine, the bounds of Conference were fixed three cents from the altar in front, straight across the house. Conference decided to sit with open doors. On motion, Conference resolved to meet at 9 A. M., and adjourn at 12 M.; and meet at 2 P. M., and adjourn at 5 P. M. The Bishop then gave some wholesome instruction to the brethren, on the importance of punctual attendance on all occasions. The Bishop then proceeded to the Disciplinary questions, page 62, New Discipline, on finance, &c. The hour of adjournment having arrived, Conference adjourned till 2 o'clock. Two o'clock, P. M., Conference met, per adjournment. Bishop Quinn in the chair. Conference proceeded to the financial reports of the brethren, &c. The brethren are still coming in, and all are looking finely. The Conference members in attendance, seems to be large We must say that we had the pleasure of shaking hands with many of our old friends. In relation to the financial affairs, the brethren seem to come up generally pretty well

In order to catch the mail, we will close by saying that the Rev. Levin Gross was appointed to preach the Conference sermon. Text,—Genesis, xxviii. 12: "And he dreamed, and behold, a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven," &c. We forgot to say we are to meet to-morrow morning, at 9 o'clock, A. M. We shall endeavor to keep our readers posted on the doings of the Conference. E. WEAVER, Editor.

Wednesday morning, April 16th, 1862.—Conference met 9 o'clock, P. M. Bishop Quinn in the chair. Conference was opened by Rev. Charles Peters, by reading the 5th chapter of Thessalonians, and the offering up prayer to the Almighty. The roll was called, Minutes read and approved with some correction. Rev. J. A. Warren and S. Shorter objected to the word editor being applied to the present Book Steward. E Weaver arose and stated that, as the agent of the A. M. E. Book Concern and papers, that he, at the proper time and place, was prepared to meet the issue, squarely and fairly, &c. Conference adjourned 2 o'clock, P. M. The Conference then proceeded to the unfinished business on finances, &c. The examination of the brethren was then entered into by the Bishop, and all were found to stand fair except a few, which were disposed of per Discipline. Two o'clock, P. M. Conference met per adjournment, Bishop Quinn in the chair. Conference proceeded to the unfinished business. Bishop Quinn, by resolution of Conference, arose and reprimanded some of the brethren who were complained of. The hour of adjournment having arrived, the Rev. G. H. Graham was appointed to preach. Conference adjourned by singing and benediction.

Thursday morning, April 17th, 1862.—Conference met per adjournment. Bp Quinn in the chair. Conference was opened by Rev. S. T. Jones, by reading, singing, and addressing the throne of grace. The roll was called—Minutes read and approved. Rev. J. Shorter arose and read the approval by the President, of the Emancipation Bill in the District of Columbia, from the Ohio State *Journal*; when, on motion of Rev. J. A. Warren, a Committee of three were appointed to draw up a resolution expressive of the Conference. The Bishop then proceeded to the filling out of the Committees by motion. The Committee on letters and petitions report the hour of adjournment. Conference adjourned to meet at 2 o'clock, P. M. Conference met per adjournment. Conference, through Rev. James Shorter, moved that the CHRISTIAN RECORDER by me was fraught with much, &c., &c. Conference adjourned.

Friday morning, April the 18th, 1862.—Conference met per adjournment. Bp. Quinn in the chair. Conference was opened by singing and prayer. Minutes read; and, when on motion to approve, objections were made on the ground that the resolution offered by Brother I. Shorter in relation to the CHRISTIAN RECORDER, which was not strictly true. The Minutes were adopted with the understanding, tha a motion would be made for a re-consideration of the whole matter. Conference proceeded to hear and receive petitions for admission into the Conference Conference adjourned to meet at 2 o'clock, P. M. Conference met per adjournment. Bishop Quinn in the chair; and proceeded to the Disciplinary Questions. The 16th question was asked, &c. Conference adjourned to meet Saturday morning at 9 o'clock, A. M.

Saturday morning, April the 19th, 1862—Conference met. Bishop Quinn in the chair. Conference was opened by reading and prayer. Minutes read and approved. Conference proceeded to unfinished business, and to hear committee's report, &c. Conference adjourned to meet at 2 o'clock, P. M. Conference met, per adjournment. Bishop Quinn in the chair. Conference proceeded to the despatch of business A resolution was offered by Rev. James Shorter, that no man shall become a member of the itinerant after he is forty years old: the motion did not prevail. Conference adjourned to meet Monday morning, 9 o'clock, A. M.

Sabbath day preaching.—We preached at half-past 10 o'clock—at 3 o'clock by Rev. John A. Warren—and at 7½ o'clock by Rev. William Watts. Monday morning, 9 o'clock, A. M. Bishop Quinn in the chair. Minutes read and approved—some of the Committees reported. After which the General Book Steward and Editor made his report. The report was received; when, on motion of Rev. John Peck, That whereas resolutions were offered by Rev. James Shorter, blaming the General Book Steward for having assumed a position as Editor in violation of the law of the General Conference be rescinded, as it was not true. Carried,—14 for it, 8 against. After that another resolution was offered, that the General Conference did not intend to blend the two together. The vote stood—13, that the General Conference did not intend to, and 11 voted that the law governing the case put the two offices into one. The written Statute Law on page 215, chapter conclusive, which blends these two offices into one, which is as plain as two and two make four. Conference adjourned to meet at 2 o'clock, P. M. Two o'clock, P. M. Conference met, per adjournment. Bishop Quinn in the chair. Bishop A. R. Green was acknowledged by the Ohio Conference to be the Bishop of the British Methodist Episcopal Church, and took his seat upon the platform. The Conference proceed to the unfinished business. Conference elected Rev. James Shorter and John Tibb to meet in counsel with the Bishops in Philadelphia. Conference adjourned to meet on Tuesday morning, April the 22d. Conference met—Bishop Quinn in the chair.—Conference was opened by singing and prayer—roll was called—minutes read and approved. Conference proceeded to the unfinished business, &c. The case of Rev. James A. Reese, for some act of immorality came up; by a motion he was expelled from all official standing, until he meet a Committee, who shall have power to restore or expel him, &c. Conference adjourned to meet at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Two o'clock, P. M.—Conference met, per adjournment. Some several brethren joined Conference,—took in several in the itinerant service, and also Conference membership. Rev. John Tibb, preached the ordination sermon from Exodus xiv. 13. Then the Bishop proceeded to the ordination of some three or four deacons and three elders. It being five o'clock and we were to leave in the six o'clock train, we bade farewell to the brethren and friends, and made for the depot on our way to the Baltimore Conference. Many of the Brethren were at the depot to see us off. May the good Lord bless Rev. Brother Stanford, for his willingness to conduct the paper in our absence.

WEAVER

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR:—Conference being in session, I have but little time to write news letters. Last Sabbath a week ago was a day of great interest in Georgetown, being the day set apart (by a resolution of the colored pastors of D. C.) for thanksgiving and prayer in view of emancipation in the D. C. An able sermon was preached in the morning by Bishop Payne; it was a sermon, indeed, full of wisdom lucidly and beautifully expressed; the advice it contained cannot fail to have a salutary effect upon those who heard it. As this sermon was prepared by the Bishop for the occasion above alluded to, it would be well for every one interested in the condition of the colored people to procure a copy, when it has passed through the hands of the publishers. In the afternoon a conversational and general love-feast meeting was held—the house was crowded to its utmost capacity. Many of the emancipated being present, the expression of gratitude by words, looks, and motions, going up to heaven's throne on this occasion, beyond all description. We venture to say a more heart-felt and earnest rejoicing was never beheld than was here.

Bishop Payne had quite a long and profitable interview with President Lincoln on Monday night last; the interview was not strictly private, Carl Schurz and Hon. E. Washburne coming in at the same time: the topic of conversation was the crisis through which the nation was passing. Bishop Payne assured his Excellency, "That he had the prayers of the colored people; and since the booming of rebel cannon in Charleston harbor, first broke the stillness of morn, as the shot fell on Sumter's walls, he had prayed that God would stand behind the Government at Washington, as he stood behind the throne of David, and the Government at Richmond might wax weaker and weaker." Mr. Lincoln replied, assuring the Bishop of his reliance on Divine Providence—expressing a hearty wish for the welfare of the colored race. The Bishop left the White House most favorably impressed.

The quiet, still, joyful manner in which the colored people received their freedom here, challenges admiration. I trust that Congressmen and others have seen enough of the colored people recently freed to convince them that they can and *will* take care of themselves—of the many contrabands who have recently been "turned loose" from time to time, I venture to say no one has seen them begging or loafing. There exists the greatest demand for their labor, and they are anxious to supply the demand. They are kept at Government quarters till employed—they do not have to wait long for this. I have often visited them, and spoken words of cheer, and see the kindling of aspiration—the development of manhood, as the prospect of freedom passed in review before them.

The Baltimore Annual Conference of A M E Church met on the 17th instant at Israel Church. Bishop Payne enjoys good health Most of the members were present at the opening of the session, looking well. I give you a synopsis of proceedings up to date. James Lynch was elected Secretary. Rev. H. M. Turner, assistant. Rev. A. W. Wayman, reporter for the press: our proceedings are published daily in the Washington *Star* and *National Republican*. The usual committees were appointed. Reports heard. The reports from the different circuits were very good, indeed, and proved that brethren were learning how to manage business—teaching the people their duty—and thus getting a proper support. Most of the circuits and stations have been visited with a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

Resolutions deploring the unhappy difficulties about the bishopric, and recommending the call of a General Conference at an early day, were offered by Rev. A. W. Wayman. Rev. J. M Brown moved to lay them on the table. Lost. Rev. J. M. Brown moved to postpone till the next day. Lost. A discussion upon the propriety of calling a General Conference then ensued—which discussion is now pending. The speedy passage of these resolutions are necessary to their efficacy, that they might reach the Ohio Conference before its adjournment; therefore, as Elder Brown appeared not to be in a hurry, James Lynch moved the previous question, which the Bishop (while he acknowledged it was in order according to parliamentary usage) refused to put, claiming that, in an ecclesiastical body, such usage was not binding.

I forgot to mention that the annual sermon was preached by Rev. J. J. Hurbert; it abounded in solemn truth; was full of glowing, religious feeling, and went to our hearts with power. It was pronounced to be an able effort.

The number of applications for admission into the itinerant work is large. The young men, with one exception, promise to be of great use in our field of labor.

Rev. Nicholson, one of these candidates, has proved *one thing*, that he is willing to *suffer* for his people. SAGES.

For the Christian Recorder.

The Committee of Bethel Church, appointed to superintend the making of garments for the Port Royal Contrabands, completed their labors on Thursday evening, the 17th inst. They have, in the course of two weeks, cut and made up two hundred and eighty-four garments, which have been delivered to the Receiving Committee of this city, and consigned to the agent at Port Royal Great praise is due to the ladies of Bethel Church, for the promptness with which they responded to the call of humanity. They have shown in this, that they need only directing to objects, on which to bestow Christian benevolence, and they are ready for the work. The thanks of the Committee are due to the ladies of St. Thomas' Episcopal Church, and also to the ladies of the Presbyterian churches, for the aid they so nobly afforded in completing the work. We trust, in some way, we shall be able to reciprocate the favor. We like the disposition that makes denominations no bar to Christian duty; it is truly the spirit of our fathers

For the Christian Recorder.

MR. EDITOR:—*Dear Sir*—I am glad to inform you that we, the people of Westchester, feel that we need a new church in this place, not only now, but have needed for some time past. We have striven for some time, but in vain. But we think that we can go ahead now. The young man that our Right Rev. Bishop sent us, is the very man we want. He has not been with us long, but has done much in the time. We have about two hundred young people here, some of whom do not go to church at all. Many of them called upon him, and agreed to be formed into a Society, to be styled the "Young Gentlemen and Ladies' Building Society," which was accordingly formed, and now they are going to give a grand supper, for the purpose of raising money to assist in building a new A. M. E. church in town, near the new school-house. Our young brother has great energy. He has called to see some of the most prominent people in Westchester. They say, all we have to do, is to commence, and they will help us. We have got the promise of ten dollars from one, ten from another, fifty from another, and eighteen from another. I am glad to see that the people are willing to help us. The supper will be given on the 30th of April. We hope to have a good time, and that many may patronize us. And if our brother Stevenson is re-appointed, may he succeed in building a church for us. H. SPENCE.

Westchester, April 22, 1862.

TWO CENT MONEY.

We call the special attention of the brethren to page 219, New Discipline, in relation to the two-cent money, and especially to the 16th paragraph under the same page. We do hope that all of our brethren having charge of circuits and stations will obey the General Conference of our beloved Zion, and commence in time to collect their two-cent money; and if the brethren have so far obeyed the law by making a collection every month, or every two months, we are quite sure that there will be a change in matters pertaining to our financial department. Suppose that Bethel Church, of Philadelphia, with over twelve hundred members, (we will say twelve hundred, though there is said to be some fifteen hundred,) should comply with the request; twenty-five times twelve would be three hundred (dollars,)—and this, it will be remembered, is only twenty-five cents a head. At the very lowest estimate, this is what Bethel Church will owe us at our Annual Conference.

The Union Church, placing the membership at two hundred, at twenty-five cents each, will be fifty dollars. Baltimore (Md.) Bethel Church has about twelve hundred members; suppose that she is caused to do her duty—that the minister should feel it his duty to see that each member pays his or her twenty-five cents per year; there would be three hundred dollars due the Book Steward, to be appropriated as per Discipline. Ebenezer Church has at least two hundred members, and twenty-five times two hundred is fifty dollars.

Now here would be seven hundred dollars,—leaving out Washington, New York, Brooklyn, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis, Chicago, and St. Louis, and besides hundreds of churches on circuits, and other stations where brethren are. If brethren will only do what the regulations of the Churchshave demanded of them, all would be well. We believe that there is not a member in our Church but what would consider it a great insult to say that they were *too poor* to pay the small sum of *twenty-five* cents a year for the benefit of the Book Concern and of our brethren who have labored hard to carry the glad tidings of the gospel to the dying world.

RELIGIOUS MEETING.

The Baltimore Annual Conference of the African M. E. Church assembled on Thursday morning in Israel Church, South Capitol Street, and was called to order by Bishop Payne, who conducted the religious services. The roll was called by J. M. Brown, Secretary of the last Conference.

On motion of A. W. Wayman, James Lynch was elected Secretary, and H. M. Turner, Assistant. A. W. Wayman was appointed Reporter

The usual standing committees were then appointed, viz.:

On public worship—D. Smith, D. W. Moore, J. Lynch On examination of candidates for orders—S. L Hammond, J. M. Brown, M. F Sluby, A. W. Wayman. On finance—D. W. Moore, D. Smith, James Lynch, A. W. Wayman. On missions—H. M. Turner, William H Hopkins, H. J. Rhodes. Memoirs—J J. Herbert, S. P. Hyard, William H. Waters. Education—M. F. Sluby, R. P. Gibbs, J. M. Brown, James Lynch. To publish the annual minutes—James Lynch, H. M. Turner. Memorials—J. M. Brown, W H Williams, R F. Wayman Post Office—Gilbert Waters. Book Concern—S. L. Hammond, J. R Henry, Alex. Johnson. Temperance—D. Redout, R F Wayman, J. Mills. On the wishes and wants of the churches—J. M. Brown, A. W. Wayman, J. J. Herbert.

The conference fixed their hour for meeting at nine o'clock, A. M., and adjournment at one o'clock.

A. W. Wayman presented a preamble and resolutions respecting the calling of an extra session of the General Conference to settle some Episcopal arrangement.

J. M. Brown moved to lay the resolution on the table.

D. W. Moore moved to amend by postponing the subject, and making it a special order for Friday morning at 11 o'clock.

The remainder of the session was occupied in financial business.

SECOND DAY—FRIDAY, 18.

Assembled at nine o'clock, Bishop Payne in the chair.

Religious services were conducted by Rev. S. L. Hammond, and the proceedings of the previous session were read and approved.

Rev. Mr. Shear, of the Presbyterian Church, and Rev. Mr Lambeth, of the M E Church, were introduced to the Conference by Bishop Payne.

The members completed their Financial Reports.

Richard A. Hall and Jacob Nicholson, formerly of the M. E. Church, were introduced to the Conference. They will be presented for membership during the session.

The hour of eleven having arrived, the order of the day was taken up, viz.: the preamble and resolutions offered by A. W. Wayman respecting the calling of an extra session of the General Conference. They were read by the Secretary.

A. W. Wayman rose and addressed the Conference for an hour in support of the resolutions

John M. Brown spoke in opposition to them till the hour of adjournment

The Conference reassembled at four o'clock to hear the annual sermon. The services were opened by singing and prayer. Rev. John J. Herbert announced as his text 120th Psalm, 6th verse—"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." His theme was the labors of the Christian minister and his reward.

After the close of the sermon, the Sacrament was administered to all the members of the Conference.

The appointments for preaching on Sabbath were then made

SUNDAY, 20

The several clergymen in attendance on the Conference preached in the various African churches, by appointment.

Israel Church—11 o'clock, R. W. Cain; 8 o'clock, William H. Williams; 7½ o'clock, John M Brown

K Street—11 o'clock, William Hopkins; 8 o'clock, W. H. Russell; 7½ o'clock, Richard A. Hall

Union Bethel—11 o'clock, John M Brown; 8 o'clock, H M Turner. 7½ o'clock, M F Sluby

Ebenezer, Georgetown—11 o'clock, J R Henry; 3 o'clock, A W Wayman; 7½ o'clock; R F Wayman.

Mount Zion Georgetown—11 o'clock, Daniel Ridout, 7½ o'clock, H J Rhoads

Allen's Chapel—11 o'clock, James Owen; 3 o'clock, Alex. Johnson; 7½ o'clock, Jacob Nicholson.

Asbury Chapel—11 o'clock, S. L. Hammond; 7½ o'clock, A W. Wayman.

Fifteenth St Presb Church—11 o'clock, H. M. Turner; 3 o'clock, R. H. Cain.

HABIT OF EXAGGERATION.

"I will skin you alive if you do that again," exclaimed a mother to a naughty child. It was a sort of hyperbolical expression that has crept into frequent use, with a multitude of other expressions of similar character. She did not mean that she should proceed to flay her little one as butchers would a calf or lamb. The execution of her threat would fill her own soul with excessive horror. She would not have strength to make much progress in the very barbarous work of skinning her child alive. It would not be motherly.

"I will whip you within an inch of your life," said a father to his erring son. This would be a terrible whipping indeed Coming so near to death's door with the rod would be revolting. But he did not mean this. He only meant that he would administer a very severe chastisement. No one would be more careful than he not to jeopardize the life of his son. His expression was only a form of exaggeration which society seems to tolerate.

How many precisely such speeches are made in almost every circle. "It was done quick as lightning." "He is as slow as a snail." "It is hot as an oven" "It is as cold as Greenland" There is no end to such expressions, and they indicate that the habit of exaggeration is very strong in the human family. Human nature seems inclined "to stretch the truth." That is the reason that such strange stories are told, often becoming magnified to such an extent, after having passed through several hands "A story loses nothing by travelling," is an old saying. It often grows like a ball of snow which school-fellows roll. Every tongue that repeats it gives it an additional turning over, by which it accumulates. Yet none mean to exaggerate.

It is a fault, however, is it not? May it not be a sin? It is certainly deceptive to tell a child that you will skin him alive, when you have no idea of perpetrating the infernal deed. Should we not talk as we mean? Let our yea be yea and nay nay. At least, this should be done to children.

Home Monthly.

CHRISTIAN PARENTS' CONFORMITY TO THE WORLD.

As I grow older as a parent, my views are changing fast to the degree of conformity to the world which we should allow to our children. I am horror-struck to count up the profligate children of pious persons, and even ministers. The door at which those influences enter which countervail parental instruction and example, I am persuaded, is *yielding to the ways of good society.* By dress, books, and amusements, an atmosphere is formed which is not that of Christianity. More than ever do I feel that our families must stand in a kind but determined opposition to the fashions of the world, breasting the waves, like the Eddystone lighthouse. And I have found nothing yet which requires more courage and independence than to rise even a little, but decidedly, above the *par* of the religious world around us. Surely the way in which we commonly go on is not that way of self-denial and sacrifice and cross-bearing which the New Testament talks of. Then is the offence of the Cross ceased. Our slender influence on the circle of our friends is often to be traced to our leaving so little between us.

Rev. Dr Jas. W. Alexander's Letters.

BIG AND LITTLE TROUBLES.

The sting of a wasp or the prick of a pin often gives more acute pain than the gash inflicted by a lancet. So, as we pass through life, our minor sorrows are frequently harder to bear than our great afflictions Very heavy troubles either deaden our sense of suffering by the violence of the shock, or else excite an unwonted, unnatural strength, which enables us to stand firm against the blow. But the minor evils of life annoy us—irritate us; we chafe against them, and can neither patiently endure, nor manfully fight against them And thus it is that we often see those whom we have most reverenced for having nobly borne great trials, the first to sink under lesser ones.

A CHRONICLE FOR THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNOD OF VIRGINIA.

[The following piece of present church history of a sister denomination presents statements of facts that are worthy of perusal by all.]

The Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Virginia, at its convention, held at Mount Tabor, Augusta county, Va, October 18–22, 1861, felt itself called on, amid the terrible agitations of our times, to give expression in various ways to its judgments and its sympathies touching our civil strife.

The retiring President, Rev J. P. Kline, in his Report, given:—

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE PRESENT WAR.

It is as follows:—"Twelve of the Southern States have seceded from the United States Government. As that Government is attempting to bring back said States into the Union, a civil war has ensued which has convulsed our whole land; has already cost many valuable lives, and brought distress into numerous families." On this Committee, No. 1 reported: "that we are fully persuaded that the present defensive war, maintained by us against an invading foe, is *just* and *righteous*. We heartily approve of the conduct of our brethren serving in our Confederate Army." This Report was adopted The Executive Committee on Home Missions speak of this, "unhappy war which has been forced upon the South for the preservation of its liberties and rights, nay, for its very existence." In deep sorrow that any part of a Church so pre-eminently loyal as the Lutheran Church, should sully its fair character by such statements and resolves, we wish to submit a brief chronicle of a few facts, which will show how utterly without warrant the Virginia Synod has cast its lot with insurrection, rebellion and treason.

The *Richmond Inquirer*, of December 24th, 1860, announced that Mr Lincoln would be *forced to* [illegible] Washington, and suggested the prompt interference of Maryland and Virginia to prevent his inauguration at Washington by *taking possession of the capital* without delay It was asserted as a fact well known, that previous to the close of 1860, "military companies had been [illegible] and drilled for months in Maryland and *Virginia*, and that the distinct object of their organization was to aid in the seizure of Washington city in the interest of the disunionists, or the prevention, by force, of Lincoln's inauguration. Some of the less prudent of these leaders boasted, in private circles, that they had five thousand men ready to strike the blow upon the concerted signal being given."

On April 12th, 1861, in reply to a deputation from General Beauregard, Major Anderson declared that he would evacuate Fort Sumter on the 15th, if not previously ordered or not supplied, and that he would not, in the meantime, open his fire unless compelled by some hostile act against his fort or the flag of his Government. At half past three, the officers who received the answer, notified Major Anderson that the batteries under the command of General Beauregard would open on Fort Sumter in one hour. The result was that Sumter fell. *On that very day* the Virginia Commissioners waited on President Lincoln to ask him to communicate the policy he intended to pursue to the Confederate States. The President, in his reply, repeated, as the best expression he could give to his purposes, the words of his inaugural: "Beyond what is necessary for these objects, (to hold, occupy, and possess property and places belonging to the Government) *there will be no invasion, no using of force against, or among the people any where*" "I shall not attempt to collect the duties and imports by any armed invasion of any part of the country" *On the very day* that President Lincoln uttered these words, perhaps the mildest that ever came from merely human lips under such extreme provocation, the *Richmond Inquirer* said: "Attention, volunteers! Nothing is more probable than that President Davis will soon march an army through North Carolina and Virginia *to Washington. Those of our volunteers who desire to join the Southern Army as it passes through our borders had better organize at once.*"

On April 16th, *Virginia being still, even by the confession of secessionists, in the Union*, her governor returned an insulting reply to the call of the President; and, on the 17th, that same insolent functionary took it upon himself to recognise, in a proclamation, the independence of the Confederate States, which recognition, even on the Southern theory of States' rights, was an act of high treason. *On the same day*, the State Convention passed an ordinance of secession, to be submitted to the people, and to take effect only "when ratified by a majority of the votes of the people at a poll to be taken thereon the *fourth Thursday* of May next." *That same day* the harbor of Norfolk was obstructed by the sinking of boats by order of Governor Letcher.

The next day, Lieutenant Jones, in command of Harper's Ferry, under advice that a large force had been ordered by Governor Letcher to take his post, prepared to destroy the Government property he could no longer defend. When his picket guard gave the alarm that 600 Virginians were approaching by the Winchester Road, his men retreated. *The people fired upon the soldiers, killing two of them. The first blood shed in this fearful war was shed in the Valley of Virginia, in the bounds of the Virginia Synod, Virginia herself yet being in the Union, the blood, not of invaders, but of innocent men in flight.*

April 20th, *Virginia being still in the Union*, Gosport Navy Yard was destroyed to prevent its falling into the hands of the Secessionists, who occupied Norfolk and Portsmouth in force under General Taliafero.

On April 23d, the First South Carolina Regiment of volunteers left Charleston for the Potomac. What was the spirit of the secession part of Virginia, we are told by the *Richmond Examiner* of the same day. It says: "The capture of Washington city is perfectly within the power of *Virginia* and Maryland, if *Virginia* will only make the proper effort by her constituted authorities; *nor is there a single moment to lose*, the entire population past for the onset; there never was half the unanimity among the people before, nor a tithe of the zeal upon any subject that is now manifested to take Washington, and drive from it every Black Republican who is a dweller there. From the mountain tops and valleys to the shores of the sea there is one wild shout of fierce resolve to capture Washington city at all and every human hazard. The filthy cage of unclean birds must and will assuredly be purified *by fire.* The people are determined upon it, and *are clamorous for a leader to conduct them to the onslaught. That leader will assuredly arise, and that right speedily.*"

On the 25th of April, Governor Letcher issued a proclamation, announcing *the transfer of the State to the government of the Southern Confederacy.* A. H. Stephens in his speech at Atlanta, Ga., April 30th, says: "I have just returned from a mission to Old Virginia. It will be gratifying to you to state, *that she is not only out of the Union, but she is a member of the Southern Confederacy, and has sent delegates to our Congress now assembled.*"

Within the bounds of the Synod of Virginia, at Winchester, May 10th, just one week before the election to decide on secession, Senator Mason wrote, for the Winchester Virginian, a letter in which he assumes that Virginia was at that time both out of the Union and in it. He says: "The ordinance of secession *withdrew* the State of Virginia from the Union, with all the consequences resulting from the separation. It *annulled* the Constitution and the laws of the United States within the limits of the State, and *absolved* the citizens of Virginia from all obligations and obedience to them." That would seem to settle it, that Virginia was out. But with a logic whose inspiration must have found its spring under a cork, this noble senator pursues his argument thus: "*Hence* it follows, if this ordinance be rejected by the people, the State of Virginia will *remain* in the Union, and the people of the State will *remain* bound by the Constitution of the United States." That seems to make it equally clear that Virginia was in; and as Mr. Mason's "hence" seems to make it, was in because she was out.

Mr Mason, in that letter declares of Virginia, that as "a member of the Union all her resources of men and money will be at the command of the Government of the Union." In the next paragraph he states, "We have now at Harper's Ferry and at Norfolk, in face of the common foe, several thousand of the gallant sons of South Carolina, &c."—and says furthermore: "Treason against the United States consists as well 'in adhering to its enemies and giving them aid,' as in levying war." Then comes a sentence, which, for malignant impudence, beats everything in the record of human language: "If it be asked what are those to do, who, in their consciences, cannot vote to separate Virginia from the United States—the answer is simple and plain: honor and duty alike require that they should not vote on the question; if they retain such opinions, they *never* leave the State"—and under the pressure of such sentiments, one of the best beloved, and most prudent members of the Virginia Synod, among many others, did leave the State.

We take it for granted that Mr. Mason presented what was considered the most satisfactory line of argument by secessionists. How does it look? It was presented

For the Christian Recorder

NOTICE

The Social, Civil, and Statistical Association of the ... [illegible] ... tion list to aid the freed men at Port Royal and other points where they may be located, and respectfully ... [illegible] ... to the following:

Any amount of value received will be acknowledged, with the name of the donor, in the *Recorder*, where a monthly record will be kept.

Subscriptions may be sent to Jacob C. White, at the office of the Lebanon Cemetery, 711 Lombard Street, and also to William Still, 107 North Fifth Street, and to Rev. E. Weaver, 419 Pine Street.

PAID.

Statistical Society,	$50 00
Clayton Miller,	2 00
William Still,	5 00
Robert Adger,	2 00
Henry Minturn,	2 00
Catherine Johnson,	2 00
Yantt Leeke,	2 00
Wm. Warricks,	1 00
Harriet Shorter,	1 00
Sarah S. Hawkins,	1 00
Rev. Jonathan C. Gibbs,	1 00
James P. Clay,	2 00
Benjamin F. Hill,	2 00
S. M. S.,	2 00
Elizabeth Gordon,	1 00

Port Royal Contrabands.—At a meeting held on Wednesday evening, at the Philadelphia Institute, by the Executive Committee of the Statistical Association of Colored People, of this city, the following resolutions were passed, which were read at the close of a concert by the Hutchinson Family last evening, given in aid of the escaped slaves at Port Royal:

Resolved, That the claims of the "Contrabands" in the vicinity of Port Royal and elsewhere call loudly upon the friends of humanity for material aid and sympathy.

Resolved, That while there is reason to regret that the Government has not more fully defined the status of these poor creatures, nevertheless it is clearly the duty of the Social, Civil and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Pennsylvania, not only to render aid as an organization, but also to commend these sufferers to the consideration of the various colored churches and societies of this city and State, that they may co-operate in the noble work of helping the Freedmen's Association or other proper enterprises, which have undertaken to furnish food, clothing, and teachers, moral and religious, so much needed to relieve immediate distress and to inspire them with hopes of final deliverance.

Resolved, That we cannot lose sight of the Act of Congress, passed at its extra session, or of those proclamations emanating from the several Generals and Commanders of the Army, in which freedom has been declared to the slaves of all parties aiding directly or indirectly the rebellion.

Resolved, That in view of these acts, the slaves cannot (in our judgment) be considered other than FREEMEN.

J. C. White, President
Wm. Still, Corresponding Secretary.
(1t) S. M. Smith, Recording Secretary.

LETTER FROM A LUTHERAN CHAPLAIN.

Fort Saratoga, Head Quarters 112th Reg., P. V., April 15th, 1862.

Dear Bro. Krauth:—After a brief visit to my family, I am again at my post, and, encouraged by your great kindness, will venture another communication upon your editorial consideration. Let me give you an account of my position and its duties; it will, however, first be necessary to refer to the disposition made of our regiment, and to give you a sketch of

OUR LOCATION.

This is a delightful spot. From our elevated site we have, on all sides, a succession of splendid views. Almost as far as the eye can reach, the landscape stretches out before us dotted with pleasant groves, peach orchards just budding into bloom, comfortable farm-houses, and not a few very fine residences. Upon our west, we see a splendid mansion, embowered in shrubbery, a noble monument of national benevolence and justice, the noted Soldier's Home. A little south-east of us, upon a commanding site is a beautiful grove of cedar, which obstructs our view of the capitol, stands, in sad loneliness, suggestive of solemn thoughts, an ancient, dilapidated Catholic church, deserted since the rebellion, and bearing evidences of the destructive dispositions of some rude, thoughtless soldiers. In the valley to the south-east runs the railroad between Baltimore and Washington, suggesting, with every passing train, thoughts of home and loved ones; and, away off beyond, we see the Potomac rolling its sluggish way to the ocean.

All around us we see the ravages of this unhappy war, in the destruction of fences, the mangling of graves, and the injury done to fields and houses. In almost all directions we can see the traces of former camps, the occupants of which have gone, some to eternity, some to pine away and die amid the gloomy surroundings of the hospital, and the remainder to participate in the painful "pomp and circumstance of glorious war."

The land here is rolling and well watered, the soil seems of good quality, and this, so near our national capital, might, and should, be a garden spot of our great country. But it seems generally neglected and in a poor state of cultivation.

Our regiment has possession of six forts, built upon the hills which stretch along the north-eastern boundary of the District of Columbia, and command the approaches to Washington from Maryland. They are strong earthworks, mounting each from four to twelve heavy guns, and are named respectively Forts Saratoga, Thayer, Lincoln, Bunker Hill, Stevens and Totten. The distance from the extreme right to the extreme left of our forts is about seven miles, which considerably scatters my charge, in reason my labors, and prevents me from accomplishing as much as I had hoped. In four of the forts we have two companies each; the other two are each garrisoned by one company. With this account of our locality, and the disposition of our regiment, you can better understand the nature and extent of

MY OFFICE AND ITS DUTIES.

Distributed, as our regiment is, between so many different posts, of course my labors are proportionally increased. My office requires me to promote the moral, social and spiritual welfare of the regiment, and my conscience prompts me to do this in the best way circumstances will permit. I cannot but feel the burden of my charge, and my utter inability to accomplish the vast work assigned to me. If there are any laborers in the Lord's vineyard who especially need the earnest prayers of God's people, they are the chaplains in our armies. Now, that our vast armies have been mustered, and are going on from victory to victory, a weighty anxiety forces itself upon the thoughtful mind, as to how we shall send our soldiers back from the demoralizing influences of the camp to the peaceful pursuits of civil life? Much, doubtless, depends upon the moral influence exerted by our chaplains, but therefore, the prayers of God's people ascend in our behalf, that the warmth of spiritual life may continue increasing ly to animate our own hearts, and that we may receive the divine aid in the discharge of our duties.

I have in charge about one thousand men of widely different tastes and temperaments; of various peculiarities, passions and prejudices; some trained beneath the blessed influences of the Christian hope, others permitted to grow up in the native wildness of our depraved nature; some having a decided interest in religion, others a manifest respect for it, while some are utterly indifferent to its claims, and others hold its very name in derision. We have here perhaps "young America," ranging from sixty years down to about sixteen, commingled, in beautiful confusion, with the sons of England, France, Germany, Ireland and Denmark. In my book I find the professors of almost every shade of Christian faith, and the professed disbelievers in the Bible and the entire Christian system.

To this singular combination of human elements, I content myself preaching the plainer truths of the gospel in the most practical style possible. My sermons—they are rather exhortations—are generally about twenty-five minutes long, and preached from a store-box, or anything convenient, in the open air. All our officers treat me with great respect, and kindly render me all the assistance in their power. Some, it is true, do not set as good an example to their men to attend service as they might. I have, however, but little occasion or disposition to complain, in this respect, as our general attendance is good, and the men are always respectfully attentive to the truth. We hold divine service at three of our forts each Sabbath, and thus alternate, which gives service to each fort every two weeks. At one of our forts, where two German companies are stationed, I have, from necessity and a desire to meet their wants, been regularly preaching in the German language. This is a new business for me, never having attempted to speak publicly in German before we came here; but, since my connexion with this regiment, I have felt the necessity of using all the German I knew, and diligently studying it, that I might be able to meet the wants of my charge. I have been highly commended by the officers on my success in German preaching, and I cheerfully recur for the increased labor it requires, by the gratification manifested by the men, and the permanent advantage it will be to me when I again return to the pulpit.

A principal part of my labor is the distribution of tracts and other religious literature among the men, with which I have been generously provided by Christian friends. Any kind of reading matter is received with much gratitude by the men, and I think, generally read. The men are prompted to read to pass away the time, and will read religious literature as readily as any other kind. We are hopefully sow important seed, and, in the ... [illegible] ... able conversation with the men. The hospital is an important part of our field. In it we can also ... [illegible] ... from a respectful hearing and kindly words of sympathy. There is nothing like affection to bring some sense to their senses, and to lead their minds to serious thoughts. A camp hospital is always a solemn although gloomy place; but we go to it with more encouragement than any other part of our field, and are generally received kindly and gratefully received. My visits are almost exclusively to the hospitals, and I spend late at night in the interval, and a part of the day with those unfortunate men. In it is my sad lot to see the ravages of disease and death. We have very little sickness in the regiment, and none whatever that is serious, and I have, of course, special calls to the hospital, but visit it to comfort and instruct its inmates, as often as circumstances permit.

I have been amazed at the crude, undigested notions, or rather the absolute ignorance of a large number of persons of the plainest truths of the gospel. One would hardly imagine that persons raised beneath the light of the Christian age and in the land where Christian truth is so widely disseminated, could be as ignorant of Christianity as some seem to be. But they have been neglected. They have grown up without culture. Has the Church done her whole duty? Have Christians been faithful? Let us ask and answer these questions in the fear of God. Let our noble Lutheran custom of catechisation be earnestly and vigorously attended to. It is one great hope of the Church and the world.

I am truly yours, &c., J. W. Haseltn,
Chaplain 112th Reg., P. V.

Domestic Items.

Chaplains in the Army.—From a letter of the Secretary of War to the House of Representatives, giving a list of the chaplains in the service, we find that there are four hundred and seventy two chaplains in the army. Of these New York has ninety seven, Pennsylvania, sixty-four, Massachusetts, nineteen, Maine, eleven; New Hampshire, six, Vermont, seven, Rhode Island, four; Connecticut, seven, New Jersey, eleven, Delaware, two, Maryland, three, Virginia, four; Kentucky, sixteen, Ohio, forty-four, Indiana, thirty, Illinois, forty six, Missouri, nine, Kansas, four; Iowa, twelve, Wisconsin, eleven, Michigan, thirteen; Minnesota, two.

American Bible Society.—The stated meeting of the Managers was held at the Bible House, Astor Place, on the 4th inst. One new auxiliary in Indiana was recognized. Communications were received from Agents and others in regard to the home work, especially stating the supply of soldiers and also of prisoners of war: from Rev. Ludwig S. Jacoby, Hermsu, sending annual account with this Society, and also stating the completion of stereotype-plates for a pocket reference German Bible, and showing increased openings for the spread of the Scriptures in Southern Russia and the German cantons in Switzerland; from Rev. J. J. Hoch, Moravian Missionary at Corn Island, Mosquito Coast, in regard to distribution of Scriptures granted by the Board, and requesting more; from the Rev. Pablo Sanchez, Gibraltar, returning thanks for a grant of books for Spain, and in regard to their distribution; from Rev. D. Kapelje, Amoy, sending financial account with this Society, and a statement with regard to the work in China; from Rev. Andrew Muir, St. Petersburg, in regard to Revel-Esthonian editions of the Scriptures, and the translation into Modern Russ now in progress; from Rev. W. Tracy, Madura, sending account with this Society, with a statement of the Bible-work as the Mission, and asking further aid, which was granted.

Grants of books were made to American and Foreign Christian Union, in Spanish, for Carthagenas; 154 volumes in Spanish, French, Italian and Portuguese to captains of vessels sailing to foreign ports; with various grants of smaller amount; and 9573 volumes for soldiers at Wisconsin, Missouri, South Carolina and elsewhere. To the Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church, $2400 were granted, and $800 to the Mission at Madura, referred to above.

Information having been received of the death of Horace Holden, Esq., a valued member of this Board, appropriate notice, which was adopted and ordered to be entered on the Journal, was presented by Rev. Dr. Spring, who delivered a deserved and eloquent tribute to the memory of the deceased.

Commodore Foote.—Commodore Foote is a progressive spirit. On his appointment to the command of the Western fleet—when, in reality, there was no fleet—he set about building his present gunboats, and in an incredibly short space of time he had a navy afloat and ready for service. The smoke of Fort Henry's bombardment had scarcely rolled away when he stood before the walls of Donelson, thundering at that stronghold. In consequence of severe injuries to his gunboats during this engagement, some of us feared they would not again be serviceable; but the gallant Commodore was equal to the emergency, and, before the people had done exulting over the Donelson affair, we found Commodore Foote knocking at Island No. 10, to unlock the Mississippi for his boats.

Monitor and Merrimac.—The combat between the Monitor and Merrimac, in Hampton Roads, was something more than a mere battle to embellish history. It was the first grand experiment that has shown to the world the comparative impregnability of iron-clad war-ships. It was a triumph of science and inventive genius, in which Americans should feel a pride.

A debate upon the merits of iron-clad ships and land batteries took place in the British Parliament on the 30th ult.

We learn that the House of Commons has decided to suspend work on the Spithead Fortifications, and is considering the expediency of using the money thus saved for the construction of armor-clad ships of war.

Magnanimity.—The rebels are as magnanimous as brave, and the two virtues are generally conjoined. The last illustration of this metaphysical truth comes all the way from Norfolk. The *Day Book* of that city, in consideration of the rather questionable fact that the battle of Shiloh was a victory for Beauregard, asks with a perfectly serious countenance: "Is it not a favorable time for the Confederate Government to propose to the Government at Washington a cessation of the fierce and unnatural strife?" The *Day Book* grows ecstatic as it meditates upon the ineffable sublimity that would mark such an overture.

Fortification Bill.—It is considered almost certain that the fortification bill now before Congress will be abandoned, and that the money intended to be appropriated for that object will be devoted to the building of more Monitors and armored vessels-of-war.

Fort Lowry.—Several of our gunboats have made a reconnoissance up the Rappahannock river, and captured Fort Lowry, mounting nine guns, together with a large amount of spoils.

Brownlow.—Parson Brownlow, the patriotic exile, arrived in Philadelphia at a late hour on Thursday evening.

General McClellan's Army.—The rebels attacked General Smith's division on Thursday evening, with the purpose of capturing his guns, but they were handsomely repulsed, and a number of prisoners taken. The Third Vermont Regiment had an engagement with the rebels on Wednesday, in which they lost thirty-two killed, and ninety wounded.

Report of the Senate Committee.—The select committee of the Senate, appointed in July last to inquire into the circumstances attending the surrender of the navy yard at Pensacola, the destruction of the property of the United States at Norfolk navy yard, and the armory at Harper's Ferry, and the abandoning of the same by the Federal forces, have made a report, in which they visit censure upon every one who can in any way be proved responsible for these disgraceful and ill advised movements.

Fredericksburg, Va.—General McDowell's division has advanced across the Rappahannock and occupied Fredericksburg. Before entering that place a skirmish took place, the Union loss amounting to five killed and fifteen wounded. Fredericksburg was the headquarters of General Johnston immediately after the evacuation of Manassas, but was in turn abandoned when General McClellan's army was transported to Fortress Monroe.

Banks.—General Banks still moves on; his army has entered Rockingham county. Ashby's cavalry endeavored to obstruct his advance, but were quickly dispersed. It is stated that General Jackson has a large army at Staunton, and as General Banks is gradually approaching him, a battle may not be far distant.

Fort Wright.—The bombardment of that place still continues, and the dates from that place up to Friday evening state that the garrison were making a stubborn resistance. The rebels have forty guns in position, and the forces are commanded by Gen. Bragg.

Pulaski.—Our brave seamen were permitted to take a part in the bombardment. Under the command of Captain Rodgers, of the Wabash, they manned one of the best Federal batteries, whose aim [illegible] had a powerful effect upon the rebels, and he paid great care to continue them that the only target was surrender.

The Rebels Leaving the Valley of Virginia.—The War Department has information of the evacuation [illegible] of the valley of Virginia by the rebels, they retreating on Charlottesville.

Mr Charles A. Dana, for many years acting chief editor of the New York *Tribune*, has retired from that paper, not leaving entirely with the policy which it has been determined that paper shall pursue.

Ex Senator Gwynn of California, is said to be in Richmond, Va., and, it may be supposed, in strong sympathy with the Southern Rebellion.

Major General John E. Wool, commanding at ... [illegible] ... on the 19th inst., on the fifty-first year of his active service in the Army of the United States.

Hon. Charles Sumner and **Wm D. Kelley** presented, the former to the United States Senate, and the latter to the House of Representatives, a petition signed by over 10,000 married women, and over 200 men long, asking for action that would result in the extinction of slavery throughout the entire country.

Henry Clay, whose father fell fighting gloriously at Buena Vista in the Mexican War, and whose grandfather was a man whom the American people will never forget, telegraphs from Pittsburgh Landing, April 10th, saying, "We have won a great battle. The Second Division is famous. I am safe." He was aid of General Johnson, in Brigadier-General McCall's Division.

Nicholas S. Vedder, the last of the soldiers of the Revolution in Schenectady County, New York, died on the 7th instant, aged one hundred years and three months, closing his days within two miles of the place of his birth, and having never lived at a greater distance from it.

Bayard Taylor, the well-known traveller, writer and lecturer, has been appointed Secretary of Legation to St. Petersburgh, under Hon. Simon Cameron, the United States Minister to Russia.

Foreign Summary.

The affairs of Liberia seem in a steadily progressing state for good every way. Every year makes its interest to the colored man more and more manifest. On the 23d of January last, the College of Liberia, at Monrovia, was opened under very gratifying auspices. The President of Liberia, his Cabinet, and the members of the Legislature, attended. The Hon. B. J. Drayton delivered an able oration, and ex-President J. J. Roberts, and Rev. E. W. Bryden, Professor in the College, followed with inaugural addresses. These are all colored men, many of whom were once slaves in the United States.

Not long since, quite a sensation was produced by a book of African Explorations, from the pen of M. de Chaillé. Its veracity was called in question by several persons abroad, and now the African traders, who are familiar with the country and the distances over which he professes to have travelled, say that in his first tour at Camma he overrates his farthest point by more than double the distance. If he mistakes or exaggerates in a simple statement like this, little confidence can be placed in his statement of other things.

The number of Jews in Paris is well known to be very large; and it is not a little singular they have ever had but one place of worship; that is in the Rue Notre Dame de Nazareth. Two more synagogues, however, are now about to be erected—one in the Rue de la Victoire, and the other in the Marais. The cost for ground and building is estimated to be three million francs—about six hundred thousand dollars.

Rebellions are no new or uncommon things, if we may judge from the recorded facts of English History. No less than thirty-seven are detailed at length as occurring between the time of William the Conqueror, A. D. 1069, and the Irish outbreak in 1853. Surely, one well-defined rebellion in the history of the United States ought not to be a marvel.

A peculiarly untrue and foolish story is going the rounds of some of the papers of a secret, and consequently, by the laws of England, unlawful marriage of the Prince of Wales to a young lady not far from the Military Training School at the Curragh of Kildare, Ireland. It is no new thing for such reports to be put in circulation respecting young Princes—and time will probably show that this is like many a similar story, the real solution of which lies in the fact that the wish is the father of the thought.

Large expectations are formed of the attendants upon the approaching great Exhibition. Royalty, especially, is looked for. The Emperor of the French, the King of the Belgians, the Viceroy of Egypt, and the King and Crown Prince of Prussia, are reported as expecting to be present. A commission is appointed to open it.

The prospects of the Wheat Crop in Great Britain are spoken of as much more favorable than last year. The importations of wheat and flour there amounted to one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, some fifty millions of which were expended in the United States.

Much has been said about the Postal arrangements of Great Britain. Those for London are striking and very extensive. The City Delivery employs fifteen hundred letter-carriers, twenty mail men, with horse and cart, and six hundred sub-postmasters. Hourly deliveries are made of letters in all the ten districts in which the city is divided. No removals of employees ever take place, except for cause, and the utmost punctuality is observed.

One meets, in his reading, occasionally, with a reference to the Sacred College at Rome. It is composed of seventy Cardinals. The oldest one at the present time is in his ninety-second year, and the youngest is but forty-five, while ten are seventy-five and upwards. Fifty of them were born in Italy, nine in France, three in Spain, four in Germany, and one each in Belgium, Hungary, and England. It is from the ranks of the Sacred College the new Pope is always elected. Hence, to be a Cardinal is possibly to be on the way to the Papedom.

The rewards of Editorial labour are occasionally large in Great Britain. In conducting the Cornhill Magazine, Thackeray received a salary of twenty thousand dollars a year.

The late Chevalier Bunsen occupied a prominent place in his day. Since his decease, his wife has been diligently engaged in preparing a work, which she is about to issue from the press, under the title of, "The Memoir and Correspondence of My Husband." It will no doubt be a work of interest.

Retrenchmen seems the order of the day. The Emperor of France, in order to lighten the burdens of the Treasury, has ordered a reduction of thirty-two thousand men in the effective strength of the army. He has disbanded the 101st and 102d Regiments of Infantry, and ordered the sale of twenty-two hundred horses.

The long-talked of Canal, connecting the waters of the Mediterranean and Red Seas, across the Isthmus of Suez, is steadily progressing. Water is now let in as far as the centre of the Isthmus. Reservoirs are built at distances of two hundred metres along the whole line, capable of containing water for the use of fifty thousand men. M. de Lesseps is the engineer and manager of the enterprise.

MEETINGS OF ANNUAL CONFERENCES

The Ohio Annual Conference will meet in Zanesville city, Ohio, April 15th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

The Indiana Annual Conference will meet in Indianapolis, Ind., August 13th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

The Missouri Annual Conference will meet in Louisville, Ky., August 28th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

W. Paul Quinn

The Philadelphia Annual Conference will meet in Trenton, N. J., on the 10th day of May, 1862, in the Mount Zion Church, at 9 o'clock.

The New England Annual Conference will meet on the 21st day of May, at New Bedford, at 9 o'clock, A. M., in the A. M. E. Church.

The members of these Conferences will strictly attend to the Rules and Regulations as laid down in the Discipline, and without which no itinerant preacher will be supported. Punctual attendance is required.

A notice of my visits will be given in the future.

W. Nazley

PERRY & FITZGERALD'S

PROCESS FOR MAKING LIGHT, NUTRITIOUS, AND UNADULTERATED BREAD, WITHOUT FERMENTATION.

The new process of bread making, patented by Perry & Fitzgerald, removes all the objections which have hitherto rendered it impossible to manufacture perfectly pure, sweet, and nutritious bread. The entire process is performed by mechanical means, and is eminently cleanly.

The process consists in mixing the flour in a closed vessel, and the application of pure carbonic gas, under pressure, by which the dough, mass or made three times the bulk and ready to be discharged into pans for making into loaves—and of dough or bread, mixed. The change is produced in a few seconds, and each machine completes the operation, in all its details, from the putting in of the flour to the discharging of the dough, in from twenty five to forty minutes.

The invention of Perry & Fitzgerald effects a revolution in the preparation of bread, by establishing a system of wholesale manufacture not subject to the vicissitudes and evils of fermentation, but exact and certain in its results—I. Because, by the substitution of mechanical for manual labor, and in the superior value of the article produced, it yields large profits on the capital employed. 2. Because such employment of capital, as well as the protection afforded by the patent, gives adequate security against competition. But whilst preventing undue competition, it produces none of the evils of a monopoly, inasmuch it leaves the convenience of all classes in possession of the former means of supply, to be remodelled to, adapted the more quick income proportioned.

The application of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure, to a previously kneaded dough mass, as in the invention of Perry & Fitzgerald, did not occur to Dr. Cre; though he seems to have had a clear foreshadowing of the importance of the artificial use of the gas, since he states, hypothetically, that "if water, highly impregnated with carbonic acid gas, be used for kneading the dough, the resulting bread will be somewhat spongy. Could a light article," he continues, "be produced in this way, then, as the sugar would remain undecomposed, the bread would be so much the sweeter and more nourishing."

What, to Dr. Cre, was evidently a clearly comprehended chemical truth, has been practically developed by the brilliant invention of Perry & Fitzgerald. Posterity will hold their names in grateful remembrance as among the most eminent benefactors of mankind.

ITS SUPERIORITY.—The superiority of unfermented bread is by no means new. Dr. Cullen, who wrote more than seventy years ago, says:

"In Scotland, nine tenths of the lower class of people, and that is the greater part of the whole, live upon unfermented bread, and it is universal in that country in other forms; and there are not a more healthy people anywhere to be found. In the course of fifty years, that I have practised among them, I have had occasion to know this, and have hardly met with a disease, of any consequence, that could happen to the use of unfermented farinaceous."

At a later period, Professor Thompson, of Glasgow, in his work on the "Food of Animals," after alluding to the facts referred to above by Dr. Cullen, and other kindred facts, observes:—

"Such, then, being sufficient evidence in favor of the wholesomeness of unfermented bread (it becomes important to discover in what respects it differs from fermented bread. The result gained by the process (fermentation) may be considered to be merely the expenditure of the portion of which the heat is composed, so as to render the mass more readily divisible by the preparatory organs of digestion. But, as this object is gained at a sacrifice of the nutriment of the flour, it becomes a matter of interest to ascertain the amount of the loss sustained in the process."

The result of Professor Thompson's experiments showed a difference in favor of unfermented bread of nearly seven per cent. over that made by the ordinary process. In other words, there was a loss of very one-fifteenth of the nutritive properties of the flour, which, by the process of fermentation, was driven into the air and lost.

We come now to a more particular consideration of the superiority of the Bread made without fermentation, or the use of chemical agents, over the Bread made by these processes. Although from what has already been said, this superiority appears in most striking contrast, yet the public will be better satisfied if we have the points stated specifically. For it really needs that the advantages owned by this method be clearly understood in order to its universal introduction in the manufacture of Bread.

I. Its Cleanliness.—Instead of the dough being mixed by the naked hands or feet, the bread, from the wetting of the flour to the completion of the baking, is not, and scarcely can be, touched by any one. "One deodorizing attained in its manufacture," says Dr Willard Parker, "is its entire cleanliness." Says Dr Waterbury "The process is not only purely scientific, but pre-eminently cleanly."

II. Its Preservation of all the Nutrient Principles of the Flour.—At the raising of the dough is by the mechanical introduction of pure carbonic acid gas under pressure, in a closed vessel, no exception, it takes a portion particular to every texture. All the constituents of the flour remain wholly unchanged, while the process of raising bread by fermentation inevitably destroys some of them, as has been already shown.

III. Its Uniform Character.—Bread made by the New Process is uniformly light, sweet, and nutritious. The combinations being simple, are not liable to variation, as follows can occur in always producing bread of the same quality. It retains its moisture much longer than fermented bread, and may be eaten sweet with impunity. The process also insures a perfect freedom from alum and acidity, even in the hottest weather. Says the London *Times*:—

"The objectionable consequences of fermentation being excluded, the constituents of the flour are left both unchanged and unneutralized, the resulting loaf being absolutely pure."

IV. Its Wholesomeness.—Being free from the deleterious substances which are the product of fermentation, or chemical reactions, the old maxim, "the bread made by the New Process is easy of digestion, and agrees with the most delicate stomach," "by dyspepties," says Dr Cre, (late of the N. Y. Medical College,) "it will be invaluable, as they will be able to use it when the fermented unadulterated bread has been found to have signally failed as an article of diet." Says the London *Medical Times and Gazette*:—

"Since the introduction of the new unfermented bread, there have already been received from members of the medical profession, who have recommended it in their practice, as well as from non-professional persons, accounts of the really astonishing results that have followed its use in cases of deranged digestion and constipation. Many persons have reported their recovery to health, after years of suffering and misery, by the simple use of the bread as a diet. Many cases have also been reported by medical men of positive, in which certain distressing forms of dyspepsia, which had resisted fortunately under every kind of treatment, have yielded as if by magic, almost immediately after adopting the use of the unfermented bread."

"The beneficial effects of the new bread are attributable in two manner. The one to the absence of the prejudicial matters imparted to ordinary bread by the process of fermentation; and the other to the preservation in the bread, unchanged, of those elements which are the essential agents of digestion and assimilation."

The most eminent members of the medical profession, both in Great Britain and in the United States, not only speak in the highest terms of the case with which it is digested, and of its rich, nourishing qualities, but especially of its gentle palatableness, and wonderful keeping properties. The absence of acidity and other strong flavors, which, in a greater or less degree, are characteristic of fermented bread, renders the new bread peculiarly delicate to the taste.

Y. Its Economy and Economy.—By the use of mechanical means, instead of manual labor, a barrel of flour is converted into bread—here in forty-five minutes, whereas, by the ordinary process, four or five hours are occupied in the formation of the "sponge," and a further time in kneading, raising, and baking the dough.

"The steadiness of the consumption of bread," says a correspondent of the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, "renders it an article peculiarly suitable to be prepared and supplied by a public company. And since the new process removes all the vicissitudes of manufacture, and the expense of the machinery gives a comparative monopoly the supply of bread is placed as much in the same category with gas, water, or other articles of prime necessity."

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Advertisements.

The Ushan Brothers and Sisters of Rev. Willis Nazley society, are requested to attend their regular stated meeting, the 19th of this month, at 8 o'clock, P. M., on the corner of Quince and Locust Streets. Punctual attendance is strictly requested, by order of the President.

Aaron Bell, *President*.
E. Maloney, *Secretary*.

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 10th, 1862. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

From Garnet Union No. 4, D. of T.; from Phœnix Union, No. 8, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 10, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Dr. Bias' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 19, D. of T.; from Vauxhanks Union, No. 15, D. of T., of Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:

Grand P., Sister Bennet; Grand Associate, Sister Burris; Grand Treasurer, Sister Fawcett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dubbert; Grand Chaplain Sister Hall.

G. P. P.,	Sister E. Burris,	G. P. P.	Sister Anderson,
"	" E. Howell,	"	" J. I. Burris,
"	" M. H. Penny,	"	" E. A. Cook,
"	" S. Newman,	"	" White,
"	" S. Davis,	"	" S. Hall.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY.

THE STATED QUARTERLY MEETINGS of the Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August, and November.

The meetings of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the society.

Mrs. Sarah Carter,
President.
Mr. L. R. Seymour, Secy.

MRS. JOHNSON AND MRS. WARE

Beg leave to inform the Public in general that they continue

LAYING OUT AND SHROUDING THE DEAD.

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Thomas W. Allmond, No 1027 Rodman Street.

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GOOD NEWS

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Lehigh Stove Coal, per ton,	$4 25
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WILL

Family Circle.

THE CHILD IN THE GRAVE.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THERE was sorrow in the house—there was sorrow in the heart, for the youngest child, a little boy of four years of age, the only son, his parents' present joy and future hope, was dead. Two daughters they had, indeed, older than their boy—the eldest was almost old enough to be confirmed—amiable, sweet girls they both were; but the lost child is always the dearest, and he was the youngest and a son. It was a heavy trial. The sisters sorrowed as young hearts sorrow, and were much afflicted by their parents' grief; the father was weighed down by the affliction; but the mother was quite overwhelmed by the terrible blow. By night and by day she devoted herself to her sick child, watched him, lifted him up, carried him about, did everything for him herself. She had felt as if he were a part of herself. She could not bring herself to believe that he was dead—that he should be laid in a coffin and concealed in the grave. God would not take the child from her, oh no! And when he was taken, and she would no longer refuse to believe the truth, she exclaimed in her wild grief:—"God has not ordained this! He has heartless agents here on earth! They do what they list—they hearken not to a mother's prayers!"

She dared, in her woe, to arraign the Most High; and then came dark thoughts—the thoughts of death—everlasting death—that human beings returned as earth to earth, and then all was over. Amid thoughts morbid and impious as these, there could be nothing to console her, and she sank into the deepest depths of despair.

In these hours of deepest distress she could not weep. She thought of the young daughters who were left to her; husband's tears fell on her brow, but she did not look up at him—her thoughts were with her dead child; her whole heart and soul were wrapped up in recalling every reminiscence of the lost one, every syllable of his infantile prattle.

The day of the funeral came. She had not slept the night before, but toward morning she was overcome by fatigue, and sank for a short time into repose. During that time the coffin was removed into another apartment, and the cover was screwed down with as little noise as possible.

When she awoke she arose and wished to see her child. Then her husband, with tears in his eyes, told her, "We have closed the coffin: it had to be done."

"When the Almighty is so hard on me," she exclaimed, "why should human beings be kinder?" and she burst into tears.

The coffin was carried to the grave. The inconsolable mother sat with her young daughters. She looked at them, but she did not see them; her thoughts had nothing more to do with home; she gave herself up to wretchedness, and it tossed her about as the sea tosses the ship which has lost its helmsman and its rudder. Thus passed the day of the funeral, and several days followed amid the same uniform, heavy grief. With tearful eyes and melancholy looks her afflicted family gazed at her. She did not care for what comforted them. What could they say to change the current of her mournful thoughts?

It seemed as if sleep had fled from her forever; if sleep would be her best friend, strengthen her frame, and recall peace to her mind. Her family persuaded her to keep her bed, and she lay there as still as if buried in sleep. One night her husband had listened to her breathing, and believing from it that she had at length found repose and relief, he clasped his hands, prayed for her, and for them all, then sank into a peaceful slumber. While sleeping soundly he did not perceive that she arose, dressed herself, and softly left the room and the house; to go—whither her thoughts wandered by day and by night—to the grave that hid her child. She passed quietly through the garden, out to the fields, beyond which the road led outside the town to the churchyard. No one saw her, and she saw no one.

It was a fine night; the stars were shining brightly, and the air was mild, although it was the 1st of September. She entered the churchyard, and went to the little grave; it looked like one great bouquet of sweet-scented flowers. She threw herself down and bowed her head over the grave, as if she could through the solid earth behold her little boy, whose smile she remembered so vividly. The affectionate expression of his eyes, even upon his sick bed, was never, never to be forgotten.

How speaking had not his glance been when she had bent over him, and taken the little hand he was himself too weak to raise. As she had sat by his couch, so now she sat by his grave; that her tears might flow freely over the sod that covered him.

"Wouldst thou descend to thy child?" said a voice close by.

It sounded so clear, so deep, its tones went to her heart. She looked, and near her stood a man wrapped in a large mourning cloak, with a hood drawn over the head; but she could not see the countenance under this. It was severe, yet encouraging; his eyes were bright as those of youth.

"Descend to my child!" she repeated; and there was the agony of despair in her voice.

"Darest thou follow me?" asked the figure, "I am Death!"

She bowed her assent. Then it seemed all at once as if every star in the heavens above shone with the light of the moon—She saw the many colored flowers on the surface of the grave move like a fluttering garment. She sank, and the figure threw his dark cloak around her. It became night—the night of death. She sank deeper than the spade could reach. The churchyard lay like a roof above her head.

The cloak that enveloped her, gilded to one side. She stood in an immense hall, whose extremities were lost in the distance. It was dusk around her; but before her stood, and in one moment was changed to her heart, her child, who smiled on her in beauty far surpassing what he had possessed before. She uttered a cry, though it was scarcely audible, as close by and then far away, and afterwards near again, came delightful music. Never before had such glorious, such blessed sounds reached her ears. They rang from the other side of the thick curtain—black as night—that separated the hall from the boundless space of eternity.

"My sweet mother! my own mother!" she heard her child exclaim. It was his well known, most beloved voice; and kiss followed kiss in rapturous joy. At length the child pointed to the sable curtain.

"There is nothing so charming up yonder on earth, mother. Look, mother! look at them all! That is felicity!"

The mother saw nothing—nothing in the direction to which the child pointed, except darkness like that of night. She saw with earthly eyes She did not see as did the child whom God had called to himself. She heard, indeed, sounds—music; but she did not understand the words that were conveyed in these exquisite tones.

"I can fly now," said the child; "I can fly with all the other happy children, away, even into the presence of God. I wish so much to go; but if you cry on as you are crying now, I cannot leave you, and yet I should be so glad to go. May I not? You will come back soon, will you not, dear mother?"

"Oh, stay! Oh, stay!" she cried, "only one moment more! Let me gaze on you one moment more! Let me kiss you, and hold you a moment longer in my arms!"

And she kissed him and held him fast.—Then her name was called from above—the tones were those of piercing grief. What could they be.

"Hark!" said the child, "it is my father calling on you."

And again, in a few seconds, deep sobs were heard, as of children weeping

"These are my sisters' voices," said the child. "Mother, you have not surely forgotten them."

Then she remembered those who were left behind. A deep feeling of anxiety pervaded her mind: she gazed intently before her, and spectres seemed to hover around her. she fancied she knew some of them; they floated through the hall of death, towards the dark curtain, and here they vanished. Would her husband, her daughter, appear there? No; their lamentations were still to be heard from above. She had nearly forgotten them for the dead.

"Mother, the bells of heaven are ringing," said the child; "now the sun of heaven is about to rise."

And an overwhelming, blinding light streamed around her. The child was gone, and she felt herself lifted up. She raised her head, and saw she was lying in the churchyard, upon the grave of her child.—But in her dream, God had become a prop for her feet and a light for her mind. She threw herself upon her knees and prayed:

"Forgive me, O Lord, my God, that I wished to detain so everlasting soul from its flight into eternity, and that I forgot my duties to the living them hastily sparred to me!"

And as she uttered this prayer, it appeared as if her heart felt lightened of the burden that crushed it. Then the sun broke forth in all its splendor, a little bird sang over her head, and all the church bells began to ring the *matin* chimes. All seemed holy around her; her heart seemed to have drunk in faith and holiness; she acknowledged the might and mercy of God; she remembered her duties, and felt a longing to return again to her home. She hurried thither, and, leaning over her still sleeping husband, she awoke him with the touch of her warm lips on his cheek. Her words were those of love and consolation, and in a tone of mild resignation, she exclaimed, "God's will is the best!"

Her husband and her daughters were astonished at the change in her, and her husband asked her,

"Where did you so suddenly acquire this strength—this pious resignation?"

And she smiled on him and her daughters, as she replied,

"I derived it from God, by the grave of my child."

THE LITTLE TEACHER.

"Girls," said Joseph, "I am not going to tell you much more about Aunt Lizzie's instruction to me, for she has invited me to come and spend two weeks with her, and then I know she will tell you many more things, and in much better style than I can."

"We are to go in three or four days from now, and then, heigh-ho! for the good little pies and cakes Aunt Lizzie will bake us Girls, I tell you what it is, there is nobody in the *whole world* like Aunt Lizzie—I don't believe. She knows everything, and she knows *something* about everything. She makes the best little johnny-cake, ginger-cakes, turn-over-pies (all edged with sugar plums and candies, and a host of other little cookies, which I forget the names of,) that you ever eat; indeed, it makes my mouth water when I think of them, and how good they are."

"But, Joseph," said Alice, "you must be mistaken when you say Aunt Lizzie knows everything; for I heard papa say, the other day, that if we would study and read every useful and good book that ever was printed, and live to be a hundred years old, there would still be something new for us to learn yet: for, said he, old things are passing away, and new things, both plain and mysterious, are constantly coming to light."

"Well, that is true, I know," said Joseph; "but then I think Aunt Lizzie knows everything, or something about everything that has ever taken place, up to this time, and she will be likely to know something about everything that happens while she lives; for she reads so many papers, letters, and magazines, besides a great large book, which she says is the Book of books. She says everything is contained in that book, which we need in this life to make us happy here, and it also tells us how to live here that we may be happy in the next world."

"Why, Joseph, how you talk!" said Mary. "There is but *one* world, and you say, 'the next world;' and how could we go from one world to another, if there was another, unless it would come banging up against us—I would like to hear you tell!"

"Does little sister Mary forget that we must die—that this world is not our home?" asked Joseph.

"Oh! no, brother, I have not forgot that," said she; "but I always thought we went to heaven, and that heaven was a large and beautiful garden right above us some place, and fast to this earth or world. Is it not so?"

"No, dear sister; I think heaven is not connected to this world in that way at all," said Joseph, "but is far, far away, above us; no one can rightly tell just where heaven is, Aunt Lizzie says. But before we go on any further with the subject, I wish to tell you that there are a great many worlds besides ours. Aunt Lizzie says this earth of ours is a planet."

"What does that mean, Joseph?" said Alice.

"A planet is a dark body that moves around the sun, and receives light and heat from it. Alice, that is what it means," said Joseph. "And this world of ours is one of a number of them that revolve around the sun. And they are said to be inhabited, too. Our earth has one moon, that shines at night, (you girls have often seen it.) Well, some of the other planets have more than one. One of them has seven moons."

"Oh! how very beautiful their evenings must be," said Mary, "if they all shine at once"

"Yes, beautiful indeed," said Joseph; "and yet you must remember they all receive their light from the sun."

"From the sun!" exclaimed Alice; "how can that be, when the moon and stars shine at night, after we are turned away from the sun? I think you will be puzzled to answer that question, brother."

"Not puzzled so greatly, perhaps, as you may think, Alice," said he. "If I can only think and arrange in my stupid memory what Aunt Lizzie taught me. You girls just close the window-shutters, put down the curtains, to make the room dark, while I light the lamp, and I will show you something. Now, we will place the lamp so that its light will fall directly on this looking glass, and we will place ourselves here in this dark closet, where, by leaving the door open, we can see the looking-glass, but cannot see the lamp Now, girls, tell me, does the glass look dark or light?"

"O, light, light!" exclaimed they both. "It shines brightly. What do you suppose makes it look so bright?"

"It is the light of the lamp falling on it," said Joseph; "and it is just so with the moon. We cannot see the sun when the moon shines, but it is its light that the moon reflects to the earth The moon, like the earth, is a dark body, but I cannot tell if it is as cold or not; for our earth is a very cold body."

"Why, brother," said Mary, "I do not think it cold at all; for the weather now is warmer, I think, than ever I felt it. Only yesterday. Bridget made Alice and me, each one, a nice little butter swan, for churning the butter for her; they were very nice indeed, and when she had them finished, she put them on the shelf in the pantry, and forgot to take them to the cellar, and when we went to get them, to-day, for dinner, they were all melted up, and we could not tell they had ever been shaped like swans, for there they lay all in a heap of melted butter."

"Yes, Mary, the weather, now, is unusually warm and sultry; but it is the warm sun shining on the earth, that makes it so. In the winter, just see how cold it gets. The sun's influence on us, in short then, for the days are much shorter then than they are now; consequently, the sun cannot warm the earth as much then as in summer.

"Well," said Alice, "if the sun is such a hot body as that, I am glad we do not have to travel towards it; for, surely, we would take fire and burn up."

"Not at all," said Joseph. "There are people who sail in the air in balloons, and they say the farther they go up, the colder it gets, and some places where there are very high mountains, the snow does not melt off their tops in the warmest summer days Yes, girls, God has very mysteriously and wisely created this earth, and everything else. The sun's bright rays seem to contain no warmth in themselves, Aunt Lizzie says, until they embrace the earth But, indeed, girls, I did not intend to teach this time at all. I was going to tell you a nice little story, which, indeed, is a beautiful one, if I could only narrate it as Aunt Lizzie does; but I see we have not time to talk any longer to-day."

"But, brother," exclaimed both little girls at once, "you forgot you were going to tell us about 'the other world,' we are so anxious to know what Aunt Lizzie says about heaven, and what kind of a place it is. We do hope there are plenty of china-dolls and baby-houses, with a beautiful garden of pretty flowers, and a nice white kitty just like ours, to run and play with us."

"Oh, girls!" said their brother, looking very grave and sad, "you must not speak so trifling and lightly of heaven; it is a very sacred place, and none but bright and happy people inhabit it. God is a very great, wise, holy, kind, and terrible Being, and we should be very grateful to him if he notices us at all; for we are weak, sinful creatures, sinning every day of our lives. For the present, I can say no more. To-morrow I will tell you about the beautiful heaven, which I hope, one day, we all will inhabit." SYLVIA.

THE HUMP-BACKED GIRL.

The little cripple passed along
The quiet village street,
The clothes she wore were patched and old,
Yet very clean and neat.
Though she was sickly and deform'd,
Her face was sweetly fair,
And the glossy curls around her brow
Proclaim'd a mother's care.

Ere long she passed the village school,
As, from the open door,
A train of boys came shouting forth,
Glad that their tasks were o'er:
A few more boisterous than the rest,
Themselves erect and strong,
Began to mock the hump-backed girl,
Who quickly walked along.

Once, Jenny utter'd sharp retorts,
When jests like these she heard;
But now, that grace had changed her heart,
She answer'd not a word;
Only the blush that dyed her cheek,
And the tear that down it stole,
Show'd that the coarse unfeeling taunts
Had sunk into her soul.

Arrived at home poor Jenny sought
Her chamber, small and bare—
Methinks these thoughtless lads had kept
If they had seen her there:
Beside her lowly bed she knelt
And cast this prayer to heaven—
"O Father, help me to forgive
As I have been forgiven!"

Dear children, 'tis from God above
Health, strength, and beauty come;
And He, in wisdom, has withheld
These precious gifts from some;
Be kind to such, and learn to keep
The golden rule in view,
Nor ever let a cripple hear
A cruel taunt from you.

BAILY'S "FESTUS."

We fully agree with the following criticism of this poem by Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, who is a man of rare taste and critical judgement. He says in one of his humorous passages:—

"We have made repeated attempts, but we cannot get through this poem. It beats us. We must want the Festus sense. Some of our best friends, with whom we generally agree on such matters, are distressed for us, and repeat long passages with great energy and apparent intelligence and satisfaction. Meanwhile, having read the six pages of public opinion at the end of the third and people's edition, we take it for granted that it is a great performance—that, to use one of the author's own words, there is a mighty *somethingness* about it, and we can entirely acquiesce in the quotation from the *Sunday Times* that they "read it with astonishment and closed it with bewilderment." It would appear from these opinions, which, from their intensity, variety and number (upwards of five hundred,) are curious signs of the times, that Mr Baily has not so much improved on, as happily superseded, the authors of Job and Ecclesiastes, of the Divine Comedy, of Paradise Lost and Regained, of Dr. Faustus, Hamlet, and Faust, of Don Juan, the Course of Time, St. Leon, the Jolly Beggars, and the Loves of the Angels.

"He is more sublime and simple than Job—more perpetually witty and wise, more to the quick and the point than Solomon—more picturesque, more intense, more pathetic than Dante—more Miltonic (we have no other word) than Milton—more dreadful, more curiously blasphemous, more sonorous than Marlowe—more worldly-wise, and clever, and intellectually *sweet* than Goethe—more passionate, more impudent, more elegant than Byron—more orthodox, more edifying, more precocious than Pollok—more absorptive and invetereate than Godwin; and more hearty and tender, more of love and manhood all compact than Burns—more gay than Moore—more myriad-minded than Shakespeare.

"It may be so. We have made repeated and resolute incursions in various directions into his torrid zone, but have always come out greatly scorched, and stunned, and affronted. Never before did we come across such an amount of energetic and tremendous words, going sounding on their dim and perilous way like a cataract at midnight—not flowing like a stream, nor leaping like a waterfall, but always among breakers, roaring, and tearing, and trampeting with a sort of transcendental din; and then what power of energising, and speaking, and philosophising, and preaching, and laughing, and joking, and love-making, *in excelsis!* As far as we can judge, and as far as we can keep our senses in such a region, it seems to us not a poem at all, hardly even poetical—but rather the materials of a poem, made up of science, religion and love, the very raw materials of a structure—as if the bricks and mortar, and lath, and plaster, and furniture, and fire, and fuel, and meat, and drink, and inhabitants, male and female, of a house, were all mixed through other, in one enormous *imbroglio*. It is a sort of firmust, out of which poetry, like a star, might by curdling, condensation, crystallization, have been developed, after much purging, refining, and cooling, and much time and pains."

YARDING AND STABLING CATTLE.

A writer in the *Country Gentleman*, reviewing previous numbers of that paper, makes the following sensible remarks upon a subject important to all:

A great many words are expended on this subject. It need not be difficult to understand Warmth and cleanliness should be combined. The great advantage of a shed, only, is in saving labor in attending to the animals. Cleaning out and littering the stalls twice a day, and keeping the hide curried, are obviated by the use of a shed. This suits most American farmers, who like to have as nearly as possible, a self-running machine. The disadvantages of the shed are, more room is required, and it cannot be kept so warm. It will be found by weighing the animals weekly, that more food is required for a pound of flesh in the shed than in a good stable. The animals may thrive as well. Very few sheds are properly made. If the wind blows through crevices, they are of little use. And they must be protected from wind on every one of the four points of the compass. John Johnston says his sheds open to the south; but here, some of our worst winds blow from the south, and unless a board fence as high as a shed fronts it, the animals will suffer. Very few stables are properly made or managed. A foul air and a foul floor are too common These are the abuses of the thing. Use as much straw in stables having stanchions as a shed requires, and the animals will be clean and comfortable. I do not think John Johnston should compare animals with men Is would be torture for man to be confined to a cell ten feet square, even if every luxury were provided him; but a cow would enjoy herself hugely in a ten feet box, if she only had plenty of hay and carrots. Animals care nothing for liberty if they can have bodily comforts.

THE PROSPECT FOR FRUIT.

The accounts which reach us indicate a good crop of fruit this year. On this subject the Newark (N. J.) *Journal* speaks as follows:

Under the usual operations of nature, there is a prospect of a good crop of apples, pears, plums and peaches the coming season. As a general thing, the fruit buds are backward, and will not therefore be so liable to be nipped by late frosts The buds, so far as at present developed, are in excellent condition, there having been no severe frosts during the winter to injure the trees. Cherries having been a total failure in this section last year, horticulturists are sanguine of a large crop of that excellent fruit. In fact, there seems to be a general belief that there will be an abundance of all kinds of fruit in the coming summer

CHARCOAL TO PRESERVE HAMS.

The Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* states that Rev. Dr Osgood, of that place, accidentally left a smoked ham in charcoal dust eight years, and when taken out it was found sweet and fresh as if it had been cured the past winter. This is pretty conclusive as to the value of charcoal in preserving hams.

Pittsburg Markets.

APPLES.—Green, 4 00@4 50 ₱ bbl.
ASHES.—Pots, 4(@4½; Pearls, 5½@5¾; Soda-ash, 4½@4¾.
BREAD.—Water crackers, ₱ pound, 6c.; Butter do. 7c.; Sugar do. 8c.
BEANS.—Small white, —@1.25 ₱ bus.
BROOMS.—Common to fancy, 2.25@3.25 ₱ dozen.
BUCKETS, &c.—Buckets, per dozen, 1.50@1.75; Tubs, per dozen, 7.50.
BUTTER.—Fresh roll, 13@14c. ₱ pound; packed, 9@—c.
BACON.—Plain hams, 6½@—; sugar-cured, 7@—; sides, 6@—; shoulders, 4½@—; country ₱c less.
CHEESE.—Western Reserve, 8@9. Goshen, —@—.
CANDLES & SOAP.—Dipped, 10c.; Mould, —; Adamantine, 20c.; Rosin Soap, 4@c; fancy 10c.
COTTON YARNS, &c.—Cotton Yarn, ₱ pound, from Nos. 6 to 10, 33c., and one cent advance each No.; cotton chain, 38c.; colored do. 32; cotton wick, 32; batting, 18; fancy do., 23 to 30.
CORDAGE.—Bed-cords, per dozen, 1.50@2.00.
DRIED FRUIT.—Apples, ₱ bushel, 1.37@—; Peaches, 2.25@2.75
DRIED BEEF.—10@10½c. ₱ pound.
EGGS.—Barrel or box, 8@—₱ doz.
FLOUR.—Superfine, from store, —@—; Extra, 4.50@—; Extra family, 5.00@5.15. Rye, 2.87½@—.
FEATHERS.—Fresh, 35@40c. ₱ pound.
FISH.—Large No. 3 Mackerel, 8.00@8.50; Baltimore Herring, 6.00; Lake Fish, —@—; Codfish, 5@6c.
FEED.—Sales of feed at 55@70 ₱ 100 pounds.
GRAIN.—Wheat, Red, 90@—; White, 1.00@1.07. Rye, 45@48. Oats, 24@26. Corn, 35@40.
GLASS.—City brands, 8x10, 2.15 ₱ box of 50 feet; 10x12, 4.00; Country brands, 8x10, 3.25; 10x12, 5.75.
GROCERIES.—Sugar by the barrel 9½@—; hhd. —@—. N. O. Molasses, 43@—; Golden Syrup, 75. Coffee, 20@21½. Rice, 7@8c.
HOMINY.—3.50 ₱ barrel.
HAY.—Sales at scales, $10@11 ₱ ton.
IRON.—Common bar, 2½@2¾c.; Blooms, —; Pig Metal, $24@26
LEAD, &c.—Bar, 8c.; Pig, 7c. Shot, ₱ bag, 2.25@2.50.
LEATHER.—Sole, 21@25c.; Upper, per dozen, $28@32.
LIME.—Louisville, ₱ barrel, 1.25@1.40.
LARD.—No. 1, 7@8c.
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NAVAL STORES.—Turpentine, ₱ gallon, 1.50; Rosin, ₱ barrel, —@—; Tar, ₱ barrel, —.
OILS.—Linseed, 75 ₱ gallon; Tanners', —; Lard, 65@70.
POTATOES.—40@50.
POWDER.—Rifle, 7.25 ₱ keg; Rock, 5.00.
RAGS.—Mixed, 3c.
SALT.—No. 1, 1.70 ₱ barrel; Extra, —@—.
SHEETINGS.—No. 1 and 2, —@24 ₱ yard.
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Your broken China Cups and Saucers can be made as good as new.
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This is the ONLY material manufactured in the United States which combines the very desirable properties of *Elasticity and Durability*, which are universally acknowledged to be possessed by
No Heat is Required in Making Application.
The expense of applying it is trifling, as an ordinary Roof can be covered and finished *the same day*
It can be applied by any one,
and when finished forms a *perfectly* FREE FROM *surface*, with an elastic body, which cannot be injured by Heat, Cold or Storms, SHRINKING of Roof Boards, nor any external action whatever.
LIQUID
GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT.
For Coating Metals of all Kinds when exposed to the Action of the Weather, and
For Preserving and Repairing Metal Roofs OF ALL KINDS.
This is the only Composition KNOWN which will successfully resist extreme changes of all climates, for any length of time, when applied to metals, to which it adheres firmly, forming a body equal to three coats of ordinary paint, costs much less, and will LAST THREE TIMES AS LONG; and from its elasticity is not injured by the contraction and expansion of TIN and other METAL ROOFS, consequent upon sudden changes of the weather
It will not CRACK IN COLD OR RUN IN WARM WEATHER, AND WILL NOT WASH OFF.
LEAKY TIN AND OTHER METAL ROOFS can be readily repaired with GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT, and prevented from further corrosion and leaking, THEREBY SECURING A PERFECTLY WATER AND WEATHER TIGHT ROOF.
This Cement is peculiarly adapted for the preservation of IRON RAILINGS, BOILERS, BOATS, SAFES, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, &c., also for general mechanical use.
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For preserving and repairing Tin and other Metal Roofs of every description, from its great elasticity is not injured by the contraction and expansion of Metals, AND WILL NOT CRACK IN COLD OR RUN IN WARM WEATHER.
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MANUFACTURED FROM UNBURNED BONES
BY BAUGH & SONS,
Wholesale office and Store, 20 S. Wharves, between Market and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia.
CASH PRICE $45 PER 2000 POUNDS. (2½ CTS. PER POUND.)
In the preparation of this Valuable Manure, BONES ARE USED IN THEIR RAW STATE ONLY. They have never been boiled or calcined. They are taken as nature has made them, crushed with powerful machinery, and subjected to a process, by which, while all the virtue of the bone is retained, it is rendered so pulverized, furnishing to a concentrated and *soluble form*, the two indispensable ingredients for the growth of Plants and enriching the soil, viz.: phosphoric acid, and ammonia. These two ingredients, by the use of "BAUGH'S RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE," are given to the soil in all their *original strength and purity*. They assimilate at once with the soil, furnish all the nutrient elements for the growing crop, giving it ample nutriment, and leave the land permanently benefited, so that its presence can be traced for years afterwards.
Downingtown, Chester County, Pa., April 9th, 1860.
Messrs. Baugh & Sons: Gentlemen,—I have been using your article of Super Phosphate on wheat and corn for several seasons, and can well assure you of its value as a "*quick acting*" fertilizer.
I have applied it on wheat at the rate of 300 pounds per acre, alongside of a heavy coat of barn-yard manure, kept dry and under cover, and the result was, that by harvest the wheat where the Phosphate was put, was much the better has lodged heavier while the grass was taken more strongly than on the other portion of the field. I have also used the Phosphate by the side of Peruvian Guano, each in the same quantity, and in regard to both grain and grass, the action of your preparation was much the more satisfactory. On corn, my experience in its use has been the same. It pays well for money laid out.
Yours respectfully, ISAAC T. LEWIS.
Newtown Square, Delaware Co., Pa., July 23d, 1860.
Messrs. Baugh & Sons:—Being anxious last season to test some prepared manure offered for sale, I was induced by your agent to make a trial of three different kinds, which I did on wheat, side by side, to the same field. They consisted Peruvian Guano and Superphosphate of Lime (one of the most popular in use) together with your *Bone Dust Super-Phosphate*, and used them as above stated. During the growing, as well as the gathering of the crop, the last received most favor in favor of the latter.
But whether it is from the mode and care in preparing, or in the superior quality of the material used in your Bone Super-Phosphate, I am unable to say, however, I cheerfully accord you the result of my trials, thinking that others may be induced to make similar experiments, and in my opinion, generally to the agricultural interests of the whole country.
Yours, &c., JAMES DUNWOODY
Plymouth, Montgomery Co., Pa., 2 mos 10th, 1860
Baugh & Sons: Gentlemen,—Having used your Super-Phosphate, bought of John W. Jackson, Esq., Norristown, at the Montgomery Co. Agricultural Store, on wheat and corn, I am well pleased to recommend it. The effect it produced was a manifest that it greatly increased my profits in the value of your Fertilizer. Where it was applied on the wheat, the soil was decidedly the poorest on the field, yet the yield was fully equal to the balance, which had a heavy coat of barn-yard manure. Where it was applied on the corn, I am satisfied the yield was fully double
Very respectfully, DAVID MARPLE.
Also apply to WM. A. YOUNG, 1021 Race Street, or 56

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Poetry.

VERSES WRITTEN ON A FALL OF SNOW.

Lo! Mother Earth, with beauteous mantle clad,
Of purest white! mocking the fuller's skill
To imitate. All soft and smoothly laid,
As by some wondrous hand invisible!
Thine arm, Almighty God, its power doth here reveal!

O Lord! how marvellous are thy works! in all,
The footsteps of thy glorious majesty,
Wisdom, and goodness infinite, loudly call
Our souls to loftiest thoughts—to awe of Thee,
Adoring praise, trust, love, and deep humility.

Alas! that erring, vain, heart-blinded man,
Amid the noon tide blaze of the works of God,
Should ceaseless walk, and yet should fail to scan
His glory filling all the earth abroad;
But blind should grope, as though in midnight shades he trode!

Be mine, in every scene that nature knows,—
In winter's snows and storms; in summer's face;
In radiant skies; in clouds of varied hues;
In weeping heavens,—a moving God to trace:
Thence let me rise to know the wonders of his grace!

Thus, like the patriarch's ladder, unto me
Shall nature's ever varying aspects prove;
As wings shall they to my weak spirit be,
Upward to fly to blissful realms, where love,
And truth, and mercy reign, nor earth-born passions move.

And thus my soul shall ripened be,
Jehovah's face unveiled to see;
To spend eternal years of bliss
Where snows are not, nor tempests hiss;
But all is beauty, love, and light:
For God and Christ in glory bright,
There radiant endless reign:
Whose praises high, in ceaseless strains,
Yet ever new, from the denizens
Of heaven, ascend, in loud acclaims—
Angels and ransomed men.

W. S. Rentoul.

Philadelphia, April, 1862.

LOMBARDI.

When shall I be at rest? my trembling heart
Grows weary of its burden, sickening still
With hope deferred. Oh! that it were Thy will
To loose my bonds, and take me where Thou art!

When shall I be at rest? My eyes grow dim
With straining through the gloom. I source can see
The way-marks that my Saviour left for me;
Would it were morn, and I were safe with Him.

When shall I be at rest? Hand over hand
I grasp, and climb an ever steeper hill,
A rougher path. Oh! that it were thy will,
My tired feet might tread the Promised Land.

Oh that I were at rest! a thousand fears
Come thronging o'er me lest I fail at last:
Would I were safe, all toil and danger past,
And thine own hand might wipe away my tears.

Oh that I were at rest, like some I love,
Whose last fond looks drew half my life away,
Seeming to plead that either they might stay
With me on earth, or I with them above.

But why these murmurs? Thou didst never shrink
From any toil or weariness for me,
Not even from that last deep agony;
Shall I beneath my little trials sink?

No, Lord, for when I am indeed at rest,
One taste of that deep bliss will quite efface
The sternest memories of my earthly race,
Save but to swell the sense of being blest.

Then lay on me whatever cross I need
To bring me there. I know them surest not be
Unkind, unfaithful, or untrue to me!
Shall I not toil for Thee when Thou for me didst bleed?

English Quarterly

A DIRGE

BY THE LATE REV. E. YEATES REESE, D. D.

"Slowly enter—softly tread"—
So the whispered words were said—
"He is dead!"

He is dead—the lovely child!
Hush'd his laughter, loud and wild;
Mute those lips, whose softest words
Charmed us like the songs of birds—
Pale his cheek—it once was red—
Cold his eye—the fire best fled—
"He is dead!"

"Slowly enter—softly tread"—
So the whispered words were said—
"He is dead!"

Bend the youth of promise fair—
Lo the dark luxuriant hair,
Falling o'er a forehead, fraught
With lineaments of noble thought—
Violent bright! where have ye fled?
—And in whispered tones they said—
"He is dead!"

"Slowly enter—softly tread"—
So the whispered words were said—
"He is dead!"

Dead! but yesterday his name
Filled the sounding blasts of Fame,
He, the man whose deeds were sung,
By the aged—by the young,
—Open now his narrow bed!
Plant the marble at his head!
"He is dead!"

"Slowly enter—softly tread!"
So the whispered words were said—
"He is dead!"

Dead! the old man full of years,
Who shall count his fallen tears!
Many a long and fearful storm,
Beat upon that trembling form—
Now, at last his couch is spread,
Where the weary rest the head
"He is dead!"

"Slowly enter—softly tread"—
So the whispered words were said—
"He is dead!"

Mournfully the tidings spread—
As the living join the dead!
Maiden, matron—youth and age—
All who tread life's pilgrimage!
Tears of sorrow will be shed
And the whispered words be said,
"He is dead!"
"She is dead!"

"Slowly enter—softly tread"—
Will the whispered words be said—
"He is dead!"
"She is dead!"

None but those eminently blessed with mental endowments can conceive all the pleasures which spring from the well formed and fertile mind; it seems ready fitted with little cells for all sweets; to have a distinct pigeon-hole for every kind of communication; all it receives has a tendency not to dissolve, but to crystallize in brilliancy and beauty; however extended its chain, each link ends in a hook for joining more

Selections.

THE SABBATH

THE LAW REQUIRING THE OBSERVANCE OF ONE DAY IN SEVEN, AS A HOLY REST UNTO THE LORD, IS OF MORAL, AND, THEREFORE, OF UNIVERSAL AND PERPETUAL OBLIGATION.

What is asserted in the words which stand at the head of this article was implied in the heading of two former articles, viz: *The Sabbath a primeval institution;* for this implies that it had its origin in the wants and necessities of man as the creature of God, and in his relation to his Creator.

It is unquestionably a fundamental truth of natural religion, that there is but one God, the Maker of all things, to whom alone religious worship and homage are due. This was known to Adam and the Patriarchs. But sin had so darkened the human understanding, that, in the course of a few generations after that signal manifestation of the Divine Power in the destruction of all flesh by the waters of a flood, the families of the earth began to glide rapidly into idolatry. God, therefore, saw it needful solemnly to announce the truth in the words: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord." All must admit, that no new, or hitherto unknown, truth was now announced. So, when he announced on Sinai three memorable words: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," this is no evidence that the Sabbath had not before been instituted. The obligation to keep the Sabbath might have, and, as has been shown, really had, existed from the foundation of the world, and been regarded by all holy men; but, as in the case of the other truth just noticed, the sense of this obligation had been too generally obliterated from the minds of men by time and by sin. The one commandment, as well as the other, was delivered to the nation of Israel on Mount Sinai; that is, the commandment, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," as well as the commandment, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;" they were both delivered to the Jews as a peculiar people; a people separated from all the other nations of the earth, as a sacred trust which they were to preserve till the fulness of time should come; when they were to be published to the Gentiles throughout all the earth, and obedience to them make an important part of the obedience of faith among all nations.

Previous to the transactions on Sinai, the "great things" of God's law had been confided to the memories of the faithful; and had been handed down by tradition from parents to their children through successive generations. But it is the nature of the human mind in its fallen state to corrupt everything committed to its care. The sacred impressions of the divine law were growing faint; its principles were in danger of being lost through perversion or forgetfulness. God therefore thought it necessary, for the future instruction and direction of his people, to write the law with his own finger on two tables of stone; and while he thought it necessary that these precepts should be written: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me;" "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image," &c., he thought it necessary also to write the commandment: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." It was as much his intention that this precept should be preserved and esteemed throughout all generations as any of the other precepts of the Decalogue. Hence it was first pronounced by the mouth of Jehovah, *in the midst of precepts* which are universally acknowledged as moral and perpetual in their obligation; and then inscribed on stone to testify that, like a rock, it should endure forever. It was also afterwards laid up in the ark of testimony on which the glory of the Lord rested, in token of its being under his immediate care; and was covered with the mercy seat, a type of the Redeemer, to manifest that the transgression of this precept, in common with other violations of the "holy, just, and good law" of God, could only be expiated by the shedding of his precious blood.

Here it may be necessary to notice particularly some circumstances which distinguish the moral law contained in the ten commandments, from the civil, judicial, and ceremonial laws which are contained in the writings of Moses, and were designed for the special use of the nation of Israel. The moral law was proclaimed by the mouth of Jehovah *in the audience of all the people of Israel* "God spake all these words, saying: Thou shalt have no other gods before me," &c., but the "statutes and judgments" which were designed to be of peculiar application to the Jewish nation, or to remain in force only till the "seed should come," were spoken to Moses and Aaron, or more frequently to Moses alone, who was commanded to "set them before the people." Ex. xxi. 1. "The Lord spake unto Moses, saying: Speak unto the children of Israel," is the ordinary way in which they are introduced. The moral law was written by the finger of God on two tables of stone, and laid up in the ark of the covenant, which was a figure of our Redeemer to testify that it is inseparable from him. Therefore, he says, in the 40th Psalm, "Thy law I have within my heart." But the other "statutes, and precepts, and judgments, were *written by Moses* in a book," and laid up *beside* the ark in a box, or in some repository attached to the ark, but separable from it, to testify that they might be removed.

Now, what reason can be assigned for discarding the fourth commandment more than any other of the commandments of the law? By what plea will men justify themselves in disregarding its obligations, while they acknowledge the universal and perpetual obligation of the other commandments of the Decalogue? By what reasoning will they undertake to show that the fourth commandment is not now binding, which will not be found quite as forcible, if they should ever find it convenient to plead that not one precept is now binding of that perfect and unalterable rule of life which God at first revealed to man for the rule of his obedience? You allege that the fourth commandment has become obsolete because it was of Jewish origin; but were not the third, the fifth, the sixth, &c., equally of Jewish origin? Were they not all published to the Jews at first, and under precisely the same circumstances? If, then, you plead for the innocence of Sabbath profanation, why may not another allege that there is no harm in idolatry, blasphemy, disobedience to parents, murder, adultery, theft? If some of these sins are more immediately injurious to society than Sabbath profanation, what of that? The most deadly diseases often do not at once show such symptoms as to alarm the patient or his friends. If one man may enter the Devil-guarded door of one precept of the perfect and unalterable rule of life and manners, another may certainly enter at the breach, and out, and in, and destroy, till all the foundations of morality and moral order are subverted. Why is it?

The prophets were extraordinary messengers whom God sent from time to time. They were not sent to administer the Levitical institute, or to enforce ritual observances, but to call the people their sins, to inculcate moral duties and principles, to teach the necessity, not of ceremonial, but of inward purity—purity of heart. Said Samuel to Saul, "Hath the Lord delight in burnt-offerings and sacrifices as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." Isaiah thus exhorts: "Wash ye, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes, cease to do evil, learn to do well. Seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow." Jeremiah thus reproves prevailing iniquities: "Will ye steal, and murder, and commit adultery, and swear falsely, and burn incense to Baal, and walk after other gods whom ye know not, and come and stand before me in this house which is called by my name, and say, We are delivered to do all these things?" And Micah thus answers some anxious inquirers, "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God?"

Now how do these teachers of morality and righteousness speak in relation to the Sabbath? Listen to Isaiah, who is one of the chief of them, and sometimes called "the evangelical prophet:" "Thus saith the Lord, Keep ye judgment and do justice; for my salvation is near to come, and my righteousness to be revealed. Blessed is the man that doeth this, and the son of man that layeth hold on it; that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and keepeth his hand from doing any evil." Chap lvi 12. "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words; then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father." Chap. lviii. 14, 15. Thus, in keeping the Sabbath classed with the precious and useful virtues, and such is its great reward.

When we enter the New Testament, we find that the teaching of our Lord was in accordance with the teaching of the prophets. In the 26th chapter of the gospel of Mark, we find him vindicating his disciples against a charge brought against them by the Pharisees for profaning the Sabbath. Had he agreed with those who deny the obligation of the Sabbath, he might have adopted a much more simple and easy method of defence. But not one word does he say in derogation from the sacredness of the Sabbath. On the contrary, as the conduct of his disciples had been a violation of the Sabbath, according to the construction of the Pharisees, he seriously sets himself to correct their mistake with respect to the nature, design, and duties of the Sabbath, that he might not appear to be a trampler on a divine ordinance. After citing an instance in the history of David, he adds: "The Sabbath was made for man." The idea is, that it was intended for man's benefit—to be a blessing to him. The Pharisees erred in excluding from it works of necessity, which would sometimes make its observance not for man's benefit. Now, if the Sabbath was made for man, at first, there will still continue to be the same reason for its continuance that there was for its original institution, while the race continues on the earth. He next, as Mediator, claims dominion over the Sabbath: "Wherefore the Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath day." It is one of his institutions. Dominion over it is a part of his glory. It is no superannuated or dead rite, which has no longer any glory "by reason of the glory that excelleth."

Speaking of the destruction of Jerusalem, which did not take place till 40 years after his death and resurrection, when the New Testament dispensation was fully ushered in, he said to his disciples: "Pray that your flight be not in the winter, neither on the Sabbath day." A day of holy rest to the Lord was to be observed after the abolition of the Jewish economy. D.

Sparta, March 19th, 1862

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

An attempted description of the British Museum as the writer knew it will, indeed, be a reminiscence of the past, for the whole institution has been so thoroughly reorganized that no portion of the old building remains. In the reign of George II., lived a scientific Physician, named Sir Hans Sloane, who had collected a number of curiosities, specimens of Natural History and the arts, at an expense of fifty thousand pounds sterling. This was, doubtless, a splendid collection for a private individual, a prestising Physician, to have made, and Sir Hans, justly proud of it, was naturally desirous to prevent its distribution at his decease; and, in his will directed that it should be offered to the government for £20,000. With a liberality which had not always characterised the British Parliament, the offer was accepted, and Montague House, then probably standing alone, was purchased for the reception of the collection. Additions were rapidly made both by purchase and bequest, national expeditions to all quarters of the globe have contributed to enrich it, until it has at length reached its present magnificent proportions, a means of instruction and delight to millions, and an honor to the country to which it belongs. What it now is I cannot pretend to describe, but I should consider the privilege of wandering through its halls almost enough of itself to repay a voyage across the Atlantic. No American, whose travels have been confined to his native continent can form an adequate idea of its extent and value; and no stranger who may visit London to attend the World's Fair should return without an attentive survey of the British Museum.

Montague House, originally standing in the open country, has long since been overtaken by the growth of London, and is now surrounded for miles in all directions by streets and houses. The entrance for the public was through a wicket, in a pair of large gloomy looking gates from Great Russell Street, into a dull court-yard, partly encumbered by a colonnade. A flight of steps led to the hall and to a handsome stair-case; its ceiling and walls adorned with a brilliant painting, representing, if I remember right, Apollo and other heathen deities. In the hall was to be seen protected by glass, the original Magna Charta, with the signatures and seals of the grim Barons, as well as of King John himself.

The first room we entered was devoted to specimens from the South Sea Islands, carried to England by Capt Cook and other navigators; comprehending canoes, war-clubs, implements of labor, hideous masks, domestic utensils and a great variety of other articles, with which Missionary records have, in some degree, made us now familiar; but which, doubtless, appeared very marvellous when first exhibited. Another large room was filled with cases of minerals, arranged according to the classification and nomenclature of that time; many of the specimens of great beauty and interest. The entomological department also was extensive; butterflies and beetles innumerable, each on its separate pin, like a Simon Stylites with his column run through him. To the majority of visitors the ornithological rooms were more attractive; the cases filled with well-prepared specimens of "every bird that skims the air or dips the wing in water," the grace of form and brilliancy of plumage perfectly retained. Eminent among them stood the Golden Eagle of the British Isles; other large birds in abundance were there, but, I believe, the glittering humming birds received more than a proportionate share of the visitors' attention. And almost all known animals were there represented; the stuffed skins of contemporary animals, the fossil bones of the monsters of the Pre-Adamite world. In one room, side by side, stood the skeleton of an Elephant, and of the Mastodon; the former bearing about the same proportion to the latter as the skeleton of an Ox would have borne to that of the Elephant. There also might be seen specimens of the huge Saurians with whose strange forms Dr. Buckland has made us so familiar.

But whatever pleasure the various departments of Natural History might afford, my great delight was to ramble through the halls where the Etruscan, Roman, the Greek and the Egyptian antiquities were deposited; to scan, though with no artistic eye, the mutilated sculptures from the frieze of the Parthenon and all the manifold forms, Centaurs and Men engaged in deadly combat, among the Elgin and Phigaleian marbles. Most of these were regarded much more from heathen violation than from the touch of time. To watch the calm contemplative countenances of the huge Egyptian sculptures in red Syenitic granite, the names of Remeses, Amenoph and others; or again to meditate over the inscriptions on the Terra Cotta sepulchral urns of Rome, many of them still containing the ashes of the otherwise forgotten dead; frail, yet enduring monuments of the piety of bereaved husbands and wives, parents and children, most of the inscriptions beginning with the conventional, M. D. (Dis Manibus.) Two thousand years ago some of these urns were charged with the ashes of the loved and lost, and the mourners, not having the Christians' consoling hope of a meeting in a better world to sooth them, manifested their affection in these brief inscriptions on earthen vessels; which, after all, exhibit a far purer taste than many of the costly monuments of these latter days with their pompous epitaphs. A few loving words, a brief farewell, usually constitute the whole inscription. Statues, Busts and Reliefs, both Greek and Roman, are numerous; of course of varied merit, yet, almost all of interest to the classical reader as illustrative of the manners and customs of the ancients. One group remains to my mind at this moment of two Greek boys playing with the small bones from the leg of the sheep, as I had often known boys in England. It would seem that there had been a quarrel, one boy was grasping the fragment of an arm of the other; who still firmly held the bone, the cause of the dispute. While the occupations and implements of grown men had become so entirely different, the sports of childhood had continued unchanged.

One of the most noteworthy objects in the department of Egyptian antiquities is the celebrated Rosetta Stone, so called from the place of its discovery. It is a very thick slab of black basalt, about 24 inches by 18, bearing on its surface three inscriptions, the upper one in Hieroglyphics, the second in the Enchorial characters, the customary writing of the old Egyptians, the lowest in Greek. The Greek, of course, could be read, and it was found to relate to Ptolemy and Cleopatra, and to ordain that the triple inscription should be set up in several parts of Egypt. It was manifest, therefore, that the inscriptions were translations of each other, and Dr. Young undertook the task of deciphering the Hieroglyphics by comparing what he judged to be corresponding portions of each. This was the commencement of our knowledge of the meaning of the Hieroglyphics. Dr. Young has been followed by Champollion, Lepsius, Seyffarth and others, and it is now believed that we have the interpretation of many of the mysterious inscriptions on the obelisks and temples of Egypt.

I remember being once highly amused, while strolling through the Egyptian room, by overhearing the remarks of a young gentleman who was being led a party of ladies over the Museum. He readily explained everything; was not for an instant at a loss; till one of the ladies, spying this Rosetta Stone, exclaimed, O, Charles, what is this? At first he seemed puzzled, but his hesitation was but momentary. Soon recovering himself he replied with admirable coolness; That? O, that is a law of the Medes and Persians which alters not.

In the centre of a small ante-room, stood the lovely Portland Vase, itself the only object in the room. Stood, but stands no longer where the public can have free access to it; for, some years since, a maniac shattered it to pieces. It is said to have been perfectly restored, but to protect it from the chance of the repetition of such an outrage, it is now above to but a few visitors at a time and not without a special permission. It is of exquisite form and workmanship, of blue glass, the figures in relief in white, one of them being the genius of death, not as we represent it, a repulsive skeleton, but a fair angelic form. I have often wondered how it came to pass that the heathen should have been able so picture death under such a pleasing and hopeful shape, while Christians, with the promise of heaven before them, have dwelt only on its terrors.

I have said nothing yet of the Library with its cells of shelving, its innumerable treasures of printed books and manuscripts, partly because the Library is not open to the casual visitor.

The arrangements of the Reading Room are of the most liberal kind. It is very easy for any person, properly recommended to obtain the privilege of free access to it, and the whole literary treasures of the Museum are at his service. He has but to hand to one of the attendants, the name of any volume he desires to examine, with its number in the catalogue, and, without any unnecessary delay, the volume is brought to him. He is not permitted to take any book from the room, but he may return, day after day, as long as he desires. Around the room are books of reference of all kinds, to which the reader has unrestricted access; and it is easy to understand how, with such assistance at hand, a dashing article for the Edinburgh or the Quarterly may be written. F.

THE SECOND MOTHER.

A weary time had the three little birdlings in Mr. Holmes' cottage—when she, 'the sweet mother dove,' had folded her white wings in Paradise. A weary time, for, though their father was a kind hearted man, his business called him away all day in the city, and when the latest evening train brought him to his home again, but little time was left for converse with his little ones.—Their mother had been all the world to them.

"We are all utterly lost without her," said the father to his pastor.—"I never had the faculty of arranging matters with the children, of drawing out their confidence, and harmonizing all disquieting matters. I have often looked with astonishment on the ease with which she could accomplish all such things, and that they were safest in her hands; what can my motherless one do without her?"

A widow lady, somewhat advanced in life, was warmly recommended by a friend, in whose good judgment Mr. Holmes confided, as a general superintendent of the household and children; and into her hands the little immortal spirits were intrusted. She possessed the commendable habits of economy and industry: but if ever a fair, sweet flower of feeling had blossomed by the doorway of her heart, it had long since withered, and the very root dried up for want of a single dewdrop to refresh it. The little ones soon learned to shrink from the decided tread of her creaking shoes, so different from the soft foot-fall which used to make their hearts bound with gladness. Soon they found the circle of their simple pleasures grow narrower, and still narrower, until there seemed nothing left. She 'should not have the floor littered up by all that trumpery;' so their pretty playthings were packed away in a closet, the key of which dangled at Mrs Terry's side. Even Carrie's precious dolly, little Florence, with her auburn curls, whose dainty wardrobe mother's own sweet fingers had helped to fashion was shut away with all her pretty robes, in a broken band box. Carrie cried a long morning over it, for which bad behavior she was sharply reproved, and was told 'how grateful she ought to be, that some one was willing to take pity on her forlorn condition, and no mother to see to anything; and would even put up with so much for the sake of keeping everything from going to wreck and ruin.'

So poor Carrie was silenced, though in her secret heart she wished the disinterested stranger had kept away, and let things go to wreck and ruin. Yet she was the oldest of the flock, and sought as wisely as a child of eight summers could to comfort little Neddie and May. Dear little May, she suffered most, for she was a delicate, timid child, and the four years' gentle nursing on that loving bosom had little fitted her for the chilling blast in which her spirit shivered now. Her nervous system was too strongly strung for its frail casemate, and it was plain to the discerning eyes of the new nurse that the child had been *hothed* too much, and needed tonic training.

Among other failings was an instinctive dread of darkness, and though much tender care had been taken to remove her groundless fears, as yet they had but partially succeeded. This was announced at once as "a great piece of foolishness," and the little one was taken to her bed, when kind Aunt Mary was obliged to return to her home again, with never a tender kiss nor a good night blessing.

"Please don't take away the light, nurse; I am so afraid of the dark," said the little one.

"Fudge," said the nurse, in a contemptuous tone, "you know just as well as I do, there is nothing in the dark to hurt you. It's all a pretence, and I shall take down the light just as soon as I've put these clothes away."

The child cried out in terror and dismay—"Oh, I want my mamma to come home."

"Your mother has gone to heaven, and it is very doubtful whether you will ever go there and see her again, if you are such a naughty girl," was the soothing reply.

The little one's sobs redoubled, and struck like an arrow to the heart of the bereaved father, who was passing through the hall to his own apartment.

"No mother to soothe her now," he thought, as he passed by the partly opened door.

"What is little Mary crying about," he asked kindly.

"I'm 'fraid of the dark, papa, and the nurse will take the light away. When will my mamma come back, papa?"

A deep, half smothered sigh was her only answer, as he sat down on the edge of the little bed.

"Will baby go to sleep on the sofa in papa's room, while papa writes?" he asked. A glad cry, and an upreaching of the soft white arms, were a sufficient answer. He bore the little white-robed figure to his own apartment, placing a pillow for her head, and wrapping his shawl about her; then after a few gentle, loving words, he returned to absorbing care again. It was enough though, for the little heart beat happily, and forgot its troubles in peaceful slumber. In mercy has "the good All Father" ordained it, that the griefs of children should be transient as

——"The dew-drop on the rose,
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush—the flower is dry."

The little one was not left alone in the dark again, as the father expressly forbade it, and Mrs. Terry was too politic to risk incurring his displeasure. Indeed, that lady daily nourished the few remaining charms she might have supposed herself to possess, with a secret hope in her heart that she might one day command where she now served.

Many months sped on, and little Carrie grew daily more unhappy, her little sister more fragile, and surly Ned, who needed a steady, restraining hand, more boisterous and rebellious.

But a blessed day dawned on that household. The father brought to his fire-side a second mother for his little ones. The disappointed widow explained the matter to them beforehand, and encouraged them with the assurance that "now they would find that they had to stand around."—"There would be no more running to father with complaints; if they did, it would do no good. They would soon learn that their grumbling had been when they were well off.

It was with no very high anticipations that they watched for the afternoon train, which was to bring the stranger to them. The autumn leaves spread a carpet for the bride, as she walked up the shaded path which led to the door of her new home. The children glanced at her shyly as she entered the parlor. There was no enthusiastic demonstration; but she greeted each one quietly and tenderly, calling them by their respective names. There was no bustle or ceremony, and the children looked up curiously into that clear, frank eye, which met them full and fairly, yet with a quiet, kindly smile. It was only a common face, yet the eye was one which children quickly learn to respect, and on its other foundation can love rest securely.

"A little fire seems pleasant such a chilly day," she said, as she drew off her gloves, and warmed her fingers before the polished grate. "Will Carrie be kind enough to take my bonnet and shawl?" she added pleasantly.

The little girl came forward with a light step, pleased with the idea that she could be useful, and Mrs. Holmes seated herself by the fire, taking up little May very quietly, and placing her on her knee.

"Can May warm my warm cold fingers?" she said, with a half smile, as she slipped one fair hand between the little one's small palms. With a bright smile the little one looked up, and there was a quick interchange of magnetic glances. It was a mere touch of a skilful player on that finest of all instruments, the human heart, yet little May was won. She wrapped up both hands playfully, in her little white apron, and folded her arms over them; looking the picture of content and happiness.

Ned was not much abashed, and gathering up his six year old courage, inquired, boldly, if "papa had brought them home any presents.—Biddy said, he ought to."

"If I am not mistaken, he has not forgotten you. We will look in the travelling-trunk after supper, and see.

"I want my present now," he persisted.

"I think we had better wait," said the same clear voice, and that calm, blue eye looked with the same steady smile into his. Ned felt that smile, and from that moment knew on what side the power lay.

It was not many days before the house began to wear a different aspect. "Old Shades," as saucy Cousin Will used to call the self-sacrificing Mrs. Terry, had taken her departure, and everything seemed to brighten up. The solemn stiffness which invested even the chairs by the walls, suddenly fled away. But no where was the change more apparent than in the little nursery. Fresh white curtains shaded the windows, looped back by tasteful pink ribbons and rosettes, which the children could never sufficiently admire; a simple chintz covered lounge was added to its furniture; and, above all, the old time playthings were drawn forth from their hiding-places, to gladden the little hearts which had so often sighed for them.

The new mamma had a wonderful fund of ingenuity in contriving new amusements and playthings, often, by a half hour's skillful use of her bright scissors could cut out of a bit of gray or black cloth. And then it was perfect witch-work the way those small fingers could fashion over a fragment of cotton flannel into a plump, white rabbit; a pair of red beads for eyes completing the enchantment. It was a unanimous verdict after this astonishing performance, "mamma knew how to do everything." What a trifle it takes to amuse children, and home-made toys give far more pleasure than more expensive ones, as they exercise a child's talent in contriving and fashioning them. Any one may learn, with slight pains-taking, many little arts for making home pleasant to the little ones; and no woman's education should be considered finished without these simple accomplishments. Alice Holmes had been for several years a teacher among children, and there can scarcely be a better preparation for women's life mission. The minds and hearts of her children were carefully cultivated, and their physical education was not neglected. Little May's cheeks began to grow plump and rosy under the combined influence of abundant out-door exercise, wholesome, appetizing food, and above all, the sweet sunshine of love in which her life was passed. All the children throve under her judicious guiding hand, as they never could if left to the care of mere hirelings. Indeed, I have scarcely ever seen a home that was not better off, with a step-mother at its head, than with no mother at all, even though that mother had many imperfections, and failed in many points of duty, as alas! what own mother does not

God bless the noble step mother, wherever is our fair land she may be, who is striving daily in her Heavenly Father's strength to discharge faithfully her arduous duties. Let her strive to cultivate a brave, resolute spirit, which can look the world fearlessly in the eye with all its censoriousness. All the world makes way before a determined, fearless spirit, while a cringling, wandering nature, can never command respect.

Above all, let her live a daily life of faith and prayer, so that the sunlight of divine love may always shine within her breast.

WHAT A HYMN BOOK OUGHT TO BE: AND HOW IT SHOULD BE MADE.

The Hymn Book is the next book to the Bible. It is hardly possible to over estimate its importance. It is everything to those who use it. No other uninspired volume has so deep, so abiding, so general an influence over the minds and hearts of Christians and their families. The young and old, the instructed and the ignorant, the rude and the refined, learn and receive from this common source. Its position forces it upon our attention, its contents commend themselves to our affections. When we enter the house of God, from its pages we worship Him; when in the silence of our houses we send up the voice of complaint, entreaty, or thanksgiving, we often find in it the readiest and fullest expression for the thoughts of our inmost spirits. The hymn book goes far towards forming the library and the ideas of many persons, in matters of doctrine and devotion. It enters the houses of those who possess and read no treatise on theology, no commentary on the Scriptures, no volume of printed sermons, no work on experimental religion. The form in which its contents are presented is essentially popular: the language is for the most part comprehensible by any one, and the metre attracts by its simplicity. The mind has a fondness for easy verse; the memory catches and retains it far more readily than prose; children will commit hymns more willingly than passages of Scripture. All the magic of association, too, is added to the love we feel for these sacred songs, and to their power over us. This hymn we learnt in infancy; that we have sung often and often, with God's people, in the sanctuary; a third seemed to fit our condition, and to supply a voice for our emotions, in hours of sanctified affliction, in seasons of spiritual darkness, or at times when God had made His face to shine upon us with unaccustomed brightness; another was the favorite of some beloved one, whose voice has since been transferred to the choirs of the blest. Is it wonderful that the book which comes to us with the sanction of the Church, which guides so large a part of our devotions in the temple, which thus twines itself around our history and our hearts, should be to us in great measure the exponent of theoretical and practical religion? that we should form our creed, our expectations, our views of Christian truth, duty, and experience as much from this as from any source? and that our active faith, the spiritual life within us, should be moulded as largely by this as by any earthly influence?

If this be true (and that it is, the experience of every one can in some measure testify,) it follows that it is vastly important, what sort of a hymn book we have. If the mass of the people are so greatly influenced by it, (and none the less, because unconsciously:) if the children of the Church learn lessons from it, more readily than from catechism and question book: if our men of culture and learning, our theologians, preachers and thinkers, find its power insensibly and subtly distilled into their minds in youth,—yea, and in ripe manhood too; if, in fine, the hymn book be of such vital moment, not only to the Church's external services, but to her inner life, as all Christians acknowledge, (while but few, perhaps, understand,) that it is: it behooves us to see to it, that this great engine for good be of the best quality and largest power; that there be no avoidable defect in its materials or construction; that no flaws be created, no opposing given by needless accident; to other words, that the book be such as will do no harm, and as much good as possible. Any hymn book which is used in a power: if it be evangelical in sentiment, and decent in literary merit, it is a power for good: and it is plain, that as its excellence advances, so will its usefulness; a perfect hymn book will do more good than an imperfect one. A selection containing three hundred hymns, of mixed or indifferent character may be better than none; but one which includes an equal number, of standard excellence, will be better yet in its effect upon the minds of those who use it; and one containing twice as many, of equal merit, will be yet more acceptable, as giving more varied and no less solid food.

A hymn book may be objectionable either positively or negatively; may be in some sense actually bad, or simply not as good as it might be; may contain false and dangerous matter, or be scant in its supply of the good. The heretic Arius, we are told, composed hymns on his peculiar doctrines, and sung men into Unitarianism. So is unscriptural theology sometimes promulgated in the garb of holy song, in this modern day. There are hymns (so called) of self-righteousness; hymns on the nobility of human nature; on the inferiority of the Son to the Father; on the universal salvation of the world hereafter. It is needless to speak of the effect of these: a hymn book usually either expresses or produces, the life of its own denomination: "Let me make the songs of the Church, and I care not who makes her creeds." Of course this vice does not prevail among orthodox societies; but there are minor faults which work their own ill results. A hymn book may be incorrect in other things than theology; its contents may be such as breed 'burnt districts,' as inculcate a jumping and shouting religion, whose fruits are more brilliant than solid, and its worship more loud than deep. But it may be said our collection is not open to that charge: true. Again, a hymn book may be filled (a sadly common fault) with wearisome, characterless, lifeless verse, which sometimes does as much harm as good. For when the authorities of a Church propose to palm off this kind of doubly long metre on their congregations as sacred lyrical poetry, the better educated and more discerning of the people will perceive the imposition, and their common sense will rebel against being edified by that which has no power of edification: while those who believe what is told them, and cannot distinguish between a genuine hymn and a mass of prose worked into rhymed metre, will have their tastes still further depraved and their glimmering notions of what is and what is not, darkened into utter intellectual night. The day is past when it could be supposed that the graces of style, and the gifts of genius, had nothing to do with singing the Lord's praises: in this age it is understood, in theory at least, (would that it were in practice!) that a hymn book ought to establish and maintain a high standard of literary merit; that it should violate the rules neither of grammar nor of rhetoric; that it should be able to endure the test of any fair and appreciative criticism; and that its general contents should rather gratify than offend a severe and elegant taste.

It may be asked, How many hymn books exist which have risen to this standard? Few enough, indeed; but we are not to suppose from this that such a book *could not* be created. That a subject has never yet been properly understood, does not prove that it never will be: that few or none heretofore, have done a piece of work thoroughly, is no evidence that no one hereafter will do it better. Why do we live, if not to learn and to improve?

The negative fault, above ascribed to hymn books, remains to be considered: it is the commonest and perhaps the worst of all their faults. Our language contains many respectable hymn books; not one that is complete. There are many of quite sufficient size; not one that is exhaustive: not one that does not omit many hymns that are fully up to its standard, and some that are as good as its best. Whether the field has ever been fully reaped, or whether the reapers did not know grain from chaff, when they were mostly out knowledge of the subject, or lack of judgment in choosing, or sheer indolence in the compilers of hymn books, certain it is that a great mass of precious treasures have been left to perish unknown, defrauded of the use for which God designed them.

It is an ignorant error to suppose that if it can be said of a hymn book, "there are a great many good hymns in it," that is enough. No compilation of any size can well help having many good hymns in it; it should aim to leave none out of it. In this, as in every endeavor, we should set *Perfection* before us as our object and ideal: and though the frailty of all human works prevent our attaining that, we may and must study to approximate it indefinitely. A manual may contain 'many good hymns' on the Atonement and on Christian Duty; but the absence of 'Rock of Ages' and 'A charge to keep I have,' will be felt. A minister has no right to take all his texts and chapters from the Epistles and the Psalms, ignoring the historical books of Old and New Testaments. He might tell his people that he read and preached the Gospel; but they could answer that it was not the whole Gospel. Just so we have no right to keep from the people any portion of the real treasures of sacred song with which pious and gifted men have endowed the Church. If the compilers of a hymn book, from any reason, omit three, twenty, or one hundred hymns of positive excellence and unquestioned usefulness, are they not, to that extent, robbing the congregation which use the result of their labors?

Lutheran and Missionary.

ORIENTAL PLOUGHING—THE FORCE OF CUSTOM.

Whilst most of the peculiarities of oriental life may be traced to patriarchal times, some of them are far from being in accordance with the Mosaic requirements. In Deut. 22: 10, it is said "Thou shalt not plough with an ox and an ass together." This direction I had often seen violated in Syria and Palestine, and even in Europe, but stranger yet than this appeared, the practice which I witnessed in my excursions about Jerusalem, of ploughing with two as

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, May 3, 1862.

☞ We refer our readers to first column on third page for some editorial correspondence, and Conference appointments

NOTICE.

APPOINTMENTS ON SABBATH, MAY 4TH.

The morning services of the Wesleyan A. M. E. Church, Hurst street, will be devoted to the baptism of several persons by immersion; a charge will be delivered to the candidates at 9 o'clock, A. M., in said church, by the pastor. From thence to proceed to South Street Wharf, for Gloucester Point, by way of the boat, leaving said wharf at 10 A. M.

Fare each way, 6 cts.

Revs. I. J. Hill and S. Jones will take part in the administration of the ordinance. In the afternoon, at 3 o'clock, a sermon will be delivered to the Daughters of Conference connected with said church. Theme—"Female Influence, and their Obligations to exert it in the cause of Christianity."

At half-past 7 o'clock, P. M., a sermon will be delivered preparatory to the administration of the Lord's Supper.

The Pastor's Valedictory Address for this Conference year will be delivered on Wednesday, the 7th of May, at 8 o'clock, evening.

NOTICE.

The Tenth Annual Commencement Exercises of the Institute for Colored Youth, will take place on Tuesday and Wednesday next, May 6th and 7th. Tuesday will be devoted to an examination of classes in the High and Preparatory Schools, at the Institute Building, 716 and 718 Lombard street. The examination will commence at 9 o'clock, A. M., and continue until 6½ o'clock, P. M.

On Wednesday, the Rhetorical and Elocutionary Exercises of the Alumni and of the under-graduates will occur; those of the Alumni will be held in Sansom Street Hall, beginning at 11 o'clock, A. M.; those of the under-graduates will be in the same hall in the evening, beginning at 8 o'clock.

At the close of the exercises on Tuesday, the distribution of prizes among the successful competitors will be made; and on Wednesday evening at the close, the diplomas will be presented to the members of the graduating class.

FUTURE.

An article from Rev. T. Strother, of Terre Haute, Indiana, we reserve for the next number.

OUR FOURTH PAGE.

Through arrangements made by the editor before leaving town, and through the courtesy of the Publisher of the *Youth's Evangelist*, we are enabled to present our readers with two illustrations, and a number of extracts from the numbers of the *Youth's Evangelist* for May 1st and 15th.

Sabbath School Superintendents who may wish the Recorder for distributing in their schools, will be supplied at the rate of three dollars per hundred!

NOTICE.

This is to certify that I shall be very happy to meet the Rt. Revs. Quinn and Payne in a Bishops' Council in Bethel Studio, Sixth St., at 3 o'clock, P. M., on Wednesday, the 7th inst.

(Signed) WILLIS NAZREY.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Rev. Samuel Watts, Pittsburgh, Pa.,...	1 50
Rev. John A. Warren, Detroit, on last year,...	1 00
Mrs. Nancy Messer, Zanesville, O.,...	1 00
Mrs. Emily Jackson,...	1 50
Wm. R. Arnold,...	
Rev. Philip Tolliver, Cinn., O.,...	
Mr. Lewis Scott, Cooktown, Pa.,...	1 00
Rev. Edward Davis, Union Seminary, Ohio,...	2 00
Rev. William Ralph, Monongahela City, Penna.,...	1 00
Rev. John Gibbins,...	2 00
Rev. Xenophon Lee, Brownsville, Pa.,	1 75
Rev. G. E. Boyer, of Baltimore Conference,...	1 50
Rev. Wm. Johnson, of Lewistown, Pa.,	1 50
Rev. S. L. Hammons,...	
Rev. Daniel Redout, of Baltimore Conference,...	1 00
Rev. J. L. Pindle,...	
Miss Virginia Burwine, Georgetown, D. C.,...	
Miss Mary Bond, Georgetown, D. C.,...	
Mr. Richard A. Hall, " "	
Rev. W. H. Hopkins,...	
Rev. Jacob Nicholson,...	
Rev. Philip Oxley, Cumberland, Md.,...	
Mr. Basil Patterson, Washington, D. C.,	
Mr. John Boston, No. 81 Orchard St., Baltimore, Md.,...	1 00
Adam Watkins, of Pittsburgh, per Rev. L. Woodson,...	2 00
Miss Leanna Brister, of Lenox, Mass., per Rev. W. H. Chase,...	1 00

The St. Louis A. M. E. Sabbath School, under the charge of Rev. John Turner, one of the strong Western pioneers, has shown, through him, with the teachers and members at the head, how highly they esteem the *Christian Recorder* and its Editor. The Rev. Mr. Turner has sent us quite an interesting letter. They have sent us $30 for the benefit of the *Recorder*. All hail to the St. Louis Church and Sabbath School. Let all of our Sabbath Schools do likewise who have not as yet done so, and the connexion will soon see what an establishment we will have for the young and rising generation.

We returned home only a few hours previous to the time of going to press, and consequently cannot say as much as we could desire; but we refer our readers to the report of the Sabbath School, and also to Rev. John Turner's Address to them.

The Rev. A. L. Stanford deserves much credit for his kindness in conducting the editorial department of the *Recorder*. Also, the Baltimore Conference deserves credit for recommending ways and means to aid and encourage us in the great cause that we are engaged in for the Church That's right, brethren!—*push* while we *pull*!—and GOD will most surely bless us in our labors —ED

A CRITICISM ON "BISHOP PAYNE'S REJOINDER TO BISHOP NAZREY."

To his reverence, Bishop D. A. Payne.

DEAR SIR:—It is no pleasure to me to be found a controversialist with one whose duty, like my own, is to make and preserve peace among men, and point mankind the way to God. But in the Episcopal controversy, as you seem to dispense with the proper means given us for establishing peace, and have placed yourself in a hostile attitude to right, duty compels me to oppose such a position.

In your rejoinder of April 12th, you have, in the absence of truth, substituted a number of suppositions, and mustered to your aid a similar amount of logical and rhetorical fallacies, and with great ingenuity labored to deceive; and, though you may think me "blind in one eye and cannot see out of the other," yet, I shall endeavor to expose some of those fallacies.

First, You say that my "denial of exercising a double episcopal authority, contradicts the decree of the General Conference of 1860," &c. Now let us inquire what this venerable body said: "They did not say that I was exercising a double Episcopal authority, (and neither could they, for I was exercising my authority under their directions,) but they said, mark; they "believed it was double." Now, when a man is summoned before a court as an evidence, he is to testify to what he knows, and not to what he merely believes; no man is hanged on the mere belief of others. I have not, therefore, contradicted any decree of that "venerable and authoritative body."

Again, in speaking of the Episcopal jurisdiction in Canada, in my article of March 15th, I intended only to show that Bishops Brown, Quinn, Payne and Nazrey, all received their authority from the same power, and that in Nazrey's case there was a special act that he "should serve in accordance with the wishes of the Canadians," which made his acts as lawful, if not more so, than theirs; and if the one is double, then are they all double. But you unsuccessfully attempt to show that the "parallel" thus drawn is a "complete failure." "Because," say you, "while they presided over the churches of Canada, these churches were nothing more nor less than so many missionary branches," &c.: then if so, the various districts of the A. M. E. Church are yet nothing more than missionary branches, for the same means used to connect the New England, Ohio, Indiana and other districts were used to connect Canada with the A. M. E. Church. Again, you say that their "authority was only temporary" and "permissive," but Nazrey's authority is "for life"—"legal and rightful,"—if that is true, the conclusion is favorable to my position, and your fallacious reasoning must fall to the ground.

Again, you say, you "wonder that" I "do not deny my own existence;" in a few sentences after you call me "most sapient Bishop," which means most wise Bishop. Can you make honest men and women believe that you are surprised that a wise man does not deny his own existence? No sir, you can make them believe no such thing, but you have made them believe that your intention is to mislead their judgment in regard to the Episcopal controversy. Again, by your letter in the Recorder of March the 1st, you tell us that the request of the General Conference of 1860, relative to my resignation was a "decree," and in your rejoinder of April the 15th, you say that you "are not so ignorant as not to know that a request is not a decree." Now sir, what are we to believe, as it is impossible for a thing to exist and not to exist at the same time? You then ask, if "this request under consideration is not the legitimate result of the decree touching your" (my) "Bishopric." I answer, if you mean what you called a decree in your letter of March the 1st, there is no such decree exists, and effects or results cannot exist without causes. Then, so much of your fallacious argument is of no avail. But if you mean the decree of 1856 or the "Clarke resolution," and the request of the Canadians at the Convention; my answer is that this request, i. e. "for one of the Bishops to serve them," is like the decree or "Clarke resolution," i. e. "that one of the Bishops shall be appointed to serve them in accordance with their wishes." Or, using your language, "the fruit is like the tree," or partakes so much of the nature of the tree, that no power can change the relation between them, but those who made the decree and the parties with whom it was made. Therefore, this part of your fallacious argument is against you and the result in my favor. Again, you say "that the General Conference having previously decided that" I "alone was the Bishop of the B. M. E. Church had no power to command me," if this is true, why did you wish at that critical juncture to take the advantage of the members of that body, which you now make so "venerable?" You was aware that Bishop Quinn was sick, and by some not expected to live. At such an unhappy period, I ask, why did you resign and refuse to act as one of the Bishops of the A. M. E. Church and at the same time know that they had no power to command me? Here are your words in a modified form, according to the Minutes of the General Conference of 1860. See Minute, page 20. "Bishop Payne announced to the Conference that he could not conscientiously act as Bishop until the above was repealed," and your leaving during a part of the Conference, accounts for my presiding over the Conference twelve or thirteen sessions out of twenty-three.

Again, you say that the "decree of" the General Conference of "1860 confirmed you (me) in your (my) life time Bishopric" in the B. M. E Church, and then asked me to resign.

Now I ask, what did they mean by this request, after having falsely accused me of separating myself from the A. M. E Church, and some publishing that I was gone to Canada? Was it to practise deception on me, or in hopes that I would deny their request? Or what was the design of first confirming me for life as Bishop of the B. M. E. Church, and then requesting me to resign? I wanted to know then, and I want to know yet.

Again, you say that I "gave myself to the Canadians to be their Bishop for life," after having previously said, "that the Canadians asked for me and I was given to them by the General Conference." Now, which assertion is true, for you have given us two, and one opposite, or contradictory to the other?

Again, you say that in 1852 or 3, I "bought a farm and built a house in Canada," &c. My reply to this is, that in 1852 I did buy fifty acres of wild wood land, and for it, I was to pay $137,50 cts., part of which I paid down at the time of bargaining, and was allowed time to make payment of the balance. In 1856 I built a log house on a portion of the land. I did not know that this course of procedure was such a sin as would require me to be called in question by five Annual Conferences, or thirty-one members of the General Conference of the A. M. E. Church, or representatives of said Conferences.

Again, you tell me that "to consent for" me "to exercise Episcopal authority while this pledge remains unfulfilled is what we never can and never will consent to do in the face of the prohibitory decrees of the last General Conference." Now, mark, you say in another place of your rejoinder that you was "not so ignorant as not to know that a request was not a decree," and here you call it "prohibitory decrees." I ask which is true? Again, you have sent out your circulars over the different districts to get thirty-one names or "representatives of five Annual Conferences," as you term them, and you tell them in that circular that you wanted to offer some plan in accordance with my request, concerning my Bishopric, &c. (See "Letter to Bishop Nazrey" of Recorder, March 1st.) Now, after you have obtained their names you deceive them, and come out in open rebellion, and say that "we never will consent for you to exercise Episcopal authority," &c. You here bring in the pronoun "we" instead of saying, I as you should have done to give us your real meaning. Moreover, the General Conference tell us who shall exercise Episcopal authority, and when any minor portion of its members independent of the major part of this authoritative Council, openly declare that I or "we" will never consent to these your doings, and at the same time refuse to use the only legitimate means to alter or change, i. e. either by Council or by a called General Conference, (the former of which has been already set aside, and the latter not resorted to,) I must confess is a little too much.

Again, sir, you attempted to prove that I am exercising Episcopal jurisdiction in Canada, by proxy, and as usual you destroy the design you seek to establish, or in other words, your argument, like all other fallacious arguments, is a compound where the two simplest, i. e., truth and error, are held in solution: but one drop of sound logic is sufficient to separate and expose your fallacy. First, you say that the General Conference of the B. M. E. Church, "which refused to accept my, (Nazrey's) resignation, elected an assistant Superintendent." Observe, here, you tell us that they refused to receive my resignation. Will your reverence tell me how they could refuse it if I did not offer it, as I pledged myself to do? But I either did or did not offer it. And if I did offer it, then your assertion, that my pledge with the General Conference is "unfulfilled," is not true; and if I did not offer it, then is your last assertion relative to the "Canadians refusing to receive my resignation," untrue. Hence, your argument works against you in either case, and still renders it more apparent that you are laboring to deceive. Moreover, if the General Conference of the B. M. E. Church elected an assistant, he is their agent, and not "Nazrey's," and is, therefore, acting as all other agents should act under the authority of the power that authorized him. But you say that the A. M. E. Church confirmed Nazrey, "in his life time Bishopric," and exultingly ask, "To whom is he" (the assistant superintendent,) "assistant?" Why, sir, the answer is plain from the following: The same General Conference that you say refused to receive Nazrey's resignation, also declared that by virtue of a clear understanding and lawful agreement made in good faith with the A. M. E. Church, that one of the Bishops of the A. M. E. Church should serve the Canadians in accordance with their wishes, which wishes were for life. But since the agreement was entered into and granted, the General Conference of the A. M. E. Church requested said Bishop to resign from the B. M. E. Church. And as the members of the B. M. E. Conference were the contractors with the A. M. E. General Conference, but had no power to make, neither did they wish to make the Bishop violate his pledge to the A. M. E. Church, while they, therefore, resolved never to relinquish their claim to him in accordance with the contract made with the A. M. E. Church, they also resolved to look to the A. M. E. Church for Episcopal services whenever necessity required, until the matter could be properly settled between the parties, and the Bishop of their choice should return to them. They, therefore, appointed a standing committee to invite him or either of the Bishops of the A. M. E. Church to attend to their Annual Conferences, and they elected an assistant to do all the duties of the Church, except the ordinations, and to assist his reverence, (the Bishop,) who might be present at the Conference. So we conclude that to all reasonable persons your grave question is answered.

Again, you have tried to make it appear that I have treated thirty-one members of the General Conference with "silent contempt," because I did not connect them with your letter of deception. But such is not the case. Any man, though he may be accused of being "blind in one eye and cannot see out of the other," may plainly learn (by the sense of hearing, if he is deprived of seeing,) that your communication in the Recorder of March 1st, is commenced and closed as an individual document, and not a document coming from thirty-one persons who are scattered over a country, and some of them hundreds of miles distant, each from the other, when the document was written.

Again, your letter came to me in all its official or authoritative character with the following words, "Signed Daniel A. Payne, one of the Bishops of the A. M. E. Church." Now, even a blind man knows that the General Conference did not ordain nor elect thirty-one of its members in Daniel A. Payne. And this is one reason why I charge your letter with deception, because of the lack of agreement in its beginning, intermedium and ending.

Again, when I address any particular part or parts of the Church, I address them in their respective classes or in the position they are placed, whether lay members or officers. If officers, I regard or address them as Trustees, Stewards, Leaders, Exhorters, Preachers, Deacons, Elders, Members of an Annual Conference, or of a General Conference, &c., as the case may be. When the last named class was addressed in my article of January 11th, 1862, I did not mean the Bishops, because I knew that it was their privilege and duty to meet together in Council and see each other to arrange matters for the best interest of the Church. And if the class addressed should have offered any unlawful measures, the Bishops would then be the right and proper persons to interfere. But when one of them, (the Bishops,) openly refuse to use the only lawful means enacted or ordered by the General Conference, I am compelled to inquire, "Watchman, what of the night?"—for really I am at a loss to know where we are coming or what will be the end. Now, I do not hold any one or two Elders of the A. M. E. Church infallible or above the rest, neither do I condemn those of the class addressed, in my "January article," for offering their plans through the paper. But I do object to any person or persons leaving his or their proper position, and through egotism, placing himself or themselves at the head of other classes and assuming the dictatorship without being asked to do so. Now, sir, it is evident you have assumed this authority, for your reverence tells us "We never will consent for you to exercise Episcopal authority," &c. I suppose by this your declaration, that I may look for a recess from the South to be sent out, to catch and chain me, as you was going to do Bishop Quinn in 1852, had I not stopped you. However, we will try and prepare a committee of reception, as it is the order of these days.

Other parts of your "Rejoinder" need a severe criticism, but for the sake of brevity I have deemed it unnecessary to further criticise. I have already made this article longer than I intended at the commencement. I wish the readers to excuse me for taxing so long their attention. I hope not to be compelled to write more in connexion with this controversy, but that our difficulties may be brought to a final issue. The controversy I did not court, but it has been forced upon me. I have begged for peace, but certain antagonists declare war, and are attempting to drive all peace theories to the winds. As Southern rebels compelled the Unionists to fight in support of their noble banner, so am I compelled to sustain the right, in support of the great and glorious flag of truth and justice. So help me God.

W. NAZREY.

For the Christian Recorder.

IN BEHALF OF THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

St. Louis, April 18th, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—Seeing the many appeals and the earnest efforts made by you to sustain our Church organ, the *Christian Recorder*, the Sabbath School attached to the St. Paul's Chapel felt it their duty to make an effort to obtain the needful assistance. That we may have the pleasure of contributing our mite to the best paper ever published by our connexion, is our earnest desire; but, in these hard times, what were we to do?—how could we raise the *wherewith* to fulfil our desire? At length the Rev. JOHN TURNER came to our aid, and suggested that the School celebrate the Forty-Sixth Anniversary of our Church. "That is just the thing!" was exclaimed on all sides. We thank God for having given our beloved pastor the honor of originating the idea.

The Sabbath School Union Society, composed of the teachers of this school, took the matter in hand, and went earnestly to work to perfect the arrangements. Committees were appointed, and assigned their different duties.

Friend Weaver, as you are, I know, wishing to have all the particulars, I will give you the names of the Committees in order:

COMMITTEE ON DONATIONS.

Mrs. Mary Armsted, Mrs. Mary James,
Ezekiel Pyne, Miss Joanna Mosby,
Mrs. Mary E. Turner.

COMMITTEE ON DECORATIONS.

Mrs. Mag. E. Pritchard, Miss Joanna Mosby,
Mary Armsted, Malinda J. Boyd,
Frances Pyne, Lucy A. White,
Ann Jackson, Sarah Prince,
Mary James, Mrs. Emeline Boyd.
Chairman—Mrs. Susan V. Robinson.
Supt. of Tables—Mrs. Harriet Francis.

COM. ON DECLAMATION AND SINGING.

Mr. George Wedley, Wm. H. Grey,
Moses Dickson.
Chairman—Mrs. Lucy J. Robinson.

The following programme was the order of the evening's exercises:

1. Hymn sung by the school—"Glory to God on high."
2. Prayer by the Rev. John Turner.
3. Hymn by the children—Sabbath School Festival.
4. An Oration by Rev. John Turner—Subject, History of the Church.
5. Hymn by the school—That Sweet Story of Old.
6. An Address by Miss Lucy A. White—Subject, Power of GOD.
7. Recitation by Susan America Estes—Subject, Light of Life.
8. Ode by Miss Eliza Allen—Jesus Lives.
9. Recitation by Miss Sarah Prince—Joy to Israel.
10. Dialogue by Miss Mary L. McDonald and Emma J. Harris.
11. An Address by Henry Bailey—Subject, The Ministry.
12. An Ode sung by Miss Angeline Anderson.
13. Recitation by Miss Frances Scott—Subject, Our Saviour.
14. An Address by Miss Malinda J. Boyd—Subject, The Last Plague of Egypt.
15. An Address by Margaret Dutton—Subject, City of God.
16. Dialogue by James Bass, James Henry, Wm. Meachum, John R. Mahony—Subject, Father Allen in his Study Receiving Visits from the Brethren.
18. Hymn by School—O Come, let us Sing.

The day and night were wet, I may say very damp, for it rained plentifully; the streets were very muddy, and yet we had a fair turn-out to honor the occasion. St. Paul's Chapel was decorated with a becoming splendor that will forever add a lustre to the genius and taste of the decorating Committee. Come, let us enter at eight o'clock, P. M. The Church is brilliantly illuminated. On each side of the pulpit are a hundred children, standing with their smiling faces and sparkling eyes, looking as beautiful as the morning sun, and in their clear, juvenile voices singing praises to God on high. The house was filled with youth and beauty, old and young, grave and gay, and here and there might be seen an old veteran of the cross viewing the scene with approbation.

Fronting the altar was a magnificent arch that reached from the floor nearly to the ceiling, with this inscription, done in letters of evergreen:—"Forty-sixth Anniversary of the A. M. E. Church, organized April 11th, A. D. 1816." Behind the altar, suspended high above all, was a life-like likeness of the venerable Bishop Allen. Just below him hung a lithographic engraving of the inner view of old Bethel, in Philadelphia. On either side was flanked by Bishops Allen, Brown, Quinn and Payne. Suspended in different parts of the church were many fine paintings and engravings of old prophets; also of the Bishops, and the outer and inner view of Bethel Church, of your city.

It was a scene to charm the eye—a poet's dream, a painter's fancy.

The Rev. John Turner made a short, comprehensive address, in which he very ably described the rise and progress of the Church. The children spoke and sang excellently, and elicited many irrepressible applauses. The ceremonies concluded at eleven o'clock, and all retired well pleased with the manner in which our first Anniversary had been conducted.

LYDIA.

MOSES DICKSON, Sec. of Sabbath School.

For the Christian Recorder.

A COPY OF REV. JOHN M. TURNER'S ADDRESS TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL OF ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.

Mr. President and Members of the Sabbath School Union Association, and Sabbath School Scholars—Having been appointed to address you on this occasion upon the history of the A. M. E. Church, I regret that I have not had time and opportunity to prepare an elaborate address.

The occasion on which we have assembled is an interesting and important one, having met to celebrate the Forty-sixth Anniversary of our Church, an event which all hail with delighted and rejoicing hearts.

As to our history, I would state the following In November, 1787, the colored people belonging to the Methodist Society of Philadelphia convened together, in order to take into consideration the evils under which they labored, arising from the unkind treatment of their white brethren, who considered them a nuisance in the house of worship, and even pulled them off their knees while in the act of prayer, and ordered them to the back seats, &c. For these and various other acts of unchristian conduct, our fathers considered it their duty to devise a plan in order to build a house of their own, to worship GOD under their own vine and fig tree. In this undertaking they met with great opposition from an elder of the Methodist Church, (J. M. C.,) who threatened that if they did not give up the building, erase their names from the subscription paper, and make acknowledgment for having attempted such a thing, that in three months they should all be publicly expelled from the Methodist Society Not considering themselves bound to obey this injunction, and being fully satisfied they should be treated without mercy, they sent in their resignation.

Being now as outcasts, they had to seek for friends where they could; and the Lord put it into the hearts of Dr. Benj. Rush, Mr. B. Ralston and other respectable citizens, to interfere for them, both by advice and assistance, in getting their building finished. Bishop White also aided them, and ordained one from among themselves after the order of the Protestant Episcopal Church, to be their pastor.

In 1797 the number of the serious people of color having increased, they were of different opinions respecting the mode of religious worship—and as many felt a strong partiality for that adopted by the Methodists, Rev. Richard Allen, with the advice of some of his brethren, proposed erecting a place of worship on his own ground, and at his own expense, as an African M. E. Meeting-house. As soon as the preachers of the Methodist Church in Philadelphia came to the knowledge of this, they opposed it with all their might, insisting that the house should be made over to the Conference, or they would publish them in the newspapers as imposing on the public, as they were not Methodists. However, the building went on, and when finished they invited Bishop Asbury, of the Methodist Church, to open the house for divine service, which invitation he accepted, and the house was named *Bethel*. It was now proposed by the resident elder, J. M. C., that they should have the Church incorporated, that they might receive any donation or legacy, as well as enjoy any other advantage arising therefrom. This was agreed to, and in order to save expense, the elder proposed drawing it up for them; but they soon found that he had done it in such a manner as entirely deprived them of the liberty they expected to enjoy—so that, by this stratagem, they were again brought into bondage by the Methodist preachers.

In this situation they experienced grievances too numerous to mention, which continued for several years successively, until about 1816. At this time the colored people in Baltimore and other places were treated in a similar manner as those in Philadelphia, who, rather than go to law, were compelled to seek places of worship for themselves. This induced the people of Philadelphia to call a general convention in April, 1816, to form a connexion. Delegates appointed to represent different Churches met those of Philadelphia—and in order to secure their privileges and promote union among themselves, it was "*Resolved*, That the people of Philadelphia, Baltimore, and all other places, who should unite with them, should become one body under the name and style of the African Methodist Episcopal Church—the first and only A. M. E. Church in the United States." We believe that it was the design of a gracious Providence in thus uniting us to mark out a way by which the despised African race might have an opportunity of receiving from their own brethren that religious instruction from which they have been kept by persons claiming to be their superiors, and thereby privileged to sit under their own vine and fig-tree; and, though opposed by the prejudices of the times, persecuted by the tongue of calumny, and buffeted by the great adversary of GOD and man, we have had the happiness of seeing the pleasure of the Lord prospering in our hands, to whom we appeal for our good conscience in Christ Jesus The preachers and members of our Church having become a distinct body of people by reason of separation from our white brethren of the A. M. E Church found it necessary, at their first General Conference in April, 1816, to elect one from their own body who was adequate to be set apart in holy orders to superintend the connexion that was then formed. The Rev. Richard Allen, being seventeen years an ordained preacher by the Rev. Bishop Asbury, of the M. E Church, was unanimously elected to fill that office; and on the 11th day of April, 1816, the said Rev. R. Allen was solemnly set apart for the Episcopal office by prayer and the imposition of the hands of five regularly ordained ministers, at which time the General Conference in Philadelphia did unanimously receive said Richard Allen as their Bishop, being fully satisfied with the validity of his Episcopal ordination.

Prior to 1816 there was a very little space in these United States for the development of the mental strength of our race; there were no openings before them to induce a cultivation of what a kind Providence had been pleased to endow them with. However great their aspirations might have been, there was no point to which they could look with any degree of certainty of realizing their hopes. The long looked for period ultimately arrived when the fathers believed something could be done in order to secure that religious liberty which they knew was guaranteed to every man in the happy land of Columbia, or under the spread eagle of America.

In forty-six years, the A. M. E. Church has spread over a majority of the States of this Union, from the waters of the Atlantic east to the gold regions of California. Her proud flag is floating to the breeze, and under her banner some fifty thousand members are gathered, led on by more than three hundred preachers, and a large number of local preachers. If there had never been an A. M. E. Church in this country, there would have been no place where we could have exercised to any extent the talent GOD has given us—but, thank GOD, as she (the Church) moves onward to her zenith, as fair as the moon, clear as the sun, she tells to all around to mark well her bulwarks, consider her palaces, that ye may tell to the generations following.

The A. M. E. Church has done more for the elevation of the colored people than all the other denominations of Christians in this country. Through her instrumentality the onward march of ignorance and superstition have been arrested Thousands of children are taught in her Sabbath Schools. Let a young man of bright intellect become a member of the A. M E. Church. He sees an opening before him—a place where he may be useful, and, knowing the qualifications that are essential to success, he commences to prepare his mind to fill with dignity any position which Providence or the Church may assign him, &c. All the religious liberty which the colored people enjoy in this country is attributable to the organization of the A. M. E. Church. There were no efforts put forth for their religious elevation previous to 1816, but since then great changes have taken place—the clouds have dispersed, and light has commenced dawning, and there is a brighter day in the future to shine upon our race. The A. M. E. Church now holds several Annual Conferences every year—viz.: Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Ohio, Indiana, New England, Missouri. The California Conference was set off in 1860. The A. M. E. Church has a book establishment, located in the city of Philadelphia, where all the books and religious periodicals are edited by a person raised in the A. M. E. Church. Is there any other colored Christian denomination in this country that has a book concern of their own, where a religious journal is published? No—not one.

Mr. Belcher, in his Church History, in speaking of our connexion, says: "It is gratifying to know that the members of this body show a high regard for education. They sustain four seminaries for the education of their youth. These are in Baltimore, Md., Columbus, Ohio; Allegheny and Pittsburgh, Pa." We bless the name of the great Head of the Church that we can now add Xenia, Ohio—the Wilberforce University

EPISCOPACY OF OUR CHURCH, &c

Rev Richard Allen was ordained Bishop on the 11th day of April, 1816.

Rev. Morris Brown was ordained Bishop on the 25th day of May, 1828

Rev. Edward Waters was ordained Bishop on the 15th day of May, 1836.

Rev. Wm. P Quinn was ordained Bishop on the 7th day of May, 1844

Revs Willis Nazrey and Daniel A Payne were ordained Bishops, May the 17th, 1852.

Bishop Payne is the last Bishop ordained—but not least; it is true he is least in stature, but not in intellect and intelligence. Our connexion is now in a prosperous condition throughout its bounds. We have all our Bishops

In conclusion, let me say, my prayer to GOD is that the number of Sabbath Schools may be increased, and, also, the number of faithful teachers, the number of faithful members of church, also the number of faithful ministers This will necessarily increase the number of Bishops, &c.

(Signed) JOHN TURNER.

INSTITUTE FOR COLORED YOUTH.

The annual (private) examination of the Senior Class of this Institution took place last week. It was confined to Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, and was conducted in writing, under the direction of Professor PLINY E. CHASE, A. M., of this city. The following are the questions in Latin:

QUESTION 1.

Mum, mihi causa memora, quo numine laeso.

What different translations can you give of this line?

QUESTION 2.

Ille haec, deposità tandem formidine, fatur:
Cuncta equidem tibi, rex, fuerit quodcumque, fatebor
Vera, inquit; neque me Argolica de gente negabo:
Hoc primum; nec, si miserum fortuna Sinonem
Finxit, vanum etiam mendacemque improba finget.

Scan these lines, giving the rule for the quantity of each syllable.

QUESTION 3

Explain the proper names and epithets which occur in Virg. Aen. I., v. 441–473. (These are *Pœni, Juno, Sidonia Dido, Æneas, Ilienses, Atridas, Priamus, Achilles, Achaia, Pergama, Græii, Trojana, Phryges, Rhesus, Tydides, Trojæ, Xanthum.*

QUESTION 4.

Parse and give the rules for the italicised words in the following lines:

Tum breviter Dido, *vultum* demissa, profatur:
Solvite *corde* metum, Teucri; secludite curas,
Res dura et regni novitas me talia cogunt
Moliri, et late fines *custode* tueri.
Auxilio tutos dimittam, *opibus* que juvabo
Hin *animum* arcebit dictis.

QUESTION 5.

Translate the following lines:

Postquam introgressi, et coram data copia fandi,
Maximus Ilioneus placido sic pectore coepit:
O regina, novam cui condere Jupiter urbem,
Justitiaque dedit gentes frenare superbas,
Troës te miseri, ventis maria omnia vecti,
Oramus: prohibe infandos a navibus ignes;
Parce pio generi, et propriis res adspice nostras.
Non nos aut ferro Libycos populare Penates
Venimus, aut raptas ad litora vertere praedas;
Non ea vis animo, nec tanta superbia victis.
Est locus, Hesperiam Graii cognomine dicunt,
Terra antiqua, potens armis atque ubere glebae;
Œnotri coluere viri, nunc fama minores
Italam dixisse, ducis de nomine, gentem.

QUESTION 6

Arrange in the English order of construction the following lines:

Primus se, Danaûm magna comitante catervâ,
Androgeus offert nobis, socia agmina credens
Iasenus; atque ultro verbis compellat amicis:
Festinate, viri; nam quastam sera moratur
Segnities? Alii rapiunt incensa feruntque
Pergama; vos celsis nunc primum a navibus itis!

QUESTION 7.

Parse *Dum abitur eram*: Virg. Aen. II., v 428.

QUESTION 8.

Give a liberal translation of the following lines:

Nate dea, (nam te majoribus ire per altum
Auspiciis manifesta fides; sic fata deum rex
Sortitur, volvitque vices; is vertitur ordo;)
Pauca tibi e multis, quo tutior hospita lustres
Æquora, et Ausonio possis considere portu,
Expediam dictis; prohibent nam cætera Parcæ
Scire, Helenum farique vetat Saturnia Juno.

QUESTION 9.

Point out the compound words, and their elements, in the following lines:

Longuinqua tum portus jubet, et considere transtris
Certatim socii feriant mare, et aequora verrant.
Protenus aerias Phaeacum abscondimus arces,
Litoraque Epiri legimus, portuque subimus
Chaonio, et celsam Buthroti accedimus urbem

QUESTION 10

Give the roots of the nouns and verbs in the following lines:

Proxhibimur pelago vicina Ceraunia juxta,
Unde iter Italiam, cursus que brevissimus undis
Sol ruit interea, et montes umbrantur opaci.

Subjoined are the questions in Greek. The first eight are on the Greek Reader; the ninth and tenth are confined to the Greek Testament:

QUESTION 1.

Translate literally the following passage:

Ὅτου, ἄφρων ἐστὶν ἐπιθυμῆσαι, τινὰ ἐκ μέσου ποιῆσαι, ἢ ὑφ' ἑαυτὸν ἐγεῖραι, ἢ ἀνθρώπων, ἢ θεῶν; Ὃς δὲ ἀκριβῶς μανθάνειν ἐπιθυμεῖ ὧν ἕνεκα ἄνθρωπος αὐτὸν προσκυνήσαντος, τοῦτο πάντες ἐπιθυμοῦντες ἔνδικοι καὶ βασιλικοὶ αὐτοὶ ἔσονται.

QUESTION 2.

Translate literally the following passage:

Τῶν ἀνθρώπων βουλόμενοι πυκνὰς βαλεῖν, ὡς ἔοικε, ζῶσι δὶα τὸ κακῶς χειροτονεῖν. Λίμνοιμεν δὲ τούτου τῶν ἄλλων, ὁ πόλους ὑκόλαβεν ἐφ' ἑαυτοῦ. Καὶ οὐχ ὑβὼν ἀνὴρ ἀλλ' εἷς, σὺν βασιλεύοντος, ὁ δεύτερος ἡμᾶς κατάδουλοι ἐπὶ χειρῶν, πῶς ἡμῖν ἐκφεύξεσθε;

QUESTION 3.

Parse the words, ἦν and ἤκουσεν, in the sentence, ἤλιος δὲ ἦν θορυβός, ἐξ ἐγω τοῦτο ἤκουσεν.

QUESTION 4.

Parse ἐκαθέζετο, ἤρξατο, ἔφαγον, and ἔγνων, in the passage, Καινοῦ ἐκ κέρατος βοὸς ἐκαθέζετο τοῦ ὑῶν. Ἐξ τὰ ἑκτῶν εἶπον ὑμῖν, καὶ οὐ πιστεύετε πως, ἐαν εἶπον ὑμῖν τὰ ἐπουράνια, πιστεύσετε; Καὶ οὐδεὶς ἀναβέβηκεν εἰς τὸν οὐρανὸν, εἰ μὴ ὁ ἐκ τοῦ οὐρανοῦ καταβὰς, ὁ υἱὸς τοῦ ἀνθρώπου ὁ ὢν ἐν τῷ οὐρανῷ.

The questions in Mathematics are twenty in number—ten in Geometry and ten in Trigonometry. In Geometry they are as follows:

Demonstrate the elementary propositions on which the Pythagorean proposition depends.

2. Demonstrate the Pythagorean proposition. If you know any other mode of demonstration than the original one, give it.

3. Find the value, in terms of R, of the chord of 7° 30'.

4. What is the ratio of the perimeter of one inscribed square to the area of a circumscribed regular pentagon?

5. What must be the side of a regular hexagon to contain 10 A., 3 R., 28 r.?

6. The side of a regular inscribed polygon of 30 sides being 2,091 R., required the side of a regular inscribed polygon of 60 sides.

7. What is the ratio of the surface of an inscribed sphere to that of a circumscribed cylinder, demonstrating your answer?

8. Demonstrate the simplest formula for the entire surface of a cone.

9. Demonstrate the rule for finding the solidity of the frustrum of a pyramid.

10. What is the ratio of the solidity of a sphere to the surface of its circumscribing cube?

PLANE TRIGONOMETRY.

1. Sin. a being given, find tan. 4 a.

2. A side and two adjacent ends being given, find the remaining side.

3. Two sides and the included angle being given, find the remaining side and angle.

4. Two sides and the angle opposite one of them being given, find the remaining side and angle.

5. The three sides of a triangular field are 35 rods, 28 5 rods, and 10.04 rods. Find the area, and demonstrate the process.

SPHERICAL TRIGONOMETRY.

1. Prove that the sum of the side of a spherical triangle is less than the circumference of a great circle.

2. Given, the hypothenuse and one side of a right-angled spherical triangle; find the other side and angle

3. The angle of a spherical triangle being given, find the side.

4. The sides of a spherical triangle are 78° 30', 120° 15', and 90°. Find the angle.

5. Two sides and the included angle of a spherical triangle being given, find the other side and angle.

King Leopold, of Belgium, is dangerously ill. His death would deprive Europe of one of her wisest and safest rulers; for King Leopold has long been a trusted adviser of many other kings and queens. He is a Protestant, and yet the king of the most intensely Catholic nation of Europe.

Horace Holden's Will.—The late Horace Holden, Esq., whose death we have so recently lamented, left a large property, which he bequeathed to his family, making this remark on the use of money:

"I have felt it for many years to be my duty to give to various objects of Christian benevolence, according as God hath prospered me. My wife is fully acquainted with those objects to which I have given, and for which I trust we have both prayed, I do hereby recommend to her, by yearly benefactions, to sustain the same great religious charities as we have heretofore done, and more liberally if her means will do so, and I enjoin the same upon my children."

The Governor of Wisconsin Drowned.—Governor Louis P. Harvey, was drowned at Savannah, Tenn., on Saturday night, while stepping from one boat to another. His body had not been recovered when the despatches left.

At the time of his death he was engaged in the humane object of ministering to the wounded at Pittsburg Landing, having taken with him an immense am

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Washington, April 24th, 1862.

We arrived in the city about 7 o'clock, and finding none of our people at the depot, with their hacks, we then got a gentleman to wheel our trunk to the house of Rev. James Reed, a local preacher; and here I met with Rev. Bishop Payne, whom I found looking very well. After breakfast, I accompanied the Bishop to Conference. He called upon me to open the Conference by reading the 2d chapter of Colossians, singing, and prayer. The minutes were read and approved; after which many of the brethren came forward and gave us a hearty shake hands, among whom we recognised Revs D. W Moore, Wayman, Lynch, Turner, and Hamans. Some of the brethren read their parochial reports. They are all looking in fine spirits The committees reported—some on missions, some on education, temperance, &c. Quite a number of petitions, in relation to brethren holding charges, were presented. Conference adjourned to meet on Friday morning, by appointing preaching at 4 P M., and 7½ P. M.

Friday morning, April 25th. Conference met, per adjournment, Bishop Payne in the chair. Conference was opened by reading, singing, and prayer. The minutes were read and approved. Conference resolved itself into the missionary society. At half-past 11 o'clock, Conference entered upon its business. The Bishop then called up some four brethren whom the committee had recommended for itinerant service. Conference adjourned, to meet on Monday morning.

Monday morning, April 28th. Conference met at 9 o'clock, A. M. Bishop Payne in the chair Conference was opened by singing, prayer, and reading of the 2d chapter of the Book of Psalms. The minutes were read and approved. Conference proceeded to unfinished business. At 11 o'clock, Rev D. W. Moore, who was appointed to preach the ordination discourse, arose and took his text from 2 Tim. iii. 5. Brother Moore was profound, logical, and very impressive. The Bishop then proceeded to the ordination of some four elders, which was performed by Bishop Payne with much solemnity. The members of the Conference bought off the Editor and General Book Steward, "The Death-bed of the Rev. John Wesley," which was presented to Bishop Payne, on behalf of the Conference, by Rev. A. W. Wayman, as follows: "Rev. Sir,—Allow me, on behalf of the members of the Baltimore Annual Conference, to present to you this beautiful picture, representing the peaceful dying moments of the Apostolic Wesley. Sir, it is our wish that your life may be as useful as his, and your dying moments as peaceful." Bishop Payne replied, with tears in his eyes, in a most impressive manner, holding a crowded house spell-bound for some ten minutes or more. Conference then adjourned, to meet on Monday morning.

The committee on the Book Concern reported the approval of the General Book Steward's report, and that it be adopted; it contained a recommendation of ways and means to assist the Editor and General Book Steward. The Bishop entered his protest; it will be found in the Minutes. The report was adopted. Rev. H. M. Turner offered a series of resolutions, to prevent brethren from going outside of the Church to baptise persons. After some little discussion, a committee of three was appointed to make or give the sense of the Conference. Rev. A. B. Green, who claims to be the Bishop of the B. M. E. C., of Canada, was requested to give some statements about the position of Bishop Nazrey and himself, which took some three-quarters of an hour. We forgot to state that the Conference adopted, or recommended some plan by which they are to aid the Editor and General Book Steward. Conference adjourned, to meet on Wednesday morning, April 30th.

WEAVER.

APPOINTMENTS.

Union Bethel Station, Washington, Rev. Jas. A. Hand, sub. to Rev. H. M. Turner.

Washington and Alexandria Mission, Rev. B. Tanner.

Ebenezer Station, Georgetown, D. C., Rev. H. J. Rhodes.

Waters' Chapel, Baltimore, Md., Rev. James Lynch.

Bethel Church, Baltimore, Md., Rev. A. W. Wayman.

Fell's Point, Baltimore, Md., Rev. David Smith.

Ebenezer Station, Baltimore, Md., Rev. John M. Brown.

Rev. Dennis Davis, Hagerstown, Md.

Rev. S. L. Hammond, Cumberland Station, Md.

Rev. H. M. Turner, Israel Church, Washington, D. C.

Rev. W. H. Waters, Frederick City, Md.

Rev. Michael F. Sluby, Wilmington Station, Del.

Circuits.—Rev. J. P. Byard, Camden Circuit, Del.

Rev. William H. Russell, Eastern Circuit.

Rev. Jacob Nickles, Frederick County Circuit, Md.

Rev. George E. Boyer, Frederica Circuit, Del.

Rev. W. H. Hopkins, Havre de Grace Circuit, Md.

Rev. J. R. Henry, Hollidaysburg Circuit, Pa

Rev. Alex. Johnson, Lewistown Circuit, Pa.

Rev. D. W. Moore, Port Deposit Circuit, Md.

Rev. J. P. Pindell, Lewistown Circuit, Del.

Rev. W. Williams, Long Green Circuit, Md.

Rev. R. P. Gibbs, Carlisle Circuit, Pa.

Rev. Daniel Ridout, Washington Circuit, Md.

Rev. R. F. Wayman, Smyrna Circuit, Del.

Rev. John J. Hurbert, Ellicott's Mills Circuit, Md.

Rev. R. H. Hall, Hancock Circuit, Md.

Personal.

Parson Brownlow has been visiting our city, and made his speech from the State House steps. He made a very free use of the epithets and adjectives of our language, over which he has such a fearful mastery. He is, unquestionably, a Union-loving, brave and patriotic man, yet, for the sake of his former clerical profession, we could wish that he would use language a little softer, or, at least, more euphonious.

Rev. Joseph F. Duryea, late pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Troy, N. Y., was installed as one of the associate pastors of the Collegiate Church, in New York, on Sabbath evening, April 6th.

Samuel R. Wilson, D D, late of Cincinnati, was installed pastor of the Grand Street Church, N. Y., on Sabbath, the 20th of April.

The Old Sailor Hurt.—Father Taylor, the well known sailors' preacher of Boston, had his shoulder-joint dislocated by a fall at Cambridge a few days since. His age and infirmity render this a serious trial to the good man.

Rev. J. Edwards, late of the Choctaw Mission, under the care of the Presbyterian Board, (O. S.,) arrived with his family on the steamer. Mr Edwards' labors in connexion with the Mission referred to, were suddenly arrested by the rebellion, which has swept on like a tornado to the revolted states. He is for the present engaged as an associate in Dr. Burrows' City College.

For the Christian Recorder

NOTICE

The Social, Civil, and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Pennsylvania open a subscription list to aid the freed men at Port Royal and other points where they may be located, and respectfully ask the co-operation of the colored citizens and others in this city, or elsewhere, in money or clothing.

Any amount of value received will be acknowledged, with the name of the donor, in the *Recorder*, where a constant record will be kept.

Subscriptions may be sent to Jacob C. White, at the office of the *Lebanon Cemetery*, 711 Lombard Street, and also to William Still, 107 North Fifth Street, and to Rev. E. Weaver, 619 Pine Street.

Statistical Society,	$50 00
Clayton Miller,	2 00
William Still,	5 00
Robert Adger,	1 00
Henry Minturn,	2 00
Catherine Johnson,	2 00
Vasti Locke,	2 00
Wm. Warricks,	2 00
Harriet Shorter,	1 00
Sarah S. Hawkins,	1 00
Rev. Jonathan C. Gibbs,	1 00
James P. Clay,	1 00
Benjamin F. Hill,	2 00
S. M. S.,	2 00
Elizabeth Gorden,	1 00

Port Royal Contrabands.—At a meeting held on Wednesday evening, at the Philadelphia Institute, by the Executive Committee of the Statistical Association of Colored People, of this city, the following resolutions were passed, which were read at the close of a concert by the Hutchinson Family last evening, given in aid of the escaped slaves at Port Royal:

Resolved, That the claims of the "Contrabands" in the vicinity of Port Royal and elsewhere call loudly upon the friends of humanity for material aid and sympathy.

Resolved, That while there is reason to regret that the Government has not more fully defined the status of these poor creatures, nevertheless it is clearly the duty of the Social, Civil and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Pennsylvania, not only to render aid as an organization, but also to commend these sufferers to the consideration of the various colored churches and societies of this city and State, that they may co-operate in the noble work of helping the Freemen's Association or other proper enterprises, which have undertaken to furnish food, clothing, and teachers, moral and religious, so much needed to relieve immediate distress and to inspire them with hopes of final deliverance.

Resolved, That we cannot lose sight of the Act of Congress, passed at its extra session, or of those proclamations emanating from the several Generals and Commanders of the Army, in which freedom has been declared to the slaves of all parties aiding directly or indirectly the rebellion.

Resolved, That in view of these acts, the slaves cannot (in our judgment) be considered other than FREEMEN.

J. C. WEARS, President.
WM. STILL, Corresponding Secretary.
(1t) S. M. SMITH, Recording Secretary.

Domestic Items.

Prayer in Congress.—The session of the House was opened recently with the following prayer, by Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, Chaplain of the House:—

"We thank Thee for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. We thank Thee for the emancipation of slaves in the capital of our country. We thank Thee that our soil is now free from slavery, and that this air is now free air, and so shall remain forever. We accept this great blessing, not as the result of human manifestation—not as a matter of party policy—but as a Divine intervention, as a development of another form of confirmation to Thy great and glorious purpose, to carry on and complete the whole work of human redemption. Therefore, we bless and magnify Thy most excellent name, uniting with the churches of all lands, and of ages in saying:—'Glory be unto the Father, and unto the Son, and unto the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end!'"

Parson Brownlow's Press.—The popular subscription in New York to the fund for purchasing the Parson one of Hoe's fast presses is well nigh made up, and the committee of gentlemen having the matter in charge are now deliberating upon the propriety of supplying him with a new font of type, as an additional mark of their esteem and respect for the parson—the patriot and the man.

New York Don't Feel the War.—Broadway, in these fine summery days, exhibits its gorgeous plumage and its newest fashions, without regard to the possible evils of the near future. Talk about the war touching us habits of economy, frugality and all that! In the rural districts, where popular greenness is presumed to predominate, possibly some such change for the better has really been accomplished, but here we "don't see it." Walk from Canal Street to Grace Church, on the shilling side, and almost every "MoFlimsey" you meet is attired in silks or satins. Upon and along the fashionable avenues, about as many sumptuous carriages are to be seen rolling along as usual. The theatres are as well attended as ever—the jewelry shops are selling about as many gew-gaws as they sold before the war; and so on throughout all the graduations of Metropolitan society and life. New York has heard much of the war, but the truth is, it has but little felt it as yet.

The refugees from Florida, who arrived in the *Star of the South*, tell terrible stories of their hardships and sufferings under their rebel masters. They bear witness to the prevalence of a strong Union feeling in Georgia and Florida.

A Scotchman in Court.—In the Court of General Sessions, New York city, Daniel McCarry, the porter of Nunas and Rieman, who, it will be remembered, stole some $3,000 from his employers, was sentenced to two years in the State Prison. Recorder Hoffman mentioned as a singular fact, that the accused was the first Scotchman that had ever been before him charged with crime since he had entered upon his official duties.

The Battle of Winchester.—The following account is abridged and arranged from the letter of a chaplain, dated March 28, 1862:

HOW THE BATTLE WAS BROUGHT ON.

Jackson made a great mistake when he risked the battle. He was led to suppose, by information from the secessionists there, that Winchester had been evacuated by all our forces excepting a provost guard, while in reality the whole of General Shields' Division lay sheltered by hills. The information went mainly from secession women, whose bitter zeal led to the melancholy slaughter of many of their own relatives.

UNCOLORED STATEMENT OF THE RESULTS OF THE BATTLE.

Jackson retired in very tolerable order. He has since kept on. The pursuit, commenced the next day, has never, I believe, encountered anything more than his rear guard, skilfully fighting and then retiring. He is now, doubtless, safely encamped some dozen miles from our advanced force. I read in the papers of the 26th the following:

"The loss of the rebels must have been enormous. They have abandoned their wagons along the road, filled with dead and wounded, and the houses on the route are found crowded with their wounded and dying.

The dwellings in the town, adjacent to the battle-field of Sunday, are also found filled with the wounded.

The inhabitants aided the rebel soldiers in carrying off their wounded during the day, and burying them quickly, as soon as dead.

Our artillery makes terrible havoc among the enemy in their flight, and the route bids fair to be one of the most dreadful of the war."

Two-thirds of this is pure invention. The rebels suffered, and worse than we did. Success remains with us, and the enemy have retreated.

THE BATTLE-FIELD THE NEXT DAY.

Whatever excitement there is in the time of action, the next day's look excites only melancholy. It was a raw and chilly morning, and there lay, soon to be buried, more than two hundred corpses. Most of them were as they had fallen, in every position, but most with their faces upturned. Here were the dead, shot in the head, there a limb shattered, there a slight hole in the breast, and, again, a shell had shattered every feature. In one spot was a pile of over twenty, mainly from the accurate bursting of a shell in their midst. In another place their concentrated infantry had suffered terribly from our musketry. A few soldiers were guarding the spot from all depredation. Women were there searching for dead friends and relatives. It was hard to realize in that silent air that a few hours before the scene had been terrible with conflict, and full of slaughter. But the silent and mangled dead here were—and I wished that Jefferson Davis could have been brought face to face with every corpse, and it be said to him, "Your infernal ambition killed this man."

Winchester Hospitals and Scenes in Them.—Across the main street in Winchester, in front of the Court House, on Monday last, was suspended the sentence, "Theatrical performances here every evening." But within the Court House, in every available spot, lay the wounded, the dying and the dead. On Tuesday was suspended a notice, "No performances this evening." But within surgeons were using the knife and the saw, nurses were dressing ghastly wounds, and in spite of all care, scores were passing into eternity.

Four places were thus occupied, the Court House, the Union Hotel, and two smaller buildings I was able to visit three of the four on Monday evening, and until we moved on at six o'clock on Tuesday. As you entered the Court House, the outer room was occupied with dead laid side by side, and reverently covered, and each, as far as could be, with a little slip of paper bearing his name and that of his regiment. Passing through every square foot of room for the attendants to pass, was occupied by the wounded, and now and then one was carried to the dead-room. Owing to some strange management, for twenty-four hours neither hay nor straw was procured, and the wounded men lay upon the floor. When our Brigade came, our surgeons immediately volunteered their services. They were declined! The surgeons of Gen. Shields' Division "needed no help," when I saw soldier after soldier waiting impatiently for necessary care. The spirit seemed that of some third-rate physicians in small towns, who are afraid somebody is trying to get away their practice. It was only when a most formal application was made on Tuesday morning, by our Brigade Surgeon, that the services of ours were reluctantly accepted. Nevertheless, with or without formalities, our surgeons made themselves useful. The two of our own regiment proved of the greatest service. Our senior surgeon remained all night and all day in the Court House, reduced things to order, and proved himself most admirably qualified for his post. Our assistant surgeon did similar work at the Union Hotel. Our Hospital Steward, with his medicines and apparatus, was there, and of the greatest use. Our nurses were indefatigable. Our litters did most of the work of moving the injured from place to place.

It was pleasant to see the gentleness and activity of the attendants. Hardy men seemed like women in the care of children. By and by deliacies came from the people. Monday evening, many people were called upon for beds. It was hard to procure even a few. One man, living in a fine house, had "no beds for Yankee soldiers, let them lie on the ground." Women, on Tuesday morning, brought luxuries "for Southern soldiers," while with us there was no friend, no foe, only wounded men lying there indiscriminately, equally cared for. Women came there to abuse and insult us in the hearing of our wounded men; but they were speedily sent off. I think the kind treatment of their own wounded shamed them, or perhaps a refusal to receive anything for one class exclusively. By and by they came with supplies without specifying for which men.

One Confederate soldier was asked, "Do you have kind treatment here?" "Yes," he answered, as if wondering at it. "Why, didn't you expect it?" "No, I thought you would kill us." What made you think so?" "We were told so."

One poor fellow of sixteen, from the South, wanted to take the oath of allegiance. He knew he must die, but he felt he had been in a wrong cause, his mother had made him go, and if he could take the oath, he should feel better and die happier. He needed something better than that, however.

One man I can never forget. He was a Southerner. One deed had struck him with remorse. I found his story at last. A few days before he had gone out with a white flag, enticed one of our soldiers near, and then deliberately shot him. Wounded now, his mind dwelt only on that. He felt that it was murder. He would not have his wounds dressed. Horror-struck, he was determined to die. He would admit no hope of pardon.

One was a boy, from Texas, talked of his sister; and he wanted her informed, and sent his dying love. One man, a rebel officer, wanted his wife in Southern Virginia, to know he died happy, and his blessing to go to his little children. And one had longings for his mother. And so on, on, through the long rows and many rooms.

New Decimal System.—John Vernon, of New Orleans, has invented what purports to be a decimal system for the currency of coins, weights and measures, and has laid it before the rebel Congress. A minute analysis of Mr. Vernon's new decimal system, which the Charleston *Courier* pronounces "perfect in theory," reveals its wonderful novelty, which may be expressed in the following formula: Ten centimes make one tropic, ten tropics make one star, ten stars make one sol.

North Carolina.—Union Sentiment.—About ten days before General Burnside captured Newbern, some seven hundred men assembled in Iredell County, west of Raleigh, and raised the stars and stripes. A force was sent from Newbern to reduce them to the rebel domination, and about twelve of them were killed.

New Orleans Captured.—The Petersburg *Express* contains the following dispatch:

MOBILE, April 25.—The enemy passed Fort Jackson at 4 o'clock yesterday morning. When the news reached New Orleans, the excitement was boundless. Martial law was put in full force, and business was completely suspended. All the cotton and steamboats, excepting such as were necessary to transport coin, ammunition, &c., were destroyed.

Corinth Evacuated.—Passengers from Pittsburg Landing report that on Thursday thirty deserters from the rebel army entered our camps and begged to be enrolled among our troops. They all corroborate the statement received the day before relative to the evacuation by the rebels of their present position. It is asserted that Beauregard had withdrawn a considerable portion of his forces for the defence of Memphis.

Beauregard has been outflanked, outgeneraled, and overwhelmed. He has acknowledged, at length, his defeat at Pittsburg Landing. He has retired the principal part of his army to Memphis; not that that point can be made any more impregnable than the other Gibraltars that have been built to be abandoned, but simply because retreat in any other direction was impracticable. Beauregard's career is drawing to a close, and Beauregard, as the rebels say, is the sole hope of the Confederacy. It was he who, at Island No. 10 and Corinth was fighting the battle for New Orleans. All his strategy has been thrown away. Fort Jackson has been passed by our gunboats, and the Crescent City restored to the Union!

Yorktown.—On Saturday morning, a Massachusette company captured a rebel earthwork at the point of the bayonet, with but trifling loss. Fourteen prisoners were secured.

Banks and Jackson.—The rebel General Jackson has undoubtedly retreated to Gordonville. General Banks is in rapid pursuit, but Jackson is so far ahead that Banks will not overtake him unless the rebel general determines to make a stand. The retreat of Jackson has had a good effect upon the people of this section of Virginia, as they were dreadfully persecuted by him Many are coming out of the caves where they have been hiding to escape the rebel persecutions, and placing themselves under the protection of our soldiers.

The Gunboats.—One of our gunboats shelled Yorktown on Thursday last, and must certainly have done some damage. The rebels promptly answered, but their fire was ineffectual. Shots were occasionally fired along the entire line to prevent the enemy from strengthening their defences.

The gunboats *Tyler* and *Lexington*, with a land force under command of Gen. Sherman, have succeeded in destroying an important bridge on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, at Bear creek, near Chickasaw, Alabama. Some rebel cavalry disputed the passage of our forces, but they were driven off.

Halleck and Beauregard.—The news from Gen. Halleck's army is exciting. General Halleck put his whole army in motion, and on Thursday they met and drove back the advance guard of Beauregard's army. At latest advices, General Halleck's army were at Pea Ridge, within six miles of Corinth, having, on their march, destroyed a rebel camp and taken a number of prisoners. Deserters who have arrived in our camp, state that Corinth has been evacuated by the rebels, and General Beauregard has withdrawn his forces for the defence of Memphis.

Major General Halleck has issued a general order, in which he thanks Major Generals Grant and Buell, and the officers and men of their respective commands, for the bravery and endurance with which they sustained the general attacks of the enemy on the 6th, and for the heroic manner in which, on the 7th instant, they defeated and routed the entire rebel army. General Halleck also orders that Generals Grant and Buell retain the immediate command of their respective armies in the field.

Jacksonville, Florida.—Immediately after the evacuation of that place by the Federal troops, the rebel forces entered and commenced committing their outrages on the people of the place. Two of our gunboats are in the harbor affording protection to the people.

From Fortress Monroe and Vicinity.—Fortress Monroe, April 24th.—The weather and the tide today were very favorable for the re-appearance of the *Merrimac* in Hampton Roads, but she still delays her coming

It is reported that some of the rebel gunboats in the James river made an attempt, this forenoon, to shell some of our camps situated this side of Warwick river.

Latest News from New Orleans.—There is a report that Commodore Farragut has gone up the Mississippi river, a steamer, *Merrimac*, on its way, was destroyed by the U. S. steamer *Pensacola*.

Foreign Summary.

Entire religious liberty is to be secured by law in Austria, excepting that up to the age of eighteen children must follow the creed preferred by their parents. The enjoyment of civil and political rights is not to depend on religious confession, nor to be subject to any restriction on that account. Difference of religion will not form a civil obstacle to marriage. Professors of all beliefs are equally admissible by law to all dignities, functions and public employments. Every church or religious society has the right publicly to carry out its worship, with a reserve as to measures necessary to secure public order. The law grants to all churches and religious societies this legal right. There is to be no State-privileged religion

A new Wesleyan chapel at Paris is in course of erection. One of the parties to the preliminary negotiations was Rev. William Arthur. He writes:

"When we came to sign the contract, we insisted on a clause forbidding Sabbath work, on which the contractor declared that it would rob him of his profits, and finding us resolved, submitted, saying, '*Oh, not one clause ridaine pour nous.*' ('It is a villanous clause for me.') But by virtue of this 'villanous clause,' the building, in its very progress, will preach to contractor, workman, and spectators, the blessings and duties of a Sabbath-day."

There are now two Protestant Theological Seminaries in Italy in peaceful and successful operation. The first is the Waldensian, removed from La Tour to Florence eighteen months ago, and occupying the Salviati Palace—obtained, as a free gift, through the great exertions of Dr. Stewart of Leghorn, among liberal friends in Scotland and America. Dr. Revel and Mr. Geymonat are the Professors, men of whom any church of Christ might be proud. The former devotes himself to Church History, the latter to Dogmatic Theology, while teachers of elocution, singing, &c., join in preparing the twelve students for their future work of organising and conducting meetings. And the other, under the auspices of the Free Church of Italy has been recently opened at Genoa, under the care of Dr. De Sanctis and Mr. Mazzarella. A programme of the course of study is shortly to be printed. There are at present five students under instruction, Dr. De Sanctis takes the branches of church History and Doctrinal Theology, while Mazzarella is occupied with Exegetics of Criticism. Let us hope that from these two Seminaries a large band of preachers will go forth to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation.

Strong efforts are being made in certain quarters for the union of the Waldensian and Free Italian Churches. But as they differ in origin and history, in government, and somewhat in doctrine, it is very doubtful whether any effort of the kind can be successful at present.

It is reported that the English government has ordered all work on wooden ships of war to cease. Universal and eager interest is felt in our naval experiments, and the English note with dissatisfaction that the Monitor throws a ball about double the weight of any British navy gun. We were superior in naval artillery to the British in the war of 1812, and are now; and unless the Yankee loses his cunning, always shall be.

A curious insinuation creeps across the ocean from Paris, that Slidell is deserting the cause of the South. It seems probable. What future prospect has Slidell of "making anything" by the South?

An unhappy event has just occurred in Ireland. The First Presbyterian church in Antrim, one of the very finest of the Presbyterian body in Ireland, was recently entirely destroyed by fire.

George Francis Train, the sarcastic Bostonian who has been pleading the Union cause in England so ingeniously and successfully, has been engaged for the past year in laying down a rail-road in one of the streets of London. This road was opened last September, when *mirabile dictu!* he was immediately indicted "*for laying down his iron tramways in the roadway leading from Westminster Bridge to Kingston Park, and making it dangerous to the public,*" and on the 5th of April was tried before Chief Justice Earle at Kingston, and found GUILTY. A city rail-road *in* overgrown London is a dangerous nuisance! Verily the jury must have been composed of backmen. He gives the following description of his trial.

You, perhaps, may know that the laws of nations permit a foreigner to have six of his own countrymen on the jury on any criminal offence. My crime, in the words and eye of the law, was a criminal one, and as Chief Justice Earle remarked, did not come under any civil process, therefore I was entitled to have six Americans upon the jury. A British sailor in New York frequently calls for six Englishmen upon his case, and I myself have been asked to act as juryman in Liverpool, when an American sailor was being tried for some criminal offence. These, then, are the grounds of which I complain. First. I am indicted as a criminal by *ex parte* statements. Second, I am not allowed to have six Americans upon the jury. Third, I am not allowed to speak in my defence. Fourth, the verdict is suspended with the Englishmen—thereby throwing all the costs, my own, the county's, and the prosecution on to my shoulders, and those I represent! And I may mention that twelve hundred and fifty pounds in cash, for law expenses, had to be deposited before the trial came on. Fifth. I am not allowed to call one of my witnesses, hence am found GUILTY by purely an *ex parte* trial, when their leading witness testified to his political *animus* to an American.

Married.

By the Rev. J. Woodlin, on the 17th of April, 1862, Mr. W. C. WHITLOCK, of Philadelphia, to Miss ANNA E. DAVIS, of Chester County, Pa.

Died.

In this city, on the 18th, HENRIETTA SMITH, the consort of the Rev. James H. Smith, aged 45, in the triumph of faith.

Happy soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go by angel guards attended,
To the Blessed Jesus, go.

MEETINGS OF ANNUAL CONFERENCES.

The OHIO Annual Conference will meet in Zanesville city, Ohio, April 15th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

The INDIANA Annual Conference will meet in Indianapolis, Ind., August 15th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

The MISSOURI Annual Conference will meet in Louisville, Ky., August 28th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

W. PAUL QUINN

The PHILADELPHIA Annual Conference will meet in Trenton, N. J., on the 10th day of May, 1862, in the Mount Zion Church, at 9 o'clock

The NEW ENGLAND Annual Conference will meet on the 21st day of May, at New Bedford, at 9 o'clock, A. M., in the A. M. E. Church.

The members of these Conferences will strictly attend to the financial duties as laid down in the Discipline, and without which our itinerant progress will be impeded. Punctual attendance is requested.

A notice of my visits will be given in the future.

W. NAZREY.

THE YOUTH'S EVANGELIST

is published twice every month, and is prepared expressly for use in the Sabbath schools of the Reformed and United Presbyterian Churches. It is printed on clear, white paper, and embellished with fine engravings in every number.

Every number has a Psalm, or part of a Psalm, set to music suitable for use in Sabbath Schools.

THE TERMS ARE PRE-PAYMENT, AS FOLLOWS:

WITHOUT POSTAGE.		POSTAGE PAID.	
One single copy,	50 cts	13 copies to one address,	$4 20
4 copies to one address,	1 60	20 " " "	6 30
7 " " "	2 10	30 " " "	9 45
13 " " "	3 90	100 " " "	32 50
20 " " "	5 60	" " "	72 00
30 " " "	8 00	As by law the packages must weigh at least 8 ounces, orders for less than 13 copies cannot be sent postage paid	
100 " " "	26 00		

We have secured the services of a number of valuable contributors, who will furnish original articles for every number, which will add much to the interest of its columns

It is the intention of the subscriber to make the YOUTH'S EVANGELIST a help to parents and Sabbath School Teachers in the training of their children, and to furnish such articles and such information as will be found useful in the family and in the school.

All communications, whether for insertion or on business should be addressed

[illegible]

Agents.—Clergymen, Sabbath School Superintendents, and others, are requested to act as agents for the YOUTH'S EVANGELIST. Specimen numbers will be sent free of charge to any address. Address, Pittsburg, Pa.

Spear & Eyster, Allegheny, Pa

Advertisements.

THE UNITED Brothers and Sisters of Rev. White Nazro Society, are requested to attend their regular stated meeting, the 19th of this month, at 8 o'clock, P M., on the corner of Quince and Locust Streets. Punctual attendance is strictly requested, by order of the President.

H. MALBERY, *Secretary* ALSOP BELL, *President.*

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 10th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

From Garnet Union No 4, D. of T.; from Phoenix Union, No 8, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No 10, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Dr. Rees' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 19, D. of T.; from Vanbrackle Union No. 20, D. of T., of Norristown, Pa

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—

Grand P., Sister Bensell; Grand Associate, Sister Burgis; Grand Treasurer, Sister Fawcett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dukhart; Grand Chaplain Sister Hall

G. P. P., Sister M. ROBERTS, G. P. P. Sister ARMSTEAD,
" " M. SWEAN, " " J. P. BLACK,
" " M. H. BURNS, " " M. A. CLARK,
" " S. NEWMAN, " " WHITE,
" " S. DAVIS, " " S. HALL

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY.

THE STATED QUARTERLY MEETINGS of the Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August, and November

The meetings of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the society.

MRS. SARAH CRUIER
President.
Mr. L. R. SAYMOUR, Sec'y.

MRS. JOHNSON AND MRS. WARE

Beg leave to inform the Public in general that they continue

LAYING OUT AND SHROUDING THE DEAD.

REFERENCES.

Thomas Charnock, No 427 South Sixth Street
James Le Count, No. 920 Rodman Street.
Thomas W Allmond, No 1027 Rodman Street.

☞ ALL ORDERS ATTENDED TO AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

Mrs. JANE JOHNSON, Residence—616 S. 8th St. | Mrs. ANN WARE, Residence—641 Lombard St.

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DRY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS STORE,
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PHILADELPHIA.

A General Assortment of Hosiery, Trimmings, Dry Goods, &c.

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Lehigh Stove Coal, per ton,	$4 25
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Schuylkill, Stove, and Egg, and Broken, and 3 round,	4 25
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The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and all in want of good stoves, that he has now on hand a general variety of excellent PARLOR, COOK and CHAMBER STOVES, including Gas-burning, as well as other patterns, which he is selling at very low rates. He buys entirely for cash, of the best wholesale founderies, and of course can sell much cheaper than those buying on the usual credit system. At any rate his friends are invited to give him a call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere, as he feels that they would be convinced that it would be to their interest to give him their patronage. Coal orders constantly on hand. WM STILL.

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Silver Pencils, (with Scaton Bros' Gold Pen.)		

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" Fine Gold Onyx, and Miniature Pins.
" Bracelets, plain and engraved.
" Coral Bead, and Jet Bracelets.
Mimes' Bracelets, plain and engraved.
" " fancy link.
" Neck Chaines, fancy settings.
" Armlets, fancy settings.
Ladies' Guard Ch

ELLEN GRANT.

Courteous, look at this picture. It represents Ellen Grant and her sick mother. Would you like to hear something about them? Perhaps, as they are such pleasant looking people you would find their history interesting. Their home was a happy one, in the State of Connecticut, until Ellen was nearly fifteen years old. Mr. Grant thought he would become wealthy much sooner if he lived in the West; so he was not contented till he bought a farm in Iowa, and moved there. The first year his crops were nearly destroyed. Before the next season for planting he took a fever and died. Mrs. Grant was thus left among strangers to support herself and Ellen. Being a very delicate woman, she soon sank under her heavy burden, and was unable to rise from the bed. Now, grim poverty stared them in the face. Mrs. Grant was a true Christian. She believed that God would help her, and in her distress prayed, "Give us this day our daily bread."

One morning, Mrs. Blair, their nearest neighbor, came in, and discovering their need, administered to their wants, and engaged Ellen to come over and assist her about the house a portion of every day. She knew this would be a more acceptable way of relieving them than by offering money, as Mrs. Grant would then feel more independent. They soon became quite comfortable, as Mrs. Grant's health improved and enabled her to take in sewing, and Ellen helped Mrs. Blair with her work and received much in return. In the picture you see Ellen, as one bright Saturday afternoon, after her return from her kind friend's, she sat down by her mother's bed-side to read to her from the Bible, that book they so much loved. While reading they heard a knock, and in walked Mrs. Blair and Miss Stanhope, Ellen's Sabbath School teacher. While Mr. Grant was living, Ellen had attended the Sabbath School regularly, and was much beloved by her teacher, for she was a lamb of the "Good Shepherd's" fold. As Miss Stanhope's house was four miles from Ellen's she did not see her after leaving the school until now. Being on a visit at her Aunt Blair's, she visited her favorite pupil, and soon learned to esteem Mrs. Grant also. Much pleasure did they all find in talking of Jesus and their heavenly home.

But I must not tire you, my little readers, so I will only tell you that in a few years Mrs. Grant and Ellen were enabled to return to their former house and friends in Connecticut. There they spent much time in relieving the necessities of the poor, and in teaching them of him who became poor for our sakes, that we might be rich in heaven.

MYRTA.

For the Youth's Evangelist.

GOD EVERYWHERE.

God is everywhere present. He is in all places at all times. All is not God, but God is in all. He sees and knows everything we do; we cannot hide any thing from God, for his all-seeing eye is everywhere present. He holds the central suns, and rolls the ponderous planets. Seasons come and go as he directs—God speaks: the north winds retire, and the balmy zephyrs come; genial rays unlock the earth's long bound bosom; the fettered streams break loose their bonds; the birds return from their winter retreat; the wild beasts come from their dens, and man goes forth to toil; the air is filled with notes of praise, and heaven seems descending to earth; myriads of happy songsters, and numberless voices of the musical tribes he sets in tune, from the cricket that chirps in the chimney corner, to the chief bird singer that charms all with her melodious strains. Under the ever watchful eye of the Almighty are reared the beautiful plants of summer. To the sweet-scented pink, He imparts its fragrance; alike paints the colors of the lily and the rose; to the vine gives fingers, and spreads a green carpet over the face of the earth. In Autumn, God ripens the apple, mellows the pear, and gives flavor to the peach. God speaks in the cold of Winter. Every chilling blast of wind admonishes the living that the cold night of death, and the winter of the grave are fast hastening. The sifting snows suggest the winding sheet; the shut up way points to the end of life. Let us all, my kind friends, ever keep in mind, whether in calms or storms, sunshine or rain, sickness or health, sorrow or gladness, that God is everywhere present, beholding the evil and the good, and if we put our trust in him, he will never leave nor forsake us.

LIZZIE.

GOD CARES FOR YOU.

A little girl about eight years old, who was not afraid to sleep alone, was left one night by her mother, while she went to take care of a sick neighbor. When the mother came home in the morning, the little girl told her that she heard dogs making a great noise during the night. "And were you not afraid?" asked the mother. Her answer was, "A little at first; but I thought, God will take care of me, and I knew that I was safe." Children, this was exercising faith in God; and older persons may learn a lesson from this little girl's answer,—"God will take care of me."

"Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For thou art with me; and thy rod
And staff me comfort still."

THAT LITTLE HAND.

Will our dear readers just hold up their little fat dimpled hands, and look at them? Observe the curious and delicate manner in which each finger moves. How complete every part is, and how complete the whole hand is! Could human wisdom have ever formed such a beautiful piece of workmanship? No! Divine wisdom alone could do it. Dear young reader, God made that little hand, at which you are now looking, each finger of which you are now moving. But he never made that little hand that it might be raised in anger against your little brother or sister, playmate or companion. God never made it that it might take any thing that belonged to another, and thus break one of his holy commandments. Employ it in doing good. With it you can relieve distress. You can use it as a little boy who was lame used his hands. He was very poor, but he was a good boy, and wanted to do something for the heathen. He begged a ball of twine from a gentleman, and told him that he wanted to make a net of it to sell, that he might send a Bible to some poor heathen child. The gentleman gave him the twine, and told him to bring the net to him when he would have it made, that he might look at it. The boy did so, and the gentleman was so pleased that he gave the boy the price of two Bibles. How glad it made the heart of that poor boy, when he was able to send two Bibles to the heathen. Children, will you not employ your hands in doing some good, and thus honor God who made you and who preserves you?

RICHES AND HAPPINESS.

We hope our little readers try to remember what we tell them from time to time. Do you recollect the story we told you about the poor cobbler a short time ago? He was happy, though very poor. Now, let us tell you what happiness rich men who are now living have. Mr. Rothschild, an English banker, is one of the richest men living. "You must be happy," says a friend. "Happy, I happy!" he answers. "Happy, when you are just going to dine a note is put into your hand, saying, 'If you don't lend me five hundred pounds, I'll blow your brains out!' Happy, when you have to sleep with pistols under your pillow?" Children, do you envy Mr. Rothschild?

Mr. Astor, the richest man in New York, says he only gets a living for the great trouble he has in taking care of his wealth. He says he can carry none of it into the other world; and it won't buy off death. Riches in themselves cannot bring happiness. What can bring happiness? The love of God in our souls, dear readers, and its fruit, love to our fellows. May we all have much of that love.

THE FRAILTY OF EARTHLY BEAUTY.

It is a calm bright afternoon in the month of June. All nature seems teeming with life and joyousness. During the morning there had been a gentle shower, which refreshed all things, making them seem to smile and say, "We are indeed happy and grateful for the pleasant rain." I see, from the window of my room, Mary and her sister Emma walking in the garden. As Emma, who is only ten years old, admires the pretty flowers, Mary talks to her of their Creator, and of that garden above, whose "beauties fade not, and pass not away." As she listens, her little face glows with pleasure. Mary is radiant with holy joy and peace. She has early given her heart to the Saviour, and now wishes her sister to do the same. How very pretty they look now in their mossy seat, surrounded by queenly roses and flowers whose perfume fills the air. Mary's hair, dark and glossy, is pushed back from her broad, white forehead, and loosely fastened up. Her bright black eyes beam with intelligence and love. Emma does not at all resemble her. She has golden curls, and light-blue eyes, and is the very picture of health, with her rosy cheeks and full round face. They are both clad in pure white, which agrees well with their loveliness of person and character. Mary has fond parents, good health, is well educated, and pious. Her home is in the midst of loving friends. Is it any wonder, that upon this, her eighteenth birth-day, she looks forward to a long and happy life, or that her heart swells with gratitude to the Giver of so many blessings?

FLOWERS.

BY MRS. H.

Flowers: sweet tokens of God's love,
To his children here below:
His goodness manifold doth prove
In the varied plants that grow

The lovely Rose, the queen of flowers,
Bedecks the verdant ground,
And as we rove through Eden's bowers
She sheds sweet fragrance round.

The modest Violet, white and blue,
This lesson wins doth teach:
To rove made, faithful be and true,
And not betray thy speech.

The Daisy, innocent and sweet,
Of beauty not aware,
Both old and young should imitate
Her traits with special care.

The Tulip's vanity always scorn,
As it may prove to thee,
Along thy pathway, like a thorn,
False and deceitful be

Strive to be like the Lily, white,
Too pure for this vile earth,
And the little Mignonette so sweet,
Emblem of moral worth.

The orange blossom rich and rare,
We gather with glowing pride,
And twine them through the golden hair
Of the young and lovely bride.

Choicest flowers we pluck with care,
To scatter o'er the tomb
Of friends whose spirits dwell afar,
Where flowers immortal bloom.

O! think of these beautiful flowers,
How soon they with'r away—
Some bloom in morn's dewy hours,
And fade ere close of day

So we, like flowers, must perish,
Perhaps in youthful bloom,
And friends our mem'ries to cherish,
Will flowers strew o'er our tomb

MY WRITING BOOK.

SON.

Please, mother, give it back to me;
I wish you would not look
Inside, why can you want to see
My poor old copy book?

You'll find a blot on every page,
I've not the sum right I know;
I know 'tis shameful at my age
I tried to rub them out.

There's something wrong in every line;
I'm sure I could not tell
If 'twas another name than mine
That these strange letters spell

Do, shut the book, and end my grief
I'll learn it if I durst,
I truly think that closing leaf
Worse written than the first.

MOTHER.

Son, there is another copy-book,
Your Father, God, has seen;
You cannot close it from his look
Is that writ fair and clean?

If there are blots and crooked lines
Across those pages white,
When his clear eye upon them shines,
'Twill be a hateful sight.

And you are writing every day,
Upon that inner page,
How little it must be to say,
Your heart grows worse with age

O, write your very best, my boy,
Ask God to guide your hand,
Then every leaf will bring you joy,
When you before him stand

Commerce, Mich. M A G

THE SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER

Should be prayerful. This is one of the essential qualifications of a good and faithful Sabbath School teacher. The teacher who does not pray daily for his or her scholars, does not feel the importance of the work. Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but God alone giveth the increase. If we feel that the work in which we are engaged is God's work, we will surely go to Him, and consult him, and ask his guidance and blessing on our labors. If we feel that deep desire which we should feel for the salvation of souls, we will go often to the throne of grace, and plead earnestly for each one of the little ones committed to our care. By so doing we will feel more interest in our scholars, we will study their disposition more, and will feel more the great responsibility resting on us to be faithful to the everlasting welfare of the immortal souls in our charge, and to our blessed Master, who has honored us by permitting us to work in his vineyard.

A few days since a superintendent of one of our Sabbath Schools in the West called on us, when the subject of teachers praying for their scholars was discussed. He had read the incident of the young lady in London, who was a very successful Sabbath School teacher; and who, on being asked the secret of her success, replied, that she prayed for each of her scholars daily. He had been teaching a class for several years, and still teaches, although superintendent of the school, and he made up his mind to pursue the same course. The result far exceeded his most sanguine expectations; for *all* of that class are now members of the church. He has another class now, and every day he carries each one of them to the throne of grace. Teacher, will you not do the same, and leave the result to God?

Teacher, think of the greatness of the privilege you enjoy, and thank God for it. Think of the opportunities you have, Sabbath, after Sabbath, of telling the little ones of the great love of Jesus; and, O, think of the reward promised to those who save souls from death! And remember that it is not for yourself you are working, but for Jesus. May you and I, dear fellow laborer, go often to Jesus, and ask him to bless each of our scholars, and make each one a child of his; and may He enable us to be faithful to the great trust committed to us.

THERE WILL BE NO SORROW THERE.

My friends, this is a world of sorrow,
Grief and trouble everywhere,
Let us live alone for heaven,
There will be no sorrow there.

Every day that passes o'er us,
Calls for more devoted care;—
Teacheth us to live for heaven—
There will be no sorrow there.

Here, with trouble we're surrounded,
Death doth oft upon us stare;
Let us all prepare to meet him,
In that world that's free from care.

Sickness, pain, and many sorrows,
We have often-times to bear;
But there is no pain in heaven,
There will be no sickness there.

In heaven there they need no candle,
Nor the sun to shine and glare;
Nor the moon's pale face to cheer them,—
Scripture says there's no night there.

Here our days oft pass in sorrow,
And our nights the trouble share,
But there is a rest in heaven,
For all those that enter there.

Here our friends do oft desert us,
For our souls they have no care;
Let us strive alone for heaven,
There will be no sorrow there.

Xenia, Ohio, April 14th, 1862 JOHN KNOX.

WHAT ONE CAN DO.

MR. EDITOR:—You everywhere hear the complaint, that "teachers are needed in our mission schools," and almost every earnest superintendent finds his work retarded, for the want of a few more willing hearts, while friends of the Sabbath School are continually pained at the want of interest manifested by church members in regard to this great work. The excuses seem to be numberless: "It is the only *time* I have for reading"—"Too far"—"I have no talent for that kind of work"—"There are many more competent than I"—"Never did teach." But why repeat? These are familiar words to all in quest of teachers. The *real reason* is, (as a general thing,) that people are not willing to suffer self-denial. Let me tell you what one woman has done. Jane was the only servant in a large family, and was required to remain at home every other Sabbath morning to cook dinner and attend to the domestic affairs. She had come from a home where God was honored, and his day kept holy, and Sabbath was her day of delight. Many tears wet her pillow, when she thought of brothers and sisters in their happy home, and how she was alone in a strange city; but she had a source of comfort—*God is everywhere*, and he was the "strength of her heart." Jane *wished* that all the wicked people whom she met in the street knew the value of an interest in Christ; but it did not occur to her, for months, that she was called upon to work in his vineyard. She sought, it is true, to discharge her duties as servant, "Not with eye service as men pleasers, but in singleness of heart, fearing God." But not until after many months did she realize that her services would be joyfully accepted in the Sabbath School.

We will not say, it did not cost her an effort. Attending school the afternoon of every day, would leave her but the *half* of every other Sabbath to go to church. Self said, "You need instruction: there are others whose whole time is at their disposal." But the Spirit whispered, "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few," and the conflict ended with many prayers that God would make her faithful to the souls committed to her care. A class of little ones were given her, and she had much to try and discourage her; but she drank deep of "the Fountain of Life," and felt more than repaid when their bright eyes, and stretched forth hands of welcome, evidenced to her that she was *loved*, and no longer a *stranger* in a strange city.

Reader, my tale is told; are you disappointed that I cannot relate some wonderful conversions that attended her work? She is sowing in faith, leaving the consequences in his hand who has said, "In due season ye shall reap if ye faint not." Go thou and do likewise. EBENEZER.

HAUNTED HOUSES.

Some people are afraid of ghosts. It is a pity that they don't know better. When you meet with anybody that believes in ghosts, you may set it down as a sure sign that he is either very silly or very ignorant. Foolish folks sometimes like to play tricks. They dress themselves up in a white sheet and pretend they are ghosts. If you should ever see anything that looks like a ghost, the best thing you can do is not to run away from it, not to scream, but to run up to it, and take hold of it. You will find that it is somebody dressed up, and when you pull off the sheet he will be very much ashamed of himself.

There was once an old house that everybody said was haunted. Several families went to live in it at different times, but they left it, declaring that they had heard such queer noises in the night that they were afraid to stay.

Nobody would live in it, and the house went to ruin. Bad boys threw stones into the windows as they passed till there was scarcely a pane of glass left. The grass grew on the walk that led to the house. The dead leaves lay upon the door-step. The chimneys were blown down, the paint was worn off, and made it look very desolate. The fence was broken down, and the garden was full of weeds. Three old poplar trees stood in front of it. The middle one was dead. These gave it a still more sombre appearance.

The landlord felt very sorry to see his house going to ruin, and the timbers getting rotten with the damp, just because no one would take care of it. He did not believe in ghosts. He said the stories were all nonsense.

There was a laboring man in the town named Henry, who sometimes worked for the landlord. This man was very poor and had a large family. One day the landlord said to him:—

"Henry, are you afraid of ghosts?"

"Why I—I think not, sir, not exactly, but there are some strange stories about that house of yours."

Henry stammered out this reply, for, to tell the truth, he was a little afraid of ghosts, though, like all others that believe in them, he did not like to acknowledge it.

"It is about that house," continued the landlord, "that I wish to speak to you; of course you do not believe these idle tales about strange sights and mysterious noises; you are too much of a man for that?"

"As to that, sir," said Henry, "I have been in this world a good many years, and have lived in all sorts of houses. I have walked through graveyards at midnight, and I have out up with dead people, but I must say I never saw a ghost."

"And you never will," said the landlord.

"But you know, sir, that some very respectable people do really think that house of yours is haunted."

"Yes, I know it, Henry, but some very respectable people are very foolish, and believe anything that sounds wonderful. Now I want to make a proposition to you. If you will take your family to live in that house, you may have it for a whole year, and need not pay me any rent."

"I'm very much obliged to you, sir, but really I don't exactly—It would save me a good deal of money—but—but—"

"But you are afraid of ghosts," added the landlord.

"No, not that exactly. I ain't much afraid of anything, but I have a house now, for which I pay rent, and it wouldn't be quite right to take yours for nothing. Now couldn't you try and get somebody to rent it off you?"

"Oh, I see," said the landlord, "you are not so brave a man as I took you to be; you are afraid."

"I'm not afraid," said Henry, rather indignantly, "and to prove it, I will take the house and live there."

It was agreed upon that he should remove to the house the next week. No sooner had the landlord left him than he was sorry that he had promised to live in it. He was not a coward, but he was a very ignorant man. When he was young he had been told many foolish ghost stories, and though he did not really believe any of them, he had not got quite over the impression they had made, and he really felt nervous about going to the house.

When he told his wife what he had done, she gave him a scolding. He quieted her by promising that he would live in the house a week by himself before he took her there.

The time came for him to spend the first night in "the haunted house." He went to bed but could not sleep. He listened and started at every sound. The wind blew a gale; the trees outside bowed in the storm and struck against the house. It made him jump, but he could account for every sound.

At last the clock struck twelve. "Now," said he to himself, "is the time that they will come, if they come at all." Hark! what is that! Sure enough there was a sound then which he could not account for. It was not the wind—it was not the rain—it was not the trees striking against the house. He breathed quickly—he listened again. Perfect stillness for a few moments, and then—there was no mistaking it. There was a moaning, scratching, fluttering, sound coming from the open fire-place. He trembled from head to foot. Silence again. Then came the moaning sound as before. Should he scream for help? No, he would not do that. He tried to look through the darkness, but could not see anything.

Then he began to reason with himself. "Truly," said he, "I am a coward. Why should I fear? I will find out what it is. I am strong and can fight if need be."

He jumped out of bed, felt for the matches which he had placed in readiness, and having lighted the candle, then as firmly as he could, walked towards the fire-place to find the ghost. And sure enough he did find it, but not such a one as he expected. It was a real live thing. It was a screech owl.

The poor thing had been out in the storm, and seeking shelter in the chimney, had fallen down. It had tried to get up again, and its moaning, scratching, and fluttering were the noises he had heard. He caught the ghost, tied a string to one of its feet, and fastened it to his bed-post. He slept well the remainder of that night, and in the morning took the poor captive ghost to show to his wife and the landlord. He told them of his fear, and how ashamed he now was on account of it.

He thought he had heard some other kinds of ghosts running about the floor, and the next night he set what he called four ghost traps. He had not been in bed long before click went one of them. On striking a light, he found he had caught another ghost. This time it was a big, ugly rat. The house being unused, a family of rats had taken possession. He caught several more of this kind of ghosts before morning.

The next day his wife and children were quite willing to go and live in the haunted house. The only ghosts they ever saw were the screech owl and the rats.

A drunken man had once lived in that house, and he was the worst ghost that had ever been in it. Bad tempered children sometimes haunt houses, and annoy their parents more than any ghost could. The worst things that ever get into houses are bad people and bad dispositions. See that you do not haunt your mother's house with either of these, and when foolish people talk to you about any other kind of ghosts, tell them of Henry, the screech owl, the rats, the drunken man, bad people, and bad tempers.

S. S. Times.

Philadelphia Markets.

APPLES.—Green, 4.00@4.50; dried, 5@7.
ASHES.—Pots, ——(@——; Pearls, ——(@——; Soda-Ash, 2¼@2¾
BARK.—Quercitron, first quality, 33.50@35.00; second quality, 31.00@——; third quality, ——@29.00; Spanish Oak, ord, 11.00@12.50; Chestnut Oak, 9—@10—.
BEEF.—Mess, barrel, 14.00@15.50; Prime, 6@7; dried beef, 9@10.
BEESWAX.—Yellow, 33—@34.
BREAD.—Crackers, 4—@4
BUTTER.—Firkin, 10@15; in kegs, 10@12; Roll, 15—18; Goshen, 18—22.
CANDLES.—Sperm, 28@29; Adamantine, 16@18; Tallow mould, 11@12, dipped, 10½—11.
CHEESE.—7@7¼.
COFFEE.—Cuba, 20—22; Java, 25—28; Laguayra, 20@21, Maracaibo, 20@23 Mocha, 27@28; Rio, 18@20, St. Domingo, 16@19.
CRANBERRIES.—$10@12.
DRIED BEEF.—9@10.
DRIED FRUIT.—Apples, per bushel, ——(@——
Peaches, ——(@——.
FEATHERS.—American, 37@39.
FISH.—Mackerel, No. 1, 9.75@10.00; No. 2, 7.75@8.00; No. 3, 6.00@7.00; No. 4, 3.25@4.00. Herring, pickled, barrel, 2.00@4.50; box, 15@16.
FLAX.—Jersey, 7@7¼.
FLOUR.—Penna., 5.00@5.25; extra, 5.25@6.50; Western, 5.00@5.25. Rye flour, 3.25@3.37 Corn meal, 2.87@3.00.
FRUIT.—Raisins, box, 3.44@3.50; quarter boxes 85@95. Ginger, per pound, 14@16. Citron, 50@60. Oranges, 2.25@2.75. Lemons 2.00@2.75. Currants, 11@11¼. Figs, 18@20. Almonds, soft, 32@35; hard, Nic 10. Groundnuts, bushel, 1.80@2.40 Cranberries, 9.00@12.00.
GRAIN.—Wheat, Penna. red, 1.23@1.25; white, 1.36@1.45; Southern red, 1.34@1.37; Southern white, 1.40@1.50. Rye, Penna., 71@72; Southern, 68@70; Corn, yellow, 52@54; white, 61@62; Oats, Penna., 36@37; Southern, 36@37. Beans, white, 1.75@2.00.
GUANO.—Peruvian, 54, 50@50.00. Ichaboe, 40@45.
HOPS.—16@20
LARD.—Jersey, 8@9; Western, 8—@8¼.
LUMBER.—White Pine, Susq., 14@15; Yellow Pine, Virg., 9@14; Hemlock, Lehigh, 9.00@10.00; Albany White Pine, 25@28. Shingles, cedar, M., 2.00@2.25.
MOLASSES.—Cuba, 26@27, Porto Rico, 34@40, New Orleans, 40@46. Sugar House 45@47
OILS.—Olive, gallon, 1.11@1.15; Linseed, 85@87; Whale, crude, 35@38, winter, 58@60, fall, 56@60. Sperm, winter, 1.55@1.65; spring and fall 1.45@1.50, Lard oil, spring, 58@62, winter, 65@67, Tanner 2—@2—
PLASTER.—Soft, 3.25@3.37.
PORK.—Mess, 12.75@13.00; Hams, smoked, 8@9; in pickle, 5½@6½; Sides, 5@6½; in salt, 4½@5; Shoulders, smoked, 4½@5½, in salt, 3½@4½.
POTATOES.—Bushel, 50@65.
RICE.—7.00@7.25. East India, 5½@7¼.
SALT.—Liverpool, 2.12—2.25, Turk's Island, 32—33.
SEEDS.—Clover seed, 4.50@5.75; Flaxseed, 2.10—2.15; Timothy, 1.87—2.00, Red Grass, 50—60 Canary Seed, 2.25@2.50.
SUGARS.—Havana, white, 7.50@9.00; yellow, 8.00@8.25; New Orleans, 6.00@8.25; Cuba, 6.00@8.00; Lorering's D. R. loaf, 11¼; refined loaf, 11—12
WOOL.—Prime or Saxony, 50@52; American, No. 1, pulled, 40@40, Merino, 36@38.

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THE ONLY RELIABLE GLUE IN THE WORLD
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Mend your Harness, Straps, Belts, Boots, &c.
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Save the pieces of that expensive Cut Glass Bottle.
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Don't throw away that Ivory Fan it is easily repaired.
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Your broken China Cups and Saucers can be made as good as new.
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For Coating Metals of all Kinds when exposed to the Action of the Weather, and
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CASH PRICE $45 PER 2000 POUNDS. (2½ CTS. PER POUND.)
In the preparation of this Valuable Manure, BONES ARE USED IN THEIR RAW STATE ONLY. They have never been boiled or calcined. They are taken to mixers but made them, crushed with powerful machinery, and subjected to a process, by which, while all the virtue of the bone is retained, a Fertilizer is produced, furnishing in a concentrated and *ready form*, the two ingredients in greatest request for the growth of Plants and enriching the soil, viz.: phosphoric acid and ammonia. These two ingredients, by the use of "BAUGH'S RAW BONE SUPER PHOSPHATE," are given to the soil in all their *original strength and purity*. They assimilate at once with the soil, furnish all the essential elements for the growing crop, giving it ample nourishment, and leave the land permanently benefited, so that its pressure can be traced for years afterwards.

Downingtown, Chester County, Pa., April 9th, 1860.
Messrs. Baugh & Sons: Gentlemen,—I have been asking your article of Super Phosphate on wheat and corn for several seasons, and am well satisfied of its value as an active and "paying" fertilizer.
I have applied it on wheat at the rate of 300 pounds per acre, alongside of a heavy coat of barn-yard manure, kept dry and under cover, and the result was, that by harvest time about where the Phosphate was put, was much the better headed and heavier, while the grain was taken more strongly than on the other portion of the field. I have also used the Phosphate by the side of Peruvian Guano, each in the same quantity, and in regard to both grain and grass, the action of your preparation was much the more satisfactory. On corn, my experience in its use has been the' it pays well for the money laid out.
Yours respectfully, ISAAC T. LEWIS.

Newtown Square, Delaware Co., Pa., July 23d, 1860
Messrs Baugh & Sons—Being anxious last autumn to test some prepared manures offered for sale, I was induced by your agent to make a trial of three different kinds, which I did on wheat, side by side, in the same field. I purchased Raw Bone Dust and your Phosphate of Lime (one of the most popular in use) together with your *Raw Bone Super Phosphate*, and used them as above stated. During the growing, as well as the gathering of the crop, the last mentioned was fully in favor of the latter.
But whether it is from the mode and care in preparing, or in the superior quality of the manure used in your Raw Bone Super Phosphate, I am unable to say, however, I cheerfully send you the result of my trials, thinking that others may be induced to make similar experiments, and in my opinion, greatly to the agricultural interests of the whole country.
Yours, &c., JAMES DUNWOODY

Plymouth, Montgomery Co., Pa., August 10th, 1860
Baugh & Sons: Gentlemen,—Having used your Super Phosphate, bought of John W. Christman, at the Montgomery Co. Agricultural Store, on wheat and corn, I can with pleasure recommend it. The other fertilizers I have used this season generally in vogue, were likewise in the value of your Fertilizer. When it was applied on the wheat, the soil was decidedly the poorest on the field, yet the yield was fully equal to the balance, which had a heavy coat of barn yard manure. Where it was applied on the corn, I am satisfied the yield was fully double.
Very respectfully, DAVID MARPLE.

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Published by the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, for the Dissemination of Religion, Morality, Literature and Science.

Rev. Elisha Weaver, Editor. PHILADELPHIA, MAY 10, 1862. Vol. II.—No. 19.—New Series.—Whole No. 70.

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BY

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Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder.

LAURRE

TO THE MEMORY OF ANNA MARIA JOHNSON LEE, DAUGHTER OF JAMES AND ANN LEE, BORN OCT. 30, 1841, DIED MARCH 20, 1862.

Joyful, with all the strength she had,
Her quivering lips did sing,
Where is thy victory, boasting grave?
And where the monster's sting?
If sins be pardoned she's secure,
Death has no sting beside,
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ her ransom died.
Now to the God of victory,
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors when we die,
Through Christ our living head.
He also beckons to the skies,
Upward let us turn our eyes.
Her smiles, her tears of childish years,
And the words of love she has spoken,
And the eye that once shone is now dimmed and gone,
And her cheerful heart is now broken.

HARRIET E. HENRY.

THE TRUTH DOTH NEVER DIE.

Though Kingdoms, States, and Empires fall,
And dynasties decay;
Though cities crumble into dust,
And nations die away;
Though gorgeous towers and palaces
In heaps of ruin lie,
Which once were proudest of the proud,
The Truth doth never die!

We'll mourn not o'er the silent past;
Its glories are not fled,
Although its men of high renown
Be numbered with the dead.
We'll grieve not o'er what earth has lost,
It cannot claim a sigh;
For the wrong alone hath perished,
The Truth doth never die!

All of the Past is living still—
All that is good and true;
The rest hath perished, and it did
Deserve to perish, too!
The world rolls ever round and round,
And time rolls ever by;
And the wrong is ever rooted up,
But the Truth doth never die!

MARY MAGDALENE.

BY FRANCIS S. KEY, AUTHOR OF THE "STAR SPANGLED BANNER."

To the hall of the feast came the sinful and the fair,
She heard in the city that Jesus was there;
Unbeeding the splendor that blazed on the board,
She silently knelt at the feet of the Lord.

The hair on her forehead, so sad and so meek,
Hung dark on the blushes that burned on her cheek;
And so sadly and lowly she knelt in her shame,
It seem'd that her spirit had fled from her frame.

The frown and the murmur went round through them all,
That one so unhallowed should tread in that hall;
And some said the poor would be objects more meet
For the wealth of the perfume she shower'd on his feet!

She heard but her Saviour, she spoke but with sighs,
She dar'd not look up to the heaven of his eyes;
And the hot tears gush'd forth at each heave of her breast,
As her lips to his sandals were throbbingly press'd.

In the sky after tempest, as shineth the bow,
In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth the snow,
He looked on that lost one, her sins are forgiven;
And Mary went forth in the beauty of heaven.

For the Christian Recorder.

LIFE.

"Man is like to vanity: his days are as a shadow that passeth away."—PSALM CXLIV. 4.

How often is this solemn truth impressed upon our minds; by the summons to attend the remains of some near and dear friend to the grave! How often are we startled by the news, that one more friend has passed off this stage of action; having been summoned by the king of Terrors, to appear in the presence of God, around whom, if they have trusted in the atonement of his Son Jesus Christ, and have been regenerated and saved, they shall forever rejoice, singing the praises of Him who hath washed them from all their sins in His own precious blood;—but by whom, if they have preferred the things of this present evil world, and looked upon the religion of Jesus Christ as a small matter, they will be sent bound hand and foot into that awful place of torment "where their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched."

While engaged in the labor of colporting in the city of Philadelphia, during the summer of 1861, frequent opportunities for religious conversation were presented to me, several of which I endeavored to improve. I remember calling one Monday morning at the house of a friend, hoping to dispose of some of my books or tracts. Upon entering I found three ladies and one gentleman present, but none of them desired any books. One of the ladies said that they were not the kind of books she wished to read. This confession led to a conversation on religion and its requirements; during which the other persons not feeling interested left the room.

My friend seemed quite young and in good health, and was not willing to renounce the world with its affections and lusts: they seemed so essential to happiness, she seemed to fear that in reading religious books, she might become serious, and, therefore, preferred not reading them. She, however, promised to read a couple of tracts which I left with her.

I saw her again, before quitting the work of colporteur, on which occasion a violent thunder storm arose, the lightning of which flashed fearfully, threating instant destruction to all that lay in their path. I embraced the opportunity of conversing with her upon the nearness of death, not only when in brilliant electric light, he hastes with rapid movement across the cloudy paths of the sky, but at all times, even when we think ourselves perfectly safe, and warped her of the necessity of constant preparation for that awful change.

She listened very attentively, and I endeavored to impress upon her mind, the necessity of regeneration, the joys in heaven awaiting those who accept Christ's offered mercy; as well as the terrible end of those who refusing to drink from the wells of salvation, hew out to themselves "broken cisterns, broken cisterns that can hold no water." Before we parted, I expressed a hope that she might, ere long, become a recipient of the salvation of Jesus Christ, and that we might meet in heaven, and there forever rejoice in the goodness, love, and mercy, of him who saves lost sinners from the wrath to come, and makes them sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty.

Shortly after this, I left the city to attend upon pressing duties, in another quarter. I visited the city again during the holidays, and called to see my friend, but she had removed to a part of the city with which I was unacquainted, and I left the city without seeing her.

In the spring of 1862 I was again in the city. I thought several times of my friend, and was hoping, if time permitted, to pay her a visit. But before I could put my purpose into execution, another friend spoke of her decease. Greatly astonished, I immediately inquired when she had died. I was informed that she had died about two months since, happy in the confidence that Christ was her Saviour. So resting in his arms, she was, we trust, wafted to the celestial seats of happiness at Christ's right hand.

Reader, are you prepared for the solemn change that awaits you? Or do you fear to meditate upon death, lest the horrors of the damned be presented to your view? If you are still in the snare of the devil, you may well fear, for unless you escape his grasp, you must forever send forth hideous cries from the bottomless pit. O! flee at once to Jesus; His blood cleanseth from all sin. Receive him as your Saviour, for he is able to save them to the *uttermost*, that come unto God by him. (Heb. vii. 25.) Do not wait till to-morrow; you know not what may be on the morrow. "For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." (James iv. 14.) No doubt you have had many warnings. What terrible torments, then, may you expect, if they are all allowed to pass without improvement; for, He that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy. (Prov. xxix. 1)

R. B. JOHNS.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM INDIANA.

Vincennes, Ind., April 22d, 1862.

MR. EDITOR, SIR:—Permit me, through the columns of your valuable paper, once more, to inform all who are friendly to Christianity and the prosperity of our beloved Zion, in this part of the Lord's vineyard, we held our third quarterly meeting, March 13th. At this meeting the name of the Lord Jesus was magnified, many souls were awakened, and brought to the knowledge of the truth. I never saw a more glorious display of the divine power than I have witnessed whilst in this field of labor. The clearness of justification and sanctification, is decidedly and constantly preached A present enjoyment of both of them are so ardently pressed, so unceasingly offered by faith, and faith alone, to be received, felt, and enjoyed now, that the whole circuit seems to catch the flame. Believers are claiming their undoubted right, which is that of entire sanctification. Numbers have professed to have entered into possession of that state, and have brought forth its precious fruits, and the work is still progressing. God is diffusing his own blessing, and sealing the truth by his own power. Since our quarterly meeting, nineteen has joined our beloved Zion. The church property has been improved by the young ladies and gentlemen in the city, the church has been painted, new curtains put up, and one room added to the parsonage, and the lot enclosed, and everything looks as if we were living. We have four Sabbath schools on this circuit. The one at this place is in a good condition. We have one hundred and six scholars, and a tolerably good library. The officers consist of a superintendent, librarian, secretary and treasurer. Number of teachers, nine. Mrs. E. A. Jackson has a Bible class of nineteen regular scholars. We are making arrangements for a day school. I now remit to you $5, for the purpose of supplying us with Sunday school papers. We wish to get twenty-five numbers of the *Sunday School Banner*, or some other useful paper I should like to take it weekly for one year. Pray for us. WM. JACKSON.

For the Christian Recorder.

MAY.

Sweet May! beautiful Queen of the year! we greet thee with a thousand welcomes! we hail thy coming with a joyous consciousness of the pleasures that come with thee! Thou dost ope wide thine eyes, and glorious sunshine o'erspreads the earth; thou dost but breathe forth thy gentle breath, and bounteous wild flowers spring up in thy footsteps, filling all the air with delightful perfume. Yes; we greet thy coming, bounteous Queen of sunshine and flowers. Merry laughter from myriad throats greet thee; joyous smiles and love-lit eyes bespeak thy delightful welcome; the little wood land warblers swell their throats with gushing melody; the little gray wren trills forth its joyous greetings; all nature, sweet May, proclaims thy happy advent. The fitful howl of wintry winds no longer sweep o'er naked or snow-clad hills, or, like spirit-fiends, rush in fury through the deep old woods, marking its way with scenes of desolation; no longer does the stern king nod his heavy head or hold his frightful orgies in desolate valleys; no more does he breathe forth his biting breath, withering and blighting every living thing. Sweet May! thou beloved fairy Queen! thou dost but lift thy magic wand, and lo, the change! Winter, stern relentless king, retreats from before thy advancing train, and the dismal howl of his going is heard amid the warring trees. Thou hast changed the rough wrappings of winter, and lo, the bounteous adornings of spring; the sweet wild rose timidly lifts its fragrant head in the desert, and wild flowers of every hue dot and variegate the velvet carpet of nature; the gurgling rivulet steals from its prison-house in the rocks and hills, wanders slowly along through the vale, singing its tinkling silver song, flashing its crystal drops in the gentle sunlight, reflecting in its mirror-like bosom its own bounteous surroundings. The sweet song bird pours forth its wild melody in cheerful songs of praise; all nature attunes its voice to welcome thee, sweet May; happy children, in groups here and there, dot the landscape, bathing their joyous faces in the silver sheen of thy glorious mirror, drinking in thy fragrant breath, roaming o'er the green hills, plucking flowerets here and there, and pouring forth their little souls in gushing songs of joy; sweet maidens, too, trip with fairy step all o'er the plain in search of the first fair flowers of spring. Sweet, gentle May! thou dost stir everything with thy gentle influence. Thou dost o'erspread the earth with loveliness, and the heart doth swell with new life as we drink in thy delightful breath, or listen to the sweet music of thy fairy charmers. Then all hail, sweet May! thou fairy queen of love! glorious type of Eden beauty! may thy gentle reign infuse a balm into the heart weary, making the sad gay, and infusing into every heart thine own gushing joyous spirit. G. L. WATKINS.

Baltimore, Md., 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE WONDERFUL PROPHET.

MR. EDITOR:—Dear Sir:—As this is the first time in my life that I ever attempted to make any remarks through a public paper, and thinking I might interest the readers of the *Recorder*, I trust, even in this humble attempt, that I shall not say anything that will reflect any discredit either upon the subject or upon myself. The title of my subject is "The Wonderful Prophet." This prophet was not Noah's Son, nor an old Levite, nor John the Baptist, nor yet the Wandering Jew. He was before any of them. His generation was before Adam, with whom he was in the garden of Eden. He was also with Noah in the Ark, and near Christ at his trial before Pontius Pilate. The Scriptures makes frequent mention of this prophet, yet he never knew father or mother. He walks bare-footed and bare-legged, like an old friar, and wears neither hat, cap, bonnet, or any manner of head attire. His coat is neither woolen, linen, silk, lace, cotton, bark, leaves, or sheep-skin, and yet it abounds with a variety of colors, and fits close to the skin, without either seam, button, loop, girdle, or stitch of needle. He is not full four feet high, and carries neither stick, sword, cane, nor any manner of warlike instrument, and yet he encounters his enemies fiercely, and often kills them on the spot. He takes no thought for the morrow, for he considers it sufficient when the day comes to provide for it. He is not fond of worldly pomp or grandeur, for he would rather take his meals in a farmer's barn than in a king's palace. He is wonderfully temperate, for he would rather drink cold water than the strongest liquor. He was never married, yet he has favorites whom he loves greatly, for if he has but one morsel of bread or meat he divides it among them. Yet he is apt to be jealous, and he would rather venture his life than countenance a rival. He is neither Whig nor Tory, Conformist, or non-conformist, for he holds no articles of the Christian faith, neither doth he deny any of them. He never goes to church, meeting, or synagogue, for conscience' sake; and as to going to the altar, he scorns the idea of it. He is not fond of fresh meats on Saturdays, nor yet all Lent throughout. He once preached an eminent sermon to a man who thought to thwart him therein, and in the end brought tears in abundance from his eyes. He is very urgent in proclaiming, with outstretched arms, that the day of the Lord is at hand, and at the voice of the prophet the doors and windows are thrown open. He speaks no language perfectly, yet all men understand him.

I am, dear sir, respectfully, your humble and obedient servant, B. V.

Philadelphia, April 28th, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM LEE, MASSACHUSETTS.

Rev. and Dear Brother Weaver:—I thought it would not be amiss to inform you that we are alive as well as awake, and you will say so too when the address arrives for a new subscriber and still another prospective. I just returned home from the concert given by the Minnesinger Brothers for my benefit in the church, and it affords me pleasure to say that the performance was admirably conducted so as to give general satisfaction to the audience; and I think I cannot say too much in commending those ladies to the public through the columns of the *Christian Recorder*. They are not a whit behind the chief in benevolence, and should always have a place amongst the vocal and instrumental musicians of the day. We received the nice little sum of $12 06, which we could but prize very much, considering that they were not members of our church, for you know it is not often that persons who are not immediately connected with a religious sect feel such interest, and take such an active part in sending the gospel to the lost sheep of the House of Israel, and encouraging the heart of the laborer. What a comfort it is to one in distress when he believes he has a friend. The above named ladies I believe to be such. They are true friends to the ministry. May the blessing of God rest upon them, and may they at last sing in heaven. M. W. C.

Lee, Mass., April 24, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

COLORED MEN IN THE REVOLUTION, AND IN THE WAR OF 1812.

MR. EDITOR:—Allow me, through the columns of your worthy paper, to say something on this subject—the assistance rendered to the American cause by *colored* men during the Revolution and the War of 1812. Very little is known on this subject—and the efforts of our forefathers, which were as faithful and patriotic during the time that "tried men's souls" as those of the whites, deserve a lasting record, and should be held in grateful remembrance. This is a matter that has been very carefully kept out of sight by orators and toast-drinkers. We allude to the participation of the colored men in the great struggle for American freedom. It is not in accordance with our taste or our principles to eulogize the shedders of blood, even in a cause of acknowledged justice; but when we see a whole nation adding honor to the memories of one class of its defenders, to the total neglect of another class, who had the misfortune (?) to be of a *darker* complexion, we cannot forego the satisfaction of inviting notice to certain historical facts which, for the last half century, have been quietly elbowed aside so as more deserving of a place in patriotic recollection than the descendants of the men to whom the facts in question of late have won a place in a Fourth of July procession. Of the services and sufferings of the colored soldiers of the Revolution, no attempt has (to our knowledge) been made to preserve a record. They have had no historian. With here and there an exception, they have all passed away, and only some faint tradition of their campaign under Washington, Green, and Lafayette—and of their cruising under Decatur and Barry, lingers among their descendants—yet enough is known to show that the free colored men of the United States bore their full proportion of the sacrifices and trials of the revolutionary war. The colored men formed an entire regiment, and they discharged their duty with zeal and fidelity. The gallant defence of Red Bank, in which the colored regiment bore a part, is among the proofs of their valor. In this contest, it will be recollected that four hundred men met and repulsed, after a terrible and sanguinary struggle, fifteen hundred Hessian troops, headed by Count Donop. The glory of the defence of Red Bank, which has been pronounced one of the most heroic actions of the war, belongs in reality to the colored men; yet who now hears them spoken of in connexion with it? Among the traits which distinguished the colored regiments, was adoration of their officers. In the attack made upon the American lines near Croton River, on the 13th of May, 1781, Colonel Greene, the commander of the regiment, was cut down and mortally wounded—but the sabres of the enemy only reached him through the bodies of his faithful guard of colored men, who hovered over him to protect him, every one of whom was killed. Dr. Harris, of Dunbarton, New Hampshire, a revolutionary veteran, stated, in a speech at Francestown, New Hampshire, some years ago, that, on one occasion, the regiment to which he belonged was commanded to defend an important position, which the enemy thrice assailed, and from which they were as often repulsed. There was, said the speaker, a regiment of blacks in the same situation—a regiment of negroes fighting for our liberty and independence—not a white man among them but the officers, in the same dangerous and responsible position. Had they been unfaithful or given way before the enemy, all would have been lost. Three times in succession were they attacked with most desperate fury by well-disciplined and veteran troops, and three times they successfully repel the assault, and thus preserved an army. They fought thus through the war. They were brave and hardy troops. Governor Eustis states that the free colored soldiers entered the ranks with the whites. The time of those who were slaves was *purchased* of their masters, and they were induced to enter the service. In consequence of a law of Congress, by which, on condition of their serving in the ranks during the war, they were made freemen. This hope of liberty inspired them with courage to oppose their breasts to Hessian bayonets at Red Bank, and enabled them to endure with fortitude the cold and famine of Valley Forge. The celebrated Charles Pinckney, of South Carolina, in his speech on the Missouri question, and in defence of the slave representation of the South, made the following admissions: They, the colored people, were in numerous instances the pioneers; and in all the labors of our armies, to their hands were owing the greatest part of the fortifications raised for the protection of the country. Fort Moultrie gave, at an early period of the inexperience and untried valor of our citizens, immortality to the American arms—and in the Northern States numerous bodies of them were enrolled, and fought side by side with the whites in the battles of the revolution. Martindale, of New York, in Congress, January 22d, 1828, said: Slaves, or negroes who had been slaves, were enlisted as soldiers in the war of the Revolution, and I myself saw a battalion of them—as fine, martial-looking men as ever I saw attached to the Northern army in the last war, on its march from Plattsburg to Sackett's Harbor.

Hon. Charles Miner, of Pennsylvania, in Congress, February 7th, 1828, said: The African race makes excellent soldiers. Large numbers of them were with Perry, and helped to gain the brilliant victory of Lake Erie. A whole battalion of them were distinguished for their orderly appearance.

On Lakes Erie and Champlain, where the fleets triumphed over a foe superior in numbers and engines of death. They were manned in a large proportion by men of color. In 1814 a bill was passed in New York, receiving the approbation of all the branches of the Government, authorizing the Governor to accept the services of a corps of two thousand free colored men. These were times which tried men's souls. In those times it was no sporting matter to bear arms. These were times when a man who shouldered his musket did not know but he bared his bosom to receive a death-wound from the enemy ere he laid it aside; and in these times the colored men were found as ready and as willing to volunteer in the service as any other.

They were not compelled to go; they were not drafted—no; the pride of the whites had placed them beyond their compulsory power—but there was no necessity for its exercise. They were volunteers—yes, sirs, volunteers to defend this country from the inroads and ravages of a ruthless and vindictive foe, which had treated the country with insult and degradation.

A REJOINDER.

MR. EDITOR:—I see that Elder Campbell has finished his reply to my communication which I wrote on inconsistencies. He says in his reply, which is found in No. 66 of the *Christian Recorder*, "Bro. Strother has written three long and tedious, dark and gloomy articles about inconsistencies." I want the public to notice here, that he says my articles are on inconsistencies, which is true. Elder Campbell says a few lines from this, "We purposedly and intentionally refrained from entering into a discussion with him about the statements made in his article upon the subject, in No. 58, because he pleaded ignorance of the subject about which he wrote." Now notice, if you please, Mr. Editor, that Elder Campbell says in the commencement of his reply that all three of my articles were about inconsistencies; now, if Elder Campbell, or any other man living or dead, will show me in my articles where I have pleaded ignorance about inconsistencies, I will give up the subject, and say Elder Campbell is right and I am wrong, but if they cannot find such a thing I will reverse the assertion. In the course of my rejoinder I will try to keep from abusing Elder Campbell as he has abused me. I will try to keep his standing in the connection before my eyes, and also the rules of controversy, and my own credit and standing, my own conscience, and my character as a minister in this connection, and what the religious and intelligent would think of me were I to pursue the same course; I intend to keep these things all before my mind, so as not to make myself ridiculous, because a brother has shot me a centre shot. I had not thought that Elder Campbell was so sensitive as to turn his arguments almost wholly into abuse; I regret that my good brother is so irritable. Elder Campbell further criticises the length of my articles; let us look at one of his—it is found in the 59th number of the *Recorder*; it contains 420 lines. Now, I will take that one of mine that the editor headed as one of the long articles. I find 188 lines in it; let us substract 188 from 420, and we have a remainder of 232 lines. We see then that one of his articles has 232 lines more than mine; let us subtract 188 from the remainder, and we have a remainder of 44, which shows that Elder Campbell's article is not only double the length of mine, but that it is 44 lines more than double its length. Now, is it not a gross absurdity, for such a man to criticise on the length of a such an article as mine, when compared with his. Elder Campbell also says that my articles are dark; well, since I have learned something about his acquirements, as I have in those brilliant articles of his, I do not doubt but what a portion of my language is dark to him; well, I will promise him now that before I close this rejoinder, that I will translate and explain to him such words as may probably be dark to him, and in that way I will make them light for him.

Brother Campbell says enough in his reply to convince me that he is done debating with me; well, I consider it a great victory to silence so great a battery at three blows. I have gained another advantage in the matter. I will have nobody to misrepresent me, and set me wrong before the public, once I set myself right again. Elder Campbell emphasizes very strongly upon my inconsistencies and contradictions; why does he not show these? I say without hesitation, that he is inconsistent, and that he has contradicted himself, and I will show it, as I have already done in my other articles, which I will, in justice to myself, and for the satisfaction of the public. So let us turn now to that little short article of Elder Campbell's, referred to above, which has only 420 lines in it, he says: "Having shown that Bishop Nazrey, during the four years referred to, did exercise legal authority in both places;" (meaning Canada and the United States) Now hear him again, near the end of the same article, in referring to the same case, he says: "We are now, as we were in the General Conference of 1860, opposed to the thing in itself." Now, after arguing to great extent, and after having strained his genius to its uttermost tension to prove that Bishop Nazrey's position is right, and after having concluded that he had most clearly proven it, he turns right about, and almost in the same breath declares that he was opposed to the Bishop's position in 1860, and that he is still opposed to it. I would ask Elder Campbell if he calls this consistent? is this anything better than the very thing with which he falsely accuses me, which is, inconsistency, false reasoning, and contradictions! and is not such contradictions glaringly absurd, as well as inconsistent! But still let me give the public another piece of Elder Campbell's irrelevant reasoning. I will here cite his own language, found in number 59 of the *Recorder*. "Can it be said of a minister of state, sent to a foreign court, that he is exercising double functions when performing those duties assigned him" Now I would ask in the name of common sense and common honesty what analogy is there between Bishop Nazrey's case, and that of a minister of state? (as he calls him.) I would ask every man who has two eyes and a nose, if he can see anything like a simile between the office of a bishop in any case, and that of a foreign minister. Just let the public consider the functions of these two officers, and I think every one will say as I do, that the comparison is irrelevant; and surely none but an unskilful writer would have ever used it.

Or I would ask this question: What semblance does there appear between one who goes to govern, and rule, and to helpmake laws, and to preside over a certain religious community and become chieftain, (as in the province of a Bishop,) and one whose office it is (diplomatically speaking,) to treat before the court of the nation to which he is sent, in order to keep up friendly commercial and other relations between his own and the nation to which he is sent? Is there any? If there is not, what kind of reasoning is this? Is it philosophical? Is it likely? Elder Campbell would call it logical. I say this from having seen a specimen of his logic. But take another parable of Brother Campbell's: "Is not a minister of Jesus Christ commanded to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature? And if, in obedience to that command, the church send him into the province referred to above, can it be said truthfully that he is exercising double jurisdiction?" Now, is there a man in all the wide world that can see any similarity between a call given by our Saviour to men to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, and a call by the Canada people to Bishop Nazrey to go to Chatham, Canada, to officiate as Bishop? At any rate, if this be logical reasoning, then I have done. I can but notice E. C.'s manœuvres. It seems that what I have said in my articles galls him more than all that everybody else has said, yet he himself is the aggressor; for when I commenced writing my articles on inconsistencies, I called no name, and I had no more allusion to E. C. than to others who were writing on the same subject, but it seemed that "a guilty conscience needs no accuser," for he begins at once to pounce away upon T. Strother, of Terre Haute, as though I had arrayed myself against him personally. T. STROTHER.

(To be continued.)

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

Two hundred pounds of earth were dried in an oven and afterwards put into a large earthenware vessel; the earth was then moistened with rain-water, and a willow-tree, weighing 5 lbs., was placed therein. During the space of five years the earth was carefully watered with rain water, or pure water. The willow grew and flourished; and to prevent the earth being mixed with fresh earth, or dust blown into it by the wind, it was covered with a small metal plate, perforated with a great number of small holes, suitable for the free admission of air only. After growing in the earth for five years, the willow tree was removed, and found to weigh 169 lbs. (about three times The leaves which fell from the tree every autumn were not included in the weight. The earth was then removed from the vessel, again dried in the oven and afterwards weighed; it was discovered to have lost only about 2 ounces of its original weight; thus, 164 pounds of lignum or woody fibre, bark, roots, &c, were certainly produced, but from what source?—*Griffith's Chemistry of the Seasons.*

THE EMANCIPATION BILL OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

The following are the first three sections of the bill, embracing its most important features:

An act for the release of certain persons held to service or labor in the District of Columbia.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That all persons held to service or labor within the District of Columbia by reason of African descent are hereby discharged and freed of and from all claim to such service or labor; and from and after the passage of this act neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except for crime, whereof the party shall be duly convicted, shall hereafter exist in said District.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That all persons loyal to the United States, holding claims to service or labor against persons discharged therefrom by this act, may, within ninety days from the passage thereof, but not thereafter, present to the commissioners hereinafter mentioned their respective statements or petitions in writing, verified by oath or affirmation, setting forth the names, ages, and personal description of such persons, the manner in which said petitioners acquired such claim, and any facts touching the value thereof, and declaring his allegiance to the Government of the United States, and that he has not borne arms against the United States during the present rebellion, nor in any way given aid or comfort thereto: Provided, that the oath of the party to the petition shall not be evidence of the facts therein stated.

Sec. 3. And be it further enacted, That the President of the United States, with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall appoint three commissioners, residents of the District of Columbia, any two of whom shall have power to act, who shall receive the petitions above mentioned, and who shall investigate and determine the validity and value of the claims therein presented, as aforesaid, and appraise and apportion, under the provisions hereto annexed, the value in money of the several claims by them found to be valid: Provided, however, That the entire sum so appraised and apportioned shall not exceed in the aggregate an amount equal to three hundred dollars for each person shown to have been so held by lawful claim: And provided, further, That no claim shall be allowed for any slave or slaves brought into said District after the passage of this act, nor for any slave claimed by any person who has borne arms against the Government of the United States in the present rebellion, or in any way given aid or comfort thereto, or which originates in or by virtue of any transfer heretofore made, or which shall hereafter be made by any person who has in any manner aided or sustained the rebellion against the Government of the United States.

Sec. 11, appropriates $100,000 "to aid in the colonization and settlement of such free persons of African descent now residing in said District, including those to be liberated by this act, as may desire to emigrate to the Republics of Hayti or Liberia, or such other country beyond the limits of the United states as the President may determine."

THE OBJECT OF PRAYER.

That philosophy is false which flies in the face of Inspiration. Let God be true, and every man a liar who contradicts the Holy Scriptures. The view which they give of prayer is everywhere one and the same. It is asking and receiving; nothing less. To affirm, then, that its sole object is to moderate the human soul, and bring it into harmony with the divine mind and will, is to darken counsel by words without knowledge. "Ask, and ye shall receive," is Christ's promise; not "ask, and ye shall be prepared to receive." It is very true, that prayer *does* exert a very important and happy influence upon the state of our own hearts, and prepares us to receive in a right spirit the blessings which God gives in answer to prayer. But to make this the principal object of prayer is to neutralize this very effect, and to make prayer nothing but a form. Imagine a person saying to himself, as he enters into his closet, and shuts his door, "Now I am going to ask God to give me certain blessings, not with any idea that He will be any more likely to *give* them for my asking, but because my asking will make me feel more humble, more dependent, and more grateful when the blessings come." Would such prayer as that be likely to have a very salutary effect in preparing his mind to receive the blessings? But why should he not have just those thoughts, if that is "the principal object of prayer."

Certainly, the better one understands the *true doctrine* of prayer, the better he is prepared to pray. If prayer is nothing but shooting our petitions against a brazen heaven, that they may rebound with no more force or possible effect upon our hearts, then let us know it, that we may acquire skill by practice, and learn to make a sure and strong aim in this intellectual exercise. Is it not evident, that the moment such a theory of prayer gains possession of the mind, *prayer* in any sober and scriptural sense of the word, *prayer to God* becomes an impossibility. This theory is based on the unchangeableness of God But whether or but we can perfectly reconcile our views of His unchangeableness with the doctrine that He hears and answers prayer, one thing is certain, that God *must have changed* very much if He has *ceased* to hear and answer it. "O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come."

JASPER.

HOW MORTARS ARE LOADED AND FIRED.

The following description of the mortar practice is by a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*:

"I took a position on shore, near the point, and alongside the mortars, to witness their practice. The firing of a mortar is the very poetry of a battle. A bag of powder, weighing from eighteen to twenty pounds, is dropped into the bore of the huge monster. The derrick drops the shell in; the angle is calculated; a long cord is attached to the primer; the gunner steps out upon the platform, and the balance of the crew upon the shore. The captain gives the word, the gunner gives his cord a sudden jerk, a crash like a thousand thunders follows, a tongue of flame leaps from the mouth of the mortar, and a column of smoke rolls up in beautiful fleecy spirals, developing into rings of exquisite proportions.

"One can see the shell as it leaves the mortar flying through the air, apparently no larger than a marble. The next you see of the shell a beautiful cloud of smoke bursts into sight, caused by the explosion Imagine ten of these monsters thundering at once, the air filled with smoke clouds, the gunboats belching out destruction, and completely hidden from sight in whirls of smoke, the shells screaming through the air with an unearthly sound, and the distant guns of the enemy sending their solid shot and shell above and around us, dashing the water up in glistening columns and jets of spray, and you have the sublime poetry of war. An incident, however, will show how completely the battle may lose its poetry and develop into a stern and suggestive reality.

"Impatient of being at a distance, and wishing to witness the effect of our shells, which were playing upon the head of the island, in company with one or two others I strolled round the point, until we came in full view of the enemy's lower forts. We kept along the bank until we passed our pickets, and then took to the underbrush and behind fences, until we reached an old deserted mill, where we emerged in plain sight of the floating battery. No sooner had our party come in sight than a flash of light shot from its sides, and a shell came screaming like a fiend over our heads, bursting a short distance behind us. The poetry of shells and-denly changed into a double-quick retrograde prose."

PREACHING OVERDONE.

ONE SERMON SUFFICIENT.

There is no field of effort in this world in which so much labor is worse than thrown away, as in the field of Sabbath religious instruction in well organized Christian communities. The work is overdone in the matter of preaching, beyond all question; and we may say, also, that it is underdone in other departments. Two-thirds of the Christian church of America are doing nothing, except going to church and cramming on Sabbath. They are simply passive and receptive. We do not see them in the Sabbath school, we do not see them in the mission school, we do not see them in any active Christian labor whatever. They pay their slip rent, swallow the preaching, and then run to their farms and their merchandize. In short, the ministers are expected to do all the work, and the people none of it.

Again, no minister ought to be required to preach two sermons every Sabbath. We suppose there are fools in every community who imagine that, on the whole, a pastor has a pretty good time, and earns his money easily. We have heard this kind of talk not unfrequently; but we give it as a deliberate judgment that not one man in a thousand has the power to write two good sermons a week, throughout his working year, and that not one man in five hundred is equal to the writing of even fifty-two first-class sermons a year. The hand that writes this article possesses quite the average amount of vitality, but it would shrink from a sermon a week, of the ordinary length of those of Mr. Beecher, in the *Independent*. Fifty-two such sermons will fill three large octave volumes. Think of those volumes of carefully elaborated essays, by the side of Mr. Bancroft's single volume that comes out once in two or three years; and then think of doubling those volumes and making six of them; and then add to those a weekly lecture; and add to that funerals, pastoral visits, and extraordinary labors of various kinds to which all ministers are subjected. Why, the wonder is that any minister lives through what all are obliged to do. None know better than the ministers who read this article that when they have written one good sermon, into which they have put their best power, they are exhausted for the week. Such a man as Mr. Beecher is one in a million; and we are inclined to think that even he would assent to this statement as applied to himself. A congregation may be sure that they do not get any more than there is in a man, any way; and if they prefer to take it spread out into two different sermons, rather than in one good one, why we wonder at their taste, or their lack of taste.

Again, as our Sabbaths are now conducted, the idea of rest is entirely set aside. We are aware that some good people think change of employment the best kind of rest; but it seems to us to be the curse of the nation that we take no time to sit still.—There is no repose; and where there is no repose there is no reflection. We drive through the week, take no time whatever with our children and families, and then drive through Sabbath in the same way. The Christian father of a family who attends church regularly, and goes into the Sabbath school, has no time with his family at all. His day is all used up, and he is used up into the bargain. Perhaps it was intended that Sabbath should be spent in this way, but we don't believe it. We regard this transformation of the day of rest into a day of unremitting work, as simply a weak device on the part of the influential portion of the Christian church for keeping its members and the world out of mischief. We believe it is the fear of the church that fewer services would lead to more Sabbath desecration and more carelessness, that keeps it up to the old standard of two sermons a day, and sometimes a "third service"—God pity the poor man who has to go through it! We need less public life and more home life on the Sabbath—less preaching by the minister and more lay effort.—*Springfield Republican.*

OUR OWN FAULTS.

Let us not be over-serious about the failings of others, but take account of our own; let us bear in mind the excellences of other men, while we reckon up our own faults, for then shall we be well-pleasing to God. For he who looks at the faults of others, and at his own excellences, is injured in two ways: by the latter he is carried up to arrogance, through the former he falls into listlessness. For when he perceives that such a one has sinned, very easily he will sin himself; when he perceives he has in aught excelled, very easily he becomes arrogant. He who consigns to oblivion his own excellences, and looks at his failings only, while he is a curious engineer of the excellences, not the sins, of others, is profitable in many ways. And how? I will tell you. When he sees that such a one hath done excellently, he is raised to emulate the same; when he sees that he himself hath sinned he is rendered humble and modest. If we act thus, if we thus regulate ourselves, we shall be able to obtain the good things which we are promised through the loving-kindness of our Lord Jesus Christ.

St Chrysostom.

THE STUDY OF ATTITUDES.

Perhaps a finer opportunity has not for many generations occurred, than that after the battle, for the study of attitudes. There was the old man, his locks sprinkled with gray, kneeling beside a stump, as if in the attitude of prayer, his face now resting in his hands, and head reclining on the top, apparently having gone to sleep in death while in the act of devotion. A ghastly wound in the side told of his end.

Another powerful-looking man had just placed a cartridge in the muzzle of his gun, and had the ram-rod in his right hand, as if about to ram it down. Death caught him in that moment, and as he lay with upturned face, the right hand clenched the gun, and the left one the ramrod. There were many instances similar to this last. One soldier had loaded his piece, and paused to take a chew of tobacco. Beside his body lay the gun, and in his right hand was a flat plug of tobacco, bearing the imprint of teeth.

In one place lay nine men, four or five of ours, and about as many rebels, who, from indications, must have had a hand to hand fight. They were dead, and bore wounds made evidently with bayonets and bullets. Two had hold of another's hair, and others were clenched in a variety of ways. One seemed to have had a gripe in the throat of his antagonist, and been compelled to relinquish it, judging from the frigid marks. The most singular attitude of any that I have ever observed was that of one Union soldier, the position of whose body was similar to that of a boy's when he is playing at leap-frog

Some had lain down quietly with their heads resting against a stump or tree, their caps resting on their faces, and had thus died alone and unattended. Yet the calmness and repose of the countenances, as one raised the covering, indicated a peaceful departure to the spirit world. Death caused by a bullet leaves a quiet, calm look behind, while a bursting shell,

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, May 10, 1862.

CHRISTIAN RECORDER

The *Christian Recorder*, now in the 70th number of its publication since we have been Editor and General Book Steward, and which has been going on for several months, has never once stopped to "take breath" for a single week since it commenced under our humble administration, ever continuing to scatter and disseminate its congenial influences around, both far and wide. Well, what can we further say upon the great subject of propagating religious truths to a dying world? Let us think a moment:

It is admitted by a majority, if not all, writers that the Press and the Pulpit are the two great levers by which the greater portion of the people can be met. There never was a time in the history of this country when our Church stood more in need of a paper for the moral and spiritual welfare of our people than at present. We need just such a paper. It is acknowledged by all generous and unprejudiced minds to be quite a creditable weekly paper—equal to any published for the same object—religious instruction. It gives our ministers, as well as the laity, an opportunity of unfolding and displaying the extent and capacity of their individual talents and literary acquirements.

It is a medium of communication among and for our people—a medium by which we can learn in the interval of the Annual Conference how each circuit and station is progressing, both spiritually and temporally. It is a medium by which our Bishops can notify a Council, which we think is highly conducive to the interests of the Church. Let it cost what it may, it should and in this council. We can see no good reason why they might not in this manner decide upon removing such a minister or ministers from the East, West, North or South, as they may agree upon, whose disposition and qualifications, both in a spiritual and financial point of view, require it. The mother church, with all her brilliant array of talent, does so. We have remembrance of one particular case when we were stationed in Chicago. The Rev. Mr. Rice was, by the Council of the Bishops, sent from Baltimore to build the Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church. Hence the *Christian Recorder* is a medium by which such could be made known.

Again: it is a medium by which we can learn the amount and degree of intellectual capability in our Church—and by this means we could generally tell those who are qualified for any position in which the Church may desire them to act. We need all the grace and talent, as an oppressed people, that we can get to grapple with ignorance and stupidity.

Then, we say to every minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, throw aside your little, frivolous objections and excuses, and let all *put their shoulders to the wheel!*

We are glad to see that the Baltimore Conference is coming up. The people are regaining confidence in the Book Concern and paper—and in order that they shall continue to grow so, we call upon our ministers and people to take hold of the work in earnest. Every minister is an agent for the *Christian Recorder*, and every minister who gets us ten cash subscribers shall be entitled to two dollars, if for a year, and if it is for six months, one dollar. Yes, we want annual subscribers—for these are the kind to make the paper live.

Again: it is acknowledged by all of our brethren and friends, wherever the paper has gone, that it has done much good, and the people are universally pleased with it. Then, we say to all, let us keep it in the field until the next General Conference, and then let them adopt whatever they may think best. We are willing to give our services, as we are now doing, until the next General Conference, if brethren throughout the connexion will rally to our aid. We believe you will do it, brethren. Let every minister preach on the subject of the *Recorder*, and never allow three weeks at any time of the year pass over his head without having the subject of the *Recorder* and Book Concern brought up—and, in this way, we will soon begin to approach as second to the mother Book Concern.

HOME AND AT OUR POST.

We are again at home, through the mercy of the All-wise Creator, after having had a journey over the mountains, hills, and valleys, by way of railroad, sometimes rough and sometimes smooth We could hardly realize, when we returned from the West to the District of Columbia, that we were treading on free soil. Three shouts for the Union, and all hail to the King of Glory. We hope that the people of color will prove that they appreciate their deliverance by subscribing for the *Recorder*. But this depends much upon the ministers having the control of the people, and we do hope that the pastors of the churches will be as active as were Rev. Daniel W. Moore and Rev. James Lynch, though we can speak for Rev. H M. Turner, of Israel station, and Rev. H. J. Reade, and have great expectations of the others.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

The Annual Conference of Philadelphia District meets in the city of Trenton, New Jersey, the capital of the State, on the 10th of May, at 9½ o'clock, P. M. It is to be hoped that we shall have a good time. All three of the bishops are expected to be present, and we also expect some of the Ohio brethren as delegates, and a visit of the members of the Baltimore Conference. There will be several candidates or applicants for the itinerant services. There is plenty of work in this District. Yes; there is sufficient work in this city to employ at least five good men. We tried to call attention to the great need of the missionary work in this city, (Philadelphia,) but little attention was given to it. If one-half the money that is spent for segars and tobacco was appropriated, it would almost support one missionary here in Philadelphia. May the good Lord give us all the spirit of missions.

BAPTIZING BY IMMERSION.

Rev. A. L. Stanford had a baptising on last Sabbath in the Delaware River. There were seven persons baptized, and there was a very large crowd assembled on the occasion, and I am sure I would have had no objection to seeing policemen present, with their stars shining brightly, which more than likely would have been the means of many enjoying themselves much better than what they did. May the good Lord take care of the candidates.

EVERYBODY GO!

New Spring Goods.—Mrs Shorter S. Hawkins, No 615 Lombard St, has just bought an assortment of Spring goods, which she can sell at a very low price. We would say to all, go to Mrs. Hawkins' store. For further particulars, we refer you to her standing advertisement on our third page.

NOTICE.

The Bench of Bishops have at last come together in Philadelphia

SACRAMENT.

This solemn duty was performed by Elder Woodlin, in Bethel Church, and by Elder Stanford, at night, in Wesley Church, Hurst St.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH.

The Anniversary of the Daughters of Cornish came off on Wednesday, the 7th inst. We were present on the occasion, and can say that Mrs. Carter, the President, presided over the society with much credit to herself, and it would be well for some of our brethren to take example from her. Mrs. Seymour, their Secretary, read the report of the annual proceeding, which was very interesting and creditable to the society. They paid out over $100 to their sick members, and also took in some $138. On that night, after the society was through, they then introduced the ministers, and we all delivered a short address to them. After which we were invited to some of the most magnificent cakes, with the name of the late Rev John Cornish, and, with the aid of a knife, we were all made to fare sumptuously. May this society still live to do good.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We received the following amounts from Rev. Daniel Moore, due for papers up to the 67th No of the Recorder, in full:—

Rev J. Lynch, on account for papers,	$5.00
Mr. John D. Harper, Summerton, O.,	1.00
Mrs. Fleming Fowlis, Barnesville, O.,	1.00
Jeremiah B. Murray, of Reading, Pa.,	2 00

THE INSTITUTE FOR COLORED YOUTH.

The examination of the pupils of the Institute for Colored Youth came off on Tuesday last, under the principal and teachers of said school We can say that we were highly pleased with the exercises, and that the examination was one of the most brilliant that has ever been since the commencement of the school, as they teach some branches they never taught before. The scholars deserve much credit for the manner in which they acquitted themselves. On Wednesday, and in the evening of the same day, the Rhetorical and Elocutionary exercises of the Alumni came off. At 11 o'clock, A. M, Miss Estelleua Johnson read an essay or poem, which was well timed, and read with much ease.

Octave Catto was next introduced, who delivered an able address, or eulogy, on the late J. E. Glossow, who was a graduate of the Institute for Colored Youth. Prof. E. Bassett, the principal of the school, concluded the exercises by a very able oration, and what may be considered a masterly effort. We disagree a little with some parts of the theory brought to bear upon our minds.

For the Christian Recorder.

COLORED MEN IN THE REVOLUTION, AND IN THE WAR OF 1812.*

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

On the capture of Washington by the British forces, it was judged expedient to fortify, without delay, the principal towns and cities exposed to similar attacks. The Vigilance Committee of Philadelphia waited upon three of the principal colored citizens, James Forten, Bishop Allen, and Absalom Jones, soliciting the aid of the people of color in erecting suitable defences for the city. Accordingly, twenty-five hundred colored men assembled in the State House yard, and from thence marched to Gray's Ferry, where they labored for two days almost without intermission. Their labors were so faithful and efficient that a vote of thanks was tend-red to them by the committee. A battalion of colored troops was at the same time organized in the city under an officer of the United States' Army, and they were on the point of marching to the frontier when peace was proclaimed. General Jackson's proclamations to the free colored inhabitants of Louisiana, in his first inviting them to take up arms, he said:—"As sons of freedom, you are now called on to defend our most inestimable blessings. As Americans, your country looks with confidence to her adopted children for a valorous support. As fathers, husbands, and brothers, you are summoned to rally around the standard of the eagle to defend all which is dear in existence." The second proclamation is one of the highest compliments ever paid by a military chief to his soldiers:—

"*To the free people of color.*—Soldiers: When, on the banks of the Mobile, I called you to take up arms, inviting you to partake of the perils and glory of your white fellow citizens, I expected much from you, for I was not ignorant that you possessed qualities most formidable to an invading enemy. I knew with what fortitude you could endure hunger and thirst, and all the fatigues of a campaign. I knew well how you loved your native country, and that you, as well as ourselves, had to defend what man holds most dear—his parents, wife, children, and property. You have done more than I expected. In addition to the previous qualities I before knew you to possess, I found among you a noble enthusiasm which leads to the performance of great things.

"Soldiers: The President of the United States shall hear how praiseworthy was your conduct in the hour of danger, and the representatives of the American people will give you the praise your exploits entitle you to. Your General anticipates them in applauding your noble ardor."

It will thus be seen that whatever honor belongs to the "heroes of the Revolution and the volunteers in the second war of independence," into be divided between the white and the colored man And now they (the whites) tell us we have no rights that they are bound to respect. "What right, I demand," said an American orator, in this city, some years ago, "have the children of Africa to a homestead in the white man's country?" The answer will in part be found in the facts which we have presented to your notice. Their rights, like that of their white fellow citizens, date back to the dread arbitrament of battle; their bones whiten every stricken field of the Revolution; their feet tracked with blood the snows of Jersey; their toil built up every fortification south of the Potomac; they shared the famine and nakedness of Valley Forge; and the pestilential horrors of the old Jersey prison ship. Have they, then, no claim to an equal participation in the blessings which have grown out of the National Independence for which they fought? Is it just, is it magnanimous, is it safe even, to starve the patriotism of such a people—to cast their heart out of the treasury of the Republic, and to convert them, by political disfranchisement and social oppression, into enemies?

J. W. P.

* We owe an apology to the author of this article for the dividing of his article. It was an oversight of the printer.

For the Christian Recorder.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE A. M. E. ZION CHURCH.

The Annual Conference of the A. M. E. Zion Church, in America, for this District, met, according to appointment, in Wesley Church, Lombard Street, between Fifth and Sixth Streets, on Saturday, 3d inst., at 4 o'clock, P. M., and was organized by Superintendent Peter Ross, who read the first chapter of the Epistle of James, sang, prayed, and feelingly addressed the Conference. J. D Brooks was elected Secretary, *pro tem.* The chairman appointed J. A. Williams, Thomas H. Castor, and J. D. Brooks, Committee on Public Worship. They made out the appointments of preachers for Sabbath, 4th inst., Superintendent Ross, President of the Conference, to deliver the opening discourse in Wesley Church, Sunday morning, at 10½ o'clock. Adjourned to meet 5th inst., at 10 o'clock, A. M

MONDAY'S PROCEEDINGS.—*Second Day.*

Conference met pursuant to adjournment. Superintendent Ross presiding, associated by Rev William H. Bishop, Superintendent of the First Episcopal District. Scripture lesson by the former, singing and prayer by the latter. The roll was called, Journal of Saturday read and approved, R. A. Gibson was elected Secretary of Conference, W T. Biddle, Assistant Secretary, and J. D Brooks, Reporter. The Conference Rules of 1860 were read, and the first rule amended so as to meet at 10 o'clock, A M., daily, and adjourn at 1 o'clock, P. M., to go into effect 6th inst. They were adopted, after amendment, for the government of this Conference. Revs. Woodlin, Smith, Weaver, Stanford, Morgan, and Eddy, of the A. M. E. Church, were introduced to the Conference Adjourned to meet at 2 o'clock, P M.

Afternoon Session.—The Conference re-assembled, and the proceedings of the morning were read and approved. The characters of J. A. Williams, A. Cole, S. T. Jones, W Young, R. A. Gibson, J D. Brooks, and T. H Harris were examined and passed. The passage of T H. Castor's character was arrested by Elder Blackstone. Elder S. T. Jones arrested the passage of Revs. Blackstone, Wallace, and Biddle's characters on rumor, and J. Gasaway's was arrested by a letter from the trustees of Makefield Church, Bucks co., Pa. They were referred to the Committee on Complaints, viz: George Johnson, William Young, and Abraham Cole. Committee on Credentials, Shadrach G. Golden, Singleton T. Jones, and John A. Williams. Bros Jones, Williams, and others, discussed upon matters of interest to our connexion till time of adjournment. Adjourned.

TUESDAY'S PROCEEDINGS.—*Third Day.*

May 6th, Conference met, at 10 o'clock, pursuant to adjournment. Superintendent Ross, associated by Rev. W. H Bishop. The latter read a portion of Scripture. Singing and prayer by J. D. Brooks. The roll was called, and the proceedings of the last session were read and approved. The committee reported relative to Revs. Castor, Blackstone, Wallace, Biddle, and Gasaway, the passage of whose character had been arrested. The first by Elder Blackstone, the next three by Elder S T. Jones, on rumor, and the last named by a letter from the trustees of Makefield Church, Bucks co., Pa. Said committee found no bill of condemnation. The report was received and adopted, and the characters of those brethren were examined and passed. C. J. Carter's character was examined and passed. Elders D Stevens, and W. McFerlin, of New York Conference, and Deacon R H. Dyson, of the Southern Conference, were, by motion, granted permission to participate in the business of the Conference Brother Samuel Matthews, local preacher, of the Canistoga Church, was presented, by Elder Gibson, to join the Annual Conference. The brother gave his recommendation from the Quarterly Conference of the above church, which was read and accepted, and he questioned at length the chairman and others. After which he withdrew, when a spirited discussion ensued for and against his reception, at the close of which, he was, on motion, admitted on probation into the itinerancy. Adjourned.

WEDNESDAY'S PROCEEDINGS.—*Fourth Day.*

May 7th, Conference met pursuant to adjournment. Superintendent Ross presiding, associated by Superintendent Bishop. Scripture lesson by the former, singing and prayer by C. H Wallace. The journal of last meeting was read and approved. C. J. Carter was censured by a vote of the Conference for violation of Conference Rule 6th. Rev. J. J. Clinton, Superintendent of the Third Episcopal District, appeared, and took a seat on the platform by an invitation from President Ross. By order of the Conference.

J. D. BROOKS.

For the Christian Recorder.

A FEW REMARKS.

Sabbath morning, April 27th, 1862, was a most bright and beautiful one. The brilliant god of day lent an indescribable charm to the romantic scene presented by the dim and fading expanse of the Jersey shore, as viewed from Arch Street Wharf, Philadelphia. In every direction large crowds of persons might have been observed wending their way hitherward, bound for Burlington, New Jersey, by way of the steamer *Edwin Forrest*, lying at this wharf. The object of their visit was, to attend the funeral of Mrs. Elizabeth A Schureman, the wife of Rev. W D. W. Schureman, a beloved and respected minister of the A. M E Church.

At 1 o'clock, P M., a large concourse of people had assembled—the funeral procession to move at 2 o'clock, P M., according to arrangement. The corpse was beautifully and appropriately laid out by Mrs. Sarah Williams, a shroudress of Philadelphia, and reflected no small amount of credit on her good taste and judgment. At 2 o'clock, P. M., the funeral cortege proceeded to the Burlington A. M. E Church, in the following arranged order:

1st The Grand United Order of Brothers and Sisters of Love and Charity

2d. The Ministry.

3d. The remains of the departed, born on a bier by the United Order.

4th The mourners—consisting of the bereaved husband, three children, and a sister.

5th. The United Daughters of the Rev. W D. W Schureman's Society.

6th, and lastly The friends of the family.

It is said to have been the largest funeral ever witnessed in Burlington. On entering the church, singing was commenced by the choir. Opening hymn by J. Truby. Prayer by Rev. R. Evans. Brother James Truby then arose and announced the following text: Rev xiv 13—"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," &c. His remarks were much to the purpose, and very satisfactory. Benediction by Rev. Joshua P. B. Eddy. We then proceeded to the silent regions of the dead, and the burial rite was performed by Rev. W. J. Fuller, after which the Grand United Order of Brothers and Sisters of Love and Charity surrounded the grave. Attention was called by the proper officers who attended to the ceremony of the dead, to the immortalization of themselves, and to the admiration of all observers

AN OBSERVER.

Burlington, May 1, 1862.

By special request we publish the following Jubilee Meeting, clipped from the weekly Herald of Connecticut: it will be interesting to our readers:

THE JUBILEE MEETING.

The meeting of the colored people of New Haven, held in Temple Hall, last evening, in commemoration of the Emancipation of Slavery in the District of Columbia, was largely attended, and passed off with great honor to those who had made the arrangements, and gratification to those who attended

The house was called to order by Mr. Mineus Lyman, whereupon D. C. V. R. Creed, in behalf of the Committee of arrangements, announced the following gentlemen as officers of the meeting:—

President—Rev. Amos G. Beman.

Vice-Presidents—Richard Green, Mineus Lyman, Richard Wright, William Stevens, Thomas Prime, Edward Galpin, Robert G. Cromwell, Wm. Wilson, Robert J. Cowes, Richard Giles, S. V. Berry.

Secretaries—Wm W. Quonn, Charles E. Cummings, Robert W. Evans, Cornelius H. Gibbs.

The Throne of Grace was then addressed in a brief but appropriate prayer by Rev. D. L. Ogden.

The Chairman briefly addressed the meeting, when the following preamble and resolutions were read by Dr. C. V. R. Creed, and adopted in the midst of loud cheers:—

WHEREAS, the Congress of the United States have in a noble and masterly manner passed an act Emancipating the Slaves in the District of Columbia, and removing forever this long-cherished institution from the very heart and centre of the "National Government," thus wiping away the stain which for years has disgraced the "nation's escutcheon," and acknowledging the great Jeffersonian principles, embodied in the "Declaration of Independence" and "Constitution of the United States," of the freedom and equality of all men—therefore,

Resolved, That we, the colored citizens of New Haven, hail with feelings of intense joy and thanksgiving, the recent act of Emancipation, and do hereby return our sincere thanks to those philanthropic, Christian statesmen—Messrs. Hale, Sumner, Wilson and Wade, of the Senate—Messrs. Lovejoy, Potter and Stevens, of the House—and all others to whom we feel indebted for bringing about this great reformatory measure in behalf of our oppressed fellow beings.

Resolved, That in our honored President, Abraham Lincoln, we recognise those noble traits of character which have ever shone resplendent, through an unsullied life—a man in whom we have the most implicit confidence, and whom we will earnestly sustain in carrying out the letter and spirit of the Constitution, by pledging to him and the country our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

Resolved, That as "American Slavery" is the mainspring of the present rebellion, we are in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war, until the irrepressible conflict between "Liberty" and "Slavery" is forever settled, in the complete overthrow and abolition of this stupendous wrong.

Resolved, That in this righteous edict of "national emancipation," and in the glorious developments of Divine Providence by which so many thousands of our brethren are becoming FREE from their long and cruel bondage, we recognise our new responsibilities and obligations to them and to the world, to develop in ourselves, and to teach them the sacred importance of those holy principles of industry, domestic economy, temperance, moral and intellectual education, civil and religious freedom, upon which, under God, the prosperity and happiness of all mankind depends, welcoming our labors of love, and rejoicing in the hope that soon freedom shall be declared to all inhabitants in the land.

Resolved, That the doings of this meeting be transmitted to the gentlemen embraced in the resolutions, and to the daily press for publication.

The meeting was then addressed by Dr. Creed, Rev. Wm. T. Catto, Dr. Bacon, J. G. Smith, and Rev. J. S. C. Abbott. The speeches were received with repeated bursts of applause, and the joyous people dispersed after joining in the Doxology.

Our readers will share our gratification in reading the brief but comprehensive paragraphs which follow:

REPORTING PUBLIC PRAYERS.

It has become a habit of the daily press to report the prayers offered, or prepared for, certain public occasions of more than ordinary interest. Doubtless, great differences have been noticed in such prayers. Some are complete, others incomplete, often mere fragments. Some are Evangelical in spirit; and, in style, chaste and appropriate. Others are so mutilated as to appear heretical, and so disfigured as to be repulsive. The better class consist chiefly of those which have been carefully prepared—as, for instance, by the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church. These are copied from the original manuscripts, and are generally printed correctly. The other class consists mostly of extemporaneous effusions; which, however well ordered, are published according to the hearing, judgment, skill, time and room of the reporter, or the amount of vacant space in the paper. These, in many cases, are most mortifyingly misrepresented Illustrations might be furnished which would seem almost incredible. Readers of such prayers should make allowance for all imperfections. It is more likely that they are attributable to careless, hurried, or cramped reporters, or printers, than to reverent and judicious ministers of the Gospel.

STAR-SPANGLED.

"The star-spangled banner, O long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Was this compound epithet original with Mr. KEY? If not, whence did he derive it? In COWPER'S HOMER—Iliad, Book XVI.: lines, 158, 9, 60—we find it thus:—

"the hauberk rich
Star-spangled to his breast he bound, of swift
Anacides"—

Webster attributes it to E. EVERETT. Why so?

Again, under "*spangle*," he gives these examples of use:—

"For the rich *spangles* that adorn the sky."—*Waller.*

"What *stores* do *spangle* heaven with such beauty."—*Shakespeare.*

There is a brave and brisk sparkling, a sort of sprightly snap and ring, in the collocation—"The *star-spangled banner*," that admirably suits the tune and temper of the National Chorus.

TEMPERANCE IN THE ARMY.

It is said that 42,000 of our men have signed the pledge. In August last, 740 members of one regiment signed it, and up to December only four of them had broken it. One agent in this good work has sent home, at the request of soldiers, and to their families, $70,000.

PRAYER the private approbation of the wise and good, but the publicity of the vain and fond.

DAVISS "DONE GONE"

We have a curious and interesting picture on exhibition in Bell and Black's window that I think you would be pleased with. It is an oil-painting by W. M. Davis, of Port Jefferson, Long Island, the author of several other ingenious works, and entirely a self taught artist. The execution is good, and would do credit to any painter, but the design is what I wish at present to notice. The title of the picture is "*Done Gone*," and it adumbrates the grave of Secession. Any one who has been in the South, or if not, who is familiar with Uncle Tom's Cabin, or the Negro Minstrels, knows that the phrase "*Done Gone*," is a cant term of the negroes, indicative of a total conclusion and final winding up of anything. It is therefore, appropriately borrowed from Negrodom, as a felicitous, if not a classical phrase, to signify the dying out of the insurrection whose object was to make Slavery the corner-stone of the Constitution.

Standing prominently in the centre of the canvass is a tombstone, on which is engraved the epitaph "*Hic jacet Secesh.*" I know not whether the painter meant to intimate that this tombstone is the veritable *corner-stone* before alluded to, but if he did, it was a good hit, sly, humorous, and delicate. Over the stone is flung a tattered military cloak, part blue and part red. Some of the red lining so trails on the ground as to look like a puddle of blood. Around are strewed various odds and ends. Some have thought that the design was suggested by Hogarth's picture, "The End of All Things," in which he has grouped together fragments of everything imaginable. But I do not believe that Mr. Davis' invention is so poverty-stricken. Let him have full credit for originality. On one side of the stone is an old straw hat, with a hole in the crown, through which the ordinance of Secession is thrust. Under it lie a pair of worn-out boots. A bent bayonet is stuck in the ground, which had been made to do duty as a candlestick, the candle end being burnt to the socket. On the other side is a demijohn overturned, from which the last drop has been exhausted. By it lies a letter from a Southern nymph, to her hero, "P. S.—Dear Alec. be sure and kill a Yankee for your affectionate Dellah." In the foreground is a Confederate shinplaster for the value of "One Fip" By it lies the stump of a segar, vulgarly called "an old soldier." Near is a sarcasm, with two grains left on one end. Whether this is a symbol of Cobb, of Georgia, effectually shelled out, I leave to your fancy. A rusty bowie-knife with the point broken off, is a conspicuous object. Then we see some of the means by which the chivalry diverted their weary hours and drove away *ennui*. There are a couple of cards, one partly lying over the other. The lowest is the King of Clubs, with the word "*Cotton*" pencilled underneath. Over it lies the Ace of Spades, denoting King Cotton is dethroned. Labor is uppermost. To complete the whole we have the literature of the camp; a yellow covered pamphlet entitled "The Pretty Milkmaid," the color and the title conveying to the mind doubts whether the production ever emanated from the press of the American Tract Society.

The Standard, (Dr. Nevin's.)

SCOTCH CLERICAL ANECDOTE.

Mr. —— was a well-known wag, though an excellent man and diligent pastor. There was a sort of infidel and scoffing character in the town where he lived, commonly called "Jock Hammond." Jock had a nickname for Mr. ——, which, though profane, had reference to the well-known evangelical character of his ministry. 'There's *the grace of God*,' he would say, as he saw the good man passing by; and he usually talked of him under that designation. It so happened that Mr. —— had, on one occasion, consented to take the chair at some public meeting The hour of meeting was past, the place of meeting filled, but no Mr. —— appeared. Symptoms of impatience were manifested, when a voice was heard from one corner of the hall: "My friends, there will be no 'grace o' God' here the night." Just at this moment the door opened, and Mr —— appeared, casting, as he entered, a rather knowing look upon Jock Hammond, as he ejaculated these words. On taking the chair, Mr. —— apologized for his being so late. "I had," he said, "to go into the country to preside in the examination of Mr. ——'s school, and really the young folks conducted themselves so well that I could scarce get away from them. If you please, I will just give you a specimen of the examination. I called up an intelligent-looking girl, and asked her if she had ever heard of any one who had erected a gallows for another, and who had been hanged on it himself. 'Yes,' replied the girl: 'it was Haman.' With that, up started another little girl, and she said, 'Eh! minister, that's no true; Hammond's no hanged yet; for I saw him at the public house door this forenoon, and he was swearing like a trooper.'" Upon this there was considerable tittering among the audience, and eyes were directed to the corner where Jock was sitting. "'You are both quite right,' I replied, with a sort of 'gleikit' look towards the first girl. 'Your Haman was really hanged, as he deserved to be; and (turning toward the other) your Hammond, my lambie, is not hanged yet, by 'the grace o' God.'" The effect of this upon the hearers was electric, and amid roars of laughter, Jock rushed out of the meeting, and, for a time, at least, he ceased to make the minister the object of his scurrilous jokes.—*Lawson's Life and Times.*

THE HABIT OF GIVING.

There are few sentences in the writings of Edward Burke which better deserve to be pondered upon than his advice to his son, "Not to lose the habit of giving." The number of persons who do not at times part with some portion of their property for the relief or benefit of others, is comparatively small. But this occasional and wholly unreliable giving is widely different from the settled *habit* of responding to the calls of benevolence. The formation of such a habit is ordinarily the work of time, even on the part of many who mean to be governed by Christian principle Like all habits, it is the result of *frequent repetition*, and its establishment, therefore, if proceeding from right motives, is evidence of a long series of benevolent acts.

The habit of giving, like every other virtue, is more easily lost than won. What it has been the work of years to establish, a few months, often, are sufficient to destroy. By refusing, for only a short time, to contribute to our wonted objects of benevolence, we become spiritually poorer with a startling rapidity Circumstances, it is true, may put it out of our power to contribute to the *same extent* as we were accustomed to do, but the cases are very rare in which a Christian cannot give *something*, even though it be but a trifle, to the various forms in which Christ's kingdom asks his aid. If he withholds this from pride, the fear of poverty, or any other reason, he inflicts an irreparable injury upon himself. He takes an attitude of passive resistance to the objects which should engage his warmest interest. He inevitably becomes estranged from them, and, to a certain degree, from his brethren who are actively carrying forward these plans of Christian love! This coldness to the various forms of benevolent labor is itself a state of inward poverty, which is far more to be feared than any outward want.

The loss of the habit of giving is, therefore, a very great loss, and one against which no pains are too great to guard. Just now the danger is imminent. Some, there is reason to fear, are withholding more than is meet, yielding, perhaps, to idle fears, or the suggestions of a weak and timorous faith. Let all such remember how precious is the habit of meeting the appeals of Christian benevolence with cheerfulness, with how much time and pains it is acquired; how easily it is lost, and how lamentable the loss is, and resolve once for all, that whatever else they may lose, they will not lose the habit of giving.—*Christian Herald.*

"I will Rejoice in thy Salvation."—"We rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

"Exults our raving soul,
Unburthen'd of its load
And swell unutterably full
Of glory and of God."

THE EXPEDITION TO PITTSBURGH LANDING.

When the news of the great battle at Pittsburgh Landing, Tenn., reached this place, a meeting was called by our humane and benevolent citizens for the purpose of sending Hospital Stores and the necessary Surgeons and Nurses to the relief of the wounded. The expense of this merciful undertaking was cheerfully borne by the community, although it was known that few, if any of the Penns. Regiments were in the engagement. As the details of this expedition are very interesting, and their perusal may serve to guide others in similar efforts for the relief of the sick and wounded during the war; we publish the narrative below, kindly prepared by one of the nurses. We would only yet remark that *forty-eight* of those still remaining on the Steamers on their arrival at our city were taken to the U. S. Marine Hospital, and the others, to the number of *seventeen* to the Infirmary of the Deaconesses, where with few exceptions, they are rapidly recovering. The poor fellows are most grateful for the kindness received, and it is really a pleasure to witness their cheerful and thankful spirit, even in the midst of great suffering. One or two have died at the Marine Hospital, but all who are at the Infirmary will probably recover. The soldiers who are here are of various Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Wisconsin and Missouri Regiments.

The battle of Pittsburgh Landing was fought on the 6th and 7th of April, and on the 11th, an expedition started from this city, consisting of the steamboats J. W. Hailman, and Marengo, with a sufficient number of surgeons and nurses, all under the general direction of F. R Brunot, Esq. The names of the ladies and gentlemen composing the expedition have been published.

Ample stores of all kinds were taken, together with material, for making as many cots or bunks, as would fill every available space on both boats. On Saturday the company was divided into working parties To the ladies was assigned the task of making mattresses, pillows, sheets and towels; and that done, the remainder of the muslin was worked up into shirts, to increase the stock we had on hand. They labored with unflagging industry until we arrived at the end of our voyage of twelve hundred miles. To a party of gentlemen was assigned the work of filling mattresses and pillows; to another that of making portable bunks, out of narrow planed stuff shipped for the purpose. The making of over 300 of these gave no small amount of labor. Others were employed in other needful arrangements, and when we arrived at our destination all was ready for the reception of the objects of our mission. It was soon apparent, however, that some of the younger gentlemen of the party had found more and harder labor than they supposed they had bargained for; but, as they were in for it, they did their parts pretty well.

During the trip down the Ohio, and up the Tennessee, the weather was fine, and it was interesting to note the rapid advance in vegetation, as we moved to more southern climes. On the upper Ohio, the forests were as naked as in winter; on the lower Ohio we found vegetation like what it is here in the middle of May; while on the Tennessee the trees were clothed in full foliage, and it looked like June.

THE TENNESSEE RIVER.

As comparatively few of the people of this part of the country have seen this river, a brief sketch of it may not be out of place. Standing on the deck of a steamer at the landing, at Paducah, which stands on the south bank of the Ohio, just below the junction, the Tennessee presents a noble appearance—broad, straight, and, but for the presence of its mighty rival, would be deemed a large river. It is, perhaps, somewhat less than the Ohio, between Pittsburgh and Wheeling, but is considerably larger than the Allegheny. Both were in high flood when we were there. One remarkable feature of the Tennessee, is the straightness of its channel. There are bends, it is true, but they are no where abrupt, as on our rivers. The banks are in many places low, and subject to overflow. In some places hills are visible from the river; but none are high, like those skirting our rivers. In many places the river washes perpendicular limestone bluffs, from forty to seventy feet high. The land, both hill and valley, appears to be very fertile, and is heavily timbered. But the feature of the scenery, that strikes the northern stranger with the most surprise, is the absence of improvement. In some places for miles there is nothing but an unbroken forest; and, when a "clearing" does make its appearance, the total absence of neatness or thrift, and the miserable habitations, all denote the presence of some blighting curse, and we know what that curse is. For a space of more than two hundred and fifty miles, there is not a score of decent dwellings or well tilled farms, and in all that distance there is but one village—poor, poverty-stricken Savannah—the place where so many of our brave fellows have languished and died. It is said that the valley of this river is unhealthy, and I believe it; for so rich a soil, so rank a vegetation, and so much overflowed land, must necessarily cause miasma; but clearing and drainage are all that are needed to cure it of that, and make it one of the most delightful valleys on the continent.

PITTSBURGH LANDING.

On the evening of Wednesday, the 16th, we reached this now celebrated point. It is a mere landing at a road in the woods. There are, if I remember correctly, one or two shabby buildings, but everything else, save the effects of innumerable feet of men and horses, is in a state of nature. About an acre of ground, comparatively level, lies at the landing, bounded on the land side by an abrupt hill, of some sixty feet, which brings us to the general level of the extensive table land on which the battle was fought.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

The rebels, who are better acquainted with the nomenclature of this locality, call this great struggle "the battle of Shiloh," and writers on our side are adopting the same name. I inquired why it was so called, and was told that Shiloh was the name of a church embraced in the extensive area over which the conflict raged, which is probably the fact. The land would, in Pennsylvania, be level, rather than hilly, although it is broken in many places by ravines, with sides so sloping that men and horses could run across them without much impediment. Roads traverse it in various directions, the principal of which is the one leading from the "Landing" to Corinth. The entire battle field, with an exception hardly worth noting, is a forest, but so free from underbrush that cavalry and artillery could move through it in almost any direction. In the four hours that we rambled over it we could not of course see one half of it; for the field of conflict covered probably not less than fifteen square miles; and on that broad and bloody field, trampled to hardness in one place and to mire in another, by fiercely opposing hosts, we found the quiet camps of nearly one hundred thousand men, calm, resolute, and even cheerful, amid the graves of their fallen comrades. It was a sight to stir the soul to its depths. There was music among the tents, but no boisterous mirth. We walked from group to group of "the boys," and talked with them and they with us, with all the cordiality of friends and brethren. Each would recount some incident of the terrible struggle, and many pointed out localities where such and such things took place. I asked several of the men whether they felt ready for another struggle. "Yes, indeed," was the reply, "we want to finish up this business and go home." They are cheerful and hopeful; but not a word of braggadocio did I hear of what they had done or would do. *These men of the ranks love their country, but they abhor war.* "Will you go back?" I asked several sick and wounded whom we brought away. "I will as soon as I am able," was the unvarying answer.

That battle has been well described, so I need not attempt anything like a description of it, a thing which I could not do if I would. But I cannot but speak of the unpardonable neglect of somebody, which caused the disastrous surprise of Sunday morning So sudden, so unexpected was the attack that one outlying regiment were caught asleep in their tents, the rebel soldiers opening their doors and ordering them to come out. Others were shot down with their towels and combs in their hands. Others were at breakfast, and others preparing for the usual Sunday morning inspection. One company officer, speaking of this matter remarked, "I don't blame anybody; but if I had done what was done, I should have blamed myself very much." Gen. Grant was at Savannah that morning; but whether he was discharging his duty or neglecting it, whether drunk or sober, are questions that are discussed in camp in terms which plainly denote that the men think more than they say. Grant was warned of the impending danger, but he appears to have been one of those who are

"Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take warning."

so let his men fall into the trap and met a disastrous defeat. I was shown a little spot on the bank of the river where more than twenty broken regiments took shelter under a bluff, and under the partial cover of the guns of the boats, where they spent that dreadful night. Yet these men, so entrapped, have been accused of cowardice. It is a slander; for such management on the part of those whose business it was to guard against surprise would dishearten any man. Moreover, when Buell arrived on Monday morning these dispirited troops went into the fight again, and fully retrieved their character for courage

Although thousands had traversed the ground and gathered trophies of various kinds, still when we were there the ground was strewed with balls and broken shells, and few of our party came away without a "secesh" musket. One gentlemen got an enormous Bowie knife, which some bloody-minded Mississippian had carried to the field and left it, together with his own carcase. Hardly a tree was to be seen but bore more or less marks of balls. I was told of one upon which fifty scars were counted. I saw one more than fifteen inches in diameter cut entirely off

THE DEAD REBELS.

On Wednesday evening we observed a few men working on the face of the hill, not far from the boats. We turned aside to see, and found them engaged in digging a grave for a dead rebel soldier, who had lain there for some time wrapped in his blanket. The work was done with little ceremony, but with decent propriety. No ribald word was uttered by anybody. Before he was laid in his lonely resting place we uncovered his face. It was ghastly, but neither swollen nor discolored. He had been rather a good-looking youth of about twenty. That military vow, like Sterne's solitary prisoner, made a sadder impression than whole hecatombs of slain foes. Perchance he had been forced into the unholy service. It may be that a mother and sisters were at that moment weeping for him. Perhaps no human eye of either friend or foe rested upon his mortal agonies, and no hand proffered to his burning lips a cup of cold water. He was an enemy, but he is not so now, and if a tear dropped beside his rude grave, it was not without cause, and I walked away with a deepened impression of the horrible wickedness of this rebellion.

THE SICK AND WOUNDED.

All the wounded had been removed from the Landing, except one rebel, who was carried on board the "Marengo." He was mortally wounded, and died the next day. He was kindly treated, but his life could not be saved. The Hailman remained at the Landing until evening, to gather what sick were there, while the Marengo dropped down a few miles to a place called Crump's Landing, where there was a hospital barge crowded with sick men. Here we took on board about a hundred, some of whom were evidently past recovery. But the majority of the poor fellows soon began to improve under the kind attentions of our lady nurses, who, as soon as they were laid upon their clean and comfortable beds, with basins, towels and combs, soon made them feel as if they were at home. Several of them remarked that it was like home. To the sick

CHRISTIAN LIBERTY: THE INDIVIDUAL, THE CONGREGATION AND THE CHURCH.

It is very evident that as a congregation is a body of individuals whose views and preferences conflict on many points, and as the Church embraces many congregations, which, if they consulted only their own wishes, would seriously differ, there must be some principles by which Christian liberty regulates itself, so that the freedom of the individual does not take from the congregation what belongs to its freedom as a whole, nor the freedom of the congregation take from the church what belongs to its freedom as a whole. Let us illustrate the point from our civil liberty. We are the free citizens of free States, which are bound together as a free country. The individual has liberty, the State has liberty, and our whole land has liberty; but, this liberty is regulated by one general principle—and that is that the whole is greater than a part. The individual liberty is limited by the liberty of the State; that of the State by the liberty of the nation. The theory of equal rights prevents one person from settling questions which equally interest others, or one State from deciding, even for herself, matters which will involve the interests of the other States. It might be very clearly the interest of some individuals in this city, to have particular things arranged with reference to their wishes, as for example, the local taxes; but as the interests of others are also involved, these matters are settled, not by individual freedom, but by the freedom of the city as a whole, represented in the City Councils, chosen by the whole city. It might be to the interest of Philadelphia to control certain things for herself, but as they involve the interests of other cities and parts of the State, they are regulated, not by her freedom, but by that of the State, represented by the Legislature, chosen by the whole State. It might be to the interest of Pennsylvania, to have certain things in a certain way, as for instance, a particular rate of duties; but these matters affect the interests of all the States, and therefore, they are settled, not by the exercise of our State freedom, but by the freedom of all the States, represented by men chosen by the whole land. The liberty of one is limited by the equal liberty of others; two do not yield to one, but one yields to two. The part is limited by the whole; the less ratio by the larger ratio; the narrower interests by the wider; the local yields to the general; the particular to the universal; the minority to the majority. Nor is this inconsistent with true freedom. One pound is as heavy as another; but if the one is associated with nine pounds, and the other is alone, the one sinks in the balance with the nine, and the other strikes the beam by itself. The principle is as simple as this, that though one is one, two are twice one.

And this simple principle regulates Christian freedom. The freedom of the individual is limited by that of the congregation; the freedom of the congregation by that of the church. The individual uses his freedom to determine what involves himself only; the congregational freedom settles congregational questions, and the freedom of the church determines what interests her as a whole; the individual gives way to the congregation on congregational questions, as the congregation does to the church on church questions. The individual is not to exercise a liberty inconsistent with that of the congregation with which he freely remains associated, nor is the congregation to exercise a freedom inconsistent with that of the denomination with which it remains freely attached.

Now apply these principles. The liberty of the Christian individual in regard to matters of order which involve himself only is unlimited. He may conduct his private and family devotions as he will; make them as long or as short as he pleases. He may pray as often as he pleases, and in whatever attitude he pleases; he may use a book of prayers or dispense with it; sing what hymns to what tunes he pleases; sing with an instrument or without it, as he deems best; and no congregation, no Synod, no authority on earth, has the right to prescribe to him. But he dare not go out of this sphere to make his liberty a law to others—to prescribe thus they in their homes shall do things in his way. He is not to assume what belongs to the congregation as a whole, or to the council which has been chosen by the church, and whose decisions, therefore, are those of the congregation. If an hour is fixed for public worship, he must not make it the hour of his secret devotions, and remain away from the church. He must not say because he prefers kneeling at home, that the congregation shall not stand in the sanctuary, or refuse to stand with them; he must not say because he prefers singing at home without an instrument, that the congregation shall not sing with an organ; that because he prefers dispensing with all forms at home, the congregation shall not unite in using the Liturgy of the church.

On the same general principle the liberty of the congregation is defined. Whatever relates exclusively to its interests and rights as a congregation, belongs to its freedom. Within the congregation, the council, for the purposes constitutionally determined, is the congregation representatively, as a Legislature, in its constitutional functions, is representatively the people of a State, and as Congress, with the same limitation, is the people of the United States. Whatever is done by the council, in accordance with the constitution of the congregation, is done by the congregation itself. In the constitution of most churches there is an arrangement by which, if the council violate the constitution or misrepresent the people, the people can be called together to express their views to the council; and even when there is no such provision, there is always the power of redress connected with a new election: the congregation can refuse to elect again those that have not served them well. The pastor has the freedom of any other Christian in matters which relate to him as a private individual; and as a pastor, he has the control of all matters connected with the ordinances, which are not determined either by the congregation or council, in its sphere, or by the church in her larger sphere. When he is ordained, he declares his faith in the doctrines of the church and his determination to be loyal to her principles. If a conflict arises between the demands of the church as a whole and the demands of a congregation, he is bound to respect the demands of the church; but he has no rights which conflict with the proper rights of the congregation, as laid down in its constitution, or of the individuals in it, as on the other hand, they have none which conflict with his. Finally, on this point, the freedom of the church or denomination as a whole, is one which regulates all matters which pertain to her common interest as a whole. When a body chosen by the whole church and, therefore, representing it, makes decisions on points of order which affect the whole, the congregation are bound by them. No congregation has the right to isolate itself by usages inconsistent with the good of the other congregations, and such a course is not only an abuse of its own liberty, but also, a violation of theirs. The bodies which the church clothes with authority may determine points of order by resolutions, but, in most cases, in an Ancient Church like ours there are usages as deeply rooted, so well established, that even although they were unwritten, they would come with all the well-defined characteristics of law; such, for instance, as the usage of pastoral confirmation.

THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

(From the German of Krummacher.)

What avails the blood of Christ? It avails, what mountains of good works heaped up by us—what columns of the incense of prayer curling up from our lips toward heaven—and what streams of tears of penitence gushing from our eyelids, never could avail. "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." "Helps us to cleanse ourselves, perhaps?" No, cleanseth us. "Furnishes the *motive* and the *obligation* for us to cleanse ourselves?" No, it *cleanseth* us. "Cleanseth us from the *desire* to sin?" No, cleanseth us from *sin* itself. "Cleanseth us from the sin of *inactivity* in the work of personal improvement?" No, from *all* sin. "But did you say the *blood* does this?" Yes, the blood. "The *doctrine* of Christ you must mean?" No, his *blood*. "His *example*, it is?" No, his *blood, his blood*. Oh what timidity the world still betrays toward this essential element of Christianity! Can anything be stated more plainly in language than the entire word of God declares that our redemption from sin is by the blood of Christ? And yet what strenuous efforts are constantly made to set aside this plain, essential, wonderful, and most glorious truth, that the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin!

E. P.

Domestic Items.

Yorktown Evacuated!

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,

Fortress Monroe, May 4.—Yorktown was evacuated by the rebels last night, and our troops now occupy the enemy's works.

A large amount of camp equipage and guns, which they could not destroy for fear of being seen, were left behind.

Headquarters Army of the Potomac,
May 4th, 9 o'clock, A. M.

To Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

We have the enemy's ramparts, their guns, ammunition, camp equipage, etc., and hold the entire line of his works, which the engineers report as being very strong.

I have thrown all my cavalry and horse artillery in pursuit, supported by infantry. I move General Franklin's Division, and as much more as I can, by water up to West Point to-day. No time shall be lost. Our gunboats have gone up York river.

I omitted to state that Gloucester is also in our possession. I shall pursue the enemy to the wall.

G. B. McCLELLAN,
Major-General.

It is certain that the rebels received reinforcements by steamer from Richmond on Thursday last, but they did not disembark.

The rebels are badly demoralized, and evince symptoms of mutiny on account of the retreat.

Everything was found to be in utter confusion, as though they left in great haste. Between forty and fifty pieces of heavy artillery have been left in their works, after being spiked, together with a large amount of ammunition, medical stores, camp equipage, tents, and the private property of their officers.

A negro who was left in the town states that the rebels threw a large amount of ordnance stores into the river to prevent them from falling into our hands.

Magruder Swears.—The order was given to evacuate by General Johnston, on Thursday—to commence the following morning, which was accordingly done.

General Magruder is said to have most strenuously opposed the measure, stating that if they could not whip the Federals here, there was no other place in Virginia where they could, and that he swore in the presence of his men, who vociferously cheered him, having complete control of himself.

Guns Left.—The enemy left seventy-one (71) guns in the works at Gloucester Point. The guns and ordnance stores were also left.

The Merrimac.—Fortress Monroe, May 4th.—The *Merrimac* made her appearance beyond Sewell's Point at 1 o'clock to-day.

Opinions of the Leading Papers on the Evacuation of Yorktown.—The Philadelphia *Press* says: "This news, so startling, so glorious, and, in a degree, so unexpected, will surprise both loyalists and traitors. But, while the *former* will hail it as the herald of returning peace, the promise of a mighty land restored to greatness, and a new proof of the immutability of the Union, the *latter*, overwhelmed with dismay, and so terribly awakened to the madness of their guilt, must shortly abandon a struggle so hopeless in its aspect, and quietly lay down their arms. The army which we have driven from Yorktown can be an army now in little but in name and numbers. It is disheartened, dispirited, and defeated. It is convinced that its leaders, to use the language of Jefferson Davis, 'have undertaken more than they can accomplish,' and we should not be surprised to hear of its disbandment before many months have passed. The capture of Yorktown points most conclusively to such a termination of the contest.

"After months of confident preparation, after the laborious building of fortifications, and the mounting of hundreds of heavy guns, after the transportation of thousands of trains of supplies and ammunition to this depot, after the concentration of the 'flower' of rebeldom into one of the grandest armies, in point of numbers, that the world has ever witnessed—after all the boasting of the South, and the anxiety, not to say trepidation, of the more desponding in the North, the prospect of a bloody victory has passed away with the flight of a wily and craven enemy."

The *Inquirer* regards it as demonstrating "the total demoralization of the Confederate cause:" the *North American* characterizes it as "welcome tidings:" the *News* says, "it created one of the most agreeable sensations of the season."

The *Ledger*:—"The rebels at Yorktown have done what Cornwallis tried to do, but failed. Finding their position becoming untenable, in consequence of the skilful siege operations of McClellan, they silently and secretly evacuated Yorktown on Friday night, leaving a large amount of guns and camp equipage behind them, and the National forces now occupy Yorktown without a fight. But the abandonment of this stronghold, which has been fortified more formidably than any place which they can retreat to, and which has been attended with such a loss of war material to the rebels, is one of the highest compliments to the skill of the Union Commander, and a certain proof that they dread an encounter with him more than with any other General of our forces. The retreat proves that Richmond is to be abandoned to its fate, for at no place this side of that city can as successful a defence be made as at Yorktown. The flight of the rebel Congress, a few days ago, from Richmond, was only a precursor of what the army before Yorktown intended to do. The flight of both Congress and the army is a plain confession that the rebels find themselves unequal to the task of defending themselves, according to their long-matured plans, and have now to change their whole policy and positions before the victorious armies of the Government."

The New York *World*:—"The news which we publish this morning will be read with breathless interest. It will be received with great exultation, but not without some intermixture of disappointment. The country had counted on a terrible and sanguinary spectacle. Our troops were thirsting for an opportunity to rival the valiant and brilliant fighting of their fellow-soldiers in the West. We miss the furious cannonade and the triumphant storming of the enemy's works under a galling and murderous fire. But we hold their ramparts, we have taken seventy-one heavy siege guns, together with a large amount of ammunition and camp equipage, and our cavalry is hanging on their heels in hot and determined pursuit.

But why were the rebels permitted to escape from Yorktown at all? The answer is at hand, and the time has come when it should be made public. The rebel army has escaped only because Gen. McClellan's plan was interfered with, and in an essential particular upset, by the Secretary of War. General McClellan proceeded down the Potomac with the understanding that General McDowell was to follow him with his corps d'armee. It was intended that the operations against Yorktown should be proceeded by the taking of Gloucester Point by McDowell. Had this plan been adhered to, retreat would have been impossible. It is the Secretary of War who is to be execrable for the escape of Johnson's army."

The New York *Times*:—"The whole extraordinary operation, which has startled the public by its unexpected occurrence—to say nothing of its inexplicable motive—appears to have been conducted with an expedition little short of a complete panic, from fear of the consequences of remaining a single hour longer."

New York Tribune:—"We presume they have retreated to a new and stronger line of defences, which they have been constructing while General McClellan was preparing to take that before which he had sat down. We wish they had staid and tried conclusions at Yorktown, though the retrograde movement must tend to demoralize their rank and file, besides depleting their county stores. Gen. McClellan would probably have opened fire on them this morning had they remained. He will follow them up steadily, and bring them to a speedy issue if possible."

In the *Herald*, the Washington correspondent says "After Yorktown there is no spot on the peninsula where the rebels can have half the chances for a successful defence; besides, there is no better position to which they can retreat. Richmond, with its three lines of circumvallation, is a mere earthwork to the defences at Yorktown, and may be satisfied simultaneously on all sides by a combination of the Union forces now threatening it. Those who have studied most closely the [illegible] regard the evacuation of Yorktown as about the most fortunate [illegible] in the East, and rejoice that it has been attained without the immense loss of life and blood that was anticipated. It makes the victory of General McClellan ten times more glorious that it was bloodless."

In an editorial it says, "We open to-day a most eventful week, with the glorious news of the fall of Yorktown and the preliminaries of a disaster to the rebel arms which, ere long must bring this odious rebellion to a close."

Guerilla War.—The rebel leaders threaten a system of guerilla war in the rebel States, and especial [illegible] measures which will be exhausting and ruinous to the federal government; and they point with savage exultation to La Vendee and Spain, but they forget the wide difference between the inhabitants of the United States and the people who have carried on a protracted guerilla warfare. The Spaniards and the French in La Vendee had never enjoyed the advantages of citizenship in the United States government; they had no commercial habits or commercial interests; their customs and nature were in accordance with the savage feelings that engender and keep up an irregular warfare; whereas, the peasants that have brought on the rebellion are in conflict with the genius and the customs of the people.

Latest News from the South.—*The Confederate Congress—Subject Exhausted.* The Richmond *Examiner* ridicules the idea that the rebel Congress adjourned for the want of business. It says:

"We hope that all other persons in Richmond who intend to prefer flight to fight, should the city ever be in danger, will do what they can in that way—like Congress—without "apprehension" or panic. If Richmond falls it will not be a sudden tumble. There is not the least danger that their precious carcasses will be caught under a mash trap. Abundant time for an adjournment will always be afforded by the operations of such officers as both parties have in the field. No large city, defended by extensive lines and several great armies, ever was or can be surprised. Richmond will always be open on one side, and those who want to get out of it can do so at any time. It is hoped that here, at least, the Confederate armies will not bounce off after burning a steamboat or two, and a bridge, the moment they learn the enemy are in the neighborhood, without knowing how many they are, nor whether they are not worse frightened than themselves.

The Pursuit

DESPATCHES FROM GEN. M'CLELLAN.

Washington, May 5.—The following despatch has been received at the War Department:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
May 4, 7 o'clock, P. M.

To the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

Our cavalry and horse artillery came up with the enemy's rear guard in their intrenchments, about two miles this side of Williamsburg.

A brisk fight ensued. Just as my aid left, Gen. Smith's Division of infantry arrived on the ground, and, I presume, carried the enemy's works, though I have not heard.

The enemy's rear is strong, but I have force enough up there to answer all purposes.

We have, thus far, seventy-one heavy guns, and large amounts of tents and ammunition.

All along the lines their works prove to have been most formidable, and I am now fully satisfied of the correctness of the course I have pursued.

There shall be no delay in following up the rebels.

The rebels have been guilty of the most murderous and barbarous conduct in placing torpedoes within the abandoned works, near wells, near springs, near flag-staffs, magazines, and telegraph offices, and in carpet-bags, barrels of flour, etc.

Fortunately we have not lost many men in this manner. Some four or five have been killed, and perhaps a dozen wounded.

I shall make the prisoners remove them at their own peril.

G. B. McCLELLAN,
Major-General.

Beauregard's Loss.—Beauregard lost not less than 23,000 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and the sick, used up, and panic-stricken, during his movement from Corinth upon Pittsburg Landing.

North Carolina.—The best harbor in North Carolina, and a most excellent base of operations, is now in the undisturbed possession of General Burnside, the guns of Fort Macon having been silenced, and its garrison made prisoners, by that indefatigable officer. Beaufort is connected by railroad with Goldsboro', Raleigh, and Greensboro', the last named one of the most important points on the southward railroad communication of the rebels.

Yorktown.—On Wednesday, several of General McClellan's batteries opened fire on the rebel works at Yorktown and Gloucester, and their shipping. The rebels replied, and the cannonading was kept up for some time. The damage done the enemy is not known. Nobody on our side was hurt.

General Smith and Temperance.—The *Press* has some good remarks on the subject of Temperance, though we are sorry to see them qualified in a way which takes from them almost all their practical value. The following will be universally approved:

We are in the midst of an interminable discussion as to whether General Smith was intoxicated or not on the occasion of that unfortunate and inexplicable affair at Lee's Mills. Mr. Representative Morrill's very proper inquiry suggested it, and every officer in General Smith's Division seems disposed to continue the investigation. If slaves to this pernicious habit are permitted to lead our armies, there will be charges more bloody than the charge of the Light Brigade, and disasters more dreadful than any we have yet encountered. As a military reform, therefore, we welcome the temperance agitation.

The Isabel.—The rebel steamer *Isabel*, now called the *Kika Worley*, which has made itself notorious in running the blockade, has been captured at last. She was taken by the steamer *St. Jago de Cuba* while attempting to run the blockade. She was heavily laden with Enfield rifles and other implements of war.

Beauregard Retreating.—The report that Beauregard was retreating from Corinth has been confirmed by late rebel papers. The rebel general was daily sending his troops southward, part by rail and part on foot, but refuses to make any explanations of his course, stating that Jeff. Davis understands his movements.

Mitchell.—General Mitchell has just made another brilliant movement. Hearing that Gen. Kirby Smith was at Bridgeport, Alabama, General Mitchell marched against him, and, after a short engagement, routed his whole force, capturing 300 prisoners and two cannon.

Skirmish at Farmington.—General Paine's Division, having made a reconnoissance to that place, were confronted by nearly five thousand rebels, but after a short skirmish, our troops cleared the field at the point of the bayonet, capturing a large amount of stores, ammunition, and camp equipage, together with a number of prisoners.

The Norfolk Day Book Hints at Treachery in New Orleans.—It says: "The telegraph tells this morning the most deplorable tale ever heard in America, or, we believe, in the whole world. Two contemptible little steamers have come up to the great city of New Orleans inhabited by a population of two hundred thousand souls, defended by miles upon miles of columbiads and rifled cannon, possessing six floating batteries of immense power, and containing within her bosom not less than thirty thousand disciplined troops—and have commanded the authorities to haul down the Confederate flag! As we write, there had been no intelligence of its having been hauled down; but we are prepared to expect the worst.

"Sailing through miles of the heaviest artillery, it does not appear that so much as a single shot was fired at these two little steamers. On the contrary, everything seems to have been prepared beforehand for their quiet reception. The troops were immediately withdrawn lest they might feel disposed to demur, all the defences on the lake were dismantled, the guns were thrown down without being injured, the steamboats, that could have gotten up steam in an hour and been off, were burned, and the defenders were drawn off to a distant point.

"Never since the world began was there such a transaction—so dark, so mysterious, so altogether unaccountable."

John Brown, Jr., writes that his company have liberated [illegible] slaves in the last four months. They operate in Western Missouri.

Wife of General Scott.—His wife arrived in Rome last Sabbath, and is stopping at present at the Hotel de Londres, her friends being busy in looking up apartments for her. As the family is Catholic, and have been in Rome several times, they will no doubt, secure much attention from the Government, that is, if his Holiness lasts a little longer."

Dr Beecher (and it necessary for his health to take a certain amount of exercise, in walking or riding every day. Run on Sabbaths, to avoid the scandal it will example, he [illegible] out, and descended into his cellar, where he shovelled a load of sand from one side to the other and back again. A hale, hearty, serviceable veteran he continued to be till the unavoidable infirmities of old age crept upon him.

The Oswego (N. Y) *Times* says Peter Rozelle, of that city, has reached the extraordinary age of 106 years! He never wore glasses, and can read without their use. He converses readily, and retains his memory perfectly.

Rev. B W. Chidlaw, the efficient and popular chaplain of the Thirty-ninth Regiment, O. V., has been compelled by ill health to resign. This will be deeply regretted by the officers and men of his regiment.

Rev. D Magill, of the O. S. Church in this city, and afterwards in Boston, has gone home to Ireland. He recently delivered a lecture in Belfast, on the country in which he said: "America has been a grand sham and a hypocrisy, all through her history since the Revolution."

Foreign Summary.

The Factory Statistics of Great Britain and Ireland for 1861, show a total of 6,378 factories, which contain 30,170,000 spindles, and 430,000 power-looms, which engaged 230,564 hand loom weavers. The number of hands employed was 776,614, whereof 388,275 were males, and 357,325 females, an average of 121 hands to each description of factory. In England and Wales, there were 5,652 factories, the whole number of hands engaged being 642,607. Ireland had 158 factories, which gave employment to 37,872 persons. Scotland reckoned about one-tenth the number of England's factories. Lancashire alone contains one-third of the factories, two-thirds of the spindles, and three-fourths of the power-looms of the United Kingdom, her factories, for every spot of cattle production, numbering 2,144; her spindles, 12,007,193; and her power looms, 361,611.

At the latest accounts the *Sumter* was still at Gibraltar, and the United States steamer *Tuscarora* remained off Algeciras. The one-sided "neutrality" of the British government seems to allow the rebel war vessels or privateers, which enter their ports, every privilege they desire, while the restrictions are made to operate against the vessels of the United States government.

Australia.—The ministerial strength of the various Churches in this colony, is reported thus:—Church of England, 117 ministers; Presbyterian, 52; Church of Rome, 44; Wesleyan Methodists, 38; Independents, 9; Primitive Methodists, 6; Baptists, 5; Independent Methodist, 1; Unitarian, 1. The Sabbath school statistics of the various denominations show the Wesleyans have 7,096 scholars; the Church of England, 6,005; Roman Catholics, 3,880; Presbyterians, 1,578; Congregationalists, 1,537; Primitive Methodists, 706; Baptists, 191; Unitarians, 45.

Shanghai has been fortified, in view of the impending attack of the rebel forces in China. Five British, two French, and two Russian war vessels are also before the city, and four thousand armed foreigners will aid in its defence.

Additional despatches from Bombay, March 27th, announces that Lord Elgin was installed Viceroy of India, March 12th. Mugul Bey had been hanged in front of the palace of Delhi. A widespread Mahratta conspiracy had been discovered and suppressed at Hyderabad, in the Deccan.

Cotton Seed, planted at the close of the rainy season in Liberia, springs up so rapidly that in six weeks ripe cotton balls can be gathered. The yield is very large, and the plants bear several years, ripening nearly all the year round.

Pilgrimage by Railroad.—The heathen priests in India are discussing the question with great interest, since the introduction of railroads into that country, how far the merit of pilgrimage to celebrated shrines is affected by this new facility in travelling. There is certainly much less penance in riding comfortably at the rate of thirty miles an hour, than in slowly footing it at four or five, and the merit of the thing must be vastly lessened!

Abolition of Dutch Slavery.—Another blow has been struck at the anathristian system of holding property in man. Holland has offered to her West India colonies assistance in emancipating their slaves, which has been accepted. A Surinam paper thus states the final result:—

"The slave question in the Dutch West India colonies has been settled. All slaves in those colonies will be set free on the 1st of July, 1863, under the following conditions: 1. Compensation of three hundred guilders for each slave—man, woman, or child—to be paid to the owner. 2. Slaves to remain under apprenticeship on the estates for a term of three years, during which time they are to be paid wages for their work, half of such wages to accrue to governments."

MEETINGS OF ANNUAL CONFERENCES.

The Ohio Annual Conference will meet in Zanesville city, Ohio, April 15th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

The Indiana Annual Conference will meet in Indianapolis, Ind., August 13th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

The Missouri Annual Conference will meet in Louisville, Ky., August 20th, 1862, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

W. PAUL QUINN.

The Philadelphia Annual Conference will meet in Trenton, N. J., on the 10th day of May, 1862, in the Mount Zion Church, at 9 o'clock.

The New England Annual Conference will meet on the 21st day of May, at New Bedford, at 9 o'clock, A. M., in the A. M. E. Church.

The members of these Conferences will strictly attend to the financial duties as laid down in the Discipline, and without which our itinerant progress will be impeded. Punctual attendance is requested.

A notice of my visits will be given in the future.

W. Nazrey

ADVERTISEMENTS.

IMPROVEMENTS made in the machinery for manufacturing Gold Pens, and secured to the subscriber by Letters Patent, have enabled him to overcome the many imperfections hitherto unavoidable in their production, and also to bring their cost within the reach of all. The writing public should know the following facts:—

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Jan 1 tf

THE YOUTH'S EVANGELIST

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Every number has a Psalm, or part of a Psalm, set to music suitable for use in Sabbath Schools.

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Jan 1 tf

Advertisements.

THE United Brothers and Sisters of Rev. Willis Nazrey Society, are requested to attend their regular stated meeting, the 10th of this month, at 8 o'clock, P. M., on the corner of Quince and Locust Streets. Punctual attendance is strictly requested, by order of the President.

AARON BELL, *President.*
E. MATHEWS, *Secretary.*

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 10th, 1862. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:

From Garnet Union No. 4, D. of T.; from Phenix Union, No. 8, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 16, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Dr. Bias' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 19, D. of T.; from Vankrackle Union, No. 18, D. of T., of Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—

Grand P., Sister Bennet; Grand Associate, Sister Burnett; Grand Treasurer, Sister Faucett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dukhartt; Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall.

G. P. P., Sister E. Rickets, G. P. P. Sister Anderson,
" " E. Bowers, " " J. V. Black,
" " M. H. Bensy, " " E. A. Clark,
" " S. Newman, " " White,
" " S. Davis, " " S. Hall.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY.

THE STATED QUARTERLY MEETINGS of the Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August, and November.

The meetings of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the society.

MRS. SARAH CARTER,
President.
Mr. L. R. SEYMOUR, Sec'y.

MRS JOHNSON AND MRS. WARE

Beg leave to inform the Public in general that they continue

LAYING OUT AND SHROUDING THE DEAD.

REFERENCES.

Thomas Charnock, No. 427 South Sixth Street.
James Le Count, No. 920 Rodman Street.
Thomas W. Allmond, No. 1027 Rodman Street.

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The above Goods are nearly all manufactured by me, and

Family Circle.

THY NAME THE MAGIC SPELL.

BY MRS NORTON TO HER HUSBAND AFTER HE HAD BITTERLY DIVORCED HER

Thy name was once the magic spell
By which my heart was bound,
And burning dreams of light and love
Were waken'd by that sound.
My heart beat quick when stranger tongues,
With idle praise or blame,
Awoke its deepest thrill of life
To tremble at thy name

Long years, long years have passed away,
And altered looks have been,
And we whom we so fondly once
Must meet as strangers now.
The friends of yore cause round me still
But talk no more of thee;
'Tis idle e'en to wish it now,
For what art thou to me?

Yet still thy name, thy blessed name,
My lonely bosom fills,
Like an echo that hath lost itself
Among the distant hills,
Which still, with melancholy note,
Keeps faintly lingering on,
When the joyous sound that woke it first
Is gone, forever gone.

CLEANING THE LIPS.

No feature on the face of a child is lovelier than the lips, with rows of pearly teeth playing hide-and-seek behind them. But, ah! sometimes mouths which look like rosebuds send forth words unfit for a mother's ear, unfit for the ear of heaven. Some boys, who would not dare to take God's name in vain, say what is coarse and impure, forgetting that this, also, is a sin.

We know a dear old lady who, many years ago, taught a little private school in a certain town. Her heart was pure, and therefore her words were sweet. She loved the blessed Saviour, and cared most tenderly for the lambs of his fold. She seemed to live in the little children's world, rejoicing and suffering with them. She had always something pleasant to say, and a flower or kiss to give, so that the scholars loved the school-house next best to "mother's room" at home.

They never had to be sent to school, but ran off cheerfully before nine o'clock, that they might speak to her before the little bell rang. She believed what Solomon said about the "rod of correction;" but in some way she got along without using it very often. Once her heart was deeply wounded by hearing that a little fellow had spoken impure words while out at play. When forced to punish very little ones, she used to take them to her lap; but, as Master Charlie was nine years old, she called him to stand before her. Taking both his hands between her own, and looking into his blue eyes, she asked:

"Have you been using wicked words to-day, my dear?"

"I didn't swear," whimpered Charlie.

"Are you willing to go home and repeat all you said in your mother's presence?"

Charlie hung his head, and colored deeply, and whispered—

"No, ma'am, because it would grieve her."

"And have you forgotten, my dear boy, that One who is far holier than she has heard in heaven those naughty words which came from those lips to-day? I am afraid there is something unclean in your heart; but as I cannot reach that myself I will ask God to do it. I can reach your lips, and as I am sure they are not fit to give your mother the good-night kiss, nor to say your prayers, I will clean them for you."

She then took from her desk a bowl of water, a tiny bit of soap, and a small sponge, and bidding Charlie open his mouth, she washed it well—teeth, tongue, lips, and all! She then wiped them dry with a soft napkin and bathed his tear-stained face, on which she pressed the tear of forgiveness. This simple punishment, and the real sorrow of her who inflicted it, made a deep impression on the minds of her scholars. Charlie is now almost a man, but never since that day has an impure word escaped his lips. At the very thought of such a word he fancies he *tastes soap*, and that he hears again the gentle rebuke of his first teacher.

THE THIRTY DOLLARS.

BY MARY J. CROSSMAN.

"There are thirty dollars," said my husband, the other day, throwing a small roll of bills into my lap, and after making several circles around the room with the baby on his shoulder, he put on his cap and fare deliberately to go back to his office. He heard was on the door-knob.

"Please tell me, Harry, what I'm to do with the money," I said, which I am aware was a very unwomanly request.

"Use it for benevolent purposes, or get you a new silk, as you like." The door had closed, when Harry put back his face and repeated, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," for he knew that I had a decided fondness for silk dresses.

The baby soon dropped asleep, and I went into the kitchen to increase my acquaintance with Bridget McFarland, who the afternoon before, had been inducted into my service with suitable ceremonies and the "best of references."

"It's not very say work this, mum—making such wet, wathery wood into fire," said she, her face heated to a blaze from exertion and anger Going to the wood room I told her which fuel was wet, which was dry, and suggested that the fires be made of the latter and replenished with the former, and then returned to my own thoughts and the baby's merino which I was embroidering.

The day before I had been out on a shopping excursion, and all I could do the patterns of new silks, some fair and fanciful, others rich and varied, or plain and enduring, kept flitting before me as I remembered the bills in my pocket, and the fashionable wedding that was to come off in brother James' family in four weeks.

And then I thought of the toiling, starving, suffering poor; of cold, bare rooms, of dark, dingy alleys, almost within shadow of the palace homes of the rich. I heard the plaintive cry of children for food, of the sick and dying for a little comfort, of the weary for rest, even the rest of the grave. The great mass were unmoved by the pale faces and pitiful voices of the wronged:

"Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun."

"What color is the new dress to be?" asked Harry, when he came in to dinner; "I suppose the sleeve pattern, style of trimming, and all the et ceteras, are determined, and the dress-maker spoken to by this time."

It's true all those points had passed through my mind and been decided upon, but I wasn't foolish enough to tell him though.

"Come, dinner is ready and waiting," said I, shutting not to notice his question.

"Let's see, where is the organ of benevolence," said Harry, laughingly, as he placed his hand on a particularly flat portion of my head.

During dinner we talked of passing and prospective events; the first including the coffee and pudding upon our table which was evidently passing as well as a band of musicians upon the street and the last was the wedding and dress before hinted at.

"Been down street yet?" were Harry's first words as he entered the sitting-room and took up the baby from the crib.

"I'll tell you in a week," said I, "how that money is disposed of."

"Let patience have her perfect work," was the reply.

Harry did not forget when the week expired—"Bring on your dress," said he, "I've a woman's curiosity on the subject."

I brought from the closet the article in question. He looked it over carefully, and then pronounced it a fine, tasty article.

"A brown silk flounced and trimmed with blue—I know it will become you; you always looked so well in your old brown."

"But don't you see, Harry, this is my old brown dress repaired and newly trimmed! and isn't it a beauty? Now you sit down and listen," said I, turning the dress and hanging it in the closet. "You see how five dollars of my money was expended, with two other fives I bought two nice blanket shawls for sister Wright and sister Wilkins—they had nothing to wear around them to church but some old faded cotton ones which were both unsightly and uncomfortable, and I gave Jack Horton four dollars to pay his tuition for the coming term—the last three months he has loaned his expenses by making fires, but as that privilege alternates among poor students, he was going to seek a cheaper and poorer school. His teacher assured me he was doing remarkably well in his studies, and stood high in the department. I bought four dollars' worth of clothes for the widow Jones and her little girl—three dollars' worth of provisions for the sick woman on Wall Street—three cords of wood for my washerwoman and five pairs of calf-skin shoes for as many little charity scholars at the mission school. You told me if was more blessed to give than to receive,' and I have found the words verified; rich and beautiful flowers, rare as if born under tropical suns, have adorned my pathway, even though it led me into the abodes of misery and want. Many thanks, Harry, for the money, and may God help me in the future yet many times to go and do likewise."

JAMIE'S STRUGGLE.

BY LYNDE PALMER.

"Where's Jamie?" asked Madge, timidly, coming into the room, cheery with its pretty crimson coal-fire, and bright, yellow jets of gas light.

Her cousin looked up coldly at the question, Uncle Gould frowned ominously over his paper, and Aunt Gould just said, very drily—"In his room."

Madge looked uneasily from one to the other, but no single pair of eyes turned upon her with sympathy or explanation, and after a few moments of irresolution, she laid down her school-books, and stole from the room. In the hall she met the house-maid.

"Oh! Betty, please tell me, has anything happened? and why didn't Jamie come to school this afternoon?"

Betty shook her head. "Well, Miss, I don't like to grieve you, but your brother has done a shocking thing, and if he was a poor boy now, I suppose he'd be looking through iron bars to-night in the county jail."

"Oh, Betty, what *do* you mean!" said Madge, turning quite pale.

"Well, Miss," said Betty, sinking her voice to a whisper, "you'd have to know it some time, I suppose, and the best is he's just been stealin' money out of master's drawer!—a hundred dollars, more or less!"

"It isn't so!" cried Madge, in a loud, sharp tone, which almost startled herself. "What! Jamie *steal*! It's a wicked lie!" and she burst into tears.

"Very well," said the offended Betty, "you'll soon find whether I tell a lie or no. I believe he's none too good to be a thief, nor you either, with your mincing, saint ways."

But Madge was out of hearing—two steps at a time up the broad stairs, till she reached a little room at the farther end of the third story corridor. She burst in without ceremony, but all was still in the cold winter twilight, except the dismal dashing of sleet against the window panes. "Jamie?" she called, anxiously.

At first there was no reply, and then a little movement behind the dingy brown curtain betrayed him, and Madge was at his side, with her arms flung around his neck.

"I knew you had heard it all the minute you called me," faltered Jamie, trying to smile. "I heard the 'tears in your voice,' you know; but you don't believe it?"

"Never!" cried, Madge, vehemently. "Now tell me all about it. How could any one *dare* to say so?"

"I hardly know where to begin," said Jamie, with a great effort at self-control. "I'll have to tell you something I've been keeping secret ever since last summer. You see when cousin Bell had her birth-day party last June, and all the girls swept around in such pretty shining silks, or clear dresses half clouds and half cobwebs, and you only had that pink calico—it hurt me—I don't know why. You looked just as sweet as any—the prettiest of all, *I* thought; but when Fisher Knight said, 'Just look at my sister! Isn't she pretty, and doesn't her dress look as if she'd bought three or four yards of sunset, and had the moon up all night sewing stars on it?' Then the boys laughed, and I said—'And isn't *my* sister pretty too?' for you did look sweet as a rose, I thought; but that proud Fisher Knight laughed just like a knife—I mean it seemed to cut right into me, and he said—' Oh yes, and how kind Betty was to lend her that dress.' Some of the boys said—'Too bad!' but that only hurt me more, and I crept away pretty soon, and lay behind the thick snow-ball bushes, and looked up into the great, still sky, and wondered why God couldn't have taken you and me too, when mother and father died, and not left us to come to this proud, rich uncle, who does not love us, and who treats us like little beggars."

"Oh don't say so, Jamie,' said Madge, sadly; "I'm sure he's been very kind to us some times."

"I don't remember many times just now," sighed Jamie. "Well, a little while after that I heard Lutie say that *her* birthday came in the winter, and she meant to have a grand time, and invite every boy and girl she had ever seen. Then I thought to myself—'Now they will want to dress Madge in some ugly brown merino, but I am determined she shall look the prettiest of them all.'" So I began to work after school, doing all kinds of little jobs for anybody who would hire me, and I never spent anything for candy or marbles, you know, so that all the boys began to call me 'miser.' But I didn't mind that, because I thought my pleasure was coming by and by. The money came very slowly, Madge, and often I thought I'd never have enough. But when Aunt gave me money to buy mittens, I just went without and kept my hands in my pockets. Then I got considerable Christmas, you know, and I sold the top that Lutie gave me, and altogether, yesterday I found I had just enough to buy what I wanted. So Mr. Green, who is always so kind to me, excused me from my lessons this morning, and I walked all the way to B——, because I thought I could get nicer things there, and Madge, I bought you the sweetest green silk! it made you think of the woods in spring, and I thought when you had it on, with your sweet, white face, you would look just like a lily coming up out a bed of moss"

"Dear little Jamie!" cried Madge; "did you do all that for me? I'm *so* sorry. You know I never care what I wear."

"Yes, I know it," said Jamie, "and you're always lovely to me, I suppose it is because, as Mr. Green says, you always wear the jewels which are of great price in the sight of God. I hav'n't a doubt, Madge, but the angels think you are the prettiest girl in the world, but some way, I know it's foolish,—I wanted to have the boys think so too.

"Well, when I came back, just as I got to the hall door with my bundle, feeling so proud that I had earned it all myself, out came Uncle, looking very red, and storming about some money—about twenty dollars, I think—that he said he had left in his desk, and forgot to lock up last night. Nobody knew anything about it, and I was just going on tip-toes up to my room, when he called very suddenly: 'What have you got in that bundle, sir?' 'A dress for Madge.' 'A *dress* for Madge?' said he, louder yet, 'let me see it;' So I opened it, trying to tell him that I earned the money all myself; but as soon as he saw the pretty silk he caught hold of my arm so I almost screamed, and said, "You earned money to buy such a dress as that? You are telling me a falsehood! Confess now that you took my money.' Then out came Aunt Gould, and Bell, and Lutie, and they held up their hands, and looked so shocked, and wouldn't believe one word I said Then Uncle seemed to try to be kind, and told me that if I confessed, and asked his pardon, he would try to forgive me. But I could not tell a lie, and only said, over and over, that I didn't, *couldn't* do such a thing, till he called me a hardened, obstinate boy, and ordered me up to my room. And as for the dress, Madge, that I've been thinking about for more than six months," Jamie coughed violently, "I heard Aunt Gould say, 'It wouldn't be quite a loss, for with a yard or two more it would make a dress for Lutie.'"

Madge tried to comfort him, but broke down.

"Never mind," said he, at last, patting her tear-stained cheek. "I am determined you shall have something nice after all. To morrow is the skating match, you know, and I think I'm sure of the second prize at least, and whatever I get shall be given to darling Madge."

"You will be sure to get it," cried Madge, with eager sympathy. "You've skated ever since you could walk," and she remembered with a glow of pride that no one had ever yet caught Jamie in a race, and often when you thought him only playing, he'd be writing his name, with his rather clumsy steel pen, on the great white page of ice, as handsomely as on a leaf of his writing book.

"Yes, you'll be sure of the prize, Jamie," she said, exultingly, "and I know it—will all come right with Uncle too. I'm going to tell him all about it now."

But to her great grief, angry Uncle Gould would not hear a word. "No, child," he said, "no one could make me believe that a boy would go without marbles and candies half a year to buy his sister a dress. And if he did, he never could have saved enough for such a handsome silk. Besides, what settles the matter, Betty saw him in the library at my desk very early this morning, before any one was up. It seems a very clear case, though it grieves me to say so."

The next morning, as after a sleepless night, Jamie stole down stairs with his skates his Uncle met him in the hall.

"You cannot skate to-day," James, said he, almost kindly, as he looked at the boy's flushed, worn face. "I feel it but right that you should have some punishment for such a great fault."

"But I did *not* do it, sir," said Jamie, imploringly.

Uncle Gould grew quite stern. "Remember that Betty *saw* you, my child. Either confess or go back to your room"

"Yes, Jamie," said Aunt Gould, appearing from the parlor, "you love Madge dearly, and no doubt the temptation was very great. We have been talking it over, and we wish to be as kind as your own father or mother. Confess your fault, and, as it is the first time, we are all ready to forgive you, and trust you once more. And indeed, since it would make you so very happy, I will even promise to give the dress to Madge."

"Don't be a prig, Jim," whispered Lutie; "just say you did it, and have it done with."

What a terrible struggle went on in poor Jamie's breast. If he told a lie there was love and forgiveness—the skating prize and the pretty dress, if he told the truth, nothing but coldness and contempt, and solitude in his dreary room. What a struggle! The hot passions raged and the terrible fire burned through his cheeks and eyes. He hesitated. Ah! is he going to love the praise of man more than the praise of God? A moment more of silence, and he says firmly—

"I did *not* do it, Uncle. I cannot tell a lie."

Poor Jamie spent the day in his room, attended by Madge, his faithful shadow. They heard Belle and Lutie going away merrily with their skates, but, strange to say, they did not feel so very miserable, and even smiled as their eyes met.

"Isn't it queer I can be so happy?" said Jamie. "If it wasn't for this headache I should feel light as a feather."

"Do you remember that strange verse that mother used to say?" asked Madge. "'Behold we count them happy which *endure*.' I believe I understand it better now, Jamie; and what is the rest of it—'ye have seen the end of the Lord, that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy.' I am so glad *you* endured it all, Jamie, and who knows what the *end* will be? I am quite certain it will all come right at last."

Jamie tried to smile hopefully, and whenever a vivid remembrance of his heavy disappointments came over him, he repeated softly to himself—"*Very* pitiful, and of tender mercy."

It is a week after, and the night of Lutie's birthday. Madge—can it be possible?—is standing by the piano in that identical green silk, though with that happy flush on her cheeks, she looks more like a moss rose than a lily. And Jamie—was there ever such a radiant face? What can have happened? But here is Madge, eager to tell you all; how "Aunt Gould found the missing roll of bills caught behind the little drawer, and how proud Uncle Gould had actually asked Jamie's pardon, and since had treated him almost as respectfully as if he had been a grown man, and everybody was so kind, and she (Madge) was so proud! Oh! she couldn't begin to tell all she felt!

But who can express Jamie's happiness?—happiness not only that again he is respected and loved—that Madge is acknowledged sweeter than any other boy's sister—that Uncle Gould has already shaken hands with him twice that very evening—but there is a deeper joy—the sweet peace—the consciousness of victory over great temptation. And this it is which makes Madge turn from the merry, sparkling foam to the sweeter light in Jamie's great earnest eyes, and whisper softly—"Behold we count them happy which *endure*."

THE LITTLE TEACHER.

The next day was bright and sunny, and many a feathered songster lent his sweet carol to make the scene more enchanting without. The girls early sought their brother, and begged him to come immediately into their beautiful garden, among the flowers, and tell them about heaven.

"Yes," exclaimed he, "that is just the very place for us to go, right among God's gifts to us, and with those very gifts praising, and ascribing honor and love to Him. Perhaps we may there also partake of the same enthusiasm, and through nature be led to adore nature's God."

"What do you mean, brother," said Mary, "by saying, 'We go among God's gifts to us, and those gifts praising him?' I do not see what gifts God ever gave us; I'm sure he never gave me either a new dress or a doll."

"Well, Mary," said Joseph, "if I should undertake to tell you half of His gifts to us, it would take me full the allotted time we have given us to-day; and as I intend to tell you, in my poor way, about the beautiful heaven Aunt Lizzie told me of, I will answer your question by saying, that everything we see around us, every breath we draw, and every throb of our pulse, is a gift from Him. Look around you, my little sister, see those exquisitely formed flowers, behold how lovely they are painted! Now, see that fairy-like humming-bird that flits from flower to flower, and yonder come some golden-winged butterflies, to sip with those brown bees the delicate sweets contained in the cells of their corollas; and while they sip, hear the low music of their tiny voices. Now, again, look at those dear little birds above us in the trees! As they flit from bough to bough, they lighten the labor of building their nests and rearing their young by the sweetest strains they can pour forth. And this varied murmur of music is the praises of those creatures to their Maker for his matchless kindness in permitting them to live and enjoy life. Although God does not present your clothes to you ready to make up, if it were not for his means and love to us there would be none to make. Those shoes on your feet are made out of the skin of an animal, which had to go through a process of tanning. Your stockings are made from the cotton plant, which grows in warm climates. Your dress, which is tissue, is half silk and half cotton. The silk is the production of the silk-worm, and God has been the contriver of them all. He has made hundreds and hundreds of animals and plants, and they are all designed for the use and benefit of man."

"But, really, I must begin my subject, or I shall have to give it up to-day also; won't I, little sis?"

"Yes; you may commence in earnest now."

ODDS AND ENDS.

It is better to sleep with an empty stomach than to lie awake with an accusing conscience.

Even a pig upon the spit may console himself; things will take a turn.

Lord Thurlow said, "I divide my work into three parts; part I do, part does itself, and part I leave undone."

Generally speaking, it is not wise to be eccentric. People are usually eccentric about little things not worth fighting about.

DEFINITION OF A CANDLE.—One whose fate is to die of consumption, but who constantly makes light of his misfortune.

"Ma, if you give me an apple, I will be good." "No, my child, you must not be good for *pay*—you ought to be *good for nothing*."

Macaulay said that prize essays were very much akin to prize sheep, the latter being only fit to make candles, and the former to light them.

During the last three months the London Critic has counted up eighteen deaths of females clearly attributed to the fashion of wearing crinoline.

The number of performers, vocal and instrumental, for the inauguration music at the opening of the Exhibition, will, it is said, be 1,800.

I put outside my window a large box, filled it with mould, and sowed it with seed. What do you think came up? Wheat, barley or oats? No, a policeman, who ordered me to remove it.

The goods from Prince Edward's Island and Newfoundland have arrived for the Great Exhibition. Amongst the produce of the former is a pole 240 feet long—the longest ever seen. A party of riggers are sent over to hoist it.

A LION IN LOVE.

In one compartment of the cage in which the animals perform at Van Amburgh's beautiful menagerie, is a huge, tawny Asiatic lion. His room-mate is a black female tiger. This tigress is small compared to the regal lion, but is highly valued as a zoological curiosity, and the only specimen of the black tiger in this country. She was purchased by Mr. Van Amburgh two years ago, and has lived with the lion ever since. The attachment between the two is remarkable. When other animals are in the same cage, and any affront is offered to the little tigress, she runs under the lion, and woe be to the animal that dares approach her. No matter how hungry he may be, the lion never touches his share of their daily meal until his little chum has selected her share, and even this he never entirely consumes until certain that she has enough.

All the animals are as fat as moles; but this black tigress is aldermanic in her proportions, and no remedy exists for the matter. She has been twice removed from the lion; but, until she has returned, the generous beast would take neither food nor rest, while the frantic manner in which he dashed at the bars was a sufficient warning that the further detention of the tigress would be a dangerous matter. Should his mate die, the lion would probably pine to death. Once when she was taken away a lioness was substituted. The lion instantly fell upon her, and, at a single bite, broke her spine and crushed some of her ribs. Careful nursing saved her life, and she is still living, but with her hinder parts immovably paralyzed.

THE TANGLED YARN.

A woman had put a hank of yarn upon a reel, intending to wind it into a ball; but as the thread would not run as she wished, she lost patience, and pulled it to and fro. This, however, only made the evil worse, for it multiplied the ends until she no longer knew which to draw. Gotthold looked on in silence, but thought with himself: I now see how it happens that interference of third parties only complicates quarrels. The reason is, because they bring to them more of needless anger and zeal than of judicious moderation and skill. Many a matter might easily be settled if we only knew the right end by which to take hold of whimsical and wilful minds. Worldly disputes are almost all like this yarn; whosoever ventures to meddle with them, except with a meek and sober heart, will do no good. It is folly for any man to expect that all things shall or can be made square with his views. He acts a wiser part who tries to accommodate himself to seasons and circumstances, so far as he can with a safe conscience. Many a one complains of the tangled yarns and whimsical characters with which he has to do, without being conscious that his own hat covers as much oddity, and that that gives other people no less occasion to complain of him.

In my vocation I must daily expect to meet with tangled yarns. Give me, my God, a meek and prudent heart, that I may always find the right end to draw!—*Gotthold's Emblems.*

On a tombstone in a churchyard in Ulster, England, is the following epitaph:—"Erected to the memory of John Phillips, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

THE GRAVE ON THE HILL

Deep in a silent wilderness,
Under the Southern sky,
Far distant from his native isle,
A white man's ashes lie.

A broken, rough-hewn tombstone, marks
The grave—dug long ago,
In shadow of a mighty rock—
On a broad hill, and low.

The grass is short, and scorched, and brown,
On that forsaken tomb;
And there no blossoms ever spring,
To grace it with their bloom.

The daisy from far England's soil
The primrose, pale and sweet;
The violet, dearest gem of all—
None such the eye may greet.

These are for grassy churchyard mounds,
Where Love's wild tears are shed;
And Love's eyes watch, and Love's hands tend
The dwelling of the dead.

Only the thin, parched, summer grass,
And dark-green thistles wave,
Where lies beneath the hill-side rock,
The exile's lonely grave;

For, when Death's awful presence cast
A sacred terror here,
Love's hand, and eye, and heart, were far
From the rude, heaty bier.

And since the storms of thirty years
Have swept about the spot;
The sun has glowed, the chill rain poured,
But Love has known it not.

And yet, it may be far away
Still beats some faithful heart,
For which that wild neglected grave
Holds life's most sacred part.

Love that has never failed nor died,
Unspent, may linger still
In some true breast—and all for him
Whose grave is on the hill.

INSECT MUSIC.—All that we read is not gospel. Buffon, Goldsmith and others tell us that flying insects like mosquitos, locusts, and so on, make the humming noise they do by beating the air with their wings. It's all a mistake. They sing just like ourselves, only their vocal organs are depainted not in their throats, but along the sides of their bodies. They use (as the microscope assures us) a wind pipe, the outlet of which is furnished with a vibrating valve like that employed on the accordion, but there is man has only one of these arrangements, while most insects have at least a dozen, and through each of the dozen as they fly, the air is made to rush with prodigious effect, and some degree of melody

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What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?
Sing heaven and earth, rejoice and praise
His glorious majesty.

In Thee I live, and move, and am;
Thou deal'st me out my days;
As thou renew'st my being, Lord,
Let me renew thy praise.

Of Thee I am, through Thee I am,
And for Thee I must be;
'Twere better for me not to live,
Than not to live to Thee.

My God, thou art my glorious Sun,
By whose bright beams I shine:
As thou, Lord, ever art with me,
Let me be ever thine.

Thou art my living Fountain, Lord,
Whose streams on me do flow:
Myself I render unto Thee,
To whom myself I owe.

As thou, Lord, an immortal soul
Hast breathed into me;
So let my soul be breathing forth,
Immortal thanks to Thee.

JOHN MASON, ET. 1694.

THE ANCHOR WITHIN THE VEIL.

Amid the shadows and the fears
That overcloud this home of tears,
Amid my poverty and sin,
The tempest and the war within,
I cast my soul on thee.
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

Drifting across a careless sea,
Cold, heavy mist encumbering me;
Toiling along life's broken road,
With snares around and foes abroad,
I cast my soul on thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

Mine is a day of fear and strife,
A needy soul, a needy life,
A needy world, a needy age,
Yet, in my perilous pilgrimage,
I cast my soul on thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

To thee I come—oh! only thou
Canst wipe the sweat from off this brow;
Thou, only thou canst make me whole,
And sooth the fever of my soul;
I cast my soul on thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

On thee I rest—thy love and grace
Are my sole rock and resting-place;
In thee my thirst and hunger sure,
Lord, but me quench forevermore.
I cast my soul on thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

'Tis earth, not heaven; 'tis night, not noon;
The sorrowless is coming soon;
But till the morn of love appears,
Which ends the travail and the tears,
I cast my soul on thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

THE NATURE OF FAITH.

BY DR. J. W. ALEXANDER.

Many fogs and mists have been gathered around these familiar operations of all human minds, by the ingenious speculations of philosophic theology. Angry controversies have often been maintained during generations, about the definition of terms which express states or acts of which we are hourly and directly conscious. Simple phenomena have thus been made complicated, and humble souls have not seldom been perplexed. If faith, about which we are now speaking, were so inscrutable, undistinguishable, and complex a product of our nativity, as many suppose, we might have expected numerous and most guarded definitions of it in the Scriptures. As faith is the instrument of salvation, we might expect that no doubtful as not of the soul would be set forth by numerous distinctive tests. If the faith of true experience is so utterly diverse from all the believings of mankind about all other things, we might confidently look for certain marks of difference. On the contrary, often as believing, belief, and faith, are mentioned in the Scriptures, they are always introduced as if with a presumption that the words are to be taken in their ordinary sense. This gives us much reason to conclude that evangelical faith is a simpler thing, and more familiar to us every day, than theologians sometimes teach. The fear of such theologians is, lest faith shall be made so easy, and so little diverse from common natural acts of men, that careless and unconverted sinners will flatter themselves that they have faith when they have none. They therefore interpose numberless cautions, to prevent mistake as to faith. They sedulously distinguish various kinds of faith. They refer faith to various so called faculties or powers of the soul; the nomenclature of which faculties varies with every system. They dissect the act of faith into several parts, nicely following one another, and of which no one must be wanting, or the faith is spurious. And they succeed in hopelessly confounding some, and landing others on the unscriptural conclusion that faith is something different from believing, or accepting truth as true.

One singular consequence of such refinements is this: As I should be sure of my being safe if I were sure I believed, the most interesting of all questions is, Do I believe? But if faith is so recondite and difficult of discovery, then the very question which is to decide the other, is the hardest of all. And multitudes puzzle and distract themselves with unavailing and unanswerable inquiries as to the sorts of faith, and which sort is theirs; as to the ingredients of faith, and which ingredient is wanting, a species of mental anatomy of which we find no example in holy Scripture.

That unreconciled and irreligious persons have no faith in divine truths which concern their own state and the objects of evangelical Christianity, is sufficiently plain from their lives. It must, however, be our present task to make evident the very obvious and simple notion which the Scripture gives of Faith. The word is perpetually and in the most childlike manner introduced, as just meaning persuasion of the truth. When a statement is true to us, when I see it, not merely as intelligible, but as true, then I have faith. In other words, I believe it. Faith is belief: belief is faith; both import accepting that which is presented as *true*. Truth and Faith are therefore correlative terms.

The *objects* of faith are vastly different; and this gives origin to innumerable varieties of believing. That is, the mind believes itself differently in view of one truth believed, and of another truth believed, yet the mind's position is the same. My hand may grasp an empty nutshell or the great diamond, but the act of grasping is the same. My believing thoughts may light on the truth that the thermometer is at 60°, or that the day of judgment has arrived. How vastly different the contingent phenomena! Yet the belief, as belief, is one and the same. This may account for the hurtful error of those who have suffused the colors which come from the object over the eye that beholds it, and thus have made us many faiths as there are orders of things believed. In every possible instance, when I have faith, I hold something to be true. The immediate consequences may vary. The same proposition believed, may carry very different emotions to different hearts. Tell one man that the post has arrived, and he is indifferent; but his next neighbor rejoices—it brings news of his long absent son; a third is speechless with horror, for it comes with tidings of his ruin. The proposition believed being the same, two men may believe it with different intensity, for faith has degrees. But still the simple essential act of faith is one with which we are perfectly familiar, and of which we are conscious every hour. Let us see this for ourselves in Scripture. "Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed," John xx. 29. Here the truth accepted is, that the person before Thomas is the very Jesus who was crucified. A train of other believings followed this. God says to Abraham, "Thy seed shall be as the stars in yonder heavens." "And he believed in the Lord; and he counted it to him for righteousness." Gen. xv. 6. "If ye believe not that I am he, [said Jesus] ye shall die in your sins." Here the truth to be accepted is, that Jesus is the Messiah, the fundamental fact of Christianity. So 1 John v. 1, "Whoso believeth that Jesus is the Messiah, is of God." In none of these cases is there any room for the person so believing to go back into his mental operations, to examine the *nature* of his believing acts. A truth is presented as an object of faith, and he is persuaded of this truth, it is certain to his apprehension. He believes, and knows that he believes. Or rather, he knows *what* he believes; for the importance of the object entirely takes away his mind from the act of believing.

But there is a variation of the phrase in such New Testament passages as speak of believing on Jesus Christ. These are numerous. In them all, a Person is the object of the believing; and in a particular aspect and relation. We believe on Christ, when we are persuaded that he is such as he claims to be, and such as the Scriptures present and offer him. We apprehend him, and recognise him as the Saviour of sinners, and as able and willing to save us. He who is thus persuaded concerning the Lord, need not vex himself as to the metaphysical character of his mental acts. The more he believes, the less is he likely to ask what is believing. Faith is a kind of inward seeing. He who sees a beautiful countenance, does not much pause to inquire into the process of vision. That countenance fills his eye. In like manner, he who believes on Jesus as his Redeemer, is taken up with that countenance of love. The object of faith occupies the field of vision. For the Jew, reflex acts, such as, "Is this the right sort of faith?" are impossible; for the mind cannot look inward and outward at the same instant. And no man's salvation depends on his believing that he believes. At Cana, the disciples "believed on him." The Jews who saw Lazarus raised by Jesus, "believed on him." "He that believeth on the Son of God, has the witness in himself."

Nothing is harder than to describe in words the simplest acts of the soul. Suppose one had never loved, how would you choose words to convey the notion? Yet you love, and know that you love. We may try manifold phrases. Faith is the whole soul according and assenting to the truth, and embracing it. Faith is admitting and receiving the revelation. Faith is apprehending the true as true, the beautiful as beautiful, the good as good. Faith in Christ is persuasion that Christ is a Saviour. The soul receives and rests upon him alone for salvation as offered in the Gospel. It is not a process, divisible into parts and stages; but an outgoing of the whole soul, to the object, at one time, and, so to speak, by one outlet. It is not wisely determined by some to be an intellectual act solely; because the simplicity of the believing subject is affirmed as much by true philosophy as by Scripture. When Jesus Christ, dying in love for sinners, and radiant with Gospel grace, is full before the soul, so as to appear somewhat as he is, an Almighty and infinitely willing Redeemer, true to his word, then the sinner believes, receives him, has power to be a child of God; though, at the moment, nothing is further from his thoughts than any analysis of this believing. After all, nothing but experience can fully explain what faith is. *Believe* and *Know*.

In comparing faith with knowledge, we touch a question which has agitated all the schools from Alexandria downwards. Assurance of truth, certitude, is the same, by whatever process it may be arrived at. But, in some cases, it comes by *intuition*, in some cases by *reasoning*, and in some cases by reliance on *testimony*. This last is more properly *faith*, and this shows how faith is connected with persons. We may regard this explanation as two fold: (1) I believe the testimony of him who is true. I believe the testimony of God, who is infinitely true. A child is assured that the angle in a semi-circle is a right angle, or that the surface of a sphere is equal to the convex surface of a surrounding cylinder, because his father tells him so. This is *faith* in its strictest sense. The child becomes a man, and is assured of the same geometrical propositions by irrefragable process of demonstration; this is *knowledge by proof*, though we sense even this assurance belief, in common parlance. The child, from being a man on earth, becomes a higher intelligence in heaven, and sees the same relations of lines and surfaces, by insight; this is *intuition*. The things are so and so in Eternal Reason. God sees all things thus, and hence we never speak of God as believing, or as reasoning. In his own infinite Truth he eternally, and with open face, beholds all truths. We are inquiring into the mode of arriving at assured certainty of truth. Most of our certainty, even in common life, is from testimony. Not five in this house have ever seen the Great Desert. Not one in ten has ever seen the Southern Cross. Few of us have ever seen the planet Mercury. None of us have ever seen the planet Neptune. As to those certainties, we believe the testimony of trustworthy persons, even where sight and demonstration are possible. Such, I say, is the case in a great number of common things. But this is, in the first instance, the only way in which we can acquire certain assurance of what transcends human intuition and experience, such as Creation, Redemption, Future Glory. And as none but God, or, what is the same thing, God's messenger, can command our credence on such heads, we come to our persuasion of these truths by simple faith in him who is credible. Faith, receiving such testimony, admits God as true. Faith, receiving such testimony, admits the Lord Jesus Christ as true. Jesus Christ is pre-eminently the Word, the Revealer, the "True Witness." We accredit him as such. Observe, here, how much faith has a personal character. You believe one thing, because a man has proved it to you; this man you may despise and hate, as a liar and a blasphemer. You believe another thing, because your beloved, honored, pure, trustworthy friend has witnessed it. Mark the difference. Here in faith. You believe on him, as well as what he utters. (2.) But we may proceed a step farther. Not only do we behold Christ as a true Witness, and so believe in him, in general, but we behold him as *commanding certain truths* [illegible] and himself, and so believe on HIM in particular. We might believe on Gabriel in the former and minor sense, as did she who was blessed among women; or as the other Marys believed the other angel testifying of Christ. But Christ himself we believe, testifying concerning himself; and this is in the high and peculiar sense to *believe on him*, and to believe in his name. He comes to us to tell us who he is, and what he hath wrought, and we believe it, and so believe on him. Doubly, therefore, faith becomes a personal matter, and lays hold of a personal Jesus. First, because I rely on his personal truth, and consequently believe his message; and, secondly, because the message which I believe from his blessed lips, concerns his own person.

THE MODERN PULPIT

Henry Ward Beecher has been preaching a sermon on the "Power of the Pulpit," which has the usual mixture of sterling truth, boastful free thinking, and personal whims. The *Independent* has done a good thing in opening up its fallacies. We give a specimen of the article below.

But some will ask, How then shall the pulpit regain its power? We answer, the pulpit has not lost its power to the extent nor in the way, that Mr Beecher imagines. He says:

"Why, the pulpit is relatively losing ground. You know, as well as I, that the Sabbath day does not draw forth for religious worship the whole population, nor one quarter of it, nor one-tenth of it, nor one twentieth of it. I venture to say that today there are one hundred men out of church in these cities where there is one in it. I cannot speak with exactitude, but my impression is that the churches in New York and Brooklyn will not average more than six or eight hundred sittings each. I think I may say with certainty that they will not average over a thousand each. And I venture to say that not half of these sittings are regularly occupied. It is not because there is a want of learning, nor because there is a want of sincerity among ministers: it is because they are handcuffed and manacled with the idea that on Sunday they must not talk about anything but doctrines and religious truisms. They are afraid to go beyond the opening up of the nature of truth. So they go on preaching about truth, and about truth, and about truth; and men are tired of hearing about truth, and about truth, and about truth."

In our judgment Mr. Beecher is far wrong here, both as to his facts and his theories. There are different kinds and modes of pulpit power. That is a great power that stirs, quickens, instructs a miscellaneous assembly of two thousand hearers gathered from all parts of the land. We rejoice in it wherever it exists, whether in Mr. Beecher or in Mr. Spurgeon. That is quite another kind of pulpit power, that builds up a stable, resident congregation, in the knowledge and the love of truth, and quickens them in Christian activity and liberality year after year; that makes the church the light and guide, the salt and leaven, of a neighborhood or a community. These two may be combined. Viewing church attendance as an evidence of the power of the ministry;—take four churches in New York, as they were two years ago: Dr. Alexander's, Dr. Tyng's, Dr. Adams', and Dr. Spring's, while Dr Hoge was his colleague. At almost every service, each of these churches was wont to be filled to overflowing; nearly every sitting in each house was taken; the church meetings in the week were fully attended; the additions to the churches by conversion were numerous; the charities of the congregations were most bountiful; mission chapels and mission schools were sustained by each of them, and in all labors of Christian love they were abundant. But in neither of these churches did the pulpit depart from the good old way of preaching the doctrines of the Bible, in their application to all the duties and relation of social and secular life. Mr. Beecher, we think, mistakes as to the fact, that the pulpit is losing power; and still more as to the cause which he assigns for this. Men do *not* tire of hearing about the truths of the Gospel, when clearly and earnestly presented. The human mind delights in argument more than in story or in fancy; and the ablest reasoning upon a topic of vital interest is its strongest attraction. Where power seems to have declined, the churches are largely to blame. The modern way of building church-edifices with an eye to a financial return from pews alone, instead of consecrating them to Christ by free-will contributions, has a tendency to bring ministers under the temptation to preach for *audiences* rather than for edification. This makes the usefulness of a minister hinge upon pew-letting, which the very cost of the edifice may hinder. What is needed both in churches and in the ministry, is more of the vital power of God's own truth.

HOW A SKYLARK PREACHED A SERMON

Stories, as well as poems, concerning the skylark abound; but one of the best, both for interest and as showing the constant love of Englishmen for this truly English bird, came to my knowledge a few months ago. As you are doubtless aware, there is no such thing as a song-bird natural to Australia; there are birds who chatter, birds who shriek, but no bird that sings. Well, there was a young man who went out from England as a gold-digger, and was lucky enough to make some money, and prudent enough to keep it. He opened a "store" (a kind of rough shop where everything, from candles to coffins, are sold) at a place called "The Ovens," a celebrated gold field, about 200 miles from Melbourne. Still continuing to prosper, he, like a dutiful son, wrote home for his father and mother to come out to him, and, if they possibly could, to bring with them a lark. So a lark was procured, and in due time the old folks and their feathered charge took ship and departed from England. The old man, however, took the voyage so much to heart that he died, but the old woman and the lark landed in sound health at Melbourne, and were speedily forwarded to Mr Wilsted's store at The Ovens.

It was on a Tuesday when they arrived, and the next morning the lark was hung outside the tent, and at once commenced piping up. The effect was electric. Sturdy diggers—big men with hairy faces and great brown hands—paused in the midst of their work, and listened reverently. Drunken, brutal diggers left unfinished the blasphemous sentence, and looked bewildered and ashamed. Far and near the news spread like lightning—"Have you heard the lark?" "Is it true, mate, that there is a real English skylark up at Jack Wilsted's?" So it went on for three days, and then came Sunday morning. Such a sight had not been seen since the first spadeful of the golden earth had been turned! From every quarter—East, West, North, and South, from far off hills, and from creeks twenty miles away, came a steady concourse of great rough Englishmen, all brushed and washed as decent as possible. The movement was by no means preconcerted, as was evident from the half-ashamed expression of every man's face. There they were, however, and their errand was—to hear the lark! Nor were they disappointed. There, perched in his wood and iron pulpit, was the little minister, and, as though aware of the importance of the task before him, he plumed his crest, and, lifting up his voice, sang them a sermon infinitely more effective than the bishop himself could have preached. It was a wonderful sight to see that three or four hundred men, some reclining on the ground, some sitting with their arms on their knees and their heads on their hands, some leaning against the trees with their eyes closed, so that they might the better fancy themselves at home and in the midst of English woods his own music; but sitting, standing, or lying, all were equally quiet and attentive, and when, after an hour's steady preaching, the lark left off, his audience soberly started off, a little less spiritual, perhaps, but on the whole much happier than when they came.—*Berton's Home Pets*

RALPH ERSKINE, THE FATHER OF THE SCOTTISH SECESSION.

The only amusement in which this celebrated man indulged was playing on the violin. He was so great a proficient on this instrument, and so often beguiled his leisure hours with it, that the people of Dunfermline believed he composed his sermons to its tones, as a poet writes along to a particular air. They also tell the following traditionary anecdote connected with the subject:—"A poor man in one of the neighboring parishes, having a child to baptise, resolved not to employ his own clergyman, with whom he was at issue on certain points of doctrine, but to have the office performed by some minister of whose tenets fame gave a better report. With the child in his arms, therefore, and attended by the full complement of old and young women who usually minister on such occasions, he proceeded to the manse of ——, some miles off, (not that of Mr. Erskine,) where he inquired if the clergyman was at home. 'No; he's no hame the noo,' answered the servant lass; 'he's down the burn fishing; but I can soon cry him in.' 'Ye needna gie yoursel the trouble,' replied the man, quite shocked at this account of the minister's habits; 'cause a' your fishin' ministers shall bapeeses my baire.' Off he then trudged with his whole train, to the residence of another parochial clergyman, at the distance of some miles. Here, on his inquiring if the minister was at home, the lass answered, 'Deed he's no at hame the day, he's been out since sax i' the morning, at the shooting. Ye needna wait, neither; for he'll be see mirk out (fatigued) when he comes back, that he'll no be able to boo to a calf, let-a-be kirsen a wean!' 'Wait, lassie!' cried the man in a tone of indignant scorn; 'and I wait, d'ye think, to hand up my bairn before a minister that gangs out at sax i' the morning, to shoot God's creatures? I'll awa down to good Mr. Erskine, at Dunfarlan', and he'll be nother out fishing nor shooting, I think.' The whole baptismal train then set off for Dunfermline, sure that the father of the secession, although not now a placed minister would at least be engaged in so unclerical sports, to incapacitate him for performing the sacred ordinance in question. On arriving at the manse, which they did not till late in the evening, the man, on rapping at the door, anticipated that he would not be at home, any more than his brethren, as he heard the strains of a fiddle proceeding from the upper chamber. 'The minister will no be at hame,' he said with a sly smile, to the girl who came to the door, 'or your lad (sweetheart) wadna be playing that gate t'pe on the fiddle.' 'The minister is at hame,' quoth the girl, 'mair be token it's himself that's playing, honest man, he aye takes a tune at night, before gangin' to bed.' 'Deed, there's nae lad o' mine can play that gate; it would be something to tell, if ony o' them could.' 'That the minister playing!' cried the man, in a degree of astonishment and horror far transcending what he had expressed on either of the former occasions. 'If, he does this, what may the rest no do? Weel, I fairly gie them them up a'thegither. I have travelled this hail day in search o' a godly minister, and never mae met wi' mair disappointments in a day's journey. I'll tell you what, gude wife,' he added, turning to the disconsolate party behind, 'we'll awa back to our ain minister after a'! He's no a'thegither sound, it's true; but let him be what he likes in doctrine, deil hae me if I ever heaned him fish, shoot, or play on the fiddle, a' his days.'"

SOME EARLIER AND LATER LAWS AND ORDINANCES RELATING TO THE SABBATH.

The chief value of these laws and ordinances lies in their showing what was the state of sentiment in relation to the Sabbath, through a long tract of time, amongst those who had some regard for human welfare, as well as for the honor of God. Our immediate authorities are Willison, Kingsbury, Mocheim, and Blackstone.

When the Emperor Constantine embraced Christianity, about the year A. D. 315, he "appointed that the Lord's Day should be consecrated to prayer, and commanded through all the Roman Empire that they should forbear to labor or do any work on the Lord's day."

About the year 440 the Emperor Leo declared: "It is our will and pleasure that the holy day dedicated to the Most High God should not be spent in sensual recreations, or otherwise profaned by suits of law." Speaking of farmers, he says: "As to the pretence that, by this rest, an opportunity may be lost, (of saving crops,) this is a poor reason, considering that the fruits of the earth do not depend so much on the diligence and pains of men as on the efficacy of the sun and the blessing of God."

In the 6th century, the Emperor Charlemagne convened the clergy of France and Hungary to make canons for the keeping of the Sabbath, and published his own royal edict, which commences thus: "We ordain (as is required in the law of God) that no man do any servile work on the Lord's day," &c.

In the early Synod of Illiberis it was ordained that if any man, dwelling in a city where there are churches, keep himself three Lord's days from church, he should be suspended from communion with the church.

About the year 360, the Council of Laodicea, after publishing a remonstrance against *Judaizing*, that is, observing the Sabbath day as the Sabbath, adds—"But they ought to put especial honor on the *Lord's day* by refraining from labor as Christians."

Lord Mansfield says: "As early as 517 a canon was made to prevent judicial business being done on the Lord's day, or first day of the week; that this canon was made a part of the Imperial Constitution by Theodosius; re-decreed and adopted by the Emperors Carolus and Ludovicus; taken into the book of the canon law by Gratian, and a forwards copied by William the Conqueror and Henry the Second, (of England,) and so became a part of the common law."

There were many ancient laws made by the kings of England, "prohibiting all kinds of work, merchandise, or traffic, on the Lord's day," as that made by King Ina, 688; King Alfred, in the year 876; and by Edward, his son, in the year 912.

About the year 1685, the Bishop of Ely is said to have collected many canons of ecclesiastical Synods and Courts in France, England, Germany, and other nations, to revive and enforce the observance of the Lord's day.

In the year 1180, great concern was manifested for the right observance of the Lord's day by a convocation of Scottish clergy at Perth. They ordained that every Saturday, from 12 o'clock, should be set apart for preparation for the Lord's day, and that at the sound of the bells, all the people should engage in prayer, and should abstain from worldly labor till Monday morning.

In the Parliament of England, under Charles I., it was ordained that, "Forasmuch as there is nothing more acceptable to God than the true and sincere worship of Him according to His holy will, and that the keeping of the Sabbath is a principal part of His worship,—and whereas, the Sabbath was greatly profaned by disorderly people, therefore, there shall be no more assemblies or meetings of the people for any sports and pastimes whatever. Subsequent laws were enacted forbidding tradesmen, artificers and mechanics from pursuing their ordinary labors on the Sabbath."

(Charles' father, James I., encouraged these sports and pastimes on the Sabbath. Those who thus spent their Sabbaths instead of learning the duties which they owed to both God and man, were not likely to "consult affairs of state,"—a kind of "meddling with his prerogative," which was peculiarly odious to James, as it is to all absolute monarchs, and to all the laws of despotism. Charles would have encouraged these sports and pastimes, had he been permitted to take his own way. But the Parliament had now become a power. All that class of politicians who care little for the people, but do care much for their votes, have no objections to, but, rather, a fondness for, such sports and pastimes on the Sabbath. They are schools in which are trained up an ignorant, unthinking, regardless description of people, who are just fit to be used for any purpose which the wily demagogue has in view.)

In the reign of James VI., the Parliament of Scotland enacted, "That there shall be no markets on the Sabbath day, and no gaming, playing, going to taverns or ale-houses, or selling of meat and drink, or wilful removing from the parish kirk in the time of sermons and prayers."

(This was the James who was afterwards known as James the I. of England. He was famous for what Brown of Haddington calls "religious fits:" sometimes he was a zealous Presbyterian. Perhaps he, at the time, approved the act of his Parliament. But he afterwards fell out with the Presbyterians and their Sabbath. He thought he saw a strong tendency towards *republicanism* among the Presbyterian clergy, he fell deeply in love with Episcopacy; and had it for a common saying, "No Bishop, no king." The Sabbath of Peter Heylin and such High Churchmen suited him exactly—a Sabbath which was over when the formal services in the church were ended.)

From 1639 to 1708, the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland took notice of the prevailing Sabbath profanation, bewailed it, exhorted the people to avoid it, &c., pronouncing them censurable who engaged in sundry employments and recreations, and calling for the concurrence and aid of the civil magistrate, &c.

The Fourth Commandment has a positive and a negative part. The positive is, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." The civil magistrate can do nothing to enforce obedience to this. He can bring no "aid" to the Church. Sabbath *sanctification* can be promoted only by the blessing of God on the faithful teachings of the Church. The negative part is, "on it," that is, the Sabbath, "thou shalt not do any work." Here the civil magistrate may, and can, and should, do something. He should prevent, or, at least, curb Sabbath profanation—all such profanation as tends to disturb the quietness and order of the Sabbath, prohibiting all such employments and recreations on the Sabbath as have a direct tendency to lessen the influence of religion and morality on the public mind.

Take now an extract from "Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England," of which the American Editor says: "The great principles which they unfold remain the same," and adds that "many of the modern improvements in England and in the United States were suggested by him." He says:

"Profanation of the Lord's day, vulgarly (but improperly) called *Sabbath-breaking*, is a ninth offence against God and religion, punished by the municipal law of England. For, besides the notorious indecency and scandal of permitting any secular business to be publicly transacted on that day, in a country professing Christianity, and the corruption of morals which usually follows its profanation, the keeping one day in the seven holy, as a time of relaxation and refreshment, as well as for public worship, is of admirable service to a state, considered merely as a civil institution. It humanizes, by the help of conversation and society, the manners of the lower classes—which would otherwise degenerate into a sordid ferocity and savage selfishness of spirit; it enables the industrious workman to pursue his occupation in the ensuing week with health and cheerfulness; it imprints on the minds of the people that sense of their duty to God, so necessary to make them good citizens, but which yet would be worn out and defaced by an unremitted continuance of labor without any stated times of recalling them to the worship of their Maker."

This witness is true, and it accords with the testimony of General Washington, the "Father of his Country," when he declared that religion and morality are the pillars or supports of national prosperity and happiness. As a "civil institution," and because it tends to make good citizens, the Sabbath is not unworthy of the notice of the civil legislator. It is as a blessing to society—and because it tends to national happiness, it falls under his jurisdiction. But all he can do is to prevent or curb such a profanation of it as tends to the depravation of the morals of the people. He cannot compel Sabbath *sanctification*, or the godly observance of the Sabbath. This can be effected only by the word and Spirit of God; and this lies within the province of the Church. It is chiefly as a *religious* institution, which is necessary to prepare men for keeping an eternal Sabbath with God in heaven, that the Church has to do with it. The means she is to use are the "word of God and prayer," warning every man and teaching every man. It is believed that, in times past, among the distinguishing characteristics of the two bodies which now form the United Presbyterian Church, one of the most important was their obedience to the commandment, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Is there no danger of our losing this characteristic? Let us beware.

Every lawyer that *is* a lawyer is a disciple of Blackstone. If he does not believe Blackstone's moral teachings, he has no regard for anything he says, further than it may enable him to gain his "cases" in court. D.

Spartia, April 2, 1862.

A LAUGHABLE FRENCH MIRACLE

The well known French missionary, Father Brisaine, was always poor, for the simple reason that he gave away everything that he had. One evening he asked for a night's lodging of the curate of the village through which he passed, and the worthy man, having only one bed, shared it with him. At daybreak Father Brisaine rose, according to his custom, and went to say his prayers at the neighboring church. Returning from his sacred duty, he met a beggar, who asked alms. "Alas, my friend, I have nothing!" said the good priest, mechanically putting his hands into his breeches pocket, where, to his astonishment, he found something hard, wrapped up in a paper, which he knew he had not left there. He hastily opened the paper, and seeing four half-crowns in it, cried out that it was a miracle. He gave the money to the beggar, and hastened to the church to return thanks to God. The curate soon after arrived there, and Father Brisaine related the miracle with the greatest unction; the curate turned pale, put his hand in his pocket, and in an instant perceived that Father Brisaine, in getting up in the dark, had taken the wrong pair of breeches, he had performed the miracle with the curate's crowns.

"In preaching, study not to draw applause, but groans from the hearers."—*Jerome*

"A minister who is a mere pleaser, is a soul-destroyer."—*Come for C. M*

"Let every minister, while he is preaching, remember that God makes one of his hearers."—*World*

"Let Jesus Christ be all in all; study Christ, preach Christ, live Christ."—*M. Henry*

"Preach no sermon without lifting up your heart to God both before and after its delivery, that it may be blessed to the people."—*Come for C. M*

"One soul converted to God is better than thousands merely moralized, and still sleeping in their sins."—*Bridges.*

"Melancholy says of Luther, 'I have often found him in tears praying for the church.'"—*Ecumenical Sermons, Luther.*

"Frequently visit your Sabbath-Schools if it is only to walk through."—*Come for C. M.*

"Take heed, therefore, unto yourselves, and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers."—Acts xx. 28.

If we would not fall into things unlawful, we must sometimes deny ourselves of those that are lawful.

THE TONGUE.

"And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity."

Who will take time to think of the tongue as an instrument of so much evil; and yet it is daily scattering its firebrands everywhere, disturbing the peace and comfort of families and communities. It was first given to man for good, to magnify and praise God; but it has been perverted to the base purpose of decrying his being, and falsifying his word. It has been employed, and is still employed by many to utter the errors of atheism, infidelity, profanity, lowdness, and other deadly heresies, which pollute and ruin the soul. These are evils too gross to be charged against those who read this paper.

There are other evils still, of which the tongue is guilty, that every true Christian will abhor, but which are found in the words of those who are called Christians. There is a contradiction in the terms. Yet there are those who bear the Christian name, who can lie, slander, and backbite their neighbors, although it is declared in the Scriptures that all such characters are excluded from heaven (Psalm xv 1-5, Rev. xxii. 8.)

There is another class of tongue-sins, chargeable against those who may be called whisperers. I suppose they are those whom we often meet, and who have always some evil thing to say against their neighbors, but in a kind of whisper, as if they were afraid to have it publicly known, and will accompany the communication with a request that it should be kept a secret, when their sole motive in the matter is to have it widely circulated.

There is another class of people who use the tongue very injuriously, to themselves especially. They may be termed tattlers. They will take up the supposed and trifling mistakes of their neighbors very freely, and make them the subjects of ridicule and laughter, for the amusement of their associates. A friend, to whom they may give very strong evidence of unfeigned friendship, will answer their purpose as well as an enemy. An instance of this came under my own observation not long since, in a city not a thousand miles from Philadelphia—the city of Brotherly Love. The family and a few friends were partaking of creature comforts, as they surrounded the domestic board. An absent lady friend, then in the country, was the subject of conversation. She had lately visited the city, and received the hospitality of this family as a highly esteemed friend; but during her visit, and in transacting some business, she had made some trifling blunders, on account of her not being acquainted with city customs. This little matter was brought up at the time referred to, with great zest, and was made the subject of much merry-making to all present who could take pleasure in such scenes. The individual who was called upon to relate the circumstance, felt it was wrong, and said he would not, for the world, that his friend should hear that he had spoken as he did. Might not the friends who were then present, justly expect that their mistakes, if they would happen to make any, would be brought up by the same party for the amusement of other guests? Is there any excuse for such conduct? I say there is not. Will Christian principles justify such a cause? I answer no! Will the rules of well regulated society approve of such procedures? They will not. They will condemn it, as worthy of contempt and reprobation.

Reader, keep a watch over the unruly member. If you cannot speak any good of your fellow-men, you should be silent, especially if the subject of detraction be an absent one. Think of the golden rule, and you will not feel at liberty to amuse yourselves, or your company, at the expense of friend or foe. (Mass. ex. 36.)

April 29th, 1862.

LARGE FEES.

The largest fee Sir Astley Cooper ever received was paid him by a West India millionaire named Hyatt. This gentleman having occasion to undergo a painful and perilous operative, was attended by Drs. Lettsom and Nelson as physicians, and Sir Astley as chirurgeon. The wealthy patient, his treatment having resulted most successfully, was so delighted that he fee'd his physicians with 300 guineas each. "But you, sir," cried the grateful old man, sitting up in his bed, and speaking to his surgeon, "shall have something better. There, sir—take *that*." The *that* was the convalescent's nightcap, which he flung at the dexterous operator. "Sir," replied Sir Astley, picking up the cap, "I'll pocket the affront." It was well he did so, for on reaching home he found in the cap a draft for 1000 guineas. This story has been told in various ways, but all its tellers agree as to the amount of the prize.

Catherine, the Empress of Russia, was even more munificent than the West India planter. When Dr. Dimsdale, for many years a Hertford physician, and subsequently the parliamentary representative of that borough, went over to Russia and inoculated the Empress and her son, in the year 1768, he was rewarded with a fee of £12,000, a pension for life of £500 per annum, and the rank of Baron of the Empire. But if Catherine paid thus handsomely for increased security of life, a modern emperor of Austria put down a yet more royal fee for his death-warrant. When on his death-bed, the Emperor Joseph asked Quarin his opinion of his case, the physician told the monarch that he could not possibly live forty-eight hours. In acknowledgment of this frank declaration of the truth, the Emperor created Quarin a Baron, and gave him a pension of more than £2000 per annum to support the rank with.—*Book about Doctors.*

THE LARGEST CITY—POPULATION AND COMMERCE OF JEDDO.

A very erroneous idea is indulged in by many people in relation to the largest city in the world, many confidently asserting that London, or, as it is frequently termed, the Great Metropolis, is far superior, both in size and number of inhabitants. But such is not the case. Jeddo, the capital of Japan, is, without exception, the largest and most populous city in the world.

It contains the vast number of 1,500,000 dwellings, and 5,000,000 of human souls. Many of the streets are nineteen japaneserls in length, which is equivalent to twenty-two English miles.

The commerce of Japan far exceeds that of any other city in the world, and the sea along its coast is constantly white with the sails of ships. "Their vessels sail to the southern portion of the empire, where they are laden with rice, tea, sea-coal, tobacco, silk, cotton, and tropical fruits, all of which find a ready market in the north, and then return freighted with corn, salt, oil, isinglass, and various other productions of the north, which have a market in the south." W. H. D.

Cantilla Forks, March, 1862.

A WONDERFUL STORY.

The following is related in the *Courrier des Etats Unis* by a Parisian correspondent:

"The Emperor was reviewing a body of infantry one day, when his eye was caught by a drummer with only one arm, but who was, nevertheless, still playing.

"'Where is your left arm?'

"'At Solferino, sire.'

"'You shall have a pension of four hundred francs from my private purse.'

"'And if I should leave the other on the same road, sire?'

"'This,' replied Napoleon, pointing to his own cuirette of an officer of the Legion of Honor.

"'The cross!' exclaimed the soldier; and carried away by a transport of enthusiasm, the new Porsenna, with the remaining arm, drew his sabre, and at one vigorous blow cut it clear off."

This is the modern version of the legend of the saint who kissed his own head after it was cut off.

TEACHING IN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Superintendent of a Sunday School was questioning his pupils concerning the addresses made to them during the previous session.

"Children, what did Mr. Phonsy tell you this morning?"

No answer was made.

"Can't any one tell me what he said? Susie, can't you remember?"

Susie, a bright little one of seven years, arose, and with one finger in her mouth, bashfully lisped out:

"Pleathe, thir, he talked and he talked, and he thed uth how he loved uth, and he talked—and—and—we all thought he wath a-goin' to thay thumthing, but he didn't thay nothing."

This is not quite as unfortunate as the experiences of a clergyman in Maine, who was opposed to having any mirth in Sunday School. He thought it injurious to all, and unnecessary for the entertainment of the children. He offered to address the school, and show that they could be well entertained seriously. I am credibly assured that the following dialogue ensued:

"Children, I am going to tell you about Pe

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, May 17, 1862.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Joseph Alexander, Keokuk, Iowa, paid, 1 00
James Pettaford, per Rev. W. Jackson, Vincennes, Ind., paid,..... 1 00
Malinda Hawkins, per Rev. W. Jackson, Washington, Ind., paid,..... 2 00
David Matthews, of Cincinnati, per Rev. G. H. Graham,..... 1 00

CONFERENCE REPORT.

We left our place of residence in Philadelphia on the morning of May 10th, *en route* for the seat of the Conference in Trenton, and fell in with Rev. Brothers Gardiner, Berney, Smith, Schureman, and J. Smith, who accompanied us. The cars landed us all safe in Trenton at about eight o'clock in the morning, making the trip from Philadelphia in two hours. The omnibus drove us to the residence of Rev. Brother Campbell. That gentleman not being in at the time, his good lady, who is ever active and thoughtful in such matters, immediately informed the driver where to take each one of us. Having made ourself acquainted with the family at whose house we stopped, we repaired to the church, where we met with the most of the brethren who are members of the Conference.

Bishop Nazrey opened by singing a hymn, and the reading of the 25th chapter of Matthew, and addressing a prayer to the throne of grace, after which he (Bishop Nazrey) addressed the Conference in relation to certain rumors affecting the interests of the Church, concerning his Episcopal relation.

In this statement Bishop Nazrey declared that he had tendered his resignation to the B. M. E. Church, as directed by the A. M. E. General Conference of 1860, and that he was willing to submit the case relative to his relationship with the B. M. E. Church to the bench of Bishops for decision—and that, whatever their decision might be, he was willing to abide by it.

Bishop Quinn stated, for the satisfaction of the Conference, by request of Bishop Nazrey, what he had heard expressed in Canada. He stated that Bishop Nazrey announced before an audience that he was Bishop of the States; but, according to the doings of the General Conference and the doings of the Canadians, *they* had made him the *Bishop of the B. M. E. Church!*—but he had not acted there as Bishop since his resignation was presented to the B. M. E. Church, &c.

Bishop Nazrey again resumed the floor, and stated that he had not acted in the B. M. E. Church, since his resignation, up to the present date.

On motion of Rev. J. P. Campbell, that the statements of Bishops Nazrey and Quinn be considered as a satisfactory answer to the following questions:

1. Does he (Bishop Nazrey) exercise Episcopal authority in the B. M. E. Church—either by person or proxy?

2. Is he holding any claim to Episcopal authority in the B. M. E. Church?

Carried unanimously.

On motion of Rev J. P. Campbell, that, inasmuch as the peaceable interests of our connexion is greatly affected by certain rumors relative to the Episcopacy, so much so as to require the presence of all our Bishops jointly, therefore,

Resolved, That we, the Philadelphia Annual Conference, do request the presence of Bishop Payne, in order that the interests of our Church may be subserved, and the following question of law decided:

What Episcopal relation does Bishop Nazrey sustain to the B. M. E. Church, if any?

Carried.

On motion of Rev. J. P. Campbell, that, inasmuch as we have as yet seen no violation of law in the acts of Bishop Nazrey; therefore,

Resolved, That we, as a Conference, sustain him as one of the Bishops of the A. M. E. Church, so long as nothing tangible is found.

Carried.

On motion of P. Gardiner, that the Secretaries send word to Bishop Payne this day that his presence is required.

Carried.

Rev. A. L. Stanford was appointed Secretary, and Rev. W. D. Schureman assistant. The hour fixed for meeting was 9 o'clock, A. M., and that of adjournment, 12 o'clock, M., to meet again at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Of the appointments for Sabbath, we will only speak of the names of the brethren who preached in the church where Conference is held. At 10½ o'clock, A. M., the Rev. Richard Roberson, one of the oldest ministers in the A. M. E. Church, preached. His text will be found at the forty-eighth verse of the twenty-fourth chapter of Luke. Father Roberson gave us a profound, logical, sublime, practical discourse, holding his audience as if by some magic spell for an hour, more or less. He stated, in his own graphic and peculiar style, that it had been twenty-five years since he had been on the Trenton circuit. At three o'clock, P. M., Rev. William Moore, of the New York Conference, preached, taking for his subject the eighth verse and third chapter of Ephesians. Brother Moore also is among the oldest elders in our connexion. He stated that he was appointed Father Roberson's successor, which, of course, had been little less than twenty-five years. He did not come to preach, but to see the people. Those who know Brother Moore, know him to be a superior minister of his school, after the order of the Apostles. Everybody seemed well pleased.

At 7½ o'clock, P. M., Rev. A. L. Stanford read for his text the twelfth verse of the nineteenth chapter of Revelation, which reads—"On his head are many crowns." Brother Stanford gave us, we may say, a scientific discourse; he showed clearly that he understood the subject as a logician should, and, we must add, it was the most masterly discourse by far that we ever heard from Brother Stanford. We felt proud to see our young men showing themselves as workmen capable of dividing error from truth.

MONDAY MORNING, MAY 12

Conference met at 9 o'clock, A. M., Bishop Nazrey in the chair, assisted by Bishop Quinn. Conference was opened by reading, singing and prayer. The roll was called, and Minutes read and approved. A motion was made to adopt some rules to govern the Conference, which was passed. By motion, the remainder of the rules for governing the Conference be submitted to a Committee of three. Carried.

The Bishop then entered upon the Discipline, page 62, on the financial reports. The brethren having made their reports, a resolution was offered by Rev. J. P. Campbell, that the ten-cent system was the plan for the Philadelphia district to raise the Bishop's Apportionments. After it was discussed by Campbell, Eldy, Stanford, Weaver and Roberson, A. L. Stanford offered an amendment, that, in case of a failure, public collection be substituted. Motion prevailed, after some remarks from the Bishop.

Conference adjourned by singing and the benediction, to meet to-morrow morning at nine o'clock.

TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 13

Conference met per adjournment. Bp Nazrey presided, assisted by Bishop Quinn. Conference was opened by Bishop Quinn by singing the hymn,

"Come ye that love the Lord
And let your joys be known,"

and an address to the throne of grace. The roll was then called, and the Minutes read and approved.

By motion, Rev J. P. Campbell offered a series of resolutions. The first was read and adopted, as was also the second and fourth, after which Bishop Nazrey arose to deliver his annual address, giving a very interesting statement of his travels through the district, and the necessary wants of the people. He found it to be a benefit by his being present. He also recommended the urgent necessity of making or introducing some important changes, viz.: the cutting off some points, and making them into stations, &c. Conference adjourned till 2 P. M.

2 *o'clock, P. M.*—Conference met per adjournment, Bishop Nazrey in the chair, assisted by Bp Quinn. Conference proceeded to the investigation of the complaints against some of the brethren. The case of Rev. Barney has been brought before the Committee just as we are closing this brief summary in time for the mail.—Ed.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 14

Conference met at nine o'clock, A. M., Bishop Nazrey in the chair, assisted by Bishop Quinn. E. WEAVER opened Conference with singing, prayer and reading. The roll was then called, and Minutes read and approved. On motion the following Committees were appointed:

Three on Orders and Reception
" Letters and Memorials.
" Sabbath Schools.
" Temperance
" Missions

At this juncture the Bishop presented to the Conference a letter from Bishop Payne, to the effect that he could not meet on the day specified in the despatch requesting his presence, but, if it was necessary, he would be present to-day (saturday.) Conference determined on telegraphing to him immediately.

After sundry other motions had been made, the Conference proceeded to the marks against certain individuals. Having completed this task, the Bishop took up the question on page 62 of the New Discipline.

A number of candidates for the itinerant service were presented, and also several for Conference membership. A motion was made to receive John R. V. Morgan. Considerable discussion here ensued in reference to whether he had come in according to the requirements of Discipline. Those who took part in the discussion were Messrs. Wayman, Roberson, Moore, Shorter and Schureman, after which Conference adjourned with singing and the benediction, to meet at two o'clock, P. M.

2 *o'clock, P. M.*—Conference met per adjournment, Bishop Nazrey presiding. The case of bro. Morgan, after some remarks from brothers Campbell, Smith, and Weaver, was finally decided by the Conference laying the motion aside and refusing to receive him. Conference then proceeded to the unfinished business of receiving members for Conference membership and the itinerancy, and continued thus occupied up to the sixteenth question, whereat brethren commenced making out the report of the members of the district, and several other matters in the church—we take breakfast at our lodgings.

In relation to the arrangements and accommodations of Trenton, we would here take occasion to say that there are between fifty and sixty ministers at present here, and more still coming in. The friends all appear to be very kind and hospitable. There are brethren here from a great many quarters—some from Baltimore, (viz.: Revs. A. W. Wayman, Waters, Sluby, and Rhodes;) also, Rev. J. A. Shorter, from the Ohio Conference, and Rev. A. R. Green, of Windsor, Canada West. We would also state that Rev. J. P. Campbell has made ample arrangements for all the brethren to take two meals per day.

The ladies of the Mount Zion Church, together with those of Princeton, Pennington and Louisville, with Mrs. Rachel McNeally as President, are the Committee of Arrangements. Rev. Mrs. Campbell is also one of the most active participants.

We should not neglect saying here that many of our white friends assist materially in carrying out the plan of arrangements.

In conclusion, we would state that the Conference passed off very peacefully and harmoniously, there being very many persons in daily attendance.—Ed

We give the dispatch sent to Bishop Payne.

TO THE RIGHT REV. D. A. PAYNE:

SIR—You are hereby requested to attend the Philadelphia Conference (now in session at Trenton, New Jersey) forthwith, to *settle* a law question in reference to Bishop Nazrey's relation to the B. M. E. Church, which question is to be answered in open Conference on or before next Thursday.

A WORD FROM CINCINNATI

Cincinnati, May 9th, 1862

MR. RECORDER:—SIR:—I see by your sheet of the 3d, that you reached Washington City in time to meet the Baltimore Conference, and I am happy to see the wise action that body took in regard to the trouble that perplexes our Zion. We failed to erase from the minutes of our Conference the contradictory actions that passed during your presence, but so it is, grave men are not always wise.

The signs of the times are hopeful for our much wronged and suffering race. May the Lord be merciful, for man would devour us. Brother Turner of St. Louis is a live man, I admire the action of his charge. Never mind; I think you will hear from Allen chapel one of these days. Work and wait, faith and patience will do wonders. If this district don't do something this year for the RECORDER, worthy of itself and the cause. If she, (not as the Conference, as an verdant as to recognize upstart officials of at least doubtful authority, in the exuberancy of her youth she ought to sustain her authorized and acknowledged editor.

Victory still perches on the Union banner. Scott's anaconda tightening its folds, rebellion is being crushed. Davis, Beauregard, Johnson and Pillow, are hunting the last ditch in which to die. Hope they may soon find it. So must this hell born treachery end. Yours, ALEPH.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA CORRESPONDENCE.

SACER'S LAST LETTER FROM THE D. C.

I suppose I might be excused for writing this, if I only said "good-by." The weather is fine, and the congregations of the various churches of the A. M. E. Connexion, are all astir in order to settle down upon some conclusion as to what manner of men their new pastors are.

Never did preachers enter into fields of labor under more auspicious circumstances than the preachers stationed here by the recent Annual Conference. The colored population of Washington is rapidly increasing by hundreds; business interests are expanding; legislation in behalf of colored people, to relieve them of the crushing disabilities of many years, is in active progress; the war is nearing its close; passions are subsiding, and reason begins to rule; the frenzied excitement is giving place to sober thought, and the prosperity of the community, of the nation, begins to engage the public mind. It is a fact worthy of note, that many of the colored people, and a *great many* who settle here, are members of the churches.

Alexandria will doubtless be the seat of a great A. M. E. Church. A connexion of the colored Methodists with the whites, while prejudice exists, must eventually be severed. At this very moment, two hundred dollars—perhaps more—could be raised in Washington and Georgetown, D. C., to erect a church edifice in Alexandria.

The colored Presbyterian Church here is without a pastor. This, indeed, is a fine field of labor. The present membership embraces, perhaps, more, or as much mental and moral worth as any other colored congregation in the city—forming a nucleus around which might be clustered a splendid army of Christian warriors. It is hoped that some Presbyterian minister of the North may be found to lead this flock.

Mr. Editor, it may seem a vulgar proposal, but if you will just send down here and get Joseph E. Williams, and exhibit him in Philadelphia, you can make money, even if you ask fifty cents a "see." He is the colored man who sent a memorial to Congress, declaring we could not be a people here—asking the Government to colonize us—asking them *not* to recognize Hayti or Liberia. He procured signatures to it in two ways: first, representing to persons on the street, who could not read, that it was something to do great good; secondly, by putting down the names of persons on his Satanic majesty's *own authority*. This African Catiline is doubtless the tool in the hands of that party in Congress who want to have the colored people sent out of the country. To meet the objections of a majority of Republicans—that it is inhuman to send the colored people away against their wills—they penned, or caused to be penned the memorial carried around by Joseph E. Williams, with the understanding that he would get signatures enough to make it appear that the colored people wanted to go. The fellow will be foiled. He has been hissed, scorned, and contemned by every colored man, and it is only the strong religious sentiment of the colored people that has saved him from violent treatment. Induce him, if you can, to come to Philadelphia for exhibition; by this means he can profit himself and his fellow-man.

Rev. H. J. Rhodes is stationed in Georgetown, and no doubt will enable the people here to keep up their interest in the *Recorder*, which is very strong.

It is said, a funeral took place in the Baltimore Annual Conference, but there are some who believe in the doctrine of the Resurrection.

SACER.

KEOKUK MISSION.

May 7th, 1862.

BROTHER WEAVER:—*Sir*,—I here send you one six months' subscriber, Joseph Alexander, Keokuk, Iowa, with his subscription, $4,00. Times continue dull. The interest of the Mission is increasing slowly. We rent a hall for preaching, and to hold our Sabbath School. The Sabbath School is reviving. Last Sabbath we had 45 scholars and 8 teachers. The teachers appear to be interested in their several classes. We have a library of about two hundred volumes. Brother York Anderson is superintendent, and uses a great deal of effort to make the school interesting. The ladies have formed a Sewing Circle, of which Mrs. A. Depugh is President, Mrs. H. Taggart, Vice-President, Miss J. Gray, Secretary, Miss Mary Story, Assistant Secretary, and Mrs America Anderson, Treasurer. Through the industry of this Society, the Mission is sustained chiefly. We have, also, a Society known as the Mission Relief. Its object is to purchase ground and build a house of worship. Its officers are as follows:—Brother H. Depugh, President, Brother York Anderson, Secretary, Mr. D. F. Story, Treasurer. This Society was organized by Brother Dove some three years ago, and has only existed in name for two years; but I thank God that they are now at work again, and will soon show what they are doing. I hope to be able to send you other subscriptions soon. Yours, in behalf of missions,

ABRAHAM T. HALL.

Keokuk, Iowa.

VARIETY IN CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

It is very important that young persons, and persons who are just entering upon a Christian life should be taught not to try themselves by other people's evidences. It is supposed that if religion is of God, it will, of course, be just the same in all men. But, in fact, religion is the right using of the whole mind and life. Men are different one from another. They were meant to be. The strength of some lies in the feelings, of others in their intellect, of others in their stability and will. Some men are calm, others excitable. Some are imaginative, and others literal and practical. Some are nervous and quick, others phlegmatic and slow. Besides these constitutional differences, men have had widely different teaching and training, and all these circumstances conspire to make their religious developments personal and peculiar. God leads every soul according to what that soul is, and although love is the one central experience in all, and is that grand and characteristic element which makes all men alike Christians, yet love develops itself in different men—in some gradually, in others suddenly, in some it is transformed with the imagination in others it a very plain and homely emotion. It rushes like a mountain torrent from some hearts; in others it is like a silver spring in a meadow—silent, gentle, and almost invisible.

No man should try to produce in himself another man's experience, unless he first *becomes* that other man. In an orchestra, the flute, the violin, the clarionet, the horns, all give forth music. But music is not the same sound, nor of the same quality in each of them as in the other. Love God and love men with *your* nature. And do not lose comfort and growth in grace by wanting to feel like some other Christian. Be a Christian. Consecrate *your* heart and *your* life to Christ's service, and then the greater the difference between you and other Christians the better; just as in a flower-garden, the summer is rich, not by having all flowers just like each other, but by having as many different varieties as is possible.

WHOM God chooses, the world refuses.

For the Christian Recorder.

SELF-CULTURE.

MR. EDITOR:—I wish to direct particular attention to this subject. There are certain principles which should guide us in the work of self-culture; for this is not a work of chance or of accident, but one founded in the nature of the soul, and controlled by laws that the Creator of all mind has established for its discipline and development: it is easy to forget this fact.

The spiritual nature of man is so far removed from material objects, so purely and unearthly in its essence, so open to impulses apparently fitful and irregular, so secret and so subtle in many of its modes of action, that we are prone to overlook its dependence on fixed and permanent principles. But the Creator designs that we should labor intelligently in everything. The pursuit of truth involves order and method at every step; and its use, in whatever form applied, requires the same steady conformity to the plan which Divine wisdom has instituted. The cultivation of mind is our greatest work, and in proportion to its superiority we are under obligation to execute this task with intelligence and success.

First of all, we should recollect that self-culture, as its name implies, is our own work. Its necessity, importance, dignity are derived from ourselves. Its claims are inward, not outward. Its means and aids demand that our will and strength should be *infused into them* before they can contribute to personal growth; in nothing, is the idea of our individual existence raised so high, and associated with such supremacy, as in self-culture. Here the soul has sovereignty without dispute or rivalry; filled, as the universe is, with influences to promote its enlargement of capacity, and to secure its attainment of excellence, they are utterly powerless, unless the soul itself breathe its own vitality into them.

Not an archangel can cross its sanctuary without its leave. What a fearful prerogative is this; and yet it is not a vaster thought than we need; such is our feebleness of purpose, our indolence and frailty, that we require a momentous sense of responsibility, like this, to arouse and sustain our faculties amidst the multiplied ties that bind us to life, and act on us without our sympathy, amidst those circumstances which so frequently reduce us to a state of passiveness. We are here exalted to a position in which our individuality is perfected. We are separated from the world, we are a world ourselves, the dearest connexions, no less than the coarser bonds, uniting us to material objects, drop away from the spirit, and we are enclosed in the silence and solitude which befit a being ordained to decide its own destiny.

A great thought then meets us at the outset of this work—the thought of self-culture as our own work, to be begun, carried on, consummated, as a peculiar trust, and for which we are amenable to the throne of God. But again: it is pre-eminently our work, not, indeed, that we are to neglect other duties, but the sentiment of self-culture is ever to be uppermost, and is everything done for others the growth of our own moral nature is to be faithfully respected. No man has a right to serve another at the expense of his own improvement. Sacrifices of time, convenience and comfort, we may justly and honorably make for the welfare of others, but the real good of our own being must never be bartered away in exchange for any supposed advantage to society or country.

That is a false philanthropy which would impoverish a human being to enrich the wisdom of the world. Indeed, it cannot enrich them; a man's soul is worth more in its life than in its loss, and the best services that we can possibly render to humanity is to build up such a force of character, to attain such excellence, to embody such a spirit in all our acts as shall tend to awaken the sympathies of others, and draw them to the communion of goodness.

Yet many persons suppose that their own self-culture is to be held secondary to the welfare of others. According to their idea of usefulness they are to practise a kind of self-negation, to forget themselves, and to be simply and solely intent on doing good to the world. We have known some who have fallen into this error. Preachers of the Gospel have sometimes confessed that in their zeal to see others converted, they have quite exhausted their own powers. Teachers we have seen who labor for their pupils until their intellects were brought down to the level of mere machines, all their generous impulses stifled, and their elasticity of soul crushed; and philanthropists have often crossed our path who, in their eagerness to abate evil, have forgotten the duties they owe to themselves, have abandoned all thoughtful meditation, and have lost self-control and self-direction.

This is a deep wrong to one's own heart. It is treachery to their own dignity, and the glory of our nature; the imagination is so easily excited to clothe our philanthropic schemes with delusive aspects, and a sort of moral romance is so apt to lead us off into the regions of extravagance and folly, that we need a wise caution to govern our judgment, to avoid such enterprises. In the eye of truth and justice, no one can be innocent who holds his growth and advancement in goodness subordinate to usefulness. It is nothing less than moral suicide to destroy the aspirations, and deaden the instincts of our inner life for the sake of philanthropic objects. God's martyrs are not found among these ambitious men. Our highest obligation is to implant the image of God within us, to show it in the serene beauty of our actions, and perfect, as far as possible, our own character, and make it the medium of a pure transforming influence on other minds. We are not to look for this state of things in deeds. Deeds are often more splendid than their actors, borrowing a lustre from some adventitious aid, and raising their value by time, place and circumstances.

Or they may fall below the standard of the actors, and by adverse agencies fail to be the exponents of their virtue and energy—viewed in either light, actions are deceptive tests of truth. But *character* always expresses the certain measure of a man's greatness. It reveals the precise degree of his goodness. It tells how far he has conquered himself and the evil in his pathway, how high he has ascended in the realms of being, how much of the good he has realized. And by this means it takes the rank of the noblest social influences in the world. Men read it as they read no written volume; men listen to it as they listen to no other eloquence; men admire it as they admire nothing else, and by admiration grow into its excellence and become like it.

JOHNSON WOODLIN.

(To be continued.)

THE A. M. E. ZION CONFERENCE

Philadelphia, May 16, 1862.

The Annual Conference of the A. M. E. Zion Church in America, for the Philadelphia District, met pursuant to adjournment, at 10 o'clock, Monday morning,—Superintendents Rose and Bishop presiding alternately. After the ordinary preliminaries, the following preamble and resolutions prevailed, to wit:

Whereas, In the order of an all-wise and inscrutable Providence, the present national difficulties in this country are being made to subserve the great interests of justice, humanity, and the Christian religion, by rendering it essential to the existence, prosperity, and future glory of the nation, to inaugurate a policy looking to the ultimate and inevitable extinction of the only system which constitutes our national disgrace, and has mainly contributed to bring on our present national woes, therefore,

Resolved, That we humbly acknowledge our obligation, and confess our gratitude to the divine Being who is so signally defeating the cherished schemes of the wicked and rebellious of the land, at the same time that He is triumphantly vindicating the truth of those very cheering promises, "The needy shall not always be forgotten," "The expectation of the poor shall not perish forever."

Resolved, That while it is our ardent wish, it shall be our fervent prayer that war and bloodshed may speedily terminate, and that peace and prosperity may ensue; yet mindful of the order of divine Providence—"First pure, then peaceable," we will patiently and prayerfully wait the result of whatever process the Almighty may have chosen, with the view of expelling national impurities, and of establishing permanent national peace.

Resolved, That we have abiding confidence in the present administration of the Government, as being wise, patriotic, just, and humane; that its emancipation policy, an earnest of which is seen in the liberation of all slaves in the District of Columbia, commends it to the favorable and prayerful consideration of the Christian world, and that we pledge to it the support of our united prayers to the Almighty, for its future success; and be it farther

Resolved, That, as an evidence of our appreciation of what the Lord has done, and is doing for our down-trodden and long-neglected race, and with the view of preparing our people for those positions to which, in the providence of God, they may be admitted, we hereby pledge ourselves to use our efforts to induce them to adopt such a course as will command them to the favorable consideration of the humane and intelligent everywhere. Adjourned.

LAST DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

Tuesday Morning.—Conference met at nine o'clock,—Superintendents Rose and Bishop presiding alternately. After the ordinary ceremonies, and sundry other matters, a vote of thanks was tendered to the editors of the daily *Press*, and of the weekly *Christian Recorder*, for having gratuitously published the proceedings of the Conference. A vote of thanks was tendered to the trustees and members of Wesley Church, particularly to Brother De Cordarver, who attended to the Church during Conference, and to the friends, for their kindness and hospitality to the members of Conference; to the President of the Conference, and his associates, for the able and dignified manner in which they presided over the deliberations of the Conference, and to the Secretaries and reporter, for their faithful performance of duty.

Appointments of preachers for the Philadelphia District, for 1862, are as follows: Wesley Church, Lombard St., Phila., John A. Williams—having the supervision of Mount Zion, Pearl St., Phila., and of Zion Church, Wilmington, Del.; Harrisburgh, Singleton T. Jones; Wilkesbarre, George Johnson; York Circuit, Chas. J. Carter; Chambersburg Circuit, O. J. Scott; Peachbottom Circuit, Robt. A. Gibson; Middletown Circuit, Thos. H. Castor, (in his charge,) Samuel Mathews; Williamsport Circuit, Chas. H. Wallace, (in his charge,) Wm. T. Biddle, Newtown Circuit, Isaac Gassaway, (in his charge,) T. H. Harris; Kaighnsville, Henry H. Blackstone; Phœnixville, Moses Wilcox,—H. H. Blackstone having the oversight; John J. Moore, California Mission; the New Society in California to be supplied; Wm. Young, Missionary for this Conference District; James Temple, Superannuated; Abraham Cole, transferred to the Allegheny Conference District; J. D. Brooks, to the Southern Conference District; Abner Bishop, left without an appointment, because of affliction.

Superintendent Rose delivered a very appropriate valedictory address, to great acceptance. The Conference then adjourned, to meet in Wesley Church, Lombard St., on the second Saturday in May, 1863, at 4 o'clock, P. M.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE LATE EMANCIPATION ACT.

There was a public meeting held by the people of color, at the A. M. E. Church in the city of Terre Haute, Indiana, on Wednesday evening, May 7th, 1862, for the purpose of returning a tribute of thanks to Almighty God, for the late act of emancipation in the District of Columbia. Rev. T. Strother was called to the chair, and Wm. J. Greenly was appointed Secretary. The chairman called the house to order, and opened the exercises by reading a portion of the 11th chapter of the prophecy of the prophet Daniel, and singing and prayer. The object of the meeting was then stated by the chairman, after which a committee of three was appointed by the chairman to draw up a set of resolutions expressive of the sentiments of the audience. The chairman appointed Wm. Johnson, Wm J. Greenly, and Alfred Cole, as said committee, who, after retiring for a short time, returned with the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, The Congress of the United States, at its present session, has passed an Act, which has also been signed by the President of the United States, on the 16th of April 1862 freeing the District of Columbia from the curse of human slavery, and thereby emancipating and forever setting free all our brethren in said District of Columbia; therefore,

Resolved, That we, the colored people of Terre Haute, do meet in duty to return our sincere thanks to God, in behalf of our brethren thus freed in said District of Columbia, for the inestimable boon of liberty thus given them.

Resolved, That we also feel grateful to the members of Congress, for their untiring zeal in battling for the downfall of slavery, and the triumph of freedom; that we invoke the blessings of the Almighty upon them and their labors, hoping that their days may be many and useful in the cause of humanity, that their mandates may more rapidly and more in the time now and to be distant when the result of their labors may be seen in the final extinction of slavery throughout these United States.

Resolved, That we view in the person and character of His Excellency, (Abraham Lincoln,) the President of the United States, in all his actions since his inauguration, and through the war which is going on in our country, up to the present time, a man acting with discretion, and aiming to do what is just and right to all men, and having the fear of God before him; therefore, we pray God to bless him in his office, as the chief magistrate of this nation, with a long and useful life, and with all that pertains to make man happy in this world, and with a happy immortality beyond the grave.

Resolved, That we, having been born on American soil, ("The land of the free, and the home of the brave,") feel, as a natural consequence, that this is our home, and therefore we feel an attachment to this country, and will be loyal to its Government; though we have been deprived of many rights and privileges which are ours by nature, yet we feel disposed to persevere in the cultivation of every branch of literature, which is calculated to make us useful and intelligent.

The audience resolved that the above should be published in the CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

REV. T. STROTHER, Pres.

W. J. GREENLY, Sec.

"RELIGION AND LABOR."

Extracts from biography of Harlan Page, Joiner.

Harlan Page believed and lived. He passed the straight gate. He confessed his Saviour. Then he thus evidenced his love of souls: "*When I first obtained a hope, I felt that I must labor for souls. I prayed year after year, that God would make me the means of saving souls.*" This was the purpose to which he consecrated his life, while following his occupation. He carried it out fully, embracing every opportunity of speaking in the name of Christ to perishing sinners. He acted like one who believed that the divine blessing would accompany his efforts; and who amply verified the promise. "Our faith in eternal realities," he said, "is weak, and our sense of duty faint, while we neglect the salvation of our fellow-beings. Let us awake to duty, and while we have a tongue or pen, elevate them to the service of the Most High, not in our own strength, but in strong faith and confidence in Him."

He endeavored to do good in various ways, but the chief were writing letters and speaking to individuals, most solemnly, regarding their eternal state. His words, whether written or spoken, were always pointed, urgent, and tender. "Nothing but love impels me to write," he would add to his appeal.

Letter writing was consecrated by Harlan Page to the highest end—the salvation of souls. Individuals whom he did not personally know, were frequently addressed, as well as those with whom he was acquainted. "I think much of you," he wrote to a female relation, "and long to see you within the ark of safety. Have you reason to hope that your sins are pardoned, through a Saviour's blood? If not, consider your danger; "you are now in an awful crisis; your eternal all may depend on the course you take. The Lord has taught you by his Spirit, that you are a wretched, perishing sinner. You feel that you have no preparation for heaven, and see nothing before you but eternal woe. O, my friend, *there is a refuge*. The Lord Jesus invites in melting strains: "Look to me and live; come unto me and find rest." O, go to him now, as you value your precious, your immortal soul." To another, "Will you not take up in earnest the great subject of the salvation of your own soul, feel your guilt and danger, and flee to the arms of the blessed Saviour? *Now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation."

Prayer meetings were the delight of his soul. He was ever ready to join with a few, to supplicate the throne of grace. . . . *Tract distribution* was also with him a favorite means of doing good. Enclosing them in letters, he would add a word from his pen: "Accept the enclosed from one who earnestly desires your best good; and may I beg the favor that you will read it with candor, and weigh well the sentiments it contains."

Or thus: "Will you and your companion oblige me so much as to give the enclosed an attentive perusal before you go to rest this night?" In 1825, he was appointed depository of the American Tract Society, and returned to New York. There he labored, during the remaining nine years of his life, with such eagerness as if he were in haste to die; nor were his labors merely official; he dealt with the consciences of the persons employed in the tract house, taught Sabbath schools, visited the degraded, kept prayer-meetings, and wrote spirit-stirring letters with increased devotedness. He lived to win souls. He ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears.

Let us mark the result of his labors of love. He was as leaven in the world, and his blessed influence spread far and wide. "Mr Page's conversation first led me to think seriously of my soul and eternity," said one. "But for the efforts of Mr Page, and a dear Christian friend of his in the country, my soul, to all human view, must have been lost," confessed Captain T. Of one hundred and twenty-five of his Sabbath scholars in Coventry, *eighty-four* are thought to have given evidence of piety, and six are preachers of the Gospel. Of individuals in the same place, with whom he had conversed personally or by letter—and he knew of no young person in the congregation he undealt with by him, *thirty* embraced the faith. Upwards of one hundred young women were employed in the Tract and Bible house; of these about *sixty* were brought to Christ, besides binders and printers. "Many sheets of the word of God, and tracts," he says, "as they have been folded and stitched, have been moistened with the tears of the converted sinner, and the broken-hearted penitent, and thence gone out on errands of mercy to a perishing world." What a blessed baptism!

In answer to prayer suggested by Mr. Page, to his fellow-laborers in the work of the Lord, on behalf of eighty-eight individuals in a district of tract distribution in New York, *thirty-four* hopeful conversions occurred in 1832. Prayer and effort were rewarded. *Thirty-two* teachers were his hire in Sabbath schools, of whom *nine* sought the ministry. He himself knew of *more than one hundred souls converted by his instrumentality*. Thus largely were his early resolutions fulfilled, and his effectual fervent prayers answered. It was the joy of his heart, when he heard of a sinner awakened and brought to the Redeemer. *He missed no day without an effort of faith in the salvation of souls, and his reward was according to his zeal*. Though an humble man, how dignified was the position of Harlan Page before God; more than some of the highest dignitaries of the visible church, will such a laborer shine in the heavenly firmament. . . . He lived for one object; and though his compeers might deem him fanatical and extreme, he accomplished his work and *he went to rest*. "He who would do some great things in this short life," says John Foster, "must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces, as to idle spectators, who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity."

Thus lived and labored an earnest artisan, a blessing to his generation, and the means of carrying on that blessing to succeeding ages, by the life-seed he sent into the harvest, and the edifying example he left as a heritage to the church.

Christian reader what are you doing for souls? Let Harlan Page counsel you. I doubt not, you feel how great is their danger, and long for their salvation. Do write to them; it may be God may make you the instrument of salvation to their souls. Endeavor to win some to Christ, make some one in whom you have an interest the subject of earnest prayer, affectionate address, or of a printed letter. Thus did this working man, and his minister had often the pleasure of saying, as he welcomed the valued coadjutor with the increase of his flock: "Must you not be an efficient keeper of the word of the Lord?" He that wins souls is wise.

Dear reader, are you saved? It would be direct unfaithfulness to leave this notice of one who, while life was spared to seeking to save the unconverted, without a special appeal. If there was occasion for burning zeal, and unwearied effort, what do you mean by impatience, and unbelief? why will ye die? your soul is precious. Eternity is near. "As though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God; for he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him."

TUNING THE PULPIT.

Macaulay informs us that in the time of Queen Elizabeth the Court was accustomed to hint to the clergy what they wanted said, and they called it "tuning the pulpit." There is a good deal of this kind of tuning in our times. When a minister is settled, the people do not go and tell him openly that he must preach this and not preach that, but they have far more adroit methods of pitching his tune for him.

Deacon A—— informs him that their former minister destroyed his influence by preaching thus and so, just to give him a hint that he must not preach thus and so, if he would expect to stay any time among them. But Deacon B—— comes with directly the opposite, that he must preach as the old pastor did, that dear, good man, or folks would not like him. Another comes to say that he must let politics alone, which does not mean merely that he shall not be a partisan, but that he shall say nothing to instruct the people in the duties of their civil relations. These relations are an interdicted sphere of human action, upon which the Gospel may not urge its claims. John must not rebuke Herod, nor teach the soldiers to "use no violence," or he will lose his popularity, and even his life. Hence if the minister prays for his country, it is a jarring note, to which a portion of his people will not sing. If any conclusions from well-defined and clearly-stated premises can by construction be made to bear upon the policy of a political party, or upon any of the extant civic questions or agitations, there are numbers who, if they obeyed their impulse, would rise to their feet, and say, "Pastor, pastor, you are out of tune."

"And then there are the chronic grumblers, the sour-natured, the selfish, the men of 'peculiar views,' and 'conscientious scruples,' who seem to to be among the essentials in the moral structure of every finished society. They want to hear the Gospel. Their anxiety for the Gospel is most hopeful. Their solicitude for the church is tenderly affecting. Their lamentations over the degeneracy of the ministry might discourage a very Luther. O, that we had a more Christian church, say they, a holier ministry, a purer Gospel!

President Edwards was driven from Northampton after many years of pastoral success, because the people could not tune him. He rebuked certain irregularities of the people of his congregation, and it turned out that these rebukes fell with special severity on the children of some of the leading families. The consequence was, that the parents in these families were offended, and having influence, they got up such an opposition to the great and good pastor that he made his escape, and went off and preached among the Stockbridge Indians. He was too conscientious a man to be tuned in a case demanding faithfulness. The Northampton people found afterwards that they had made a great mistake in dealing thus with this great and good man, and a Col. Hawkins, one of the leaders in the opposition, could not die in peace till he confessed the great wrong he had done. Such confessions would be appropriate to others who have driven away good pastors because they could not tune them.

Said a pastor to his Deacon in B——, when she latter called to give him a hint about the sayings and doings, "Deacon, I'd have you to know that I came here to teach you, and not to have you teach me." This may not always be the best way to meet a case of this kind; for the minister must be gentle towards all men. He must be willing to take a respectful hint, but having derived the matter of his preaching from the Word and Spirit of God, he should not submit to dictation in the delivery of it. And if he is really serious in manner, earnest in his feeling, and turn not aside "to regard vain words," or to mind the pitch which others would give to his public discourse, there is little danger from their interference. The danger comes from betraying annoyance or attempting to plead his own cause against these intermeddlers. Go on and do your duty, the same as if you had been deaf and knew nothing of the effort which had been made to tune you.—*N. Y. Chronicle.*

SCARCITY OF CHURCHES IN SOUTHERN MISSOURI.

A correspondent with the army of the Southwest writes: "On coming to Rolla I was struck with the fact that there was neither church nor school house in that town. From there to Springfield, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, in which there are farming neighborhoods settled over twenty years, I saw but one church—a half-finished building, commenced by the Southern Methodists, and afterwards abandoned—and not a single school-house. At Springfield there were indications of moral, religious and intellectual culture, (churches and academies, temporarily abandoned during the possession of the town by the rebels, some of them destroyed,) but from Springfield to Cassville there was not a church or school-house to be seen. In Cassville, I think, there must have been some obscure place used for religious services, but it was not distinguishable from the other houses. From Cassville to this town, no church or school-house has met my eye."

SADNESS.

There is a mysterious feeling that frequently passes like a cloud over the spirits. It comes upon the soul in the busy bustle of life, in the social circle, in the calm and silent retreats of solitude. Its powers are alike supreme over the weak and the iron-hearted. At one time it is caused by the flitting of a single thought across the mind.—Again, a sound will come booming across the ocean of memory, gloomy and solemn as the death-knell, overshadowing all the bright hopes and sunny feelings of the heart. Who can describe, and yet who has not felt its bewildering influence? Still, it is a delicious sort of sorrow; and like a cloud dimming the sunshine of the river, although causing a momentary shade of gloom, it enhances the beauty of returning brightness.

OLD HUNDRED IN CAMP.—A correspondent writing from our camp before Yorktown, says:—On Sabbath evening, a

BIBLE LESSONS FOR THE TIMES: HOW CAESAR GOT HIS FOOTHOLD: THE CHRONICLES OF AN OLD SECESSION.

CHAPTER SECOND.

The result of Rehoboam's harsh reply to the disaffected tribes, was that all hope of a peaceful adjustment vanished. The spirit of the tribe, the spirit of extreme state's rights rose to a fury which destroyed all reflection, and all solicitude about consequences. Rehoboam had looked to the interests of his tribe alone; he ignored the nation as a nation; and now the spirit he exhibits in his selfishness, the disaffected tribes develope in the form suggested by their selfishness. Then the cry of those who, though excluded from the privileges of royalty, had borne their part of the burdens of the state, and had shed their blood in its defence; of those who had maintained the throne of David against rebellion in his own family, their cry was: "What portion have we in David? neither have we inheritance in the son of Jesse: to your tents, O Israel! now see to thine own house, David."

The King of Judah, denying their right to secede, attempted to collect the revenue. For this purpose he sent Adoram, who was over the tribute. The result was, that all Israel stoned Adoram to death. Israel organized a new state, and Jeroboam reigned over them.

The first effort of Rehoboam was designed to bring back by force the seceding states to their allegiance. He gathered an army of one hundred and eighty thousand choice warriors to reduce the seceding states to submission; but to him and his people came the command of the Lord: "Ye shall not go up, nor fight against your brethren."

For three years, the King of Judah, sobered by his reverses, moved with caution, and became strong. His strength made him careless; the King of Egypt invaded his land, humbled it, and made it tributary.

The first effort of Jeroboam, who was at the head of the seceding states, was prompted by his dread that the hearts of the people would be drawn again in love to the Union. His effort was to break the mightiest bond which had united them, the bond of religion. If that had not been weakened, there is little doubt that it would have drawn the people together again. He desired a sectional religion; he rent the church. If the church had kept her unity, the state would have been brought back to its unity, perhaps never would have deserted it. He set up two idols which he declared had been the cause of Israel's prosperity; he gathered a priesthood worthy of the idols, and thus led the people from God. His priesthood was taken from the lowest of the people, from the classes of the debased and the unscrupulous.

In spite of the divine prohibition of civil war, the divided states did not long remain at peace. A war took place in which Israel lost half a million of men; their towns were seized, and so terrible a blow was given them, that they did not recover from it in Abijah's time.

And what is the history of the chosen people from that time? The ten tribes of Israel, weakened by their wars with Judah, were led into captivity, and utterly dispersed, no man knows whither. The flames consumed all their glory, and the winds scattered its very ashes.

Judah, after sufferings of every kind, fearful struggles, insnaring alliances, and unspeakable humiliations, was at length destroyed; her children were led into seventy years' captivity. They returned, but their independence was gone forever. They were ruled by the Persians, ruled by the Greeks, ruled by the Romans, but ruled by themselves no more. There was, indeed, a ray of hope, when the nation, led by the Maccabees, threw off the yoke. The Jewish race rose from the dust, but it only rose to fall more hopelessly. All historians are agreed as to the causes of their ruin. The springs of evil were their internal divisions, their sectarian animosities and the prejudice between races. Religious divisions alienated the people; the hatred of the Jews to the Samaritan and Galilean, destroyed the sense of their human brotherhood. Their spirit of disunion brought them under the Roman yoke. Herod, an Edomite, held the throne of David as a vassal of Rome. And still, though the despising of God and of his law was the cause of their misery, they persevered in their practical atheism, and inhuman spirit of hatred to each other. Their love to God grew no stronger, but their hatred to Cæsar, in the circle of their wounded passions, became more and more violent. Faithful warnings were given them by the Saviour during his earthly ministry, but they were unheeded, and the hour of their final desolation and dispersion burst upon them.

The cup of their doom became full; their city and temple were burned; millions were slaughtered; the temple of Jupiter rose where the living God had been adored; they were driven from the land, and were forbidden on pain of death even to *look* upon their ancient home. The Pagan, and the Saracen, and the Christian have held the land, but the Jew has never held it again.

Let the generations bear it on their heart forever, that the elect race were ruined by their want of love to God, and of love to each other, by the arrogance of the ruler, and the impatience of the ruled, by violent councils and violent acts. They dissolved the Union which God had meant to be perpetual: the bands of rods, which no power on earth could have broken while it was kept together by the tie with which God had united it, fell to pieces, and the parts were taken up singly, were broken, and flung with scorn, wherever the will of careless and cruel hands might please to throw them. Though the mighty life of the ancient federation still palpitates in the myriad fragments which are scattered among the nations, the bond broken, remains broken. The Jew moves among men, the miracle of history—at once revealing and hiding the profoundest mysteries of the providence of God in our world.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE LUTHERAN GENERAL SYNOD ON THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

Whereas, Our beloved country, after having long been favored with a degree of political and religious freedom, security and prosperity unexampled in the history of the world, now finds itself involved in a bloody war to suppress an armed rebellion against its lawfully constituted Government; and *whereas*, the Word of God, which is the sole rule of our faith and practice, requires loyal subjection to "the powers that be," because they are ordained of God, to be a terror to evil-doers, and a praise to those who do well, and at the same time declares that they who "resist the power" shall receive to themselves condemnation; and *whereas*, we, the representatives of the Evangelical Lutheran Synods in the United States connected with the General Synod, assembled in Lancaster, Pa., recognize it as our duty to give public expression to our convictions of truth on this subject, and in every proper way to co-operate with our fellow-citizens in sustaining the great interests of law and authority, of liberty and righteousness; be it therefore,

1. *Resolved*, That it is the deliberate judgment of this Synod that the rebellion against the constitutional Government of this land is most wicked in its inception, unjustifiable in its cause, unnatural in its character, inhuman in its prosecution, oppressive in its aims, and destructive in its results to the highest interests of morality and religion.

2. *Resolved*, That in the suppression of this rebellion, and in the maintenance of the Constitution and the Union by the sword, we recognize an unavoidable necessity and a sacred duty which the Government owes to the nation and to the world, and that, therefore, we call upon all our people to lift up holy hands in prayer to the God of battles, without personal wrath against the evil-doers on the one hand, and without doubting the righteousness of our cause on the other, that He would give wisdom to the President and his counsellors, and success to the army and navy, that our beloved land may speedily be delivered from treason and anarchy.

3. *Resolved*, That while we recognise this unhappy war as a righteous judgment of God, visited upon us because of the individual and national sins of which we have been guilty, we nevertheless regard this rebellion as more immediately the natural result of the continuance and spread of domestic slavery in our land, and, therefore, hail with unmingled joy the proposition of our Chief Magistrate, which has received the sanction of Congress, to extend aid from the General Government to any State in which slavery exists, which shall deem fit to initiate a system of constitutional emancipation.

4. *Resolved*, That we deeply sympathize with all loyal citizens and Christian patriots in the rebellious portions of our country, and we cordially invite their co-operation in offering united supplications at a Throne of Grace, that God would restore peace to our distracted country, re-establish fraternal relations between all the States, and make our land in all time to come the asylum of the oppressed, and the permanent abode of liberty and religion.

5. *Resolved*, That our devout thanks are due to Almighty God for the success which has crowned our arms, and while we praise and magnify his name for the help and succor he has graciously afforded to our land and naval forces, in enabling them to overcome our enemies, we regard these tokens of his divine favor as cheering indications of the final triumph of our cause.

A committee of five, consisting of Rev. Prof. Sternberg, Rev. Dr. Pohlman, Rev. Dr. G. A. Lintner, J. J. Cochran, and H. H. Van Dyke, was appointed to proceed to Washington, and present the same to President Lincoln with assurances of the heartfelt sympathy of the body in his arduous and responsible office.

SKETCHES FROM WASHINGTON.

Surely "the LORD is on our side." Surely the rebellion will be suppressed. And—never, never, never, can its lessons be forgotten. The sin of man, in whole, is a lesson for the universe, to all eternity; and the wickedness of this rebellion is a lesson for this world, to the end of the world. May the hurt of the serpent never be healed!

Yorktown evacuated, Williamsburg taken, the rebels still retreating, Richmond looming up in sight of three Union armies at the same moment! And then, in the Southwest, Corinth evacuated, and,—what next we must wait to see.

O that the eyes of our Southern brethren might be opened! Notwithstanding all their delusions, and prejudices, and hatreds, and barbarities, I can still honestly style them brethren, and wish nothing so much as their redemption. If ever, since the crucifixion of our LORD, there existed an insurrectionary people, of whom it might be said, "They know not what they do," certainly the people of our Southern States are they. Such deception as has been practised upon them the world never saw. It has taken thirty years to make the complex falsehood generally acceptable among them; but now it seems to be so, and, therefore, they fight to the death to throw off the best Government on which the sun ever shone, and to rivet upon themselves the chains of hopeless thraldom.

Yesterday CAPT. WORDEN, of the MONITOR, was in the Hall of Representatives, and received no little attention. I was happy to learn from him that he expects full renewal of his sight. He wears a shade over his eyes at present; has a modest face, bronzed by sun, sea, and air; looks comparatively healthy, firm, and vigorous; and may be blessed in the course of Providence, with the opportunities of readering his country good service.

Sabbath-worship, in the Capitol, is still sustained by large congregations; and, what is of far more importance, by manifest influences of the Holy Spirit, tending to the salvation of the people. Should not this interest be remembered in the prayers of Christians throughout the land? Here are gathered natives and foreigners representing, it may be, not only the States and Territories of our own Continent, but also, on some occasions, the general range of Christendom. The seed of the Gospel, distributed from this point, may be carried much farther than the seeds distributed by our Agricultural Bureau; receive planting in myriads of human hearts, instead of in different kinds of soil; and bring forth, not fruits, flowers, and vegetables, destined, however rare and valuable, to a short and merely earthly life, but the precious products of saving grace, born on earth to bloom in heaven, forever and ever.

I cannot but admire the course of our PRESIDENT. I see nothing of him, and hear very little. I have never gone alone, with friends, nor with the crowd to visit him; have asked no favor of him, received none, desired none; am no party politician, have no party interest or care, wish only the greatest good of our beloved land and nation. But, just for these reasons, that he keeps himself so quiet, simple, and humble; and devotes himself, as we all have evidence, so purely, so wisely, so patiently, so hopefully, so perseveringly, and so successfully to his high and holy mission, as our Chief Patriot Champion, in this Great Crisis of Republicanism, do I admire him. It is a great blessing that we have a President in whom we can confide as true and incorruptible. The LORD be his guardian and guide!

Religious Intelligence.

Congregational.—From a letter to the *Banner of the Covenant*, we learn that New York City has in it but four Congregational churches; one of them is Welsh, and one colored. Dr. J. P. Thompson is pastor of the third, and the notorious Dr. Cheever the fourth. His course at present, we are told, is to preach the Gospel in the morning of Sabbath, and Abolition at night.

The Congregational churches in the United States and the British Provinces are 2,672 in number, and ministers, 2,531; members, 247,634; Sabbath Scholars, 206,441.

They publish about ten weekly religious newspapers, and three quarterly reviews.

They have six Theological Seminaries, a Sabbath School Society, and a Board of Publications. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, which is principally Congregational, has more than one hundred and fifty missionaries preaching Christ among the heathen.

The Southern Lutheran.—The March number of the *Southern Lutheran* has a look out article for an editor. They do not want a Northern man with Southern principles, but a *bona fide* Southern man, one who will go into all the measures of their Southern schemes and rebellion.

The Methodist Church in Pennsylvania has a membership of one hundred and five thousand—a gain of sixteen thousand in four years, and church property to the amount of two and a half million of dollars.

It is computed that there are forty-six thousand Methodists at least in the State of New Jersey—over twelve (12) per cent. of the entire adult population.

Reformed Dutch.—On Sabbath, 6th ult., seventy-five persons united with the North Church, Brooklyn, sixty-seven of them on confession. The pastor, Dr. Eimendorf, stated, at the service, that this, he had cause to hope, was but a part of the sheaves which in this blessed harvest were to be gathered. Several besides were rejoicing in Christ, who, for various reasons, had not, at this time, professed his name. And many anxious souls were still in attendance on the inquiry meetings, each one of the latter bringing to light some new proofs of the Spirit's presence in his convincing and converting grace. The work has only been in progress some seven or eight weeks. One hundred and five members have been admitted during the year, and the report to Classis this Spring shows four hundred and fifteen in communion. This church had its beginning with it present pastor in 1851.

Newberry College, S. C.—Rev. T. S. Bonnet is agent for this College. He reports the institution as having a goodly number of students, but in financial difficulties, and appeals to the Church to come up promptly to their help.

Domestic Items.

Capture of New Orleans.—The mystery surrounding the capture of New Orleans has been dispelled by the arrival of the Columbia from Havana. A terrific and almost unparalleled engagement, lasting six days, had taken place between our flotilla and the rebel forts and vessels, and had wrested an unconditional surrender from the panic-stricken enemy. The victory was not, as at first supposed, a bloodless one, our total loss being 114. The entire loss of the rebels is not known, but four hundred of them are reported captured. Eleven of the rebel gunboats had been destroyed. But two of our gunboats were sunk; the Mariad. Carlton, which was sunk by the guns of the fort, was a schooner of 178 tons. The Union gunboats Varuna had an engagement with the rebel steamer Webster, in which, after a desperate struggle, the two vessels sunk each other, going down together. The Varuna was a new vessel, mounting twelve 32-pounders, and two rifled pivot guns. She was built at the Westervelt yard, N. Y. city, and was commanded by Commander J. L. Boggs, a native of New Jersey, and formerly in command of the mail steamship Illinois. The crew of the Varuna consisted of 148 men. In response to a flag of truce, asking what terms would be demanded, Commodore Porter had informed the rebels that the surrender must be unconditional.

Battle of Williamsburg.—As we receive further accounts of the battle at Williamsburg, we become more impressed with its extent and desperate character, and of the glorious victory won by our troops. Being, as it was, the first battle on the peninsula—for the preceding encounters between the Union and rebel forces rose only to the dignity of skirmishes—it shows the kind of soldiers General McClellan's army is composed of, and to what a degree of drill and discipline they have attained. The battle commenced at an early hour on Monday morning, and was most fiercely contested until afternoon, the rebels being intrenched behind massive earthworks. At three o'clock General McClellan arrived upon the field with fresh troops, thus relieving General Hooker's division, which had borne the brunt of the battle with considerable loss, and driving the rebels from their position. The loss of the enemy was very great, seven hundred of their dead, and many wounded having been left on the field. Our loss is placed at seven hundred wounded, and three hundred killed.

Character of the War in Virginia.—The military operations now being conducted in Virginia are of the most thrilling and wonderful character. The war for the Union increases in interest each day, and as the climax of a complete triumph of its defenders is approached, the ease of the contending armies, the magnitude of their operations, their activity, and the splendor of the achievements of the Union troops, are all enhanced. Whole volumes would not minutely record the events of the last week, and one of the grandest themes of the future historians of our country will be the evacuation of Yorktown, the battles of Williamsburg and West Point, the hot pursuit of the Secessionists by Gen. McClellan's victorious army, the terrific attack made on Sewall's Point by our fleet, under the eye of the President, the capture of Norfolk, and the grand denouement of the destruction of the Merrimac.

Gen McClellan's Advance.—General McClellan's army continues its victorious advance, and at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon the van was within twenty-two miles of the rebel capital.

Glorious News.—Norfolk Surrendered to the United States Troops.—Portsmouth and the Navy Yard Repossessed.—The Merrimac Blown up and Burned.—WASHINGTON, May 11th, 1862.—The following was received at the War Department this morning.

Fortress Monroe, May 10, 12 o'clock at night.—Norfolk is ours, and also Portsmouth and the navy yard.

General Wool, having completed the landing of his forces at Willoughby Point, about 9 o'clock this morning, commenced his march on Norfolk with 5,000 men.

Secretary Chase accompanied the General.

About 3 miles from the landing place, a rebel battery was found on the opposite side of the bridge, over Tanner's creek. After a few discharges of companies of infantry, the rebels burned the bridge. This compelled our forces to march around five miles further. At five o'clock in the afternoon our forces were within a short distance of Norfolk, and were met by a delegation of citizens and the city formally surrendered. Our troops marched in and we now have possession.

General Viele is in command as military governor. The city and navy yard were not burnt. The fires which have been seen for some hours proved to be the woods on fire.

General Wool, with Secretary Chase, returned about 11 o'clock to-night.

General Huger withdrew his forces without a battle.

Com. Rogers' expedition was heard from this afternoon ascending the James river.

The reports from Gen. McClellan are favorable.

EDWIN M. STANTON.

The following has just been received:

Fortress Monroe, May 11.—*To the Hon. P. H. Watson, Assistant Secretary of War.* The Merrimac was blown up by the rebels at two minutes before five o'clock this morning. She was on fire to about three o'clock. The explosion took place at the time stated. It is said to have been a grand sight by those who saw it.

The Monitor, Stevens, and the gunboats have gone up towards Norfolk.

E. S. SANFORD, Military Supervisor.

Commodore Porter off Mobile!—The Petersburg (Va.) *Express*, of the 9th instant, publishes the following important despatch:

"Mobile, May 8th.—The advance of Commodore Porter's fleet, consisting of seven vessels, are off Fort Morgan. Ten more are off Horn Island, moving eastward."

A Diamond Wedding.—The Amherst, Mass., Express contains an account of a rare celebration on the 17th inst., the 75th anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Asa Raymond, of Shutesbury, near Amherst. Mr. Raymond is now in his 95th year, and Mrs. Raymond in her 94th. A large party of children and grand children assembled on the anniversary at the house of the aged couple, bearing presents, flowers, bridal wreaths, China service, silver and gold goblets, diamond jewels, &c. Such an occasion is worthy of a special record.

The New York Legislature has passed a very stringent law to prevent farm stock from running on the highways. It provides a scale of fines and fees for which the trespassing animal may be seized and sold, and which the owner must pay to redeem it.

In a Divorce Suit, at New York, brought by Mary Ann Singer against Isaac M. Singer, the noted sewing machine needle patentee, the court ordered her an allowance of $4,000 per annum alimony, and her counsel a fee of $750. It was given in evidence that Singer's income was $200,000 a year.

Gen. Scott recently gave the following reminiscence of his earlier life:

"When I resided in Richmond, Va., the Rev. Dr. Buchanan of that city, of the Episcopal Church, and the Rev. Dr. Blair, Presbyterian, were accustomed to associate on terms of the utmost intimacy and harmony. They were always together when their duties permitted. Dr. Buchanan was unmarried, and possessed a large estate, while his friend, Dr. Blair, with a family, was of limited means. Dr. Buchanan used to give all his wedding-fees to Dr Blair; and having during his lifetime lent him several thousand dollars in the days of his necessity, cancelled all these obligations in his last will and testament."

Congress Stampeded.—For fear of accidents on the railroad, the stampeded Congress left yesterday in a number of the strongest and newest canal boats. These boats are drawn by mules of approved sweetness of temper. To protect the stampeders from the snakes and bull frogs that abound along the line of the canal, Gen. Winder has detailed a regiment of ladies to march in advance of the mules and clear the tow-path of the pirates. The regiment is armed with pop-guns of the longest range. Two fifers will accompany the stampeders to a secluded cave in the mountains of Hopedam, and leave them there in charge of the children of the vicinage, until McClellan thinks proper to let them come forth. The ladies return in the defence of their country.—*Richmond Whig, April 22.*

The Richmond Examiner, of the 22d, says, in effect:—"The destiny of the Confederacy is trembling on the result at Yorktown. If we are successful, it will give us six months for carrying out the conscription act, arming and equipping a large army, and in building a fleet of Merrimacs; but, if unsuccessful, Virginia is lost.

Fighting Clergymen.—The *Southwestern Baptist*, published at Tuskegee, Ala., says:—We suppose, from the best information we have, that at least one-half of our active pastors are now in the army."

Interesting Document.—The Boston Atheneum has come into possession of the original parchment of one of those seven or eight sub-covenants that were concentrated with the well-known Solemn League and Covenant, signed at Edinburgh in 1643. The parchment is dim with age, written in the ordinary engrossing text, and was the one signed at Glasgow, 1638, and bears the bold signature of Montrose, and some two hundred and fifty others, noblemen and commoners. It has been carefully and handsomely mounted, and forms now an interesting addition to the library catalogue.

Personal.

Thurlow Weed is still in Paris, but leaves in a few days for Holland, thence leaving for England and the United States.

The famous Arctic voyager, **Admiral Sir J. C. Ross**, is dead, in his 62d year.

Rev. Henry Grattan Guinness, the young Irish preacher, has gone on a tour to the Holy Land, his health having failed from incessant pulpit ministrations.

A son of **Sam. Houston**, of Texas, was wounded at the Pittsburg battle, and is now a prisoner at St. Louis. Pierre Soule's son is also a prisoner.

Rev. J Wheeler, D. D., President of the University of Vermont, died at Burlington on the 16th ult., aged sixty-four years. Deceased was highly esteemed, and ranked among the foremost men in the State.

Rev. Dr Wentworth.—The doctor arrived in the Samuel Russell on the 3d inst., accompanied by Mrs. Wentworth, whose health required, as her physicians advised, that she quit China at once.

Mr. Slidell is closeted nearly every day with some of the firm of Rothschild, at their banking-house, in the Rue Lafitte, Paris, and is endeavoring to negotiate a loan on behalf of the Confederate States. He is likewise said to be worth three hundred thousand dollars, which he invested, before he "left his country for his country's good," in English and French securities, thus showing that he never intends to return to the "green land he left behind."

Rev. Dr. Bangs, of New York, died May 3d. He was 85 years old, had been 61 years in the ministry of the Methodist Church, and a resident of New York city for 50 years.

Commodore Foote is more seriously ill than has been represented. The wound in his leg, owing to neglect and excessive labors, is much inflamed, and threatens his side. Now, not only his limb, but his life also is in danger.

The Hon. C. C. Cambreling, for eighteen years a member of Congress from this city, and Minister to Russia during the Presidency of Mr. Van Buren, died on April 30th, at West Neck, L. I., aged 70.

PERRY & FITZGERALD'S

PROCESS FOR MAKING LIGHT, NUTRITIOUS, AND UNADULTERATED BREAD, WITHOUT FERMENTATION.

The new process of bread-making, patented by Perry & Fitzgerald, rests on all the principles which have hitherto rendered it impossible to manufacture perfectly pure, sweet and nutritious bread. The entire process is performed by mechanical means, and is eminently cleanly.

The process considers in mixing the flour in a closed vessel, and the application of pure carbonic acid, under pressure, by which the dough came to be thoroughly light, and ready to be thrust into pans, for baking, in the brief space of fifteen or twenty minutes. The "sponge" is usually 30 pounds, and such marking comprises the operation, in all its details, from the putting in of the flour to the discharging of the dough, in from twenty five to forty minutes.

The Invention of Perry & Fitzgerald affects a revolution in the preparation of bread, by establishing a system of wholesome manufacture not subject to the vicissitudes and evils of fermentation, but exact and certain in its results.—A. Sherman, by the substitution of mechanical for manual labor, and to the superior value of the article produced, it promises large profits upon the capital employed. A thousand such establishments, as well as the present one, could be supplied by the patent, giving adequate security against competition. But whilst preventing undue competition it produces none of the evils of a monopoly, because it leaves the consumer at all times in possession of his former means of supply, to be resorted to, should the monopolist become prejudicial.

The application of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure, to a mechanically kneaded dough-mass, as in the invention of Perry & Fitzgerald, did not occur to Dr Dye, though he seems to have had a clear foreshadowing of the true nature of the artificial aid to the gas, from the states, hypothetically, that "If water, highly impregnated with carbonic acid gas, be used for kneading the dough-mass, the resulting bread will become surprisingly tender, light, and nutritious."—So produced in this way, then, as the sugar would remain undecomposed, the bread would be no more than the genuine article.

What, indeed, is the vast scientific and clearly comprehended chemical truth, but has been practically developed by the brilliant invention of Perry & Fitzgerald. Posterity will hold their names in grateful remembrance, as one of the most eminent benefactors to mankind.

ITS SUPERIORITY.—The superiority of unfermented bread to by no means new. Dr Cullen, who wrote more than seventy years ago, said:—

"In Scotland nine tenths of the lower class of people, and the is the greater part of the whole, live upon unfermented bread, a unfermented bread is in fact more wholesome, and there are not a healthy people anywhere to be found. In the course of fifty years, that I have practised among them, I have had occasion to know this, and have hardly met with a disease, of any consequence, that I could impute to the use of unfermented farinaceous."

At a later period, Professor Thompson, of Glasgow, in his work on the "Food of Animals," after alluding to the fact referred to above by Dr Cullen, and other kindred facts, observes:—

"Such, then, being sufficient evidence in fav r of the wholesomeness of unfermented bread, it becomes important to the inquirer in respect it differs from fermented bread. The result arrived by this process seems to be, that we are enabled to use the whole grain, and the particles of which the flour is composed are thus rendered the more easily divisible by the proper ory organs of digestion. But, on this object is gained at a sacrifice of the nutritive matter of the grain, it becomes a matter of interest to ascertain the amount of the loss sustained in the process."

The result of Professor Thompson's experiments showed a difference in favor of unfermented bread of nearly seven per cent. over that made by the ordinary process. In other words, there was a loss of over one sixteenth of the nutritive properties of the flour, which, by the process of fermentation, was lost in the air and bad.

We see in this a very particular evidence in favor of the superiority of the Bread made without fermentation, as the use of chemical agents, over the Bread made by these processes. Although, from the data we have been added, this superiority appears in small yield contrast, yet the public will be better satisfied to have the points stated specifically, for it only needs that the advantages secured by this method be clearly understood in order to its universal introduction in the manufacture of Bread.

I. ITS CLEANLINESS.—Instead of the dough being mixed by the naked hands or feet (the bread, from the melting of the flour to the completion of the baking, is not, and scarcely can be, touched by any one. "One deliberation attained in its manufacture," says Dr Wilson Parker, "is its entire cleanliness." Says Dr Waverley: "The process is not only purely scientific, but pre-eminently cleanly."

II. ITS PRESERVATION OF ALL THE NUTRITIOUS PROPERTIES OF THE FLOUR.—As the raising of the dough is by the mechanical introduction of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure, in a closed vessel or receiver, it takes a perfect equivalent or no any texture. All the constituents of the flour remain wholly unchanged, while the process of raising bread by fermentation inevitably sacrifices some of them, as has been already shown.

III. ITS UNIFORM CHARACTER.—Bread made by the New Process is uniformly light, sweet, and nutritious. The conditions being simple, and not liable to variation, no failure can occur in always producing bread of the same quality. It retains its moisture much longer than fermented bread, and may be eaten warm with impunity. The process also insures a perfect freedom from all acidity, even in the hottest weather. Says the Leader, Pennsylvania:—"The objectionable consequences of fermentation being avoided, the constituents of the flour are left both unchanged and uncontaminated, the resulting loaf being also wholesome."

IV. ITS WHOLESOMENESS.—Being free from the deleterious substances which are the product of fermentation or chemical operations, by the old modes, the bread made by the New Process is easy of digestion, and agrees with the most delicate stomach. "No dyspepsia," says Dr Cox, late of the N. Y. Medical College, "will be invariable as they will be able to use it when the fermented manufactured bread has been found to have speedily failed as an article of diet." Says the Leader, in *Medical Times and Gazette*:—"Since the late decision of the new unleavened bread, there have already been received from members of the medical profession, who have recommended it in their practice as well as from many personal sources, accounts of the really astonishing results that have followed its use in cases of deranged digestion and confirmed debility. Many persons have regained their recovery to health after years of suffering and misery, by the simple use of the bread as a diet. Many cases have also been reported by medical men of positive, in which certain distressing forms of dyspepsia, which had remained irremovable under every kind of treatment, have yielded to it by magic, almost immediately after adopting the use of the unfermented bread."

The beneficial effects of the new bread are attributable to two causes. The one to the absence of the prejudicial matters imparted to ordinary bread by the process of fermentation, and the other to the presence in the bread, unchanged, of those elements which are the essential agents of digestion, as I mentioned."

The most eminent members of the medical profession, both in Great Britain and in the United States, not only speak in the highest terms of the one end which it is designed, and so far as, nourishing qualities, but especially of its peculiar palatableness and wonderful laughing properties. The absence of acidity and other strong flavors, which, in a greater or less degree, are obnoxious properties of fermented bread, renders the new bread particularly delicate to the taste.

V. ITS ECONOMY AND ECONOMY.—By the use of mechanical means instead of manual labor, a barrel of flour is converted into baked loaves in forty-five minutes. Whereas, by the ordinary process, four or five hours are occupied in the operation of the "sponge," and a further time in kneading, raising, and baking the dough.

"The steadiness of the consumption of bread," says a correspondent of the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, "renders it an article peculiarly suitable to be prepared and supplied by a public company. And since the new process removes all the objections of manufacture, and the expense of the machinery gives a comparative monopoly, the supply of bread is placed at once in the same category with gas, water, or other articles of prime necessity."

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Advertisements.

THE UNITED Brethren and Sisters of Rev. Willm Nanzoy Society, are requested to attend their regular stated meeting, the 19th of this month, at 9 o'clock, P. M., on the corner of Quince and Locust Streets. Punctual attendance is strictly requested, by order of the President.
ALSOP BELL, *President.*
E. MATHENY, *Secretary.*

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 10th, 1862. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

From Garnet Union No. 4, D. of T.: from Phœnix Union, No. 8, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 16, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Dr Bias' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 19, D. of T.; from Vanlearsdale Union, No. 15, D. of T., of Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—

Grand P., Sister Bennet; *Grand Associate*, Sister Burris; *Grand Treasurer*, Sister Fawcett; *Grand Conductress*, C. Thompson; *Grand Sentinel*, A. E. Dukbart; *Grand Chaplain*, Sister Hall.

G. P. P., Sister E. Roberts, G. P. P. Sister Anthony,
" " E. Bowles, " " J. J. Bias,
" " M. H. Bonny, " " E. A. Clark,
" " S. Newman, " " S. White,
" " S. Davis, " " S. Hall.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY

THE STATED QUARTERLY MEETINGS of the Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August, and November.

The meetings of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the society.

Mrs. SARAH CARTER,
President.
Mr. L. R. SAYBOLD, Sec'y.

MRS. JOHNSON AND MRS WARE

Beg leave to inform the Public in general that they continue

LAYING OUT AND SHROUDING THE DEAD.

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James Le Count, No. 820 Rodman Street.
Thomas W Allmond, No 1037 Rodman Street.

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N. B.—Mantuamakers are invited to examine my assortment of Dress trimmings of the latest styles: all will be sold cheap for cash at the Old Establishment,
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Sets of six Forks,	(plated on German Silver.

OLD AS THE PATRIARCHS

[illegible] declare with all the laws of hu[illegible] told, *cannot ever* have lived more than 150, or, at the most, 200 years; and a document which assigns them lives of 300, 600, 800, and even 900 years, *must* be unhistorical, and is either, in respect of its numbers, worthless, or to be ex[illegible] another of the "infallible sciences," which are [illegible] guidance at the present day, but for our intellectual belief as to the occurrences of all past ages. In truth, however, the science of physiology has not spoken on the point before us. Its problem has been, not what length of time it is possible for man ever to have lived, but how long it is possible for him now to live under the present circumstances of the earth, and in the present [illegible] this question it can only answer empirically. It finds the body to be a machine which wears out by use; but it fails to discover any definite rate at which the process of wearing out must proceed. In this difficulty, comparative physiology does not help it, for the law of longevity in the brute creation is capricious in the extreme. All the proposed standards of measurement—the period of gestation, the time occupied in growth, the size of the full grown body—when applied to species severally, fail in certain instances. Physiology then can only say: These human bodies are mortal; death is inevitable; and, so far as modern testimony goes, men do not seem now able to resist the tendency to decay beyond the term of 150, or at the utmost, 200 years. But the possible duration of life, when the species was but recently created, and had its vigor unimpaired by the taint of hereditary disease, is beyond the cognizance of physiological science, which, by the mouth of its most celebrated professors, declines to pronounce a positive judgment. The great Haller, when led to speak on the subject, declared the problem one which could not be solved, on account of the absence of sufficient data, while Buffon accepted the Scriptural account, and thought he could see physical reasons why life should in the early ages have been so greatly extended.

THE TWO DOCTORS OF MEDICINE.

It is a favorite doctrine with some philosophers that every poison in nature has its antidote, and every disease its specific medicine. A similar system of checks and balances is observable in the providential government of God, and social vices, and moral and religious heresies rarely fail to be followed by spiritual agencies of renovating power. If a great genius devotes himself to the defence of error, another genius will soon appear in the support of truth. If wit is prostituted to ridicule religion, it stimulates equal wit to adorn and commend it.

We have found an incidental illustration of this theory, in the pleasure with which we have read *Spare Hours*, by John Brown, M. D., of Edinburgh, Scotland. In many particulars he reminds one of O. W. Holmes, M D., of our own city. Like him, he is the son of a clergyman, beloved for his virtues, and honored for his talents and industry. Like him, he is a special favorite in a large literary circle, and the generous culture and genial companionship of Edinburgh find their counterpart in the Athens of New England. Like him, too, he is gifted with a sportive humor, a ready wit, and a style of rare grace and fascination.

But here the resemblance ceases, and the religious character and influence come in open contrast. Dr. Holmes has no faith in the inspiration of the Bible. Dr. Brown is a devout believer. Dr. Holmes has little reverence in his nature, while Dr. Brown is filled with awe by the presence of the invisible, and the consciousness of inscrutable mystery everywhere. Dr. Holmes loves to use his sharpest wit in assailing evangelical religion. Dr. Brown brings an inexhaustible degree of humor to the illustration and adornment of true piety, and reserves his sarcasms for vice and irreligion.

It may be hoped that many lovers of light literature will find in the Edinburgh physician, an antidote for the skepticism of the Boston doctor. He has, perhaps, less of sparkling wit, but a richer vein of humour, less of self-consciousness, a tenderer sympathy, and a larger charity than his trans-Atlantic brother. He may not dazzle so much at a first perusal, but will give a higher satisfaction, and make a deeper impression at a second. When many have been ready to bow at that genius, and culture, and wit monopolized by the so-called "liberal school," it is pleasant to find all these enlisted in defence of the sturdy Scotch Presbyterianism so often ridiculed. Our readers who have been repelled from Dr. Holmes by his skepticism, will find amusement and quickening in the pages of Dr. Brown.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

SINGING FISH

M De Thoron has addressed a curious communication to the Paris Academy of Sciences, on the subject of certain singing fish that inhabit the seas, as well as the rivers of South America. He specially mentions the bay of Pallon, situated north of the province of Esmeraldas, in the Republic of Ecuador, where, being in a boat, he was suddenly startled by a deep humming noise, which he at first attributed to some large insect, but which, upon inquiry, turned out to be a kind of fish called musicus by the people of the country. On proceeding further, the sounds became so strong as to remind him of the strains of a church organ. These fish live both in salt and in fresh water, since they are also met with in the river Metaje. They are not more than ten inches long, their color is white, sprinkled with blue spots, and they will continue their music for hours, without minding any interruption.

STEEL PENS

The process of making steel pens is said to be as follows:—1. The steel is rolled into sheets of the thickness of a pen. 2. These sheets are cut into slips three feet long and four inches broad. 3. The slips are annealed, that is, softened by heating them very hot, and letting them get cool very slowly. 4. They are cleaned, and rolled smooth again. 5. The strips, by means of a stamping machine, are cut into pieces large enough for pens. 6. The hole which terminates the slit is pierced. 7. The pen is shaped so far as to cut away the superfluous metal. 8. The maker's name is stamped on each pen. 9. The pen is bent into its final form, which is done by stamping. 10. The pens are heated red-hot, and suddenly cooled in oil, which restores them to the hardness of steel. 11. They are cleaned of the oil. 12. They are polished in a revolving barrel containing fine sand. 13. The nib is ground. 14. The slit is made by stamping. 15. They are colored brown or blue by subjecting them to fumes of charcoal. 16. They are glossed by immersing them in a solution of lac and naphtha. 17. They are counted and put [illegible] with such rapidity, and on so large a scale, that tolerable steel pens can be bought in Sheffield, by wholesale, as cheap as fourpence for 144 pens, or nine for a farthing.

THE DUKE AND THE TOAD

The following anecdote, which we take, from an English paper, contains a deep lesson:—

The great Duke of Wellington had noticed for several mornings, while standing at a window overlooking the park, a lad eight years old, or thereabouts, stooping down at the butt of an elm tree, and apparently feeding some creature who lived in it. So wondering what the boy could be doing, one morning the Duke went out to see.

"What have you there, my lad?" he said.

"My toad," the boy said. "I come every morning to give him some breakfast."

"Indeed," said the Duke, "that is an odd fancy; boys do not often make pets of toads."

"O! I have done so," replied the lad, not knowing whom he was talking to, "all my holidays. But I am going to school to-morrow, and I shall not be able to feed the poor little fellow any more.

[illegible] will call Arthur Vyse, and, stooping down, the Duke saw the bright eyes of the toad glittering out of the darkness of a hole from which a knurr had fallen.

"Well," said the Duke, "tell me who you are, and where you are going; I will see that your toad is fed. I live near to here, and I can send him food now and then."

"Oh, thank you!" said the boy, with beaming eyes; and so they parted. About a month afterwards a letter came to the school for Arthur with these words in it—

"Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, thinks [illegible] toad is in good health. It has been regularly fed [illegible] when Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington fed [illegible]

RUSSELL AND MACAULAY

We find in the London *Saturday Review* a [illegible] damaging [illegible] Macaulay and [illegible] respectively.

"A page of Macaulay is something physically different to look at from a page of a real writer. There are no small capitals, no italics, no inverted commas, except, of course, when the narrative happens to record a dialogue. A foreign word, a fragment of a foreign sentence, is a thing utterly unknown. Compare such a page of pure English with a page of one of our modern smart writers. Here is a [illegible] in inverted commas, a tag from Shakspeare or a tag from Horace; here is a word or two of Latin; here is a word or two of French. These last are generally mere excuses of idleness. It is partly because the writer thinks that Latin and French scraps show off his scholarship, but it is still more, because it is often easier to use them in this way than to translate them into pure English. The writings of the great Special Correspondent exhibit the lowest depth which language can reach in this way. It is hard to find two sentences together which are wholly Mr Russell's own making. Here is a bit of a Latin poet, there is a bit of an English one; here an easy bit of French, there an easy bit of Spanish. After this kind of rubbish, the mere physical look of a page of Macaulay is a hardly less relief to the eye than its contents are a consolation to the understanding."

EARLY PLOWING.

Farmers should be cautious as to plowing their lands too early in the spring, before they become sufficiently dry. Many a field has been sadly injured for the season in this way, and no after treatment will atone for it. In harrowing, small lumps will be the result, rather than fine pulverization. A good rule to be observed is, not to plow when the soil slips off the mould of the plow smoothly, and fails to fall down and crumble. Soils of a clayey nature, of course, are most liable to be thus injured; those with a large proportion of sand always being in a more light and friable state.

The same remarks will apply to the use of the roller, great caution being necessary in the use of this valuable implement on soils not decidedly light. The writer, a few years since, sadly injured a field of clay loam by rolling, so as to nearly lose the season's crop. Indeed, the roller is especially adapted to light soils and lawns, and should rarely be allowed elsewhere.

A QUEER INSECT

Tennent's Natural History of Ceylon gives an account of the Rotifer, a singular creature, which, though it can only truly live in water, inhabits the moss on housetops, dying each time the sun dries up its place of retreat, to revive as often as a shower of rain supplies it with the moisture essential to its existence—thus employing several years to exhaust the eighteen days of life which nature has allotted to it. One savant kept some dead rotifers for twenty-seven years, without moistening in any way the substance in which they lay, and at the end of that time they recovered, upon being immersed in a little water. This must surely have been more satisfactory to them than if they had lived their little span of life all at once.

CHINESE WISE WORDS

The Chinese are very fond of reading. Scraps from authors are put up everywhere, upon public and private buildings, upon shops and temples. Enter the poorest house in the most miserable village, and though you will find a want of the commonest necessaries of life, you will be sure to see some beautiful maxims written upon scrolls of red paper. China might, in a sense, be called an enormous library. These maxims are often finely worded, and full of sense. Here is a specimen:

"One day is worth three, to him who does everything in time."

"Great minds have purposes; others have only wishes."

"Who is the greatest liar? He who talks most of himself."

"We can do without the world, but we need a friend."

"My books speak to my mind, my friend to my heart, heaven to my soul, and all the rest to my ears."

It is this taste for reading which we hope much from, as a means of Christianizing China, when the Bible, and Christian books and tracts, shall freely and generally circulate throughout her vast empire.—*Church of England Sabbath School Magazine.*

ODDS AND ENDS

Prentice says there is no braver soul on earth than the soul of our Foote.

Prentice asks why is Gen. Floyd like one of the loyal generals upon the Potomac? Because he is a General Hooker.

Prof. F. D Sanborn, formerly of Dartmouth College, writes from St. Louis that Flag Officer Foote prays as though God did everything and fights as though man did everything.

A Nashville paper says that "a few steel cannon are wanted at Bowling Green." We guess that Floyd, if a little inducement were offered him, could steal the iron ones!

The great Eastern, the grand Mogul of sailing craft, is to be converted into a bath-house or floating hospital. It has died of plethora, or what Carlyle styles a kind of "too-muchness."

Beauregard's victory at Pittsburg Landing is very much like that described by John Phœnix. He says: "I held the enemy down by my nose, which I inserted between his teeth for that purpose."

A bar of iron worth $5 may be manufactured into horse shoes worth $10,50; into nails worth $55; into pen-knife blades worth $3,285; into shirt buttons worth $29,180; and into balance springs of watches worth $250,000.

"Do you think," asked Mrs. Pepper, rather sharply, "that a little temper is a bad thing for a woman?" "Certainly not, ma'am," replied the gallant philosopher; "it is a good thing, and she ought never to lose it."

Among the excuses offered for exemption in the drafting in Georgia, some are extremely ludicrous. In Smyth county, one man, in enrolling himself, wrote opposite his name, "one leg two short." The next man that came in, noticing the excuse, and deeming it pretty good, thought he would make his better, and wrote opposite his name, "[illegible]"

Muggins was passing up street, one day, with a friend, when he observed a poor dog, that had been killed, lying in the gutter. Muggins paused, and said, "There is another shipwreck." "Shipwreck! where?" "There's a bark that's lost forever." His companion growled, and passed on.

It is easy enough to make sacrifices for those we love; but for our enemy, we have to struggle, [illegible]

Isaac Mason.—All that we read is not gospel. Buffon, Goldsmith and others tell us that flying insects like mosquitoes, locusts, and so on, make the humming noise they do by beating the air with their wings. It's all a mistake. They sing just like ourselves, only their vocal organs are deposited not in their throats, but along the sides of their bodies. They use (so the microscope assures us) a wind pipe, the outlet of which is furnished with a vibrating valve like that employed on the accordeon: but then a man has only one of these arrangements, while most insects have at least a dozen, and through each of the dozen as they fly, the air is made to rush with prodigious effect, and some degree of melody.

Family Circle.

MY BIRD

Ere last year's moon had left the sky
A birdling sought my Indian nest,
And bolded, oh so lovingly!
Her tiny wings upon my breast.

From morn till evening's purple tinge,
In winsome boldness was she hers;
Two rose-leaves with a silken fringe,
Shut softly on her starry eyes.

There's not in Ind a lovelier bird;
Broad earth owns not a happier nest;
[illegible]
Whose waters never more shall rest!

This beautiful mysterious thing,
[illegible]
This bird with an immortal wing,
To me—to me, Thy hand has given.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
The blood its crimson hue, from mine—
This life which I have dared invoke.
Thenceforth to parallel with Thine.

A silent awe is in my room—
I tremble with delicious fear;
The future with its light and gloom
Time and eternity, are here.

[illegible]
Heart, [illegible] prayer
Room for my bird in Paradise,
And give her angel plumage there!

KITTY AND "PLEASE"

Kitty had of late got a bad tone to her voice. It was a tone of command, very unbecoming a little girl. Instead of saying, "Will you be kind [illegible] or "Will you?" in a gentle tone, she said, "*Do* this," or "*Do* that," like a little tyrant. Her mother, as you may well think, was very sorry, and talked with her little girl about this new fault.

One day her shoe came off while she was playing. When it was near dinner-time, she called Bridget to put it on.

"Bridget," she said, "I want my shoe on. Put it on quick, for my pa will come soon."

Bridget was doing something in the closet, and did not immediately come out.

"Bridget," she called again, "don't you hear me? Come, and put my shoe on."

Her mother was in the next room, and overhearing her little daughter, said,

"Say please," Kitty, and Bridget shall put your shoe on."

Kitty pouted, but did not speak. She took her shoe, sat down on the floor, and tried to put it on, herself, which was all very well, had she not done it angrily, for children ought always to help themselves. Kitty tugged and tugged at her shoe; but her little fat foot having grown fatter since the shoe was bought, it fitted in hard, in fact Kitty could not get the shoe on.

Soon she heard her papa's step in the entry, and began to cry.

"Bridget will help you, Kitty," said her mother, looking into the chamber; "ask her, my child."

But Kitty *looked* "No I sha'n't," though she did not say so in so many words. The dinner-bell rang.

"You can stay here, Kitty, until you can ask Bridget properly to put on your shoe;" and her mother went down stairs.

Kitty turned very red, and burst out into a hard, angry fit of crying. Then she got up, ran into a little dressing room, and shut the door. O, naughty, foolish Kitty. How much trouble she was making herself, and how grieved her parents were to see no dear little Kitty in her own high chair at the table, and for such a reason [illegible]

By and by her papa came up stairs, and not finding her in her mother's room, went to the little room.

"Where, is my Kitty?" he asked, in a sad, sorry tone.

The little girl jumped up from the corner, and going towards him, said,

"O papa, 'please' wouldn't come out of my throat; it staid there; it 'most choked me; but maybe it will now."

She took courage and said; keeping on the shoe, went to find Bridget: and when she found Bridget, she said,

"Please, Bridget, put my shoe on a naughty little girl's foot."

Bridget did it very willingly. Then she ran down stairs, and throwing her arms round her mother's neck, said with a sorry and glad tear in her eye,

"Mamma, 'please' did stay in my throat so long as it felt big, and 'most choked me; but mamma, it's *out*, and I think it will come out quick next time. Please kiss me, mamma. I'm very sorry."

Kitty did not get choked so again. She found it easy to say "please" afterwards. And please made the little girl a great many friends.—*Kitty King.*

WHAT SHALL I WEAR?

THE MOTHER'S STORY.

Out in the woods, where trees and flowers grow, and insects hum and hum, and birds sing all day long, there was once a large tree as full of nests as it could hold. And these nests were full of eggs, small and speckled, and blue and white. Over each nest there presided two winged creatures, whose property it was; they were awaiting the day when instead of eggs they should have young birds of their own. They expected nothing less than to see these young birds fly from tree to tree and bough to bough as they had done themselves in the days of their own infancy; free as the air they breathed and joyous as the sunshine. They were to have no cares those little birds of theirs. O no, for cares are not meant for babies. They were never to ask what shall we eat? what shall we drink? what shall we wear? for food and drink and clothing were to be provided them by parental love. But hardly were the little creatures out of the shell than they began to thrust their heads out of their nests to see how their [illegible]

"Eat this worm, my darling," said the mother, as she came flying home with this delicious morsel in her beak.

"I cannot stop to eat," replied the young bird "I am trying to see what our neighbors have on. I am almost sure they have streaks of orange and black on their heads. If they have, it must be the fashion, and I shall choose to wear the same."

"I hope you don't intend to imitate those [illegible] about the fashions. Now there are the Robins! they dress in the sweetest way! Brown and Red. They go to town quite often, and I know they would be particular to get whatever was new."

"For my part," said a third, "I think a dove color, with a shade of green about the throat, and a patch of pure white on each side the neck, is the very latest style. I have seen at least a dozen such costumes, and they are perfectly lovely."

"But I have seen the Blue Jays this very morning!" cried the fourth, "dressed in gray, with trimmings of black and white, blue crossed with black, on the shoulders, and such a splendid head-dress! I could not help speaking to one of them and asking her if hers was the last style."

"And what did she say?" cried the three sisters, eagerly.

"She said something I did not quite understand, about its being *her* style, but whether the last or the first, she did not care."

"O she is all out of fashion, you may depend, then," said the three sisters. "*Her* style indeed! As if any of us had a right to set up for a style of our own!"

"It is very tiresome," said the fourth sister, "that we cannot find out what to wear. Every hour of delay is ruinous. Why, our dresses are a [illegible] when we get [illegible]

"Indeed sister, to tell you the truth, I should not wonder if mamma had ordered them all made like hers!" said the youngest.

"Brown and white!" cried all the birds in chorus; and they flapped their wings and held up their claws for want of hands, with which to express their horror.

"Mamma is so old fashioned!" said the eldest, who had a right to speak maturely, as she had been out of the shell nearly twelve hours.

"O mamma!" interrupted Clara, "I never called you old-fashioned!"

"Indeed, my dear, I hope not," returned her mother, smiling.

"Go on, mamma, please go on," said the younger children. "What did their mother say when she heard her little birds talking so?"

"She was almost speechless with surprise. She sat on the edge of the nest with the worm in her mouth, turning her head now this way and now that, at last she cried—

"What misfortune has befallen me? Such birds as you, are surely no children of mine."

"Indeed, mamma, we must be your children, for we were hatched in this very nest under your very wings!" they cried.

"You were changed in the egg! changed in the egg!" said the mother. "Some other bird has robbed me of my eggs and placed her own in their place! Why what talk is this I have been hearing! Unfledged birds studying the fashions! Creatures a day old too busy to eat!"

"Don't be so troubled, mamma," replied her daughters, coolly. "We are no worse than all the other birds in this neighborhood. If you go to the nest next door, you'll hear just such talk as you hear in your own. All young birds in these days are alike. We have spoken to most of our neighbors, and they all agree with us."

"But the mothers are almost all old fashioned," remarked the eldest, "My friend Miss Jenny Wren, says her mother declares that all young birds have to do is to fly from tree to tree, singing and enjoying themselves."

"The idea of birds of our age singing and fly ing," cried the nest-full! "We, who haven't a thing to wear, and who, if we were invited out, should have to decline going for want of dresses!"

"You foolish creatures!" cried the mother, "do not you know that your dresses are already provided for you! Cease this silly talk, and wait in patience till you are old enough to go out."

"I hope you have ordered something pretty for us," said the eldest.

"Something of a delicate brown lighted up with red," said the second.

"Or dove color trimmed with green and white," said the third.

"Or gray set off with blue!" urged the fourth.

"You may as well turn into peacocks and done with it!" said their father, who flying home with another worm, was scandalized to find no mouth open to receive it. "You forget yourselves, children. "Your mother's judgment is to guide yours, and her taste, I am happy to say, is very simple. Brown dresses, with a touch of white, she has always worn, and such as you will wear after her."

The young birds were sufficiently in awe of their father to hold their peace, and they were by this time so hungry that they were each anxious for the worm that had been brought home to them. In process of time they all appeared in "plain brown gowns," neat and well-fitted, but without ornament.

"It is time for you to fly, my children," said their mother, at last. "See how gayly all the birds sing on the boughs and hop from branch to branch. Go forth with them and sport as they do, and leave all anxious cares to your father and to me."

The birds remained silent and pensive.

"We are not fit to go," they said at last.

"You are neatness itself," returned their mother. "[illegible] dressed."

"*We* care!" they all cried.

"I don't think I do," said the youngest, perching on the edge of the nest and looking, with longing eyes, at the joyous flight of her neighbors.

"I've a good mind to fly off and play with the rest. I do not believe they will mind my dress."

"Indeed they won't!" said the mother, earnestly. "Or if they do, what then?"

"Sure enough, what then!" cried little Miss Matts, and so saying, she spread her wings and flew gayly away, singing as she flew.

"She has a splendid voice!" said her sisters, stretching up their necks to look after her.

"And look! she has already found friends!"

"I declare, all those Wrens that I always thought so aristocratic, are talking with her!"

"And all the Doves are cooing to her!" cried her sister.

"But the Blue Jays are watching her as if they were not sure whether she is fit to associate with them," said the fourth.

"The Blue Jays are an unsocial family," replied her mother. "They would treat a Bird of Paradise just as they treat your little sister. Her dress has nothing whatever to do with it."

"She certainly is getting into good society," said the elder sisters, looking at each other with [illegible]

"And so may you, my daughters, if you will only imitate her simplicity, and fly freely to mingle with those who are able to judge you by something beyond your dress. You have each of you fine voices, and gay spirits, and I cannot help hoping that under your childish folly, lies a little good sense. Come, forget your brown gowns, and join that merry flock on the next tree."

"I don't know. Won't the other birds whisper [illegible]

"If we only had gay head dresses!" sighed the other.

"If you had, every bird would know you were in borrowed plumage," said their mother. "Everybody knows what my views are and what my style is; nobody will admire you for setting up ways of your own, unless it be two or three silly creatures just out of the shell."

"Come! let us go!" cried they all. And with out another word they all spread their wings and flew away, and as their sister had done they sang as they flew.

THE DAUGHTERS' STORY.

DREAMING AND DOING

Daniel Archer and Luke Langer were cousins, and were both of the same age. They went to the same day school, and began to learn cyphering in the same quarter. Two years passed away, by which time Daniel had finished the rule of three and was ready to begin practice; while Luke was scarcely able to mark a sum in division.

When breaking-up day came, and the half-yearly prizes were given, Daniel Archer received a [illegible] Luke Langer was so low in good marks as not to be entitled to any reward.

"How vexing it is!" said Luke; "I *meant* to have got forward; but, somehow, everything is against me."

"That excuse will not do, Master Langer," said his tutor; "it is quite plain to me that you have not done your best. While others were working, you were idling away your time. You must persevere, Luke, if you intend to be a scholar. Learning will not drop into a dreamer's mouth."

Daniel and Luke had an uncle, Farmer Hodges, who invited them to spend a week at his house in their midsummer holidays. As they lived in a town, they looked forward to the expected visit in the country with great delight.

Uncle Hodges was an old fashioned farmer. He wore a red waistcoat, always rose with the lark, worked as hard as any laborer in his fields, and [illegible]

On the first morning of their visit at the farm, their uncle took them into his rick-yard and orchard, showed them his new barn, and pointed out the finest of his horses, cows and sheep. He then promised that if they would get up early the next morning, he would take them to Brook Meadow, where the haymakers were busy at work, and then, perhaps, for a ride to High-top Hill.

On the morrow, Daniel was up and ready before the clock struck six; and was down in the farm-yard, looking at the pigeons as they flew around the old elm trees, until Uncle Hodges joined him. They waited some time for Luke, but as he did not make his appearance, they set off without him.

Luke lay dreaming in bed till nearly seven, and when he got up he seemed in no hurry to make his way down stairs. At length he appeared, and went out into the cross-road to see if he could find his uncle and Daniel; but before he had walked one hundred yards, he saw them on their way home, both mounted on ponies. They had first been to the hay-fields, and afterwards for a pleasant ride. Luke Linger at once saw that, by his delay, he had lost a treat, while Daniel Archer had got a good appetite for his breakfast, and a fresh glow of health on his cheek.

"How vexed I am, uncle!" cried Luke. "I quite *meant* to have gone with you to the hay-fields."

"It is all very well, Luke," said Farmer Hodges, "so far as it goes, to intend doing a thing; but a bushel of good intentions is not worth a penny, unless they [illegible]

This was not the only time during the visit that the farmer found out the failing and folly of his nephew, in wishing when he should have been acting, and dreaming when he should have been doing.

One afternoon, Farmer Hodges found Daniel and Luke on a seat in the garden, talking rather loudly.

"Well, my lads," said he, "what is the matter now?"

"Why, uncle," replied Luke, "I was only saying that I wish I had a large farm of my own, with a garden and orchard, and sheep and horses, and plenty of men to do the work for me."

"Dreaming and wishing again?" said the farmer. "That way won't do, Luke; you must try another. Idle wishes are like weeds, which sometimes show their heads on my land; but I root them out, or they would soon spoil my profits.

"You see these hay-ricks. Do you think that by wishing I could ever have got them here? No; the scythe, the rake, and the hay-fork were set to work. We were at it early and late, and made hay while the sun shone; and here the ricks are.

"Look at those piles of corn in the barn yonder. It is part of last year's crop. There are no better in the parish; but how did it all come there? It was not by dreaming about it. I ploughed, and sowed, and in the proper season set to work with the sickle. God, in his goodness, gave the shower and the sunshine, and the corn is now safe in the barn, and will soon be carried to [illegible]

"Look at those peas at the bottom of the garden. If I had not sown them early in the spring, and seen well to them, they would not have yielded such a supply for our table as they do.

"The path along the lane you see yonder, was nothing but mud and mire in wet weather. Some of the farmers said that it would be a good thing if a few loads of stone and gravel were thrown on it. Others declared that they had thought for a long time to propose to the parish to have it put to rights. And one said they *meant*, some time or other, to attend to the matter themselves, so that it might no longer be a discredit to the village. Thus it went on for years; yet nothing was done; it even got worse and worse; when, one day, I called my men to follow me, and to work we went, and, before the work was over, the old lane looked as clean, and was as passable, as the high road along which we took our morning ride.

"I think, then, Luke, that it is quite clear, if anything is to be done, it should be done without delay; and we must be diligent, whatever we have in hand, whether we be schoolboys or farmers."

As Uncle Hodges spoke in his usual kind and cheerful way, the heart of Luke was touched, and he, as well as Daniel, listened to him with much attention. They now left the garden, and went into the house to tea.

That evening, as the farmer opened his large-print Bible at family worship, he said, looking at the same time at his nephews,—

"If wishing and intending be a bad plan for the things of the world, it is still worse for the great concerns of the world to come. The soul of the sluggard desireth, and hath nothing."

[illegible] the gospel,—and an idle one is worse than an idle farmer. They do nothing to serve and honor their Lord and Master; and they will be found unfaithful stewards at last.

"I hope, my dear lads, that you will not only be true Christians, but active ones. The sum of all I have to tell you is this:—Fall not into the habit of being idle, either in earthly or heavenly things. Show that you belong not to the family of Dreamers, but to the noble band of Doers of [illegible]

Philadelphia Markets.

[illegible]

ASHES.—Pots, ——@——, Pearls, ——@——; Soda-Ash, 2½@3¼.

BARK—[illegible] second quality, 31 00@31 50; third quality, 29 00@29 50; Spanish Oak, cord, 11 00@11 50, Chestnut Oak, [illegible]

BEEF—Mess, [illegible] Prime [illegible] dried beef, 9@10.

BUTTER—[illegible]

BREADSTUFFS—[illegible]

Rye, 140@148; Goshen, 150@22.

CANDLES.—Sperm, 29@30; Adamantine, 17@19½; Tallow mould, 11@12; dipped, 10@11.

CHEESE.—Ohio, 6@7¼; New York, 7@8.

COFFEE—[illegible]

Rio, 18@21¼; St Domingo, 19@20.

CRANBERRIES.—$7 00.

DRIED BEEF.—9@10.

FEATHERS—[illegible]

Prime, ——@——.

FISH.—Mackerel, No. 1, 9 25@9 75; No 2, 7 25@7 75; No 3, 5 75@6 25; No. 4, 4 25@4 00. Herring, packed, barrel, 2 00@3 87; box, 15@16.

FLOUR.—Penna., 5 00@5 25; extra, 5 25@5 50, Western, 5 00@5 25. Rye flour 3 25@3 37. Corn meal, 2 [illegible]

FRUIT—Raisins, bx, 3 25@3 40; quarter boxes, 1 75@2 25. Currants, per pound, 14@15. Citron, 50@60. Oranges, 2 25@3 50. Lemons, 2 00@3 25. Currants, 11@12½. Figs, 18@20. Almonds, soft, 20@22. Filberts, 12@13. Pecans, 11@12. Chestnuts, bushel, 1 75@2 00.

GRAIN—Wheat, Penna red, 1 20@1 25, white, 1 30@1 40; Southern red 1 24@1 27, Southern white, 1 37@1 40. Rye, Penna., 71@72; South [illegible] Oats, Penna., 30@37; Southern, 32@34. Beans, [illegible]

HAY—[illegible]

LARD.—Barrels, 40@43.

HIDES.—[illegible]

LARD.—Jersey, Scott, Western, 9@9¼.

LIME—[illegible]

LUMBER—[illegible]

Albany White Pine, 25@28. Shingles, cedar, M., [illegible]

MOLASSES.—Cuba, 26@27; Porto Rico, 30@[illegible]

OILS.—Olive, gallon, 1 10@1 15; Linseed, 80@87; Whale, crude, 55@58, winter, 58@60, fall, 59@60, Sperm, winter, 1 50@1 65; spring and fall, 1 35@1 40; Lard oil, spring, 58@62, winter, 65@67; Petroleum, 25@[illegible]

PORK.—Mess, 17 75@18 00, Hams, smoked, [illegible] 9, in pickle, 5½@6; Sides, smoked, in salt, 4½@5; [illegible]

POTATOES, Burnet, 50@55.

RICE.—7 50@7 75 East India, 5½@7¾

SALT.—Liverpool, 2 10@2 25; Turk's Island, 1 00@1 [illegible]

SEEDS.—Clover seed, 4 50@4 62½, Flaxseed, 2 10@2 15; Timothy, 1 87½@2 00, Red top, 80@90, [illegible]

SUGARS.—Havana, white, 7 50@8 00, yellow [illegible] N. New Orleans, 6 62½@7, Cuba, 6 00@6 [illegible] Lovering's D R loaf, 11¾, refined loaf, 11 [illegible]

WOOL.—Penna [illegible] 27@32; American, No. 1, pulled, 40@45, Mexico, 30@[illegible]

Advertisements.

SOMETHING FOR THE TIMES!

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THE MOST DURABLE GLUE IN THE WORLD
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Mahogany, Rosewood, Veneers, &c.
IT WILL MEND LEATHER.
Boots, Shoes, Harness, Belts, &c.
IT WILL MEND GLASS.
Save the pieces of that expensive Cut Glass Bottle.
IT WILL MEND CHINA.
Don't throw away that valuable China Vase, it can easily be repaired.
IT WILL MEND CROCKERY.
Keep the Pieces of that Broken Pitcher, it can be mended as new.
IT WILL MEND MARBLE.
That piece knocked out of your Marble Mantel can be put in as strong as ever.
IT WILL MEND PORCELAIN.
No matter if that broken Pitcher did cost but a shilling, a shilling's worth of Cement will mend it.
IT WILL MEND GLASS AND CHINA.
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[illegible] per Bottle.

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In the preparation of this Superphosphate of Lime, we use [illegible] IN THEIR RAW STATE ONLY. They have never been boiled or calcined. They are taken as nature has made them, crushed with powerful machinery, and subjected to a process, by which, while all the virtues of the bone is retained, a Fertilizer is produced, furnishing in a concentrated and *soluble form*, the two indispensable ingredients for the growth of Plants and enriching the soil, viz., phosphoric acid and ammonia. These two ingredients, by the use of BAUGH'S RAW BONE SUPER PHOSPHATE," are given to the roots in all their original strength and [illegible] They neutralize at once [illegible] and protect the seed from the attacks of the wire worm, grub, &c., and [illegible] the crop. In short, they supply to the soil, in a form [illegible] all the material necessary to the [illegible] and [illegible] of a good crop, and that its presence can be traced for years afterwards.

Downingtown, Chester County, Pa., April 9th, 1860.

Messrs Baugh & Sons—Gentlemen: I have been using your article [illegible] for several years, and have found it to be a very valuable manure, and the result was that I harvested the wheat where the Superphosphate was put was much the better headed and heavier, while the grass was taken more readily than on the other parts of the field. I have also used the Superphosphate by the side of

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

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Rev. L. ROSS.

Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE WASHINGTON JUBILEE!

BY J. L. W.

Dost thou hear that glorious sound
That rises on the air?
'Tis not the yell of the train'd blood-hound,
Nor his victim's wild despair.

Hark! hark! 'tis like the roaring sea,
Rushing upon the main;
Like thunders rolling heavily
Across the blue domain.

O, list! the deep, inspiring sound,
Like lofty organ strain!
The sluggish blood doth wildly bound
As comes the loud refrain.

O, never sound was heard like this!
'Tis freedom's thunder tone!
And lofty peals, in notes of bliss,
Reach up to Heaven's throne.

Listening angels catch the notes,
And tune anew their lyres
The freeman's song to heaven floats,
And angel tongue inspires.

The mother holds her own dear child
Securely to her breast;
And O, her joy is almost wild,
As she thinks how she is blest.

Her full, round voice, doth swell and pour
Upon the trembling air;
Her freedom is her only store,
But yet she has no care.

Her heart is light and bounding now,
And radiant beams her eye;
Joy sits enthroned upon her brow—
Escapes her breast no sigh.

She feels the thrill of God's decree;
It sets her blood on fire;
Reviving thoughts of liberty
Her inmost soul inspire

O tyrant, tremble as ye hear
That lofty anthem rise,
And list unto that simple prayer
Now wafted to the skies.

Hath not Ethiop stretch'd her hands,
As God declared she would?
And, Oh! how can ye now withstand
The vengeful ire of God!

These little ones upon the knee
Have cried aloud to God,
And now behold sweet liberty—
The ransomed of the Lord!

Ten thousand souls their voices swell
To-day in jubilee;
To ransom'd ones, from slavery's hell,
Adore sweet liberty!

And let your voices loud prolong,
Till the demon, slavery,
Shall tremble as he hears the song—
The anthem of the free!

THE LORD'S PRAYER

If any be distressed, and fain would gather
Some comfort let him haste unto
Our Father,
For we of hope and help are quite forsaken
Except thou succor us
Who art in Heaven.
Thou showest mercy, therefore for the same
We praise Thee, singing
Hallowed be Thy name
Of all our miseries cast up the sum;
Show us Thy joys and let
Thy kingdom come.
We mortal are, and alter from our birth;
Thou constant art,
Thy will be done on earth
Thou madest the earth as well as planets seven,
Thy name be blessed here
As 'tis in Heaven
Nothing we have to use, or debts to pay,
Except Thou give it us
Give us this day,
Wherewith to clothe us, wherewith to be fed,
For without Thee we want
Our daily bread.
We want, but want no faults, for no day passes
But we do sin—
Forgive us our trespasses
No man from sinning ever free did live,
Forgive us, Lord, our sins,
As we forgive,
If we repent our faults, Thou no'er disdainest us;
We pardon
Them that trespass against us;
Forgive us that is past, a new path tread us;
Direct us always in thy faith,
And lead us
We, Thine own people and Thy chosen nation,
Into all truth, but
Not into temptation.
Thou that of all good graces art the giver,
Suffer us not to wander,
But deliver
Us from the fierce assaults of world and devil,
And flesh so shalt Thou free us
From all evil.
To these petitions let both church and laymen,
With one consent of heart and voice, say
AMEN.

SHORT HYMNS ON PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

BY C. WESLEY

GEN. vi: 29.

Jesus, thou our comfort art!
Earth again in thee is blest:
Comfort thou in my troubled heart,
Be my weary spirit's rest.
Then I shall no more complain,
Never at my lot repine,
Welcome toil, and grief, and pain!
All is well if Christ be mine

GEN. xvi. 13. "THOU, GOD, SEEST ME."

Where'er I am, whate'er I do,
My heart is naked to thy view.
O may I ever mindful be
Th' all seeing eye is fixt on me!

THE PRESS AND THE PAPACY.—Including Austria, the Protestants and Romanists in the German States are nearly numerically equal. It is, however, a remarkable fact, which is fully established in a [illegible] circular which recently appeared in Augsburg, that while there are only some 700 look-[illegible] among them are about 1500 Protestant ones. It is also stated in the same Circular, that among the 2000 to 3000 newspapers which are published [illegible] more than 100 are of a Roman Catholic faith or tendency. Although there are fully 60,000 Catholic priests alone, the circulation of all papers does not reach double this number of subscribers! Figures tell hard truths!

For the Christian Recorder.

SERMON I.

PREACHED BY REV. JAMES LYNCH, AT WALTER'S CHAPEL, BALTIMORE, SABBATH, MAY 18TH

I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. Heb. xiii 5.

The apostle gives this comfortable assurance to the Hebrews at the same time that he gives them godly admonitions. The timely appropriateness of such assurance can be seen at a glance; the admonitions which are contained in the preceding verses involve self-denial, disregard of natural desire and carnal affections; and, when they are heeded, they expose the faithful to bitter enemies, as well as put them in the face of powerful temptations. Allow an illustration: A traveller passes along a highway at the setting in of night, when the birds have ceased their caroling, and folded their little wings to sleep; when the wild beasts have couched to rest, and quiet reigns, he enters the forest by the silvery light of the moon, so sweetly stealing through the foliage of the trees he finds a little cave: spreading its bottom with dry leaves, he lies him down to rest; into that cave the snake may crawl, the vermin may creep, but of this he thinks not; his only thought is of repose, his only care to shield himself from wild beasts; but the morning comes; the glimmering dawn of day begins to irradiate the darkness of his cave, and he looks around at the place which was so comfortable during the *night*; now it is extremely uncomfortable; dark, damp, slimy; insects crawling about snakes stealthily making entrance. He looks out of the opening of the cave into the forest; the heavens are "blue without a cloud, white without a speck," lit up with the radiance of the king of day; the foliage of the trees, wet with dew as they seem to weep for joy that the sun—the glory of God—has lifted the black mantle of night; he hears the choral anthem chanted by the warbling birds—nature's emblem of innocence; turning around to look at his cave, the air is now fetid, and he says, "How can I stay in *here*? I must go out." He makes a step or two, but starts back; he thinks—in the distance, breaking the stillness of the morn—he hears the lion's roar, the yelling of the tiger, the crying of the fierce hyena, the heavy tread of the elephant. He is affrighted and says, What to do I do not know. I'm almost surrounded. If I stay here death may be slow, but it is sure. If I go forward, fight and conquer, I shall live. Taking up the weapons of defence, nerved with courage, he moves forward.

The ungodly man is like unto one in a dark cave; his situation to him is pleasant until he beholds with an eye of faith the Sun of Righteousness arising with healing in his wings; then he will go forward through this wilderness of woe, walking in the road that leads him to glory and to God; but as soon as his feet are "taken out of the horrible pit and miry clay," as soon as he, like the traveller in the dark cave resting, emerges into light, the devil comes towards him, not in the form of the invisible poisonous atmosphere, not in the form of the harmless-looking insect, but in the form of the roaring lion, enraged now, he comes "with hellish malice full;" but the man of God unsheathes his sword, and with the great promises of the great God for his shelter and buckler cries:

> "With my bright sword I mean to fight,
> Till all my foes are put to flight."

These godly admonitions, when obeyed, *do* make men targets for the world. Let a sailor on the briny ocean get religion, and instead of uttering curses hymn God's praise, his fellow-sailors become his critics; they make him the butt of ridicule, scorn and condemn him, and the poor sailor finds himself in a "weary land." Thank God, he has the "shadow of a great rock," and if you want to know what it is, look! oh look! this morning at the text, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." The importance of this promise is manifest in the mode of expression. Dr. Clarke says: "A literal translation would show five negatives, all agreeing with each other."

I. We may infer from this promise that every thing else will forsake us.

II. None but believers can claim the benefits of this promise.

III. The reliability of the promise. Lastly, by the assistance of Him who "careth much for you," I shall endeavor to make you feel the promise is true.

I. We infer from the text that all things will forsake us. Riches—money the world considers a never-failing friend; but we know wealth sometimes forsakes in a day or week, taking to itself wings it is gone. The torch of the incendiary fires our dwellings, and though the last thing we may have done at night was to look with enraptured gaze upon our possessions, the first thing in the morning may be to look with saddened mien upon a heap of ashes. When the storm-cloud of war recently gathered over this nation, how many thousand fortunes went down, wrecks beneath the surging billows, and left poor mortality who were travelling through the world clinging to them, to struggle alone amid the troubled waters.

Honor vanisheth like the dew of morn; kings possess it to-day, to-morrow it forsakes them, and they are clad all over with shame; thousands may bow at their thrones this week to pay them homage, they may be clamorous for their blood, doom them to the fagot or the rack, and shout over their graves.

Cæsar once knew naught but honor. Honor followed him to deck his brow with laurels, over many gory fields of strife to awful Pharsalia's bloody ground, where crimson gore in torrents flowed, and crowned him conqueror! It followed him to Italia's great capital, where he stood high over all, but then *forsook* him as he fell mortally stabbed, reeking in his blood and disgrace—branded with the name of tyrant, usurper traitor.

Relatives and friends *forsake* us. The father forgets his children oftimes, and, caring not for their welfare, he leaves them to the street to get their schooling; to their mother to get their clothes; to the devil to get their training. A mother sometimes bends o'er the wash-tub till the spine aches and the shoulders pain, to rear and educate a son or daughter They to repay neglect, scorn, and even abuse her.

A bride is led by her betrothed to the hymeneal altar; before their God, with a heaven-recorded vow, their faith is plighted to each other, but before many new moons have become full ones they are parted; the blushing bride is thrown upon a cheerless world, and he who should be her protector forsakes her and revels in riotous excesses.

Methinks I see Satan taking the seeker after safety on a tour of observation; he carries him around the world, shows him the gaudy and glittering objects with unrivalled eloquence; with poetic imagery he describes them and tells of their "glories;" he hurries the seeker as he nears that object which is still lifted up in the world; he don't want the wanderer after rest to see it at all. It shines very bright, and Satan attempts to hurry; but the volunteer who has responded to the call of the gospel drum, as its beat was heard from Zion's walls, says, "Stop, Satan, I will enlist, gird on my arms, and fight for liberty," and looking up (Satan trembling) he says, as he beholds

> "Nailed to a shameful tree
> The Saviour of mankind!
> Forever here my rest shall be
> Close by thy bleeding side"

Yet once again: The inference from the text is plain and unmistakable—that the promise is everlasting—last forever—glory be to God on high! God and his Son and Spirit will not forsake us when we enter the fold, neither on any part of the journey The terrific swellings of death's cold flood can't drive him from us. He will fix the dreadful stream that we may cross in safety; walking on the great suspension bridge of his mercy, our feet will tread the soil of vernal bliss, our heads will shine with dazzling crowns, "we will be right in his home," and sit down at the table prepared for God's redeemed guests,

> "Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet
> Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet."

Hear it this morning, my dying congregation, hear it! None but believers can claim the promise as theirs. Things cannot forsake each other unless joined, and none but a living faith unites to Christ—the living head. This is proof enough of the second proposition. Oh! Father of infinite and amazing mercy, increase our faith! I know you feel this desire when you say *Amen!* No man will consent for the foot, the toe, the hand or the finger to be cut off from his body if it be healthy. He only consents when corruption or disease lays hold upon them and endangers the whole body. We are members of Christ's body; he will not consent that we should be cut off while we have in us the healthful life of the religion of our own Lord Jesus Christ.

III. The reliability of the promise:—It is reliable because it was made by Him "in whom there is no variableness nor shadow of turning," who changes not. Millions of ages may roll and never scathe his brow, or plough a furrow upon his divinity. God cannot lie; he has never forsaken his children; he stood by them passing out of Egypt's land, when her chivalry and pride were buried by the rolling flood that raised with Moses' rod. He was with them when Nebuchadnezzar's lurid flame wrapped its fiery coil around them, and they stood as one upon a vernal plain formed by the zephyrs of evening. His goodness tells the promise is true, written on every leaf, wafted by every breeze, glittering in every star, sparkling in every brook, twinkling in every dew-drop, magnified in every flower, it says, "Christian soldier, go! believe the promise true, 'I will not leave thee nor forsake thee.'"

St Augustine declares: "The more desperate my case is, the more I admire my physician." Job says when friends *forsook* him—when relatives *forsook* him: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and he shall stand at the latter day, and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

We are to be together this conference year; if life lasts, stand by the ship; Jesus is at the helm when the billows shall heave—the tempest rage, and the voice of our blessed Master will be heard amid the whistling of the winds, the dashing of the waters, saying, "Peace! be still!" Stay aboard! stay aboard! and you and I will arrive at home, where parting shall be no more. Oh! give God all the glory!

For the Christian Recorder.

RELIGION.

I love to see children grow up in the ways of the Lord; for the habits that are formed during the period between infancy and manhood can never be lost nor forgotten. When hoary age comes creeping o'er the frame, still does the fond recollection of youth spring fresh and green. We all know that we do wrong when we heed not a parent's mandates. We also know that all manner of profane language is contrary to the will and word of God. Our mothers have taught us our prayers; they have tried to teach us the way to heaven, but, alas! how often do we grow up not thinking that we have an immortal and never-dying soul to save. How many have put off the period of embracing religion until it was too late. Then have they regretted their folly, and wished they had hearkened unto the warning voice of the Lord, and wished that they had their life to lead over again. Then would they listen to the word of God. Those that laugh and scorn at His name do so at a fearful peril—for they know not the day nor the hour when the Son of Man shall come. If they knew when their time was to come, they would doubtless try to be better prepared. We know that this world is not always to be our abiding place, for we are *all* fast passing to the unknown world; our lives are as fleeting shadows—the morn dawns brightly on us—the evening comes, and we are gone.

We see many careless ones who never think about the judgment day, nor about their souls—they curse, swear, lie, and steal, for which they will have to render strict account at the awful tribunal of an angry God. They utter a word for every vain and idle word they utter While every day brings us nearer to death and judgment, let us each see that we are fully prepared to meet our Maker. The more we praise him, the more quiet and peaceful do our souls become; the more we [illegible] never treat his word lightly. We should endeavor to work faithfully for God—work while it is [illegible] The personal pro[illegible] is understood The copula [illegible]

For the Christian Recorder.

A REJOINDER.

MR. EDITOR:—I ask the privilege of finishing my rejoinder, as my opponent had three trials in his reply. I think I would be ashamed of myself, if I found, in debating with a brother, I had to substitute abuse for argument, as my Brother Campbell has done. I will produce arguments for my assertions; if I did not, I would cease to assert. I could make just as much by making round assertions, as Elder Campbell could; for I have just as many tongues, and I could go just as far from the truth, and act just as unbecoming and as ungentlemanly as he has, were I disposed to do so. But, instead of pursuing a course of that kind, I will produce arguments for what I say, and then I will let the intelligent public judge of the matter. I will not undertake to plead, and then be judge and jury. I will do my part of the business, and leave the matter to be settled by the public.

Mr Editor, I would like to ask Elder Campbell one question at this point. What are we to understand a writer to mean by heading his article with a certain subject?—that he is going to write upon the subject by which his article is headed, or some other? This question I think Elder Campbell will be obliged to answer in the affirmative. Then, the subject upon which I wrote in the 58th No. of the *Recorder*, was, "A Discovery of Inconsistencies." Now, then, let Elder Campbell show where I have pleaded ignorance of inconsistencies. I defy him to do it. He has said, positively, that I have pleaded ignorance of inconsistencies, or of the subject on which I wrote, which was inconsistencies. I defy the truthful, would be straight forward Elder Campbell to show that I have pleaded ignorance of my subject, as above explained. Upon the subject of inconsistencies, I could not well have pleaded ignorance; for I had Elder Campbell's articles before me, with all the eccentric awkwardness and absurdities which are to be found in their composition. He says: "Brother Strother cannot show one sentence nor word quoted by us from him, and in his name, that he did not alter." Here are thirteen words quoted from me by Elder Campbell, which I never uttered. Now, here they are: "He tells us himself that he does not know what the major proposition is, about which he is writing." The last thirteen words of this sentence are words which I would be qualified I never used; yet it is a quotation, by Elder Campbell, from me, and in my name. What will he do with this matter? Where is his veracity? One might suppose that he had laid it aside until he gets through with this debate. This kind of palpable quibbling, is what I do not understand, coming from the source it does. I farther say that Elder Campbell makes the most painful out, in his grammatical and logical criticisms, that I have ever seen; he makes himself a perfect tyro. He says, in referring to me, that I call the heading of my article both a sentence and a proposition. Elder Campbell seems to wish to ridicule the idea of my doing so. In order to see who is right, let us see what it takes to constitute a sentence. I will give Elder Campbell the best, or as good authority as we have in this country, who is Dr. Kuhner, the author of as good, or the best Greek Grammar that is now in use. He says that a sentence is the expression of a thought in words Now, I would ask Elder Campbell, "or any other man" of common sense, even if he be not very highly cultivated, if there is not a thought expressed in the words, "A Discovery of Inconsistencies." Let any one answer that question Again, let us see, next, what it takes to constitute [illegible] He well-known [illegible] Mr. Hedge, of Harvard University, says a single word may contain a complete proposition, while the subject and copula are both understood. I will arrange the heading of my article logically, [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

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The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, May 24. 1862.

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Rev. A. W. Wayman, on account for papers, 5 00
Rev R. Roberson, 1 00

THE BISHOP QUESTION

We have a very interesting letter from our Rev. and dear friend, M. M. Clark, on the subject of the troubles in Canada, and the meaning of his resolutions, in which he gives some very good advice. But, as it will do no good, and would bring on a greater discussion than we had before, we shall, very reluctantly, have to suppress it. We hope no one else will write or say anything about the matter until the next General Conference. But, we will be glad to hear from Dr. Clark, and all the rest of our brethren, on questions of a moral and literary character, and on subjects connected with the arts and sciences.

PHILADELPHIA ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

This Conference has just closed its sessions in Trenton, N. J., after sitting for ten days. We will say here, that we were glad we had all the Bishops present on the occasion, and that, after all, the Conference passed off pleasantly, and was well sustained. We will, however, be glad when the time comes, when questions which do not belong to an Annual Conference, and over which the Conference has no control, will be kept out of its meetings, unless the parties whom they concern, have a fair opportunity to say what is truthful in the matter. Order and arrangement are much needed among us. In relation to any arrangement or suggestion that might be considered necessary, it ought to be sent to the General Committee, when in session, and more especially if it is anything special, for we should sometimes not let our left hand know what our right hand doeth Again, what belongs to a Quarterly Conference, does not belong to an Annual Conference. If this be true, then I ought to keep what I have in my breast, and neither deliver it in person nor by proxy, to the Annual Conference. Let this course be pursued in all deliberative bodies, and we think that we will have but little trouble in any of those bodies.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

MR. EDITOR:—I was much gratified, after reading the column of special notices found in your paper about two months ago; gratified, because the notice about which I will speak, appertained to the progress which some of the young men of the present day are making in the intellectual world. The individual alluded to, was Charles A. Dorsey, A. B. Living but a few miles from the place where he graduated, I had an excellent opportunity of becoming acquainted with his scholarship. As a student, he was earnest; and his intellectual culture was the prize for which he labored, and he has now departed from the halls of learning, in the possession of that for which he so earnestly sought. His graduating speech, entitled "The Functions of Man," was commendable

He is now laboring for the good of his race. I wish that prosperity may be his. The billows of life may roll high, often threatening destruction, but remain firm, and a bright sunshine will be yours. G O P.

NOTE.—The paper referred to in the first sentence, is the *Anglo-African*.

A RECOMMENDATION

TO THE DISTRICTS OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW ENGLAND, OHIO, INDIANA, AND MISSOURI, OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH MINISTERS.

Dear Brethren:—As we have a number of Superannuated ministers on the list in said Districts, therefore it will be expected that the ministers and preachers, on their circuits and stations, will do all they can to collect the *two cent money;* and we also recommend that the Class leaders be instructed to collect and set the amount on the Class book opposite each member's name, as also all the collections called, per Discipline, for the Annual Conference, and publish the same once every quarter, that it may be seen who they are that work for God and his cause. We think it is time to give credit to those of our people who do work, and that God's name may be glorified.

WILLIS NAZREY,
WILLIAM P. QUINN.

THE ADJOURNMENT OF THE PHILADELPHIA ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

The adjournment of this body, on Monday morning, May 19th, was attended by a large crowd, both of colored and white persons. The church was filled to its utmost capacity. About half-past 4 o'clock, P. M., Bishop Nazrey arose and made some very interesting remarks in relation to the making out of the appointments, and the material the Conference had put into his hands, and therefore he had to do the best he could. Some circuits he put two on, in order that the people might be attended to. He then proceeded to have the appointments read, which will be found as follows:

APPOINTMENTS.

R. Harney, Cape May Circuit.
Joshua Woodlin, Bridgeton.
James Hallum, Salem
Jacob Zay, Salem.
W. R. Norris and Rev. J. G. Bulaugh, Reading.
T. W. Henry, Lancaster.
A. Till, Pennington ville.
E. Laws, Penningtonville.
T. Gould, Princeton.
W. Offer, New Brunswick.
W. D. W. Schureman, Norristown.
J. H Cooper, Norristown
Peter Gardener, Camden
J. Young, Bordentown
Jos. Smith and Jos Long, Burlington.
A. L. Stanford, Wesley A. M. E.
J. H Henson, Danville
J. P. Campbell, Bethel Church, Philadelphia.
J. C. Cornish, Bucks County
R Roberson, Frankford
J. W. Stevenson, Westchester.
H Davis, Union
W. Moore, Trenton.
W. H Worden, Mansfield
G. W Johnson transferred to New York District

For the Christian Recorder.

THE SONS OF GOD

"Behold! what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God!—therefore, the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not.

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is"—1 John iii 1, 2.

The Evangelist, John, who wrote this epistle, has been correctly called, "The beloved disciple" He seems to have been peculiarly honored by the Saviour, to lean on his breast while partaking of the last supper with him He, no doubt, from the close communion which he enjoyed with his beloved Master, drank in large draughts of that spirit of love, which we find so eminently characterizing him as an inspired penman. In the former part of this letter to the churches, he is writing to them of the glorious Advocate they have at the throne of the Father, to plead their cause for them, and of the duty of abiding in his love, "that when he shall appear, they may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming In the verses before us, he is speaking of the wonderful love of the Father for us; the blessed privileges it confers upon us here, and the infinitely greater blessedness it has in store for us, "when this mortal shall have put on immortality," and "we shall be ever with the Lord"

Let us consider, first, the exclamation of wonder at this love; secondly, the title conferred upon us by this love; thirdly, the world's ignorance of us under this new title or relationship; fourthly, the present enjoyment of this relationship; fifthly, our imperfect knowledge of its future blessedness; and, lastly, what we do know concerning it

I. *The exclamation of wonder.* "Behold! what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us." The angels are represented as "desiring to look into these things," that is, the manifestations of this wondrous love to guilty men. Can we wonder, then, when the angels, those bright and holy messengers of the Most High, "who do his bidding," and who are constantly employed in his service, crying, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," are amazed at this exhibition of his love, and are earnestly engaged in studying the length, and breadth, and height and depth of this marvellous love, that the apostle should break out in this exclamation, and say, "Behold! what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us!" Now, as to the "manner" of this love.

1st. *It was a great love.* The apostle Paul tells us, in his Epistle to the Ephesians, 2d ch., 4th verse, "God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us." The Saviour himself says, in his address to his disciples, as recorded in John xv. 13, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." We are told, in ancient history, of one friend being willing to give up his life to save the life of another; "but God commendeth his love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." O! the wonderful greatness of this love! While we were rebels against our lawful sovereign, Jehovah gave his only begotten Son, "that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life."

2d. *It was a self-sacrificing love.* The Father freely consented to give up the brightest jewel in his crown, his Isaac, his only begotten, his well-beloved, the apple of his eye, so to speak, that we might be called "the sons of God." The Son voluntarily offered himself, saying, when, the inquiry was put forth, Who shall assume the sinner's law place, suffer in his room and stead?—"Here am I, send me! In the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O, God!" The Holy Spirit offered himself as the Divine Agent to "take of the things of Christ," and reveal them unto his people. Thus we see that this love was so great, that the three persons of the Trinity were engaged in it.

3d. *It is an everlasting love.* Paul, in his letter to the Romans, viii. 38, 39, speaking of this love, says: "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." "The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore, with loving-kindness have I drawn thee"—Jer. xxi. 3

II. *The title conferred upon us by this love* "That we should be called the sons of God." Men think it a great thing to be called the sons of distinguished earthly characters. We, as Americans, feel proud to be called the sons of Washington, and justly so; for Washington was raised up by Providence to be the earthly deliverer of his country from the yoke of foreign tyranny and oppression. He is justly styled "the Father of his country." But what is the mere earthly deliverance of this country compared with the deliverance of our souls from eternal ruin, and their adoption into the family of God? Think, how infinitely superior God is to any earthly monarch! He is "the King of kings, and Lord of lords." Let us, then, see what this title includes in it. It includes,

1st. *Adoption into the family of God.* By nature we were all estranged from God, children of the wicked one, led captive by Satan at his will, "aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, having no hope, and without God in the world." What strange, surprising love is this, that of a rebel makes a son? Can we ever, my brethren, sufficiently admire the greatness of that love, which adopts us into the family of God, and makes Jehovah himself say unto us, "I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters?"

2d. *Joint heirship with Jesus.* As if it were not honor enough conferred upon his people to adopt them into his family, and make them sons, he makes them heirs also. Hear what the apostle says: "And if children, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ." And what is this heirship or inheritance here spoken of? Peter tells us, in his first epistle, 1st chapter, 4th and 5th verses, that it is "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you who are kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time." What a glorious title is this, that not only blesses us with adoption into God's family, but gives us a title deed to heaven—to those mansions which Jesus has gone to prepare for his children! Let us, then, look up, dear brethren, and not be cast down by the trials and troubles that beset us here, seeing "the day of our redemption draweth nigh."

III. *The world's ignorance of us under this new title or relationship.* This blessed title or relationship we have been setting before you is spiritual, being effected by the agency of the Holy Spirit. "Therefore, the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not" In our natural state we are all ignorant of God, and "desire not a knowledge of his ways" The apostle tells us, that "The carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." We ourselves were ignorant of this blessed relationship, until God, in his wondrous love, sent his Spirit to "translate us from darkness into the kingdom of his dear Son." Then we behold "wondrous things out of his law, and a new song was put into our mouths, even salvation to our God."

IV. *Our present enjoyment of this relationship.* "*Beloved, now are we the sons of God!* One charming feature of this relationship is that we can enjoy it while in this "waste, howling wilderness" we roam How often, in the midst of deep affliction, have we felt the sweetness of that exhortation recorded in the 12th chapter of Hebrews, 5th and 6th verses: "My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him: for whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." And when we have felt weak, and almost ready to give up our hope, and say, "All these things are against me," how has the burden been rolled off our back, when we have thought of those cheering words, "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." Blessed be God for the present enjoyment of this relationship!

V. *Our imperfect knowledge of its future blessedness.* "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." The eternal happiness of the redeemed, is so grand and glorious, that finite minds cannot grasp it. We cannot, while in the flesh, have a full conception of the glories of the redeemed in the Paradise of God. We are told that "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."—1 Cor ii. 9. And the Master himself tells us, "Ye shall see greater things than these."

VI. *What shall we know concerning it?* "*We shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.*" We there "shall be like him," in that we shall be freed from all sin,—as the poet Watts has so beautifully expressed it:

"Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame,
And none shall be admitted there,
But followers of the Lamb!"

We shall then, with the sweet singer of Israel, "be satisfied," for we shall "awake in his likeness, and see him as he is." Spurgeon beautifully says, speaking on this subject in his sermon on the Foretastes of Heaven, 3d series, p. 145: "You look forward to heaven as the place where you shall

'See, and hear, and know
All you desire and wish below'

You are now looking at it darkly through a glass: there you shall see face to face. Christ looks down on the Bible, and the Bible is his looking-glass. You look into it, and see the face of Christ, as in a mirror, darkly; but soon you shall look upon himself, and see him face to face. You expect heaven as a place of peculiar manifestation. You believe that he will unveil his face to you; that

'Millions of years your wondering eyes
Shall o'er your Saviour's beauties rove'

You are expecting to see his face, and never, never sin. You are longing to know the secrets of his heart. You believe that in that day you shall see him as he is, and be like him in the world of spirits." W. H F.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM ST. LOUIS

St. Louis, Mo., May 6th. 1862.

Since my last communication, I have had the pleasure of making two visits to Jefferson city, the capital of this State. We had been hearing the cry of our brethren at that place for some time, as that of the Macedonians, "Come over and help us." On our first visit there, March the 13th, we saw an opening for good, and for benefiting our brethren. We preached five sermons, set our stakes, &c., and returned home. On the 23d of April we returned to said city, and on the 24th succeeded in organising a church there, of thirty-two members, embracing a majority of the wealthy and intelligent portion of the colored population. Their church edifice is a hewed log one. The ground on which it stands belongs to colored men. One of them is a member of the church, and the other his brother-in-law in the flesh. They are ready at any time to donate as much ground as we may require for church purposes. You may see by this our cause is spreading in Missouri.

It is unknown what the issue of the present troubles will be. In the city there is a strong anti-slavery feeling, which is constantly increasing. Also, an emancipation club is formed here, with Judge Crum, a very influential man, at its head. Their numbers are rapidly growing. Our prayer is that God, who holds the destiny of nations in his hands, would bring order out of confusion. Our people here are in fine spirits, business is becoming very brisk in our city, and money plenty

JOHN TURNER

Queen Victoria Visiting the Sick.—The following anecdote is related of Queen Victoria:—The incumbent of Osborne had occasion to visit an aged parishioner. Upon his arrival at the house, as he entered the door where the invalid was, he saw sitting by the bed side a lady in deep mourning, reading the Word of God. He was about to retire, when the lady remarked, 'Pray remain. I should not wish the invalid to lose the comfort which a clergyman might afford.' The lady retired, and the clergyman found lying on the bed a book with the texts of Scripture adapted to the sick; and he found that out of [illegible] lady in black. That lady was the Queen of England."

George B. Emerson, LL.D., of Boston has been nominated for the office of President of Harvard College. Mr. Emerson is a son of the late Dr. Samuel Emerson, a respectable physician of Kennebunk, Me., in which town he was born on the 12th of September, 1797, and is therefore 64 years of age. He graduated at Harvard in 1817, with [illegible] honors. His father was also a graduate at Cambridge in 1775

We learn that **Rev C M Butler, D D,** has accepted the chaplaincy of the American Church at Rome.

Hon. Edward Stanley, of California, is *en route* for Washington, for the purpose of taking the office of Military Governor of North Carolina, his native State. The Administration have already one or two prominent gentlemen in view to occupy the same position in Louisiana.

A FESTIVAL

The ladies of the Central Presbyterian Church, Lombard Street, held an entertainment for the benefit of their church, on the 21st inst. They [illegible] and members [illegible] who had just returned from the Conference, we accepted of the invitation and attended on the occasion. It went off very pleasantly indeed. Dr Brainerd delivered an address, which was short, but pertinent, after which the ladies and gentlemen enjoyed themselves much. The Committee deserve credit for their activity.

UNDERTAKER.

Our friend, Mr. Charnock, whose advertisement will be found in another column of our paper, is a gentleman, and is always ready to accommodate any friend, or friends, at the shortest notice. He is situated just two doors south of Bethel Church, Sixth Street, Philadelphia

BOOK CONCERN.

The General Committee held their annual meeting during the sitting of the Annual Conference. On motion, Rev. Wm. Moore was elected President, and Rev James Shorter, Secretary. We had a very pleasant and harmonious meeting. It was recommended that the publication of the *Christian Recorder* be continued, and that Rev. Elisha Weaver be the Editor. We hope now that all barriers are out of the way, and that everybody will help to support the paper and Book Concern. Trustees were elected, to hold and defend the real estate, as follows:—Rev. Elisha Weaver, Abraham Field, Rev Stephen Smith, Isaiah Weir, Rev. Richard Roberson, Rev. Henry Davis, and J. Hollen. It was also recommended to all of our Annual Conferences the importance of doing all in their power to advance the interests of the paper and Book Concern.

DAUGHTERS OF CONFERENCE

The Daughters of Conference, of Bethel Church, had their annual sermon preached on Thursday evening, the 22d inst., by Rev. A. W. Wayman, of Baltimore. The Little Wesley Church, after the discourse, gave a nice little refreshment to the ministers, and then gave each one of us an equal share of the proceeds of what they have made since the last Annual Conference. May the blessing of our God ever rest upon them!

For the Christian Recorder

NOTICE.

The Social, Civil, and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Pennsylvania open a subscription list to aid the freed men at Port Royal and other points where they may be located, and respectfully ask the co-operation of the colored citizens and others in this city, or elsewhere, in money or clothing.

Any amount of value received will be acknowledged, with the name of the donor, in the *Recorder*, where a constant record will be kept.

Subscriptions may be sent to Jacob C. White, at the office of the Lebanon Cemetery, 711 Lombard Street, and also to William Still, 107 North Fifth Street, and to Rev. E. Weaver, 619 Pine Street.

PAID

Statistical Society,	$50 00
Clayton Miller,	2 00
William Still,	5 00
Robert Adger,	2 00
Henry Minturn,	2 00
Catherine Johnson,	2 00
Vasti Locke,	2 00
Wm Wernicke,	2 00
Harriet Shorter,	1 00
Sarah S Hawkins,	1 00
Rev. Jonathan C. Gibbs,	1 00
James P Gray,	1 00
Benjamin F Hill,	2 00
S. M. S.,	2 00
Elizabeth Gordon,	1 00
F. J. Dreer,	5 00

It affords us pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of ten dollars, the proceeds of Miss Anna E. Dickinson's lecture at Concert Hall for the contrabands, contributed to the S. C. and Statistical Association, to be applied as intended. WM. STILL.

Cor. Sec of S. C. and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Penna

GEN. WARREN.

THE MORNING BEFORE THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

I met recently a mother in Israel, over four score years of age, who gave me some interesting facts connected with the last hours of General Joseph Warren, the first eminent victim in the Revolutionary war. A young man was employed as his servant who subsequently became a deacon in the First Baptist Church, Boston; and from his lips our informant had often heard the following narrative

When General Warren retired, on the night before the battle of Bunker Hill, he gave directions to his servant to call him early in the morning, as he intended to join the army in the intrenchments. The servant called him about two o'clock, and the General remarked he had had a troubled sleep, and was full of forebodings for the issue of the day's struggle. He then read a portion of Scripture, and kneeled in prayer. The young man said that he never heard such a prayer, in the pulpit or elsewhere; it seemed like wrestling with God as Jacob at Peniel. He prayed for himself,—that God would keep him from peril, or make him a willing sacrifice on his country's altar. He prayed for his family—that they might submit with serene trust to the Divine will, if it should doom them to sorrow. He prayed above all for his country; that God would guide it through storm, and gloom, and defeat, to ultimate victory and freedom. The minutes rolled on, but still the prayer continued; occasionally the voice was hushed, as if from exhaustion, but the body was bowed in worship, and soon the earnest pleading commenced anew.

The servant listened in wonder, which gradually passed into awe and deep reverence. He seemed to be in the very presence of God, and dared not move, or breathe loudly, lest the wonderful solemnity should be profanely broken. At length General Warren rose from his knees and the prayer was ended. There was no anxiety brooding on his face; all was serene peace and joyful trust in God. He gave a few simple directions, took a cup of coffee and a light breakfast, left for the lines on Bunker Hill, where his life was given up, as he had prayed, a cheerful sacrifice for his country. On looking at his watch, the servant found the prayer had occupied two full hours. He was a gay stripling, finding his whole pleasure in worldly pursuits and recreations; but that prayer made a deep impression on his mind, which nothing could remove. When his master was brought back lifeless from the field, he felt the beauty and worth of piety, and the remembrance of that prayer haunted him continually, till he learned to pray himself, and found at the mercy seat pardon and peace, and the elements of a new life

It is cheering to know that Joseph Warren was a praying man, and that, like Havelock and Com Foote, he felt that the best preparation for battle was [illegible] with God — *Watchman and Reflector*

An Interesting Chapter read to a Congregation.—It was the practice of an eccentric Irish divine to read a chapter before the sermon; and, to the amazement of his auditory, he read one day the first chapter of Nehemiah. He might as well have asked them to read the first twenty seven verses of a Sanscrit lexicon. But the Dr. went on with the chapter, and, as he announced, in his own [illegible] way, "Nehemiah—Magplash [illegible] to the pulpit, hardly a soul, for sheer wonderment, ventured to draw his breath. At the end of the last verse, the reader put on one of his grimmest looks: "You will have got as much good" I ever claimed, "my attentive hearers, from this chapter, as ye seem to have got from any I ever read to you, and ye will carry home as much of it; and ye will carry as much of it in your daily practice."

Little Sins.—Little sins have a fearful power of eating out the Christian heart. The ants of a tropical climate will surround their prey, and after destroying it, eat it out so thoroughly, and yet delicately, that at a distance it may appear still alive. Yet when the storm comes, it crumbles. So falls the professor whose inner life has been destroyed by little sins

Swedes in Minnesota.—A correspondent in Minnesota communicates the following intelligence concerning the Scandinavian interest in this State. "The Augustana Scandinavian Synod is expected to meet in one of the Churches of Pastor Norelius, near Red Wing, Goodhue Co. Minn., in the month of June. The question in regard to the location of the Seminary will then come up for settlement, and this, with other questions relating to the more perfect and efficient organization of our missionary work, will make this one of the most important meetings yet held. Nothing has been finally decided in regard to the Scandinavian Colony, which it is proposed to locate in Iowa or one of the Western States, as the seat for an Institution. Some of us who have had considerable experience in pioneer life are not sanguine, while a few of our dear brethren below are very hopeful In this state notwithstanding the war pressure and the ill health of several of our pastors, the cause of religion is making progress. In the district of the Rev. P. Beckman, of Carnon Falls, two small frame Swedish Lutheran Churches are in progress of erection, and a third is being built in the country congregation of Rev. E. Norelius. Several others are projected in the charges of our Swedish and Norwegian brethren in other parts of the State.

The Tactics of Infidelity.—"The *Pilgrim of Saxony*" gives the following illustration of the way in which the old philosophical Rationalism is sinking to vulgar Infidelity: In the city of Dresden, a weekly paper has been published since January, with the title "Satanicus Augustus," "*The little Devil*" Under the title head of the paper, a group of little devils appears with tails, horns, hoofs, &c. In a late number, the first article had the heading: "Letters from the Devil to his grandmother"—and was followed by this answer of the grandmother, telegraphic despatches from the lower world! In a word, the whole object of the paper seems to be to pour contempt upon the teachings of the Scriptures, and to ridicule, and the most vulgar wit to weaken its authority in the public mind. Truly, the great enemy, "goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour."

A German Work on Odd Fellowship.—The "Young Men's Society" of the German Lutheran Church, of Pastor Kugler, of Baltimore, Md., have made a German translation of the Rev. J. T. Cooper's (United Pres. Pastor in Philadelphia,) book, in which Odd Fellowship is examined in the light of the Holy Scriptures and Reason, and are about to publish it for general circulation among the German Churches. The proposed work will contain 300 pages, and will be sold to subscribers for the moderate price of 50 cts. Persons sending four subscribers will receive the fifth copy gratuitously. All communications on the subject are to be addressed to A. Schlitt, Box 1471, Baltimore, Md.

Jewish Sabbath Schools.—The New York correspondent of the American Presbyterian states that the Jews in that city, numbering some 25,000, with nearly a dozen Synagogues, are opening *Sabbath Schools*. They themselves designate these gatherings in this manner, and they are held, not on the Jewish Sabbath, *Saturday*, but on the Christian Sabbath. It is estimated that there are 5,000 Jewish children adapted to this sort of instruction in New York, and three Schools, with about 500 scholars—most of the teachers being Jewish ladies—are already in operation. Sabbath before last was the first anniversary of the oldest school—Beni Israel, in Forsyth street. The celebration was not unlike those of the Christians in manner and spirit. Singing was a prominent and agreeable feature, with various addresses by distinguished Jewish Rabbis, but the religious exercises and instructions were wholly connected with the Old Testament, Jewish festivals, creeds, history, &c. A present made to one of the pupils, for diligence and fidelity, was a perfect copy of the Bible, from the press of the American Bible Society. Mr R G Pardee, the efficient and energetic agent of the New York Sabbath School Union, was present, and was cordially invited to share in the proceedings.

A CONVERT IN SIAM

The Home and Foreign Record of the Presbyterian church relates the following:

About the first of July, a very intelligent man, named Kon (Kawo,) from a neighboring village, visited the mission, professing to be a Christian, and desiring to place his son, who accompanied him under regular religious instruction. A longer acquaintance has confirmed the sincerity of his profession, and the hopes which were then awakened on his behalf. The following particulars have been learned in reference to him: He was the son of respectable parents; had been a pupil in a temple, when a boy, and afterwards a priest. He was wild and depraved in his youth. About twelve years ago his father received a book from a missionary, which he gave to his son. It seems to have made no particular impression on the father's mind, except that it was correct Siamese. It was that portion of the Old Testament history which contains the life of Moses, and the giving of the law. The reading of it produced in his mind a deep conviction of the folly of idolatry, and the truth of religion. From that time he began to search for books, and some one to converse with; but living in an out-country village, it was so that he did not visit Bangkok but once afterwards, and failed to have an interview with one then. Some time after this he got from a neighbor, who did not value it, a copy of the Gospel of John, and subsequently the Acts of the Apostles and some tracts. All of these he had studied, until he can repeat chapter after chapter from memory. Nor does it appear to be a mere theoretical knowledge. He loves the truth, and the truth has made him free. He has studied it with earnest prayer for guidance and light, and has been, we believe, savingly taught of God. For the last four years he believes he has been a Christian, though very much needing some one with whom to converse, and give him farther instruction His joy at finding the missionaries was intense, and he has listened with eagerness to all their instructions. He has walked five miles nearly every Sabbath since, to attend worship, and has given every evidence of his love to the Saviour and his [illegible] He [illegible] of his own family and countrymen, and has already engaged with much earnestness in the distribution of books, and bids fair to be an invaluable assistant in the work.

What one Convert can do.—About five years ago, a Chinese convert came [illegible] from Hok lo, a town about a hundred miles in the interior, in the Quang-tong province. He had been converted through the labors of a colporteur, and sought the missionaries for advice and instruction. He was baptized and instructed, and shortly returned to his native town. The next year he came again, bringing with him a new convert who had been [illegible] teaching: the next year, and the next, he came again, each time with two converts. Early in 1860 he came a fifth time, bringing nine converts for baptism, and in the spring of that year a missionary visited the place, and baptized forty four [illegible] year the aged Christian came again, with sixteen [illegible] pared for the Lord. A great number offered themselves for admission, and a chapel and mission-house were to be purchased and fitted up at once, the Chinese in Hong Kong furnishing the means. [illegible] Chioa, and we may well hope it is but the precursor of still more glorious progress for the truth [illegible]

The Missionaries from China.—If any suppose that returned missionaries lead a life of ease they may dismiss all such thoughts; for if any of these "laborers" leave the "harvest" with any strength remaining in them, coming home is but to get into the pantings of the laborers of a certain Pennsylvania farmer. This man, calling his men from the harvest-field to rest in the barn during the heat of the day, said to them after they had entered: "Now, while we rest, let us thresh." Dr Wentworth and Rev S Lockwood [illegible] in a full day's work in the city of Brooklyn, Sabbath, April 27th, each preaching twice, and between them addressing three Sabbath-schools

Progress of Protestant Missions.—At a recent meeting of the Church Missionary Society, the Rev [illegible] Royston the Society's Corresponding Secretary at Madras, stated his impressions as to the progress of the South-India Missions during the six and a half years that he had been connected with them. The number of native agents, congregations, and communicants had considerably increased during that period. Ten thousand souls had been added to the Church in Tinnevelly. The Harris school, at Madras, was succeeding in attracting a large number of young Muhammedans, and was most hopeful; but an additional missionary was much needed, to devote himself to direct preaching among the Mussulman population of Triplicane.

From India we have news of the death of Mrs. Mullens, the daughter of a missionary, and author of "Phulmani and Karuna," a religious work, which has become to the native church what the Pilgrim's Progress of Bunyan has been to the masses of England. This work, written in exquisite Bengali, has been translated into every vernacular of India.

Germany.—In a letter from Rev. L. S Jacoby to the Corresponding Secretary, dated Zurich, Switzerland, April 23d, he says: "It is now three weeks since I left home. I have visited Saxony, Wurtemberg, Zurich, and two other appointments on this circuit, and I praise God that he is carrying on his work so gloriously, for the power of God is manifested all the time in the conversion of souls. I shall now visit Biel, Lausanne, and Friedrichsdorf-on-the-Main, and then give you a short report after the Lord has brought me safe home."

Murder of an American Missionary in Turkey.—Minister Morris announces, from Constantinople, to Secretary Seward, the death of the American Missionary, J. Coffing, who was assassinated, with his two guides, about the first of April, on the route from Adana to Aleppo.

The region of the country where he had been pursuing his pious labors is one of the most lawless and savage districts of the Turkish empire. The inhabitants are of the Gregorian creed, and remarkable for their bigoted aversion to all other Christian sects. They are merely nominal subjects of the Porte, who exercises but little authority among them, owing to which several travellers, have of late years, lost their lives in this region, and no Egropean Christian can venture there but at great personal risk. Mr. Morris has taken measures to secure the arrest of the guilty parties by the local authorities, and stimulate them to action. He says the animosities of race and religion render the preservation of order very difficult.

A VISIT TO THE HOSPITAL AT QUINCY, ILL

Having been summoned to Quincy by the dangerous condition of a beloved son, made such by many wounds received in the battle of Pittsburg Landing, I propose to put on record a few facts which occurred by the way as matters of history and instruction. A new country, though desolate and unattractive to some at least in the interest of novelty; but the flourishing towns of Ohio and Illinois, the vigorous activity of their teeming population, the vast and fertile prairies, and the father of waters, seen for the first time, called forth, even under sorrowful circumstances, the liveliest emotions.

QUINCY.

I will not delay to describe this city, except to say that it is beautifully situated on a commanding bluff overlooking the majestic Mississippi, and that it looks much like some of our large inland towns in Pennsylvania. It is home-like and comfortable in appearance, whilst the exuberant kindness of its citizens, compel you to feel that you are among the kindest and best of friends.

THE HOSPITAL

Here are brought together the horrors of war and the blessings of Christianity. We read of battle-fields and victories, and of the wounded brought into hospitals; but language in this case fails to express the truth, and the imagination brings no picture before the mind so terrible to the senses. Here is a poor fellow whose head has been opened by a fragment of a shell, and the brain has forced itself out of the opening, so that it appears like a cushion on the side of his head. He is already in a comatose state. He says in reply to a question, "I am a Christian, pray for me." There, in another part of the ward, is a young man whose face and head are swelled up to an [illegible] proportion, and as he sees you pass along he exclaims, "Oh! do come and speak to me, I am so miserable." On such, words of instruction and comfort are not lost. From another ward you hear the piercing exclamation repeated again and again, "Oh! God, be merciful!" It comes from a young artillerist, just brought from Savannah, and undergoing the painful process of dressing his wound. His leg was taken off below the knee, and seems to have been mismanaged in the bandaging, and now, in order to repair the evil, he suffers excruciating pain. Here you meet with a smiling face. The arm, indeed, is off; but it is healing rapidly, and the current of life is carrying health and vigor to every part of the system. There, quietly and without pain, a precious soul is passing into the eternal world. Oh! how the heart saddens and sickens and suffers under such terrible scenes, and kind nature opens the fountain of tears that the breaking heart may find relief through this opened channel.

There are more cheerful and cheering scenes than these to meet the eye, and sweeter sounds to charm the ear. Take the following as an illustration:

Do you love the Saviour?" is a question put to an interesting young man, slowly recovering from a wound, who is reading his Testament. "I think I [illegible] a member of any church?" "Yes" "Then I presume that you have maintained your Christian integrity, and have not abandoned your religious habits." "I can say honestly, I have kept myself from evil, although it was hard." Brave and noble young man! In the midst of abounding sin you have been faithful to your Master. Take another. "Were you not afraid to go into the battle, since you are no Christian?" "Oh, no! Father prayed for us, (my brother is on the Potomac) and he told us we would not be killed." Some may smile incredulously at the confidence of this young man in his father. But that is the kind of confidence which rests in the promises of God, and pleads them with [illegible]

Capt. W———, a noble young man, with a brave and loving heart, expecting to die, was resting sweetly on the merits of our dear Saviour. "Oh, he exclaims, "sing to me!" Some one began,

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,"

but soon broke down in tears. Then another began another of the songs of Zion, and likewise broke down, until we were all in tears. Then the dying [illegible] was good to be there. Presently a young man who [illegible] said, "I am no professing Christian; but I now see the power of Christianity as I never saw it before

[illegible]

I have said that the horrors of war and the blessings of Christianity are brought together in the hospital. I may here also add the latter triumphs over the former. If the world was astonished at the uprising of almost a million of soldiers to defend the freedom of their country, the uprising of an equal [illegible] wounded and comfort the mourners, is equally astonishing. This war has developed the latent power of Christianity, and has made it active and energetic. Enter the hospital at Quincy, almost any time of day, and you will see ladies of refined and polished [illegible] they are. The response probably will be, "They are the *Needle Pickets*." This is a society of ladies, formed a year ago, for the purpose of promoting the comfort and ministering to the wants of sick, wounded, [illegible] of all ages and creeds, and all are animated by the [illegible]

During the last year they have collected between two and three thousand dollars, and have expended it at the hospitals in Quincy, Cairo, Ironton, Pilot Knob, Dunleith, Pittsburg, Savannah and various other localities. They have employed nurses, who have followed the army to those different places. [illegible] whole regiments of [illegible] soldiers on their way, they have employed their time by day and by night in plying the needle, and in preparing garments for the wounded in the West and South. They have also a home for convalescent soldiers, and thus relieve both the soldiers and the hospital. One feature of their labors struck me as peculiarly thoughtful When soldiers are discharged they are often without funds to carry them home. The Pickets" loan money to the soldiers to enable them to return to their friends, and thus send them on their way [illegible]

Mrs P. C. Keller, Quincy, Ill., is an active member of this association. Any gratuity in the form of money, clothing, &c., &c., directed to her will be properly applied to the object for which it is given. I know of no object which, at the present time, is more worthy of the support of the benevolent. If it were needful, I would plead for this association, but feel that what has been written is sufficient.

I ought not to omit to mention that there is another association of ladies called "The Good Samaritans" who, I am informed, are engaged in the same good work. Not having been brought into contact with them as I was with the other society, I could not write of them with the same freedom. The parents who have sons lying in the hospital at Quincy may rest assured that they are well cared for. The superintendent [illegible] and Dorris [illegible] are skilful and attentive and when needed, have the aid of the whole faculty of the city. The nurses are kind and obliging, and the sick are supplied by the ostlesse and by the Pickets with all that they can need under the circumstances. I cannot refrain from recording the kindness of P. C. Keller, Esq., of which I was the recipient for two weeks, and that of Mr. Moore, which came under my notice daily in the hospital. The record of the Master is: "I was a stranger, and ye took me in; I was sick, and ye visited me. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." H. L. BARONESS.

APPEAL OF THE LADIES AID SOCIETY IN BEHALF OF OUR SOLDIERS

This appeal speaks for itself, and we gladly give it a place

We have worked with energy, perseverance and singleness of purpose, and with the blessing of Him from whom cometh every good gift accomplished much, but our work is not done. Many thousands of our sons and brothers are still voluntary exiles from their peaceful, happy homes, exposed to suffering, danger, and death in an ungenial clime, in defence of that Government to which we, as women, owe so much. Consider, too, the character of the men engaged in this terrible conflict, the sacrifices they make of pecuniary means and cherished plans. Many have left lucrative employments, others have laid aside their books, forgetting their longings for literary distinction or scientific attainments, and gone forth with heroic firmness to suffer, and, if needs be, die, that the nation may live and be at peace.

Pass through a military hospital, or a battle-field after an engagement, and listen and be instructed. No murmurings, no repinings are heard from the brave fellows, at the sight of whose mutilated limbs your heart sickens, and your eyes grow dim. Regrets you may hear, not that they have suffered, but that they can suffer no more for their country.

Shall we be less heroic? Have we less at stake than they?

Our treasury is nearly exhausted, whilst the demands

Domestic Items.

The Great Fire in Troy, New York.—We glean from the Troy (N. Y.) *Whig* the following items in reference to the destructive fire which occurred in that city on Saturday last: At 12, M., it broke out in the rear of the wooden buildings extending to the Hudson river. It was speedily in a sheet of flame, and communicated to the [illegible] and rapid destruction. Attention was then [illegible] the property in the neighborhood. The embers were carried in every direction, setting fire to dozens of buildings. For most of the time the fire raged from west to east, and all the efforts of the firemen failed to check its devouring progress. Nor did it cease its raging until hundreds of buildings and millions of property were consumed to ashes.

From estimates made, and as accurate as possible under the circumstances, it is probable that the aggregate losses will approximate three million of dollars, and the aggregate insurance about one million four hundred thousand dollars. The bridge and depot cost some three hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars. The Sixth Street Presbyterian Church near fifty thousand dollars; the Fifth Street Baptist, fifteen to twenty thousand dollars. The Union House cost forty thousand dollars, and the furniture thirty thousand!

A large number of public and charitable institutions were destroyed, including the Troy Orphan Asylum, the Church Asylum, the Warren Female Charity School, the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, the Troy Academy, and the Free Chapel. The shipping in the river narrowly escaped, as the large burning fragments of the bridge floated down among the vessels, and kept all hands busy warding them off.

As far as ascertained, nine persons were burned to death, and a large number were more or less burned, and otherwise injured.

The two following Proclamations are mutually explanatory of each other:

Proclamation by the President.

To the People of the Confederate States of America

An enemy, waging war in a manner violative of the usage of civilized nations, has invaded our country. With the presumptuous reliance on superior numbers, he has declared his purpose to reduce us to submission. We struggle to preserve our birthright of constitutional freedom. Our trust is in the justice of our cause and the protection of our God.

Recent disaster has spread gloom over the land, and sorrow sits at the hearth-stones of our countrymen; but a people conscious of rectitude, and faithfully relying on their Father in Heaven, may be cast down, but cannot be dismayed. They may mourn the loss of the martyre whose lives have been sacrificed in their defence, but they receive this dispensation of Divine Providence with humble submission and reverent faith. And now that our hosts are again going forth to battle, and loving hearts at home are filled with anxious solicitude for their safety, it is meet that the whole people should turn imploringly to their Almighty Father, and be seech his all powerful protection.

To this end, therefore, I, JEFFERSON DAVIS, President of the Confederate States of America, do issue my proclamation, inviting all the people to unite, at their several places of worship, on Friday, the 16th day of the present month of May, in humble supplication to Almighty God, that he will vouchsafe His blessings on our beloved country; that He will strengthen and protect our armies; that He will watch over and protect our people from the machinations of their enemies; and that He will, in His own good time, restore to us the blessings of peace and security under His sheltering care.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Confederate States, at Richmond, on the third day of May, A. D. 1862. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

A Proclamation.

By the President of the United States of America:

Whereas, by the proclamation of the nineteenth of April, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, it was declared that the ports of certain States, including those of Beaufort, in the State of North Carolina, Port Royal, in the State of South Carolina, and New Orleans, in the State of Louisiana, were, for reasons therein set forth, intended to be placed under blockade; and whereas, the said ports of Beaufort, Port Royal, and New Orleans have since been blockaded; but as the blockade of the same ports may now be safely relaxed with advantage to the interests of commerce:

Now, therefore, be it known that I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States, pursuant to the authority in me vested by the fifth section of the act of Congress, approved on the 13th of July last, entitled, "An Act further to provide for the collection of duties on imports, and for other purposes," do hereby declare that the blockade of the said ports of Beaufort, Port Royal and New Orleans, shall so far cease, and determine, from and after the 1st day of June next, that commercial intercourse with those ports, except as to persons, and things, and information contraband of war, may from that time be carried on, subject to the laws of the United States, and to the limitations and in pursuance of the regulations which are prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury in his order of this date, which is appended to this proclamation.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

South Carolina, Florida and Georgia Under Martial law.—General Hunter Declares the Slaves Forever Free.—General Hunter, it will be seen by the following order, has declared the States comprised in his Division under martial law. This will enable the General to operate more efficiently in the reduction of those States to loyalty:

"HEADQUARTERS, Department of the South, Hilton Head, South Carolina, May 9, 1862.—General Orders, No. 11.—The three States of Georgia, Florida and South Carolina, comprising the military department of the South, having deliberately declared themselves no longer under the protection of the United States of America, and having taken up arms against the said United States, it becomes a military necessity to declare them under martial law. This was accordingly done on the 25th day of April, 1862. Slavery and martial law in a free country are altogether incompatible; the persons in these three States—Georgia, Florida and South Carolina—heretofore held as slaves, are, therefore, declared forever freed. {Official} "DAVID HUNTER.

"ED. W. SMITH, Acting Assistant-General."

Arom Com. Foote's Flotilla.—Flag Officer Foote's Farewell to his Boys.—A quiet, unassuming invalid, with the aid of a pair of crutches and the support of the faithful "Orderly," Com. Davis, Capt. Phelps, and Lieutenant Bishop merge from "Old Flag's" room on the starboard. The invalid, after hobbling to the front, says:

OFFICERS AND MEN:—It has now become my painful duty to inform you I am to leave you, though I trust only for a short time. Commodore Davis, whom the Department has seen fit to appoint my successor for the time being, is a gentleman of talent and scientific, as well as Naval ability, known as such not only in this but in foreign lands. He very deservedly enjoys a character which, as yet, and I know and feel will ever remain unsullied, and is the man whom I mentioned to the Department above all others to fill for my temporary relief. [Here, from exhaustion and a choked utterance, he was overcome. He soon rallied, and, turning to Commodore Davis, continued.]—Commodore Davis, I can only say these gallant officers—men of the East, West, North, South, and of foreign climes—who now stand before you, are men on whom you can depend in any emergency. I have tried one and all, and know it, and although they may never receive the reward due their gallant and manly bearing, we have the proud satisfaction of knowing, in our interior life, that our conscience is right—that we have done our duty.

Providence has seen fit to afflict me in our triumphal hour—just as the great work allotted us is being crowned; but I trust that I may regain my failing strength, in body and mind, and be enabled to rejoin you.

The difficulties consequent in improving a squadron like this without means at all adequate to the work required, have been even greater than the signal victories in vindication of our glorious Union. But the work may be said to be finished, as we must, in a few days, occupy Fort Pillow, while a majority of Union people are awaiting to hail our arrival at Memphis with rejoicing and from thence opening the Mississippi south to New Orleans and the like.

The painful duty is now over. I wish that I was able to [illegible] more towards others, but I am so weak. (Touched to tears.) I introduce you to Mr. Duffy, Mr. Hixby and—(here Captain Phelps relieves him by introducing Commodore Davis to each officer singly.) Turning to the seamen he Flag Officer says:—These men, too, you can always depend upon in any emergency. They are ever anxious to get into a fight; they will never surrender to the enemy. If you don't hold them back, they will be in ahead of you before the enemy. They can run faster than I can, you see—(Casting his eyes to his wounded foot.) Officers and men, one and all, farewell.

Prisoners of War.—A despatch from Fortress Monroe informs us that 625 released Union prisoners were to leave that point for Baltimore. Ninety rebel prisoners, who were to be returned in exchange, respectfully "declined the honor," although earnestly urged and threatened by their officers, but took the oath of allegiance to the United States. Another despatch from Washington conveys the still more gratifying intelligence that five hundred rebels, belonging to a Virginia regiment, had deserted their [illegible], an Taken the oath of allegiance to the Federal government. In [illegible] refused [illegible] down their arms. [illegible] advised that the hearts of [illegible] after with their treacherous [illegible] assistance is needed that a [illegible] the war will meet with its adequate reward.

Union Men in Tennessee.—We are glad to learn that some of the most distinguished citizens of Tennessee have united in issuing an address to their fellow citizens of the same State, inviting them to meet at the capitol, in Nashville, on the 12th inst., for the purpose of taking such steps as will restore Tennessee to her former status with the Federal [illegible] Among the signers to the call are such persons as Andrew Johnson, Wm B. Campbell, Balie Peyton, Wm B Stokes, Wm. S. Cheatham. This is a move in the right direction, and as it is in such capable hands we [illegible]

New Orleans. By Southern papers received in this city, we have intelligence from New Orleans to the 3d inst. In consequence of the scarcity of [illegible] the greatest distress prevails in that city. Mayor Monroe and all the aldermen, on refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the Federal government were arrested and conveyed to prison. Gen. Butler had landed seven regiments, and had issued a proclamation declaring martial law, and promising protection to all those who may take the oath of allegiance, and behave themselves as loyal citizens.

Pensacola Taken.—It will cause a thrill of joy throughout the loyal portion of the land to know that the Union cause has sustained a new triumph, and that the stars and stripes float over another "Gibralter" of the rebels. Pensacola, the boasted stronghold of the rebellion on the Southern coast, has been taken from the hands of its despoilers and restored into the hands of its rightful owners. The intelligence to this effect comes to us from Southern sources, Jacob Thompson, Secretary of the Interior under Mr. Buchanan, and now on the staff of Beauregard, being the bearer of the joyful news. This will be another stunning blow to the rebel cause, and from the effects of which it will not soon recover. Ever since the day Pensacola was evacuated by the little band of United States soldiers, and subsequently occupied by the rebels, it was the common vaunt of the latter that they would make it impregnable against any force that could be sent against it, and would ultimately take Fort Pickens from the hands of the Union soldiers; but by the vigilance and bravery of our officers, soldiers and sailors in those parts—for the army and navy worked in unison—the latter boast was prevented from being carried out, and the former has at last been won back.

Norfolk.—Stringent orders have been issued by General Wool, prohibiting the sale of newspapers, the transportation of supplies and merchandise, and the return of citizens or soldiers to Norfolk. It is stated that the embargo on travel to Fortress Monroe will soon be removed.

Gen Mitchell.—Gen. Mitchell's little army has made another of those exploits for which it is everywhere famous. He despatched an expedition on the 13th, under command of Gen. Negley, a Pennsylvanian, against Rigersville, but before Gen. Negley reached there the rebels fled. Gen. M. sent an expedition against Shadd creek, which was more successful, destroying the ferry-boat and the bridge at that place. There are some rebel cavalry in that vicinity which Gen. Mitchell promises to destroy or capture.

Gen Banks.—From Gen. Banks' headquarters at Strasburg, we learn that the Union people of that region are pouring into town, under the belief that Gen. Banks' army is retreating. Three hundred rebel guerrillas made a dash upon a number of the Twenty-Eighth Pennsylvania regiment, and killed or took fourteen prisoners.

Gen. McClellan.—On Saturday his army advanced on the main road to the city, and drove the enemy across the Chickahominy at Bottom's bridge, where a harmless artillery fight occurred.

Repulse of the Fleet.—Our fleet that ascended the James river, consisting of the Galena, Monitor and Naugatuck, all iron-clad vessels, and the Port Royal and Aroostook, have been repulsed at Fort Darling, seven miles below Richmond. The iron gun on board of the Naugatuck, which is said to have bursted, was mounted amidships, pointed towards the bow, and was loaded from below by depressing the muzzle, which was effected by means of pulleys ingeniously constructed for that purpose. This gun was loaded by means of a moveable charger, which could be raised or lowered at pleasure. The ramming was accomplished by a sort of piston rod on a line with the muzzle of the gun, which is also worked by pulleys, thus affording the celerity of loading and firing every half minute. The gun was capable of throwing a hundred-pound shot a great distance. The Lieutenant Marrie, of the Port Royal, mentioned as having been wounded, was the commander of the Cumberland during her engagement with the Merrimac. Eight miles below Richmond the James river is only about half a mile wide and the water very shallow. On both banks of the river are high bluffs easily fortified. At this point the fort was located. After bombarding the place four hours, and finding our gunboats could not silence the battery, our gunboats withdrew. Our loss was thirteen killed, and a number wounded.

Southern News.—Later Southern news has been received by way of Cairo. The rebel papers of the West state that the evacuation of Yorktown and Norfolk was done for strategical reasons. The Union people of Memphis are said to be sorely dispirited on account of the non-arrival of our fleet before that city. Rebel accounts of the naval fight on the Mississippi claim a victory for their side, having "sunk one gunboat and two spar-ar-boats." The rebel loss was two killed and eight wounded. Their fleet was commanded by Captain Montgomery, assisted by Jeff Thompson. Flour is quoted at twenty-two dollars per barrel in Memphis, and other necessaries of life in proportion.

Pope's Corps.—General Pope's corps de armée of General Halleck's army has again advanced, and is now within three miles of the rebel intrenchments at Corinth. Deserters continue to report that great dissatisfaction is everywhere expressed in Beauregard's army, and that the enlisted men from the Border States see no reason why they should fight for the independence of the Cotton States.

Geary.—General Geary has sent to Secretary Stanton the official report of the killing of one, and the capture of 15 of his men by a body of rebels. General G. states that he ordered a company of infantry to Lindeo, and that the advance guard of said company, numbering 17 men, were attacked by from 300 to 600 rebel cavalry, and after gallantly resisting, were overpowered and taken prisoners.

Gen Hunter.—Accounts by steamer Port Royal, which arrived on Saturday, report that the proclamation of General Hunter has been published in Charleston, and a negro insurrection there was imminent. It is expected that Savannah will soon be in our possession, General Hunter having erected numerous batteries that will shell the city if it is not surrendered to him. Our troops hold a portion of the railroad between Savannah and Charleston.

Princeton, Va.—Humphrey Marshall's command of rebels attacked and captured Princeton, the capital of Mercer county, Virginia, and situated 270 miles west of Richmond. The next morning Gen. Cox defeated the rebels and captured the place.

Hunter's Proclamation Repudiated by the President. The President has issued a proclamation repudiating the alleged proclamation of General Hunter, as unauthorized, and of no validity and effect, and reserving to himself alone the right to determine whether he can constitutionally adopt such a policy, if the contingencies of the war eventually make it necessary.

Personal.

David G Farragutt, the [illegible] fleet now before New Orleans, is a native of the State of Tennessee, and is about sixty-three years of age. He is a citizen of his native State, and was appointed to the United States Navy from that State. He entered the service as a midshipman when a mere child, his warrant bearing date December 17, 1810. He was first on board the *Essex*, under the redoubtable Commodore David Porter, and served with him also in the expedition around Cape Horn in 1815. In 1825 he was made a Lieutenant, in 1841 a commander, and in 1855 a captain. He has been in the United States Navy over fifty-one years; he has spent twenty one years of that time at sea, nineteen years, and over, on shore and other duty, and has been for eleven years unemployed. Under his commission as captain he has seen over two years and a half sea service, part of which in the capacity of Flag Officer.

Capt. Theodorus Bailey, United States Navy, who commanded the fleet of gunboats which passed up the Mississippi and participated in the attack on Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and the shore batteries between the mouth of the river and the city of New Orleans, is a native of [illegible] County, was a soldier of the Revolution. Captain Bailey entered the navy on New Year's day of 1811—[illegible] forty-four years. Of these, [illegible] been spent at sea, about six [illegible] has been employed [illegible] various to his [illegible]

Foreign Summary.

The course of justice don't seem to run any purer in England than with ourselves, judging by the recent trial and conviction of our fellow-countryman, Mr. G. F. Train, for laying down a track for a horse railroad in one of the streets of London,—a road certainly called for, as evidenced by the fact that more than half a million of passengers used it during the six months of its existence.

He was indicted, in connexion with the vestrymen of Lambeth, (who authorized the laying down of his tram-way,) for creating and maintaining a nuisance. Numerous witnesses, notorious either for their connexion or sympathy with the omnibus interest, or for their anti-American prejudices, were examined for the prosecution, and established, as the published reports show, a very weak case indeed. At the moment the prosecution rested, the foreman of the jury rose in his place and addressed the Judge, declaring that the minds of the jury were fully made up, not only from the testimony they had heard, but also from their own personal knowledge of the facts in the case. Instead of rebuking them for presuming to come to a decision before hearing both sides, and especially for daring to bring into the jury-box their own pre-received prejudices and private opinions, Chief Justice Erle entered into conversation with them, and finally asked the question whether, if Mr. Train's witnesses should testify to an entirely different state of *facts*, proving that the tram-way was an unquestionable public convenience, &c., such testimony would have any effect upon their decision? Will it be credited that the foreman of the jury, speaking for the whole body, promptly and decisively answered that it would have no effect whatever? So it, however, was the actual fact, and the Judge received, and the clerk recorded their verdict of guilty, without a word of evidence having been heard from the many respectable witnesses Mr. Train had in attendance.

It is not the only strange case that has recently occurred in the English Courts. At the last Norfolk Assizes, Baron Martin decided that the erection of telegraph posts along a turnpike road, even after the sanction of the proper authorities had been obtained, was a public nuisance, the authors of which were criminally indictable on the complaint of any person inconvenienced thereby, and subject to other penalties than the abatement of the nuisance itself. All the Telegraph Companies in the land are in a state of excitement, and if this decision be sustained, some legislative action will be necessary for their relief.

Presbyterianism in England.—The Rev. Dr. Edmond, of Islington, in a recent lecture at Regent's Square, speaking of the future "prospects" of Presbyterianism in England, said that it was absolutely necessary for its progress that it should be adapted to English tastes, that it should be relieved from the imputation of being a Scottish exotic; that sacred music should be especially attended to, (now very much neglected,) and that, for his part, he considered that every congregation which desired it, should be allowed to have instrumental music.

For the Christian Recorder.

BUCKS COUNTY SS.—TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS MAY COME.

I, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace, in and for the county of Bucks, do hereby certify that I am acquainted and know Emily Johnson, formerly Rodney, who was married to Samuel Johnson, who was married before William Hawk, Esq., of Bristol, Bucks County, as appears by record on his docket; and after careful examination and mature reflection, I feel myself fully safe in saying that the said Johnson had a wife living at the time he married the said Emily Rodney, and further say that I have the evidence of Daniel Emmons, (local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church) Charles Emmons, (Class leader) and Benjamin Commings, (who is exhorter,) that he had one or more wives living at the time he married the said Emily Johnson; and the evidence, on affirmation of the said Emily Johnson, that he had a wife living at the time she married him, which, at the time she married him, she had no knowledge of.

Affirmed and subscribed before me, May 6th, 1862. Wm Blakey, J. P. } her Emily X Johnson. mark.

PERRY & FITZGERALD'S

PROCESS FOR MAKING LIGHT, NUTRITIOUS, AND UNADULTERATED BREAD, WITHOUT FERMENTATION

The new process of bread making, patented by Perry & Fitzgerald rem ves all the obstacles which have hitherto rendered it impossible to manufacture perfectly pure, sweet, and nutritious bread. The entire process is performed by mechanical means, and is eminently cleanly.

The process consists in mixing the flour in a closed vessel, and the application of pure carbonic gas, under pressure, by which the dough mass is made thoroughly light and ready to be [illegible] into pans for baking in the brief space of fifteen or twenty minutes. The "sponge" is usually 300 pounds, and each machine complete for operation, in all its details, from the putting up of the flour to the discharging of the dough, is from twenty five to forty minutes.

The invention of Perry & Fitzgerald effects a revolution in the preparation of bread, by establishing a system of wholesale manufacture not subject to the vicissitudes and evils of fermentation, but exact and certain in its results:—1. Because, by the substitution of mechanical for manual labor, and to the superior value of the article produced, it promises large profits upon the capital employed. 2. Because such employment of capital, as well as the protection afforded by the patent, gives adequate security against competition. But whilst preventing undue competition it produces none of the evils of a monopoly, because it leaves the consumer at all times in possession of the cheaper means of supply, to be resorted to, should the monopoly become prejudicial.

The application of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure, to a mechanically kneaded dough-mass, as in the invention of Perry & Fitzgerald, did not occur to Dr. Ure, though he seems to have had a clear foreshadowing of the introduction of the artificial gas, since he states, hypothetically, that "if water, highly impregnated with carbonic acid gas, be used for kneading the dough, the resulting bread will be somewhat spongy. Could a [illegible] be continued, "to produced in this way, then, as the sugar would remain undecomposed, the bread would be as much the sweeter and more nourishing."

What, in Dr. Ure was evidently a clearly comprehended chemical truth, has been practically developed by the brilliant invention of Perry & Fitzgerald. Posterity will hold their names in grateful remembrance, as among the most eminent benefactors of mankind.

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No 219 North Ninth St., abv. Race.

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Orders left at the Store will be promptly attended to.

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JOHN H GRAHAM, | SAML. EMLEN, | R G PASSMORE

Married.

At Jefferson city, Mo., by Rev. John Turner, Assistant Chaplain, Mr. JAMES WARWICK ZANE, of Pennsylvania, to Mrs. LUCINDA WILLIAMS, of Jefferson city, Mo.

At St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 23d, 1862, by Rev. John Turner, Mr. [illegible] of Washington city, D. C., to Miss JARUSHA HILL, of St. Louis, Mo.

Died.

Died at his residence in Jefferson city, Mo., April [illegible] Brother ESAU TURNER in the [illegible] th year of his age.

After suffering severe affliction for thirteen days in the full triumph of a living faith he left this world. He leaves to mourn his loss a wife and one child. Brother Turner was a faithful and useful local preacher in our Church. It is true, he was born a slave in Kentucky, hence had not the opportunity of acquiring an early education, but as he grew older, had some opportunities of learning to read and write, &c.

He was a man of bright intellect, great zeal, and moral courage, humble, courteous and unassuming. Those who were associated with him only knew him to love him. He was an affectionate husband and a kind father. It may truly be said of him, "Mark the perfect and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." Sweet consolation. Brother Turner is resting, until he shall be permitted to return rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him, for we have reason to believe he has many. Eight years of his useful labors were performed in this State, (Missouri.)

JOHN TURNER.

Two more soldiers of the cross fallen. In Richmond, Ind., May 4th, CAROLINE BANKS, the wife of Joseph Banks, in the full triumph of faith in Jesus.

She quietly sleeps in Jesus. The memory of sister Banks still, and will forever, live in the minds of her friends. May her body rest quietly in the dust until Jesus says, "It is enough, come up higher!"

Also died, in the city of Richmond, Ind., May 10th, FANNY PICKET, but will be known best by grandmother Picket.

She was the grandmother of Sister Fanny McIntosh, and the wife of Rev. Amos McIntosh. Sister Picket was over one hundred years old. She, having been raised a slave, it was impossible to ascertain her precise age; but she informed me that during the Revolutionary War she was a young woman 20 years of age, or may be more. She died in the full triumph of faith in Jesus, and was rational until she left the world. Weep not, my friends, for your loss is her eternal gain.

Also died, in the city of Richmond, Ind., on the 10th of May, HARRIET MOORE, daughter of Caroline and Joseph Moore, aged 8 years and 27 days.

She quietly sleeps in Jesus, for says the blessed Jesus, "Suffer little children to come unto me." Sister Banks' funeral sermon will be attended to by Wm C. Tresan in the future, and sister Fanny Picket's by Bishop Wm. P. Quinn, by request, in the future. Sister Harriet's was attended to before interment from the subject 2 Kings iv. 26.

Elder in charge of Richmond,

WM. C. TRESAN.

Advertisements.

THOMAS CHARNOCK,

GENERAL FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,

NO. 427 SOUTH 6TH ST.,

Second Door Below Bethel Church.

Hearses and carriages, with every requisite for the business, furnished at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. T. C. having purchased the right to use the patent [illegible] for the county, is also prepared to furnish it in connection with his [illegible] Mar19-1y

For the Christian Recorder.

BUCKS COUNTY SS.—TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS MAY COME.

I, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace, in and for the county of Bucks, do hereby certify that I am acquainted and know Emily Johnson, formerly Rodney, who was married to Samuel Johnson, who was married before William Hawk, Esq., of Bristol, Bucks County, as appears by record on his docket; and after careful examination and mature reflection, I feel myself fully safe in saying that the said Johnson had a wife living at the time he married the said Emily Rodney, and further say that I have the evidence of Daniel Emmons, (local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church) Charles Emmons, (Class leader) and Benjamin Commings, (who is exhorter,) that he had one or more wives living at the time he married the said Emily Johnson; and the evidence, on affirmation of the said Emily Johnson, that he had a wife living at the time she married him, which, at the time she married him, she had no knowledge of.

Affirmed and subscribed before me, May 6th, 1862. Wm Blakey, J. P. } her Emily X Johnson. mark. 3t.

PERRY & FITZGERALD'S

PROCESS FOR MAKING LIGHT, NUTRITIOUS, AND UNADULTERATED BREAD, WITHOUT FERMENTATION

The new process of bread making, patented by Perry & Fitzgerald rem ves all the obstacles which have hitherto rendered it impossible to manufacture perfectly pure, sweet, and nutritious bread. The entire process is performed by mechanical means, and is eminently cleanly.

The process consists in mixing the flour in a closed vessel, and the application of pure carbonic gas, under pressure, by which the dough mass is made thoroughly light and ready to be [illegible] into pans for baking in the brief space of fifteen or twenty minutes. The "sponge" is usually 300 pounds, and each machine complete for operation, in all its details, from the putting up of the flour to the discharging of the dough, is from twenty five to forty minutes.

The invention of Perry & Fitzgerald effects a revolution in the preparation of bread, by establishing a system of wholesale manufacture not subject to the vicissitudes and evils of fermentation, but exact and certain in its results:—1. Because, by the substitution of mechanical for manual labor, and to the superior value of the article produced, it promises large profits upon the capital employed. 2. Because such employment of capital, as well as the protection afforded by the patent, gives adequate security against competition. But whilst preventing undue competition it produces none of the evils of a monopoly, because it leaves the consumer at all times in possession of the cheaper means of supply, to be resorted to, should the monopoly become prejudicial.

The application of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure, to a mechanically kneaded dough-mass, as in the invention of Perry & Fitzgerald, did not occur to Dr. Ure, though he seems to have had a clear foreshadowing of the introduction of the artificial gas, since he states, hypothetically, that "if water, highly impregnated with carbonic acid gas, be used for kneading the dough, the resulting bread will be somewhat spongy. Could a [illegible] be continued, "to produced in this way, then, as the sugar would remain undecomposed, the bread would be as much the sweeter and more nourishing."

What, in Dr. Ure was evidently a clearly comprehended chemical truth, has been practically developed by the brilliant invention of Perry & Fitzgerald. Posterity will hold their names in grateful remembrance, as among the most eminent benefactors of mankind.

ESTABLISHED IN 1796.

McALLISTER AND BROTHER,

OPTICIANS,

No. 728 Chestnut Street,

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Nearly Opposite Masonic Hall,

(Lately removed from the Old Stand, Chestnut St., above Second.)

Spectacles, Mathematical Instruments, Spy-Glasses, Philosophical Apparatus, Opera Glasses, Thermometers Microscopes, and Microscopic Objects, Tape Measures, Plating Prints, Magic Lanterns, Stereoscopes and Stereoscopic Pictures. By Wholesale and Retail.

Their priced and Illustrated Catalogues furnished on application and sent by Mail Free of Charge.

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AND

WINDOW SHADE WAREHOUSE,

No 219 North Ninth St., abv. Race.

CHARLES H. GAU respectfully invites the attention of [illegible] and beautiful WALL PAPERS AND WINDOW SHADES, [illegible] and cheap, and to be executed [illegible] All ordinary [illegible] Also, Gilt Cornices and Fixtures, [illegible] Shades and Curtains made to order at short notice.

Orders left at the Store will be promptly attended to.

Rooms, Wood [illegible] Kramer & Urban, Pittsburgh.

WORK, McCOUCH & CO.,

[illegible]

Dealers in Pennsylvania Bank Notes, [illegible] Warrants Drafts bought and sold. [illegible] Bills of Exchange on New York, [illegible] Baltimore, Richmond, Washington, Pittsburgh, [illegible] Collections promptly made on all accessible points in the United States and Canadas.

Deposits Received, payable on demand [illegible] Gold and Silver bought and sold on commission and Business Paper negotiated.

Refer to Philadelphia Banks and Corporations, Bank of North America, Philadelphia; Messrs. Tevis & Co., New York; [illegible] and Residence Banks, Pittsburg.

GRAHAM, EMLEN & PASSMORE,

NO. 62 MARKET STREET, PHILADA

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

GARDEN, FIELD, GRASS, AND FLOWER Seeds

Agricultural Machinery of every description,—

HORTICULTURAL TOOLS,

TREES

PLANTS,

FERTILIZERS, &c.

Sole agents for Pennock's celebrated Reaper and Mower, Morgan's Patent Steel-Tooth Horse Rake, Cumming's Hay, Straw, and Fodder Cutter, &c.

JOHN H GRAHAM, | SAML. EMLEN, | R G PASSMORE

THE UNITED Brothers and Sisters of Rev. Bethel Natl. Society are requested to attend their regular stated meeting, the 19th of this month, at 8 o'clock, P M., on the corner of Quince and Locust Streets. Punctual attendance is strictly requested, by order of the President.

AARON BELL, *President.*

E. MALONEY, *Secretary.*

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 10th, 1861. Representatives from Ledges are as follows:—

From Garnet Union No 4, D. of T.; from Phoenix Union, No 8, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 16, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from De Bias' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 19, D. of T.; from Vanbrackle Union, No 15, D. of T., of Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—

Grand P., Sister Bennet; Grand Associate, Sister Burns; Grand Treasurer, Sister Fawcett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E Dubbart; Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall.

G P. P,	Sister E Roberts,	G P. P	Sister Armstead,
" "	" E Bowie,	" "	" J F Bucch,
" "	" M H Dudy,	" "	" E A Clark,
" "	" S Newman,	" "	" White,
" "	" S Davis,	" "	" S Hall.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY.

THE STATED QUARTERLY MEETINGS of the Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August, and November.

The meetings of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the society.

Mrs. SARAH CARTER, *President.*

Mr L. R SEYBOLT, *Secty.*

MRS. JOHNSON AND MRS. WARE

Beg leave to inform the Public in general that they continue

LAYING OUT AND SHROUDING THE DEAD.

REFERENCES:

Thomas Charnock, No. 427 South Sixth Street.
James Le Count, No. 930 Rodman Street.
Thomas W. Allmond, No. 1027 Rodman Street.

☞ ALL ORDERS ATTENDED TO AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

Mrs. JANE JOHNSON, Residence—618 S 8th St. | Mrs. ANN WARE, Resid'ce—641 Lombard St.

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OF THE

AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,

No. 619 Pine Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

We have on hand, in connexion with our other books, Sabbath School books of various kinds, Question Books; Catechisms, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. We have a good assortment of such books as are generally used in the Public Schools. Also, Stationery, Inks, Pens, Paper, Envelopes and Bank Books.

THE DEATH-BED OF THE REV. JOHN WESLEY.

Wanted Canvassing Agents for this splendid large engraving [illegible] The most liberal inducements offered to those selling the print. Send for Catalogue and terms [illegible]

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No. 50 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

WANTED.—The charge of a Public School. Reference as to ability can be given. Apply to J. W. A., 1641 Helmuth St.

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OF THE LATEST STYLES,

Made in the Best Manner, expressly for RETAIL SALES. Lowest Selling Prices marked in Plain Figures. All Goods made to order warranted satisfactory. Our One-Price System is strictly adhered to. All are thereby treated alike. JONES & CO.,

Dec25-1y 604 MARKET STREET.

GOOD NEWS

To Tailors, Dress makers, and to those wishing to be such. Also, [illegible] can learn to cut and fit perfectly, Ladies' Dresses, Boys' and Men's Pants, Vests, Jackets, Sack and Over-coats.

Local and Travelling Agents Wanted.

Address REV. W. H. BRADLEY,
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Or apply to Mrs. Mary J. Wooster (wife of the Editor) at the paper [illegible] Philada. Pa.

Jan2-1y

MRS. E. A. PALMER'S

DRY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS STORE,

NO. 105 NORTH FIFTH STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

A General Assortment of Hosiery, Trimmings, Dry Goods, &c.

Dress, Skirt-making, and Plain Sewing, promptly attended to.

Jan2-1y

COAL! COAL!! COAL!!!

The subscriber is now [illegible] Lehigh and Schuylkill Coal, which he will sell at the following prices:

Lehigh Stove Coal, per ton,	$5.25
" Egg "	4.75
" Broken and Screened, per ton,	4.50
" Nut "	4.50
Schuylkill [illegible]	4.50
" Nut "	4.50
" [illegible]	2.50

Orders left at the Store, No. 107 North Fifth St., will be promptly attended to.

WM. STILL.

Jan25-1y 107 North Fifth St., Philada.

KEELY'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY

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PICTURE GALLERY ON THE FIRST FLOOR.

Strangers should not fail to call and examine.

Admission Free.

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No 17—3mo. PHILADELPHIA.

WILLIAM STILL'S

STOVE STORE,

107 NORTH FIFTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and all in want of good stoves, that he has now on hand a general variety of excellent PARLOR, COOK and CHAMBER STOVES, including the Gas-burning, as well as other patterns, which he is selling at very low rates. He buys entirely for cash, of the best wholesale houses, and of course can sell much cheaper than those buying on the usual credit system. At any rate his friends are invited to give him a call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere, as he feels that they would be convinced that it would be to their interest to give him their patronage. Coal orders constantly on hand. WM. STILL.

JOSEPH H. COLL,

CONTINENTAL RESTAURANT,

NO. 717 LOMBARD STREET, PHILA.,

(Above Seventh St., under Philadelphia Institute.)

Where he continues to keep always on hand the very best [illegible] and respectfully solicits a continuance of the liberal patronage that all his friends and the public in general [illegible] with the past year.

☞ Meals served at all hours. Families supplied on reasonable terms.

☞ Also, public and private waiting done on the most reasonable terms. 1y

Mrs. S. Shorter Hawkins

NEW SPRING GOODS,

[illegible] Shirts of all sizes, from 10 cents to $1 25. A large lot of linen fronts, from 6 to 25 cents. Also, [illegible] Ladies and Gents are invited to examine my assortment of D

Family Circle.

I AM DYING.

Be to my [illegible] heart,
Paint and fainter comes my breath,
And [illegible]
Must, I know, be those of death.

Sit down close beside me, darling,
Let me clasp your warm, strong hand—
Yours, that ever has sustained me
To the borders of this land.

For your God and mine—our Father—
Those shall ever lead me on,
Where, upon a throne eternal,
Sits his loved and only Son.

I've had visions and been dreaming
O'er the past of joy and pain;
Year by year I've wandered backward,
Till I was a child again.

Dreamed of girlhood and the moment
When I stood your wife and bride
How my heart thrilled with love's triumph
In that hour of woman's pride!

Dreamed of thee—and all the earth-cords
Firmly twined about my heart—
Oh, the bitter, burning anguish
When I knew that we must part!

It has passed, and God has promised
All thy footsteps to attend;
He, that's more than friend or brother,
He'll be with thee to the end.

There's no shadow o'er the portals
Leading to my heavenly home;
Christ has promised life immortal,
And 'tis he that bids me come.

When life's trials wait around thee,
And its chilling billows swell,
Thou'lt thank Heaven that I am spared them,
Thou'lt feel then that "all is well."

Bring our boys unto my bedside;
My last blessing let them keep—
But they're sleeping, do not wake them—
They'll learn soon enough to weep

Tell them often of their mother;
Kiss them for me when they wake;
Lead them gently in the path-way;
Love them doubly for my sake.

Clasp my hand still closer, darling,
This the last night of my life;
For to-morrow I shall never
Answer when you call me "wife."

Fare thee well, my noble husband;
Faint not 'neath this chastening rod,
Throw your strong arm round our children
Keep them close to thee—and God.

MY WHISTLING NEIGHBOR.

We had moved into a new house, situated about the centre in a row of ten, all run up together in hurried, mushroom fashion, and divided from each other by partitions of brick so thin that sound was only a little deadened in passing through. For the first three or four nights I was unable to sleep, except in snatches, for so many noises came to my ears, originating, apparently, in my own domicile, that anxiety in regard to burglars was constantly excited. Both on the first and second nights I made a journey through the house in the small hours, but found no intruders on my premises. The sounds that disturbed me came from some of my neighbors, who kept later vigils than suited my habits.

"There it is again!" said I, looking up from my paper, as I sat reading on the second day after taking possession of my new home. "That fellow is a nuisance."

"What fellow?" asked my wife, whose countenance showed surprise at the remark. She was either unconscious or unaffected by the circumstances that annoyed my sensitive ears.

"Don't you hear it?" said I.

"Hear, what?"

"That everlasting whistle."

"Oh!" A smile played over my wife's face "Does it annoy you?"

"I can't say that I am particularly annoyed by it yet; but I shall be if it's to go on incessantly A man whistles for want of thought, and this very fact will—"

"I'm not so sure of that," remarked my wife, interrupting me, "the poet notwithstanding. I would say that he whistles from exuberant feelings Our neighbor has a sunny temper, no doubt; what, I am afraid, cannot be said of our neighbor on the other side. I've never heard him whistle; but his scolding abilities are good, and, judging from two days' observation, he is not likely to permit them to grow feeble for want of use."

I did not answer, but went on with my reading, silenced, if not reconciled to my whistling neighbor.

Business matters annoyed me through the day, and I felt moody and depressed as I took my course homeward at nightfall. I was not leaving my cares behind me. Before shutting my account books, and locking my fire-proof, I had made up a bundle of troubles to carry away with me, and my shoulders stooped beneath the burden

I did not bring sunlight into my dwelling as I crossed, with dull, deliberate steps, its threshold The dying feet that sprang along the hall, and the eager voices that filled, suddenly, the air in a sweet tumult of sound as I entered, were quiet and hushed in a little while. I did not repel my precious ones, for they were very dear to my heart; but birds do not sing joyously except in the sunshine, and my presence had cast a shadow The songs of my home birds died into fitful chirpings—they sat quiet among the branches. I saw this, and understood the reason. I condemned myself; I reasoned against the folly of bringing worldly cares into the home sanctuary; I endeavored to rise out of my gloomy state. But neither philosophy nor a self-compelling effort was of any avail

I was sitting, with my hand partly shading my face from the light, still in conflict with myself, when I became conscious of a lifting of the shadows that were around me, and of a freer respiration. The change was slight, but very perceptible. I was beginning to question as to its cause, when my thought recognized an agency which had been operative through the sense of hearing, though not before externally perceived in consequence of my abstracted state. My neighbor was whistling "Begone, Dull Care!"

Now, in my younger days, I had whistled and sung the air and words of that cheerful old song hundreds of times, and every line was familiar to memory. I listened, with pleased interest, for a little while, and then, as my changing state gave power to resolutions quick born of better reason, I said, in my thought, emphatically, as if remanding an evil spirit,—

"Begone, dull care!"

And the fiend left me. Then I spoke cheerfully, and in a tone of interest to quiet little May, who had walked around me three or four times, wondering in her little heart, no doubt, what held her at a distance from her papa, and who was now seated by her mother, leaning her flaxen head, fluted all over with glossy curls, against her knee. She sprang at my voice, and was in my lap at a bound!—What a thrill of pleasure the tight clasp of her arms sent to my heart! Oh love, thou art full of blessing!

From that moment I felt kinder toward my neighbor. He had done me good—had played before me as David played before Saul, exorcising the evil spirit of discontent. There was no long er a repellent sphere, and soon all my little ones were close around me, and happy as in other times with their father.

After they were all in bed, and I sat alone with my wife, the cares that "infest the day" made a new assault upon me, and vigorously strove to regain their lost empire in my mind. I felt their approaches, and the gradual receding of cheerful thoughts with every advancing step they made In my struggle to maintain the tranquility which so strengthens the soul for work and duty I arose and walked the floor.—My wife looked up to me with inquiry on her face. Then she let her eyes fall upon her needlework, and as I glanced toward her at every turn in my walk, I saw an expression of tender concern on her lips. She understood that I was not at ease in my mind, and the knowledge troubled her

"How wrong in me," I said in self rebuke, "thus to let idle brooding over mere outside things, which such brooding can in no way affect, trouble the peace of home;" and I made a new effort to rise again into a sunnier region. But the fiend had me in his clutches again, and I could not release myself. Now it was that my David came anew to my relief. Suddenly his clear notes rang out in the air, "Away with Melancholy."

I cannot tell which worked the instant revulsion of feeling that came—the cheerful air, the words of the song which were called to remembrance by the air, or the associations of by gone years that were revived. But the spell was potent and complete. I was myself again

During the evening the voice of my wife broke out several times into snatches of song—a thing quite unusual of late, for life's sober realities had taken the music from her as well as from her husband. We were growing graver every day. It was pleasant to hear her flute tones again, very pleasant, and my ear hearkened lovingly. The cause of this fitful warbling I recognized each time as the notes died away.—They were responsive to our neighbor

I did not then remark upon the circumstance One reason of this lay in the fact that I had spoken lightly of our neighbor's whistling propensity, which struck me in the beginning as vulgar; and I did not care to acknowledge myself so largely his debtor as I really was

We were in our bedroom, and about retiring for the night, when loud voices, as if in strife, came discordantly through the thin party walls, from our neighbors on the other side. Something had gone wrong there, and angry passions were in the ascendant.

"How very disagreeable!" I remarked

"The man's a brute!" said my wife, emphatically. "He does nothing, it seems to me, but wrangle in his family. Pity that he hadn't something of the pleasant temper of our neighbor on the other side."

"That is a more agreeable sound, I must confess," was my answer as the notes of "What Fairy like Music steals over the Sea" rose sweetly on the air.

"Far more agreeable," returned my wife

"He plays well on his instrument," I said, smiling. My ear was following the notes in pleased recognition. We stood listening until our neighbor passed to another air, set to Mrs. Hemans' beautiful words. "Come to the Sunset Tree." To a slow, soft, tender measure the notes fell, yet still we heard them with singular distinctness through the intervening wall, just a little muffled, but sweeter for the obstruction.

"The day is past and gone,
The workman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done."

My wife recalled these lines from her memory, repeating them in a subdued, tranquillising tone. The air was still sounding in our ears, but we no longer recognized its impression on the external senses. It had done its work of recalling the beautiful Evening Hymn of the Switzer, and we repeated to each other verse after verse:

"Sweet is the hour of rest,
Pleasant the wood's low sigh,
And the gleaming of the west
And the turf whereon we lie.
When the burden and the heat
Of labor's task is o'er,
And kindly voices greet
The loved one at the door."

To which I added

"But rest, more sweet and still
Than ever night fall gave,
Our longing hearts shall fill,
In the world beyond the grave.
There shall no tempest blow,
No scorching noon-tide heat;
There shall be no more snow,
No weary, wandering feet,
And we lift our trusting eyes
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies—
To the Sabbath of our God."

All was now still on both sides. The harsh discord of our scolding neighbor had ceased, and our whistling neighbor had warbled his good-night melody, which, like a pleasant flower growing near an unsightly object, and interposing a veil of beauty, had removed it from our consciousness

It was a long time since I had felt so peaceful on retiring as when my head went down upon its pillow—thanks to my light hearted neighbor, at whose whistling propensities I was inclined in the beginning to be annoyed. But for him I should have gone to rest with the harsh discord of my scolding neighbor's voice in my ears, and been ill at ease with myself and the world. On what seeming trifles hang our states of mind! A word, a look, a tone of music, a discordant jar, will bring light or shadow, smiles or tears.

On the next morning, while dressing myself, thought reached me forward over the day's anxieties, and care began drawing her sombre curtains around me. My neighbor was stirring also, and like the awakening bird, tuneful in sweet matins.

"Day on the Mountains" rang out cheerily, followed by "Dear Summer Morn;" winding off with "Begone, Dull Care!" and the merry laughter of a happy child which had sprung into his arms, and was being smothered with kisses.

The cloud that was gathering on my brow passed away, and I met my wife and children at the breakfast table with pleasant smiles

In a few days I ceased to notice the whistling of my neighbor. It continued as usual; but had grown to be such a thing of course as not to be an object of thought. But the effect remained, showing itself in a gradual restoration of that cheerfulness which care, and brooding anxiety about worldly things are so apt to produce. The "voice of music," which had been almost dumb in my wife for a long period, was gradually restored. Old familiar ditties would break suddenly from her throat as she sat sewing, and I would often hear her singing again, from room to room, as in the summer days of our spring-time. As for myself, scarcely an evening passed in which I was not betrayed into beating time with my foot to "Auld Lang Syne," "Happy Land," "Comin' through the Rye," or "Hail Columbia," in response to my neighbor's cheery whistle. Our children also caught the infection, and would commence singing on the instant our neighbor tuned his pipes. Verily he was our benefactor—the harping David to our Saul.

"You live at Number 510, I think," said a gentleman whose face was familiar, though I was not able to call his name. We were sitting side by side in the cars

I answered in the affirmative.

"So I thought," he replied. "I live at 514—second door east."

"Mr Gordon."

"Yes, Sir; that is my name. Pleasant houses, but mere nut shells," said he. Then with a look of disgust on his face, "Doesn't that whistling fellow between us annoy you terribly? I've got so out of all patience that I shall either move or silence him. Whistle, whistle, whistle, from morning till night. Pah! I always detested whistling. It's a sign of no brains. I've written him a note twice, but failed to send either time; it isn't well to quarrel with a neighbor if you can keep it."

"It doesn't annoy me at all," I answered. "Indeed, I rather like it"

"You do? Well, that is singular! Just what my wife says"

"First-rate for low spirits, I find. I'm indebted to our whistling friend for sundry favors in this direction."

My new acquaintance looked at me curiously

"You're not in earnest," said he, a half-amused smile breaking through the unamiable expression which his face had assumed

"Altogether in earnest; and I beg of you not to send him that note. So your wife is not an inquirer?"

"Not she"

"Is she musical?" I inquired

"She was; but of late years life has been rather a serious matter with us, and her singing birds have died, or lost the heart for music.

[illegible]

"Has there been any recent change?" I ventured to inquire

"In what respect?" he asked

"Has there been an [illegible] from the singing birds?"

[illegible]

"Why, yes," he answered, "now that I think of it, there has been some low, fitful warbling Only last evening the voice of my wife stole out, as if [illegible], and troubled a little while on the words of an old song

"The air of which our neighbor was whistling at the time," said I

"Right" was my companion's exclamation after a pause, slapping his hand on his knee. I could hardly help smiling at the look of wonder, amusement, and conviction that blended on his face

"I wouldn't send that note," said I, meaningly.

"No! I must study this case. I'm something of a philosopher, you must know. If our neighbor can awaken the singing birds in the heart of my wife, he may whistle till the crack of doom without hinderance from me. I'm obliged to you for your suggestion"

A week afterward I met him again.

"What about the singing birds?" I asked, smiling.

"All alive again, thank God!" He answered with a heartiness of manner that caused me to look narrowly into his face. It wore a better expression than when I observed it last

"Then you didn't send that note?"

"No, Sir. Why, since I saw you I've actually taken to whistling and humming old tunes again, and you can't tell how much better it makes me feel. And the children are becoming as merry and musical as crickets. Our friend's whistle sets them all agoing, like the first signal warble of a bird at day dawn that awakens the woods to melody."

We were on our way homeward, and parted at my own door. As I entered "Home, Sweet Home" was pulsing in tender harmonies on the air. I stood still and listened until tears fell over my cheeks. The singing birds were alive again in the heart of my wife also, and I said, "Thank God!" as warmly as my neighbor had uttered the words a little while before.

THE IRISHMAN AND HIS THREE CHILDREN

On board one of the lake steamers bound for the West, were an Irish family—husband, wife, and three children. They were evidently in very destitute circumstances; but the exceeding beauty of the children, two girls and a boy, was the admiration of their fellow-passengers. A lady, who had no children of her own, was desirous of adopting one of the little travellers, and made application to the father, through a friend, who gives the following touching, and, as we suppose, truthful account of the negotiation:

"I proceeded," he says, "immediately on my delicate diplomacy. Finding my friend on deck, I thus opened the affair—

"You are very poor?"

His answer was very characteristic

"'Poor, sir!' said he, 'ay, if there's a poorer man than me troublin' the world, God pity both on us, for we'd be about equil.'

"Then how do you manage to support your children?"

"Is it support them, sir? Why I don't support them any way; they get supported some way or other. It'll be time enough to complain when *they* do.'

"'Would it be a relief to you to part with one of them?'

"It was too sudden; he turned sharply round

"'A what, sir?' he cried, 'a relief to part from my child? A relief, indeed! What do you mane?'

"'You don't understand me,' I replied, 'If, now, it were in one's power to provide comfortably for one of your children, would you stand in the way of its interests?'

"'No, sir,' said he, 'I would willingly cut the sunshine away from myself, that they might get all the warm of it; but tell me what you are drawing at?'

"I then told him that a lady had taken a fancy to have one of his children, and, if he would consent to it, it should be educated, and finally settled comfortably in life.

"This threw him into a fit of gratulation. He scratched his head, and looked the very picture of bewilderment. The struggle between a father's love and the child's interest was evident and touching At length he said:

"'Oh, wouldn't it be a great thing for the baby? But I must go and talk with Mary—that's the mother of 'em; an' it wouldn't be right to be givin' away her children before her face, and she to know nothing at all about it.'

"'Away with you then,' said I, 'and bring me an answer back as soon as possible.'

"In about half an hour he returned, leading two of his children. His eyes were red and swollen, and his face pale from excitement and agitation.

"'Well,' I inquired, 'what success?'

"'Indade, it was a hard struggle, sir,' said he. 'But I've been talking to Mary, an' she says, as it's for the child's good, maybe the heavens above will give us strength to bear it.'

"'Very well, and which of them is it to be?'

"'Faix, and I don't know, sir,' and he ran his eye dubiously over both. 'Here's little Norah—she's the oldest, an' won't need her mother so much; but then—oh, tear an' ages, it's myself that can't tell which I'd rather part with least; to take the first one that comes wid a blessing. There, sir,' and he handed over little Norah. Turning back, he snatched her up in his arms, and gave her one long, hearty father's kiss, saying through his tears:

"'May God be good to him that's good to you.'

"Then, taking his other child by the hand, he walked away, leaving Norah with me.

"I took her down to the cabin, and we thought the matter settled. It must be confessed, to my great indignation, however, in about an hour's time I saw my friend Pat at the window. As soon as he caught my eye, he began making signs for me to come out. I did so, and found that he had the other child in his arms.

"'What's the matter, now?' I asked.

"'Well, sir,' said he, 'I ask your pardon for troubling you about so foolish a thing as a child or two, but we're thinkin' that maybe it'd make no differ—you see, sir, I've been talking to Mary, an' she says she can't part with Norah, because the creature has a look of me; but here's little Biddy, she's purtyer far, and av you please, sir, will you swap?'

"'Certainly, whenever you like,' said I.

"So he snatched up little Norah, as though it was some recovered treasure, and darted away with her, leaving Biddy, who remained with us all night; but lo! the moment we entered the cabin in the morning, there was Pat making his mysterious signs again at the window, and this time he had the youngest, a baby, in his arms

"'What's wrong now?' I inquired.

"'Ay, sir, an' it's myself that's almost ashamed to tell ye. Ye see, I've been talking to Mary, an' she didn't like to part with Norah, because she was a look av me, an' I can't part with Biddy, because she's the model of her mother; but there's little Paudeen, sir. There's a lump of a Christian for you, two years old, and not a day more; he'll never be any trouble to any one; for av he takes after his mother, he'll have the brightest eye, an' av he takes after his father he'll have a fine broad pair of shoulders to push his way through the world. Will you swap again, sir?'

"'With all my heart,' said I; 'it's all the same to me!' and little Paudeen was left with me

"'Ha, ha,' said I to myself, as I looked into his big, laughing eyes, 'on the affair is settled at last.'

"But it wasn't: for ten minutes had scarcely elapsed, when Pat rushed into the cabin without form or ceremony, and snatched up the baby and said

"'It's no use, I've been talking to Mary, an' we can't do it. Look at him, sir; he's the youngest an' the best of the batch. You wouldn't keep him from us. You see, sir, Norah has a look av me, an' Biddy has a look of Mary; but little Paudeen has the mother's eye, an' my nose, an' a little of both of us all over. No, sir; we can bear hard fortune, starvation, and misery, but we can't bear to part with our children, unless it be the will of Heaven to take them from us.'"

THE CROSS is a wondrous plant: here opposites meet—the highest joy and the [illegible] the sweetest peace and *all the* [illegible]

THE LAUGH OF A CHILD

"I love it, I love it, the laugh of a child;
Now rippling and gentle, now merry and wild;
[illegible]
Like the thrill of a bird at the twilight's soft hush,
Floating up in the breeze like the tones of a bell,
Or the music that dwells in the heart of a shell;
Oh! the laugh of a child, so wild and so free,
Is the merriest sound in the world for me."

J. C. Peters

PRUDY FISHING.

BY SOPHIE MAY

One morning, after Prudy was quite well, Aunt Madge told her she might go into the garden and get some currants. While she was picking with all her might, and breathing very fast, she saw Horace close by on the other side of the fence, with a pole in his hand

"I thought you were to school!" cried Prudy

"Well, I ain't," said Horace, pulling his hat over his eyes, and looking ashamed. "The teacher don't keep no order, and I won't go to such a school: so there!"

"They don't want me to go," said Prudy, "'cause I should know too much. I can say all my letters now, right down straight, 'thout looking on, either."

"Oh, ho!" cried Horace, trailing his long pole, "you can't say 'em skipping about, and I shouldn't care if I was you. But you ought to know how to fish, Miss. Don't you wish you could drop in your line and catch 'em the way I do?"

"Do they like to have you catch 'em?" said Prudy, dropping her little dipper and going to the fence, "don't it hurt?"

"Hurt! Not as I know of. They needn't bite if they don't want to."

"No," returned Prudy, looking very wise, "I s'pose they want to get out, and that's why they bite. Of course, when fishes stay in the water much it makes 'em drown."

"Oh, my stars," cried Horace, laughing, "you ought to live 'out west,' you're such a cunning little spud. Come, now, here's another fish-pole for you. I'll show you how to catch one, and I bet 'twill be a polywog—you're just big enough."

"But grandma didn't say I might go down to the river. Wait till I go ask her."

"Poh!" said Horace, "no, you needn't; I have to hurry. Grandma ALWAYS likes it when you go with me, Prudy, because you see I'm a boy, and she knows I can take care of you twice as well as Grace and Mary can"

"Oh," cried Prudy, clapping her little hands, "they won't any of 'em know I can fish, and how they'll laugh. But there, now, they don't let me climb the fence—I forgot"

"Well, give us your bonnet, and then you scooch' down, and I'll pull you through."

"There," said the naughty boy, when they had got down to the river. "Now, I've been and put a bait on the end of your hook, and I plump it in the water—so. You just hold on to the pole."

"But it jiggles, it tips me!" cried Prudy, and as she spoke she fell face downwards on the bank.

"Well, that's smart," said Horace, picking her up. "There, you sit down next time, and I'll prop up the pole with a rock—this way. There, now, you hold it a little easy, and when you feel a nibble, you let me know."

"What's a nibble?" asked Prudy, shaking the line.

"A nibble? Why, it's a bite."

They sat quite still for some minutes, the hot sun glaring on Prudy's bare head, with its rings of soft golden hair

"Now, now!" cried she suddenly, "I've got a nibble!"

Horace sprang to draw up her line.

"I feel it right here on my neck," said the child, "I s'pose it's a fly"

"Now, look here," said Horace, rather vexed, "you're a little too bad. You made me drop my line just when I was going to have a nibble! Wait till you feel the string wiggle, and then speak, but don't holler."

The children sat still for a few minutes longer, and no sound was heard but now and then a wagon going over the bridge. But they might as well have dropped their lines in the sand, for all the fish they caught. Horace began to wish he had gone to school

"Oh, dear!" groaned Prudy, getting tired, "I never did see such fishes! I guess they don't want to be catched"

"There, now you've spoke again! and scared one away!" said Horace. "If it hadn't been for you I should have got I don't know how many by this time."

Prudy's lips began to tremble, and two big round tears rose to her eyes.

"Pob! crying about that!" said Horace, "you're a nice little girl if you do talk too much, so don't you cry."

Horace rather enjoyed seeing Grace and Susy in tears, but could never bear to have Prudy cry.

"I'll tell you what it is," said Horace, when Prudy's eyes were clear again, "I don't think I make much playing 'bookey.'"

"I don't like playing 'bookey' neither," returned Prudy, "'cause the books won't catch em"

"Oh, you don't know what I mean," laughed Horace. "When we boys 'out west' stay out of school, we call *that* playing hookey."

"Oh, do you? But I want to go home now, if we can't catch any nibbles."

"No, I'll tell you what we'll do—we'll walk out on that log and try it there."

The river was quite high, and this was one of the logs that had drifted down from the "Rips." Prudy was really afraid to walk on it, because it was "so round," but not liking to be laughed at, she crept on her hands and knees to the very end of the log, trembling all the way

Horace took the two poles and followed; but the moment he stepped on the log it rolled quite over, carrying Prudy under.

I do not know what Horace thought then, but he had to think fast. If he had been older he might have plunged in after Prudy, but he was only a little boy, seven years old, so he ran for the house. Oh, how he ran!

Aunt Madge was ironing in the back kitchen. She heard heavy breathing, and the quick pattering of feet, and the words gasped out, "Prudy's in the river"

"Prudy!" screamed Aunt Madge, looking wildly at the boy's face, which was as white as death

"Run, tell your father!" cried she, and flew down the steps, and out across the field toward the river, as if she had wings on her slippers, though it seemed to her they were clogged with lead.

"Has she just been saved from death only to be drowned?" was one of the quick thoughts that rushed across Aunt Madge's dizzy brain. "I shall be too late! too late! And her mother gone! God forgive me! It is I who should have watched her"

Poor Aunt Madge! As if any one was to blame, but Horace!

There was a child crying down by the river.

"Not Prudy," thought Aunt Madge. "It sounds like her voice, but it can't be! She has [illegible]

[illegible] Prudy [illegible] Henry, who was just behind Aunt Madge, "we are ruined"

The cry came up louder: it was Prudy's voice Prudy [illegible] the [illegible] and ran down the bank. The child was out of the water, struggling to climb the bank, but slipping back at every step. She was dripping wet, and covered with sand. Uncle Henry lifted her in his arms, and there she lay, sobbing as if her heart would break, but not speaking a word

When she was lying, clean and warm, in soft blankets, and had had a nap, she told them how she got out

"The log kept jiggling," said she, "and I thought I couldn't hold on, but I did. I thought my father would say I was a [illegible] to get drowned and let the fishes eat me up, and so I kept holdin' on"

"Only think," said grandma, shuddering, and looking at Horace, "if Prudy hadn't held on!"

[illegible] very sad and [illegible]

"It makes you [illegible] don't it. [illegible] on feel [illegible]

At these first words little Prudy had spoken to him since she fell into the water, the boy ran out of the room, and hid in the green chamber, for he never would let any one see him cry.

"Oh, won't you have some tea?" said Prudy, looking up into her uncle's stern face, "he feels so bad, and he didn't catch a fish, and he didn't mean to, and—it was the log that jiggled"

So Horace was forgiven for Prudy's sake.

PHYSICAL TRAINING FOR GIRLS

This is the most momentous health problem with which we have to deal, to secure the proper physical advantages of civilization for American women. Without this there can be no lasting progress. The Sandwich Island proverb says;

"If strong be the frame of the mother,
Her sons shall make laws for the people"

But, in this country, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that every man grown to maturity, surrounded by a circle of invalid female relatives, and the latter finds himself the husband of an invalid wife and the parent of invalid daughters, and that he comes at last to regard invalidism, as Michelet coolly declares, the normal condition of that sex—as if the Almighty did not know how to create woman. This of course spreads a gloom over life. When I look at the morning throng of school girls in summer, hurrying through every street, with fresh young faces, and vestures of lilies, duly curled, and straw-hatted and booted, and turned off as patterns of perfection by proud mammas—is it not sad to me to think that all this young beauty must one day fade and die? for there are spheres of life beyond this earth, I know, and the soul is good to endure through more than one: the sadness is in the unnatural nearness of the decay, to forcese the living death of disease that is waiting close at hand for as many, to know how terrible a proportion of these fair children are, unconsciously, into a weary, wretched, powerless, joyless, useless maturity. Among the myriad triumphs of advancing civilization, there seems but one formidable danger, and that is here.

It cannot be doubted, however, that the peril will pass by, with advancing knowledge. In proportion to our national recklessness of danger, is the danger with which remedial measures are adopted, when at last they become unimpeachable In the meantime, we must look for proofs of the physical resources of women in foreign and even in savage lands. When an American mother tells me with pride, as occasionally happens, that her daughter can walk two miles and back without great fatigue, the very boast seems a tragedy; but when one reads that Oberea, Queen of the Sandwich Islands, lifted Captain Wallis over a marsh as easily as if he had been a little child, there is a slight sense of consolation. Brunhilde, in the "Nibelungen," binds her offending lover with her girdle and slings him up to the wall. Cymborga, wife of Duke Ernest of Lithdania, could crack nuts between her fingers and drive nails into the wall with her thumb: whether she ever got her husband under it is not recorded. Let me preserve from oblivion the renown of my Lady Butterfield, who, about the year 1700, in Wonstead, in Essex, (England,) thus advertised:

"This is to give notice to my honored masters and ladies and loving friends, that my Lady Butterfield gives a challenge to ride a horse, or leap a horse, or run a foot, or *hollo* with any woman in England seven years younger, but not a day older, because I won't undervalue myself, being now seventy-four years of age."

Nor should be left unrecorded the high-born Scottish damsel, whose tradition still remains at the castle of Hunting tower, in Scotland, where two adjacent pinnacles still mark the Maiden's Leap. She sprang from battlement to battlement, a distance some nine feet and four inches, and eloped with her lover. Were a young lady to go through one of our villages in a series of leaps like that, and were she to require her lovers to follow in her footsteps, it is to be feared that she would die single.—*Atlantic Monthly*

LOST HIS BOOTS AND HIS TEMPER

The difference between 7 and 8 is not very great, only a single unit. And yet that difference has power over a man's whole temper, convenience and dignity. Thus, at Buffalo my boots were set out to be blacked. In the morning no boots were there, though all the neighboring rooms had been served. I rang, I rang twice. "A pretty hotel—nearly eight o'clock, going out at nine, breakfast to be eaten, and no boots yet." The waiter came, took my somewhat emphatic order, and left. Every minute was an hour. It always is when you are out of temper. A man in his stocking feet, in a third story of a hotel, finds himself restricted in locomotion. I went to the door, looked up and down the hall, saw frowsy chambermaids; saw afar off the master of the coal scuttle; saw gentlemen walking in bright boots, unconscious of the privileges they enjoyed, but did not see any one coming with my boots. A German servant at length came, round and ruby-faced, very kind and good-natured, honest and stupid

He informed me that a gentleman had already taken boots No. 78 (my number.) He would hunt him up; thought he was at breakfast. Here was a new vexation. Who was the man who had taken my number and gone for my boots? Somebody had them on, warm and nice, and was enjoying his coffee, while I walked up and down, with less and less patience, who had none too much at first. No servant returned I rang again, and sent energetic and staccato messengers to the office. Some water had been spilled on the floor. I stepped into it, of course. In winter, cold water feels as if it burned you. Unpacked my valise for new stockings. Time was speeding. It was quarter past eight; train at nine; no breakfast. I slipped on a pair of sandal-rubbers, too large by inches for my naked foot, and, while I shuffled along the hall, they played up and down on my feet. First, one shot off; that secured, the other dropped on the stairs; people that I met looked as if they thought that I was not well over last night's spree.

It was very annoying Reached the office, and expressed my mind. First, the clerk rang the bell three times furiously, then ran forth himself—met the German boots, who had boots 79 in his hand, narrow and long, thinking, perhaps, I could wear them. When boots No. 77 had my boots. Some curiosity was beginning to be felt among the bystanders. It was likely that I should have half the hotel inquiring after my boots. I abhor a scene. Retreated to my room. On the way, thought I, I would look at room 77 a boots. Behold, they were mine! There was the broken pull-straps, the patch on the right side, and the very shape of my [illegible] Hot foot had marked 77 and not 78. And all this hour's tumult arose from just the difference between 7 and 8.

I lost my boots, lost the train, lost my temper, and, of course, lost my good manners. Everybody does that loses temper. But boots on, breakfast served, a cup of coffee brought peace and good will. The whole matter took a ludicrous aspect. I meditated upon that ordinarily the [illegible] peace at the mercy of a Dutchman's chalk. Had he written seventy-eight, I had been a good-natured man, looking at Niagara Falls in its winter dress. He wrote seventy-seven, and I fumed, saw only my own folly, and spent the day in Buffalo!

Are not most of the pets and rubs of life such as this? How men could afford, to-morrow, to [illegible] the things that [illegible] Wo boast of being free, yet every man permits the most arrant trifles to rule and rule him. A man that is vexed and angry turns the worst part of himself into a sight, and exhibits himself in [illegible] to be jeered! And yet one's temper does worse by him than that And men submit to it, not once, but often, and sometimes every day! I wonder whether these rage reflections will make no patient [illegible]

THE KITCHEN

I hope I shall not be considered as slurring, [illegible] factual taste of the world when I say that I believe the Kitchen is the department in which a woman's excellence is most appreciated and commended. Your kitchen should be as near your dining-room as possible, and also to the room you habitually occupy as a sitting-room; to the last, because while training young servants in your ways, you can, through an open door, direct them without neglecting your own pursuits. A little hall between your sitting or family room and the kitchen, with doors opposite, all we the same convenience and obviates the objections to direct communication occasioned by heat and odors.

The cistern, or some supply of water, should be convenient to your kitchen, also an abundant supply of good wood ready for use, under shelter; and the cellar for winter vegetables cannot be more favorably situated than under the kitchen

If your kitchen is to be used for a cooking-room only, as is certainly best, it need not be very large A pantry, or store-room, should communicate with it. There should be two closets in a kitchen; one in which vessels and supplies not constantly wanted should be kept, the other, in which daily stores and vessels constantly used can be kept. We object to open shelves, however pictorial the bright tin and well-scrubbed trays look; flies and dust are no respecters of housewives, however notable. The room should be well lighted, but have shutters to darken with, when not used. In Western kitchens, where hard usage is the habit, a close ceiled plank wall is preferable, on account of durability and cleanliness, to plastering. This should be painted some plain, suitable color, also the outside of all the vessels. The shelves of the pantry and closets, as well as the kitchen floor, should be oiled This can be cheaply done

Have your hot-plate or stove of the best pattern, and kept in good order, and a sufficient number of first-rate cooking utensils. Be sure your kitchen is really comfortable; it is not in human nature to work cheerfully and well when shivering with cold, or sweltering in heat, or groping in twilight.

After every meal, see that your kitchen is put in perfect order. Make all your arrangements for dinner as soon as your kitchen is cleaned in the morning; in your afternoon visit, direct your supper and breakfast. If possible, have a cook whose honesty, neatness, and skill can be depended on, and teach her to depend on herself. Teach her every branch of her own business. The housewife who has to go out and help about every dish, especially while the friends she has invited but for a day have to sit alone, is, to say the least of it, to be pitied. There is no more merit in your making your cakes and preserves than there would be in making your bread and coffee for every breakfast. Nor is there any excuse for your not being able to do all of these things, and to do them cheerfully when necessary, i. e., after you have had time to learn them, if your model mother forgot to teach you.

Remember not to follow my example in these intruding kitchens into good company. The results of your kitchen labors, if good, will be highly appreciated—and any shortcomings will as soon be forgiven you as a bad dinner. Still, the details of your achievements are seldom relished. Do not reduce your husband's magnificent air-castles to ashes with your kitchen fires—do not dim the perspective of your young friends in the parlor with smoke from the kitchen; you may feel martyred—they will feel bored.—HETTIE HAYFIELD, in *Valley Farmer*.

Pittsburg Markets.

APPLES.—None in market

ASHES.—Pots, 4(@4½; Pearls, 5½(@5½; Soda-ash, 3 [illegible]

BREAD.—Water crackers, ℔ pound, 6c.; Butter do. 7c.; Sugar do. 8c.

BEANS.—Small white, 1.25(@1.50 ℔ bus.

BROOMS.—Common to fancy, 1.25(@2.50 ℔ dozen

BUCKETS, &c.—Buckets, per dozen, 1.50(@1.75; Tubs, per dozen, 7.50.

BUTTER.—Fresh roll, 13(@15c. ℔ pound; packed, 7(@ c

BACON.—Plain hams, 6½(@—; sugar-cured, 7½(@ 8; sides, 6(@—; shoulders, 4½(@—; country do 5cts.

CHEESE.—Western Reserve, 8(@9 Goshen, 10.

CANDLES & SOAP.—Dipped, 10c.; Mould, —; Adamantine 12; Rose Soap, 4½; fancy 10.

COTTON YARNS, &c.—Cotton Yarn, ℔ pound, from Nos. 5 to 10, 33c., and one cent advance each No.; cotton chain, 38c.; colored do. 32; cotton wick, 32; batting, 18; fancy do., 22 to 30.

CORDAGE.—Red cordage, per dozen, 1.50(@3.00.

DRIED FRUIT.—Apples, (@ [illegible]; Peaches, 2.50(@3.00

DRIED BEEF.—10 to 12c. ℔ pound

FISH.—Large No. 1 Mackerel, 4.00(@4.50; Baltimore Herring, 6.00; Lake Fish, —(@—; Codfish [illegible]

FEED.—Sales of feed at 55(@70 ℔ 100 pounds.

GRAIN.—Wheat, Red, 90(@1.00; White, 1.00(@1.15. Rye, 45(@46. Oats, 26(@28. Corn, 35(@40.

GLASS.—City brands, 8x10, 2.15 ℔ box of 50 feet; 10x12, 4.00. Country brands, 8x10, 10x12, 3.75.

GROCERIES.—Sugar by the barrel 9(@—, hhds. —(@—, N. O. Molasses, 40(@47, Golden Syrup, 75. Coffee 20(@24. Rice, [illegible]

HOMINY.—3.00 ℔ barrel.

HAY.—Sales at Scales, $12 to 15 ℔ ton.

IRON.—Common bar, 2½(@2¾c.; Blooms, —, Pig Metal 24 [illegible]

LEAD, &c.—Bar, &c.; Pig, 7c. Shot, ℔ bag, 2.25 (@2.

LEATHER.—Sole 21(@25c.; Upper, per dozen, $25

LIME.—Louisville, ℔ barrel, 1.25(@1.40.

LARD.—No. 1, 7(@8c.

NAILS, &c.—10d, ℔ keg, 3.25, with pro rata advancement. Cut spikes, 4.50 ℔ keg, for 3 to 4½ inch

NAVAL STORES.—Turpentine, ℔ gallon, 1.50; Rosin, ℔ barrel, —(@—; Tar, ℔ barrel, —.

OILS.—Linseed, [illegible] gallon, Lamp, —, Lard, 65(@70.

POTATOES.—40(@50

POWDER.—Rifle, 6.25 ℔ keg; Rock, 4.50.

RAGS.—Mixed, &c.

SALT.—No. 1, 1.65 ℔ barrel; Extra, —(@

SHEETINGS.—Nos. 1 and 2, —(@2½ ℔ yard.

SEEDS.—Flaxseed, 1.60(@—— ℔ bushel; Timothy [illegible] Clover, [illegible]

TALLOW.—Rough, 5c.; rendered, 6(@7

WHITE LEAD.—No. 1, 2.50 per keg

WOOL.—Coarse, 42 c.

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Cards or Advertisements, inserted for one year, provided they do not exceed eight lines, ten dollars, paper included; or, eight dollars without the paper.—six months, for six dollars, paper included,—three months, four dollars,—one month, $1 00, paper in each case included

CORRESPONDING EDITORS OF CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

Rev. J. P CAMPBELL, Rev A W WAYMAN.
" J. M. WILLIAMS, " E. T. WILLIAMS,
" O H. GRAHAM, " C. BURCH,
Rev L ROSS

Poetry.

WORSHIP CONFINED TO NO PLACE.

Jesus, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And *every place* is hallow'd ground.

For thee, within no walls confin'd,
Inhabitest the *humblest* mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going take thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

Here we may prove the power of prayer,
To *strengthen* faith and *sweeten* care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

Lord, we are few, but thou art near,
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
Oh! rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own.

PRAYER AN INWARD WORK.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watch-word at the hour of death,
He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their song rejoice,
And say, "*Behold, he prays!*"

In prayer, on earth, the saints are one,
In word, in deed, in mind,
When with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone:
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes!

Oh thou! by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray!

RELIGIOUS CONSOLATION.

Oh, blest religion, heavenly fair,
Thy kind, thy healing power
Can sweeten pain, alleviate care,
And gild each gloomy hour.

When dismal thoughts and boding fears
The trembling heart invade,
And all the face of nature wears
A universal shade;

Thy sacred dictates can assuage
The tempest of my soul;
The fiercest storm shall lose its rage
At thy divine control.

Through life's bewilder'd, darksome way
Thy hand unerring leads,
And o'er the path thy heavenly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.

When feeble reason, tir'd and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid,
Thou, blest supporter of the mind,
How powerful is thine aid!

Oh! then let my heart confess thy power,
And find thy sweet relief,
To brighten every gloomy hour,
To soften every grief.

THE SERMON OF REV. JAMES LYNCH, OF BALTIMORE.

We do not approve of following up the plan of publishing sermons regularly, without a special request from parties; but there are some two reasons, or more, why we give place to it this week again: first, it is the time when our Annual Conferences are being held, the Editor has to be from home attending said Conferences, and the brethren from their circuits and stations, know not where their fields of labor, for the Lord, are to be the coming year, and are therefore unprepared for writing much, and even when they are changed, they do not always feel prepared to write. The second reason is, Brother Lynch is a young man, and proves that he is not ashamed to labor to improve his mind, as there is a great field even among our people, and is still spreading; he does not simply confine himself to one isolated thing, but strives to do what I love to see every Gospel minister do—launch out, brother, launch out in the deep. Now, will Brother Lynch show himself not only a friend in words, but a friend indeed, to the *Christian Recorder*, by sending us one hundred cash subscribers from Baltimore, either for one year or six months? We shall look with much interest this year. Ed.

SERMON II.

Preached by James Lynch, at Waters' Chapel, Baltimore, May 25th, 1862.

"Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."—John xx. 29.

Unfortunate indeed is the man who declares that nothing shall convince him but the evidence of his own senses. The spirit that would prompt such a declaration, is the spirit of the devil that would disrobe man of the moral grandeur with which the religion of Christ invests him; yea, that would force him to disregard the immortality of his spiritual existence, and sink to the level of the brute in life, and *below* it in death. This act of Thomas mars the force of his apostolic character, and, however bright his life may shine, this act—disgraceful—is only rendered more conspicuous, and it comes down to us, in the sacred volume, as a living warning to us, to steer away from those shoals and quicksands of speculation in regard to Divine truths, lest we get aground, stick fast, and present to the world the sorry spectacle of a beautiful ship bound for a distant land, with the most precious freight, with her keel imbedded in the mud, unable to move.

II. The relation of finite beings to the Infinite Being—*the Lord our God*—makes faith necessary to the well-being of man. We behold, on the one hand, finite beings entering upon the trackless "ocean main of life," to make a brief voyage and then drift into eternity, ignorant of *themselves* as to the future, without wisdom to unfold the true character of God and their own obligations, while upon such knowledge depends the happiness or misery of a soul that shall live throughout the countless ages of eternity. The truths contained in Divine revelation, alone give this wisdom, this knowledge; and these truths telling of things past, things present, things to come, seen by some, and never seen by others—and sometimes never seen by any—make a demand upon our faith, and *admit not of* speculation. The man born blind, knows the sun shines because he believes his friends when they tell him; by no course of reasoning could he of himself settle down upon the conclusion that the sun arose and set, producing day and night; and though he might feel its genial warmth at times; though its sultry heat might tell of some agency, if he were left to muse alone from infancy to mature age, his mind would be filled with a thousand fancies, such as probable as the other. The Divine government creates an existence of causes which produce great and good effects. It also controls all other causes, which are evil in themselves, that their effects may not counteract the purposes of the eternal One.

III. *The power of faith.* Let us look at faith in a temporal sense. Look at the statesmen of either continent, and pick out those who have done most for the alleviation of the distresses of suffering humanity—who have defied the vengeance of corrupt majorities, arose above partisan feeling and sordid selfishness, and you will find that those names which history has placed upon the catalogue of reformers and philanthropists, were men of great faith—men who believed in the existence and final success of the great principles of right, and believed that they must be victorious because the cause was invincible—because the principle burned with celestial heat that no earthly power could quench. The man that has no faith in fundamental principles, is as he who sails his craft without chart, compass, or knowledge of navigation; he may be naturally brave and intrepid, but he keeps near shore, makes short voyages, hugs the land, because he sails by sight—by land marks; as a bold mariner, he who can only navigate by sight, *can never be;* when the storm comes, instead of heading for the great deep, he hugs the shore, and is lifted up by the mighty breakers and dashed in pieces upon the sandy beach or flinty rock. Men filling the place of legislators, who have little or no faith in fundamental principles, sail by sight; precedents, expedients, artifice, are what they make use of, and when the storm-cloud of war gathers o'er their land—when perilous times overtake us—when great civil problems are to be solved—when momentous issues are to be met, how far short are they of competency to the tasks? They are as ciphers standing alone; they count naught. It is your man of faith in fundamental principles, that has a chart, a compass,—that can ride out upon the stormy sea of trouble, guiding, in safety, the craft through precedents, expedients, artifice, like the land-marks and light-houses on the coast fail him. It is he, having faith in fundamental principles, that is "the man for the hour." From earth he can turn his gaze to the sky—from the headlands of the shore to the heads of constellations—from the dim lights of oily lamps on light-houses, to the bright, twinkling light of starry splendor. There is nothing in this world that contributes so much to make the difference between men, as the difference in the degree and character of their faith. It is faith that gives us Christian Samsons; it is faith that gives us intellectual giants and moral heroes. It is want of faith that gives poor, feeble Christians, with hands too weak to unite an insect, and knees too feeble to stand erect; it is want of faith that leaves us with intellectual pigmies and moral cowards.

It is a principle that, if a man is industrious and economical, and God blesses him with health and strength, and preserves him from accident, that he will generally place himself in comfortable circumstances, and sometimes acquire great riches. A young man, entering upon the world with an abiding faith in this great principle, goes forth nerved for the struggle—deterred by no danger—daunted by no difficulties, because he believes in this principle; he regards success as the inevitable effect of the cause which he has set at work in his own case, and he feels that nothing can retard his course but some unforeseen dispensation of Providence.

It is a principle that he who dares to do the right must eventually be honored by his fellowmen; though scorned by a contemporary generation, he will be adored by a succeeding one. Let a man have an abiding faith in this principle, and he is just such a man as Luther, Cromwell, Patrick Henry and Lafayette were—no menace or threat can drive from duty, no clouds of indignation dishearten or weaken, no breath of popular odium can stagger him or make him falter; his faith in the great principle of right enlarges his capacity, extends his vision far beyond the clouds of opposition that hang the moral sky in mourning, and upon the sublime heights of the fundamental principle of right where faith has carried him he gazes upon these clouds beneath his feet, belching forth the angry tones of thunder, or darting the fierce destructive lightning's flash—but, resting upon the pinnacle of his faith, he gazes upon a clear sky; he feels the cool, refreshing purity of a high atmosphere, and, the storm are long subsiding, the clouds vanishing, and the rainbow painting its gaudy streak in the eastern heavens, he is seen by a wondering world in a region of moral glory, coveted by all, but merited and won by him, and only him, that was borne upwards by a living faith in the great fundamental principle of right, and dared defend it.

Who are your Generals that lead victoriously their hosts to battles? Is it those who have no faith in their cause or its inspiring power upon the hearts of their soldiers? Not it is those who believe, "Thrice armed is he whose cause is just." And who are those whose single dash of daring individual valor turns the tide of battle and causes victory to perch upon the standard? It is your man who not only has faith to believe "He must conquer," but he has faith to believe "I must conquer."

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Going through this world in every way, by nature and by grace, we are commanded to be men of faith. Nature demands it, and grace demands it. Without faith it is impossible to please God. Without faith it is impossible to be saved. Without faith it is impossible to be a Christian. Without faith it is impossible to be a Christian minister. Without faith it is impossible to be a Christian bishop. Without faith it is impossible to be a Christian deacon. Without faith it is impossible to be a Christian steward. Without faith it is impossible to be a Christian class leader. Without faith it is impossible to be a Christian Sunday School teacher. Without faith it is impossible to be a Christian Sunday School superintendent. Without faith it is impossible to be a Christian Sunday School librarian. Without faith it is impossible to be a Christian Sunday School secretary. Without faith it is impossible to be a Christian Sunday School treasurer. Without faith it is impossible to be a Christian Sunday School visitor. Without faith it is impossible to be a Christian Sunday School collector. Without faith it is impossible to be a Christian Sunday School distributor. Without faith it is impossible to be a Christian Sunday School librarian. Without faith it is impossible to be a Christian Sunday School secretary. Without faith it is impossible to be a Christian Sunday School treasurer. Without faith it is impossible to be a Christian Sunday School visitor. Without faith it is impossible to be a Christian Sunday School collector. Without faith it is impossible to be a Christian Sunday School distributor.

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, May 31, 1862.

NOTICE

All itinerant ministers having charge of circuits and stations, of the A. M. E. Church, are agents for the *Christian Recorder*, and we hope that each one will at once lay the claims of our paper before their respective congregations, as it will be seen now who it is that works for the Church, and the literary department of the same, as all obstacles are removed by the General Committee, who have decreed what shall be. We all feel better, and can now work together in union, for the glory of God.

☞ All articles for the *Christian Recorder* should be in the editor's hands on the Monday previous to the day of issuing the paper, in order to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

RESCINDED.

We omitted, last week, to say that the Philadelphia Conference rescinded the action in the case of Rev. John R. V. Morgan, and made him a member of conference.

We shall be absent from the city for two or three weeks, and we have procured the services of Rev. A. L. Stanford, pastor of Wesley Church, during our absence.

BORDENTOWN QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

At Bordentown, on the 14th and 15th of June; at Allentown, on the 21st and 22d of June; at Cookstown, on the 28th and 29th of June; at Cranberry, on the 5th and 6th of July; at Freehold, on the 12th of July. Brother Wieder's Quarterly Meeting Conference, at 3 o'clock, P M.

REV. JEREMIAH YOUNG.

NOTICE.

Rev. Henry Davis, pastor of the A. M. E. Union Church, is now boarding at No 811 Wood Street, Philadelphia.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Rev. H. M. Turner, Washington, D. C., $7 00

We endorse Brother Lynch's acknowledgment in his letter.

LAID IN THE SHADE.

The Philadelphia Conference has laid the Baltimore Conference in the shade in relation to the two-cent money. Why is this, brethren? Baltimore gave $33.19, and Philadelphia nearly $52 It may be because the *Recorder* is circulated more largely in the Philadelphia District by two-thirds than in the Baltimore District. Well, let it not be the case this year. Brothers Lynch and Turner have already commenced to enlarge our list.

YOUTH'S EVANGELIST.

☞ *Ministers and Superintendents, read this:—*

This Sabbath School paper is one of the best published in this country. We have obtained permission, through the kindness of its gentlemanly and Christian Editor and Proprietor, J. M. FERGUSON, to appropriate the interesting matter and very beautiful engravings contained therein to the farther adornment of our own columns. By this arrangement we are enabled to give to our little folks such a style of reading as is best calculated and adapted to their years, capacity, and childish fancy, and, at the same time please those of more mature years. Now, we propose to furnish our schools with the *Christian Recorder*, with these new features additional to its usual store of good things, and bear all expenses incurred by express, at the rate of $8 00 per hundred; and where any school will take four hundred copies, $10.00. It is published twice per month. The money to be invariably forwarded in advance, thereby enabling us to go on. Will not the ministers, superintendents, and teachers set about this work without farther delay or persuasion?

OBITUARY.

Another great and good man has fallen. The Rev. WILLIAM DOUGLASS, of the city of Philadelphia, of long standing, and who was the minister of St. Thomas' Episcopal Church for twenty-eight years, departed this life on Friday, the 22d of May, aged 58 years and some months

He was conveyed from his late residence in Powell Street. At 1 o'clock, P. M., the funeral procession moved to Sixth street, and up Sixth to Walnut street, thence to Fifth street, down to the church. The crowd was densely large, led by Bishops Potter and Stevens, with some twenty-five or thirty ministers, white and colored, and all took seats—some in the pulpit and altar, and the rest of us around and in front of the altar. The services were conducted by Revs. Richard Hall, and Bishop Potter, Rev. Thomas A. Allen, Rev A Crummel, of Liberia, and Rev. William Alston, of New York, in a most impressive manner His remains were then deposited to the mother dust, or, rather, the vault attached to St Thomas' Church.

Mr. Douglass was born in Baltimore, Maryland. Here he was converted, and received his principal education, and became a Methodist preacher. Two years afterwards he moved to this city, Philadelphia. He continued to be a minister of the Methodist persuasion for some time, and then changed his relationship to the Episcopal Church, believing as he did that he could be more useful to his people, as there was a colored church of that persuasion

Mr. Douglass was a man who was highly respected by all classes, and there was, as far as we know, a fraternal relation existing between him and other brethren not exactly of his persuasion. But he is no more—he has gone to his long and happy home. He leaves behind him to mourn his loss a dear and affectionate wife and nine children, one of whom is married. Mrs. Douglass and his daughters and sons, he cannot come to you, but there is one very happy consolation—you can all go to him. Will you go? May the good Lord assist you so to do.—ED

☞ We invite the special attention of our young readers to the rich treat we have prepared for them, both in illustrations and reading matter, to be found on the fourth page

INDIA.—In the mutiny of 1857, the Rev. David Hunter, a missionary of the Church of Scotland, with his wife and child, were massacred by the Sepoy insurgents at Sealkote. Two missionaries now labor there in his place, and the corner-stone of an edifice, to be called the "Hunter Memorial Church, has just been laid with impressive ceremonies

CONFISCATION

Congress has passed [illegible] That body seems very fearful that they will do a something to [illegible] that white men will have to respect. The South is true to what she claims to be her property; she has slain and is *slaying* some of the best men the North possesses, and triumphantly exults over it. The North seems to be willing for the South to kill her sons, both young and aged, with perfect immunity—and yet they *don't wish to interfere* with her Constitutional (?) *right* of SLAVERY! The conduct of the North would seem to say "You may murder and slay our sons, you may fight your way to our hospitals, take our sick and wounded, bruise, mangle, and cut asunder their bodies, and leave them lifeless—but *you shall have your negroes!* because to deprive you of them would be interfering with the Constitution." Now we say that whenever Congress and the PEOPLE of the North arrive at the period that shall see them willing that GOD shall rule, and that the *negro* shall have the full enjoyment of all the rights that God intended he should have, and be allowed to pass and repass like any other human being, and be governed by the same laws as the white race are subject to, both native and foreign element,—then, we say, and not till then, will this most wicked and unnatural rebellion cease. Let every colored man be thrown upon his own responsibility, except such as are not able or capable of taking care of themselves. Let them be bound out or put under an apprenticeship of one, two, five, or seven years. But we would also recommend that the same course be pursued in reference to those of the white class who may chance to be in a similar condition. Again, we claim that nine-tenths of the blacks in the South, if the opportunity was presented to them, could and would take care of themselves. They know how to make their own bread and butter. As regards work, they fully understand that, and the most of them love to work. In a literary point of view, we do not claim so much for them, because they have been deprived of all opportunities of acquiring educational knowledge for a long time past. We assert that there are no better mechanics in this country than those found in the South among colored men. This fact cannot be disputed. Again, there is no class of people more loyal to this Government than the colored people. Why, at the present time, every honest General, Captain, Colonel, &c., will tell us that. Then, in view of these facts, we say that if the Government will do away with ninety-nine out of every hundred of these *gray-backs* which infest every large city like Philadelphia, it would be a blessing to the country, make better men *and women*, and tend materially to the preservation of our glorious Union.—ED

CORRESPONDENCE

To all correspondents and contributors to the *Christian Recorder:* We now notify you to have your matter here in our office either by Saturday or by each Monday of every week or two; and we shall look for representatives from all parts of our connexion, stations and circuits, that each minister and preacher may know how the connexion is prospering, both spiritually and temporally. We shall also look for cash subscribers and contributors from all directions, coming weekly, so that we may be able to continue and publish such matter as is suitable for a religious paper. Again, brethren, by pursuing this course, everybody who reads the paper can see who is really at work for the general welfare of the entire connexion. Since the action of the General Committee, we shall look with a great deal of interest to the working now of the entire District of Ohio from each circuit and station. We believe that you will. So let us hear from all the brethren

The New York and New England Conferences both meet to-day. The New York Conference will be presided over by Bishop Payne, at which Conference we shall spend some three or four days, after which we shall make for the New England Conference, which is presided over by Bishop Nazrey. We hope to have a pleasant time at each of these Conferences, and hope that all the brethren will come forward fully prepared to settle with us.

SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION

In connexion with a committee appointed by the Philadelphia Annual Conference on the subject of Sabbath Schools, we recommended the calling of a Sabbath School Convention in the District, to be represented by not more than two from each Sabbath School, and we would say that there should be one male and a female from each point It will be remembered that we have written several articles on the importance of a Sabbath School Convention among us, for we really believe that it will result in much good, if properly attended to. We want all the information that we can procure; and the best method by which we can conduct the Sabbath School to the advancement and to the glory of Almighty God

Another point ought to be urged—and that is, there should be some plan adopted to bring about a oneness in relation to what kind of books there should and shall be used in our Sabbath Schools If our children are first to be indoctrinated in Methodism, then let all our schools use Methodist books, and send in their orders to us—No. 619 Pine Street—and the kind they want, accompanied with the *cash*, and we will fill said orders Then, having learned Methodism, they can learn any other *ism*. We would recommend all our other Annual Conferences to take a similar step, recommending the calling of Sabbath School Conventions, for there is a great work to be done; and let all take hold of it. Yes, brethren, we want a general interest for the entire welfare of our beloved Zion. O how we love to see the little ones cared for! The little ones—Jesus says, "Let them come unto me, and forbid them not." We have, more or less, all of our life, been connected with the Sabbath School in some way or other until within the last two years. Since we have been East we have had but very little to do in that direction directly, but indirectly we have been and still are at work; and the minister who has no disposition and no interest for the Sabbath School which is the "nursery of the Church," we think that his call is not approved by the great *I Am* Oh, "for more of that mind which was in Christ." I remember in 1852, 3 and 4, that our Church in Cincinnati was filled with young ladies and gentlemen who had been raised in the Sabbath School, the most of whom were converts One may imagine how the God-loving and God-fearing minister would feel when addressing them and beholding their friendly countenances while speaking and treating of the Great God and his cause We don't know that we ever visited a more flourishing Sab. School than we did in Allen Chapel, Cincinnati, in 1850, to 61, 2 and 3. In that school, A. Fowler, A. Jackson, A. Ishmer and A. Rhoads So let us have our Sabbath Schools filled with little ones, and the right kind of teachers to overlook them; for if we have the right kind of superintendents, the work of improvement of the young is effectual. May the good Lord bless the work in our hands

A REPORT

OF THE GENERAL BOOK STEWARD AND EDITOR FROM MAY 20TH, 1860, TO MAY 1ST, 1862, OF THE MONEYS RECEIVED AT AND SINCE THE LAST GENERAL CONFERENCE, AND ITS DISPOSAL:

Amount on hand at the General Conference of 1860, collected by myself, was	$434 46
Received from Ohio Conference, per Rev. J. Tibbs, $33 00, five of which were counterfeit, leaving	28 00
June 9, 1860, received from the Book Committee, per Rev J. P. B Eddy,	157 52
Two cent money, from Baltimore Conference, per Rev J M. Brown,	41 60
June 14, Two cent money, from Philadelphia Conference, per Rev W. D W. Schureman,	84 82
June 20, Two cent money, from New York Conference, per Rev. Duncan Dorrell,	65 41
July 3, from Rev J. P. Campbell,	50 72
Two cent money, from New England Conference, per Rev. Bishop Quinn,	4 28
Total, up to August, 1860,	$820 71
June, 1861, Two cent money, from New York Conference,	17 00
New England Conference,	9 86
July 29, 1861, from Rev. J. Divine, at Columbus, Ohio, in behalf of Ohio Conference,	8 26
August, 1861, Two cent money, from Indiana Conference,	4 27
Aug., 1861, from St. Louis Conference,	3 75
May, 1861, Two cent money, which ought to have been received from Philadelphia Conference,	37 82
Total, up to August, 1861,	$80 90
April, 1862, Two cent money, from Ohio Conference,	17 76
April, 1862, from Baltimore Conference,	33 19
Total, up to April, 1862,	$131 91
The sum total added, from May, 1860, to May, 1862, being two years, lacking a few days, as collected and received from the several Conference Districts, is	$952 62
Received from sales of Store, cash,	893 53
Total, cash,	$1846 15

Paid out of the above as follows:—

June 18, 1860, for house rent,	$8 33
For Ledger, to keep accounts in,	1 50
For one Day-Book,	50
For carpenter's work for Book Store,	2 75
June 24, To Mr. William S. Young, for printing 3000 copies of Minutes of General Conference,	104 00
For printing certificates,	7 50
June 25, for wrapping paper,	35
June 30, To Charles Magargee & Co., for paper, &c	11 55
To J. A. Tireman, for perfumes, inks, &c,	11 86
To R. Adger, for show-case,	43 374
July 3, To Mr. Young, for printing,	1 00
For express,	25
For house rent,	18 08
For sending Minutes of General Conference to brethren,	9 15
July 6, for boxes of envelopes,	1 67
July 7, for work in Store,	50
July 8, for sending letters to brethren,	48
For spelling books	90
For sending letters, &c,	84
July 11, for window bulks,	5 00
For hauling the same,	35
For a duster for use in the store,	20
For books for Store,	90
For postage stamps,	1 50
For books for Store,	2 70
To the M. E. Church Book Concern,	9 82
For ink, &c.,	85
For the same	96
For things for the Store,	58
Total to July 25d,	$120 65
July 24, paid out,	1 08
July 25, for inks, sand &c.,	75
For Quackenbos' Lessons	7 50
For postage stamps,	1 50
For stamps,	10
For books,	18
July 28, for book and a lot of ink, &c.,	4 29
July 31, for little articles for Store,	25
For letters, books, &c.,	15
To Rev James P Campbell, for hymn books	70 00
To books, cash,	1 00
August 1, for putting clasp on hymn-book,	2 00
August 7, for stamps,	1 00
For receipt books,	2 25
August 10, for some little toys,	25
August 11, for one	09
For books,	2 50
For putting clasp on hymn-book,	1 50
For paper,	1 00
For books,	99
August 24, for postage stamps,	1 12
August 27, To Rev. J P. Campbell,	11 80
Sept 6, for stamps,	1 12
For books	09
Sept. 10, for a lot of books,	7 14
Sept. 20, for book, &c.,	72
Sept. 21, paid for books,	1 77
For books,	1 30
Sept. 26, for book,	24
Sept. 27, for paper,	38
Sept. 28, for books, &c.,	90
Sept. 29, for books,	1 20
Oct. 2, paid cash,	55
Oct. 2, for cask,	14
Oct. 3, for paper,	17
Oct. 4, for toy books,	16
Total,	$129 05
Oct. 4, for house rent,	20 84
For putting on burners,	18
For fixtures,	18
Oct. 5, for postage stamps,	1 70
Oct. 6, for books, &c., for Store,	2 35
Oct. 8, for papers, cards, &c.,	19
For paper,	07
For postage stamps	1 11
Oct. 10, for paper, &c	19
Oct. 11, for 2000 preacher's and exhorter's license,	6 75
For letter stamps,	15
For little articles for Store,	19
For little articles for Store,	18
For a lot of card-p[illegible]	1 [illegible]
For a box of ink,	04
For a box of ink,	1 [illegible]
For postage stamps,	1 [illegible]
For paper,	1[illegible]
For copy-books,	4[illegible]
Oct. 15 for paper,	2[illegible]
Oct. 17. for gas bill,	1 80
Oct. 20, for sending hymn books,	50
Oct. 22, for papers, letters, &c	50
Oct. 23, for postage stamps,	1 70
for a door for store,	3 00
Oct. 26, for paper, &c.,	30
Oct. 30, for paper,	44
For books,	3 00
Oct. 31, for album,	3 [illegible]
For readers,	1 80
For paper,	1[illegible]
Total, up to Nov. 2d,	$53 97

To be continued

(For the Christian Recorder)

WASHINGTON, May 26, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—Things here are still moving on as usual. The inestimable blessings of freedom are more and more being reduced to such a practical realization to those who have recently obtained it, as to better enable them to appreciate its natural and moral advantages; but that servile subjection, to which many for so long has had to conform, is not yet so dismembered from their long crushed sensitiveness as to grant them the free liberty of looking every man in the face, and regarding it as man viewing man. I had the pleasure of visiting the congressional chamber, while the confiscation bill was under discussion, and many able and eloquent speeches were delivered pro and con, but one very singular feature I noticed in its discussional progress, that there were invariably larger audiences in attendance to hear those favorable to confiscation, than to those opposed. The agitation of the law, which has been resurrected in permitting pro-slavery hunters to obtain their servants, has for the last few days somewhat subsided. Nearly all the slaves who were in danger in the district, have been sent under a guard of soldiers into Virginia, where it seems they are better protected

Dr Rock, the eminent lawyer of Boston, who was invited here by certain friends of humanity, lectured in the Presbyterian church 15th Street, on Thursday evening, 22d inst. Every one who heard the Doctor, pronounced it a great success; both from the fact that the lecture was eloquent, terse, and able, and from the fact that a man of his anti-slavery stamp, should be permitted to raise his voice in Washington City. The papers of the city spoke of it as being all that could have fallen from the lips of Sumner, or any other man of similar principles. He lectures this evening at my (Israel) church. We expect a great treat

Rev. Samuel W. Chase, of Baltimore, delivered one of the most able lectures of the season in our (Israel) church, on Monday evening, the 19th inst. Subject, *God's dealings with the children of Ham, and their future prospects.* It would be impossible for me to give you anything like a description of this able lecture. Suffice it to say, he was almost incessantly interrupted with applause, and loud clapping of hands from all classes of his audience. If Mr Chase should lecture here again it will be difficult to find a hall large enough for his hearers. The Evening *Star*, one of our city papers, and pro-slavery to the back bone, was compelled to squeeze out so much of an acknowledgment of his ability as the following:

LECTURE BY REV. SAMUEL CHASE.

"God's dealings with the children of Ham, and their future prospects," was the topic of a lecture delivered last night in the Israel (colored) church, by Rev. Samuel Chase, a colored divine of Baltimore. The speaker went back to the earliest ages, quoted largely from Bible history, and maintained that God made of one flesh all the nations of the earth. But nations, for crimes committed, have been degraded, and fallen from the high estate wherein the Creator had placed them; as in the case of the Jews, who were despised until a few years ago. The speaker argued that it was the providence of God that brought the negro here, and the colored race has been benefited thereby. The colored race here have been educated like the American family, have imbibed their political principles, but do not dare to utter them; have imbibed the same religious principles, and them they dare utter; and if the religion of the black man is wild enthusiasm, then so is that of those who taught him

The speaker argued that the negro had the same natural faculties as the whites, and quoted examples to show that the pure, unadulterated African may become educated and respected. The black man, beyond doubt, has the same natural qualities from Mason's to Dixon's line, and from that to Sabine

He argued that the Legislature of Maryland believed in the equality of natural intelligences, or they never would have desired to get the blacks out of the country by spending $10,000 a year for colonization.

We must elevate the negro character, and that must be done by education. The pulpit is the highest position we can attain, and we must blame our white brethren for not having a more educated ministry The Methodist Episcopal Church (white) had been particularly backward in extending education to the colored. They told us that if the Lord called us to preach, he would put words in our mouths, and we were told to look only to Heaven and get knowledge, while the white preachers were looking all the time in the book The speaker did not "see the point" that an uneducated negro could draw inspiration direct from Heaven, while educated white men got it from the books.

Mr. Chase urged the necessity of an educated ministry for the colored people. "I am," said he, "a black man, and I want to see the blacks educated. I love all men, but I love the black man best, and will advance his interests first and all the time If any colored man was to declare that the sooner he makes peace with God and dies, the better for him and his people" The negro could and would rise, if properly educated, and they had as much right to do so as the whites. The speaker said it would cheer his heart as much as that of the white man to see his son pleading at the bar, or his daughter taking a seat to play on the forty piano

In conclusion, his audience were urged to liberally educate and sustain their ministers, as the surest mode of bringing the colored nation to a position of equality with the whites

A RECOMMENDATION

TO THE DISTRICTS OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW ENGLAND, OHIO, INDIANA, AND MISSOURI, OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH MINISTERS

Dear Brethren:—As we have a number of Superannuated ministers on the list in said Districts, therefore it will be expected that the ministers and preachers, on their circuits and stations, will do all they can to collect the [illegible] and we also recommend that the Class leaders be instructed to collect and set the amount on the Class book opposite each member's name, as also all the collections called, per Discipline, for the Annual Conference, and publish the same once every quarter, that it may be seen who they are that work for God and his cause. We think it is time to give credit to those of our people who do work and that God's name may be glorified

WILLIS NAZRY,
WILLIAM P. QUINN

WEATHER IN WAR.

It is not very flattering to that glory loving, battle-seeking creature, Man, that his best-arranged schemes for the destruction of his fellows should often be made to fail by the conditions of the weather. More or less have the greatest generals been "servile to all the skyey influences." Upon the state of the atmosphere frequently depends the ability of men to fight, and military hopes rise and fall with the rising and falling of the metal in the thermometer tube. Mercury governs Mars. A hero is stripped of his plumes by a tempest, and his laurels fly away on the invisible wings of the wind, and are seen no more forever. Empires fall because of a heavy fall of snow. Storms of rain have more than once caused monarchs to cease to reign. A hard frost, a sudden thaw, a "hot spell," a "cold snap," a contrary wind, a long drought, a storm of sand,—all these things have had their part in deciding the destinies of dynasties, the fortunes of races, and the fate of nations. Leave the weather out of history, and it is as if night were left out of the day, and winter out of the year. Americans have fretted a little because their "Grand Army" could not advance through mud that came up to the horses' shoulders, and in which even the seven-leagues boots would have stuck, though they had been worn as deftly as Ariel could have worn them They talked as if no such thing had ever before been known to stay the march of armies; whereas all military operations have, to a greater or lesser extent, depended for their issue upon the softening or hardening of the earth, or upon the clearing or clouding of the sky. The elements have fought against this or that conqueror, or would-be conqueror, as the stars in their courses fought against Sisera; and the Kishon is not the only river that has through its rise put an end to the hopes of a tyrant. The condition of rivers, which must be owing to the condition of the weather, has often colored events for ages, perhaps forever The melting of the snows of the Pyrenees, causing a great rise in the rivers of Northern Spain, came nigh bringing ruin upon Julius Cæsar himself; and nothing but the feeble character of the opposing general saved him from destruction

At Agincourt the circumstances were very different [from Crecy,] but quite as fatal to the French. That battle was fought on the 25th of October, 1115, and the French should have won it according to all the rules of war,—but they did not win it, because they had too much valor and too little sense. A cautious coward makes a better soldier than a valiant fool, and the boiling bravery of the French has lost them more battles than any other people have lost through timidity. Henry V's invasion of France was the most wicked attack that ever was made even by England on a neighboring nation, and it was meeting with its proper reward, when French folly ruined everything. The French overtook the English on the 24th of October, and by judicious action might have destroyed them, for they were by far the more numerous—though most English authorities, with characteristic "unreverity," grossly exaggerated the inequality of numbers that really did exist between the two armies. On the night of the 24th the rain fell heavily, making the ground quite unfit for the operations of heavy cavalry, in which the strength of the French consisted, while the English had their incomparable archers, the worthy predecessors of the English infantry of today, one of whom was calculated to do more efficient service than could have been expected, as the circumstances of the field were, from ten knights cumbered with bulky mail. Sir Harris Nicolas, the most candid English historian of the battle, and who prepared a very useful, but unreadable volume concerning it, after speaking of the bad arrangements adopted by the French, proceeds to say,—"The inconveniences under which the French labored were much increased by the state of the ground, which was not only soft from heavy rains, but was broken up by their horses during the preceding night, the weather having obliged the valets and pages to keep them in motion. Thus the statement of the French historian may readily be credited, that, from the ponderous armor with which the men-at-arms were enveloped, and the softness of the ground, it was with the utmost difficulty they could either move or lift their weapons, notwithstanding their lances had been shortened to enable them to fight closely,—that the horses at every step sank so deeply into the mud, that it required great exertion to extricate them,—and that the narrowness of the place caused their archers to be so crowded as to prevent them from drawing their bows." Michelet's description of the day is the best that can be read, and he tells us, that, when the signal of battle was given by Sir Thomas Erpingham, the English shouted, but "the French army, to their astonishment, remained motionless. Horses and knights appeared to be enchanted, or struck dead in their armor. The fact was, that their large battle-steeds, weighed down with their heavy riders and lumbering caparisons of iron, had all four feet completely sunk in the deep wet clay; they were fixed there, and could only struggle out to crawl on a few steps at a walk." Upon this mass of chivalry, all stuck in the mud, the cloth-yard shafts of the English yeomen fell like hailstones upon the summer corn Some few of the French made mad efforts to charge, but were annihilated before they could reach the English line The English advanced upon the "mountain of men and horses mixed together," and butchered their immovable enemies at their leisure. Plebeian hands that day poured out patrician blood in torrents. The French fell into a panic, and those of their number who could run away did so. It was the story of Poitiers over again, in one respect; for the Black Prince owed his victory to a panic that befell a body of sixteen thousand French, who scattered and fled without having struck a blow. Agincourt was fought on St Crispin's day, and a precious strapping the French got. The English found that there was "nothing like weather." It was the last battle in which the ordinance was displayed, and well it might be; for red as it was, it must have blushed a deeper red over the folly of the French commanders *Atlantic Monthly.*

GERMANS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

One would think the German character might be understood by this time. And yet it is very plain that it is not; for when it is attempted either to eulogize or censure, men frequently shoot wide of the mark The German character, to be understood, must be studied in the structure of its language; in its literature, as developed in its original seats; in its manifestations in Europe, among crowned kings, skilful diplomatists, profound scholars, eminent statesmen, imaginative authors It must be studied in Luther's Bible, in Gesenius' Lexicon, in Schiller's Wallenstein, in Herder, in Goethe, in Tholuck, in Koerner, in Arndt and Spencer, in Kant and Schelling. It must be studied in the libraries at Berlin and Halle in the nineteen picture galleries of Vienna, in the sculpture halls of Munich, along the "emperor-crossing Rhine and upon the ruined and ivy-grown battlements of the castle of Heidelberg You must go to the printing-room of Gutenberg; to the cell where Luther prayed to God; to the studies of Dornbirer, Lessing, Fichte, Overbeck; to the common schools of Prussia and Saxony And now these are the same people that dig out the limestone from our hills, and rear those immense "Temples of Ceres"—that cover our valleys, and bring from the bosom of the earth its exuberant fertility; the same people—bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh, the same untiring perseverance; the same steadfast devoting to an object; the same household quietness that breathes from every page of German song, and softens your heart strings before you know it; the same love of music and flowers; the same language; the same religion; the same attachment to order, the same [illegible] the same love of abstract thought which is here shown in [illegible] and there in philosophy, the same [illegible] here seen in phantasies of the spirit land and *spuckereri*, and strange fancies, at times, of religion, and there in half wild poetry, peopling every recess of the Harts mountains with goblins, and every "castled crag" of Father Rhine with a haunting spirit. Doubt it not, the deeper elements that make possible Lutheranism there will develope themselves here And here we there be a new union of the peculiar Anglo Saxonism of England with that original stream from which it came to the Father land The mine of human nature is not worked out A thousand noble forms are yet to spring forth at the creating fiat of Him who has all forms, all ideals of excellence, in [illegible]

Presbyterian Quarterly Review.

THINGS IN NEW YORK

New York, May 19th, 1862

MESSRS EDITORS:—The anniversary meetings held here this month, have been as well attended and fully as interesting as usual; although not receiving so much notice in the newspapers as heretofore was customary. One general remark I may make in reference to such meetings is, that the promise of a band, and, perhaps, of a choir of a few hundred children, will attract a larger assembly than the announcement of the most accomplished speaker or speakers of the day. I do not think I hazard much in expressing the conjecture, that a well-trained monkey would compete successfully with Mr Everett or Mr Phillips in drawing a crowded house—to use theatrical slang

Among the spiciest meetings ordinarily are those held by the anti-slavery societies. The speaking at those meetings is generally good, partly because none but rather fearless and trained spectators would trust themselves on a platform, where they might be at any moment interrupted by interrogatories or hisses; partly because the themes discussed at such meetings are of an inspiriting nature, admirably suited to the tastes of a declamatory orator; partly, also, because the leaders in the anti-slavery societies are not quite at one in their views, and are, therefore, more apt to be keen and trenchant in their addresses, antagonism being a stimulus to them. It must be confessed, too, that a good many liked the anti-slavery meetings in past times, not because of love to freedom or taste for oratory, but because of hatred to Christianity—a state of opinion with which, I regret to say, the chief speakers, on the occasions alluded to, have in general evinced too much sympathy.

This year, the anti-slavery orators have been much less intense and denunciatory than usual Garrison has become almost meek. His smile is not half so much sarcastic as it used to be, and, it seemed to me, he read the extracts from Scripture, which he is in the habit of presenting at the opening of anniversaries, with a more mellifluous and tender voice than ever before.

Mr. Phillips, so far as I heard him, scarcely sustained his reputation as a speaker. He seemed to be comparatively at ease, and free from the excitement which, in the dark days of the past, he could not help betraying Since I last saw him he has improved in looks. Perhaps the turn in the tide of human affairs has contributed to this change in his appearance. In the speech which I heard him deliver, he labored to show how the barbarism, as he styled it, of the South is to be absorbed after the war shall have been brought to a close in favor of the North. The idea of colonizing the liberated slaves he scouted as not only unjust but visionary. He contended, that the colored people of the South are much better able to take care of themselves than are their brethren in that region of a fairer skin. His theories were received, apparently, with much favor by the audience; which, by the way I may say, was much more respectable as to dress and general respect, than the audiences wont to visit the anti-slavery meetings in former years

At a business meeting held by the anti-slavery society, of which Mr. Garrison is President, some doubts were expressed, as to the propriety of keeping up such an organization, now that the country is becoming so unanimous in opposition to slavery. Mr McKim, Secretary of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, advocated a change of tactics, so as to correspond with the altered state of the public mind. He seemed to think that the anti-slavery society should be dissolved, or should merge into the great society of the same creed which the war has created. Mr. Garrison contended, that so long as the anti-slavery society shall be faithful to its principles, it shall be numerically small. He can hardly have meant, however, to convey the idea, that he apprehended the ultimate failure of the society with which he is identified. On the whole, the impression seemed to be, that the society should continue its distinct organization, and employ its energies in baffling all attempts at compromises with slavery, or at colonization. Incidentally, some remarks were made, which conductors of newspapers might take an interest in hearing. One gentleman stated, that the New York *Tribune* was started on less than a thousand dollars' capital; while at the present time a capital of two hundred thousand dollars is necessary to set in motion a daily paper in this city. Mr Theodore Tilton, the business manager, I believe of the New York *Independent*, observed that a newspaper should be printed, as if nobody needed it or wanted to see it. By this he meant, that a paper should not be left to work its own way, its intrinsic merits being expected to secure for it patronage, but that it should be forced on the public by advertisements and agents.

The rival Tract Societies are approximating each other with great rapidity, and I should not be surprised to find a coalition effected in the course of a year. The Nassau Street Society—I so name it for brevity and perspicuity—has discovered at length the enormity of the slave trade, and dared to print some inflammatory speeches of Wilberforce, Clarkson, and other agitators on the subject. At the anniversary meeting of this society, one of the speakers ventured to use language in deprecation of slavery almost as strong as Dr. Cheever ever used; and so far from being hissed or called to order, he received the applause of the audience, and at least the tolerance of the chairman. I confess I felt a little sad to see some respectable old conservatives on the platform, because their presence there, in such circumstances, reminded me of the mutability of human affairs, of the caprice of so-called fortune.

The Boston Tract Society held a large and enthusiastic meeting in the Academy of Music. The chief speakers were Messrs. Theodore Cuyler and H. W Beecher. Their speeches were not worth much, however,—with reverence be it said. Mr. Cuyler seems to aim at being a Beecher; but he is too feeble physically, and, perhaps, mentally, to attain the object of his aspirations. Mr Cuyler, in seeking to be brilliant, becomes gaudy; and in attempting to be pathetic becomes weak and effeminate. Mr. Beecher is often pathetic, but his sentiment betokens strength, not feebleness. He can change his tone and look so rapidly, that he makes the impression of being master of himself, and, therefore, of his audience. He passes with facility "from grave to gay, from lively to severe" He sweeps his fingers along the chords of the human heart, and educes music as he wills. He possesses somewhat of that rich and sappy nature, which characterized Luther, who was equally at home in grappling with giants and sporting with children Mr Beecher is a much better logician than he is commonly deemed. His wit is so abundant that his more solid qualities of mind are not duly recognised; just as the famous Edmund Burke concealed the majesty of his intellect by the corruscations of his genius Yet I am not so charitable as to believe that Mr Beecher has employed his abilities in such a way as to advance much the cause of the gospel. His doctrinal views are very far from being Scriptural, although he may, being bound by no creed, occasionally preach a sermon, which seems to possess the genuine ring. He has been carried away by popularity, and is in great danger of making palpable and unmistakable shipwreck as to the faith. He has a number of crude theories on which he rings the changes on all occasions; and I know of scarcely any better work for one who has genius and scholarship than that of divesting Mr. Beecher's theories of the attractions which his fancy has imparted to them, and showing them to the world in their repulsive nudity.

THINGS IN GREAT BRITAIN

Church and State Controversy.—The strife between Church and dissent has not been so high nor so fierce for many years, as it is at this moment. Since the anti-church rate agitation, the church party have commenced what they call, "Church defence Lectures," all over the country, and since the proposal to commemorate the St. Bartholomew's ejection, they have become perfectly furious. Canon Miller, of Birmingham, Rev. J. Bardsley, of Manchester, Rev Dr. Hume, of Liverpool, and the Rev. J C. Ryle, all flaming evangelicals, have been lecturing everywhere against the right of the present race of dissenters to regard themselves as the lineal descendants of the Puritan worthies of 1662 Nay, some of them have gone so far as to assail the characters and principles of these confessors. They were themselves, they say, intruding into livings to which they had no legal right, and their ejection was a righteous retribution on them. Besides, these gentlemen affirm that none of these men were dissenters in principle—they all held state church views, and consequently the dissenters of the present day have no right to claim decent from them. Several public discussions have taken place, and in most of the large towns in England, the walls are covered with announcements of antagonistic lectures by belligerents of both parties. We had no idea before how fiercely the evangelical party, in the English Church, hate dissent, and how determinedly they cling to every exaction, no matter how small, or how unjust, which the church is enabled by law to levy on all the community, whether belonging to her, or separated from her But the discussion will eventually do good. It will not only direct public attention to the outrageous claims of the church party, but it will the sooner lead to the adoption of measures to get rid of them, and we have no doubt that truth and right will in the end prevail.

Clergy Relief Bill.—Mr. Bouverie, M P. for Kilmarnock, lately introduced a bill into Parliament to enable Church of England clergymen to declare themselves dissenters, and on making such declaration, in conformity with certain provisions stated in the bill, to exempt themselves from all ecclesiastical pains and penalties. This will, no doubt, appear a somewhat strange matter to our American readers, who are not likely aware of any need for legislative enactment on such a subject. But it is a melancholy fact, that it is greatly needed. The law at present is, that a clergyman of the English Established Church cannot, at will, divest himself of holy orders—cannot throw off the obligations imposed on him by canon law and cannot, therefore, engage in any other profession, embark in any calling, (that of schoolmaster alone excepted) to earn for himself an honest maintenance. The object of the bill is to enable any clergyman who chooses to leave the church, to divest himself of his clerical office and character in connexion with it. A petition in support of the bill, and praying that it might pass, was presented at the same time, which petition bears the signature of secessionists from the Church of England of various classes. Roman Catholics, Baptists, Broad Churchmen and others who wish to get rid of their holy orders, and be enabled to become laymen, or ministers in connexion with other denominations. Among those who signed it are the names of Mr. William Wilberforce, M. A., an elder brother of the Bishop of Oxford, formerly Vicar of East Farleigh, now a layman of the Church of Rome; the Hon and Rev. Baptist Noel, formerly a distinguished evangelical clergyman, now a Baptist minister; Mr. J. Allies, formerly examining chaplain to the Bishop of London and Rector of Lanaton; Mr. J. M'Naught, M. A., until lately a beneficed clergyman in Liverpool, but who now wishes to get rid of his order; Mr W. Maskell, M. A., formerly Vicar of Mary church, and chaplain to the present Bishop of Exeter; Mr. F. J. Foxton, formerly Vicar of Stoke Prior; Mr E. Walford, formerly of Balliol College, Oxford, and others. They complain that in consequence of their inability to divest themselves of their orders, they cannot be called to the bar; are indissoluble as counsellors or aldermen in any municipal corporation, and that they are ineligible as members of the House of Commons. They declare they have been forced by their consciences to abandon their sacred profession, and now find themselves unable to join any other profession, save that of schoolmaster, upon pain of excommunication. They, therefore, ask to be allowed to divest themselves by law of their holy order, and be relieved from the penalties and disabilities to which they are now subject. The bill has been read once, and was generally regarded favorably; still there are small, narrow-souled bigots, who cannot be persuaded that there is anything wrong about the church, and have not the brains to distinguish between Christian freedom and ecclesiastical oppression—a few of such characters are in the House of Commons—and that they should oppose a measure of this necessary kind is only what might be expected of them. We, however, trust that, in spite of all opposition, the b

Domestic Items.

North Carolina—Union Sentiment.—We have additional confirmation of the report that the Union sentiment is rapidly spreading in that State. A [illegible] meeting was held in Stanly [illegible] county, at which resolutions were unanimously adopted, denouncing the traitors, asking protection from the Federal Government of all Union men, and warmly welcoming Mr. Stanley, the new Governor, to his field of labor. The Union people of Craven county had formed a home guard company, under the name of the Craven County Union Home Guards. The Newbern *Progress* states that the North Carolina State Convention will adjourn soon, and that at least two-thirds of its members are Union men.

Chesterfield Tactics.—The clever correspondent of the *Home Guard* says

"From the fact that the usual mode of giving command by military officers falls so harshly upon the ears of sensitive privates, the following style has been attached to a regiment of 'Reserved Grays,' and is appropriately termed the Chesterfield Manual:

BY COMMANDING OFFICER.

"1. Gentlemen, you will please give me your attention.

"2. You will be kind enough to cast your head and eyes to the right, and endeavor to observe the 'immaculate bosom' of the third gentleman from you.

"3. Oblige me now by casting your visual organs to the front.

"4. Allow me to suggest the propriety of coming to an order arms.

"5. Gentlemen, will you condescend to shoulder arms?

"6. You will confer a special favor by coming to a support.

"7. If it meets your approbation, I beg leave to propose that you carry arms.

"8. Now, gentlemen, you will please present arms.

"9. I shall consider myself under an everlasting obligation if you will once more oblige me by carrying arms.

"10. Having a just and high appreciation of your intrinsic worth, as well as your exalted position in society, I humbly trust that I am not infringing upon your good nature when I request you to trail arms.

"11. Gentlemen, for the last time, permit me to remark that it is my earnest desire that you should come to a shoulder arms.

"12. If it is not too laborious, I should be delighted to see you change your position by coming to a right face.

"13. To conclude your arduous exercises, I will add farther trespass upon your well known affability by requiring you to come to arms port.

"14. Gentlemen! soldiers! blood-stained heroes! if congenial to your feelings, you may consider yourselves dismissed. I beg to remark, however, that, should it suit your convenience, you will be kind enough to hold yourselves subject to be again called into line, which you will be made aware of by the repeated and vigorous tapping of the spirit-stirring drum, recollecting at the same time that the first vibration of that sweet instrument that strikes the tympanum of your ears is merely precautionary. Allow me to exclaim in stentorian voice—Sever the ranks! march!"

The Mississippi.—A number of the vessels of the fleet under Commodore Lee had ascended the Mississippi as far as Vicksburg, for purposes not yet to be made public. Commander Porter was arranging his mortar vessels in the vicinity of Mobile bar, and planting buoys for the guidance of the ships which have not yet arrived. It is thought that Fort James was evacuated for the purpose of reinforcing Fort Morgan.

Missouri.—The guerillas of Missouri, prompted by the same persons who urge on the same class of murderers in Virginia, have again made their appearance in that State, committing depredations on Union people. On Monday a Government train of seventeen wagons was captured near Rolla. The wagons were burned, and the horses and mules driven off.

Death of General Price.—Several days ago various accounts of the battle at Farmington, Mississippi, by the Union forces of General Pope's corps and the rebels under Generals Bragg, Van Dorn and Price, were published, in which was a statement that a rebel General was killed by one of our sharpshooters. The Chicago papers state that that officer was General Sterling Price, of Missouri notoriety. He was following our army, which was retreating, too rapidly, when he fell, pierced by several rifle balls, which were fired by Colonel Roberts' sharpshooters, who were acting as skirmishers. He rode a white horse, and was therefore a conspicuous mark for our riflemen. It is stated that deserters, contrabands, and prisoners from Beauregard's army all corroborate this story.

Halleck.—All accounts from General HALLECK'S army agree that that able and accomplished General does not design taking *Corinth* by rushing his men right in the face of the rebel batteries. Instead of doing this, he is slowly approaching the stronghold, and fortifying his position as he advances, and also building roads over miry grounds and swamps, in order to facilitate the movement of troops and heavy siege guns. All the thoroughfares of the rebels, except the railroad to Memphis, have been cut off. It is conjectured that the plan of General Halleck is to starve the enemy out of their entrenchments. Food and forage are already scarce in the rebel camps, the troops having, for two or three weeks past, been on half rations, and they of the coarsest quality. Meantime, General Halleck is reported to have said that he confidently expects to take Corinth without losing over 150 men.

Banks.—The correspondent of the New York *Post*, with General Banks' corps, says that that general, having driven the rebels out of the Shenandoah Valley, is now about to retire to Strasburg, throw up fortifications, and spend the summer there. The plan of operations agreed upon by the War Department is this: General Shields, with his division, is to cross the mountain and join General McDowell, while General Banks holds the Valley and protects the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. This, it is said, is done by express order of the War Department, as a plan of the campaign.

General Banks' department is greatly troubled with bands of guerillas. Numerous rebel cavalry regiments have been disbanded, and their members have become guerillas, plundering and murdering all Union citizens and soldiers. General Geary went in quest of a body of these, but they fled on his approach. General Geary has been relieved from guarding the lower portions of the Manassas Road, and has been ordered hereafter to report to General Banks.

The James River.—The official reports of the operations of the Union fleet in the James River, and especially at Fort Darling, near Richmond, have been received in Washington. Captain Rodgers reports that he anchored his vessel, the *Galena*, within six hundred yards of Fort Darling, and kept up the bombardment until all his ammunition was expended. The loss on the *Galena* was thirteen killed and eleven wounded. The *Monitor*, during the action, was in close proximity to the *Galena*, and again proved that she is invulnerable to the heaviest shots of the rebels. She had no casualties on board. The *Naugatuck* was anchored a short distance below the *Monitor*, and behaved gallantly until her principal gun burst, when she was forced to retire. She only had two men slightly wounded. The Port Royal and Aroostook, the only two wooden vessels engaged, were anchored within one thousand three hundred yards of the battery, and kept up a well directed and destructive fire upon the rebels. Our brave tars on the James River are not to the least downhearted, but expect to renew the bombardment and drive the rebels from their position.

McClellan News of Saturday.—The despatches from that McClellan's army are dated up to Thursday afternoon, at which time our advanced forces were within five miles of the rebel capital. General McClellan was at New Bridge and was diligently preparing for an attack. It was rumored in camp that the rebels had proposed an armistice of ten days, but it was declined by our commander. Two citizens of Petersburg, who fled from that city, have come into General Weed's camp at Tattoon Manor, and report that the people in the vicinity from absence they came are in the most deplorable condition, being sadly in want of the necessaries of life. The work of conscription is still going on, and the roads to Richmond were fairly thronged by old and young men being driven along under strong armed guards. General Beauregard had arrived in Richmond, and immediately commenced making speeches to the soldiers. Jeff Davis has declared his intention to fight to the death before Richmond, and it was reported that he had *two hundred thousand* men under him. The troops from the Gulf States threaten that if they have to evacuate Richmond, they will lay it in ashes.

The Rebellion and New York City.—The tide of prosperity which will set in upon the whole country after the rebellion is thoroughly quelled, and made to atone are resumed with the Southern ports, has already commenced to flow in upon the city of New York, and its first symptoms are apparent in an [illegible] in the price of money, making [illegible] at unprecedentedly low rates of interest, and a large advance in the prices of all stocks, bonds, and other certificate securities. The disbursements of the [illegible] August last have created about $[illegible] capital that was locked up in the hands of contractors, and as these were either [illegible] advanced upon wholly in New York or [illegible] the wide expenditure and other gains [illegible] have enriched our city more than [illegible] in the country. The income tax, war expenditure, as well as those of the Insurance [illegible] have been received here, by the [illegible] of the country. These payments [illegible] and making [illegible] in the most liberal manner during the period of general financial and mercantile [illegible] in the rebellious South. New York city, having attracted to its vast and [illegible] credit than any other point in the United States, has therefore added to its active floating capital and riches more than is usual in a time of peace.

This rebellion will then be cited as the creator, and the destroyer, of the city of New York's brilliant destiny.

Parson Brownlow.—In a letter of last week, the *Methodist* thus speaks of the Parson:

No man, who has not perished, has suffered more in this rebellion than the Missionary Methodist preacher, and no man whatever has suffered more courageously. His passage through the North is telling like a war-trumpet upon the popular mind. There is even some danger that it will kindle too high the indignation of the people against the rebellious crew who are enacting their infernal tragedies among the crushed people in the South. The Parson is a calm, cool soul, but he has a terrible power of language, in a very genius in the use of epithets, (many of which we cannot and do not approve,) and there never has been, because there never could be, a more thorough hater of iniquity. He affirms that his chief fear for the result of the war arises from his apprehension that the Federal Government is too leniently disposed toward the leaders of the South. He does not believe that they are susceptible of any restraint but that of fear, of any effective treatment but that which will deal out to the devil and his angels. And most people who hear the Parson's facts, come to believe as he does.

Parson Brownlow is rather small in stature, slight in his frame, but looks tough; his face is small, but his forehead nobly expanded. The extant portraits give only the outlines of his remarkable physiognomy; none of them do justice to his characteristic expression. There is a striking benignance and even repose in this expression, stamped, however, with heroic firmness, endurance and [illegible]. He is one of those men whom all friends love to the uttermost, and all enemies hate to the death. Great character is superior to great talents; the veteran Tennessean has shown the highest greatness of character in the rebellion. His fidelity to principle, his courageous disdain for the enemies of his country, his bold opposition outspoken to their very "teeth and eyes," his endurance, in months of imprisonment and daily expectation of the gallows, all render him such a man as the people delight to honor. The passage through the country has thus far been an ovation and it will be so more and more. If any new impetus to the popular enthusiasm for the war were necessary, it could not be better obtained than by his journeys and speeches.

Extensive Seizure of Arms.—On the 13th inst., Governor Johnson received from Col. Parkhurst, commanding the Ninth Regiment Michigan Volunteers, at Murfreesboro', a telegram, stating that he "had just made a thorough search of that town for arms, and had found over two hundred pieces heavily loaded, undoubtedly intended to be used whenever Morgan should summon courage enough to make his appearance, if that should ever be."

On receipt of this advice, Governor Johnson directed the arrest of certain persons in and near Murfreesboro', to be held as hostages for the good behaviour of the citizens of that vicinity. The persons arrested are—William C. Ransom, John R. Childress, L. M. Mooney, Dr. King, J. E. Dromgoole, F. J. Moseley, Dr. R. J. Wendell, Dr. W. J. Baskett, Jas. M. Avent, Thomas Robertson, G. T. Henderson, J. A. Crockett.

On Monday, May 12, a large Union meeting was held at Nashville in the halls of the Tennessee capitol. Union delegates were present from all parts of the State, and at the appointed hour the rooms were crowded. Hon. W. B. Campbell presided. Stirring and patriotic resolutions were adopted. The Hon. W. H. Polk, in a speech displaying an accurate knowledge of affairs in the State during the rebel supremacy, spoke of the necessity of every loyal Tennessean girding on his armor and doing what he could to drive away the plunderers. Gov. Johnson, in the course of a lengthy speech, addressing the chairman, said: "The old divisions which once separated us are obliterated, and I meet you to-day on the noble platform of the Union. Let me take you by the hand, and with you pledge anew fealty and devotion to the federal Union. Let us swear that we will not survive it, but that, if we must fall in this contest, we will go down upon the battle-field wrapped in the proud old flag. We ask this only of all men now—'Are you for the Union?'"

The Military Governor of North Carolina.—Washington, May 26.—The Hon. Edward Stanley is on the eve of departure for North Carolina. He to-day received his commission as military Governor of that State. He is invested with the powers, duties and functions of that station, including the power to establish all necessary offices and tribunals, and to suspend the writ of habeas corpus during the pleasure of the President, or until that populations shall organize a State Government in accordance with the Constitution of the United States. His powers are exactly similar to those with which Governor Johnson of Tennessee is invested.

The Impressment of Quakers by the Rebel Authorities. *From the Raleigh (N. C.) Standard, April 26.*—We insert the following memorial laid before the State Convention by the yearly meeting of Friends, on the subject of bearing arms:

At a stated Meeting for Sufferings, representing North Carolina yearly meeting of Friends, held at Deep River, the 14th of Fourth month, 1862, the subject of our present sufferings, on account of our conscientious scruples against bearing arms claiming the deliberate consideration of the meeting, and believing it right to embrace our privilege to petition those in authority, we therefore adopt the following.

To the Convention of North Carolina, in Convention Assembled:—Your petitioners respectfully show that it is one of our fundamental religious principles to bear a faithful testimony against all wars and fightings, and that in consequence we cannot aid in carrying on any carnal war.

This is no new principle of our society, but one which was adopted at its rise, as the doctrines taught by our Saviour, and followed by his disciples for more than two hundred years, and has ever been and is now held as one of our fundamental and vital principles, and one that we cannot yield or compromise in any degree whatever.

We would further show that the whole number of our members in the Confederate States is less than ten thousand, while in the United States the number probably exceeds two hundred thousand, who bear the same testimony against all wars and fightings, and that in every nation and clime where our society exists, it is at this day, as heretofore maintaining this precious principle of peace, and that we every-

to Richmond Disclosed.—Washington, May 21—[illegible] has been sent from here to Fort Lafayette to the French Minister at present in Richmond which has excited so much attention both in this country and in Europe.

Mr. Mercier had no instructions from his Government, and had no business to go [illegible] to Richmond. Mr. Mercier, in conversing with Mr. Seward, expressed his regret that he could not see Richmond and judge for himself about the views and expectations of the insurgents. Mr. Seward said that he could go without any objection from the Government, that he wished every foreign minister would go and see for himself how hopeless the insurrection was. Mr. Mercier went unwillingly.

He heard and saw for himself of course in no way acting or speaking for his Government or compromising his relation towards the United States. The [illegible] was previously consulted, and approved of his going. When he returned he called immediately on the Secretary, and afterwards upon the President, and communicated to them frankly the impressions that he received. He all said no one in Richmond to say anything to him that he should not be at liberty to communicate to the Secretary of State, and he neither communicated to the Rebel leaders anything from this Government nor anything from them to the Government. He held no official communication with any one, nor did he permit himself to receive official attentions. Mr. Mercier's whole conduct in the transaction was discreet, loyal and friendly.

Fugitive Slaves at Washington.—Washington, May 26.—Since yesterday, eight or ten fugitive slaves have been returned to their claimants. It is estimated that there were in Washington recently about a thousand slaves, principally from Prince George county, Maryland, and among the District. At least forty slaveholders from that county were at the Court House on day filing their petitions for the reclamation of the runaways.

In some cases as many as twenty are claimed by a single person. In several cases after the Courts had issued the necessary writs, the Marshal and his Deputies were unable to find the fugitives, who, having by some means been informed of the judicial processes, remained beyond the reach of arrest.

Affairs in Tennessee.—Arrest of Ex Governor Brown.—Ex Governor Neil S. Brown, a gentleman well known formerly as a leading politician, and for the last twelve months as a leading rebel in this State, was arrested yesterday by order of Governor Johnson, on the charge of treason. He was subsequently released on parole, for the purpose of attending to some important private business.

Session of the Supreme Court of the United States at Nashville, Tenn.—*From the Nashville Union of the 14th.*—The Supreme Court met yesterday morning, at 10 o'clock. The venerable and distinguished Major Wm B. Lewis, for many years one of the Chief Auditors at Washington, during Gen. Jackson's administration, and the intimate friend and confidant of the old hero, was foreman of the grand jury. Although past the three score and ten years allotted to man, his intellect is still vigorous and unclouded and the fire of patriotic devotion to that Union still burns as warmly in his heart as in the days when he fought the numbers of South Carolina under Andrew Jackson.

Judge Catron delivered a brief but pointed extemporaneous charge to the grand jury. He dwelt particularly on their duty to ferret out and indict all persons aiding and abetting the marauding parties which are infesting this portion of the State. The offence was a heinous one, utterly ruinous to society, and deserving the severest punishment. On other points the jury were referred to his charge to the grand jury at St. Louis, to which we shall refer again.

Riot in Baltimore.—In the command of General Banks there is a regiment commanded by Col. Kenley, and recruited in the city of Baltimore. At the recent battle in Virginia this regiment became engaged and lost severely. It was even rumored that the Colonel commanding was among the slain. When the news of the fight reached Baltimore there was naturally much feeling manifested, and the friends of those in the battle surrounded the newspaper and telegraph offices for the purpose of obtaining an account of the conflict, and the names of the dead and wounded. The rebel sympathizers seemed particularly well pleased with the disaster to our arms, and gave expression to their satisfaction in every possible way. The result may be imagined. The relatives, brothers, and friends of the Union soldiers became exasperated at the heartlessness of those who exulted over their probable bereavement. Conflicts ensued; the tumult spread. The many partook of the anger of the few, and from a mere quarrel with a few rebels at the newspaper offices, the excitement took the form and proportions of a riot. The Secessionists were driven from the high ways and compelled to take refuge in their homes. Some were knocked down, others were beaten, and but for the interference of the Union police a few would have been executed at the lamp posts.

Proclamation of Governor Curtin.—The Militia Ordered into the Field.—Harrisburg, May 26, 1862. *General Order No. 25.*—In the pressing requisition of the President of the United States, in the present emergency, it is

Ordered, That the several Major Generals, Brigadier Generals, and Colonels of Regiments throughout the Commonwealth muster, without delay, all the military organizations within their respective divisions, or under their control, together with all persons willing to join their commands, and proceed forthwith to the city of Washington, or to such other points as may be indicated by future orders.

By order of A. G. CURTIN,
Governor and Commander-in-Chief.

Official Report of General Banks.—WASHINGTON, May 26.—The following was received at the War Department at 11 o'clock to-night:

WINCHESTER, May 26—4 P. M.

To the President:

I have the honor to report the safe arrival of my command last evening at this place, at 10 o'clock, and the passage of the Fifth Corps across the river to-day, with comparatively but little loss.

The loss of men, killed, wounded, and missing, in the different combats in which my command has participated since the march from Strasburg, on the morning of the 24th instant, I am unable now to report, but I have great gratification in being able to represent that, although serious, it is much less than might have been anticipated, considering the great disparity of the forces engaged, and the long matured plans of the enemy, which aimed at nothing less than the entire capture of our force.

My command encountered the enemy in a constant succession of attacks, and in the well contested engagements at Strasburg, Middletown, Newton, at a point also between those places, and at Winchester, the force of the enemy was estimated at about fifteen thousand men, with very strong artillery and cavalry supports, while my own force consisted of two brigades, less than four thousand strong, all told, one thousand five hundred cavalry, ten Parrott guns, and six smooth bores.

The substantial preservation of the entire supply train is a source of gratification. It numbered about five hundred wagons. On a forced march of fifty three miles, thirty five of which were performed in one day, subject to constant attack in front, rear and flank, according to its position, by the enemy in full force, notwithstanding the panic of teamsters and the mischances of a river passage of more than three hundred yards, with slender preparations for ford and ferry, not more than fifty wagons were lost.

Our troops are in good spirits, and occupy both sides of the river. N. P. BANKS,
Major General Commanding.

General McClellan.—Washington May 26 and night.—No advance have been received at the War Department to-day from Gen. Halleck.

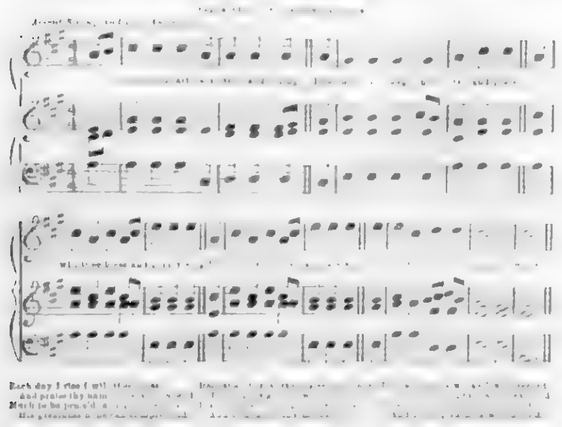
General McClellan telegraphs that his troops have cut the Virginia Central Railroad at three points between Hanover Court House and the Chickahominy.

The Late News. How to take it.—*The Inquirer* says:

"What a happy thing it would be if our people were somewhat less moral or if they would address themselves to the practice of a little common reflection when news of an unpleasant character comes over the telegraphic wires. For example on Saturday, the report of the retreat of a feeble column of a general column upon the Upper Potomac, minus the [illegible] of his artillery, from Washington's Republican [illegible] was received. Very few stopped to consider the [illegible] what was the probable reason and cause of the [illegible] which compelled the commander of General Banks' force still reflected calmly upon the sagacity of the generals at Washington to look at that as reasonable [illegible] to the [illegible] length, but nearly all [illegible] themselves at once that [illegible] Corps along [illegible] Washington was [illegible] for [illegible] the Rebels and an [illegible] of [illegible] necessary [illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] was [illegible] at the [illegible] [illegible] and was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

MORNING L. M

THE GINGER CAKE.

"What makes you look so solemn, Charley?" said John Marshall to his younger brother, who had been sitting still for full five minutes, a thing he was seldom known to do. "Something important is on your mind, I am sure."

"I have been thinking about what mother said yesterday, that we should pray for our daily bread, because God fed us, and clothed us."

"Well, there was nothing so strange in that. You have been told so a thousand times before."

"Yes, but I have been thinking as I ate this ginger cake, that I could not see *how* it could be; for I know mother made it, and she makes the bread we eat, and the clothes we wear, and buys our books and all we want. Now what I do not understand is, *God* makes and gives me every thing."

"Why, Charley, what a wicked boy you are! How dare you my you don't believe it? It's in the Bible, I know."

"I didn't say I don't believe it. I suppose it's true, for the minister says so, and all good people, but I said I didn't see *how* it was, and I don't. But I'll ask *mother:* she can explain it, I know."

Mrs Marshall, who had entered the room, when told of the subject under discussion, instead of repressing the inquisitiveness of her son, said with a smile, "I am going to make some more ginger cake to-morrow morning, and if my little skeptic will go down into the kitchen with me, I will try to satisfy his doubts." "John, if you are at liberty then, and please to come also, I should like it; for only yesterday *you* asked some questions about the term, '*Great First Cause,*' which you met with in your reading lesson, and I will try to answer both inquiries at once."

The next morning, Mrs. Marshall tied on her check gingham apron, and went below, taking the boys with her to give them a lesson in theology She first went to the cupboard, and brought out several articles, and placed them on the table.

"All these," said she, "will be wanted to make a ginger cake for my little Charley. Flour, molasses, ginger, hot water, and saleratus, and I must get a little lump of butter, a *very* little lump, for children must not eat rich food. Now, Charley, will you tell me who made all these ingredients?"

"I know, mother, who made *some* of them The miller out at Rochester made the flour, for Uncle John said so, and told about the great stones they grind it with. Then I know that colored people in the West Indies make the molasses. I read that in a book."

"What did they make it of?" said his mother.

"O, now I know what you mean, mother! You mean to say that God made it; but I don't know but men plant it, and raise it, just as we do corn and wheat."

"Yes, they do, but do men *make* wheat?"

"I don't know, they do something toward making it."

"That is true, and that is what I wish you to understand. Men can do something, can do *much* toward procuring the comforts of life, but God does infinitely more. Let us look at the field of wheat, which produced this flour. Can you tell me how much God must have done for that field?"

"I'd rather *you* would tell, mother."

"I will tell *some* of the things He must have done for it; first, he made the earth itself, or there would have been none. Then he made a soil suitable for the growth of grain; if the earth had been all a hard rock, or all wet and cold ground, or all a great sand bank, it could never have come to maturity. Then he made the sun, and placed it in the heavens to give warmth and light, and he fixed the earth in its proper place, that it might revolve around it, and have winter and summer, day and night: without each of these not a single blade of wheat could be raised, let all the men in the world do what they could toward it. Then over that field, when it had been ploughed by the cattle which he made, and sowed by the hand which he had formed, how carefully must God have watched; giving it sunshine, and dew, and rain, just when it needed them, all summer long —O, Charley, do you think mother could have made even one grain of this flour which is needed in your cake?"

"O, no, no, God *did* make it! God *does* feed me, and I see now *how* it is he does it."

"And I see too," said John, "what is meant by the 'Great First Cause,' I read about. It means God, who first *caused* every thing."

"Yes, my children, do not forget while you live, however plausible the objections you may hear urged against it, that God does first originate *all things;* and however much the beings he has made can do, they are still *his* creatures, deriving all their ability and power from him."

AUNT LIZZIE.

BY CARRIE LINDEN.

"I wish old aunt Lizzie had never come here, mamma, I *do,*" said little Edgar, as he came running into his mother's room.

"Hush, Edgar," she answered, "you don't think what you are saying."

"Yes, I *do,* mamma," he added, with great earnestness, "I wish she never *had* come here, with that queer, old, drawn up face. And when I am in the midst of my play, she calls out in her little weak voice, 'Eddy, dear, will you hand that little cricket this way?' O dear, I'm *so* tired of it."

"Come here, Edgar," replied his mother, sadly; "sit down upon this little stool by me, and hear a story I have to tell you. A number of years ago there was a pretty little cottage, surrounded by rose bushes and maple trees—I fancy I see it."

"*Did* you ever see it, mamma?" he asked.

"Yes, Edgar, a great many times. There was a tall row of maple trees all along the fence, so tall and large that they formed a complete shade all over the little yard, and the birds used to build their nests in the topmost branches, and sing out merrily, as if they said to the passers by, you can't catch us here. Then there were sweet flowers scattered here and there, where the little bees used to come every day to gather honey, and go away with their tiny bags loaded with the precious sweets. There were sweet peas—sweeter than any others ever were, because they grew there—morning glories and nasturtions trained along the sides of the windows, and over the low brown eaves. O it was a pretty cottage!

"And then, inside, everything was so comfortable, and all looked so happy: the father and mother, and their two children—for they had only two. Their eldest daughter was twelve years old, and the other, a little chattering pet of five years, ran here and there, over the pretty green grass before the house, in search of the gay flowers that attracted her steps. All were so happy, so happy together

"But a dark time came to the pretty cottage One night a fire broke out in the dwelling, and ere the family were aroused, half of their home was one mass of fire. They had barely time to snatch a few articles of clothing and flee, ere the whole was wrapped in flames. The eldest daughter, when the fire was discovered, was sleeping in the low chamber with her little sister, and though the flames were near her bed, and she knew a moment's delay might be death, yet she stopped to take her little sister and wrap her in a woolen blanket, ere she sought escape. Then she heard her father calling to her to come this way, and he could save her; but the smoke blinded her eyes—still she pushed on with almost superhuman strength, hugging her little burden closer to her, till at last, bewildered and faint, she would have sunk, but her father's strong arm caught her—for he had then succeeded in gaining her side—and bore her safely away. A few moments and the pretty cottage, furniture, roses, vines, and all, were burned to the ground—all gone—no trace left of the so late happy home, except what was found in the smoking ruins."

"And what became of the children?" interrupted Edgar.

"The baby of the family, so securely wrapped, was taken from its sister's arms, safe and *sleeping;* but the sister, the *poor* sister who had risked her life to save it, was burned shockingly. Her hair was singed, her body scorched, and one side of her face a complete blister. O many a day she writhed under the pain, till her parents' hearts grew sad—they feared she would die; but after months of anguish, she rose from her bed to be an invalid for life. Her system never recovered from the shock—weak and feeble, she has barely lived, and her face, drawn and scarred, will carry the proof of her love for her little sister to her dying day.

"And now, when that sister gives her a home, seeks to return a small part of the great debt she owes to her, her little boy says he wishes she hadn't come, with her drawn up face."

Edgar looked up in surprise, and the tears gathered in his eyes, as his mother added, "Yes, Edgar, she saved your mother's life; O love her well, and seek to add what little comfort you can to her weary life."

"Good, kind aunt Lizzy," he sobbed, hiding his face in his mother's lap, "I did not know this Good, kind aunt Lizzy, I will love you;" and then jumping up, the little fellow ran into the garden, to gather the choicest flowers for her; and as he gave them to her, she looked up and smiled so sweetly on him, he thought no more about her "drawn up face," but he loved her because she had saved his mother.

Time passed on, but no one was more attentive to her wants than little Edgar. 'Twas no hardship to carry the stool for her to rest her feet upon—he did it without being asked—and the choicest fruit and sweetest flowers were ever by her, tokens of his deep, unfeigned love

Evangelist

THE ARK AND THE DOVE

"Tell me a story, please," my little girl
Lisped from her cradle. So I bent me down,
And told her how it rain'd, and rain'd, and rain'd,
Till all the flowers were cover'd, and the trees
Hid their tall heads, and where the houses stood,
And people dwelt, a fearful deluge roll'd
Because the world was wicked, and refused
To heed the words of God

But one good man,
Who long had warned the wicked to repent,
Obey, and live, taught by the voice of Heaven,
Had built an ark; and thither, with his wife
And children, turn'd for safety. Two and two,
Of birds, and beasts, and creeping things he took,
With food for all; and when the tempest roar'd,
And the great fountains of the sky pour'd out
A ceaseless flood, till all beside were drowned,
They in their quiet vessel dwelt secure

And so the mighty waters bare them up,
And o'er the heads of the deep they sail'd
For many days. But then a gentle dove
'Scaped from the casement of the ark, and spread
Her lonely pinion o'er the boundless wave
Ah, all was desolation. Chirping nest,
Nor face of man, nor living thing, she saw,
For all the people of the earth were drown'd
Because of disobedience

Naught she spied,
Save wide, deep waters, and dark, frowning skies.
Nor found her weary foot a place of rest;
So, with a leaf of olive in her mouth,
Sole fruit of her drear voyage which, purchased,
Upon some wrecking billow floated by,
With drooping wing the peaceful ark she sought
The righteous man that wandering dove received
And let her mate rest o'er it with soft moan,
Had wondered at her absence

Then I looked
Upon the child, to see if her young thought
Wearied with following mine But her blue eye
Was gladdened and the finger
Of pleased attention curl'd her parted lip.
And so I told her how the waters dried
And the green branches waved, and the sweet buds
Came up in loveliness, and that meek dove
Went forth to build her nest and thousand birds
Awoke their songs of praise, while the tired ark
Upon the craggy peak of Ararat
Reposed, and Noah, with glad spirit, reared
An altar to his God

Since, many a time,
When to her rest she evening's earliest star,
That little one is laid with earnest tone
And pure cheek press'd to mine, she fondly asks,
Her sire to tell

In the heart
A place for

Our duty is to

will always have an opportunity of doing something, if you do the duty that lies nearest you.

BAD THOUGHTS

Bad thought is a thief he sets his port—
Creeps through the window of the heart,

SHEEP-WASHING

There are few of our readers who live in the country, who have not beheld such a scene as is represented in our picture Well do we remember how grateful such a scene but [illegible] day, after we had been many miles over weary dusty roads We had been driving along very slowly, meditating, undisturbed by any sound louder than the hum of the bee, or the sharp [illegible] when at a turn of the road we descended suddenly into a green nook like that represented in our picture. It was really refreshing and animating to emerge from the quiet of our own thoughts, to the glad bustle, gay shouts, and hearty laughter, continually rising from the party engaged in sheep-washing. And the poor sheep, how forlorn they looked, and how piteously they pleaded! Now, we have a lesson to teach our dear little ones from this picture of the sheep-washing. "You know Christ is called the "Good Shepherd," and in the children's Psalm —the twenty-third—he is called our Shepherd. A shepherd takes care of sheep, and the Lord Jesus Christ takes care of you, and all his children. They are called the sheep of his pasture The object of washing sheep is to cleanse them from the dirt which has gathered on their wool And if we would be cleansed from the dirt and pollution of sin, we must be washed clean and white in the blood of Christ. Will not all our readers come to Christ to be washed in his blood, so that they may be clean and white? Will you not all pray to Christ to make you his sheep, and take you to be lambs in his fold? We want all of you who are able to read, to find out as many places in the Bible as you can where Christ is represented as a Shepherd.

THE GIRL THAT REPENTED.

Susie Morgan's mother was taken sick one day with a violent headache; and as she and her little brother John were making a good deal of noise while playing, their mother told them to go out to the garden and continue their sports. They had not been long at play until John offended Susie in some way, and in her anger she pushed him. She then went to play by herself; but her heart told her she had done wrong. This made her feel very unhappy. At length she could play no longer; but went into the house to her mother, and laying her head on the bed burst into tears. Her mother asked her what was the matter. "O," said she, "my heart is so bad; I got angry with John and pushed him, and God won't love me, I have such a bad heart." Her mother told her how sinful it was to give way to anger; but that she was glad her little girl was sorry and repented of her sin. Her kind mother then told her, that she had offended the blessed Saviour; but that he was willing to forgive her if she would only ask him. Little Susie said she would ask Christ to forgive her, and to enable her never to get angry with any one again. And since that time, when she feels vexed about any thing, she asks Christ to enable her to forgive, and bear with patience the little trials which are placed in her path.

Dear little readers, you have sinned against Christ a great many times; but if you will from the heart pray to the blessed Saviour to make you sorry because you have sinned, and will trust in him to forgive your sins, and ask him to keep you that you sin no more, then you have repented. We are always sinning against God, and we should all repent because God commands us. We cannot do this of ourselves; it is only by the grace of God we can repent.

EARLY CONVERSIONS.

Bowdler says:—"Do you ask me how early I suppose children may be converted? You might as well ask me how early I suppose flowers blossom. There are thousands of varieties of flowers, some of which blossom at one time, and some at another. Some blossom, with the trailing arbutus, before the snow is gone; some later than that, with the hyacinth; some with the tulip; and some with the honeysuckle. There are flowers that blossom in every month of the year Do you say, 'How many must I see blossom before I can tell him and see If he comes when he is three years old, it is not too early; and if he comes then, do not say, I cannot believe it.' [illegible] anything that you see. When your child [illegible] if you say some human [illegible] what you say. If when your child is but three years old he hears music, and you see his lips [illegible] that [illegible] Do not doubt the [illegible] of what is [illegible] And as to the time at which children may be converted, I do not see any [illegible] more in the case of a child at five years of age than [illegible] me can come out of the kingdom [illegible] at six, some at seven, and some at eight. All that you have to do is to sow the seed and look to him, and wait for them to blossom If they blossom in March like the [illegible] soon in April or May; and if they do not blossom [illegible] bless God for [illegible] and be thankful when they do blossom. [illegible] that develops [illegible] what is the fact, and what is [illegible]

LITTLE SINS.—Little sins have a fearful power of eating out the Christian heart. The ants of a tropical climate will surround their prey, and after destroying it, eat it out so thoroughly, and yet delicately, that at a distance it may appear still alive. Yet when the storm comes, it crumbles So falls the professor whose inner life has been destroyed by little sins.

There is one preacher who does preach with effect, and gradually persuade all persons: his name is Divine Providence.—*Carlyle.*

A WORD WITH TEACHERS.

Do Sabbath School teachers think sufficiently of the solemn responsibilities of their positions? Do they ever ask themselves this question: "What important lesson shall I endeavor to impress upon the minds of my pupils, when I meet them on each Sabbath morning?"

For instance, there are half a dozen or more little boys or girls waiting for their teacher, and when she arrives with what beaming countenances they look up into her face, to inquire what she has to tell them about Jesus, and the way of salvation.

Here are some few thoughts, which, perhaps, it might be profitable to suggest, as to the best mode of imparting instruction in the Sabbath School. All Sabbath School teachers have learned from experience, that it is much better to rule by *love* than by *fear.* If the affections of the pupils are gained, one-half the work is accomplished.

Try to make the Sabbath School a place of attraction. Have, as it were, a magnet by which their young minds will be drawn towards it—where they will hold sweet communion about heaven, and heavenly things Be ever ready to guide them tenderly over any difficulties that may perchance obstruct their way. Try to make their lessons as easy and interesting as possible, so that they will always take pleasure in preparing them.

Last, but not least, impress upon their young minds the great importance of punctuality, by always being punctual yourself, as you well know, "Example is a potent teacher." It is an old proverb, but one worth remembering, that "'Tis the teacher makes the school."

Teachers are not always aware of the mighty influence they exert upon the minds of their pupils. A word fitly spoken may be the means of doing an immense amount of good. Children are generally very active observers, and notice every action of their teachers. How important, then, that our actions be of such a character as to make a good impression on the young and plastic minds of our pupils

Think, too, of the great end we have in view in teaching Sabbath School. It is to save souls. Each of the children committed to our care possesses an immortal soul. That soul must be either saved or lost. Through our instrumentality it may be either saved or lost.

O, that we were all more seriously impressed with the responsibility of our position, and ever keep in mind the solemn account which we all must render at the day of judgment, for the manner in which we have discharged our duties! And if we have been faithful stewards, those children committed to our care will shine as so many stars in our crown of rejoicing for ever and ever.

Mennib.

NO PLACE FOR THE BOYS.

Does it not seem as if in some houses there is actually no place for the boys? We do not mean the *little* boys—there is always room for them; they are petted and caressed; there is a place for them on papa's knee and at mamma's footstool, if not in her arms; there are loving words, and many, often too many indulgences. But the class we speak of now are the schoolboys, great, noisy romping fellows, who tread on your dress, and upset your work basket, and stand in your light, and whistle, and drum, and shout, and ask questions, and contradict

So what is to be done with them? Do they not want to be loved and cherished now as dearly as they were in that well-remembered time when *they* were the *little* ones, and were indulged, petted and caressed? But they are so noisy, and they wear out the carpet with their thick boots, and it is so quiet when they are gone, say the tired mother, and the fastidious sister, and the nervous aunt; "anything for peace," and away go the boys to "loaf" on street corners, to listen to the profane and coarse language of wicked men, or to the [illegible] or to the railroad station, or the wharves or the other common places of rendezvous [illegible] do or no place to stay

[illegible] that there are few boys who care to stay in the house [illegible] boys [illegible] they should play in the [illegible] which is true We [illegible] many days, or days of [illegible], in which they wish to stay in or ought to be kept in, and which if kept in they make themselves and everybody else uncomfortable. We [illegible] that the [illegible] home where the mother is busy with her [illegible] or her baby, and the father is absorbed with the newspaper in the evening which he never reads [illegible] and the [illegible] still and quiet in the [illegible] tely to bed. [illegible] the [illegible] boys is a dull place, they want [illegible] a little [illegible] say that [illegible] we [illegible] our nurse-maid what there is to read [illegible] for [illegible] enjoy [illegible] of the [illegible] where [illegible] the presence of [illegible] would [illegible] and [illegible] to [illegible]

EARLY IMPRESSIONS

It is a well known fact, that aged persons, when on their dying beds, will often repeat lessons and sayings which they learned in childhood, and that those of foreign birth, although they had long ceased to speak in their native tongue, and appeared entirely to have forgotten it when in health, will at such a time begin to talk in the language of their native land. This shows very conclusively that early impressions are indelible, that they cannot be blotted out

Parents, teachers, this is what gives such importance to the early training of children. Children, it is this which makes it of such great account that what you learn now, should be worth learning and treasuring up for future years, for the time when you will be old, for the bed of sickness and death. Above all things try to have this truth impressed on your mind: "That God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Seek a knowledge of Christ. Ask him to instruct you in a knowledge of his love. Ask him to be the teacher and guide of your youth, and when old age comes upon you, he will not desert you. Get a knowledge of the Saviour, for it is a knowledge which will be of more value to you than gold and rubies.

MANASSEH.

There was mourning in Jerusalem: The good king Hezekiah, the captain of God's people, was dead. He had done much for his people; he had honored his God; and now that he lay cold and lifeless, all Judah and Jerusalem did him honor, and buried him in the chiefest of the sepulchres of the sons of David

His son, Manasseh, reigned in his stead; and doubtless the hearts of the people were cheered when they saw upon the throne one who had been taught by his father's example, that "He who ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of the Lord."

Hezekiah knew how short a time he should remain on the earth; and we may safely say, that much of that time was spent in teaching the son, who should succeed him, those things that concerned his everlasting peace and the good of his people. In this he would be aided by prophets and wise men who had so often strengthened him with messages from heaven.

Which of all the kings that went before Manasseh had in his youth a teacher like the Prophet Isaiah? In imagination we hear him tell how great God is; how worthy to be feared; we hear the exhortation, "Trust ye in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength"

Knowing, as Isaiah and Hezekiah both did, the proneness of the people to idolatry, how would they labor to make Manasseh see the folly of departing from that God for whom "Lebanon is not sufficient to burn," and bowing down to an idol which one of the trees of Lebanon would more than suffice to make. They would warn him of the day when the idolater should cast his idols to the moles and to the bats, and hide himself in the clefts of the rocks for fear of the Lord.

But Manasseh's heart is not touched. All the teachings and prayers of the wise and good are vain to help him, for he lifts up no cry for himself.

Instead of drawing nigh to God, and confessing as did Solomon when he was placed upon the throne of Israel, "I am but a little child; I know not how to go out or come in;" and praying, "Give, therefore, thy servant an understanding heart, to judge this people," Manasseh did evil in the sight of the Lord. He made Judah to err and do worse than the heathen whom the Lord had destroyed before the children of Israel. He not only restored the idols and the altars which his father had destroyed, but he built an altar for idol worship in the courts of God's own house—even in that place of which the Lord had said, "I have hallowed this place to put my name there forever; and mine eyes and my heart shall be there perpetually."

The mind is filled with horror at this recital. We look to see Jehovah come forth in terrible majesty, taking vengeance on his enemies as he did when the idol was set up in the camp of Israel. But, behold the Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, sending his servants the prophets with words of earnest entreaty to his rebellious people. And even when the honor of his great name demands that He shall punish them for their disobedience, he afflicts them not willingly; for hear him as he mourns their refusal to turn to him:—

"O that my people had me heard,
Israel my ways had chose,
I had their enemies soon subdued,
My hand turned on their foes."

As Manasseh lay in fetters in Babylon, a sense of his deep sinfulness fell upon him. In great affliction, "he besought the Lord his God, and humbled himself greatly before the God of his fathers.

Full of pity God forgave and brought him again to Jerusalem, into his kingdom. And now that he has been made to feel how utterly worthless are the idols in which he trusted, he is zealous to destroy them. [illegible] not so entirely successful as was his father. Many bitter thoughts must have troubled him, even whilst rejoicing in his own salvation, at the remembrance of the ruin he had brought upon thousands. The sins of his youth cast a shadow over his old age, and at his death all Judah and Jerusalem did not assemble [illegible]

My dear children, if you would die happily, if you would be respected and beloved by your fellow men, take warning and do not, like Manasseh, spend your best days in breaking God's laws, but, "Remember your Creator in the days of your [illegible]

Rena

[illegible] In spending the [illegible] but when [illegible] say the [illegible] the old.

[illegible] whether any [illegible]

ELLEN AND HER PARROT

Mrs Grey lived in a fine old house, in the very middle of a large and beautiful garden. And what a garden that was! Flowers of all varieties, and fruit in the greatest abundance—peaches, pears, plums; every kind you could think of. Ellen was a sweet, gentle girl; kind-hearted and obliging. She was most dearly loved by all her schoolmates. There was no greater treat for the girls than to be asked to spend a Saturday afternoon at Ellen Grey's. If it was in winter, how they played hide and seek in all the curious nooks and corners of the house, (and there were a great many,) making the walls ring with their merry laughter; and Mrs. Grey never failed to give them plenty of apples and nice gingerbread In summer they would spend their time out in the garden, enjoying the swing, chasing each other through the long walks, and gathering the fruit Ellen had a great many pets, a fine dog, a little white or spotted kitten, and one or two more; but one of the greatest attractions for her young friends was a pet parrot. You have seen parrots. Their feathers are generally of a bright green, and they have hooked beaks; but the strangest thing of all is, they can speak. They imitate sounds, though they have no knowledge of what they are saying Ellen's can say a great many words that have been taught her. In the morning she sings out, "Polly wants her breakfast," "Polly wants her bread and coffee;" but she seems fonder of saying, "Pretty Poll, pretty Poll." The only way I can account for this is, that the sentence is shorter; for Polly has no mind, you know, and cannot be vain. I hope none of my little friends are vain. Ellen's parrot once served her a good turn. When she was a little girl only four years old, one day (I am almost ashamed to tell about it) when she was alone in the dining room, she saw upon the table a bowl of sugar which her mother had told her not to touch, as she wanted it for a special purpose, and forgetting that God saw her, she slyly helped herself to several lumps. Soon after she went to her parrot, and amused herself by making Polly repeat, "Ellen took sugar." At tea-time Polly was in the room, and suddenly burst out with "Ellen took sugar, Ellen took sugar." Mrs Grey looked at her little girl. Ellen's face was crimson Her mother silently took her to her own room: what passed I do not know; but Ellen was pale and sad for days after.

Dear children, never take the least thing that does not belong to you. Remember the all-seeing eye of God is upon you. One of his commandments is, "Thou shalt not steal," and there is a voice within you, called conscience, will speak louder than Ellen's parrot.

Rena

BIRDS.

A few days ago in a tour of pastoral labor, I visited a patriarch of our Lutheran Zion. He was seated when I arrived, on a chair under a tree in front of the house. Ninety summers have not deprived him of reasonable health and excellent spirits. After conversing with him for a few minutes about Christ and the soul's wonderful destiny, I observed some birds taking, what appeared to me, remarkable liberties. They lit near his feet, picked up crumbs, and passed under his chair, without manifesting the least hesitancy or fear. I asked, "Have you tamed these birds?" In reply, he said in substance, that a year ago they had built a nest in his garden. His daughter scattered crumbs for them in the walks. This seemed to give the birds a good impression of the family. They became more and more familiar, until they entered the house, sat on his knees, and ate from his hands. Their offspring was also brought to share these kind hospitalities.

This spring, on the first warm day that he could sit out, he was gladdened by their return. As formerly they came to him,

"And sang as blithe as finches sing,
That flutter loose on golden wing,
And frolic where they list."

You may be sure they did not come in vain. The crumbs and other good things were again freely placed at their disposal, and now the indications are that the summer will see this family of little aerial friends still more increased.

Here I thought is the divine way to possess the exquisite songs of birds. They are caged by affection and petted by kindness, and yet they have the most enlarged liberty. The open sky and balmy air, amid wood and glen, is theirs as much as if they had never known the habitations of men. Let all the families of the land show equal kindness to the birds that come each spring from more genial climes, wooing them to tenderness and love. Such a welcome given them will bring forth a rich harvest of "the pure, the beautiful, and the good."

What a power there is in kindness! It is *the* conqueror. When all other instrumentalities fail, it is still able to overcome mighty obstacles The hyena, and men dispositioned like it, alone can resist its spell

"Oh! if the soul immortal be,
Is not kindness immortal too?"

Child's

LITANY

By thy birth and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears
By thy fasting and distress
[illegible]
By thy victory, in the hour
[illegible] tempter's power
[illegible]
[illegible]

By the sympathy that wept
[illegible]
[illegible] tears that flowed
[illegible]
[illegible] sigh that told
[illegible]
[illegible] with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

By thine hour of dark despair;
By thine agony of prayer;
By thy cross, in robe of scorn;
By the crucifix, thy crown of thorn,
By thy perfect sacrifice
Jesus! look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

By thy deep expiring groan!
By the sealed sepulchral stone;
By thy triumph o'er the grave;
By thy power from death to save
Mighty God! ascended Lord!
To thy throne in heaven restored!
Prince and Saviour! hear the cry
[illegible]

ABOU AND SELIM.

THE ARAB AND HIS HORSE.

BY LEIGH HUNT

One day along the burning sand,
The desert horsemen sped,
That night, the Hadjee Aga's band
Above a captive led

Wounded and bleeding, forward beat,
Bound hand to foot, he lay
Beside the sleeping captors tent—
To die at break of day.

Above, the stars, all bright and free,
On Abou's bondage shone;
Below, the strong pulse of the sea
Did seem to mock his own.

Ages of dead, heroic things,
Made Abou's captive bed;
The dust of kingdoms and of kings
With Abou's blood was red.

In pain, he chafed him on the sand,
Impatient for the day,
When, on the stillness, near at hand,
Broke Selim's eager neigh

No watch, at night, the Arabs keep;
And all the Aga's force
Lay in their sable tents asleep,
When Abou heard his horse

Over and over, on the ground,
Then Abou rolled along;
And Selim, near the picket found,
Held by a knotted thong.

"Thy master, Selim," Abou said,
As Selim sprang apace,
Then with low whinny bent his head,
And touched his master's face.

"Selim, my joy! in Hejaz bred;
Dear as my child or wife;
With thee I share my cup and bed;
I love thee as my life.

"At dawn we left our rocky height;
We swept the desert dim;
We robbed the caravan, in the light,
At the horizon's rim.

"God curse thy master's cruel greed,
That made the booty's weight
Bring down my Selim's flying speed,
To the worst Spahi's gait.

"Selim, my joy! a captive I;
Thou shalt, at least, be free;
No Aga's khan shall hide the sky,
My Arab horse, from thee!

"Free as the winds of Egypt blow,
Shall thy fleet footsteps roam;
Go, where the Jordan's waters flow,
And cool thy sides of foam!

"Go to my tent—thou know'st the way;
Share with my child the flour;
Kiss the dear hands, and, Selim, say,
'Abou will come no more.'"

Then Abou with his teeth undid
The knots that held the steed;
And Selim, of his fetters rid,
Stood, with his strength and speed,

Free as the wind! Yet Selim stayed
By Abou, sore and bound;
And with his master's garments played,
And raised him from the ground.

Selim's soft lips his master felt;
In his strong teeth he hung;
For lifted by his leathern belt,
Securely, Abou swung.

As firmly in his teeth and mouth,
He held the fettered man:
Free, as the wind of Egypt, south
Selim his race began.

He left, asleep, the Aga's band,
As rose the morning star;
And stretched him fleetly o'er the sand,
For Abou's tent afar.

Up rose the sun; his shining eye
Had no such race beheld;
Never was horse, below the sky,
By Selim's love impelled.

At noon, a moment by the well
Selim his master laid;
A moment by the palm-trees fell,
And rolled him in the shade.

All day upon the burning sand,
The courser held his speed;
All night, along the silent land,
Labored the weary steed.

At morn, he climbed the mountain's side
Where stood his master's home;
The blood-drops from his nostrils wide
Fell with the flakes of foam.

With pant and stagger Selim went,
Dim eye, and drooping head—
Laid Abou safely in his tent;
And by the door—fell dead.

THE ROOK AND THE LARK

"Good night, Sir Rook," said a little Lark,
"The daylight fades, it will soon be dark:
I've bathed my wings in the sun's last ray,
I've sung my hymn to the dying day;
So now I haste to my quiet nook
In yon dewy meadow. Good night, Sir Rook."

"Good night, poor Lark," said his tilled friend,
With a haughty tone and a distant bend,
"I also go to rest profound,
But not to sleep on the cold, damp ground;
The fittest place for a bird like me
Is the topmost bough of yon tall pine tree.

"I open'd my eyes at peep of day,
And saw you taking your upward way,
Dreaming your fond romantic dreams,
An ugly speck in the sun's bright beams;
Soaring too high to be seen or heard;
I said to myself, What a foolish bird!

"I trod the park with a princely air;
I filled my crop with the richest fare;
I caw'd all day 'mid a lordly crew,
And I made more noise in the world than you!
The sun shone full on my ebon wing,
I looked and wondered. Good night, poor thing!"

"Good night, once more," said the Lark's sweet voice.
"I see no cause to repent my choice;
You build your nest in the lofty pine,
But is your slumber more soft than mine?
You make more noise in the world than I,
But whose is the sweetest minstrelsy?"

"I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL."

A missionary writes: "But all your readers may not be aware that the Revival Melodies are now sung publicly in Aintab by even the Moslem children. A native helper there gives a humorous account of a scene which he lately witnessed, where twelve or fourteen of the most ragged and dirty urchins of Aintab, who are employed as city scavengers, were seen one day returning from the place outside the town where they had been depositing their loads, mounted on their donkeys, with their now empty mat-bags slung across the back of the animals, and singing in Turkish at the top of their voices, in the presence of cadi, mufti, or whatever Moslem dignitary might be passing by, "I want to be an angel!" Surely never before did such a song come from Mohammedan lips!"

MODERN WAR.

Modern war differs widely from ancient in its requirement of money, or what is equivalent for its persistent prosecution. No Vandal horde, no Gothic irruption, could now sweep across Europe, because the necessary consumption of costly explosives and projectiles would soon leave it incapable of further advance and at the mercy of a less numerous and daring but more effective enemy—more effective because amply supplied with the portable engines of war. When the bayonetted musket and heavy cannon supplanted the ruder and cheaper missiles of antiquity, the day of Alarics and Attilas, of Scythians and Huns, was over. All the barbarians now on earth, though they should count their combatants by millions, would be unequal to the task of overrunning the France or Great Britain of the XIXth Century. In fact, their excessive numbers would but insure their speedier destruction, by famine and by reason of the terrible advantages which the invention of gunpowder and the latest developments of the belligerent capacities of Iron have secured to civilized in all future collisions with barbarous nations.—*Greeley*

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Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder.

THOU HAST NO SOUL!

BY JOHN L. WATKINS.

In this wide land of liberty,
Poor negro, there's no home for thee;
Like the dull ox must plod along
With naught to cheer thee save thy song.

Thou hast no soul! Thou'rt but a beast,
Design'd alone to work and feast,
That thou-white man may with lordly air
Recline at ease in easy chair.

But God design'd it for the best,
Then bear thy yoke and be at rest;
Presume thou never to aspire
To feel the thrill of freedom's fire.

Repress thou every anxious thought,
Thy bone and sinew all are bought;
Then hast thou no right at all
Save to obey the white man's call.

Thou hast no soul! A chattel thou
Art stamp'd upon thy very brow;
Nor deign to think, if thou canst think,
Thyself, a brute, with man to link.

Be grateful of the white man's care,
Cringing, cow'ring, flattering,—where
Thou hast thy virtues; these impure
If thou wouldst win the white man's love.

What boots it tho' great college halls
Thy presence boasts within their walls!
Tho' Demosthenes or Cicero
Doth in thine own dark image glow.

What tho' Euclid's deepest lore
May be to thee an open door!
Still thou art but a learned fool,
Or learned monkey been to school.

Hast never heard in ancient time
There liv'd a bird well vers'd in rhyme,
Who would most oft loquacious grow,
So vain his mental gifts to show?

Or heardst thou of the learned clerk,
In shape of dog, whose paws would work
Most learned things upon the slate,
And would upon his master wait,—

To hear his task, whate'er it be,
From adding up to "Rule of Three?"
No longer deign to think, because
Thou'rt cow'd in wisdom and her laws.

Thou hast a soul bad art a man:
Thus saith the philosophic clan.
That reason proves thee but a brute
Made like to man, the more to suit.

The station thou wast born in fill
On earth, so long as thou dost dwell,
A slave of servants shalt thou be,—
Thus saith divine authority.

Then why attempt to overrule
Divine decrees, thou stubborn fool?
Why dost thou thus contend with fate,
And foolishly of manhood prate?

Think'st thou a monkey, tho' a man
He apes to be, be ever can?
What tho' his tricks may often show
Fine sense and much that's passing!

Dost thou not know that instinct rare
May oft with reason well compare?
Look thou abroad in nature's field,
Explore the wondrous things reveal'd.

See there the little insect bee,
How wise is her economy!
What wondrous knowledge doth she show!
What wisdom from her brain doth flow!

Go sip thou dew from honey'd flower,
And emulate this insect's power;
Wake up thy soul, with reason's skill,
Thus fashion dew to waxen cell!

Or boast thou never of a soul,
Or d'en of instinct's fair control;
No'er claim again a man to be,
Till thou canst emulate the bee.

Baltimore, May 29th, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

MR. EDITOR:—Permit me to present a few thoughts on humility. Humility is the great ornament and jewel of the Christian religion, that whereby it is distinguished from all the wisdom of the world, it not having been taught by the men of the Gentiles, but first put into discipline, and made part of a religion by our Lord Jesus Christ, who propounded himself imitable by his disciples, as signally in nothing, as in the twin sisters of meekness and humility. "Learn of me," said the Saviour, "for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Matt. xi. 29. For all the world, all that we are, and all that we have—our bodies and our souls—our actions and our sufferings—our conditions at home—our accidents abroad—our many sins and our sparse virtues—are as so many arguments to make our souls dwell low in the deep valley of humility. Humility is an element that has marked the path of all the ancient worthies—such as Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and old Isaiah, and many others which I could mention. And coming down to the gospel dispensation, see the humility of the apostles—such as John, Peter, James, Stephen, and thousands of others, that have gone up through great tribulations. Humility is that grace of the Spirit, which, from a proper sense of lowliness and unworthiness, makes us patient under trials, and contentedly submissive to the will of Providence.

In conclusion, humility is the habitual state of that person's mind, who has low thoughts of himself, founded upon the knowledge of his own imperfections and unworthiness, and his dependence upon God. W. J. DAVIS

Jacksonville, Ill.

A CANDID CONFESSION

Dr. Brownson, editor of a Review, relates the following fact with great astonishment:—"As true as you are a living man," said a Catholic lady to us, "I had been baptized, and been confirmed, had been married, and been to Confession, and to Communion, and yet I never knew, till after coming to this country at the age of seventeen, that there was any God back of the priest who had anything to do with the forgiveness of sins. The thought that in Confession the priest forgives sin only as the minister of God, and that it is really God who forgives never came into my head, till I was so taught by an American priest."

THE CHURCH—HER DANGER AND DUTY.

BY REV. W. D. HARPER.

"Lo, Eli sat upon a seat by the way-side watching; for his heart trembled for the Ark of God." 1 Sam iv 13

The Ark of the Covenant was the symbol of the Divine presence. After the Israelites had been defeated in their first conflict with the Philistines, they sent to Shiloh and took the Ark to the field of battle. It was a heathenish idea thus to attempt to localize the presence of Deity. It was a hazardous enterprise then to take the symbol of the Holy One into the unhallowed scenes of human strife. And the issues of that misguided day prove conclusively that when individuals or nations trust in anything but the living God they are certain to be defeated.

Among those who felt a deep solicitude for the issues of that desperate experiment was the venerable Judge of Israel. There was much at stake in the impending battle. Two sons were upon the field, the destiny of the nation was suspended, and above all the Ark of the Covenant around which clustered a thousand hallowed associations was in the midst of scenes of carnage and death. No wonder surely that he could not rest within his palace, but went out along the highway, and sat down, and watched and waited with a throbbing heart for tidings from the field of death!

But you will mark that the special solicitude of this venerable man of God was for the safety of the Divine Symbol. It was for the Ark of God that his heart trembled. When the tidings came that Israel had been defeated and thirty thousand Hebrew warriors were slain, he bore it patiently. When the still heavier tidings came that his two sons—the only representatives of his name—had fallen upon the field, he still steadied himself under the crushing blow. But when the saddest of all was announced—that the Ark of God had been taken, and carried away into a heathen country, his heart ceased its troublings and his spirit passed away from scenes of earthly strife. God took the good man home to be at rest.

The Ark of the Covenant, from its erection in the wilderness until the destruction of the Temple, was the great centre of all the religious solemnities of the Jewish nation. In it were deposited the sacred books of the law, the pot of manna, and the rod of Aaron. It was constantly illumined by the overshadowing Shekinah. It was the great meeting place between God and his people. It was the centre of all the worship and service of the people of God for thousands of years. It may be fitly regarded, therefore, as a type of the church itself, to which the Divine presence is promised in every age, and from which radiate all our precious solemnities. The idea, therefore, which is prominently suggested in the language of my text, and to which we invite your attention is—"*The church—the object of the Christian's deepest solicitude.*"

It is certainly an unhappy mental construction which leads some persons unceasingly to prophesy evil of the church. They seem to re-echo the sad lamentation of the despairing Prophet. They can discover nothing that is hopeful or cheering in the future. They are filled with foreboding of evil. They anticipate trouble. They predict disruption. They are spiritual hypochondriacs. Everything is wrong. Such a spirit is, to say the least of it, unhappy. So far as its influence extends it has a tendency to depress the energies and chill the piety of the whole church. More than this, it is contagious. It spreads through congregations, and Presbyteries, and Synods, and sometimes superinduces the very evil which at first existed only in imagination. But while this spirit of despondency is certainly to be deplored, it is equally unfortunate to be excessively credulous and sanguine. To shut our eyes against the light, to experience no apprehensions of evil, and to run on without thought or consideration for the future, is certainly not the dictate of sound wisdom. It is our duty as watchmen upon the walls of Zion, to consider carefully the condition of the church, to mark the leading of providence, and to calculate wisely the signs of the times, that we may be like the children of Issachar, "men who have knowledge of the times to know what Israel ought to do." "Walk about Zion and go round about her; tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks and consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following."

I. *I suggest in the first place, then, whether there is not reason to apprehend, in the present condition of our country, that the interests of the State will monopolize Christian Solicitude to the neglect of the interests of the Church.*

We have been accustomed to estimate the disastrous consequences of war by the number of lives sacrificed, or the amount of money expended, or the amount of national debt incurred. And certainly when men are cut down by hundreds upon the field, and national debt is accumulating by millions every day, these things are startling enough. Neither blood nor money is of trivial importance. But as Christians we should remember that there are other aspects in which war is not less disastrous. Look, for example, at the influence of war upon the educational interests of our country. Funds for educational purposes have already been diminished. Colleges and Seminaries have been depleted. Professors and teachers have been called to the field. District and common schools have been suspended. Many an educational enterprise projected or in course of completion must fail. Many a boy or girl who, with our accustomed prosperity, would have received an education must now go untaught. And many a young man, consecrated by pious parents to the work of the ministry, will now be compelled by the force of circumstances to turn his attention to other pursuits. And in a country like ours, where the prosperity of the nation depends so entirely upon the education of the masses, and when the ranks of the ministry are replenished so generally from the walks of humble life, these things must tell powerfully in a few years, not only upon the tone of public morals, but upon the ministry and the church.

Mark, too, the effect of this unhappy conflict in which we are engaged upon the benevolent enterprises of the church and of the age. Look at the Bible Society—the Tract Society—the American and Foreign Christian Union, and all the various Christian institutions of our country. Look at the charitable institutions for the Blind, the Mute, the Insane, and the inebriate;—for the Widow and the Orphan, and the Stranger and the Friendless. All these noble institutions are the fruit of Christianity. They stand out like jewels upon the brow of our Christian civilization. They have been initiated and sustained chiefly by the church. They are auxiliaries to the church in the great work of reforming and Christianizing the world. Yet all these, within the brief space of a single year, have felt seriously the disastrous consequences of the present National struggle. And unless earnest and immediate measures are adopted by the church of God, they must continue to realize it still more sensibly in the future.

And what has been the effect of these national troubles, more immediately upon the church itself? Salaries in many cases have been curtailed. Pastoral relations have been dissolved. Ministers have been compelled to turn aside to secular pursuits. Contributions to the various boards of the church have been diminished. Missionaries both at home and abroad have been unpaid. Unsettled congregations are asking but for a limited supply. Faithful laborers are out of employment. God's people are withholding their contributions, and the interests of the church are beginning to suffer. This is no fancy sketch. Natural parallels can be run in each branch or section of the Church. The same thing is common everywhere and among all denominations.

Now in view of these facts we ask, whether there is not danger, in the midst of our national difficulties, that the interests of the State will monopolize the solicitude and the contributions of God's people to the neglect of the interests of the church. It is time the church should look at this subject seriously, before her interests are hopelessly crippled. We would not have any individual withhold a single dollar that is necessary to sustain the integrity of our government. The nation must be sustained. But certainly not at the expense or sacrifice of the church. If we had in past years given millions to God, we might not today have been called to pour our money like the spring shower in munitions of war. Covetousness has been one of the great sins of this favored land. We have robbed God, and God is now making us poor. And it will be an evil day if we attempt to retrieve our wasted fortunes by filching from the treasury of the Lord. The church is the very last place where a Christian people should attempt to economize. The history of Israel is replete with instruction upon this point. It was when they withheld from the Lord more than was meet that God made them poor. And on the other hand, it was when they were poor, yet brought their offerings with a large and generous heart, that God opened the windows of heaven, and poured them out a blessing until there was not room to receive.

Specially, let me say, is it the duty of the wealthy in the church to make enlarged and extraordinary contributions for sustaining the cause of Christ in these troublous times? The poor are not able to do much in times of financial embarrassment. Not so with the wealthy. Their income, it is true may be curtailed, and their contributions to the state may be enlarged, but their real wealth is still abundant. They are responsible for the talents intrusted to their care. "Charge them that are rich in this world * * * that they do good, and that they be rich in good works; ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold upon eternal life."

II. *But, reversing the proposition, I suggest, in the second place, that there is danger of the church neglecting her duty and her obligations to the state.*—One of the hopeful indications of coming prosperity to the church at large, is the separation of church and state. Under the reign of Constantine, the church and state were united together. It became a part of the fixed policy of the Church of Rome that the church and state must be blended together for mutual protection. In all European countries they were united together. Even after the Reformation in the 16th century, it was difficult for the Reformers to give up their early education and prejudice on this subject. They did not give them up. The church and state were still united together. And to this very day, even in Scotland, the land of covenants and martyrs, the Queen's commissioner presides over the highest judicatory of the church.

And no one cause, in my humble judgment, has done more to retard the progress and cripple the energies of the church than this unholy alliance. It has destroyed the spirituality of the church. It has demoralized her ministry. It has crowded her communion with the useless. It has made her obnoxious to the poor and despicable in the eyes of the world. But there are not wanting indications that this unhallowed alliance is being dissolved. In France, in Germany, in Sweden, in England and in Scotland, it is rapidly passing away. The church is casting off the trammels of the state, and is learning to rest for support, not on the strong arm of civil power, but on the stronger arm of the living God.

But the human mind is prone to extremes. And in this country, with our democratic republican form of government, there is a tendency to divorce the church from the state altogether. It has now become almost statute law, by public opinion, that Christian men and ministers must stand aloof from the civil affairs and legislation of the nation. Certain men are supposed to be born politicians. The right to legislate runs in the line of a certain profession by inheritance. Certain men seem to imagine that, by a sort of *Jure Divino*, they have a right to the control of the government. It is considered a matter of doubtful propriety for a Christian minister to express, publicly, his sentiments upon matters of state policy. The elective franchise must be used with great circumspection. If questions of morals become identified with questions of state, he must be careful not to preach politics. Even intemperance and slavery are in many places contraband themes. Prayers for the success of the army and navy of the United States, and for the integrity of the nation, have been interpreted to mean "politics"—have been interdicted even in our own church—and many a pulpit in the North has been as silent as the grave upon this great and wicked rebellion in this nation. Thus the church has been divorced from the state. The voice of Christian sentiment has been suppressed. The pulpit and the press, as far as possible, have been silenced. Religion has been ignored. Good men have been kept out of the halls of legislation. Bad men, in too many instances, have been left to manage the state and national interests of our country.

Now, while we have no desire to see the Christian ministry turn aside from their appropriate work to secular avocations—much less to military or political positions, yet we cannot but regard it as ominous of evil, when the pulpit and the press are silenced by an unsanctified public opinion, and prevented from speaking out their convictions upon all questions of state morals, and religion. The church and state are, in a certain sense, inseparably united together. They can never be entirely divorced. Every Christian man is a citizen and has duties which he owes under God to the state. And every Christian minister is a citizen, and, by, his very commission from the King of kings is bound to condemn sin, whether found in the individual or in the nation.

It is the duty, then, of the church, as we conceive, and especially of the Christian ministry, to exert their influence in the educational interests of the country—in the promotion of sound morals—in the diffusion of a healthful religious sentiment—and in the elevation of moral and religious, God-fearing men, to places of honor and trust. It will be an evil day for the church and the nation when all these things are given over to an unsanctified world. The church is the light of the world. Christianity is the saving element of the nations. Religion is the only thing that will ever preserve the nation, or any nation, from moral and political disintegration. Would God that upon the heart of every Christian citizen, and over every ballot box, were graven with an angel's pen this truthful testimony of Solomon:—"When the righteous are in authority the people rejoice; but when the wicked bear rule, the people mourn."

III. *I suggest again that there is danger of the church having her attention diverted from the great mission of the church in this age and in this country.* It will be admitted that the business of the church is substantially the same in every age of the world. Yet it will also be conceded, we think, that the church has been called to perform different parts of the same work in different ages of the world. If we look back in the history of the church to the period of the Reformation, we find that the great business of the church in that age was to convert and preserve the truth of God. The church was then being reformed. She was emerging from the long night that had settled down upon her glory. She was laying aside her embellishments and her corrupt dress. She was divesting herself of the pollutions of the papacy, and was assuming the purity and beauty of her primitive garments. This was the great work of the church in that age, and the work, without which the world could not be evangelized at all, the Reformation church did faithfully and well. We are not surprised, therefore, that the church two hundred years ago, did so little toward disseminating the truth of God; that so few missionary societies were organized, and so few missionaries sent out into the heathen world. The warfare of the church then was defensive, rather than aggressive.

But the church not only has work to do peculiar to this age, but also a *special work in this country.* Our own country, in my judgment, presents to the Christian church the most promising mission-field in the world. We have in this country the representatives of all countries. Europe, Asia, Africa, China, and the islands of the sea, are all being incorporated with our American character. Millions from the Old World are yearly flocking to our shores. They are filling our cities and sweeping over our prairies. They are acquiring our language. They are assimilating to our habits. They are accessible to the gospel, and are dying by thousands without Christ and salvation. Where, then, shall we find such a mission-field—so accessible—so needy and so ripe for the harvest—as the United States of America? It is the duty of the church, then, to cultivate with special care and with enlarged liberality the great mission-field which God has spread out at our very door. Schools should be built, colleges, erected, and theological seminaries planted for the education of young men for the work of the ministry;—and particularly for a home ministry adapted to the peculiarities of the different sections of this vast country, that these millions who are coming to our shores may be made good citizens and good Christians. And to the earnest and diligent cultivation of this home field, the church is called not only by the command of the Saviour and the promise of success, but by the great law of self-preservation. For if these masses are not soon educated and Christianized, they will soon broadcast the worst forms of infidelity imported from the Old World, and by and by they will overturn the very foundations of our free institutions.

IV. *Once more, I observe, that there is danger that the church will forget the great secret of her success—the continued presence and power of the Holy Spirit.*—When we look back a few years in the history of our country, we find that the Holy Spirit was given to the churches of this land in almost pentecostal effusion. Refreshing times came to us from the presence of the Lord. The ministry was revived. The eldership was revived. The membership was revived. Conventions were held. Prayer meetings were organized. New life was imparted to the church, and sinners by thousands were converted unto God. Scenes of Scriptural life were witnessed such as had never been seen before. And it seemed as though it were only necessary for these influences of the Spirit to be continued to convert the whole land, and to speed the promise that the earth should be full of the knowledge of the Lord.

But, alas! what a sad change has passed over the spirit of the church and of the nation! Conventions are matters of memory. Prayer meetings have disappeared. The church is rapidly sinking back into her former state of chilling indifference. And the old stereotyped phrases of "No special interest in the state of religion"—"No marked indications of the Holy Spirit"—are beginning to creep back into our ecclesiastical records. Is there not danger, especially in the midst of these scenes of national strife, when the interests of the nation are engrossing the thoughts and prayers of the people—depressing the tone of personal and national piety—that the church will overlook the pressing need of the Spirit's power? Never was there a time when there was greater need for the church to cry mightily unto God than at the present hour. What we need most of all is a fresh baptism of the Holy Spirit. This would quicken us in the divine life. This would animate us in our Master's service. This would make us more earnest and prayerful. This would subdue the selfishness of our nature, and, melting down the asperities of life, would cause our hearts to flow together in love, that with one mind and one heart we might strive together for the faith and hope of the gospel of our dear Redeemer. Remembering, then, where our great strength lies, let the continued outpouring and uplifting of our wrestling spirits be—"For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth."

THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD OVER SIN.

FROM THE LATIN OF BENEDICT PICTET.

THAT the Providence of God is concerned with sin, we cannot be ignorant; for it is beyond all doubt, that nothing takes place in the world without the knowledge and will of the Omniscient and Omnipotent Being; but in what way it is thus concerned, is a point of the greatest difficulty. Far be it from us to think with the Manichees, and other ancient heretics, that God is the author of sin, much less to say with Homer's Agamemnon, in order to excuse our guilt—*I am not the author* (of it,) *but Jupiter*; hence, Jupiter is represented as complaining of mankind—*They say that evil is of us.* For this is both contrary to the character of God, as a most holy Being, and to the scripture, which teaches us that God perfectly hates sin. *How could he, indeed,* as Basil observes, *be the author of those things, of which he is the revenger? for God would not, nor could he with justice, punish what he himself did and approved.* But that we may form some just conceptions of the manner in which God is concerned with sin, we shall consider sin in reference to its *beginning*, its *progress*, and its *end*; for in these three relations is it connected with Providence.

With regard to the *beginning* of sin, God is concerned with it in various ways, *first, by permitting* it. This the scripture teaches us—"I gave them up unto their own hearts' lust, and they walked in their own counsels." (Psalm lxxxi. 12.) "Who in times past suffered all nations to walk in their own ways." (Acts xiv. 16.) But here we must carefully observe, that *permission* does not imply *approbation*, for he is from no other than of God. Again, we must not imagine that it is a mere cessation of the divine will, as though God either ignorantly, or unwillingly, or even indifferently, permitted what he does permit for this is contrary both to his wisdom and to his power, since there is nothing more unworthy of God than to suffer anything to take place, and at the same time to work all, or to behold anything taking place, while himself, (if we may so speak,) remains an inactive spectator of it. Further, to *permit* is not simply *not to prevent*, as is evident from this one argument—if God permit sin by not preventing it, he either *wills not to prevent it*, or *he puts forth an act of volition at all*; if the latter, then the event takes place, either against God's will, and without any regard on his part, which it were impious to assert; if *the former*, then that permission will not be a simple *non-prevention*, but an effectual *volition* on the part of God, whereby he withdraws man to use his own liberty and puts no hinderance in the way of sin. This permission also includes the preservation of man's life and faculties, which God could take away, if he wished to prevent sin, as he took away life from Pharaoh, Sennacherib, and Ahaz's soldiers, (Exod. xiv; 2 Kings xix. 35; 2 Chron. xxviii. 6.) and as he took away strength and power from the Sodomites, from Balaam, from Jeroboam, from the Syrian hosts, (Gen. xx. 10, Numb. xxiii 12, 26; xxiv. 23; 1 Kings xiii 4; 2 Kings vi. 18, 19.) It implies also the not applying a superior strength and power by way of hinderance. This then is the *first act* of God in reference to sin. Do not ask why God hath permitted it; for it is not for us to pry into these secrets: we are sure he has permitted, the reason why is unknown; this only we know, that God brings forth out of the darkness of sin the light of his own glory.

The *second act*, by which God is concerned with sin, is that by which he forsakes the sinner, giving him up to himself, taking away from him the light which he has abused and the Spirit which restrained him, so that, all barriers being removed, he rushes headlong, the reins being as it were thrown loosely on his neck. Thus God is said to have "given up the Gentiles to vile affections, to their own lusts, and to a reprobate mind," (Rom. i. 24, 26, 28.) and so Zechariah, the son of Jehoiada, said to the people, "Because ye have forsaken the Lord, he hath also forsaken you," (2 Chron xxiv. 20.) Thus we read of God's smiting men with *madness, blindness*, and *hardness of heart*, *making heavy or stopping* their ears, &c.

The *third act* is that by which God presents opportunities in objects not evil in themselves, but which by corrupt man are turned into evil; now these objects God proposes, either by not preventing the things which offer themselves to man voluntarily and in a natural order, or else by some particular influence on them; and that these opportunities and objects do not of their own nature force to evil is evident from this, that very often the same objects produce different effects in different subjects, as one and the same food is sweet to one, and tasteless to another—healthful to this man, but injurious to that, on account of the different constitution of their bodies. Thus we see that David was tempted to adultery by only looking at Bathsheba; while Joseph could not be drawn to the same sin, even by the repeated solicitations of his mistress. Under this head comes that also, by which God does not remove the occasions of sin, and those objects in reference to which men feel inclined to commit sin, as he prevented Saul from killing David, Ahab and Jezebel from killing the prophets, and the forty Jews from killing Paul, (1 Sam. xix. 11, 12; 1 Kings xxiii. 4; Acts xxiii. 12.)

The *fourth act* is that, by which God, being angry with the sinner, gives the reins to Satan, who being thus free to act, "worketh in the children of disobedience." (Eph. ii. 2.) And the *fifth act* is that, by which God stirs up in the mind some thoughts, which are good in themselves, but which sinful man can abuse; thus he willed that Joseph's brethren should think that he was specially beloved by their father, which thought consumed them with envy, and urged them on to wicked and murderous designs.

These points can be very plainly proved from scripture; but the question is, whether God does anything more in respect to sin, than what we have already laid down? Now many parts of scripture appear to intimate that he does something more; for instance, he is said to have "hardened Pharaoh's heart," to have given David's wives to Absalom, to have commanded Shimei to curse David, and to send "a lying spirit," &c. What is the exact meaning of such expressions, I will honestly confess I am ignorant. Most divines attempt to explain it by saying, that God is the author of the essence of human actions, by virtue of his concurrence in producing them but not the author of their sinfulness. To prove this, they observe that it is not an unusual thing for one and the same action to have two causes, for instance, the soul of a lame man is the principle or cause of that man's motion, when he walks, inasmuch as it sends out of the brain, where it is situated, animal spirits into the nerves and muscles of the man's legs; but if the man is lame, the soul is not the cause of that lameness, although the cause of the walking, but the bad affection either of the leg, or of the man himself: and in the same manner a king is the cause of the death which is inflicted on a criminal by the executioner, yet he is not the cause of any cruelty which may be shown in that death, or of the hatred under the influence of which the executioner may put the man to death, as having been previously his enemy. 2 That actions cannot be said to be *essentially* good and evil, but that they are so according to their different circumstances, (which, indeed, to the case with at least the most part;) for instance, to kill may be a good or a bad action, good, if commanded by the magistrate, bad, if done by a private individual. 3 That most affections or passions are of themselves neither good nor bad, as *love, desire, hatred*, &c., they have nothing evil in themselves, and, consequently, God may excite these affections without directing them to what is evil. 4 That there are many actions, which are good in regard to the essence of the action, but which become evil in reference, not to the *action*, but to the *mode* in which it is done, (which mode does not *necessarily* go along with the action,) and which may, therefore, spoil an action otherwise good, and commanded by God, as in the cases of *praying, fasting, or giving alms, to be seen of men*. In these things it is easy to comprehend how the action is from God, but the evil of it from man. 5 That these two points may be distinguished even in case of omission, for it is not true, that in such case there is no action at all. Every omission has an act of the will either preceding or accompanying it, which is the cause of that omission. These then, are the considerations by which divines endeavor to illustrate the difficult question of the Providence of God over evil actions.

But there are certain actions which appear to be evil in their *very nature*, such as *hatred of God*, &c. In these it is very difficult to distinguish the essence of the action from the wickedness of it. Now divines reply, that in these, as well as in those before treated of, the act itself may be distinguished from the sinfulness of the act. But, because I know that many cannot conceive this, it has sometimes occurred to me, that we may put it in this form: God in these actions is the author of the motions which precede them; for instance, the motions which precede the hatred of God, but not the author of the act of hatred. And these are the arguments which have occurred to me in proof of this position: *first*, in order that hatred of God may be stirred up within the mind, certain motions must be previously stirred up in the body, and also certain thoughts in the soul, by which it is inclined to hate any object which may be presented to it. These motions and thoughts are not at all evil of themselves, but that direction of them towards God, which takes place by our own will, is the greatest of all sins, (hatred of God.) *Secondly*, there is no reason why God should not be said, by acting on the blood, or on the *spirits*, or on the mind, to excite those motions, nay, even that very affection which we call *hatred*. But because the affections always select some objects, and are very frequently directed towards those which are presented to them, it comes to pass, that corrupt man, in whom the affection of hatred has been excited, having his thoughts at the time about God, wickedly hates, or feels a hatred of him. *Thirdly*, if any one cannot assent to the affirmation of hatred to be excited, without any direction to an object, let it be observed, that we are very often in such a state as that all things displease us, and we are prepared to hate whatever object may be presented to us, although there is no object particularly before us at the time. He it observed also, that no man can feel a hatred of God, except many things have before presented to his mind, which it would be too long to detail. When I have been asked upon this subject, why God should excite such an affection of hatred in man, as he knows will produce a great sin? I have asked in my turn why God has at any time permitted a sin, which he was able to prevent? why he permits objects to be presented, which he knows will influence men to sin? why he preserves the lameness or power of man, which he knows he will abuse? I reply further, that God ought in no wise to be blamed because he excites occasions, opportunities, and objects the use of which themselves influence men to sin, but only through man's corruption, of which God is not in any way the author; and because he by no means forces to sin, but on the contrary, forbids sin, and threatens punishment to the transgressor; it is man, who by his natural propensity freely commits sin. This is the way in which we have ventured to illustrate our opinion; perhaps it will satisfy some; if not, let them maintain other views, such as we have before given. So much for God's providence in respect to the *beginning* of sin.

The acts of divine Providence in regard to the *progress* of sin, or sin while it is *being* committed, are three. The *first* consists in God's directing, in more unconsciously to themselves, so that they sin in reference to one object rather than another, not that he inspires men with an evil inclination, but he overrules their natural propensities in such a manner, that they direct them to an object, which God hath determined to punish. This is exemplified in the king of Assyria, whom God designed to send to the Jews in order to punish their impiety, so directed the oracles which he consulted, being doubtful whether he should make war upon the Ammonites, or upon the Jews, that having passed by the former, he marched against the latter. The *second* act consists in God's causing the sin not to reach the end designed by the sinner, but another end designed by God long before; thus he so overruled the sin of Joseph's brethren, that they contributed to accomplish his exaltation, which they designed to prevent. The *third* is that, by which God sets limits or bounds to sin, so that it may not increase to a greater height, or spread to a greater extent, or last a longer time; and this he accomplishes in various ways, such as by enlightening the mind, restraining the desires, removing evil opportunities, &c. Thus God did not suffer the bones of Christ to be broken; (John xix. 36,) or Joseph to be destroyed by his brethren, Peter by Herod, Job by Satan. The acts of divine Providence in regard to the *end* of sin, or sin when it *has been* committed, are various. One act is, the direction of the sin to a good end, as the selling of Joseph to the preservation of Jacob's family, and the crucifixion of Jesus Christ to the redemption of mankind. Just as a judge may make use of lions and other beasts for the punishment of criminals, or a physician leeches which will not let go the skin till they are full of blood; and vipers, for the curing of sick persons. Another act is the punishing of sin, both in this life, and in the life to come, and also the forgiving and pardoning of it. But we have now said enough on this subject; only we must in the next chapter explain some passages of scripture, which seem to make God the author or worker of sin.

GRATITUDE.

The Christian, as he journeys onward in the pathway of life, ought frequently to look back, and standing as it were, on the shadowy side of the hill, review the way by which God has led him. If we would keep alive our gratitude,—if we would have it to increase more and more, till, like a holy flame, it burn within us,—we must often in thought, retrace the varied turnings and windings of our earthly pilgrimage. We are so prone, amid our daily duties and our converse with the world, to forget and overlook the benefits received, that only by a careful and frequent retrospect, can we continue, from day to day, cherishing a spirit of true and ever-increasing thankfulness to God. But, the oftener we make the review, the greater cause will we have for saying, with David, "Who am I, O Lord God, and what is my father's house, that Thou hast brought me hitherto?"

Christian! you cannot indeed reckon up *all* the benefits you have received from the hand of God,—for they are as numerous as the stars of heaven or the drops of the mighty ocean. Your *common* mercies,—alas! too lightly valued,—the air you breathe,—the return of the gladsome sunlight,—the succession of the seasons, and the quiet and gentle stillness and repose of night,—all these, with their unnumbered host of attendant blessings, are scattered on your path. But, select a few of the benefits you have received, if only to awaken fresh gratitude. You have enjoyed, it may be, years of unbroken health,—or, if you have been wasted by sickness, you have been through God's infinite mercy, restored. While others have been tossing for weary months upon the beds of languishing, and many been hurried into eternity, as in the suddenness of a moment, unprepared and impenitent, you are still in the land of the living and the place of hope. Look into the full graves around you,—think of the myriad sick-beds, with their suffering tenants, and, surely the language of the Psalmist is yours, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?"

Consider, too, your *family* mercies. To some who read these pages, the past may have brought bereavement and sorrow. It must be so in this ever-changing world,—

"The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead."

But there are others who have been spared such a stroke. Reader! your wife, your children, are this day by your side,—the family hearth has been unbroken, the family circle unvarnished,—disease which have thinned the ranks of other little groups and darted the arrow into other family hands, have passed by your door. Or, if some are absent from you, having gone forth into the world to fight the battle of life, you have reason to hope that they are well, and prospering in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call them, and, in thus preserving those loved ones, have you not had cause to mark the good hand of an all-wise and watchful Providence, secretly and wonderfully working for your happiness and comfort?

Reflect, too on the manifold *spiritual* mercies you have enjoyed,—mercies, from so many withheld,—the Word of God in your home,—the house of God to repair to,—the means of grace,—the hallowed rest of the Sabbath,—seasons of holy communion,—times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Think, too, of the communications of grace from above,—comforting, sustaining, preventing grace,—grace for the family and the closet, the church and the world,—and will you not again say, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?" Christian! let us help you to give an answer to the question. If you are truly grateful, you will *love the Lord.* This is the *best* return you can make for His innumerable blessings.—His unmerited favors,—it is what he chiefly demands, without which, all other returns are valueless and of no account. This is "the first and great commandment,"—the sum and substance of all religious and grateful obedience, that we "love the Lord our God with all our heart, and with all our soul, and with all our strength, and with all our mind."

If you are truly grateful to God, you will *honor Him with your substance*, and *render unto Him the first fruits of your increase*. In making it your chief desire to honor Him in your substance, by His children than to being regarded with more favor and confidence, and not many mighty than these are called. But God has chosen the weak, the poor, we shall receive but the *crumbs* we ask, the more readily and cheerfully will the blessing be bestowed. Nothing is more pleasing and delightful to Him who is the Fountain of all grace, than to have humble trusting souls coming to His footstool, and by earnest prayer to set out of up in faith, drawing forth out of the inexhaustible stores of His bounty what they stand in need of to strengthen them for every duty, or to support them under painful trial.

If you are truly grateful to God for His benefits you will endeavor to *walk before Him in the land of the living.* It will be your effort to serve God in all the duties of a parent and daughter, of a husband and wife, of a master and employer, of a boy and servant in the house. You will consider the proper conduct of your life to be your reasonable and natural gratitude. You will endeavor to maintain always on your mind a lively sense of His all-seeing presence, in order that you may make it your chief and constant care, to approve yourself to Him alone.

It is to be very much feared that you will be careful to pay your vows to the Lord, such was the resolution of the Psalmist, and many a one would have discovered it was, too. Though the old proverb says, "Let no man repent his vow, but repent his sin," yet the sin lies in the neglect of the duty, and not in the doctrine.

Reader! here there is much room for heart searchings.—the promises made upon a sick-bed, where is its fulfilment? the resolutions formed when the star of hope again glimmered on your pathway where is it now? the secret purpose, awakened in the soul by some providential deliverance, has it ever reached its accomplishment?

Finally, gratitude to God for his benefits *will tend to increase your delight in his service.* Your gratitude and obedience are sure to rise and fall together. Gratitude to God for benefits received, recommends us to His favor, and ensures the bestowal of others still more precious and soul-satisfying. Ingratitude keeps his hand over open,—dispensing His gifts more profusely. Christian! be this then your prayer:—

"O God, endue me with a spirit of true and pious gratitude for all thy benefits, temporal and spiritual; maintain and increase the same in my heart. Grant me the blessing of a thankful spirit, and dispose me ever to take delight in Thy service."

The Pathway of Promise.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

EXEMPLIFIED IN ANECDOTE.

The late Mr Jay of Bath was one day travelling in the country, when he chanced to meet with a farm laborer, who had been busy threshing corn. "Good, morning friend," said Mr. Jay, in his usual free and hearty manner; "Solomon says, in all labor there is profit, and I hope you have found it so." "I have labored long in sin, sir, and never had much profit by that," replied the stranger. "Then I should hope," said Mr Jay, "that you know something of the apostle's meaning when he asks, 'What fruit had ye then in those things whereof ye are now ashamed?'" "I trust I do," returned the laborer, "and that through divine grace being made free from sin, I have become a servant of God, and have my fruit unto holiness, that the end may be everlasting life!" Christian faith and Christian character were thus expressed and exemplified, and Mr. Jay felt that he had that morning been taught a lesson which he could never forget. In itself, the colloquy is a fine illustration of the power of Christian feeling, and suggests to all who would honor Christ the duty of living out the apostolic injunction, "*Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.*"

First.—As to how we may glorify God in eating

An English ship-of-war once touched at one of the ports of the

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, June 7, 1862.

A RECOMMENDATION

TO THE DISTRICTS OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW ENGLAND, OHIO, INDIANA AND MISSOURI, OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH MINISTERS.

Dear Brethren:—As we have a number of Superannuated ministers on the list in said Districts, therefore it will be expected that the ministers and preachers, on their circuits and stations, will do all they can to collect the *two cent money*; and we also recommend that the Class leaders be instructed to collect and set the amount on the class book opposite each member's name, as also all the collections called, per Discipline, for the Annual Conference, and publish the same once every quarter, that it may be seen who they are that work for God and his cause. We think it is time to give credit to those of our people who do work, and that God's name may be glorified

WILLIS NAZREY,
WILLIAM P. QUINN.

FREEHOLD QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

Freehold Quarterly Meetings will be held as follows:—

On the 21st and 22d of June at Riceville; on the 28th and 29th of June at Fairhaven; on the 5th and 6th of July at Manalapan; on the 13th of July at Freehold; on the 19th and 20th of July at Englishtown.

W. H. WINDER, *Minister*.

BOSTON.

A series of twelve lectures will be delivered in the A. M. E. Wesley Church, Hurst St., by the pastor, on the following subjects:—"The Believer in Christ—in the World—in the Family—in the Closet—in the Church—in Prosperity—in Adversity—in Spiritual Sorrows—in Spiritual Joys—in Death—in the Grave—and, in Glory"

The first to be delivered, by Divine permission, on Sunday morning, June 8th, at 10½ o'clock, A. M. Text, 2 Cor. xii. 2: "I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago; whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell."

A. L. STANFORD.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

Arrangements of Burlington circuit.

Burlington, 4th Sabbath in June; Mount Holly, 5th Sabbath in June; Evesham, 1st Sabbath in July; Milford, 2d Sabbath in July; Snow Hill, 3d Sabbath in July; Jordantown, 4th Sabbath in July.

J. H. SMITH, *Elder in charge*.
J. H. LONG, *Assistant Preacher*.

For the Christian Recorder.
Vincennes, Ind., May 21st, 1862.

REV AND DEAR BROTHER:—Accept my best respect to you. This leaves me and family well, truly hoping that this may find you and all the dear friends in the enjoyment of the same blessing of God. There is a letter which has come under my notice, which I find in the CHRISTIAN RECORDER from the Keokuk Mission, that somewhat astonished me; for every minister, when entering on his field of labor, ought to examine the books and papers that belong to the Mission circuit or station, and find out who was his predecessor, and what work he had performed. For learning embraces knowledge, and truth comes forth with an increasing brilliancy. Truth stands opposite to error. Now, I must say to the author of that letter, my brother, that you have erred in two statements that you made in your letter of May 7th, 1862, in regard to those societies.

1st. Not one of them was organized three years ago.

2d. Nor did the Rev. Wm. A. Dove organize either of them. And with due respect to Rev. W. A. Dove, I will ask you, or any one in Keokuk or any other place, if you will please tell me at what time and where did the Rev. Dove ever build a house of worship, or form a society for that object, and you shall have my thanks for such information as will prove the matter clear; for the truth I want, and nothing more. Inquire of the President of the Sewing Circle, who it was that formed their constitution. Also, the President of the Mission Relief Society. And then you can set yourself right before the public by rectifying those errors through the CHRISTIAN RECORDER, and you will save me the trouble of replying to your letter of the 7th. I am glad to hear of the societies prospering, and that the Sewing Circle is a benefit to the Mission: it was for that purpose that I organized it. My wife joins me in love to you and all the friends.

Yours in Christ,
WM. JACKSON.

REV. ELISHA WEAVER:—Dear Sir: At a Mass Meeting of the citizens of this city, the enclosed resolution was unanimously adopted. As one of the Corresponding Committee, I address you to solicit your opinion of the proposed effort: We, as citizens, think the time has come when there should be a gathering of the colored people of this country *en masse*; and define our position and what we shall claim for the future. The great question to be decided will be: "Is there matter, or are there issues enough to warrant the call of a *National Mass Convention?*" Has there not enough transpired to warrant the call? And we cannot but believe that by the time the convention is called more will transpire which will demand our immediate attention. I hope, sir, the effort will receive your countenance, and will have the support of the *Christian Recorder*.

An answer will be expected from you as soon as convenient.

Yours, in behalf of the Corresponding Committee, JOHN FREEMAN, *Chairman*.

New Bedford, June 31, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—At a Mass Meeting of the colored citizens held at Music Hall, Friday evening, the 23d inst., the following resolution was offered by William H Johnson:—

"*Resolved*, That this meeting choose a committee of seven gentlemen, who shall commence corresponding with the leading colored men of this country to get their co-operation in issuing a call for a National Convention of the Colored People of these United States, to be held on the 1st day of October, 1862, in the city of New Bedford.

The resolution having been warmly debated by the following gentlemen, was adopted: William H. Johnson, John Freedom, Dr. Thomas Bayne, Alfred Sawin, John H Jenifer, John Jenifer, Jr., and others

NEW YORK CONFERENCE

Saturday, May 31st, 1862

Conference assembled in the A. M. E. Sullivan Church at 9 o'clock, A. M., Bishop D. A. Payne in the chair.

Conference was opened by Rev. Deaton Darrell, singing, reading and prayer. As we had just arrived in Conference from our homestead, we were introduced to the Conference by Bishop Payne, and had a hearty shake hands with most of the brethren

We were then given a seat, in order that we might have an opportunity of reporting for the *Recorder*. While engaged in taking notes, we were informed that the Conference met on Thursday, the 20th, fifteen minutes before 9 o'clock, P. M., and proceeded to business. It seems that there was some mistake as regards the appointed time, as it was advertised to meet on Saturday, the 31st

The first business was the appointment of committees, &c. The Conference appointed Rev. Leonard Patterson, Secretary

Conference adjourned with a benediction, to meet on Friday morning, at 9 o'clock A. M.

FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 30, 1862.

Conference met per adjournment, Bp. Payne in the chair. Religious exercises were conducted by Revs. J. M. Williams and Thompson. The roll was called, and previous minutes read and approved.

Three of the ministers were appointed on religious services—viz: Revs. J. D. S. Hall, William M. Watson, and R. H. Cain. The Bishop took up the questions on Discipline found on page 62, relative to the financial department, and continued so occupied up to adjournment

Conference adjourned, to meet on Saturday morning at 9, A. M.

SATURDAY MORNING.

Bishop Payne in the chair. Conference was opened by singing, reading, and prayer. The roll was called, minutes of previous session read and approved

Conference proceeded to the unfinished business and hearing reports on finance. Having gone through with the financial matter, the Bishop then proceeded to the investigation of the ministerial character, and so continued until all had been examined, and all were found to stand fair except a few marks or complaints made against several of the ministers.

The question on reception to the itinerant and Conference membership was brought up. There was one brother presented from 30th street, who was reported to have come from Zion connexion, by the name of George Washington, and was recommended for annual conference membership After some considerable discussion upon the subject, it was decided that he had not been taken in contrary to the rule governing the case. After some other business, Conference adjourned with a benediction, to meet on Tuesday morning, June the 3d, 1862.

TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 3, 1862.

Conference met at 9 o'clock, A. M., Bp Payne in the chair.

Conference was opened by Rev Brother Hamilton, reading, singing and prayer. The exercises were continued by Bishop Payne in giving out a few verses, and prayer by Elder Moore. The roll was called, and minutes of the previous session read and approved.

There were some brethren offered for Conference membership. Question tenth, per Discipline, page 62, was laid over until this morning, when the question came up for debate. A motion prevailed that the speakers should be allowed fifteen minutes each. Rev. J. M. Williams took the ground that, according to action of the General Conference, he was not a member of the A. M. E Church. Rev William Moore took the ground that he was a member. Rev. J. D. S. Hall took the ground that we had two Bishops, but he claimed that Bishop Nazrey had been elected twice, &c. At this juncture, Bishop Payne arose and stated that the time had expired, and introduced Rev. A. Crummell and Mr. J. D. Blides, of Liberia. Mr. Crummell addressed the Conference upon the subject of Liberia. His remarks upon Liberia were strong and well-timed. Mr. J. D. Blides next arose, and in strong terms appealed to the passions and consciences of the audience, holding them as if spell-bound—whereupon Rev R Cain offered a series of resolutions, viz:

Whereas, Africa does present a greater field of labor for us; therefore,

Resolved, That we will do all we can to encourage the Republic of Liberia in its great work of redeeming the millions of Africa by civilization and religion; and we, as ministers of Christ, will aid the great work by all the means in our power.

Resolved, 2, That we hereby tender our thanks to those gentlemen for the able addresses to which we have listened.

Resolved, 3, That we will do our duty to our Fatherland as soon and as fast as GOD in His providence shall give us the means.

Conference then adjourned, to meet on Wednesday morning, at 9, A. M.

WEDNESDAY MORNING

Bishop Payne in the chair Conference was opened by singing, reading, and some two prayers.

The roll was called, and minutes read and approved. Conference proceeded to the unfinished business. Petitions were read from some of the circuits, &c. Conference decided that their next Conference should be held in Brooklyn city, in Bridge street church

The Bishop announced that it was now the time set apart for hearing the report of the General Book Steward, which was read and very kindly received, and ordered to be printed in the Minutes

Bishop Payne recommended that, in view of our limited means in a financial point of view, that the Conference hereafter take the two cent money out of the preachers' fund, and buy books for the district. We hope that all of our Bishops will be thoughtful enough to recommend the same thing

Conference then adjourned, to meet to-morrow (Thursday) at 9, A. M

We also left New York Conference at five o'clock, P M, for the New England Conference We left the brethren in fine health and spirits.

W

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Indianapolis, Ind. Rev. W. R. Revels, M D., paid on account for Hymn Books, $10 00; *Pittsburg, Pa.* Mr. Washington Ridout, paid for six months, $1,00.

ERRATA.

In the advertisement of Mr H Davis, his boarding place is stated at No. 811. It should be No. 11.

REPORT OF THE GENERAL BOOK STEWARD CONTINUED.

AMOUNTS PAID OUT.

1861.			
Nov.	3, house rent,	$20	84
"	3, a lot of books,	17	17
"	5, [illegible]		23
"	6, [illegible]	3	96
"	6, paper,		15
"	7, books,		25
"	7, bucket for Store,		35
"	7, letters, &c		06
"	8, paper,		09
"	8, letters, &c		06
"	9, book for Store,		37
"	9, paper,		06
"	13, papers, &c		18
"	15, postage stamps,		70
"	16, books,	28	87
"	16, crayon chalk,	1	25
"	17, stamps,		38
"	18, paper,		22
"	20, books,		96
"	20, papers		15
"	20, paste-boards,		25
"	20, matches,		18
"	24, express, on books from N. Y.,	2	70
"	24, books,	10	92
"	26, stamps,	1	05
"	26, book,		12
"	27, paper,		24
"	27, paper,		14
"	28, paper,		10
"	30, paper,		03
"	30, books,		85
Dec.	1, printing 2000 bills for Store,	3	00
"	4, postage stamps,	1	20
"	4, papers,		21
"	5, express, on money to N. York,		28
"	5, letters, &c		15
"	6, forwarding letters,		04
	Total, up to Dec. 6,	$96	78
Dec	6, stamps,		58
"	6, paper,		03
"	7, books,		36
"	8, postage stamps,	1	10
"	8, Book Concern letters,		12
"	8, lot of books,	13	47
"	10, sending letters to brethren,		32
"	11, papers,		18
"	13, pockets, &c	5	23
"	16, postage stamps,	1	20
"	17, coal,	4	37½
"	18, stamps,	1	10
"	18, books,		63
"	18, book for the holidays		35
"	18, pens,	4	80
"	18, on account for 1000 Discipline,	100	00
"	21, books,	1	90
"	24, paper,		24
"	24, one roam of paper,	1	40
"	24, letters,		04
"	25 papers,		15
"	28, stamps,	1	25
	Total, up to January 1, 1861,	$138	72
1861.			
Jan.	1, papers,		15
"	2, Receipt books,	1	50
"	2, Webster's Quarto,	6	00
"	4, one ton of coal for Store,	4	37½
"	5, school books,		54
"	5, stationary,	8	71
"	5, wood,	7	50
"	7, expenses to and from Burlington,		50
"	8, stamps,	1	25
"	9, mailing,		12
"	9, house rent,	20	84
"	10, stamps,	1	25
"	12, gas bills,	6	81
"	15, a package,		15
"	19, on account for Disciplines,	13	00
"	19, wrapping twine,		10
"	25, stamps,		25
"	25, paper,	2	57
"	29, expenses to Goldtown,		15
	Total, up to February 1,	$71	72
Feb.	1, valentine,		06
"	6, house rent,	18	75
"	6, expenses to and from N. York,	7	50
"	6, valentines,		60
"	8, mailing,		25
"	9, stamps,		65
"	11, letters,		15
"	13, expenses to and from Westchester,	1	30
"	14, valentines,		12
"	14, miscellaneous,		10
"	14, letters,		25
"	15, letter stamps,		24
"	15, Day books,	1	00
"	16, services in Store,		60
"	20, books,	3	75
"	21, copy books,		68
"	21, letters		15
"	22,		18
"	23, services in Store—Miss Brown,		60
"	25, items,		51
"	25, postage stamps,		52
"	26, letters,		03
	Total, up to March 1,	$46	15
March	1, copy-books,		85
"	1, letters,		09
"	2, services,		80
"	4, Bibles, books, &c	7	75
"	6, a key,		50
"	7, postage stamps,	1	00
"	8, cards, &c		07
"	9, on account for Disciplines,	15	75
"	10 services in Store		30
"	18, twelve bottles of Ink,		85
"	15, mailing,		31
"	16, stamps,	1	10
"	16, services in Store,		25
"	18, papers,	1	18
"	19, letters,		10
"	20, paper,	1	25
"	28, services in Store,		25
"	25, a bell, &c	7	98
"	27, a lot of books,		12
"	29, postage stamps		20
"	30, sending package,		05
"	30, house rent,	20	00
	Total, up to April,	$49	05

(To be continued.)

WHAT A WORLD this would be if all its inhabitants could say with Shakespeare's shepherd: "Sir, I am a true laborer; I earn that I wear; I owe no man hate; envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good; content with my farm."

A WAG says of a woman: "To her virtues we give love; to her beauty, our admiration; to her hoops the whole pavement!"

WOULD MEN take the same care of their souls as they do of their bodies, we should find our churches as thronged upon the Sabbath as our markets are upon a Saturday.

A LONDON JOURNAL thinks "the right man to the right place" is a husband at home in the evening

EXTRACT FROM PARSON MEAGRE'S LIFE.

From a humorous narrative of the eventful life of a young parson, in which some of the difficulties of the ministerial work are displayed for the profit of the people at large, we make the following extract:—

BALLS AND HOW THE PARSON COUNTENANCED THEM

As already intimated, Mr. Meagre had some difficulty with the youth of his congregation. That some of the boys were bad was a notorious fact. It was alleged that they played truant, swore, chewed tobacco, stole fruit and mutilated the shade trees on the side walks. For these things they had not only been energetically cudgeled, but had been penned up until they committed whole chapters of the Bible and catechism to memory; yea, and they had been even required to "tend church," as a condign punishment. In cases of special sin, the punishment was sometimes instant as well as condign. Old John Flailer had stopped saying grace to drive Billy out of the house for laughing when the cat jumped on the table and stole the meat, while the old man was elaborately blessing it. But cuffs and large doses of doctrinal literature thus wholesomely administered, had failed to make the youngsters pious. Indeed, the more the old people wanted to make the young ones pious, the more the young ones wouldn't be made pious. They looked upon the Heavenly Father as a "Dreadful God," and on his religion as a terrible infliction. All they knew of religion was that everything they did was a sin, and that all sin must be punished: and if they kept from sinning it was because they were afraid of being "flogged" for it. If they had one wish above another, it was that they could be like boys whose parents were not Christians. As it was, to them, Churches were dreary dungeons; prayers, sermons, Bibles and catechisms were instruments of torture; and pastors and parents were only jailors and executioners. Of course the pastor of their own church was to be master of the inquisition.

On Saturday, a crowd of the boys went out and played ball. As most of those very boys had been kept in limbo all the week for catching and plucking an old German's geese down at Indian Spring, this new freak of youthful wickedness was looked upon not only as a palpable proof that punishment had done no good, but as an open defiant protest against paternal restraint. The fathers and mothers were in great distress. It looked to them as if the divine covenant had been broken with them as parents, for they had trained up their children in the way they should go, and now they were departing from it. One thing was certain: the children had not been spoiled at home, for the rod had not been spared

Now, only a few weeks before this, all the youthful forces of the congregation had been marshalled into the Church and exposed to Mr. Meagre's fire, on "disobedience to parents." And as if that were not enough to satisfy Elder Strapiron, that functionary of the Church had "taken advantage of the pastor's absence that afternoon," as he said, to read to the Sunday School about the forty-two children who were torn in pieces by she-bears for mocking the prophet Elisha. Upon this piece of Bible history, Elder Absalom had commented with such intelligence and force as made up for Mr. Meagre's deficiency in the morning. Now, if Mr. Meagre alone had preached to the children, this continued perversity might have been accounted for, but as Elder Strapiron had himself preached on the subject, the difficulty could not be a want of proper instruction and exhortation. However, it was resolved to request the pastor to preach a sermon against ball playing

The request was made with due formality It was not charged that the boys had violated any injunction of their parents in the case referred to, for no restrictions had been laid upon them; nor had they been indecorous or disrespectful; they had "only played ball." "Mr. Meagre, couldn't you preach a special sermon *agin ball playin*." To the holy horror of the committee, Rev. Petit refused point blank.

"Yes, but Mr. Meagre, your particular friend, Dr. Kay, even has *published* a sermon agin balls and popular amusements in general You might at least *preach* one. It's demanded by the times."

The juvenile preacher a curly head shook horizontally. He had an opinion of his own in which Dr Kay would probably concur What that opinion was no one knew, until the afternoon of the fourth of July, when Rev. Petit showed his colors by taking a game of ball with the boys himself.

When he first came on the ground, the youngsters were as startled as if old Mr. Krimehad caught them in his peach orchard. Those who were not scared too badly ran away; those who were, stood still and beat the ground with their clubs and bats. All were certain that the preacher had come there with some sinister motive. Even when he proposed to play with them, they thought he meant to commit them to some overt act, and then bear witness against them. But, by degrees they gained confidence and had a fine game, although it was remarked that not a single oath was sworn during the whole hour.

Various constructions were put upon this action of Mr. Meagre's by the elder members of the congregation. Some thought he was young himself and had not yet gotten over his own boyish propensities. A great many said the preacher was taking part with the boys over against their parents. One person was kind enough to say that Mr. Meagre evidently thought that ball playing was not sinful in itself, and not only intended what he did as a deliverance on the subject, but, perhaps, had some good design so far as the boys themselves were concerned. This seemed to satisfy some, but outraged the holiness of others, who declared that they would not go to hear any such preach who held such theories and indulged in such practices. In this determination one or two persisted for two weeks, and even kept their sons from "Catechise," now, when for the first time in their lives they wanted to go. Mrs. Gibbs shut her Jim up in the smoke house all day on the fifth of July, and did not allow him to leave the yard for ten days for fear "Meagre might spoil him." At the end of that time her necessities made her relent. She wanted salt, and sent Jim down the street with three cents to buy a quart. The boy was so glad to be free from "durance vile" that he not only staid all day, but went to the tavern and lost the three cents at a game of toss. Nor did the evil stop here. Jim was arrested and held to answer the charge of petty gambling. In this state of affairs, Mrs. Gibbs sent for her pastor to relieve her distress.

"What have you been doing, Jim?" asked Mr. Meagre, as he entered the Mayor's office.

"Playin' orack-loo!" sobbed Jim.

"And what is crack-loo? How do you play it, Jim?"

"Why you go to a place where there aint no carpet on the floor, and fillip up a cent, and the feller that gits nearest to the crack in the boards when the cent falls—why he wins."

Of course, Jim's confession was not taken as evidence against him, but there was proof enough to establish his guilt without that.

Mr. Stanhope, the Mayor, a noble-hearted man, called Mr Meagre aside for consultation He was unwilling to destroy the boy's self-respect by sending him to jail—a disgrace from which very few boys recover sufficiently to be emulous of good. He, therefore, proposed to let Jim go, as this was his first offence, with a reprimand, if Mr. Meagre would personally go his bail for future good behavior. This the young parson agreed to do and the fact was announced in open court. Then Presto! Change! Mrs. Gibbs, who but a few hours before thought her pastor a very dangerous man, now declared that he was the best friend she ever had. She almost fell upon his neck, perhaps, would have quite done so had he not quickly changed his position.

"O! Mr Meagre," she said, "I'll never, never, never forget your kindness, but *do* tell me, what shall I do to keep Jim from taverns and gambling?"

"Let him play ball," said the pastor. Mrs. Gibbs changed her robe for a look of mute surprise, which seemed to ask Mr Meagre if he was not ridiculing her, but as she remembered that he never trifled with his people, she soon concluded that he was in dead earnest

"I mean what I say," said Rev. Petit, "and as I am not only your pastor, but what is more to you just now, Jim's bail, and am liable for him, I think my advice is worthy of some respect"

"What difference can playing ball make?" asked the worthy dame.

"A great deal madam. You teach your boy that *every thing* is wrong. He finds out that that is not true, and soon learns to think that *nothing* is wrong. You make his home so hot for him that he is glad to run away from it whenever he can. Make his home the *most pleasant* place to him in the world, and he will *prefer it to any place in the world*. Allow him *innocent* amusements, and he will not run into wickedness for the sake of mere variety. Every engine ought to have a safety-valve Mrs. Gibbs to let off surplus steam, and if you do not allow your boy some vent for his animal life and boyish feelings, he will burst one of these days and blow you up in the process. Old Fritz, of Prussia, broke his son's flute over his head, and the young prince went to playing cards."

Mrs. Gibbs took her pastor's advice, and Jim improved in his disposition and morals. He did not care to run the risk of going to jail for playing crack-loo when he could play ball without the fear of being penned in the smoke house for it. The very next Saturday, Jim came home from his sport at 3 o'clock, and nursed with the play and company he had enjoyed, did not care to run off down the street, but went into the garden and hoed potatoes without being told to do it. Mrs. Gibbs said she had often stood over him with a stick and made him do it, but he never did it as well as he did it that day.

Not very long afterwards Jim persuaded the boys to forego the pleasure of a game of ball entirely, and form a white-washing association to improve the appearance of the fence back of the church, and when Mr. Meagre came to give them lessons in the catechism, he expressed his gratification at the work. Jim's part was especially well done. He had covered every spot in the boards with lime without splashing a bit on the ground, and for this the parson complimented him. This gave birth to a new idea in the boy's mind. He had always wanted to get a situation as driver of a circus wagon, but now concluded that he would learn to be a house-painter. The next week he called to consult his pastor about it, and was confirmed in the idea that house-painting would be the better of the two vocations. In the following spring, Jim was duly apprenticed and two years afterwards he was not only a consistent communicant member of the congregation, but what was more in the eyes of some of his older brethren, when the church was repaired, he varnished the tops of all the pews for nothing, and saved seven dollars and a half.

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

THE YOUNG PARSON BECOMES A SON OF JUBAL.

Before Jim Gibbs' improvement was developed by him, Mr. Meagre had other cases somewhat like his in their general character. Only one of them can now be given.

Mrs. Rate's idea of religion was expressed fully and only by the word "*solemnity*." A visit from her pastor always invested her house with an air of peculiar sanctity. Upon one of these pious occasions, little Sam broke into the room, blowing a willow whistle vociferously. Mrs. Rate was, of course, horrified at this piece of unhallowed temerity; and in order to show her minister that she was in no way accountable for such wickedness, she disclaimed all knowledge of the affair, by demanding of Sam to confess, instantly where he got that ugly thing To the surprise of the good woman, Rev Petit acknowledged that he had made the whistle for the boy himself.

A clap of thunder from a clear sky could not have surprised her more. Did she understand Mr Meagre? There must be some mistake, and to re-assure herself, she repeated the inquiry, and the young parson avowed distinctly, emphatically and unequivocally that he was the author of the eccentric production in Sam's mouth.

"I made it," he said, "and I made it for Sam. I found him down by the Indian Spring, fishing for tad-poles, in the mud, and to keep him from getting wet and dirty, as well as to stop her persecution of a crop of prospective frogs, I made him that whistle from a willow branch that hung over the stream, and taught his infant lips to blow it."

"Yes, and mam," said the name-sake of Weller's son, "he broke a bran spinner new knife a doin' it, and didn't cuss nor say nuthin' bad like you did when you broke pap's old one, trimmin' the currun' bushes."

Mrs. Rate looked daggers at Sam, and said something to the effect that "children and fools never speak the truth," but part of the remark was lost to the parson, as his apt pupil had nearly drowned the maternal voice by a long shrill toot of his new instrument. The non-pluss mother compromised with her hopeful by sending him into the kitchen to have his hands washed, and tried to score up some other topic of conversation. When Mr. Meagre arose to leave, he said, "Mrs. Rate, I have a request to make of you."

The good lady had hardly the courage to ask what it was, as she feared he might say, "Do not use any more bad words when you break an old knife," but at last she stammered out, "what is it, Mr Meagre?"

"Don't whip Sam when I am gone."

She was of course relieved in one way, but awfully embarrassed in another. At length she asked, "Now, Mr. Meagre, what makes you think I am going to lick him?"

"I do not *think* any thing about it," said he, "for I *know* it. I know it by intuition. Besides, I saw it in the thunder storm on your face awhile ago, and I am sure it is the intention of your heart now. You can hardly wait until I am gone, and I will not go until I have your promise"

"But, Mr. Meagre, what am I to do to keep him from telling every little bad thing that happens?"

"Do not say or do any bad things. *Now promise me, you will not whip Sam.*"

Mrs. Rate was reluctant to give her assent. Revenge was sweet, she was longing, yea, bursting to tan Sam's hide completely, not for whistling, she did not care a fig for that after she knew where the whistle came from, but for exposing her. But she, perhaps, argued that if she did whip him the parson would "get mad and have her before the meetin' for bad words," so she gave her promise, and Mr. Meagre took his hat and left.

A few weeks after this, Mrs Rate sent for her pastor in great haste. He of course thought some one was sick, dying, or dead, and obeyed the summons without a moment's delay

"What's the matter, Mrs. Rate?" asked he, "can I do anything for you?"

"Why, Mr. Meagre, I sent to see if you wouldn't make Sam another whistle. He didn't scratch the furniture or break anything while he had it—just sot still and blowed; but I tramped on it with my foot yesterday and broke it, and I have'nt had a bit of peace since. A body can put up with his noise when he is so good other ways."

Unfortunately the season was too far advanced for willow whistles: the sap would not run, and the parson could not gratify Mrs. Rate's wish, but he bought Sam a Jews-harp, and having convinced the boy that it was an advancement on his broken whistle, that answered every purpose placed it in his eager hands. When the parson left this time, he told Mrs Rate to send for him at any hour in the night, rather than get angry and say bad words, or whip Sam when there was no necessity for it

It soon became apparent that Mr Meagre differed from his congregation in regard to the symptoms exhibited by the sin-sick boys, and that he held a different method of treatment. He probably gave a "diagnosis" of the prevailing disease in a sermon on "binding heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and laying them on men's backs." From the theory therein set forth, Mr. Absalom Strapiron dissented. "I count myself a Christian," he said, "and yet I never feel like playing." As, however, father Absalom acknowledged that he had fought "humble-bees" and robbed birds' nests on Sunday, when he was a boy and as he remembered how his own kid gloves had risen before him like the ghost of Banquo when he commenced to rail about those the parson were, he subsided, and was content with solemn silence. Mr. Crimp, too, thought all playing was wrong: —the boys wore out so many clothes, and his Bob had broken a poor widow's window one day, which every body said, "Bob's father ought to pay for." But as Mr Crimp had boasted not long before of his success at a shooting match, and as a certain hostler who witnessed the operation, said Mr Crimp would not have got the turkeys if he had not cheated black Sambo, his opinion was of very little weight in questions of morality. As for Mr. Flailer, he said right out, that the boys who did such things, ought to be served like the bad boys in the time of Moses—"put out of the city and stoned to death," but as he had been known to curse as well as beat Billy, it was said that he could not throw the first stone.

The women were generally tired of beating their children, and glad to have a cessation of hostilities, on the ground, that it saved them trouble if on no other. And besides they could whip their children as much as they pleased any how—so they yielded the *theory* of leniency; and as they were the power behind the throne, the popular sentiment of the congregation soon vastly preponderated in favor of Mr Meagre's views. Indeed, they inclined to the other extreme. The pastor was to be an undiguised and universal Santa Claus to furnish their children with toys, and practise pleasing arts that would lull their teething babies to sleep; the church was to be a playroom and religion a matter of mere fun; even the severest duties of the Christian were to be a sugar plum affair, and Rev. Petit was to supply the confections free of trouble and cost. It was suggested that he might say some funny things in the pulpit, like Mr. Buffoon, the tract agent, just to make the children laugh a little. One prominent member with a philosophical mind—a sort of Lord Bacon, had noticed that the Sunday School was well filled, "just before the pic-nic," and suggested that it would be well to have a regular series of pic-nics. Of course, ginger-bread and ice-cream were to be the chief incentives to early piety. Another one of these inductive philosophers thought Mr. Meagre was "very inconsistent in taking him to task for getting tight and tearing down a few fences just for sport."

Mr. Meagre recollected the proverb, "Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdem." In getting his bark off the rock, there was danger of its being swallowed up in the whirlpool, and he tried to steer between the two.

MALE GOSSIPS.

The world, especially the masculine part of it, has always had a great deal to say about female gossips, and one would almost conclude that no other species existed. Now, it is doubtless true that the female portion of the community are generally good talkers, and not indisposed to pretty large liberty in the use of the unruly member. There are, indeed, very many honorable exceptions: women of lovely spirit, upon whose tongue ever dwells the law of kindness—whose gentle and generous speech is a soft mantle of charity—whom natural refinement and superadded culture of mind and heart have raised far above this weakness of their sex. What more beautiful than these ministering angels! Their very presence rebukes all unkindness.

But it is by no means true that no gossip exists outside of hoops and crinoline. He it knows to whomsoever it may concern, that there are male gossips. They are not confined to any particular locality, but are generally found in the greatest numbers and perfection in small country towns, the chief theatre of their operations being the tavern or store. Here they congregate, especially in winter evenings, and such using up of their neighbors—the ladies are nothing to them! Before this self-constituted tribunal or petty court in which every man is lawyer, judge and jury, all combined in one, every person, every event, and many things that never happened in the neighborhood, pass in review No one too high or too low—nothing too sacred or too profane to be discussed. The doings, even the sacred privacy of every family, of every church, minister, deacon, schoolmaster, school-ma'am, and school-committee, are the theme of free and exaggerated talk.

Now we believe in a large freedom of speech, but not at all in that unlicensed, meddlesome spirit which catches and makes the theme scandal whatever is calculated to disparage or harm a neighbor's reputation—which breeds strife and ill-will among families—which kindles fires that would go out or have no existence but for its interference. And how much precious time is thus wasted—what an evil influence is exerted upon the young who sit by and listen, and learn to take part in the vulgar or profane discourse. The young who, at home, where they should be, might store their minds with useful knowledge, are here schooled in the most unprofitable learning. They learn too much of many things of which they should be ignorant; they become bold, meddlesome and profane. Truly this male gossiping is an evil and a nuisance.

Boston Journal.

ARAB HORSES.

An English lady of rank and wealth, now in Egypt, writes home as follows: "I fear you may deem me rather boastful of my horsemanship, when I tell you that two Arab horses which threw their cavaliers did not throw me. The cause, however, was not in my skill, but in the very remarkable predilection these animals feel towards the weaker sex. Let the wildest and fiercest Arabian be mounted by a woman, and you will see him suddenly grow mild and gentle as a lamb. I have had plenty opportunities to make the experiment, and in my own stable there is a beautiful gray Arab which no one but myself dare ride. He knows me, anticipates my wishes, and judiciously calculates the degree of fatigue I can bear without inconvenience. It is curious to see how he manages to quicken his pace without shaking me, and the different sort of steps he has invented to remedy contradictory purposes.

Horses being as liable to forgetfulness as other organized beings, my incomparable grey would allow his natural ambition to overcome his gallantry, and if another horse threatened to pass him, would start off with the speed of a whirlwind. Wo to me if, under such circumstances, I were to trust to the strength of my arm or the power of the bridle! I knew the gallant charger better. Leaving my head loose, and abandoning all thoughts of competition, I would take to persuasion; pat him on the neck, call him by his name, beg him to be quiet, and deserve the piece of sugar waiting for him at home. Never did these gentle means fail. Instantly would he slacken his pace, prick up his ears as if fully comprehending his error, and come back to a soft amble, gently neighing, as if to crave pardon for his momentary offence."

Field Notes.

THE FAITHFUL DOG.

An instance of canine fidelity is thus narrated by a Chicago correspondent of *The Boston Transcript*: "A remarkable incident is related of the manner in which Mrs. Pfeff, the wife of Lieutenant Louis Pfeff of Chicago, who was killed at Shiloh, was enabled to find her husband's body. No person, when she arrived on the field, could tell exactly where her husband's body was buried, and after searching among the thousands of graves for half a day, she was about to abandon the pursuit in despair. Suddenly she saw a large dog coming towards her, which she recognized as one which had left Chicago with her husband. The dog seemed delighted to find her, and led her to a distant part of the field, where he stopped before a single grave. She caused it to be opened, and found the body of her husband. It appears by the statements of the soldiers, that the dog was by the side of the Lieutenant when he fell, and remained with him till he was buried. He then took his station by the grave, and there he had remained for twelve days, until relieved by the arrival of his mistress, only leaving his post long enough each day to procure food."

WHEN WE LANCE that we have grown wiser, it [illegible]

CHARACTERISTICS OF CHRISTIANITY.

We proceed with the characteristics of the new dispensation in that which concerns the mutual religious duties of men. The commandments of old were written upon stone, but the time was to come, and did come, of which the Lord said, "I will put my laws into their minds and write them in their hearts." (Heb. 8: 10.) The outward glory and manifestation of the old dispensation were the temple and the worship and ceremonial of the temple, but now every servant of God is a temple—"the kingdom of God is within you." The outward glory and manifestation of the new dispensation consist now in deeds of brotherly kindness and charity performed for his sake and in obedience to him who is the Mediator of this new and better covenant; in preaching the Gospel to the poor, in feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, in giving water to the thirsty, in visiting the sick and imprisoned, the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and in doing to others what we would that others should do to us. Under the old dispensation God was pleased to train men specially to his worship and to the service of his temple, but now men are to worship neither in this mountain nor in that, nor yet in Jerusalem, but to worship Him, a Spirit, in spirit and in truth: then the outward task was to build and maintain a gorgeous temple; then only the sons of Jacob participated in the benefits of this special worship; but under the New Commandment, which by unbounded favor we now enjoy, all the human family are included, and the task of the disciples of Christ by which they are to exhibit their obedience to their Divine Master is not to rear a mighty temple or temples to his glory, but that the labors of his disciples shall be employed mainly in promoting human welfare, in doing good to men for time and eternity. Neither justice, nor morality, nor generosity, nor social expediency are now singly or unitedly the sole rule of conduct as between men. Higher and holier motives and principles intervene. Religion is interposed in all the relations of men. Whatever benefit or blessing a man seeks for himself that he must as a pious man desire for his neighbor; what men desire others to do for them they must be willing to do for others. The whole race is one family and God is their Father: "He so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life." (John 3: 16.) And then emphatically,—"This is my commandment, That ye love one another as I have loved you." (John 15: 12.) "If God so loved us we ought also to love one another." (1 John 4: 11.) How fully is the love of Christ evinced by the fact that the active duties of religion as they are set for

Who can unfold the results upon suffering humanity of social errors? Who can lay open the sources of vice? Who can fully expose the [illegible] Over all these subjects and interests of humanity, religion casts her eye, and to all this suffering she extends not only the light of the Gospel but the hand of help and remedy; the arm of prevention and defence. It is a broad field for the active duties of religion which is thus opened; broad not only because the field is the world and the multitude of its inhabitants, but broad in the extent and nature of the religious duties enjoined, and the principles laid down in the teachings of Christ and his disciples, from which these duties are to be inferred and unfolded, or developed.

ANCIENT LITURGY.

In use in the year 1796.

"Universal Church-Prayer."

Most merciful and gracious Father in Christ, who has promised to hear the prayers of the poor, and not to turn thine ears away from their cry: We come united before thy face, the whole congregation for this purpose has assembled itself together: but thou hast commanded us to pray not only for ourselves, but for all mankind; yea thou hast graciously promised to hear our weak prayers, and to fulfil our humble petitions; we obey thy command, and in deep humility represent thy promise before thee: shew thyself as the father of mankind, whom thy Son has dearly purchased with his own blood; remember those who are enveloped in darkness, and those upon whom the light of thy gospel has not yet shined; break the bands of Satan, and let the light of thy knowledge prevail over all the earth. Remember thy Christendom (Zion:) help that therein may be found both name and power. Destroy the power of bigotry and superstition, and work a deliverance against the power of unbelief. Let thy Evangelical Zion be particularly favored, and grant, that all who belong thereunto may experience the power of her evangelical doctrines in their hearts. And as we have the commandment in thy word, to pray for all those that rule and are in power in the world, so we recommend to thy favor all kings and princes of the same, grant them all true kingly and princely impressions, that thy fear may be before their eyes and in their hearts. Especially remember, for Christ's sake, this western world, and as thou hast already begun to shew thyself as the God of its inhabitants, so still manifestly reveal thyself the same. Praised be thou that thou hast broken the chains, wherewith men thought to bind us; praised be thou for the freedom which thy powerful arm hath obtained for us; praise be to thee for the freedom which we now enjoy: but protect us for Christ's sake, that the same may not lead us to an unreasonable contempt of danger. Keep thine eyes consantly over this thy people, whom thou hast chosen as thine heirs; to this end fill the fathers of these United States, the rulers, with the spirit of wisdom and the fear of the Lord. Grant that peace and union may, through their endeavors, be extended over and continued in the land, and that the honor of thy name, and the prosperity of the kingdom of thy Son, may be the uttermost care of their hearts. Help that these United States may constantly continue in the bonds of peace and love, that their bond may be a bond which shall continue until the end of days. Remember, O Father, in particular, the State in which we dwell, crown the rulers thereof with wisdom and the love of righteousness. Fill our law-givers with thy spirit, that all the laws which are, or shall be made, may tend to the happiness of the citizens of the State. Help that right and justice may be observed by our judges without partiality or respect to persons. Cleanse the land from vice, and let much fruit of true Godliness be perceived in the same. Help that wickedness may hide its face before Godliness, and that it may have no reason to fear on account of vice.

In particular be gracious to our congregation, that peace and brotherly love may be kept in the same. Bless the officers of the church, bless parents and children, and especially bless our schools.

Bless the cultivation of land, bless all business that are pleasing to thee, both by sea and land.

Receive under thy gracious protection all that are pregnant and give suck, all widows and fatherless children. Help every individual in their need, and be gracious to all who in any place cry to thee, keep us in thy love, and let every thing work for our good. Turn away from us in mercy all richly deserved land troubles, war, hunger, and scarcity; fire and water perils; pestilence and other evils on mankind or on cattle, and every thing else which our sins have richly deserved.

Grant us pleasant weather, and let the fruits of the earth prosper abundantly. Be a Saviour of all men, especially of those that believe. Thou holy God protect us from sin and shame, and assist us with thy good spirit, that we may not forfeit thy blessing by our transgressions, nor draw down thy righteous judgments on us. We acknowledge, O Lord, that when thou dealest according to thy long-suffering toward us, that it was not our righteousness that draws thee unto it: for we are unprofitable servants before thee; but it is purely on account of thine own free and undeserved mercy, according to which be still gracious unto us, and draw our hearts in love toward our neighbors, to sorrow with all who are in distress, that we may never forget to do good to every man, yea even to our foes, that we may thereby manifest ourselves to be the children of God. Protect us from sudden death, and prepare us more and more, through thy spirit and grace, for an happy end. To this end teach us to seek no desire but thy love, no profit but the gifts and graces of thy holy spirit, no honor but that we should be thy children and made one with thee, no adornment but the righteousness of Jesus Christ, no life and support but thy grace and union. Especially in the last hour of death keep satan with all his temptations from us, and encrease our faith in thy Son Jesus Christ, that thereby we may overcome all the fears and terrors of death. When our ears can no longer hear, let thy holy spirit bear witness with ours that we, as thy children and the co-heirs of Christ, shall soon with Jesus be in Paradise. When also our eyes can no longer see, then grant that the eyes of our faith, may be open, that then we may see thy heaven open, and the Lord Jesus at the right hand of his Father.

When also our tongues can speak no more then let thy spirit make intercession for us before thee with unutterable groanings, and teach us to call upon thee Abba! dear Father! in thy hand I commit my spirit Grant also most faithful God, that we may live in thy fear, die in thy grace, depart in thy peace, rest in the grave under thy protection, be raised again through thy power, and then heir the glorious hope of eternal life, through Jesus Christ, thy dearly beloved Son our Lord, to whom with thee and the Holy Ghost be ascribed all honor, praise and glory now and forevermore. Amen.

After this church-prayer the petitions for the sick, and then the Lord's prayer, our Father, &c. Then the appointments, notices, &c. After all this is accomplished, the minister concludes with the following sentence.

The peace of God which passeth all understanding keep your heart and mind, in Jesus Christ, unto everlasting life—Amen.

TIME DIFFERENCES IN THE U. STATES.—Boston time is, of course, nine hours faster than that of all the leading cities of the United States. The figures given below indicate how many minutes slower the time is in the cities named than it is in Boston. New York 12 minutes, Philadelphia 16, Baltimore 22, Washington 24, Richmond 20, Charleston 35, New Orleans 76, Buffalo 30, Cleveland 42, Detroit 48, Cincinnati 53, Indianapolis 57, Louisville 57, Chicago 65, Cairo 70, St. Louis 76, St. Paul 88, San Francisco 207, minutes. The difference of time is quite important in these days, when the telegraph is so generally used.

BATTLE OF LIFE.—If life be a battle, how sad must he be who fails to arm himself for the contest. If life be a storm, how infatuated is he who sleeps while his bark is driven amid unknown waters. If life be a pilgrimage, how unwise is he who strays from the right road, nor seeks to return until the twilight shadows gather round his pathway

Domestic Items.

Battle on the Chickahominy.—Washington, June 1.—The following despatch was received at the War Department this morning:

From the Field of Battle, June 1st, 12 o'clock, noon.—To the Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—We have had a desperate battle, in which the [illegible] Summer, Hunter's and Keyes have been engaged against greatly superior numbers. Yesterday, at one o'clock, the enemy, taking advantage of a terrible storm, which had flooded the valley of the Chickahominy, attacked our troops on the right Bank

Casey's Division, which was in the first line, gave way unaccountably, and this caused a temporary confusion, during which the guns and baggage were lost, but Generals Heintzelman and Kearney most gallantly brought up their troops, which checked the enemy, and at the same time, however, succeeded by great exertions in bringing across Sumner's and Richardson's Divisions, who drove back the enemy at the point of the bayonet, covering the ground with his dead.

This morning the enemy attempted to renew the conflict, but were everywhere repulsed.

We have taken many prisoners, among whom is General Pettigrew and Colonel Long.

Our loss is heavy, but that of the enemy must be enormous.

With the exception of Casey's Division, the men behaved splendidly.

Several fine bayonet charges have been made. The Second Excelsior made two to-day.

GEO. B. MCCLELLAN,
Major General Commanding

THE SCENE VIEWED FROM A BALLOON—AN AERIAL TELEGRAPH STATION.

Washington, June 1.—During the whole of the battle of this morning, Professor Lowe's balloon was overlooking the terrific scene from an altitude of about two thousand feet.

Telegraphic communication from the balloon to General McCLELLAN, and in direct connexion with the military wires, was successfully maintained, Mr. Parker Spring, of Philadelphia, acting as operator. Every movement of the enemy was observed and instantly reported.

This is believed to be the first time in which a balloon reconnoissance was successfully made during a battle, and certainly the first time in which a telegraph station has been established *in the air* to report the movements of the enemy and the progress of a battle. The advantage to General McClellan must have been immense

The offensive movement of the rebels proves conclusively that the rumored evacuation of Richmond was incorrect, and that the so-called Southern Confederacy does not intend to relinquish possession of their capital without a formidable resistance and a sanguinary struggle.

General McClellan and the Southern Generals—It is rare to repent the cruelties sung that war is a science; that no one knows it but those who have passed a life pretending to study it—that Generals have done so; newspapers were not done so; that it is impossible to deliver battle to superior forces in unassailable positions; that our Generals offer battle to McClellan, he will not accept it, &c. But an appeal from common conceit to common sense and to history is always justifiable. The greatest masters of the military profession have left on record this unanimous judgment—that war is an art, not a science, much less a mystery; that it cannot be taught or reduced to rules; that success in it depends upon mother-wit, and study; that quick perception, strong sense, courage, enterprise, and general mental resource are the qualities that make a commander; that the worth of an officer is to be tested by his success, and the merit of a campaign is to be estimated by its results, and not by the opinions or criticisms of persons having military pretensions. Now what have been the results of the campaign in Virginia? The war has lasted a year. Many battles have been fought. In every one of the battles fought in Virginia, with the exception of Chest Mountain and Roanoke, the Confederate soldiers have had the advantage; yet the Confederate armies have been always in retreat, never in advance, abandoning position after position, according to rule and square, till now the State is nearly all swallowed by the enemy, its fields desolated, farm-houses sacked, the slaves wandering in troops, the people a nation in exile, and the capital still safe only on the supposition that the president of the past shall here be abandoned. It is time to put in a protest against precedent, and to give solemn warning to all those, if any there be who propose to continue the campaign in Virginia as it has been commenced.

But our Generals have often "offered battle." McClellan would not accept it. Therefore, they could not fight him. On this point we would refer to a memorable piece of military history. When the great General of the civil wars of Rome was engaged in his campaign against Publius Silo, a distinguished commander of the other party, he bothered him much with his trenches and slow advances. Silo often led out his legions in choice positions, "offering battle," which Caius Marius would never accept. At last Publius Silo resorted to this simple expedient: he sent a herald in the lines of his adversary to make him this speech—"O, Caius Marius, if you are indeed a great General, why do you not come out of your ditches and fight me a battle?" Marius sent back his own herald to make him this reply—"Oh, Publius Silo, if you are a great General, why do you not *make* me come out and fight you a battle?"

An Eventful Week at Front Royal.—A brief occupation was that of the rebels at Front Royal. Saturday, the 24th of May, brought us the news of its capture, and Saturday, the 31st, brought the welcome tidings of its restoration to the shelter of the flag. The forces which drove out the Louisiana and Georgia troops left in possession by the rebels, we presume, was detached from McDowell's corps. Its march was rapid, its work well-done, and its success complete. With but trifling loss on our side, the lately victorious enemy was promptly expelled, quite a large number slain, one hundred and fifty prisoners taken, eighteen of our own captives were rescued, and a large amount of transportation captured, including two railway trains. This must be held to be a brilliant exploit for which officers and men deserve high praise. May all the people of the valley receive so prompt assurance of the power and the presence of the Union.

The Retreat of General Banks.

REPETITION OF THE NEWS IN PETERSBURG AND RICHMOND.

The Petersburg *Express* of the 27th says: "Yesterday morning early the telegraph caused all hearts to rejoice with the glorious news that Generals Jackson and Ewell had entered Winchester, taking two thousand prisoners and captured all the enemy's vast ordnance and commissary stores." "When Jackson was last heard from, he had captured four thousand prisoners, secured small arms, artillery, ordnance, and commissary stores of great value, and was still in hot pursuit of the retreating enemy." "What Jackson's plans are, we have not been informed. We think it more than probable, however, that he will drive the fleeing columns of Banks into the Potomac at or near Harper's Ferry, and then destroy the bridge of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at that point. For miles and miles he can then tear up the railroad track, burn bridges, and blow up culverts. In the meantime, as it is to his exact route for the destruction of the bridges, he may probably encounter Milroy and Schenck's forces, at or near Romney, serve them in the same way he has Banks, and then the Valley will be clear. Or he may come on down to Stafford, and attack McDowell in his rear, while Anderson, who, at the head of an army of Confederates, now confronts McDowell, will be prepared to strike a telling blow at the proper time." A despatch from Richmond of the 26th says Jackson took prisoners the First Maryland Regiment of Infantry and the First Vermont Cavalry at Front Royal, and two thousand more at Winchester, and that his own loss was two hundred killed and wounded.

The feeling at Richmond is represented as one of confidence of success in the battle about taking place, the success of Jackson having had an electric influence on the spirits of the troops.

The Richmond *Despatch* of the 27th has an article on The Struggle over the Metropolis: "It says—"There is yet a battle and the enemy is known to be [illegible] his whole line on the north bank of the Chickahominy. He has been engaged in this labor most robust nearly for several days. He will next commence the shelling of our army. Some people say from this [illegible] he can pitch a shell into the city. That would be, ugh it must be confessed that the line [illegible] by one of the great [illegible] if the age is rather nearer than the compass can. We know very little of war and do not presume that our own opinions will receive any more weight than they are entitled to. It seems to us, however, that as an attack has been made on our [illegible] it is reasonable to suppose the enemy is pretty well fortified, there will not be any at all of his present position. What our Generals intend to do, of course they alone know. They have learning, large capacity and experience. The country has retired and is relying on them—and if there is occasionally some misgivings, let us hope that the result will prove that there is no reason for it. But it is a fact that the commonest observer must know that delay is not the thing for us, the enemy has great facilities of water transportation, and has even made the York River Railroad, from the White House to near the Despatch [illegible] useful to him by putting upon it locomotives and trains of cars. The surest way to defeat his plans and movements is promptness and energy, directed by sagacity."

Beauregard's Report of the Battle of Shiloh.—In the [illegible]

"About six o'clock on the morning of the 7th of April, however, a hot fire of artillery and musketry [illegible] the enemy's position on our left centre, assured me of the junction of his forces, and soon the battle raged with a fury which satisfied me that I was attacked by a largely superior force. But from the onset our troops, notwithstanding their fatigue and losses from the battle of the day before, exhibited the most cheering veteran like steadiness. On the right and centre the enemy was repulsed in every attempt he made with his heavy column in that quarter of the field; on the left, however, and nearest to the point of arrival of his reinforcements, he drove forward line after line of his fresh troops, which were met with a resolution and courage of which our country may be proudly boastful. Again and again our troops were brought to the charge, invariably to win the position at issue, invariably to drive back their foe. But hour by hour thus opposed to an enemy constantly reinforced, *our ranks were perceptibly thinned under the unceasing, withering fire of the enemy*, and by twelve meridian eighteen hours of hard fighting had sensibly exhausted a large number, my last reserves had necessarily been disposed of, and the enemy was evidently receiving fresh reinforcements after each repulse: accordingly, about one P. M., I determined to withdraw from so unequal a contest, securing such of the results of the victory of the day before as was then practicable."

He sets down his loss at 10,000 men, of whom 1,800 were killed.

Evacuation of Corinth.—In this incomprehensible system of military events we are only enabled to judge of deeds by results. A battle only becomes respectable when we see an extended mortality list, and a campaign when we can traverse the occupied territory by leagues and furlongs. When the rebels left Yorktown we applauded it as a glorious triumph of military strategy, and justly so. We obtained command of the peninsula; we invested Richmond; no lives were lost. Genius triumphed over gunpowder. We see the same thing at Corinth. There was a terrible and fruitless battle; the enemy assumed a new position, fortified, and held it. Then came weeks of silence, skirmishes, and flags of truce, and a war with newspaper correspondents. The public began to be impatient; a great battle was anticipated—we might almost say desired—when the news comes that Corinth is evacuated. Without a blow, in the face of their braggadocio and bluster, after defiance and menace and preparation, the rebels have fallen back, and are now retreating through the Cotton States.

Honor to General Halleck! He has organized victory by combining the elements of victory; he has achieved a triumph undimmed by blood; and this is the highest glory of the soldier.

Slavery in Maryland.—The Annapolis *Gazette* says:

"We candidly confess that the conditions of slavery in Maryland is a serious and perplexing one. We think Congress has acted unwarrantably in abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, because they have thus, indirectly, injured slavery here. But it is beyond dispute that this state of affairs could not have come about but for the insane efforts of the Secessionists. And it is equally beyond dispute that an exceedingly large majority of the slave owners in Maryland are Secessionists, and have aided the rebels in every way in their power. 'As ye sow, so shall ye reap.' Verily, by their aid to the rebels have they 'sown the wind,' and, in the destruction of the value of their slaves, are they 'reaping the whirlwind.'

"But, criminal as has been their course, no man in Maryland desires to see slave owners deprived of their property. If slavery must perish here, let it be with the least possible loss to the owners of slaves. In justice, they have forfeited all claim to remuneration. But our nature is, we hope, too magnanimous to punish them in such a way for their treason."

Fremont—On Saturday (24th) late in the day, General Fremont received a despatch from the Secretary of War to *fall back with his entire command to the support of General Banks*, and at daylight on Sunday the troops commenced breaking camp by regiments, and by twelve o'clock in the day that whole army of over twenty thousand men were on the move. Within the last twenty-four hours they had succeeded in getting full rations, something which they had not had for several days previous. They were eager for a fight, and the whole line sang exultant songs as they filed out into the main road.

New Orleans and Pensacola.—The Pensacola *Advertiser* states that the residents welcomed our troops with joy. General Arnold occupied the house of Major Chase, and Billy Wilson the residence of S. R. Mallory.

The New Orleans dates are to May 23d. General Shepley has assumed the duties of Mayor, Major Bell that of the Recorder of the city, and Captain Louis French has been appointed Chief of Police. These functionaries will take charge of the city until some loyal citizens shall be elected to fill these offices.

The Bank of Commerce had re-opened its doors, and commenced business, refusing the rebel shinplasters.

Foreign Summary.

The International Exhibition—The great exhibition, so far, has attracted only a moderate daily attendance. Most of the visitors are the holders of season tickets, and the class is found to be quite small who are willing to pay a dollar and a quarter for a single admission. Many, also, have been deterred on account of the unfinished state of some portions of the building, and the various annoyances and discomforts everywhere manifest, owing to the presence of workmen of all sorts, to say nothing of the rubbish scattered in every direction. It is evident that the whole of the first month will expire before the various departments are in proper order. The entire management is almost universally condemned—the Commissioners appear to have not only satisfied no one, but to have given special offence to almost everybody. There are a few very curious things to be seen, among the great mass of contributions, more or less interesting, probably to particular individuals, but really as a whole not generally attractive to the general visitor. One of these is a talking machine which comes from Austria. By a complicated series of machinery, not only are sounds elicited, but letters, words, and even sentences quite distinctly enunciated. Instruments of this sort have been before constructed, but have always been defective in some particulars. In this the previous difficulties have been overcome, especially in the pronunciation of "th" and the lightenings, and the machine talks in several different languages with perfect ease. It is, of course, very ingenious; but for all practical purposes it is intrinsically valueless.

One of the Court jewellers, in a space perhaps twelve feet square, exhibits jewels and bijouterie valued at nearly two millions of dollars. A single pair of brilliants is worth one hundred thousand dollars; a brooch, the centre of which is a magnificent emerald and the pendant an immense pearl, rates at fifty thousand; and there are various articles ranging from five to forty thousand dollars. This case, or stall, as well as another in which the famous Koh-i-noor diamond is shown, is constantly surrounded by a crowd, and a posse of police is always in attendance.

Mr. Babbage's calculating machine occupies a prominent position, but so far no one has been present to show its mode of operation. It may not be generally known that he has so far perfected it, after years of labor, that it now successfully works quadratures and calculates logarithms up to seven places of figures. One of the instruments is now in constant operation at Somerset House, working out annuity and other tables for the Registrar-General. The inventor is under the exclusive patronage of the Government, and still pursues his labors assiduously, in the hope of yet producing still more extensive results.

A collection of bullion and chemical scales attracts much attention. The former, when weighted with three thousand ounces, will turn with the addition of a single grain and the latter will readily move with the thousandth of a grain. Of course these are kept under glass cases, almost hermetically closed, as the weight of a single grain of dust will affect them, and two of these throw them out of order. They seem, certainly, to be the perfection of machinism.

In the French Department there is to be for, at least it is as yet uncured, although it has not yet been published, a [illegible] glass preserving very extraordinary properties and producing very curious effects. Standing before it at any hour in the [illegible] one sees his ordinary reflection within. Requesting a pace or two, he finds his image reversed; and, stepping back still further, he "counterfeit presentment" has disappeared from the glass, and he seems to see his second self standing midway between it and his real person. It is said this effect is so startling that only persons of the strongest nerves can witness the apparition unmoved, while many have fainted outright from terror. *Inquirer.*

Married.

JOHNS—JOHNSON. On June 1, 1862, by the Rev. Isaac Greenway, Mr. Enoch Johns, of Trenton, New Jersey, to Miss Mary [illegible] of Baltimore, Maryland.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Spectacles, Mathematical Instruments, Spy-Glasses, Pharmaceutical Apparatus, [illegible] Thermometers, Microscopes, and Microscopic Objects, Tape Measures, Patent Pointa, Magic Lanterns, Stereoscopes and stereoscopic Pictures. By Wholesale and Retail.

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CHARLES H. GRIGG would respectfully invite the attention of purchasers to his new and beautiful stock of

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Of the latest style, which, for quality, variety, and cheapness, cannot be surpassed.

An ordinary paper room for 12½ cents per piece, by competent workmen, and perfect satisfaction guaranteed.

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Sept.—1.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
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PERRY & FITZGERALD'S
PROCESS FOR MAKING LIGHT, NUTRITIOUS, AND UNADULTERATED BREAD, WITHOUT FERMENTATION.

The new process of bread-making, patented by Perry & Fitzgerald, consumes all the obstacles which have hitherto rendered it impossible to manufacture perfectly pure, sweet, and palatable bread. The entire process is performed by mechanical means, and is eminently cleanly.

The process consists in mixing the flour in a closed vessel, and the application of pure carbonic gas under pressure, by which the dough mass is made thoroughly light and ready to be dis harged from the pans for baking in the brief space of *Four or twenty minutes*. The "change" is nearly All Sounds, and each machine completes the operation, in all its details, from the putting in of the flour to the discharging of the dough, in from twenty-five to forty minutes.

The invention of Perry & Fitzgerald effects a revolution in the preparation of bread, by establishing a system of wholesale means hitherto not subject to the vicissitudes and evils of farmentable, but exact and certain in its results. It becomes, by the substitution of mechanical for manual labor, and in the superior value of the article produced, it promises more profits upon a the capital employed. It becomes such employment of capital as well as the protection afforded by the patent, gives adequate security against competition. But whilst preventing undue competition all the above uses of the evils of a monopoly, because it leaves the consumer at all times in possession of his former means of supply, to be resorted to, should the monopoly become prejudicial.

The application of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure, to a mechanically kneaded dough-mass, as in the invention of Perry & Fitzgerald, did not occur to Dr. Lee, though he seems to have had a clear foreshadowing of the importance of the artificial use of the gas, when he stated, they thereby that "if water highly impregnated with carbonic acid gas be used for kneading the dough, the resulting bread will be somewhat at spongy. Could a light article," he continues, "be produced in this way, then as the sugar would be made unnecessary, the bread would be so much the sweeter and more nourishing."

What, to Dr. Lee, was evidently a clearly comprehended theoretical truth, has been practically developed by the brilliant invention of Perry & Fitzgerald. Posterity will hold their names in grateful remembrance, as among the most eminent benefactors of mankind

ITS SUPERIORITY.—The superiority of unfermented bread to by no means new. Dr Cullen, who wrote more than seventy years ago, says:—

"In Scotland, also tenths of the lower class of people, and that is the greater part of the whole, live upon unfermented bread, & d per[illegible] lowness in other forms; and there are not a more healthy people anywhere to be found. In the course of fifty years that I have practised among them, I have had occasion to know this, and have hardly met with a disease, or any consequence that I could impute to the use of the unfermented nutriment."

At a later period, Professor Thompson, of Glasgow, in his work on the "Food of Animals," after alluding to the facts referred to above by Dr Cullen, & d other kindred to, observes:

"Such, then, being sufficient evidence in favor of the wholesomeness of unfermented bread, it becomes important to discover in what respects it differs from fermented bread. The result gained by this process (fermentation) may be considered to be merely the expansion of the particles of which the loaf is composed, so as to render the mass more readily divisible by the preparatory organs of digestion. But, as this object is gained at a sacrifice of the nutritive we can, it becomes a matter of interest to ascertain the amount of the loss sustained in the process."

The result of Professor Thompson's experiments showed a difference in favor of unfermented bread of nearly seven per cent. over that made by the ordinary process. In other words, there was a loss of over one-thirteenth of the nutritive properties of the flour, which, by the process of fermentation, was driven into the air and lost.

We now come to a more particular consideration of the superiority of the bread made without fermentation, or the use of chemical agents, over the bread made by those processes. Although, from what has already been said, this superiority appears in most vivid contrast, yet the public will be better satisfied to have the points stated specifically, for it only needs that the advantages secured by this method be clearly understood in order to its universal introduction in the manufacture of Bread

I. Its CLEANLINESS.—Instead of the dough being mixed by the naked hands or *feet* the bread, from the weighing of the flour to the completion of the baking, is not, and scarcely can be, touched by any one. "One decided advantage," says Dr Willard Parker, "is its entire cleanliness. Says he "the bakery of the process is not only purely scientific, but pre-eminently cleanly."

II. Its PRESERVATION OF ALL THE NUTRIENT PRINCIPLES OF THE FLOUR.—As the raising of the dough is by the mechanical introduction of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure, in a closed vessel or receiver, it takes a perfect vehicle or sponge texture. All the constituents of the flour remain wholly unchanged, while the process of raising bread by fermentation inevitably marrhaus some of them, as has been already shown.

III. Its UNIFORM CHARACTER.—Bread made by the New Process is uniformly light, sweet, and nutritious. The conditions being simple, and not liable to variation, no failure can occur in always producing bread of the same quality. It retains its moisture much longer than fermented bread, and may be eaten warm with impunity. The process also insures a perfect freedom from all acidity even in the hottest weather. Says the Lond n Times:

"The object to be accomplished is the separation of the constituents of the flour as they are left by the mechanical and chemical processes, the resulting loaf being absolutely pure."

IV. Its WHOLESOMENESS.—Being free from the deleterious substances which are to be found in fermented bread, it is universally recommended by the faculty as the best food for the invalid, as being easy of digestion and agreeable to the most delicate stomach. "In dyspepsia," says Dr Dunglison, of the University of Pennsylvania, "it will be invaluable as they will be able to use it when the fermented manufactured bread has been found to have signally failed as an article of diet." Says the London *Medical Times and Gazette*:—

"Since the introduction of the new unfermented bread, there have already been received from members of the medical profession who have been induced to try their practice as well as from many families, many instances of the results not falling to satisfy that have followed its use in cases of deranged digestion and constipation. Many persons have been restored to their accustomed health after years of suffering and distress, by the simple use of the bread as a diet. Many cases have been reported by medical men of positive, in which certain distressing forms of dyspepsia, which had resisted [illegible] under every kind of treatment, have yielded as if by magic, almost immediately after adopting the use of the unfermented bread

"The beneficial effects of the new bread are attributable in two modes. The one is the absence of the prejudicial matters imparted to ordinary bread by the process of fermentation, and the other to the presence in the bread, unchanged, of those elements which are the essential agents of digestion and nutrition."

The most eminent members of the medical profession, both in Great Britain and in the United States, not only speak in the highest terms of the one with which it is digested, and of its rich, nourishing qualities, but especially of its peculiar relaxing, and wonderful keeping properties. The absence of acidity and other strong flavors, which, in a greater or less degree, are characteristic of fermented bread, renders the new bread peculiarly delicate to the taste.

V. Its RAPIDITY AND ECONOMY.—By the use of mechanical means, instead of manual labor, a barrel of flour is converted into baked loaves in forty-five minutes; whereas, by the ordinary process, four or five hours are occupied in the formation of the "sponge," and a further time in kneading, raising, and baking the dough.

The steadiness of the operation, it is said, saves a correspondent at the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, "renders it an article particularly suitable to be prepared and supplied by a public company. And as the new process requires less of the institution of manufactories, and the expenses of the machinery gives a comparative monopoly, the supply of bread is placed at once to the same category with gas, water, or other articles of prime necessity."

VAN RIPER & CAMP,
EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS,
Corner of Broad and Buttonwood Streets,
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THE YOUTH'S EVANGELIST

[illegible]

THE TERMS ARE PREPAYMENT AS FOLLOWS

[illegible]

We have received the first [illegible] number of [illegible] who will furnish original articles for every number, which will add much to the interest of its columns.

It is the intention of the subscriber to make the [illegible] for a halt to parents and [illegible] teachers [illegible] of the youth committed to their care, and a welcome visitor to the families and Sabbath Schools of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

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Be it remembered in [illegible] JAMES DOWNS, Publisher, [illegible]

Advertisements.

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth consecutive April 10th, 1862. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

From Garnet Union No 4, D. of T.; from Phœnix Union, No. 6, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 16, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa., from De Hass' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 19, D. of T.; from Vanbrackle Union, No. 15, D. of T., of Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—

Grand P., Sister Bennet; Grand Associate, Sister Burrie Grand Treasurer Sister Fawcett, Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dukhart; Grand Chaplain Sister Hall

G P P, Sister E Roberts; G P P Sister Anderson,
" " E. Bowers, " " J. F. Beach,
" " M. H Henry, " " E. A Ulare,
" " S Newman, " " White,
" " S. Davis, " " S Hall.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY.

THE STATED QUARTERLY MEETINGS of the Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August, and November.

The meetings of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated Meetings of the society.

Mrs. SARAH CARTER,
President.
Mr. L. R. SEYMOUR, Sec'y.

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GOOD NEWS

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Family Circle.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

"A thoughtful and prescient poem, embodying reflections familiar to all" with a pure and high Psychology, contained by but few

So many years I've seen the sun,
And called these eyes and hands my own,
A thousand little acts I've done,
And circumstanced and manhood known
O what is Life! and this dull round
In treat why was a spirit sent?

So many airy draughts and lines,
And warm excursions of the mind,
Have filled my soul with great designs,
While practice grovelled far behind:
O what is Thought! and where withdraw
The glories which my fancy saw?

So many tender joys and woes
Have on my quivering soul had power;
Made life with brightening passions rose,
The boast or burden of their hour.
O what is all we feel! why feel
Those pains and pleasures o'er my head?

So many human souls divine,
By close intercourse displayed,
Some oft and freely mixed with mine,
In lasting bonds my heart have laid;
O what in Friendship? why impressed
On my weak, wretched, dying breast?

So many wondrous gleams of light,
And gentle ardors from above,
Have made me sit, like seraph bright,
Some moments on a throne of love:
O what in Virtue? why had I,
Who am so low, a taste so high?

Ere long when sovereign wisdom wills
My soul an unknown path shall tread,
And strangely leave, who strangely fills
This frame, and waft me to the dead:
O what is Death? 'tis Life's last stage,
Where vanities are vain no more;
Where all perceive their good obtain,
And Life is all returned again:
Where in their bright result shall rise
Thoughts, virtues, friendships, griefs and joys.

JOHN GAMBOLD, 1711-1771.

PARABLES IN HOUSEHOLD THINGS.

The sick girl lay in her shaded room in the street of a great city, and thought, "If I could only leave this prison of mine, and look at the beautiful world, I know I should grow happier and holier with every breath I drew. The thorny bud on the brown branches in spring would give me promise of resurrection; every butterfly would tell me of life through death; every flower would lift my heart to Him who cares for our little pleasures; every bubbling spring would murmur to me of the living water; every corn-field and garden would repeat the sacred parables. But here I can see nothing of God's making but the sky, and that is too high and far. I want some steps to take my feeble thoughts gently up to heaven. But around me are only manufactured things, which speak to me only of earth, and time, and man."

She leant back listlessly on her couch. Twilight came over the room, the glowing coals stirred quietly as they burnt away, and then it seemed as if an angel's hand touched her ears and opened them, for the dark and silent room became full of soft and soothing harmonies. All the mute and inanimate things about her found voices and spoke comfort to her heart.

Together they said—"It is true we are only manufactured things; but do not despise us for that! We came originally, as much as you yourself, or the flowers, and the trees, and the sunbeams, from one Divine Hand. It is only that we have been trained and moulded by human hands to be what we are. And just so are you; God creates you, but life moulds you. Your trial and your training come like ours, mostly through human hands, although you are destined for higher place and more blessed services. Listen to us, for we have messages for you, each one of us."

Then the stones from the wall said—"We come from the mountains far away, from the sides of the craggy hills. Fire and water worked on us for ages, but only made us crags. Human hands have made us into a dwelling where the children of your immortal race are born, and suffer, and rejoice, and find rest and shelter, and learn the lesson set them by our Maker and yours. But we have passed through much to fit us for this. Gunpowder has rent our very heart; pickaxes have cleaved and broken us, it seemed to us often without design or meaning, as we lay misshapen stones in the quarry; but gradually we were cut into blocks, and some of us were chiselled with finer instruments to a sharper edge. But we are complete now, and are in our places, and are of service. You are in the quarry still, and not complete, and therefore to you, as once to us, much is inexplicable. But you are destined for a higher building, and one day you will be placed in it by hands not human; a living stone in a heavenly temple."

Then the glass water-breaker said—"I was hard flint and waste sand on the desolate sea-shore once, but human hands gathered me, and fused me in furnaces heated seven times, and took me out to let me cool, and cast me in again, and shaped and cut me till at last I carry your water from the spring, and am pressed with many a thankful glance to your parched lips. I am complete. But you, when you have passed through your fires, will be a vessel of living water in a better hand, and bear many a draught of refreshment to weary and thirsty hearts."

"I also have been in many furnaces," said the china flower vase. "The colors you see often admire in me, have been burnt in slowly, stage by stage, every fresh color requiring a fresh fusing in the furnace. But you, when your trial is over, shall carry flowers of Paradise and leaves from the tree of life for the healing of the nations."

"And I," said the clock, "am scarcely an individual being. I am a little world in myself—a wondrous combination of mechanism. Each of my wheels and springs, with my unwearied pendulum, has its own history of fires and blows and ruthless instruments. None of us could form the slightest idea, as we lay dismembered in our various workshops, what we were designed for. Only in combination with every other part, has any part of us any meaning. You are not a little world like me, but a fragment of a great world. When all that belongs to you are gathered together, you will understand it all as we do now. And your voice will mark with joyous music the flight of blessed ages which only lead to others more and more blessed throughout eternity."

"And I," said the bronze pastille-burner, "came from ages of darkness in the depths of the earth. Human hands brought me to the light, moulded and sculptured me, and set me here to burn sweet perfumes, and diffuse fragrance around me. But you will be an incense-bearer in a Temple by and by, and from you shall stream a fragrance of love and praise acceptable to God."

"The quarries were my birthplace also," said the alabaster night-lamp; "but you shall be a light-bearer, when your training is complete, of a light which is life, and which has no need of night, like my dim flame, to make it visible."

"I," sang the guitar, with the wooden frame and metallic strings, "am a threefold being. I lived and waved in the forest once; and then the woodman's axe was laid on me, and I fell,—I fell, and the life departed from me; and from a living, life-bearing tree, I became mere inanimate timber. More blows, more tearing with saws, more sharp cutting with knife and chisel, and I became melodious again, simply from being united with these metallic strings, which never had life, but lay silent in mines, till the hand of man woke them into music. And thus together we respond to your gentle touch, and soothe for you many a lonely hour. Life from death, music through fires of trial; this is also your destiny. Hereafter every nerve of your tried and perfected being shall respond to the slightest touch of the Hand you love, filling heaven with happy music."

"As for me," said the pages of the hymn-book, "my discipline has, perhaps, been the severest of all. Once rustling in the flax-field, rejoicing in the dews and sunshine, I was torn, racked, twisted, and woven by many iron hands into linen. Then, for a time, treated carefully, decorated and treasured, and washed and perfumed, I was afterwards thrown scornfully away. Yet, even in that low estate, I found comfort. Even as a rag I bound up the wounds of suffering soldiers in a military hospital. But I was to sink lower yet. I was thrown into a mill, and pounded, crushed and torn, till I was a mere shapeless pulp. Yet from those depths my true life began. Process after process succeeded, till here, at last, I am to speak to you morning by morning. I hope you hear me. You, you also, one day, shall shine for the living epistle, proclaiming to angels and men for ever and ever such words as speak to you from my pages now!"

The sick girl smiled, and was comforted. "Yet," she said, "the fires are fierce, the blows are heavy, the trial is long. The end is, indeed, well worth them all; but sometimes the end seems distant."

"Yes," responded the hymn-book, "my history resembles yours in one happy feature more than that of any of us besides. For even in your days of training you are of service. You may clothe cold limbs, and bind up many wounds even now, as I did when I was a poor linen rag. And, more than that even now, in your time of trial, the ministries you are destined for at last may be begun. Even now you may be a living epistle, a book wherein many may read lessons of hope and patience, and sing praises, as they look on you, as you do when you look on me."

"Yes," responded the stones; "even now you are a living stone. The temple you are to form is building even now."

And the pastille burner:—"Even now your prayers and praises may rise like sweet incense."

And the water glass:—"Many a draught of living water may you carry, even now, in the dry and thirsty land, to hearts that need it."

And the night-lamp:—"Even now in the night, then, child of the day, aboddest light around thee—a little light, it may be, in a narrow circle, yet which, though thou mayest not know it, cheers and guides not a few now."

And the guitar:—"Many a strain of thankful song has come from the depths of your heart, even now, in these your days of trial, to blend with my harmonies, and to rest to regions which my poor metallic music can never reach!"

And all the mute things sang together—"We are complete and rejoice to serve you, vessels meet for your using. One day you also shall be perfected, a vessel meet for the Master's use. And then He will take you into His house, unto the temple which is a home and your home for ever. Like us, when you are perfected, you shall serve; but, unlike us, even whilst you are being perfected, you may serve!"

Then the sufferer turned over the leaves of another Book, and saw how the Master had written His parables, not in streams, and corn fields, and birds, and flowers, and fruitful earth, and starry sky alone, but in common household things, and common human ties. And henceforth, not nature only, but every-day cares, and duties, and relationships, and all things around her, became for her illuminated with the lessons of His love.

CHILDREN.

Whatever you wish your child to be, be it yourself. If you wish it to be happy, healthy, sober, truthful, affectionate, honest, and godly, be yourself all these. If you wish it to be lazy and sulky, and a liar, and a thief, and a drunkard, and a swearer, be yourself all these. As the old cock crows, the young cock learns. You will remember who said: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." And you may, as a general rule, as soon expect to gather grapes from thorns, and figs from thistles, as get good, healthy, happy children from diseased, and lazy, and wicked parents. Let me put you in mind, seriously, of one thing you ought to get done to all your children, and that is, to have them vaccinated. The best time for this is two months after birth, but better late than never, and in these times you need never have any excuse for its not being done. You have only to take your children to the Old or the New Town Dispensaries. It is a real crime, I think, in parents to neglect this. It is cruel to their child, and it is a crime to the public. If every child in the world were vaccinated, which might be managed in a few years, that loathsome and deadly disease, the small pox, would disappear from the face of the earth; but many people are so stupid, and so lazy, and so prejudiced, as to neglect this plain duty, till they find to their cost it is too late. So promise me, all seriously in your hearts, to see to this if it is not done already, and to see to it immediately. Be always frank and open with your children. Make them trust you and tell you all their secrets. Make them feel at ease with you, and make *free* with them. There is no such good plaything for grown-up children like you and me, as *weans*, wee ones. It is wonderful what you can get them to do with a little coaxing and fun.

THE FAMILY AND REVIVALS

Many persons are forever running around for revivals, careless of home, neglectful of children, and seeking their own pleasurable excitement, frequently, in a kind of religious carnival. The regularity of the family, often, is almost lost in the tumultuous exhilarations of religious excitements. Now, any conception of religious culture and life that leaves the family out, or that is at the expense of the family, is fundamentally wrong, and in the end cannot but be mischievous. Social and general religious excitements have their benefits. The world could not get on without them. Man is a social being, religiously, as much as in other respects, and revivals of religion are normal. But, good as are religious excitements, they have evils and dangers, which must be watched against; and this is one of them: when they do not spring as the proper streams out of the family; or when they go forward only as church movements, and not as family movements. The divinity of revivals may be testified by their effect on the family. If they turn the hearts of the parents towards their children, and the hearts of the children towards their parents, they are of God. If they increase the love of the family; if they cause the tendrils of love to draw the members of the family closer and closer to each other; if under their influence blossoms and clusters of love hang in abundance on the family tree, then you may be sure that it is the true religion that is revived. But if the family has no blessing, and the dew is on the church, you may be in doubt whether it is a divine blessing, or any blessing at all. If religious excitements make home dull, and parental and filial duties and relations tame or tasteless, they may be suspected of being spurious, carnal, worldly.

H. Ward Beecher.

KITTY A KITTEN

"I wish I were a kitten," said Kitty one day, pouting over her book, "then I should not wear shoes, or learn spelling, or have to behave myself. I shouldn't be naughty and feel so sorry for it afterwards."

"That's because you have a soul," said Bridget.

"Then I don't want to have a soul," cried Kitty, hastily. "When you have a stomach-ache, do you want to get rid of your stomach, or the ache?" asked Bridget. "Why the ache, Bridget; what could I do without a stomach? Maybe I ate something to hurt me," said the child.

"Sure," said Bridget, "and when you feel a soul-ache, it shows you've been doin' wrong, and it hurts you; and it's that you want to get rid of, not your soul." Medicine won't cure that," said Kitty. "The right sort will," answered Bridget.—"What?" asked Kitty. "What do you and your ma do when you mistehave and do wrong?" asked Bridget. Kitty thought; then she said, "We go and tell Jesus, and we pray for his forgivness, and I ask his Holy Spirit to help me to do right, and to *love* to do right; but I don't always."

"And that's the reason the Lord's called the great Physhion," said Bridget, "'cause he doctors the soul. Scripture tells about it. And he has different sorts of medicine: sometimes 'tis forgivness; sometimes 'tis love; and sometimes stripes, accordin' as we need; and we feel so much better after it."

Kitty still looked pouty. "Well," she said, when she spoke again, "I wish I were a kitten. I'd be one this minute, if I could"—for this little child, like many older persons, thought more of escaping difficulties, than of overcoming them.

"Oh, well," said Kitty's mother, who sat sewing in the next room, and overheard the talk, "suppose you *be* one. You can give up all Kitty King's duties, and be a kitten." "And do nothing but play all day," cried Kitty, jumping up and clapping her hands. "Do nothing but what kittens do," said her mother. "Then I'll mew at this old Reader," cried she, throwing the book on the floor; "and you can't ask me to pick it up, Bridget, because I'm a kitten." "Sure," said Bridget, "and as your ma has no little girl now, maybe she won't want me to stay; for she did not hire me to take care of kittens, but to nurse children." "No," said mamma, "kittens take care of themselves."

Kitty looked sober; but presently she got down on the carpet, went about on all fours, and capered round as much like a kitten as could be. She mewed at Bridget; but Bridget not understanding cat-talk took no notice of her.

Not long after, a lady called on her mother to visit a beautiful picture of Jerusalem, and she put on her bonnet to go. "Mamma, you promised to let me go," cried Kitty jumping up; "I want to see where the Jews live." "I promised my own little girl to go," said mamma; "but she's gone. It would be foolish to take a kitten; it cannot understand the beautiful picture; very likely it would only think of catching its tail." Kitty laughed; but she saw that it was gave up her duties, she must be content to give up her privileges also.

At dinner no Kitty's chair was set at the table, or her plate or napkin. She followed her parents to the dinner-room, and, true to kittenhood, played around their feet under the table, and sometimes mewed to her papa. He stroked her hair, but said nothing, for kittens could not understand his talk. Kitty wondered if she were to have no dinner. Oh, yes; her mother directed Bridget to feed the kitten in the kitchen. How did Kitty like that? I do not know, or how she passed the afternoon, but at bedtime she wondered Bridget did not come to undress and wash her.

"Bridget," she at last said, "isn't it my bedtime?" "I don't know," answered Bridget, "kittens go to bed almost any time. They don't need any help, your mamma says, to go to bed with." Kitty looked almost ready to cry as she buried herself undressing and going to bed all by herself. But how could she go to sleep without her mother's sweet twilight talk and their evening prayers together? Kitty curled up on the bed, not like a happy little kitten, but a poor, unhappy little girl, as she was.

Presently she called out in a distressed tone, "Mamma, mamma," and her mother heard, and came to her little daughter's bedside: "Oh, mamma," she cried, "ain't you going to pray with me? I'm Kitty King again. I'd rather be Kitty King with a soul, than eight kittens without one. Mamma, I'd rather do things and learn, and be papa's companion, and have you talk with me about being like Jesus, and thank God for his goodness, and pray. I'd rather do *hard* things than play all the time. I'd rather mind everybody than have nobody to care for me. Oh, mamma, I'm your own Kitty King again; and, mamma, help me to be God's good child;" and she laid her curly head on her mother's shoulder, while the tears ran down her cheeks.

And the little girl learned that day what older people are so slow to learn, that change of condition brings no escape from trial, and that our true work is to master evils, rather than dodge them

DEEDS OF KINDNESS

Suppose the little cowslip
Should hide its golden cup,
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower,
I'd better not grow up:"
How many a weary traveller
Would miss its fragrant smell,
And many a child would sorry be,
To lose it from the dell.

Suppose the glistening dewdrop
Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dewdrop do?
I'd better shrink away."
The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breeze,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveller on his way;
Who would not miss the smallest,
And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake,
If they were talking so?

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength
And little wisdom too,
It wants a loving spirit
Much more than a strength, to prove
How many deeds a day it may do
For others by his love

JUST GOING TO

"Now, mother, isn't Hal too provoking! He promised to take me strawberrying with him, and now he's gone and left me," cried Jessie, winking back her tears.

"Our Hal broken his promise!" Her mother looked as if she could hardly believe it.

"Why so, mother, I suppose not, exactly. You see, he said I might go if I would be ready at two o'clock, and I was just going to put on my things, when he started off as hard as he could run. There he is now, way down the other side the Common!" she added with a little sob.

"And it is a quarter past two. Why didn't you get ready in time?"

"I didn't think it was so late. Besides, I was going as soon as I finished dolly's apron. But Hal said the rest were waiting, and he could not stay another minute."

"And you don't blame him, Jessie? He had no right to keep the other children waiting, any more than you had to keep him. I am sorry you have lost your afternoon's pleasure just because you were behind the time, but you can do nothing now but make the best of it, and learn that while you are *'just going,'* your chance may be *just gone.*"

Jessie, who had early learned that "it is of no use to cry for spilled milk," drew a deep sigh, and sat down to console herself with a "Lucy book."

By and by, her mother put down her work-basket and went out of the room, saying,

"Jessie dear, look after the baby, and don't let him go out of your sight."

"Yes, mother, I'll watch him. Here, Birdie, come see what Jessie has got!"

Baby took the china doll she gave him, tasted of its head, pounded the floor with it, shook it as a cat would a mouse, and then crept off on an exploring expedition. Presently Jessie heard a crash and a cry that made her heart stand still. She rushed into the next room, and there sat baby Dick on the floor, covered with bits of broken glass, and a little stream of blood running down his white forehead. He had pulled over a teapoy and broken a vase on his own head. His screams soon brought their mother, and while she was bathing the wound, Jessie stood by, saying,—

"I had missed him, and was just going after him, when I heard him cry. Poor little Dick!"

"If you had only gone, my daughter, instead of *meaning* to go," was the sober answer, "he would have been saved this sad cut."

When Jessie's mother went up to bed with her that night, she asked,—

"Has this been a pleasant day to my little girl?"

"No, mother, it has been the worst kind of a day. In the first place I was tardy at school this morning, and that put me out of humor for the whole forenoon. Then I couldn't go with Hal, and worst of all poor baby got hurt. Hasn't it been a day of misfortunes?"

"And every one of them has happened because you were 'just going to' do, instead of doing."

Jessie unlaced her boots in sober silence. At last she said, "But I never mean to be late."

"Of course you don't. But the mischief is, my dear child, that you feel as if it were all well enough as long as you are just going to do your duty. That is a great mistake; 'just going to' amounts to nothing. Do it. Don't stop to mean to do it;" and Mrs Richmond spoke so earnestly that Jessie looked up into her face and said,—

"Why, mother, what makes you care so much about it? Do you think I am so very bad?"

Her mother took her in her arms and answered. "I am sick at heart, Jessie, because I am afraid 'just going to' will spoil your whole life. It cheats you of your pleasures, and hinders you from your duties—and sometimes, Jessie, I am dreadfully afraid that when my darling comes to heaven's gate at last, and her Father asks, 'My child, did you give your heart to me down on the earth?' my poor child will have to say, 'O Lord, I always meant to;—I was just *going to* when the pale angel took me away.' Then he would have to say, 'Inasmuch as you *did it not* . . . depart!'"

The last words sank to a whisper, and Jessie felt hot tears dropping on her head.

She sank down on her knees and prayed earnestly,—

"O Lord Jesus, please cure me of my naughty fault. Make me do right the first minute, without waiting to be just going to. Dear Heavenly Father, take my heart now for Christ's sake. Amen."

Jenny Bradford in Child at Home.

TALKS ABOUT HEALTH.

By Dio Lewis, M. D.

OUR HAIR.

God covered the skull with hair. Some people shave it off. Mischievous practice. It exposes the brain. God covered a part of man's face with hair. Some people shave it off. Mischievous practice. It exposes the throat and lungs—the eyes, likewise, say wise physiologists.

Men become bald. Why? Because they wear close hats and caps! Women are never bald except by disease. They do not wear close hats and caps. Men never lose a hair below where the hat touches the head, not if they have been bald twenty years. The close cap holds the heat and perspiration. Thereby the hair glands become weak; the hair falls out. What will restore it? Nothing after the scalp becomes shiny. But if in process of falling out, or recently lost, the following is best: Wash the head freely with cold water once or twice a day. Wear a thoroughly ventilated hat. This is the best means to arrest the loss and restore what is susceptible of restoration.

What will beautify a woman's hair? Whatever will invigorate the hair glands! Oils and most other applications debilitate the hair glands. Cold water is best. At first the head looks like a witch, but after a few weeks it makes the hair luxuriant. By the persistent use of cold water I have seen this, poor hair become rich and curly. Only the part of the hair next the scalp should be wet. It must be thoroughly dried.

JUNE.

"Amid his subjects safe,
Slumbers the monarch swain; his careless arm
Thrown around his head, on downy moss sustained;
Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands filled;
There, bleating every nook, his watchful dog.
Sight fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd,
That startling scatters from the shallow brook,
In search of lavish stream."—THOMSON.

Of all months of the year, commend us to June for sight seeing and enjoyment. The poet's picture is in keeping with the month—the bank of a placid stream half guarded by woodland and half by meadow, the farmer taking his noon-day rest, the herd, the dog and the speckled trout that we only think of under the bank. Nature is never so fresh and beautiful as now; the leaves that have lingered so long in buds, have burst all their encasements and are expanded to their full size. How delicate and glossy they are! How rapidly the wood is making! You can almost see the process of growth. Beneath your feet, the grasses are springing in the greatest luxuriance, and some are already waving their little plumes and tassels in the air. The endless verdure is relieved by the blooming dandelions and buttercups.

And the mouths for which Nature has made ready this abundant supply, are here to be filled. The peaceful kine are grazing quietly in the meadow. They stop a moment to stare at you with their large liquid eyes, but only a moment, for they go to grass without any bidding, and will not rest until their maw is filled, and the noon-tide heat drives them to shelter. They make music as they move on slowly in column, plucking the grass like a band of reapers. When chewing the cud in the shade, with half-closed eyes, they make another familiar sound suggestive of the fullest animal content. It is an anodyne for fretted nerves, to see them thus tranquil.

Yonder, upon the distant hill-side, you see the flocks of sheep and the young cattle that do not need to be brought home at night. They are a beautiful sight, with their lambs which are now nearly large enough to be separated from their mothers. They are not the less beautiful in the eyes of the farmer that they are turning the grass into money with very little of his labor or supervision. It is one of the delights of June that the days are so clear that you can see distant objects with the greatest distinctness. The clouds are brought down to you, and the far off hills and mountains become your neighbors. But the creatures that help man are by no means confined to his domestic animals. Here in the orchard are a multitude of birds, robbins, blue birds, woodpeckers, sparrows, and wrens, all busy helping him. They make money without thinking of it. Watch that pair of robbins as they tend their young. First the mother comes with earth worms or caterpillars that she has plucked from the apple trees. The little birds know the sound of her wings, and their mouths open with a murmur of delight as soon as she alights upon the nest. The worms are dropped into their mouths. She is hardly gone before her mate comes with his bill full of insects, and thus the whole day is spent in ostering for their young. Hundreds of noxious insects are thus destroyed each day, by every family of robbins. The appetite of the young for animal food is astonishing. There seems to be no limit to their capacity to devour, save the capacity of the birds to bring supplies. Where insects are abundant, the growth of the young is very rapid; in a few weeks from hatching they are on the wing, apparently as large as old birds.

But we have some insects that hide under the bark, and burrow in the wood, doing their mischief out of sight of human eyes. The woodpecker is the artist to attend to these sly depredators. Murder in said to be one of the fine arts. It is, in the hands, or rather in the bill of the woodpecker. He perches in the top of an old tree, with his buoyant chivalric song, bidding all his fortified enemies "Wake up, Wake up," as if he would not surprise them, or take any advantage of their pusillanimity. He is in no hurry for slaughter. He hops along the limbs, scans the underside closely where the holes are most likely to be found. He knocks gently on the limb near the premises of the grub as if he expected a cordial invitation to come in. He stops to listen as if he would find out whether his gentle knock has waked up anybody. Possibly he hears a gnawing inside as if his neighbor was retreating at the back door. He work sharp now, and the bill is driven into the decayed wood with strokes so rapid that you cannot count them. The chips fly, and the artist wages war on over his work. At length he strikes his enemy, and with his long bill drags him from his hole and bears him off in triumph to the knot-hole cabin that you see in yonder tree. His young family have a feast, and another of the farmer's enemies is disposed of.

Listen again: here is another sound in the orchard. The apple trees are full of blossoms, and almost as full of bees, and the murmur of their myriad wings falls on the ear with a soothing melody. Their legs are covered with a yellow dust, [illegible] of the [illegible] and the hives is a busy highway for these little laborers. They preach industry to man while they fill their hives with honey. There is a charm in apple blossoms, and bee music is none the less pleasant to the farmer because they bring honey.

And now that we have taken it upon us to look up the humble helpers of the farm, we must say a good word in behalf of that much abused animal, the *Mephitis Americana*. You think at once of his bad name, of the eggs he has stolen, of the setting hens and turkeys he has broken up, of the roosts he has invaded, and the breezes he has polluted. Mr. Skunk is guilty of some misdemeanors, as all useful animals are. The cat catches your chickens, the dog runs mad and destroys man and beast with his virus, the horse runs away, smashes the carriage, and breaks your bones, the cow breaks down the shrubbery with her wicked horns, and the hogs get into the corn. They are all very good creatures in their place, not so good out of it. The same can be said of our hero. Possibly the hen roost might have been made proof against vermin, and the fowls might have been confined to a yard—to your profit as well as to the safety of the eggs. If the eggs were out of place, the wandering animal whose instinct prompts him to eat eggs, wherever he finds them, is hardly as much to blame as the owner of the eggs. The eggs which you leave at loose ends are only a fair compensation for his services. All summer long he roams your pastures at night, picking up beetles and grubs, poking with his nose potato hills where many worms are at work. He is after the grubs, not the tubers. He takes possession of the apartments of the woodchuck, who has quartered himself and family upon your clover field or garden, and makes short work with all the domestic arrangements of that unmitigated nuisance. With this white backed sentinel around, you can grow clover in peace, and the young turnips will flourish. Your beans will not be prematurely snapped, and your garden sauce will be safe from other vermin. The most careless observation of his habits shows that he lives almost exclusively upon insects. While you sleep he is busy doing your work, helping to destroy your enemies. In any fair account kept with him the balance must be struck in his favor. Thus among the animals we often find friends under the most unpromising appearances, and badly abused men are not unfrequently the benefactors of society.—*American Agriculturist.*

THE OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

[The following are the words (by the Poet-Laureate) to be sung to Professor Bennett's music at the Opening of the International Exhibition at London:]

Uplift a thousand voices full and sweet,
In this wide hall, with earth's invention stor'd,
And praise th' invisible, universal Lord,
Who lets once more in peace the nations meet
Where Science, Art, and Labor have outpour'd
Their myriad horns of plenty at our feet.

Oh, silent father of our Kings to be,
Mourn'd in this golden hour of jubilee,
For this, for all, we weep our thanks to thee.

The world-compelling plan was thine,
And, lo! the long laborious mine
Of Palaces; lo! the giant aisles,
Rich in model and design;
Harvest-tool and husbandry,
Loom and wheel, and engin'ry,
Secrets of the sullen mine,
Steel and gold, and corn and wine,
Fabric rough, or Fairy fine,
Sunny tokens of the Line,
Polar marvels, and a feast
Of wonder, out of West and East,
And shapes and hues of Art divine!
All of beauty, all of use,
That one fair planet can produce,
Brought from under every star,
Blown from over every main,
And mint, as life is mixt with pain,
The works of peace with works of war.

And is the goal so far away?
Far, how far, no man can say;
Let us have our dream to-day.

Oh ye, the wise who think, the wise who reign,
From growing commerce loose her latest chain,
And let the fair white-winged peace-maker fly
To happy havens under all the sky,
And mix the seasons and the golden hours,
Till each man finds his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood,
Breaking their mailed fleets and armed towers,
And ruling by obeying nature's powers,
And gathering all the fruits of peace, and crowned
with all her flowers.

WISDOM, WIT, AND HUMOR.

NEVER PREFER a great good intention to a little good action. If a poor friend wants a frieze coat, don't let him wait in his nakedness until you can give him a cloak of broadcloth.—*C. Griffin.*

There is one preacher who does preach with effect, and gradually persuade all persons: his name is Divine Providence.—*Carlyle.*

ON A REVERSE of fortune, we always respect those who have respected themselves in prosperity

JEFF DAVIS says that the Southern Confederacy has no floating debt. True, the poor creditors may consider it sunk.

THE GOOD DEEDS that too many sons prefer that their fathers should leave behind them are real estate deeds.

HORNE TOOKE returned his income at sixty pounds a year. The commissioners said they were not satisfied. Horne Tooke, in reply, stated that he had more reason to be dissatisfied with the smallness of his income than they had.

AN EXCHANGE, recording the fall of a person into the river, says, "It is a wonder he escaped with his life. Prentice says, "Wouldn't it have been a still greater wonder if he had escaped without it?"

Pittsburg Markets.

APPLES.—None in market.
ASHES.—Pots, 4(@4½); Pearls, 5½(@5¾); Soda-ash 3(@3½).
BREAD.—Water crackers, ₱ pound, 6c.; Butter do. 7c.; Sugar do. 8c.
BEANS.—Small white, 1.25(@1.50 ₱ bus.
BROOMS.—Common to fancy, 1.25(@2.50 ₱ dozen.
BUCKETS, &c.—Buckets, per dozen, 1.50(@1.75; Tubs, per dozen, 7.50.
BUTTER.—Fresh roll, 8(@9c. ₱ pound; packed, 7½(@—c.
BACON.—Plain hams, 6½(@—; sugar-cured, 7½(@8; sides, 6(@—; shoulders, 4(@4½; country ₱c. less.
CHEESE.—Western Reserve, 8(@9. Goshen, 10.
CANDLES & SOAP.—Dipped, 10c.; Mould, —; Adamantine 18c.; Rosin Soap 4½c.; fancy, 10c.
COTTON YARNS, &c.—Cotton Yarn, ₱ pound, from No. 5 to 10, 33c., and one cent advance each No.; cotton chain, 36c.; colored do. 32; cotton wick, 32; batting, 18; fancy do., 22 to 30.
CORDAGE.—Bed-cords, per dozen, 1.50(@2.00.
P[illegible] 2.50(@3.00).
DRIED BEEF.—10 to 11c. ₱ pound.
EGGS.—Barrel or box, 7(@7½ ₱ doz.
FLOUR.—Superfine, from store, 4.10(@4.15; Extra, 4.60(@4.70; Extra family, 5.00(@5.15; Rye, 2.87(@—.
FEATHERS.—Fresh, 35(@40c. ₱ pound.
FISH.—Large No. 3 Mackerel, 8.00(@8.50; Shad, 7.00; Herring, 6.00; Lake Fish, ₱ ——; Codfish, 5(@6c.
FEED.—Sales of feed at 85(@70 ₱ 100 pounds.
GRAIN.—Wheat, Red, 90(@1.00; White, 1.00(@1.15. Rye, 45(@.46. Oats, 27(@28. Corn, 35(@40.
GLASS.—City brands, 8x10, 2.15 ₱ box of 50 feet; 10x12, 4.00; Country brands, 8x10, 3.25; 10x12, 3.75.
GROCERIES.—Sugar by the barrel, 8(@9, hhd. —(@—. N. O. Molasses, 45(@47; Golden Syrup, 75. Coffee, 20(@21. Rice, 7(@8c.
HOMINY.—3.00 ₱ barrel.
HAY.—Sales at Scales, $12(@13 ₱ ton.
IRON.—Common bar, 2½(@2½c.; Blooms, —.
Pig Metal, $24(@26.
LEAD, &c.—Bar, 8c.; Pig, 7c. Shot, ₱ bag, 2.25(@—.
LEATHER.—Sole, 23(@24c.; Upper, per dozen, $28(@32.
LIME.—Louisville, ₱ barrel, 1.25(@1.40.
LARD.—No. 1, 7(@8c.
NAILS, &c.—10d. ₱ keg, 3.25, with pro rata advancement. Cut spikes, 4.50 ₱ keg, for 3 to 4½ inch.
NAVAL STORES.—Turpentine, ₱ gallon, 1.50; Rosin, ₱ barrel, ——(@—; Tar, ₱ barrel, ——.
OILS.—Linseed, 75 ₱ gallon; Tanners', —; Lard, —.
POTATOES.—40(@50.
POWDER.—Rifle, 7.25 ₱ keg; Rock, 4.50.
RAGS.—Mixed, &c.
SALT.—No. 1, 1.75 ₱ barrel; Extra, —(@—.
SHEETINGS.—Nos. 1 and 2, —(@7½ ₱ yard.
SEEDS.—Flaxseed, 1.60(@——; Timothy, 1.75(@2.00. Clover, 3.7[illegible]4.50
TALLOW.—Rough, 5 a. 5½; tendered, 6(@—.
WHEAT [illegible]
Wool [illegible]

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NEW YORK REFERENCES

No. 24

first sheet missing.

NOTICE

The Social, Civil, and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Pennsylvania upon a subscription list to aid the freed men at Port Royal and other points where they may be located, and respectfully ask the cooperation of the colored men and others in this city, or elsewhere, in money or clothing

Any amount of value received will be acknowledged, with the name of the donor, in the *Recorder*, where a constant record will be kept.

Subscriptions may be sent to Jacob C. White, at the office of the Lebanon Cemetery, 711 Lombard Street, and also to William Still, 107 North Fifth Street, and to Rev. L. Weaver, 602 Pine Street

PAID.

Statistical Society,	$ 10 00
Clayton Mercer,	2 00
William Still,	5 00
Robert Adger,	2 00
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S M S,	2 00
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It affords us pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of ten dollars, the proceeds of Miss Anna E. Dickinson's lecture at Concert Hall for the contrabands, contributed to the S. C. and Statistical Association, to be applied as intended. WM. STILL

Cor. Sec. of S. C. and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Penna.

THE IRVINGITES.

New York, May 23d, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—Seeing a notice the other Sunday, of a sermon in the "Catholic Apostolic Church," I was attracted thither to add to my stock of knowledge. Your unsophisticated readers may not be aware that this is the same as the Irvingite church. The celebrated Edward Irving, formerly of the Scotch church, London, was the founder of the new sect. It was under his eccentric ministry the speaking in unknown tongues occurred, and was received by him as a return to apostolic times. This gifted man, laboring under a partial insanity, showed his piety at bottom, by his meekness in submitting to his inferiors. He never himself attained to the gift of tongues, nor any miraculous powers; and in these regards was content to sit with the humility of a child at the feet of others, for whom neither nature nor education had done as much as for himself. There are chapels in London, Edinburg, and Glasgow, capacious and elegant, and a small one here in New York, in Sixteenth street

The worship is a combination of Roman Catholicism, Episcopal liturgy, and Presbyterian preaching. I am not aware that any of the sect here lay claim to prophecy, or the gift of tongues. On the contrary, the preacher evidently had not the gift; for though he read from a manuscript, he read badly, boggling and stammering, and making mistakes, and going back to correct them. The sermon was announced at 4, P. M. The liturgical services followed.

The preacher was dressed in a white surplice, with a scarlet silk stole crossed over his breast. The under robe was of a purple or dark violet color. There were eight or nine assistants, all dressed in white surplices, some with black stoles, others with white ones, and some with crimson ribbons hanging from the left shoulder. The priest wore a long purple robe, and over it a white linen short gown, with a purple cape over his shoulders. It was his function to kneel before the altar, and to pronounce the benediction. The prayers were principally taken from the Episcopal liturgy, and intoned; the psalms were chanted responsively, assisted by a melodeon, which was played by a young lady. The congregation, which did not amount to more than fifty, joined in heartily.

The sermon was a much more sensible affair than might have been expected from such an amount of man-millinery. It was meant to show the tearing of the Apocalypse on our own times, and contained a great deal of criticism on the four and twenty elders, the four living creatures, the seven seals, &c. Their church, with its apostles and prophets, was the restoration of the Gospel economy. The discourse was entirely directed to the intellect. One commendable thing about it was refraining from fixing dates and epochs.

The service was concluded by chanting the "Magnificat," or the Virgin's song, the priest kneeling before the altar, from the tabernacle on which he brought out (only to look at) a goblet and decanter, containing the holy sacrament. I noticed, however, that the prayers alluded to it only as the "memorials," of the body and blood of Christ.—*Standard and P. E.*

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

A decision of great importance to churches and congregations has just been rendered by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. Thereby the party who separated from the First Dutch Reformed Church of the city of Philadelphia, although constituting the majority of the congregation, are debarred from the possession of the property and the minority, who adhered to the Dutch church, are placed in full possession of the books, papers, and property of the church, and recognised as the First Dutch Reformed church of the city of Philadelphia. The court held that the Trustees had no lawful right or authority to provide supplies, or a pastor, for the vacant pulpit of the church, or in any way to interfere as Trustees, therein; but that duty, according to the constitution of the Reformed Dutch church, belongs to the consistory of the particular church, a body which corresponds to the session in the Presbyterian churches. In the above case, the party which steadily opposed the settlement of the Rev. Mr. Smiley has been successful But the decision is of interest to all the Christian churches in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. It assures them that money contributed to build churches of any particular faith and order will not be lost by changes in sentiment and feeling in the congregation—that even majorities cannot take away church property from those who hold fast to the doctrines and worship which the church was founded to teach and observe.—*Presbyterian.*

LONG PRAYERS AND LITURGIES.

The *Methodist* says:—We repeat, it is hardly possible for physical human nature to endure this constrained position through the long prayers of some of our pulpits. In long liturgical services the difficulty is wisely averted by the brevity of the prayers and the frequent variation of the service by singing and reading. Liturgical congregations really have an advantage, in this respect, over some of our non-liturgical assemblies. In not a few of the latter the leading prayer becomes, itself, a sort of liturgical or stereotyped form, failing usually, however, of the fine old language of the Anglican Liturgy, and occupying half, or more than half the time, required by the latter, but this all in one wearisome intolerable "stretch"—a much more difficult thing to endure than the whole of the old "morning service," with its frequent variations of attitude and of sublime music and Scriptural lessons.

Domestic Items.

Virginia Desolate.—Nothing can be more pitiable than the present condition of the *Old Dominion*. nothing more hopeless than her prospects. In a very important sense, in the hour of the nation's peril, she held the place of arbiter. She was the acknowledged leader of the Southern States, and her suffrage, cast in favor of the national government, would have altogether prevented the war, or, at least, greatly reduced its dimensions. Providence had put this power in her hands, and the very Convention which committed her to rebellion had been sent to Richmond for the opposite purpose. The final accession feeling of the State capital, however, was too much for the Union majority. The result was, that Virginia, invited by Providence to become the pivot of peace, became and remains the pivot of war

She has received into her own bosom and has borne, from the beginning, the armies of both belligerents. The furore of the rebel confederacy, leaving their own territories, for the most part in peace, have swarmed upon her soil and devoured her substance. True, wherever these armies of terrible friends came, they brought with them a market for whatever the people of the State had to sell; but they bought for a currency to which nothing but the presence of the army could impart the character of money. If the money seemed too plenty to be good, if it was difficult to imagine what of value was represented by it on accept the steel of rebel bayonets, if persons hesitated to receive it in exchange for army supplies, their scruples were overruled by the gentle assurance that the reception of this money was the delicate *test of loyalty to the Confederacy*. This currency, which is only money upon the impossible condition of the success of the rebellion, is scattered all over the State, and in a few months is destined to be a more fearful cause of desolation than hail, or drought, or mildew The people have been bought out with it, they have nothing else left. They have been eaten out of house and home, and have their pockets full of this paper in return. In a little while the State will be swept of rebel soldiers, and the people will have plenty of money which will buy nothing. This very circumstance of their having converted their all into the worthless notes will make them more desperate in their treason. It will be hard to give up a cause that will convert this paper into money, or to accept one that turns this money into trash.—*Methodist*

Not Generally Known.—Martin Van Buren is the only man who held the office of President, Vice President, Minister to England, Governor of his own State, and member of both Houses of Congress.

Thomas H. Benton is the only man who has held a seat in the United States Senate for thirty consecutive years.

The only instance of father and son in the United States Senate at the same time, is that of Hon. Henry Dodge, Senator from Wisconsin, and his son, Augustus C. Dodge, Senator from Iowa.

Gen. Jas. Shields is the only man who ever represented two States in the United States Senate. At one time he was Senator from Illinois, and subsequently Senator from Minnesota.

John Quincy Adams held position under the Government during every administration from that of Washington to that of Polk—during which he died He had been Minister to England, member of both Houses of Congress, Secretary of State, and President of the United States. He died while a member of the House of Representatives

The only instance where three brothers occupied seats in the lower House at the same time, was when Elihu B. Washburne represented the First District in Illinois, Israel Washburne, Jr., the Third District in Maine, and Cadwallader Washburne the Third District in Wisconsin.

From General McClellan's Army.

Particulars of Sunday's Battle—Reconnaissance towards Richmond—The Advance within Four Miles of the Rebel Capital.

HEADQUARTERS, McCLELLAN'S } June 2

We have about 500 prisoners, among whom are several prominent officers.

On Sunday, as soon as it was daylight, the fight was renewed by General Sumner, with marked success, lasting nearly the whole day. The rebels were driven at every point with heavy loss.

The ground gained by General Sumner was about two and a half miles.

General Heintzleman, on Sunday morning, retook the ground lost the day before by General Casey

Our loss in the two days' engagements, in killed and wounded, will amount to about three thousand (3,000.) A great number are missing, who will probably return, having strayed away. All of the enemy's killed and most of his wounded fell into our hands.

The country in which the battle was fought is swampy, with thick underbrush. Most of the fighting was in the woods. Owing to the nature of the ground, very little artillery was used. Both balloons were up nearly all day.

Yesterday all the troops left Richmond and marched out in the direction of the battle-field.

The railroad has been of inestimable service to us, the cars running within a mile and a half of the battle-field, bringing forward ammunition and supplies. The wounded were immediately put aboard the cars and sent to the White House.

General McClellan arrived on the battle-field on Saturday evening, where he has remained ever since, directing all the movements in person. His presence among the troops had great effect.

Four separate charges with the bayonet were made during yesterday. In one instance the enemy were driven a mile, during which 173 were killed by the bayonet alone.

Lieutenant Worthington, an aid to General Joe Johnson, was taken prisoner. The enemy's dead, left on the field, amounted to twelve hundred (1,200.)

Colonel Hazard was wounded twice in the arm. Colonel Miller, of the Eighty first Pennsylvania, and Colonel Rippey, of Pittsburg, were killed. Colonel Campbell, of Pennsylvania, was wounded in the thigh.

The rebel officers, unable to rally their troops this morning, have retreated back towards Richmond.

Our men have moved forward to Fair Oak, five miles from the city.

Jeff. Davis and Gov. Letcher were both at the fight of yesterday.

The dead are now being gathered and buried.

Headquarters Army of Potomac, } Monday Evening, 9 P M

General Hooker made a reconnaissance to-day on the Williamsburg turnpike, to within four miles of Richmond, without meeting the enemy in force. Their pickets kept in sight, but retreated on his approach.

Every one feels sanguine of the fall of the rebel capital whenever our troops advance for an engagement The fight of Saturday and Sunday sealed the fate of that city, when the body of the rebel army assailed the troops on our left wing with the view of crushing it, but were defeated after two days hard fighting, and forced to retreat.

Among our wounded were Colonel Hunt, 22d New York, in the leg; Lieutenant Colonel Parry, of the 83th Pennsylvania, in the leg; and Col. Van Wyck, of the 10th Legion, slightly in the leg.

THE FRIGHTFUL MORTALITY

amongst our officers during the battle on Sunday, at the "Seven Pines," sufficiently attests the desperate character of the struggle. One regiment lost its Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel, Major and Adjutant, nine Captains and eleven Lieutenants. We have reports of the death of six Colonels, and that six others are badly wounded. In regard to the confusion into which Gen. Casey's division was thrown, it appears that only one brigade behaved badly.

REAL BAYONET CHARGES.

The carnage by the bayonet upon this field probably exceeds anything recorded in history for many a score of years. The English could find but half a dozen men killed by the bayonet at Waterloo. The Excelsior Brigade and the Irish Brigade, both from New York, distinguished themselves greatly by the impetuosity of their onslaughts with this terrible weapon. They were maddened by the persistency with which the enemy sought every mover and shelter, from which they drove them repeatedly. At every charge the enemy reeled and fled before the unwavering line of flashing steel

ADDRESS OF GEN. M'CLELLAN TO HIS TROOPS.

Headquarters of Gen. McClellan's Army. } Tuesday Evening, June 3.

The following address was read to the army this evening at dress parade, and received with an outburst of vociferous cheering from every regiment

Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, } Camp near New Bridge, June 2, 1862

Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac:

I have fulfilled at least a part of my promise to you. You are now face to face with the rebels, who are held at bay in front of the capital

The final and decisive battle is at hand. Unless you belie your past history, the result cannot be for a moment doubtful. If the troops who labored so faithfully and fought so gallantly as Yorktown, and who so bravely won the hard fights at Williamsburg, West Point, Hanover Court House, and Fair Oaks, now prove as worthy of their antecedents, the victory is surely ours.

The events of every day prove your superiority. Wherever you have met the enemy, you have beaten him. Wherever you have used the bayonet, he has given way in panic and disorder.

I ask of you now one last crowning effort. The enemy has staked his all on the issue of the coming battle. Let us meet him and crush him here in the centre of the rebellion.

Soldiers! I will be with you in this battle, and share its dangers with you. Our confidence in each other is now founded upon the past. Let us strike the blow which is to restore peace and union to this distracted land.

Upon your valor, discipline and mutual confidence, the result depends.

GEO. B. McCLELLAN, Major General Commanding

Headquarters of Gen. McClellan's Army, } Thursday Evening, June 5

The severe storm which set in on Tuesday afternoon lasted during the whole of yesterday The water in the Chickahominy rose to an unprecedented height. The railroad trains from White House to the late battle-field were detained for several hours, and the telegraph line was down in many places.

A contraband who left Richmond on Sunday night, states that all the carts, furniture cars, omnibuses and carriages to be found in that city, were impressed into the service for the purpose of carrying the dead and wounded from the battle-field, and that the Spotswood and Exchange Hotels, together with a number of public and private buildings, were turned into hospitals. All the information shows that the enemy suffered terribly.

The rebels opened with artillery, this morning, from five different points opposite New Bridge, with a view of preventing the reconstruction of the bridge. Three of our batteries opened on them, causing them to retreat after a hot fire of two hours

Our loss was one killed and two wounded

No further interference took place during the day

A heavy shower, which set in about dark, had the effect of again raising the water in the Chickahominy

Gen. Birney, of Philadelphia, was relieved of his command on the battle field by General Heintzelman, he having failed to bring his brigade into action when ordered on Saturday.

Reconnoissances made to-day show no material change in the enemy's position.

Further information received shows that our troops on Saturday and Sunday engaged six divisions, instead of four, making a force of seventy-five thousand rebels.

Glorious News from Gen Halleck's Department!—Washington, June 4.—The following despatch was received this afternoon at the War Department:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI, June 4, 1862.

To Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War.

General Pope, with 40,000 men, is thirty miles south of Corinth, pushing the enemy hard.

He already reports 16,000 prisoners and deserters from the enemy, and 15,000 stand of arms captured.

Thousands of the enemy are throwing away their arms.

A farmer says that when Beauregard learned that Colonel Elliott had cut the railroad on his line of retreat, he became frantic, and told his men to save themselves the best they could.

We have captured nine locomotives, and a number of cars. One is already repaired, and is running today. Several more will be in running order in two or three days.

The result is all I could possibly desire.

H. W. HALLECK, Major General Commanding.

Particulars of the Pursuit.—A Fight Six Miles South of Corinth.—The Rebels Surrounded and Thousands Captured.—Chicago, June 4.—A special despatch from Cairo, says:

Immediately on the occupation of Corinth, our forces from General Pope's Division, were sent out in pursuit of that portion of the rebels that fled west ward

General Granger, in command of two regiments of cavalry, soon came in the rear of the enemy, six miles southwest of Corinth, and engaged him in a fight, in which he lost fifty men, but was afterwards reinforced, when the rebels were surrounded.

It is said that 5,000 or 10,000 have been captured.

A portion of the prisoners have reached Pittsburg Landing, en route to the Northern military prisons. At the last accounts, General Pope was nine miles southwest of Corinth, which point his whole corps had reached.

This is Great News from Corinth—Beauregard has at last been heard from. He has given the North a great deal of trouble lately, and we have felt much anxiety about his whereabouts and his condition. His mysterious retreat from Corinth is now explained. He fled from his intrenchments with a disheartened and demoralized army. According to General Halleck, we have captured ten thousand of his soldiers, fifteen thousand stand of arms, and immense quantities of commissary and quartermaster stores. We have broken the line of retreat, and now he flies down the Mississippi valley with a confused, disordered and panic-stricken mob. Such a retreat was never before known. All the splendor of the armies of "Corinth and Eikhora" vanishes before this shameful and inglorious fight. We cannot account for it except in attributing the result to the great genius of General Halleck, and the wonderful combination of his armies, which led to Beauregard's being overwhelmed, outgeneralled and outflanked. Results like these are rarely attained—and to attain them is to realize the highest glory of the soldier. We have all the fruits of a most substantial victory; we have shed no blood. The rebellion passes away from the Border States forever. Memphis soon must fall. Tennessee is wholly within the Union. The fate of Richmond is sealed. Virginia will resume her place in the Union, and before many weeks are over McClellan and Halleck may exchange a soldier's greeting in Montgomery.

From the Army of the Potomac.—Headquarters Gen McClellan's Army, June 6, 1862 - Two deserters, who came in this morning, state that General Johnson was seriously, if not mortally, wounded through the groin by a Minie ball during the late battle. General G W Smith is now in command of the rebel troops. Other information goes to corroborate the fact.

These deserters state that the rebel loss is estimated at ten thousand killed, wounded and missing. No material change has taken place in the position of the enemy.

A contraband has arrived who left Richmond on Tuesday evening. He represents things there as in a terrible state of confusion and uncertainty.

No troops are in the city, except those doing guard duty and tending to the sick and wounded, all being compelled to remain outside.

There were no signs of evacuation, but, on the contrary, everything goes to show a determined resistance on the part of the rebels.

The contraband states that during the fight of Sunday the house-tops, and all elevated positions, were covered with people to witness the battle, every one expecting to see our troops driven into the Chickahominy, but when they saw the Confederates running towards the city, the greatest consternation prevailed. Many of the inhabitants have crossed the James river, expecting the city to be occupied by our troops soon.

It is rumored that Gen. Magruder is going to resign, having become disgusted with the rebel military administration

We are informed that there are no troops between the Army of the Rappahannock and the Army of the Potomac, under command of General McClellan.

A flag of true came in to-day from General Huger, asking for the bodies of General Pettigrew and Colonels Davis, Lightfoot, Long and Britton, who were supposed to have been killed in the late battle.

Colonel Davis was the only one killed. Colonels Lightfoot and Long are prisoners, and Colonel Britton was wounded, as was also General Pettigrew. Colonel Davis' body will be returned.

Important from the Mississippi.—Evacuation of Fort Wright.—Chicago, June 6.—Despatches from Cairo state that the steamer Shanghae had arrived from the fleet. At the time she left the flames were breaking out in the barracks of Fort Wright, and the gunboats had dropped down the river. The steamer De Soto was expected to arrive this afternoon with full particulars

Cairo, June 6.—Fort Wright has been evacuated by the rebels.

Our forces occupy the fort.

The enemy burnt everything

A number of guns were found Large mortars had been destroyed.

The gunboats have passed Fort Randolph.

General Negley's Victory at Chattanooga, and its Importance.—General Mitchel has been making another of his lightning dashes from his base line in North Alabama. On this occasion the expedition was intrusted to General Negley, who pursued the enemy from Winchester, the County seat of Franklin county, in South Tennessee, through Jasper, the county seat of Marion, to Chattanooga, the eastern terminus of the Memphis and Charleston railroad. At this latter point, General Negley defeated and utterly routed the rebels, capturing their wagons, baggage, ammunition and supplies.

Destruction of the Rebel Fleet.—Flag Officer C. H. Davis, on Friday last, engaged the rebel fleet, comprising eight rams and gunboats, near Memphis, and in ninety minutes after the first gun was fired, had succeeded in sinking or capturing every vessel of the enemy save one, which, by superior speed was enabled to escape our flotilla, and temporarily prolong its existence. After the engagement, the Mayor of Memphis surrendered the city to our gallant naval commander

Hon Reverdy Johnson It is now positively stated that the Hon Reverdy Johnson, of Baltimore, will go to New Orleans at an early day upon a Government mission

Jackson's Rebel Forces Dispersed.—Only Five Thousand Remaining From General Shields' division state that a scouting party crossed the river at the Columbia Bridge, and went to New Market, [illegible] and had to retreat through there three days before

Jackson's army had been reduced to about five thousand men the remainder having deserted through the mountains to their homes

General Fremont's army had followed them all the way, capturing prisoners, wagons and supplies

A Sharp Fight with Jackson at Harrisonburg, Va.—A telegram, dated Harrisonburg, Va., June 6th, brings information of a sharp conflict near that place, on Friday last, between a portion of General Fremont's forces and a portion of Jackson's retreating army. A body of our cavalry, under Colonel Wyndham, was pushed out on a reconnoissance four miles beyond the town, but went three miles further than ordered, fell into an ambush, and were driven back. General Bayard, with a detachment of the "Kane," or Bucktail Rifles, and the First Pennsylvania Cavalry and a brigade composed of the Eighth and Sixteenth Virginia, went forward to Wyndham's support, and drove a body of the enemy from their position, capturing their camp and stores. Subsequently the Bucktails, one hundred and twenty-five in number, under their gallant Colonel, Thomas L. Kane, of this city, were confronted in the woods by four regiments of infantry and cavalry, and suffered severely, Colonel Kane being wounded and taken prisoner. The whole affair was characterized by the most gallant fighting by the national troops, and the rebels were ultimately driven back

Besides Colonel Kane, Colonel Wyndham was also captured by the rebels. Captains Haines, and Shellmire and Charles are missing Captain Taylor was wounded and captured.

Jackson's train was on the road in confusion, and he had halted his column, it was supposed, for battle. What has taken place since we are not yet informed.

More Good News from General Pope.—The breaking up of Beauregard's army still continues, and so does the advance of Pope and Beall into Mississippi. It is believed that twenty thousand deserters have abandoned the rebels since the fall of Corinth, and the people on the line of their retreat say that Beauregard cannot reach Columbus, Mississippi, with more than one-half his late force. The deserters are from the Kentucky, Tennessee and Arkansas regiments; thus the re-conquest of those States is already bearing its precious fruit in breaking down the rebellion in the Southwestern States.

All the stations on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad from Corinth to Guntown, a stretch of thirty-six miles, are in possession of the National troops. The whole country is full of soldiers, returning to Kentucky and Tennessee, and some of those first captured are ready and anxious to return to their allegiance.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BOARDING

IN BROOKLYN.

MRS. S. PLANT (formerly Richardson) respectfully announces that she has opened a first-class BOARDING & LODGING HOUSE at No. 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn—where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city, and within five minutes' walk of Fulton Ferry, is made thus a very desirable and convenient place.

PERRY & FITZGERALD'S

PROCESS FOR MAKING LIGHT, NUTRITIOUS, AND UNADULTERATED BREAD, WITHOUT FERMENTATION.

The new process of bread making, patented by Perry & Fitzgerald, removes all the obstacles which have hitherto rendered it impossible to manufacture perfectly pure, sweet, and nutritious bread The entire process is performed by mechanical means, and is eminently cleanly

The process consists in mixing the flour in a closed vessel, and the application of pure carbonic gas, under pressure, by which the dough mass is made thoroughly light, and ready to be discharged into pans, for baking, in the brief space of fifteen or twenty minutes. The "charge" is nearly 200 pounds, and each machine may repeat the operation, in all its details, from the putting in of the flour to the discharging of the dough, in from twenty five to forty minutes

The invention of Perry & Fitzgerald effects a revolution in the preparation of bread, by establishing a system of wholesale manufacture not subject to the vicissitudes and evils of human action, but exact and certain in its results Because, by the substitution of mechanical for manual labor, and in the superior value of the article produced, it promises large profits upon the capital employed It throws such improvement of capital, as well as the protection afforded by the patent, gives adequate security against competition. But whilst preventing undue competition it preserves none of the evils of a monopoly, because it leaves the consumer at all times in possession of his former means of supply, to be resorted to, should the monopoly become prejudicial

The application of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure, to a mechanically kneaded dough-mass, as in the invention of Perry & Fitzgerald, did not occur to Dr Dye though he came to have had a clear foreknowledge of the importance of the artificial use of the gas, since he stated, by-the-by, that "if water, highly impregnated with carbonic acid gas, be used for kneading the dough, the resulting bread will be somewhat spongy Could a light article," he continues, "be produced in this way, then, as the sugar would remain undecomposed, the bread would be so much the sweeter and more nourishing."

What, to Dr. Dye, was evidently a closely comprehended chemical truth, has been practically developed by the brilliant invention of Perry & Fitzgerald. Precisely will bread their means to grateful remembrance, as among the most eminent benefactors of mankind.

IT IS WHOLESOME.—Being free from the deleterious substances which are the product of fermentation, or chemical reaction, by the old modes the bread made by the New Process is easy of digestion, and agrees with the most delicate stomach. "To dyspeptics," says Dr Cox, Jate of the N. Y. Medical College, "it will be invaluable, as they will be able to use it when the fermented manufactured bread has been found to have greatly failed as an article of diet." See the *London Medical Times and Gazette*:—

"Since the introduction of the new unfermented bread there have already been received from members of the medical profession, who have recommended it in their practice, as well as from non-professional sources, accounts of the really astonishing results that have followed its use in cases of deranged digestion and constipation. Many persons have reported their recovery in a few days after years of suffering and misery by the simple use of the bread as a diet Many cases have also been reported by medical men of position, in which certain distressing forms of dyspepsia, which had remained intractable under every kind of treatment have yielded as if by magic almost immediately after adopting the use of the unfermented bread

"The beneficial effects of the new bread are attributable to two causes. The one to the absence of the prejudicial matters imparted to ordinary bread by the process of fermentation, and the other to the presence in the bread, unchanged, of those elements which are the essential agents of digestion and assimilation."

The most eminent members of the medical profession, both in Great Britain and in the United States, not only speak in the highest terms of the ease with which it is digested and of its rich, nourishing qualities, but especially of its peculiar palatableness, and wonderful keeping properties. The absence of acidity and other strong flavors, which, to a greater or less degree, are characteristic of fermented bread, renders the new bread peculiarly desirable to the taste

V. ITS ECONOMY AND ECONOMY.—By the use of mechanical means, instead of manual labor, a barrel of flour is converted into baked loaves in forty-five minutes; whereas, by the ordinary process, four or five hours are occupied in the formation of the "sponge," and a further time in kneading, rolling, and baking the dough

"The cheapness of the new description of bread," says a correspondent of the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, "renders it an article peculiarly suitable to be prepared and supplied by a public company. And since the new process removes all the mechanical manœuvres, and the expense of the machinery gives a comparative monopoly, the supply of bread to places of resort in the same category with gas, water, or other articles of prime necessity"

VAN RIPER & CAMP,

EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS,

Corner of Broad and Buttonwood Streets,

PHILADELPHIA.

ITS SUPERIORITY.—The superiority of unfermented bread to by no means new. Dr Cullen, who wrote more than seventy years ago says:

"In Scotland, nine tenths of the lower class of people, and that in the greater part of the whole, live upon unfermented bread, and unfermented farinaceous in other forms; and there are not a more healthy people anywhere to be found In the regions of Africa, and I have myself passed among them, I have had occasion to know this, and have hardly met with a disease, of any consequence, that I could impute to the use of unfermented farinaceous."

At a later period, Professor Thompson, of Glasgow, in his work on the "Food of Animals," after alluding to the facts referred to above by Dr Cullen, and other kindred facts, observes

"Such, then, being well-known evidence in favor of the wholesomeness of unfermented bread, it becomes important to discover in what respects it differs from fermented bread The result gained by this process (fermentation) may be considered to be merely the separation of the portion of which the loaf is composed, so as to render the same more readily divisible by the peristaltic organs of digestion. But, as this object is gained at a sacrifice of very considerable portion, it becomes a matter of interest to ascertain the amount of the loss sustained in the process"

The result of Professor Thompson's experiments showed a difference in favor of unfermented bread of nearly seven per cent. more than made by the ordinary process. In other words, there was a loss of nearly one sixteenth of the nutritive properties of the flour which, by the process of fermentation, was driven into the air and lost.

We come now to a more particular consideration of the superiority of the bread made without fermentation, or the use of chemical agents, over the bread made by the ordinary process. Although from what has already been said, this superiority appears in most vivid contrast, yet the public will be better satisfied to have the points stated specifically, for it only needs that the advantages secured by this method be clearly understood in order to its universal introduction to the manufacture of bread

I. ITS CLEANLINESS Instead of the dough being mixed by the naked hands or feet, the bread from the sifting of the flour to the completion of the baking, is not, and need not be, touched by any one. "One desideratum obtained in its manufacture," says Dr Willard Parker, "is its entire cleanliness" Says Dr Wetherby: "The process is not only purely chemical, but preeminently cleanly."

II. ITS PRESERVATION OF ALL THE NUTRITIVE PROPERTIES OF THE FLOUR.—As the raising of the dough is by the mechanical introduction of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure, in a closed vessel, no moisture, it takes a perfect cast-iron or spongy texture. All the constituents of the flour remain wholly unchanged, while the process of raising bread by fermentation inevitably sacrifices some of them, as has been already shown

III. ITS UNIFORM CHARACTER.—Bread made by the New Process is uniformly light, sweet, and nutritious The conditions being simple, and not liable to variation, no failure can occur in always producing bread of the same quality as relative its moisture much longer than fermented bread, and may be eaten warm with impunity The process also insures a perfect freedom from all acidity, even in the hottest weather See the *London Times*:

"The objection made against sour bread, that it becomes dry sooner than sweet bread, is entirely removed by the use of the new bread, which remains moist for a much longer period than the ordinary bread, and is therefore more economical."

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"The objectionable ropiness occasion of fermentation being avoided, the constituents of the flour are left both unchanged and unconstituted, the resulting loaf being absolutely pure."

THE YOUTH'S EVANGELIST

Is published twice every month and is prepared expressly for use in the Sabbath Schools of the United Presbyterian Church. It is printed on clear, white paper, and embellished with fine engravings in every number

Every number has a Psalm, or part of a Psalm, set to Music suitable for use in Sabbath Schools

THE TERMS ARE FOR PAYMENT, AS FOLLOWS

[illegible]

We have secured the services of a number of [illegible] when the first number will be issued [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Advertisements.

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 10th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows

From Garnet Union No 4, D. of T.; from Phœnix Union, No. 8, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 16, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Dr Blas' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 19, D. of T.; from Vanbrackle Union, No 55, D. of T., of Norristown, Pa

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows

Grand P., Sister Bennet; Grand Associate, Sister Borrin; Grand Treasurer, Sister Faucett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dukhart, Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall

G. P. P., Sister E. Bennett, G. P. P. Sister Associate, " " E. Bowen, " " J. P. Black, " " M. M. Bundy, " " E. A. Clark, " " A. Newman, " " White, " " S. Davis, " " S. Hall.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY

The STATED QUARTERLY MEETINGS of the Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May August, and November

The meetings of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the society.

Mrs. SARAH CARTER, President.

Mr. L. R. SEYMOUR, Sec'y.

THE BOOK DEPOSITORY OF THE AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH, *No. 619 Pine Street,* PHILADELPHIA.

We keep on hand, in connexion with our other books, Sabbath School books of various kinds, Question Books, Catechisms, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. We have a good assortment of such books as are generally used in the Public Schools Also, Stationery, Inks, Pens, Paper, Envelopes and Blank Books.

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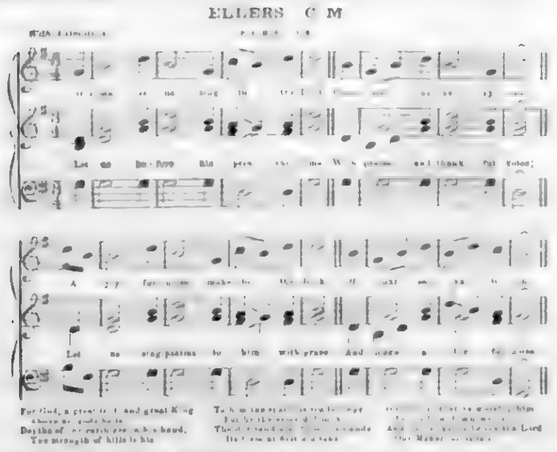
Wanted Canvassing Agents for this splendid large engraving which should be in every house of every admirer of that great and good man The work [illegible] Send for Catalogue and terms to them. WM. SMITH, PUBLISHER, 202 South Third St., Philadelphia

WANTED.—The charge of a Public School. References as to ability can be given. Apply to J. W. A.,

LETTER FROM UNCLE JEREMY.

Sober Cottage, June, 1867

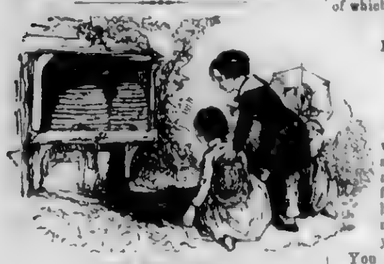
DEAR LITTLE CHILDREN:—You came very near missing a letter from Sober Cottage in this number of the YOUTH'S EVANGELIST. Having some of the inclinations possessed in time past by such great men as Walter Scott and Daniel Webster, I started off a day or two ago on a fishing expedition. The sport delighted me so much that I staid away longer than I at first intended, and there is barely time to send you this word of greeting. Perhaps some of you think it was not a proper employment for one so old and serious as Uncle Jeremy. You ask me how I will answer for such conduct? Really, I don't know any better way than to quote the lines—

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."

I will be candid enough to tell you, that though I enjoyed my trip, it was not very profitable; for none but small fish would allow me to catch them. If I had not taken provision along, I must have starved; for the stream furnished me with nothing substantial. This reminds me of a description of fishing you will find in Thomson's Seasons, when you are reading of the sheep-washing to which I directed you two weeks ago. He tells of just what I observed during my trip—the readiness with which the little fish *bite*, but the caution exercised by the older ones. You have read some accounts in the Bible of men fishing. Some of Christ's disciples were fishing when he first called them to follow him. And you recollect what a wonderful load of fishes he assisted them to catch at one time, after they had labored in vain. But there is another kind of fishing of which we read. Christ told them he would make them *fishers of men*. They were to start out in the world to endeavor to catch sinful men and save them. Now you know we have a rod, and line, and bait, when we go to fish. These fishers of men have these—the gospel of Christ. They could not make the men lay hold on the bait, but they could continually present it, so that they could get it if they wanted it. So it is yet. Ministers present the bait, but they cannot make men bite. Most men swim off into the deep waters of sin, but some take hold and them are drawn on shore.

That was a terrible storm we had last week—Sober Cottage groaned as though it was in pain.

Farewell, UNCLE JEREMY.



THE BEE HIVE.

In this picture you see a little boy and his sisters looking at a bee hive. I hope none of them will get stung. I remember, when I was a child, our bees were the one great terror of my life. I dared not go near them; but after some time I ventured, and soon made good friends with them. They seldom sting unless provoked to do so. Let them alone, and they will let you alone, seems to be their motto. What useful, provident, busy little creatures they are! As you eat some of their nice honey, you cannot help feeling kindly towards them. The Egyptians cultivate bees to a great extent. They place their hives upon rafts, and float them about from one district to another on their rivers. Rafts containing thousands of hives may be seen going from one region where the season for flowers has passed to one where the spring is later. "The little busy bee improves each shining hour." You have heard this often, I know. Now, dear children, you should imitate the bee. You should not waste a moment of your precious time—time lost can never be regained. An hour idled away, with no duty performed to mark it, is just so much of your life wasted. Hours pass away so fast. Days braid themselves into weeks, weeks into months, and months into years. The longest life on earth is but short. As the busy bee improves each hour of the long summer's day in laying up store for the future, so ought we to employ each hour of our day of life, in laying up treasure in heaven, where the moth cannot corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal.

The way to do this is to love God and keep his commandments. That our God may guide, guard, and direct us all through the journey of life, and when our days on earth are numbered, that he may take us to himself in heaven, where all is joy unending, is the sincere and earnest prayer of your friend, RENA.

LITTLE GEORGIE'S MISSION GARDEN.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—I am going to tell you about little Georgie and his mission garden. Little Georgie lives in a white farm house not far from Philadelphia. Meadow Brook is the name of the place. It takes this name from a dashing, sparkling brook down at the foot of the meadow. Georgie has a kind father and mother, and is surrounded by all the comforts of life. Every day he thanks God for them, and asks him to bless his dear parents, and help Georgie to be a good boy. One morning Georgie looked very thoughtful, as he sat on the broad stone step of the front door eating his bread and milk: so busy was he with his thoughts, that he did not see his friends, the chickens, flocking about him in expectation of their usual treat. They at last became very impatient, and one old hen more daring than the rest, almost hopped into his lap; but it was no use, the old hen might have saved herself the trouble. What can Georgie be thinking of to forget his pets? I will tell you. The Sabbath before, a gentleman had addressed their school in behalf of the missing cause. He told so many sad stories of the ignorance of the poor heathen that little Georgie's heart was touched, and now he was trying to think if there was any thing he could do to help in sending the gospel to these poor human beings, and immortal souls to be saved. His mamma came along from the garden, and asked her little boy what he was looking so sober about. Georgie gave her an account of what he had heard about the heathen, and ended with an earnestly expressed wish that he could do something for the cause. Now, his mamma had just come in from the garden, you know, and, perhaps, this suggested her plan. After a moment's silence she said, "Georgie, how would you like to have a mission garden?" and then explained to him how he might raise flowers, and when Mike (one of the farm hands) went into the city every week, with things to offer for sale in the market, he could take bunches of Georgie's flowers with him, and the money so procured would be saved up, and when he had a nice little sum, Georgie might give it to his minister for the mission. Georgie was a happy boy when he heard this, and nothing would do but mamma must take him directly to choose his mission garden. His flowers are now all planted, and I do hope he will meet with all the success his heart desires.

Now, my dear children, can you not do something to help the great work of missions? I know that many of you cannot have gardens; but surely you can do something. Think over it as little Georgie did, and I know you can hit upon some plan. Did you never hear the good old saying, "Where there is a will, there is a way?"

RENA.

DOING THE BEST FIRST

Little folks have good ideas as well as grown persons, and sometimes better. A little girl commenced to piece a quilt for herself. After a great deal of labor she finished it. As soon as done she said to her mother, "Mamma, may I not give this quilt to the missionaries?" "O, no!" replied the little girl's mother, "you may piece another for them." "But," said the little girl, "I may not live to finish another; I would rather give this to God." This was desiring to do the best thing first. Could not some of our little readers do something for the missionaries?

WHEN the most insignificant person tells us we are wrong, we ought to listen. Let us believe it possible we may be wrong, when any one supposes we are, and enter into the true littleness which consists in receiving correction like a child.

WE may perform acts to day, the consequences of which may not be realised until eternity.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

"Now I lay me down to sleep.
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Who are you, man or woman, for whom this prayer has not old, sweet associations; who, hearing its words, hear not, too, the "memory bells" ringing up from the golden plains of your childhood, and felt not the soft gales from the morning land of your life sweeping over your soul?

You may be a man now, in the pride and strength of your years; you may have carved out for yourself an honorable name and destiny in this world—may hap you are the owner of broad lands and proud homes, and your heart has grown hard in its battle with the world

But stop a moment, and listen to this little verse—so simple that the merest babe who learns to lisp the words can comprehend them, and so grand in its sublime significance and faith, that the wisest shall only have learned fully the true lessons of life when the soul utters them as it did in its infancy

Let us see! how many years ago was it? twenty, thirty; no matter, at the old sound of "Now I lay me," they have rolled open their massive doors, and you go down through them to the old, red, one-story house where your life first took its morning. You see the little window on the right side, close under the rafters; ah! you slept a sounder slumber, and dreamed sweeter dreams in that old garret than you ever did in your lofty chambers, with the gilded ceiling and snowy draperies; and what matter if your bed was a straw one, and your coverlet made of red and yellow "patches" of calico, you never snuggled down so contentedly under your spring mattresses and Marseilles counterpanes.

"Now I lay me,"—how softly sleep would come, and weigh down your eyelids, as you repeated the words after her; ah! you may hear her very tones now stealing across her heart, though it is so many years since death silenced them; you feel the soft touch of her head on your pillow, and the tender lingering of her kiss upon your lips—you break down here, proud man as you are—this memory of your mother is more than you can bear. If she had only lived, you would not have been what you are now; but thanks be to God, she left you something holy and beyond all meaning; something that cannot grow old and dim, not even in the "unspeakable brightness" beyond the shining gates—the memory of a loving, praying, Christian mother.

A CURE FOR CARE

Trust in Him at all times.—PSA. 62: 8.

The Christian life has its trials and sorrows; but we cannot help thinking that these would be far less numerous—or, at least, much easier to be borne—if there were more trust in Christ, who is not only our Saviour from sin, but has also undertaken and promised to deliver us, either from encountering trials, or else from experiencing their dejecting and disastrous effects. Many believers accept to go limping and groaning beneath oppressive burdens which there is no earthly reason why they should carry, because Christ is the great burden-bearer of his people, and has declared in many precious promises that he is able and willing to relieve his followers from their trials, and to support the weak one at strength to endure them without murmuring or inconvenience. O, that Christians had a clearer view of the work of their Master! then there would be fewer "ready-to-halts," full of uneasiness and despondency in the Church causing the unhealthy shadow of their influence upon those around. Let Christ now prosperity to their graces, and sweep clean away the unbelief of thy heart!

We must change our lives if we desire to change our hearts. God will have no regard to the prayers of those who have none to his commands.

THE YOUNG CUCKOO IN THE HEDGE SPARROW'S NEST

A cuckoo laid an egg in the nest of a hedge-sparrow; then she flew away and thought no more of her egg. This was not at all a singular thing, as these birds are in the habit of leaving their eggs in the nests of other birds, especially that of the hedge-sparrow. By and by the egg was hatched; and when the little cuckoo cried out for food, the good little mother hedge-sparrow saw it was not her own. She opened her eyes in astonishment; but she was not so cruel as to turn out poor little cuckoo. She thought to herself, "Though my nest is not very large, yet by crowding a little, we may all get along with comfort; and it will take me to work harder to provide food for my own little ones as well as poor cuckoo; so I will let it stay here and be kind to it." So this good mother hedge-sparrow never grudged the cuckoo a worm, or thought the labor too hard, when she had to go out and gather food for her family. But, soon the cuckoo showed that it only cared for itself. It always was the first to stretch itself up for the worm, or other food brought for the family, and to devour the larger share, and by and by it began to push the young sparrows out of their warm nest; so that the little sparrows and the mother were very glad when they could leave the nest to the selfish cuckoo. We hope our little readers will learn a lesson of kindness and unselfishness from the conduct of the hedge-sparrow, and try to avoid the selfishness of the cuckoo. Let us all be kind to one another, and love one another, even as Christ has loved us.

MARTIN GRAFF:

OR, THOU SHALT NOT STEAL.

"Who says I steal? Tom Williams, you had better be careful what you say about me. That is a mean way of doing, calling one a thief behind his back. Besides, you know you are not speaking the truth."

"I know that I am, Martin Graff; and you only add lying to stealing by denying it. You took my nice, new penknife, when I went to speak to the master. Ned Warner saw you do it; and Allen White says you were whittling, at recess, with a new knife just like mine."

At that moment Mr. Blair, their teacher, made his appearance. With a look of surprise, he exclaimed, "What, boys, quarrelling instead of enjoying this beautiful day! Hush those angry voices, and go to your desks, as it is school time."

The boys obeyed, but their looks showed that feelings of anger and revenge still raged in their hearts. This scene occurred in school-room, at noon. A group of boys had been talking of the events of the morning, when Martin Graff suddenly joined, and heard the accusation against himself. It being a true one made him quite wrathful, as innocent people are not so likely to be affected by such declarations, or so earnest in endeavoring to prove their innocence as guilty ones. Martin had become quite in the habit of taking the boys' pencils, pens, and portions of dinner from their baskets. At home, also, he indulged in this sinful practice, by taking apples from the store-room, pennies from his mother's portmonnaie, &c. One instance of suffering for his conduct occurred the following Wednesday. There being then a half holiday, his parents had promised him a visit to a favorite aunt, who lived a few miles in the country. The preceding afternoon, his mother being out, he took down the key of the pantry, slyly unlocked the door, and went in, being very much afraid Martha, the cook, would discover him. Reaching a jar of very rich preserves, and no one coming to disturb him, he helped himself to a large quantity. When his mother returned, he complained of illness, and indeed he looked so, with his pale, guilt-stricken countenance. The next day he became worse; but felt sorry only for his disappointment, as the day was very bright, and the birds were singing joyously. He did not get well for a long time, and seriously of his offence against the good God. He seemed much affected, and promised to do so no more; but that promise, like all which are made in our own strength, was easily broken, and soon forgotten. On his return to school, he continued in his old ways of pilfering. At last Mr Blair decided to have no longer such an example among the boys, and informed Mr Graff of his desire to have Martin removed. Martin now felt thoroughly ashamed of himself, and thinking after all, that "honesty would be the best policy," decided to try that path. His father not knowing what to do with him, Martin remained at home some time. His Uncle John, in New York City, proposed taking him into his counting room. When there, he seemed to be quite reformed, which filled the hearts of his friends with joy. By degrees he became acquainted with young men, who spent their time in drinking, gambling, or at the theatre. When he had been there two or three years, he began to draw small amounts from the drawer, to pay his gambling debts. Some months after, he drew a very large sum, was suspected, and taken to jail to await his trial. There being strong evidence against him, he was condemned for the theft; the punishment being hard labor for some years in the penitentiary.

The first time Martin had stolen was, to take a pin from the coat of a studious boy who sat next to him. From this small beginning he had gone on, till now in the midst of heart-broken parents, and grieving friends, he was taken away to live among the vicious in the penitentiary. Had he resisted the first temptation to sin, and asked God to help him keep the Eighth Commandment, how different would it have been with him

Dear children, it is only in your heavenly Father's strength that you can conquer sin and resist temptation. Will you not ask him for aid? He has said, "Ask, and ye shall receive."

MYRTA.

BE GRATEFUL

Dear children, are you truly grateful? Do you ever regret the lot that is yours, or find fault with what you have, or fret because you have not more? Do you never say, O, I wish I had such a nice hat or coat as Tommy Johnson, or such a beautiful bonnet as Mary Williams." Or do you never say, "I wish I was like James Martin—his father and mother are rich and he has as much money as he wants and can do as he pleases." Dear young readers, be grateful to God for what he has given you. Be grateful that you are at Sabbath School this Sabbath morning, and that you have kind teachers who come here to tell you about Christ, and instruct you in the way of salvation, for there are many little boys and girls who have no Sabbath School to go to, and no kind teachers to tell them about Christ. Be grateful for your parents, for there are many little boys and girls who have no parents to take care of them. And, perhaps some of our readers have lost their father and mother. If so, dear little reader, take God as your Father. He will take care of you; for has he not said in his holy Word, that if your father and mother forsake you, he will take you up? Be grateful for health, and strength, and food, and clothing; for there are many good little boys and girls who are lying on beds of sickness and pain, and many who have very little to eat and very little to wear. This thought should teach you to be kind to the poor, and to remember the suffering. You have a great deal to be grateful to the kind God for. Be ever ready, then, to thank him for all his goodness and mercy to you, and to praise his name for what he has done for you.

THE LOST CHILD.

As we were sitting at a front window the other afternoon, we saw, trotting along on the other side of the street, a little white-headed boy of about four or five years of age. The child seemed bright and cheerful; but we were certain, from the fact that we knew all the children about the neighborhood, he had wandered away from his home. Passers by did not notice him, thinking he belonged to the neighborhood; but we knew better, and were about taking active measures to bring the little wanderer's afternoon walk to a close, at least in that direction, when a woman rushing up the street made our interference unnecessary. The poor woman looked very much frightened. Her hair had fallen down in her haste, and streamed in the wind. Presently she saw him in the distance and called him. Her voice reached us, but we could not distinguish the name. The little boy turned and saw her. Which ran fastest—mother or child—we cannot tell! Very soon she had him in her arms, and came down the street with him clinging to her neck. Now, dear children, this little incident aroused a train of thought in our mind. As this child wandered from the home of its earthly parents, so are we wandering, O, how far! from our heavenly Father and the glorious home he has prepared for us. Just as this child was amused by all the strange sights he saw about him, so are our minds and hearts filled with worldly thoughts and cares, and we have no time, nor inclination, to remember the home beyond the sky, the home not made with hands. This is no with us in the broad daylight of health and prosperity; but when the dark night of death comes upon us, when our feet almost touch the dark waters of the river of death, and the dim shores of eternity lie spread before us on the other side, then, then will we turn with shuddering from worldly things, and try to think of the home so long forgotten. Dear children, the Saviour calls you: will you not hear his voice? He knocks at the door of your hearts: will you not let him enter? When your last hour comes, you will strain your ear in vain to catch the sound of that voice. It may then be too late. Turn to him now. Take him for your Lord and Saviour. And when you reach the end of the strait and narrow pathway, which leads to life everlasting, and arrive at the golden gates of the heavenly city, the sweet notes of that gentle voice will again fall upon your ears, pronouncing the blessed words, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into thy reward."

God grant, dear children, this may be the portion of us all

A NAUGHTY BOY

As Rev. Alex Clark was going down the Ohio river last summer, he saw in a beautiful garden in one of the villages along the river, a very naughty boy. We hope none of our boys would be so unkind to their sisters as this boy was to his. You should be kind and loving to all, especially to your loving little sisters; and we want our little girls to be kind to their brothers. But here is the story as related in *Clark's School Visitor:*

"His little sister had made a nosegay of choice flowers for her mother, and, seeing her brother enter the garden she ran gladly up to him, and said, 'See what a pretty nosegay I have made for mother!' He was pleased with the flowers, and pretended to admire them; but when she put her hand into the bouquet to show him one more beautiful flower, he struck it rudely down, and said with great anger, 'You have spoiled them!' Poor little girl! she had been taught to be kind to her brother, and she could not understand why he was angry with her. She tried to soothe him, and said, 'I am sorry I have spoiled them, but I will run and get you some more.' But he was angry still, and struck her with his hand. She ran away crying, and he threw the flowers on the ground, and trampled them under his feet.

"Some days after this, the mother of these children was taken very ill, and died. Then the little girl, who had been so unkindly treated by her brother, showed how much she loved him. She was constantly with him, and tried to do everything she could to please him. She would sit by his bedside, and fan him, and bring him water to drink, and do all she could to make him comfortable. Was not this kind of her? Do you not think that her brother felt ashamed of himself when he remembered how he had treated her? I am sure he must have felt very sorry that he had been so unkind to her. Do you ever know such another?"

THE INFLUENCE WE EXERCISE WHEN LEAST WE THINK OF IT

Riding round the neighborhood recently on business about noon I called at the house of an acquaintance and was invited to dinner. A little boy, three years and a half old, was dining at the table when I had done, and on leaving the table said with a look of [illegible] "Father, I am going to ask God to bless my dinner." Knowing the parents were professors of religion, I remarked to the mother, how sweet it was that family worship was not the only time that

O! says she, one time before you were here for dinner, and asked a blessing, and after you were gone S——y asked me what was that you said, as he would like to say that too. I told him I could not mind the exact words, but I could tell him something he might always say if he wished, when he had done with his meals

What is that, mother?—Would it be as good as what Mr. M—— says?

Always when you have done say, *"I thank God for my breakfast, or dinner, or supper"*

Ever after, whether at home or in a neighbor's, he fails not to thank God for whatever meal he has partaken of.

Little readers of the YOUTH'S EVANGELIST, do you whose parents set you the example—do you who attend Sabbath School regularly, and learn the causes from your teachers why you should express gratitude to God—do you thank God for your every blessing, especially for that great gift, the gift of his beloved Son to die for us? If you do not, then learn from little Sandy to do so from this time forward. M

ACROSTIC

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Rich in mercy, peace, and love,
Living, reigning through Jesus merit,
Every blessing from above.
Now let peace, and joy, and gladness,
Dwell within this happy home
Sorrow, sickness, pain and sadness,
Here among us never come
In his protect, be ever nigh.
Prepare us for a home on high

Clark's School Visitor

DANGER AHEAD.

The river was placid and beautiful, as it murmured through a wild forest away in the northwest. The little fishes played in its cool waters, the willows bent overward to tip their branches in its pure current, and the wandering sphyrx rippled its surface into circles of day, laughing waves

The arrowy bark canoe of the Indian had often darted across the bosom of the beautiful river, from shore to shore, and sped in sportive angles around the green islands.

One day a party of Indians embarked in their canoe, shoved out into the current, and floated listlessly down the stream, admiring the ever changing magnificence of the shores. They were happy for the moment, and thought not of the future, nor dreamed of any danger. On they floated, down and farther down the river.

But suddenly as they came to a curve, half hidden by a point of land, the current became rapid, and they heard the roar of a great waterfall. They were near a cataract: the terrible truth flashed upon them, and they trembled with fear. Instantly every muscle was bent upon the oars. Only in quick and desperate action could there be an escape from destruction. See them on the very brink of ruin!

Voices of good cheer from the shore call to them—"Courage!" They ply the oars with renewed energy. The canoe quivers on the precipice. One more last strain at the oars. The frail bark is checked in its career. Again—O, strength! It nears the solid rocks on the shore. There, now it touches the rock! It is safe!

But O—what an escape! How nearly were the poor Indians to their death!

Young man, there is a river of pleasure, bordered by all beautiful things. It may seem a place of safe enjoyment. You have already stepped into the frail bark, and it is *leaving the shore!* Beware! there is a gulf before you. You will be dashed to pieces, unless you ply the oars for the rocks. Pull for your life. Quick, quick, for your soul! —*Clark's School Visitor.*

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

The following touching stanzas are from the Ballad of the Old Apple Tree, by Lucy A. Sias:

Ah! well I mind me of a child,
A gentle, loving maid,
Whose mute, but eloquent step betrayed
Its earnestly pure spirit mild.
And I could hear its fairy melody,
And positively prayed
That—if when [illegible] I marked
That one in her train
Who [illegible]
Should [illegible]
And kept with great sincerity.

I [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[

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Poetry.

THE ANCHOR WITHIN THE VAIL.

Amid the shadows and the fears
That overcloud this home of tears,
Amid my poverty and sin,
The tempest and the war within,
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

Drifting across a cureless sea,
Cold, heavy mist encurtaining me;
Telling along life's broken road,
With scarce around, and foes abroad,
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

Mine in a day of fear and strife,
A needy soul, a needy life,
A needy world, a needy age:
Yet in my perilous pilgrimage,
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

To Thee I come—ah! only Thou
Canst wipe the sweat from off this brow;
Thou, only Thou canst make me whole,
And soothe the fever of my soul;
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

On Thee I rest—Thy love and grace
Are my sole rock and resting-place;
In Thee my thirst and hunger sore,
Lord, let me quench for evermore.
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

'Tis earth, not heaven: 'tis night, not noon;
The sorrowless is coming soon,
But till the morn of love appears,
Which ends the travail and the tears,
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

SIMON PETER.

"Simon Peter saith unto them, I go a fishing."—John xxi. 3.

I like those words rough Peter spake,
That summer evening by the lake,
When all the rest their work forsake,

And only wander to and fro,
With oozes, along the beach, to show
By outward motions inward woe.

All this, thought Peter, in hot vain:
We cannot call to earth again,
The king who has gone home to reign

Not thus should we lament Him dead,
Who, ere he died, at parting, said,
"Be ye not sad, but comforted."

With honest labor, day by day,
I'll seek to drive this grief away,
Until the Master points the way.

"I go a fishing," then quoth he;
His searching look struck through them; "We,"
They answered, "also go with thee."

And so unto their toil they went,
And, ere the night was wholly spent,
Joy took the place of discontent.

For just at dawn, upon the sand,
They saw their risen Saviour stand,
And hear Him call them to the land

That voice it is so loved of yore;
He works a miracle once more:
He eats with them upon the shore;

He tells them of the coming years:
He feeds their hopes, He chides their fears;
His love shall wipe away all tears.

* * * * * * *

Like those disciples, sometimes I,
When storm seem heavy, danger nigh,
And only clouds athwart the sky—

Stand still and say, Now all is o'er,
My life goes wrong, my heart is sore,
For me there can be joy no more

But then I seem to hear anew,
Those words of Peter, brave and true,
And stout at heart my way pursue

My way pursue, though dark it be,
And oft, ere morning light the sea,
My Master comes and calleth me

Church Monthly

PLEASANT FEATURES OF OUR TRIP.

During the time we spent in visiting the Eastern Conference, we had so many things to attend to, and found so much to occupy our attention, regarding financial matters and other incidental duties, that we found it quite impossible at that time to give our readers as full a statement of things in general as we could have desired; but, now that the "bustle of business" has somewhat subsided, we shall in this number endeavor to present a more full and satisfactory account of all the proceedings of general interest to our extended circle of readers.

The New York Conference was presided over by Bishop Payne, and during the time we tarried there, there seemed to be considerable order and decorum observable among the brethren. Bishop Payne discharged the duties of his office with a calm and graceful dignity and gravity of manner that at once won for him the respect of all. Bp Payne showed himself both the Christian and scholar—small in stature, but of a giant mind. In the discussions among the brethren he allowed no interference, except when deemed necessary to preserve order, until the speakers had said all they desired, during the time allowed each one. There were several of the brethren who wrote for the prize essays. Among them were Revs. D. Dorrell and A. C. Crippen, and the Secretary of Conference, and Rev. R. H. Cain. Bishop Payne informed us that they were all quite respectable productions indeed. We were much gratified to receive such encouraging information, demonstrating as it does the rapid improvement of the members of the New York Conference—at least among some of them; and we would say to them, Go on in the good old way, brethren, and God, we trust, will bless you in your efforts to improve yourselves, in order that you may be better enabled to instruct those who may be under your charge from time to time.

As we have before stated, we could not remain during the entire sessions of that Conference, but were compelled most reluctantly to take our departure.

Before proceeding farther, and while in this connexion, we would just say that the members of the Second Street (Bethel) Church, New York, have purchased a splendid five-story church edifice, owned by the M. E. Church in Sullivan St., between Bleeker and Amity Streets, in a good neighborhood, with two first-rate dwelling-houses, which they say will bring seven or eight hundred dollars per annum. This is right, sisters and brethren, for the Church in Second Street is only a door or two from a slaughter-house, and of course it is thus, in consequence, in a very unpleasant location

We will now speak of the New England Conference, held in New Bedford, Mass. We have never spent a more pleasant time at any Conference than we did while present at this one. The brethren all acted very courteously towards their General Book Steward and Editor, and there was not a harsh word spoken among them, but all seemed to look forward to the glory of God. We have never been anywhere where we were treated better than by the members and also the citizens of New Bedford. Invitation after invitation, not only for the ministers, and their wives, if present, but to all the strangers visiting the Conference, were sent in profusion. They were not afraid of giving away a meal's victuals, but rather did they prove themselves to be open-hearted and generous people.

The Daughters of Conference were on hand also to cheer the hearts of God's ministers by helping them in a pecuniary sense. The New Haven and the Newport Daughters cheered the hearts of many of the brethren, notwithstanding the fact that a little misunderstanding prevailed as to the manner in which it was distributed, though the Daughters were not to blame for it. The superannuated preachers, and the General Book Steward, when present, are as much entitled to it as any one; and the Daughters seemed to be much hurt when they found that such names had not been given them.

The Daughters of New Bedford seemed to have understood this matter better, as they were informed by their pastor, and hence they gave us the sum of $3 65, for which they have our best wishes, as well as those of the other recipients. We returned to New York on the day that Conference adjourned, when we found that the Daughters there had not forgotten us in their distribution; and, in calling the names, they called ours, and we found, on opening the paper, that it contained $2 00. May the good Lord bless these Daughters.

In conclusion, we would say that Bp. Payne, after Rev. Wm. Moore had prayed, called him to the stand, and spoke of his long standing in the church, and how he had always filled any appointment assigned him, and that, too, without grumbling, and of his travelling both in the New York and Philadelphia Districts, and that he was now referred back to the Philadelphia Conference, where he would likely end his days. Perfect solemnity and silence prevailed throughout the entire audience, many of whom were shedding tears, after which Conference adjourned.—Ed.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE MISSION OF WOMAN.

The mission of woman is a noble and meritorious one; and not one that places her in the position of a menial, as some have asserted. It is one that is fruitful with good deeds. In her creation the Almighty intended her for a messenger of peace, comfort, and happiness to the world.

The first and most important step of her mission is that of a fire-side angel; she is *there*, humble though it be, to shed around it a halo of light and cheerfulness, that shall penetrate the darkness that is caused by the continual sorrows and trials of this life. She is to go forth and bind up the wounds of the broken-hearted, to alleviate the sufferings of the afflicted, to cheer the weary prisoner in his lonely cell, by imparting to him the healing words of consolation, to exercise her powers to their utmost capacity in loosing the fetters of the oppressed, and to glorify her Creator by an upright walk and exemplary demeanor before the world.

It is her mission to seek for knowledge in the various departments of science, art and literature, that she may unfold to the youthful minds the leaves of intellectual development, and lead their tender feet into nature's garden, where they may pluck here and there a bud from among her choicest flowers, which shall bloom forever in the Paradise of God.

It is her mission to be found at the couch of the dying, administering not only to the necessities of the body, but whispering sweet words of hope to the soul, and pointing it to the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," and to that bright land where joy forever reigns, to close the glassy eyes when the spirit has fled, and to turn to those bereft, with, "Hope thou in God, for thou shalt yet praise Him."

Say not, then, the mission of woman is a trifling one; for all are to some extent indebted to her for her many acts of kindness, self-denial and devotion. And we hope the day may speedily arrive when she shall receive the reward due to her merits, when all will exclaim in the language of the poet:

"Woman! blest partner of our joys and woes!
E'en in the darkest hour of earthly ill,
Untarnished yet thy fond affection glows,
Throbs with each pulse, and beats with every thrill.
When sorrow rends the heart, when feverish pain
Wrings the hot drops of anguish from the brow,
To soothe the soul, to cool the burning brain,
Oh! who so welcome, and so prompt as thou?"

* * * * * * *

"'Tis woman's smiles that lull our cares to rest,
Dear woman's charms that give to life its zest;
'Tis woman's hand that smooths the affliction's bed,
Wipes the cold sweat and stays the sinking head"

SALLIE.

We copy the following from the *Pacific Appeal:*

"The Colored Methodist Society, worshipping in Seventh Street, commonly known as the 'African Methodist Episcopal Church,' have purchased the property known as Grace Church, on Powell Street, near Jackson, for the sum of Fifty-five hundred dollars. They expect to take possession about the middle of this month. The Rev. T. M. D. Ward is their pastor."

We hope that the good Lord may bless Brother Ward in the great missionary work, and hope that he will give us a communication every week, or at least every other week; and if the Society needs books, forward us the money for as many as you want, and they will be sent on without delay. We are looking forward to the day when a Bishop shall visit you. Bishop Nazrey says that whenever there is money enough raised for him to go to California, he is ready to go. The Lord be praised.

For the Christian Recorder.

MAN'S RESIDENCE.

MR. EDITOR:—Permit me to present a few thoughts on man's residence, namely, the earth. Since I have read the New Testament through some four times in four years, and also the Old Testament, (of which I am near through, and making it my prayerful study) I find that the natural state of the earth casts a light upon the spiritual condition of its inhabitants. Amidst a thousand beauties that indicate what it was when God pronounced it very good, and as the original also imports very beautiful; amidst the ruins which form the varieties of our smiling landscapes and romantic prospects, can an impartial inquirer help taking notice of a hundred, yea a thousand striking proofs, that a multiplied curse rest upon this globe, which darkens man's pathway while passing onward to his spiritual home. Since the Lord pronounced this earth good, sin has entered, and has caused it to groan from centre to circumference. The earth has been crimson with human blood. Sin, the monstrous serpent of creation carries with her poisonous and deadly wounds; namely, pride, covetousness, lust, intemperance, envy, anger, sloth—these dark angels throng the air, and crowd the lower world, and obstruct the Christian pathway.

I will here notice the earth again. The miry impassable roads or inhospitable, sandy deserts, endanger our life. In one place, we are stopped by stupendous chains of rocks and mountains, broken into frightful precipices, or hideous caverns; and again we meet with valleys, cut deep by torrents and waterfalls, whose tremendous roar stuns the astonished traveller. I now notice thorns, and thistles, and noxious weeds growing spontaneously in every part of the earth, yielding never-failing crops; while the best soil, carefully ploughed by the husbandman, and sown with precious seed, frequently repays his expensive toil with light sheaves or blasted harvest.

History informs me of another part of this earth, which lies between the tropics; that it is often parched up by the scorching beams of the vertical sun. Whilst writing, I fancy I see the tawny inhabitants fanning themselves in vain; they pant, they faint on their sultry couches, and, like the birds of night, dare not appear abroad till evening shades temper the insufferable blaze of day. I think next of those countries around or near the poles. In summer, the sun just peeps upon the inhabitants with his feeble, horizontal rays; in winter, he totally deserts them, and they lie bound with vigorous frost, and buried in continual night. There, the torpid inhabitants know neither harvest nor vintage; the ocean seems a boundless plain of ice.

The temperate zones are of milder climate, but their seasons are irregular. If we go no farther than this favorite country, we see the foresight by which the ice of a winter's evening is laid in to temper the ardors of July or August, and the burning minerals are stored in June to mitigate the frost in the winter months. If heaven seems to dissolve into waters in one place, in another it is like brass; it yields neither fruitful rains nor cooling dews; and the perishing cattle loll out their parched tongues, where they once drank the refreshing stream. When the earth was pronounced good, at that time the very air blew gently with her balmy breezes, ventilating the garden of Eden. But by the subtility of the serpent, man's residence was much disturbed; the winds have blown their furious gales continually—the terrifying effects of the air agitated into roaring tempests and boisterous hurricanes. Before their impetuous blast the masts of ships, the tall cedars of the forest are like broken reeds; and the sturdy oak that defies the tempest, and the groaning forest has had her bosom searched by the lightning that precedes the thunderbolts from the blue arch above. And the sky has been obscured with clouds of whirling sand, and there they plough up the liquid foaming plains, and with sportive fury turn up mountains for ridges, or cut valleys instead of furrows, as they pass along the confounded elements, dreadfully roaring under the mighty scourge: the rolling sea tosses herself up to heaven, and the solid land is swept with the besom of destruction. To heighten the horror of the scene, thunder, which is the majestic voice of an angry God and the awful artillery of heaven, bursts in loud claps from the lowering sky. Distant hills reverberate and increase the alarming sound with rocking edifices, declaring to man, that vengeance belongeth unto God. WM. H. WINDER.

Freehold, N. J.

(To be continued.)

GENERAL BOOK STEWARD'S REPORT CONTINUED No 4

AMOUNTS PAID OUT

1862

February 3.	Mr. Griffee, for book-binding,	1 80
	5. Stamps,	[illegible]
	6 Stamps,	25
	10. Valentines, &c.,	50
	11. Post-stamps,	35
	13. "	10
	14 Combs, brushes, &c.,	45
	14 Post stamps,	51
	15. Mailing,	20
	19 Books,	20
	20. Ticket for post-office,	25
	21. Ink,	62
	28. Post-stamps,	25
		$7 46
March 6	Books for store,	85
	6 Stamps,	51
	6 Pencils,	18
	7. Books,	20
	7. Books,	15
	8. C. K in store,	50
	12 Books,	35
	13. Bibles and Testaments,	15 00
	17. Chalk,	40
	17. Adams' Express,	1 60
	19 Books for store,	1 25
	20. Stamps,	50
	21. Mailing,	20
	22. Mr. Griffee, for binding hymn-books,	17 00
	28. Mailing,	20
	29. Store,	40
		$38 49
April 1.	Express from Vincennes, Ind.,	75
	3. Certificates,	43
	5 Mr Griffee, for book-binding,	6 00
	7. Stamps,	15
	8. Cards for store,	40
	11. Mailing,	20
	18. Mailing,	6
	24. Messrs. Peck & Bliss, for books,	17 91
	24. Spelling books,	85
	24. Mr. Griffee, on account,	10 00
	25. Expressing paper,	26
	26. On an express,	75
		$37 76

The sum total paid from July, 1860, to the 1st of May, 1862, for store alone, is $1149 47.

Remember this fact.

O thou! for whom I am, my help, my shield,
My all: thy will is law to me:
So God our Lord ordains as I from obedience
Grows my pride and happiness.

This sentiment will not be likely to be very well relished by some of your *strong minded* women. It is far too old-fashioned for the present state of things.

Permit me to say, not in jest, but in good earnest, that it is my conviction that a large amount of the domestic troubles that so extensively prevail at the present time, proceed from the new ideas that have been adopted on this subject. As a Californian I am ashamed to tell the number of divorces that have been asked and granted in this State. It seems as if family government itself was passing away.

BEGINNING OF ESTRANGEMENTS.

No stream flows so smoothly but that somewhere on its surface a ripple appears, and no married life but has here and there moments of disagreement. Two human beings who have not yet become perfect cannot be perpetually together without sometimes thinking differently and willing in opposition to one another. I know that there are here and there a husband and wife who are conscious of no such opposition, who can look over possibly years of uninterrupted communings and undivided purposes, and who might easily suppose that it is because they evermore are the same in thought and purpose. But, I take it, it is rather that, impelled by a mutual affection and a keen-sighted wisdom, they have unconsciously learned to allow nothing for a moment to stand between their hearts. To accomplish this a husband and wife must guard against the beginning of estrangements. The lasting alienations, the separations, the divorces do not spring at once out of some great violation of conjugal duty, but are the perfected fruit of little estrangements. A word, or even a look, sometimes, like a small break in a dyke, becomes a vast crevasse through which pours a flood of unhappiness. Nay, it may be a positive nothing, only a neglect, which may be the foundation-stone of untold misery. It is noticed and felt, but pride forbids any explanation or any questioning. Each notices the other's coldness, but neither can come to the point of asking what is in the way. Meanwhile the peaceful consciousness of mutual agreement is broken up, and each is unhappy; and, I may add, each conscious of wrong. In this state of mind a new offence is easily given, and more easily taken, and the breach is wider and wider. The process may go on till wife or husband, perhaps both, begin to seek in the society of others what they have lost in their own; and at last, embarked on a troubled and rapid stream, in some dark hour they are hurried into crime, and are lost to each other forever.

A something light as air—a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken—
Oh! love that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this has shaken,
And ruder winds will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin;
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said;
Till fast declining, one by one
The sweetnesses of love are gone;
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
Like broken shells, or like the stream
That sunless left the mountain's brow,
As though its waters ne'er could sever,
Yet ere it reached the plain below
Breaks into floods, and parts forever.

I may speak to some who understand me fully, and have known too many days of misery not to appreciate what I say. If you are conscious, and as soon as you are conscious that there is anything of alienation or estrangement, lose not an hour before you seek a reunion of your hearts. If conscience tells you that you have been in the wrong, do not be too proud to acknowledge it; if you are sure that you have been unkindly or unjustly treated, do not stand on your dignity or sense of justice, but be the first to seek a reconciliation. Let the magnanimity of love move you. Do not wait until your husband or your wife approaches you, but do you hasten to do love's work. You will find, perhaps, another heart reaching out after yours in the dark, and it will not be long before you both are walking side by side and hand in hand.

THE BIBLE AND TRACT CAUSE IN FRANCE

The Bible cause is hopefully advancing. More than fifteen thousand Bibles and about ninety-one thousand copies of the New Testament have, during the year, been circulated by the two French societies; and, altogether, within eighteen years, three millions of copies of the Scriptures have been disseminated in France. The change of the sentiments of the higher and educated classes of the French people in consequence is encouraging. The school of Voltaire is fast dying out; and a work like the French Cyclopedia would meet at present with little, if any, success. Hundreds of the greatest French writers have borne witness to the divine origin of the Bible, and found, in the pure Bible religion of the Protestant countries, the chief cause of their greater advance in civilization. Eminent Roman Catholic writers—as Sylvester de Sacy, a member of the French Academy, and for a long time editor-in-chief of the "Journal des Debats"—have recommended to their co-religionists the daily reading of the Scriptures, and even men like Renan, the chief French advocate of the pantheistical school, and Jules Simon, the most talented deistical writer of the present time, have, in eloquent terms, acknowledged the sublimity of the doctrines of the Bible. Facts like these simply illustrate how the larger circulation of the Bible has already changed public opinion in France, and what a blessed agency the Bible societies have already become.

Side by side with the larger circulation of the Bible goes the astonishing increase of Protestant literature. The Religious Tract Society pursues its useful mission with ardor. 1,105,000 copies of its little works have been issued from the depots of the committee; 200 000 copies of its religious almanacs have been sold; its monthly magazine, "L'Ami de la Jeunesse," published by the committee, has nearly 10,000 subscribers. The biographical works published by the society are particularly popular. The last issued volumes are the lives of Luther and of Coligny; and prizes for the life of Calvin have been offered. These statements, taken together with the rapid multiplication of Sabbath-schools, and the great success of the colporteurs of the two societies for evangelization (the Evangelical Society of France, and the Central Protestant Society for Evangelization) explain the alarm felt by the Ultramontane party, who lament that Protestant tracts can be found in almost every village; and who, after endeavoring in vain to have the sale of Protestant tracts prohibited by the Government, have been compelled to try to counteract their influence by means of a Roman Catholic Tract Society.

A BAKED BIBLE.

The *Religious Telescope* says:—"There is a Bible in Lucas county, Ohio, which was once baked in a loaf of bread. It now belongs to Mr. Schebolt, who resided near Maumee City. Mr. S is a native of Bohemia, and the baked Bible was originally the property of his grandfather, who was a faithful Protestant Christian in the times which tried men's souls. During one of the cruel persecutions which have been so common in Bohemia, an edict was passed that every Bible in the hands of the peasants should be delivered up to the authorities and destroyed. Various expedients were resorted to by the Bible-loving Protestants to preserve the precious word of life. Mrs Schebolt, grandmother of the present owner, placed hers in the centre of a batch of dough, which was ready for the oven, and baked it. The house was carefully searched, but no Bible was found; and when the tools of priestly tyranny had departed and the danger was past, the Bible was taken uninjured from the loaf."

THE SABBATH BREAKER AND HIS END.

About twenty-five years ago a very wealthy but a very wicked merchant, was doing a prosperous business in the city of New York. Among his other sins against God, that of Sabbath-breaking seemed most manifest, and he appeared to take a delight in violating the sanctity of the Lord's day. As he did business on a very large scale, he at one time gathered up one million and a half of money, all in old Spanish milled dollars, which was considered the best currency to send to China, to which his trade had been directed; and as several vessels would be required to bring home the return cargo, he divided his million and a half of dollars into seven parts, and putting it into seven ships, sent them to China; but to show his contempt for God and his law, he determined to send them to sea, on seven consecutive Sabbaths, intending, perhaps, in this way to test the question as to who should rule, he or Jehovah. The ships went out safely with the money, and returned with the merchandise. They were neither engulfed in the ocean nor wrecked on a lee-shore, but when the voyages were settled up, there was a loss of one third of the money, one million being returned, and five hundred thousand sunk in the enterprise. Loss after loss succeeded, and in about four years after, the rich merchant died a bankrupt.

Now, was this providence? Was it God's controversy with a wicked man? Or was it a "chance thing" that happened?—*Presbyterian.*

A MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

The following is taken from Dr. Macfarlane's *Life and Times of Dr. Lawson:*—His wonderful knowledge of Scripture was illustrated once in a way alike surprising and graphic. As the friendly light-house in the ocean is a guide to the bewildered mariner, so was he to his surrounding brethren. He was to them alike comment and commentator. In their biblical difficulties they either wrote or rode up to Selkirk, and were never disappointed. On one occasion, Mr. Shanks, of Jedburgh, was much perplexed with a text. He could make nothing of it; but determined not to give way, he ordered his horse, and set off, late in the evening, for Selkirk—a distance of fifteen miles. He arrived about one in the morning. He had to knock oftener than once before he was heard. The door at length was opened, and the servant asked who he was, and what brought him at such an hour to the manse. Having replied to all this he insisted upon seeing Dr. Lawson. "He is in bed, and sound asleep hours ago," said the maiden. "It matters not," replied Mr. Shanks. "I must see him, and you will hold the reins of my horse till I come down." He knew the doctor's bedroom; and having got leave to enter, all in the dark, he told Dr. Lawson his errand. Though somewhat put about, and in a half-dreamy condition, the professor commenced an exegesis upon the text in question, quoted the context, referred to the parallel passages in foregoing and preceding chapters, and cleared up the whole subject to his friend's satisfaction. Mr. Shanks then thanked Dr. Lawson, bade him good morning, quietly slipped out of the room, remounted his horse, and rode home to Jedburgh. In the morning, about five o'clock, Dr. Lawson awoke. "My dear," he said to Mrs Lawson, "I have had a dream, a very pleasant dream, to-night. I dreamed that Mr Shanks, good man, came all the way up from Jedburgh to consult me about a text that troubled him." "It was no dream," said Mrs Lawson, "Mr Shanks was in this very room, and I overheard all you and he had to say." It was with difficulty she could get him persuaded to believe that it had been so. On going down stairs, he inquired of the servant if Mr. Shanks had come during the night, and in what room he was sleeping. The servant assured him that the Jedburgh minister had really been in the house, but added: "He is not in the house, sir; he is at Jedburgh ere this time."

POISONOUS SUGAR PLUMS.

Children are a hardly used generation. Sometimes they are served with mere delusions, and sometimes with what is too strong for anybody's digestion; and sometimes again with a compound of pleasant sound and false sense, which I can liken to nothing but poisonous sugar-plums. Certainly the confectioner has no desire to do mischief, when he adds a very little poison just to give his plums a fine color. Still less has the writer, when for the sake of a well shaped story, or a smooth flowing verse, or a pleasant jingle of rhymes, he admits words whose moral red and blue, are anything but pure love and truth. He may think, perhaps, with the confectioner, that the children will perceive nothing but the sweet; and therein he forgets utterly his own childhood—he vindicates his taste was the true, how tender his constitution. I have thought of this very much lately, in connexion with several of the new children's singing books. Two instances will be enough.

A friend lent me a child's music book, with a very world of prose, which I presume made it the best way to sell. But who could write for children such lines as these?—

"The mites have the blessing,
Receiving our coppers,
Our faith thus expressing,
Our gift we have brought.
Hosts of angels encompass us,
I am [illegible],
As in forfeit the blessing
By giving too much!"

At this rate, disband all the congregations, and never let more than two or three meet together; "too many" might "forfeit the blessing," as well as "too much."

The other example is of a graver character. Some time ago, I happened to be with quite a number of young people, half grown girls, one Sunday evening. And they were singing hymns. One and another—"Shining Shore," and "Brother will you meet us," &c., and then came, "'Tis not so with me." I had never heard it before, and it has rung in my heart ever since. "Some people know Christ," the young voices sang, "but we do not." "Some people hope to go to heaven, but not we."

"Some have sought him,
Some have found him,
'Tis not so with me."

I felt as if I wanted to stand up and preach to them, then and there.

Now, is the fact that a little girl knows nothing of Jesus, does not love him, has no hope in him, is it a thing to be *sung* by her? And that to a very gay, cheery tune—nothing less than "Comin' through the rye"—of all things in the world? Some super-sensitive body was once much shocked that a child should be taught to sing "I want to be an angel," but I think surely there are worse things than that.

The tune to which I refer was a favorite with these girls, and they threw their voices into it with a will.

"Some have sought him
Some have found him,
From their blind eyes free:
They follow Jesus in the way,
But 'tis not so with me."

Oh, how sorrowful it seemed to me to hear such language in such a tone and in such a connexion!

AS WE ARE ABLE.

Henry Ward Beecher says, in a late sermon:

A man goes to England, and comes back, and says, "I saw a farm of a hundred acres that I really believe had not a weed on it." But think what a capital he has that owns that farm! He is able to hire a hundred laborers, and furnish all the machinery that can be made serviceable in the cultivation of his land. He is able to go to the expense of having every foot of it searched, and completely freed from weeds. You have a hundred acres and no capital except your hands and industry, and you have only ten acres cleared. But when you come to compare what you have to work with, with what that man has to work with, the probability is, that you have put forth more effort, more courage, and more persistence, than he.

There are many men that I look upon with respect, not because I think they are of godly character, not because I think them to be exemplars of virtue—I know they are nothing of the sort; but because I think that they put forth more moral heroism to do a little, than many others do to do a great deal. For you that are worth a million of dollars to have your house handsome, and your grounds all glowing with beauty, is not much, because you have so much to do it with. But there is that poor woman. Between chills and fever she does her daily washing. She carries her burdens to and fro on a back weary from too much toil. She is pale of face and attenuated of head. But there is a restless love for the beautiful in her. And in the morning, while you yet sleep, long before the birds call her, she is up to give an hour or two to the cultivation of her little bed of flowers. She diminishes her sleep and rest that she may have the reward of joy in beauty. And when you pass by her white cottage, and see the jasmine and honeysuckle climbing up about the windows and doors, do you say, "What is that compared with Cushing's garden?" If you know the women, and know what she had to work with, and knew how poor she was, would you not say, "I declare, that is a nobler sight than the stateliest garden that ever king had?" A crown can afford to have a garden, but when it comes from a poor woman's palm, you judge by what she has, and not by what she has not. It was thus that the Saviour judged, when he said that the poor widow who gave but two mites gave more than all the rich folks did,

Now you are like that poor woman. You are trying to plant for God. God is just and kind in judgment, and he says that if according to the powers you have you are endeavoring to serve him, he will take your few flowers, and give you remuneration, not according to what you have given to him, but according to the greatness of the Heart to which you have given.

Take courage. I do not wish to encourage you to think you are Christians when you are not, but I desire that those children who are just beginning a Christian life should not cast away a valid hope because they have an exaggerated idea of what is required of them at the commencement. Go forward, strive, work, do the best you can, remembering that Christ is willing to wait until you can do better, if you are willing to labor on earnestly and patiently.

HETTY MARVIN.

When the British and Tories attacked New London, Conn., in 17—, and set a price on the head of Gov. Griswold, the latter fled to the town of L———, where his cousin, Mrs. Marvin, hid him, for some days, in a secluded farm house. But at length the subtle foe discovered his retreat; and one sunny afternoon in May, he was routed from his hiding-place by the tidings that a band of horsemen were approaching to capture him.

His only chance of escape was to reach the mouth of a little creek, which emptied itself into the Connecticut river, just above the entrance of the latter into Long Island Sound. There he had a boat stationed, with two faithful attendants hidden beneath the high banks of the creek. The distance from the farm house to the boat was two miles by the usually travelled road. But a little sheep-path across the farmer's orchards would bring him to the road only a mile from the boat; and save a quarter's length of his fearful run for life.

Just where the narrow path from the orchard opened into the road, Hetty Marvin sat with her dog Towser, tending the bleaching of the household linen. The long web of forty yards or more, which was diligently spun and woven during the long winter months, was whitened in May, and thus made ready for use. This business of bleaching was well economised, being usually done by the younger daughters of the family, who were not old enough to spin, or strong enough for the heavier work of the kitchen and dairy.

The roll of linen was taken by the farmer or his stout "help" to a grassy plat, beside a spring or meadow brook. There it was thoroughly wetted and spread upon the green turf, to take the heat of the sun by day and the dew at night. The little maiden who tended it, would sit near it during the day, with her knitting or her book, and as fast as the sun dried its folds, she would sprinkle the water over it with her gourd-shell dipper, and make it wet again.

Thus sat Hetty Marvin, the young daughter of Gov. Griswold's cousin, when her hunted friend, sprang past her into the road, to escape his pursuers. Hetty was a timid child of about twelve years; yet thoughtful and wise beyond many of her elders. She was frightened by the headlong haste with which the fugitive rushed across the meadow; but she quickly recognized the scene, and instantly guessed the truth. Towser, who, though a friend of the family, was guest, thought it becoming to bark loudly at his hurried steps.

Her wise forethought arrested the Governor's attention, and suggested a scheme to elude his pursuers. "Hetty," he said, earnestly, "I am flying for my life; and unless I can reach my boat before I am overtaken, I am a lost man. You see the road forks here. Now I want to run down this way to the river. But you must tell these rascals who are chasing me, that I have gone up the road to catch the mail wagon which will soon be along, you know. Then they will turn off the other way."

"Oh! cousin," said the little girl, in an agony of distress, "I cannot tell a lie; indeed I cannot; why did you tell me which way you were going?"

"Hetty, my child, surely you would not betray me to my death? Hark!—they are coming—I hear the click of their horses' feet. Oh! Hetty, tell them I have gone up the road instead of *down;* and Heaven will bless you."

"Heaven never blesses those who speak falsely, cousin! But I will not tell them which way you go, even if they kill me; so run as quickly as possible."

"It's of no use; unless I can deceive them, I am a dead man."

"Cousin, cousin, hide under my web of cloth; they'd never think of looking here for you. Come, get down as swift as you can, and I'll cover you, and stand sprinkling my linen."

"It's my only chance; child I'll get down, as you say." And suiting the action to the word, the Governor was soon hidden under the ample folds of the cloth.

Angry that their expected prey had escaped from the house where they hoped to secure him, the six mounted Tories, headed by a British officer, dashed along the road in swift pursuit. At sight of the little girl in the meadow, the leader of the party paused.

"Child," he said sternly, "have you seen a man running away hereabouts?"

"Yes, sir," replied Hetty, trembling and flushing.

"Which way did he go?"

"I promised not to tell, sir."

"But you must, or take the consequences."

"I said I wouldn't tell if you killed me," sobbed the frightened girl.

"I'll have it out of her," exclaimed the furious officer, with an oath.

"Let me speak to her," said his Tory guide; "I know the child, I believe. Isn't your name Hetty Marvin?" he asked, pleasantly

"Yes, sir."

"And this man who ran by you a few minutes ago, was your mother's cousin, wasn't he?"

"Yes, sir; he was."

"Well, we are friends of his. What did he say to you when he came along?"

"He—he told me—that he was flying for his life."

"Just so, Hetty; that was very true. I hope he won't have to fly far. Where was he going to try to hide? You see, I could help him if I knew his plans."

Now, Hetty was not a whit deceived by this smooth speech. But she was willing to tell so much of the truth as would consist with his safety, and she wisely judged that her frankness would serve her kinsman better than her silence. So she answered her questioner candidly: "My cousin said that he was going down this way to the river, where he had a boat; and he wanted me to tell the men that were chasing him, that he had gone the other way to catch the mail wagon."

"Why didn't you do as he bid you, then, when I asked you where he had gone?" thundered the officer, fiercely.

"I could not tell a lie, sir," was the tearful answer.

"Hetty," again began the smooth-tongued Tory, "you are a nice child. Everybody knows you are a girl of truth. What did your cousin say when you told him you couldn't tell a falsehood?"

"He said he shouldn't think I'd betray him to his death."

"And then you promised him that you wouldn't tell which way he went, if you was killed for it?"

"Yes, sir."

"That was a brave speech; and so, I suppose, he thanked you for it, and ran down the road as quickly as possible?"

"I promised not to tell where he went, sir."

"Oh! yes, I forgot. Well, tell us his last words, and we won't trouble you any more."

"His last words were, 'It's my only chance, child, and I'll get down as you say.'" And overcome by the fright, and the sense of her kinsman's danger, should they rightfully interpret the language which she had reported, she sobbed aloud and hid her face from sight.

Her tormentors did not stay any longer to soothe or question her. They had got, as they supposed, the information which they wanted, and pushed rapidly on down to the river. Now, the Governor had arranged a signal with his boatmen, that a white cloth by day, or a light in the night, displayed from the attic window of his hiding-place, which was just visible at the mouth of the creek, should inform them if he were in trouble, and put them upon the alert to help him. As soon, therefore, as he started from his cousin's, the signal floated from the window to warn them. And when they saw the pursuing party dash madly down toward the river, and recognised the British uniform of the leader, they pulled swiftly out to sea. The horsemen reached the shore only in season to see the boat, with two men in it nearly out of sight, and supposing their destined prey had escaped, relinquished the pursuit.

Meanwhile the hunted victim lay safe and quiet, where the simple shrewdness of his little cousin had hidden him, until the time came for her to return to the house for supper. Then he bade her pass usual to her home, telling her to ask her mother to place the signal-lamp, as soon as it grew dark, in the window for the boatmen, and to send him there some supper, with his valise, which, in the hurry of his departure, he had left behind.

The signal recalled the boat, which after twilight had ventured in sight of the shore and the farm house; and the Governor quietly made his way to the river in safety. When he rejoined his family in a secure home, he named his infant daughter, which had been born in his absence, "Hetty Marvin," that he might be daily reminded of the little cousin whose truth and shrewdness had saved his life.—*Sunbeam and Schoolmate.*

GOD GOVERNS BARNS.

A wealthy capitalist, who had made the most of his own fortune, and what was harder, taken care of it, gives the following as the secret of his success: "Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses burst forth with new wine." The philosophy of the matter is simply this, *God governs barns.* We are willing to allow that he governs nations, and guides parliaments, and directs battle-fields. But Solomon, moreover, knew that he presided over wheat-fields, stables, and wine-presses. We acknowledge that God is to be worshipped in churches with prayers and psalms; but Solomon will have it that he is to be praised also with threshing implements and grain wagons. Reader, do you act as if you agreed with him?

Mr. M———, of Moline, Illin

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, June 21, 1862.

NOTICE.

There will be a Quarterly Meeting of the West Chester Circuit's Quarterly Conference at West Chester, June 28, 1862, at 2 o'clock.

Quarterly Meeting, June 29th, at West Chester; July 6th, at Lamberton; July 13th, at Thornbury; July 20th, at Unionville; July 27th, at Media; August 3d, at Westtown.

J. W. STEVENSON,
Preacher in Charge.

REV. J. P. CAMPBELL, Elder.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Mr. James Tharp, of Newark, New Jersey, per Rev J. M. Brown, . 2 00
Mrs. Susan Chew, of Media, Pa., per Rev. J. W. Stevenson, . . 1 00
Rev. William H. Hopkins, of Havre de Grace, ... 1 00

ADVERTISEMENTS.

We would call special attention to our advertising department. There is no weekly paper of the same character as the *Recorder* that advertises on more reasonable terms, and those of our people keeping boarding houses in the various cities and towns of the Union, and in fact any manner of business, would do well to send in their advertisements. Churches and business-places should remember this fact.

BOARDING.

We call special attention to the advertisement of Mrs. Plant's Boarding House, located in Brooklyn, New York—No. 197 High St. We stopped with Mrs. Plant when we were on there, and can recommend her establishment to all those who go to New York with the intention of remaining a few days. For farther particulars we refer our readers to her advertisement, which may be found on our third page.

THE WEATHER.

The weather has been so cool here on the 16th, 17th, and, we might say, 18th, that many families have had fires in their dining rooms, and some in their parlors.

NOTICE.

We would say to the brethren, that we expect to have some of the Minutes from our different Annual Conferences for sale at our office in a few days. We shall have those from the New England Conference. We also have the Minutes of the Philadelphia Conference to sell by the single copy to any one.

CHURCH.

Last Sabbath was the first Sabbath that we have spent in Philadelphia for some time past. In the morning we heard Rev. A. L. Stanford on the subject of entering into the closet for prayer. It would have done the careless and prayerless professor good to have been present. At 8 o'clock, P. M., we heard the Rev. J. P. Campbell preach. We confess that Professor Campbell was lofty and eloquent in his elucidations. His text read thus: "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him."—James, first chapter and twelfth verse.

BOOK NOTICE.

Professor Bassette has just put upon our table a copy of the Annual Report of the Board of Managers of the Institute for Colored Youth. We find from a perusal of the document that the average number of students attending is one hundred and twelve (112.) This Institution ranks among (if not) the best seminaries of learning wherein colored youth may acquire a thorough and classical education, that is to be found within the limits of our land.

LECTURE.

Doctor Brown, of Burlington, a gentleman of much distinction, and whose wide-spread reputation has been in a great measure self-made, who was to have lectured at Zoar Church, in Brown Street, between Fourth and Fifth, on the subjects of "Physiology and Phrenology," giving the laws of health and the disposition of characters, was unfortunately prevented from carrying out his design by the extremely inclement state of the weather on the evening set apart for the purpose. But, nothing daunted, and with that spirit of perseverance so characteristic of our distinguished friend, Dr. Brown has fixed on next Wednesday night, the 25th instant, as the occasion for the delivery of his lecture. He hopes to, and should have, a full house. It will be a rich treat. Be sure to go.

Dr. Brown lectured before the New York Conference, and his discourse was considered a very commendable affair by Bishop Payne and the brethren present.

☞ The Lecture will commence at 8 o'clock, precisely.

HEARING FROM OUR BRETHREN.

We should like to hear from Rev. John A. Warren, of Detroit, and his church. Brother Warren claims to be a friend to the church and the *Recorder*. Will he not prove it by sending us some fifty, sixty, or more, subscribers? We would also like to hear from Brother Tibbs, of Cleveland, Ohio, Rev. Edward Davis, of Union Seminary, Rev. J. Divine, and Dr. Watts, of Pittsburgh, in giving every week or two the movement of things to the *Recorder*. Brethren, wake up! for I assure you, as ministers, you have a great work before you. Will you do it, as the heralds of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? The country is looking to the movements of the African M. E. Church, as having the largest Christian body of the colored people under our administration, probably, by three-fourths. Therefore, my brethren, we should do all we can for the best interests of them, both as it regards their mental, moral, and religious elevation. We hope next week to find our box crowded with communication and subscriptions: all subscribers obtained between now and the first of September shall have the Recorder to January 1st, 1863, for $1.00. Will not the brethren take hold of it?

The Baptist Religious Societies have held their anniversaries at Providence. The Missionary Union reported an increase of receipts, the Home Missionary and the Publication Societies a decrease. The Missionary Union passed a series of resolutions, in which slavery is designated as the cause of the rebellion, and the opinion expressed that only its abolition will effectually restore peace to the country.

A WORD.

The *Christian Advocate and Journal*, in speaking of the A. M. E. Church in a recent article, in referring to the Episcopal arrangements and the work being laid off in Dioceses or Districts for each Bishop from General Conference to General Conference. We would just say that this is not the decree of the General Conference, but that the Bishops have chosen to do this themselves to suit their own convenience. Now, this view of the case does not meet our approbation, for good and sufficient reasons. Therefore, we differ with the arrangement.

A CALL FOR A MASS CONVENTION

A meeting of the citizens of New Bedford was held on the 1st instant, over which Mr. John Freedom, Esq., acted as President. The object of the meeting was to take into consideration the propriety and the impropriety of calling a national convention. We were not at home at the time the notice appeared in our paper, and, therefore, could not give attention to it until now, which, though somewhat late, we hope, may yet do good service.

Gentlemen, as I am acquainted with a part, if not all, of the members who composed that body, and if there were nothing more for me to say than to speak of that body which composed that meeting—of the amount of talent and the high respectability which characterised them, we think that that alone would deserve an acknowledgment from us. We would say that the subject to which you desire to draw our attention is one that we have not now to consider its causes and effects.

We have for some time, yes, years, past, made it our duty to study the best interests of our poor, scattered and pealed people. We have guarded against hasty conclusions, but generally allowed our bump of caution to be ever on the alert. In relation to the EMIGRATION subject, we think that there is no man who is possessed with a cool and impartial mind and brain that can arrive at any other conclusion than that of favoring emigration. This has been the case with men, from the sons of Adam up to the present date. But now the question turns simply upon this point—in what way and manner?—this is to be the question. 1. Is it that one particular class of God's creation who ought and is to emigrate to one particular isolated spot? 2. Is it so decreed from all eternity, that one particular class of God's creation, on account of their hue, must emigrate to a particular isolated portion of the country? 3. And, whether the climate is congenial and adapted to his or her constitution, or not, that it is essential for that people to go? We answer, not a bit of it! for we do hold that God is a God of equity, and that all of his attributes are like himself, and willeth that none should suffer, but all should fare alike. Emigration is the choice of the man and the woman, with and at their own free will and accord to go where they please, stay as long as they please, come when they please, as long as they have the strength, health, and the means to travel with. And the men who assume to say that he shall, and he shall not, are popish and tyrannical. For we do believe that God is no respecter of persons, and means that men are entitled to live wherever they may choose, but to serve him with all their heart, mind and body. Now, in relation to a national convention of our people, we think that, if called, it would be productive of two things—either good or evil. If we can get a convention of good, sober, clear-headed men—men willing to make sacrifices for the good of the people—men of moral character, then a national convention of this kind of Anglo-Africans, we think, would be of great service. Such a convention as this we will give our voice for, to be held at such a time and place as may be considered most expedient.

So far as opening the columns of our paper to discussion upon this subject is concerned, we have only to say that the columns of the *Recorder* are not now, nor never have been, closed to any moral or scientific matter—nor is anything rejected that is adapted to a paper of its character, and which tends towards the best interests of our people. So we say to our friend Freedom, and our friends in New Bedford generally, As you have commenced what you honestly conceive to be a good work, faint not in well-doing.—ED.

EXCHANGES.

On our arrival home, we found upon our table the 22d, 23d, and now the 24th No. of a paper styled the UNION HERALD AND ADVERTISER, published in Springfield, Illinois, the capital of the State. It is edited by Mr. Thomas Lewis, and may be considered a mammoth sheet of the State, and carries with it a fair share of advertisements. It is a well gotten up paper, and deserves the patronage of the friends, and especially the advertisers. It is only $1.00 per annum. We wish the editor and publishers abundant success, and are happy to have the HERALD with our other exchanges.

Also, we found Nos. 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th, new series, of a monthly periodical of Cincinnati, Ohio, called THE CHRISTIAN LUMINARY, devoted to the temporal advancement and welfare of the whole human family. Edited and published by Mr. John Boggs. We have not had time to peruse it thoroughly, but merely scan over it, and judge it, from appearance, and from what we have examined, to be an excellent monthly periodical, much adapted to the improvement of believers in Christ Jesus the Lord. The price of it is $1.00 per annum, to be paid in advance. May that mind which was in Christ ever characterize that editor.

Also, a paper from San Francisco, Cal., called THE PACIFIC APPEAL, devoted to the interests of the colored people. Edited by Mr. Peter A. Bell. It is one size smaller than the *Christian Recorder* was when under the administration of Rev. M. M. Clark. We are truly glad to find our friends in the Pacific State doing what they can for the elevation of our people. We hope that they will be able to keep it going, and continue to grow larger as it is published.

A PLEASANT AND CHRISTIAN INTERVIEW.

We had the extreme pleasure of calling upon Dr. Thompson, the Editor of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, accompanied by Bishop Payne and Rev. John M. Brown. We frankly confess that we were much disappointed in his stature, as we had never seen the Doctor's person before, and from what we had heard of the Doctor, and especially since he has been promoted to the editorial chair, and the able manner in which he has conducted the great organ and lever of the M. E. Church, our conclusions were that he was a giant or a Goliath; but he is of small stature, a broad forehead, a small and penetrating eye, and a smile upon his countenance. We found the Doctor to be every way a gentleman.

PASS IT AROUND!

SHAMEFUL OUTRAGE.

Rev Mr. Blyden, Commissioner from a Presbytery in Africa to the General Assembly of the U. S Presbyterian Church, and Principal of the Alexander High School in Liberia—a gentleman of high scholarly attainments, was driven from the city cars at the Kensington depot, with a lady late in the evening upon his arrival from New York—an entire stranger in this city of brotherly love, simply because of his color.

In London, Edinburgh, Paris, Liverpool, was he treated as any other traveller, but here with indignity.

What does Judge Sharwood think of this act of injustice?—the judge is a member of the same Church, and from the bench decided lately, that colored men were not entitled to a seat in the cars, because of their color. *"Oh, righteous Judge!"*

Also, Rev. Alexander Crummel, a graduate of Cambridge University, England, and a clergyman, also, of the Episcopal Church—a gentleman widely known for his talents and learning, was last winter, after lecturing to one of the most refined audiences of white persons in this city, driven from the cars within a stone's throw of the church where a few moments before a refined body of Christian men and women were listening with rapt attention to his eloquent words. Shame on Philadelphia!

☞ *Will the city papers please copy.*

OUR SABBATH SCHOOL ARRANGEMENT.

We would take the opportunity of saying to all our ministers and Sabbath School superintendents and teachers, that if they intend to comply with the proposition which we have made—to introduce the *Recorder* into their spheres instead of other Sabbath School papers—we should like to be made aware of the fact immediately. We shall devote once or twice a month, as may seem best, a complete side of the paper to the Sabbath School department. Let the brethren send in their orders promptly. Remember, we promise to let the Schools have the paper at Three Dollars per hundred.

The third lecture of the series on "Christian Relations," in the Wesley A. M. E. Church, Hurst St., will be delivered on Sunday, the 22d, at 10½ o'clock. Theme:—"The Christian in the Family."

INDISPOSITION.

The Rev. Henry Davis, Pastor of Union Bethel, Philadelphia, is much indisposed—so much so, that he has not been able to preach since Conference. May the good Lord, if it be his will, restore his health again.

A RECOMMENDATION

TO THE DISTRICTS OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW ENGLAND, OHIO, INDIANA, AND MISSOURI, OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH MINISTERS.

Dear Brethren:—As we have a number of superannuated ministers on the list in said Districts, therefore it will be expected that the ministers and preachers, on their circuits and stations, will do all they can to collect the *two cent money;* and we also recommend that the Class leaders be instructed to collect and set the amount on the Class book opposite each member's name, as also all the collections called, per Discipline, for the Annual Conference, and publish the same once every quarter, that it may be seen who they are that work for God and his cause. We think it is time to give credit to those of our people who do work, and that God's name may be glorified.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

MR. EDITOR:—There is a very happy state of things in our churches in this city. Our promise for future success is very bright, and if the Lord will be with us, we trust to have a most glorious harvest in the ingathering of souls; souls whose existence must run counter with an never ending eternity. Quite an excitement has been in the city for several days, caused by the constant income of rebel prisoners, which draw on the street a large crowd of curious spectators. And what was equally, if not more curious, was the shaggy, paltry-looking rebel chaps brought in under the nomenclature of Confederate prisoners; for certainly a harder specimen of humanity never existed than they claimed to be the portraiture of. Some soft-headed misanthropists have puffed off a great deal of gas in order to prove that the negro is an emanation of the orang-outang; but I think if they were in Washington at the time when some of the rebel prisoners were coming in, the result of their anthropological investigation would have assigned many of them a place among the baboon species. And as for their uniforms, they are like Joseph's coat of many colors, but the most prominent color was dirt color. One very remarkable peculiarity, however, about their uniforms, which distinguished them from any I ever saw before, was the manner in which their uniforms were fringed and flounced. Many of them were fringed and flounced from head to foot, though it was threadbare fringe and ragged flounces. In consequence of so many wounded and sick soldiers being brought to the city, the Government authorities have seized several churches, and notified others that it is probable they too will be taken as temporary hospitals. It was thought at first that the disloyalty of some of the ministers was the cause of this seizure, but since others have been taken which are known to be loyal. The matter is looked at from an entire benevolent stand-point. Some of our people are apprehensive that our church may be seized. The white friends here are very much put out with General McClellan about his slow movements before Richmond. They think he is waiting for them to evacuate their capital, otherwise he will not move for the next six months.

Rev. Mr Nichols, from Boston, late from Port Royal, is here, and contemplates raising a High School among our people. He is an excellent scholar, and well adapted to the art of teaching. His intention is very cordially approved of among the aspirants for, and admirers of, literature—both white and colored. The greatest obstruction in the getting of a respectable hall or house adapted to the object. We trust, however, that he will be successful in the much needed enterprise.

Quite a sad affair occurred in Georgetown last Monday. It appears that some of our people gave a pic nic not very far from Georgetown, and on their return in the afternoon, some difficulty occurred between Mr Dyer and John Wheeler, which at length resulted in the former shooting the latter. I have not been informed, however, of Mr Wheeler's death, though it was thought to be quite likely. How often does momentary pleasure end in lasting sorrow!

Rev. S W Chase, of Baltimore, paid us a visit yesterday and preached [illegible] large audience in Israel Church, and once on the Island at E. Street Mission. Every one who heard him was exceedingly gratified, and pronounced his ability an incontestable argument of African genius and colored intellectuality.

Last Monday night the members of Israel Church met, and authorized the trustees of said church to repair the basement of their church, which has for many years been standing in a useless condition. They intend to floor, plaster, and bench it in fine order, so as to be appropriated to the use of ; retracted meetings, lectures, and other demonstrations, which are not unbecoming to a Christian edifice. They farther resolved to repair the vestibule, enlarge the gallery, fresco the main audience room, which, when completed, will not only be a magnificent church, but hold at least twelve hundred persons; two hundred more than it now holds; while the improved basement will seat, when done, one thousand. The said church has made quite an improvement on the Sabbath School. Five weeks ago it numbered about twenty scholars, now it numbers two hundred and fifty. The entire afternoon is devoted to the Sabbath School, which consists of children and adults.

Rev. James A. Handy, pastor of Union Bethel Church, is making quite an impression in the upper part of the city. The members of Union Bethel have, though a young man to the ministry, one whom they need to be proud of, as he is not only a very eloquent man, but one of unquestionable ability. H. M. T.

Washington, June 16th, 1862.

[FROM OUR EXCHANGE.]

We copy the following, which will be found interesting to all of our readers, in relation to Governor Stanley's conduct in North Carolina, our old home:

MR. COLYER AND THE NEGRO SCHOOLS AT NEWBERN.

On Sabbath evening, at St. George's Chapel, Mr. Vincent Colyer gave an account of the colored (evening) schools in Newbern, recently closed by Governor Stanley with many other interesting statements. When the military Governor arrived, it became Mr. Colyer's duty, as Superintendent of the Poor, to call upon him. The Governor said there was one thing he did not approve of—the establishment of the negro schools. He said the laws of the state made it a criminal offence, and that his instructions from Washington were to administer the old laws so far as it was possible. Mr. Colyer particularly noticed this language, as he had previously been told that Gov. Stanley's instructions were very indefinite. If called upon, the Governor said he would decide against him. Mr. Colyer had opened the schools under the sanction of Brig. Gen. Foster, and of course he conferred with that official, and that night announced to the public that the schools would be closed. The next day—four days after the arrival of Gov. Stanley—came the rendition of fugitive slaves. The Governor said he gave authority for the man to take the slave wherever he found him. *This man had never taken the oath of allegiance*, although he promised to do so. He had also been served with Government rations three times by Mr. Colyer. He took his slave—a girl nearly white. There was immediately a great state of alarm through the whole 5000 contrabands. That night two of the colored scouts came in. They had been gone for a week or more through the marshes, through the pickets of rebel regiments, without blankets, without food, except such as they could get by chance; with nothing, in fact, but a few shillings and a good revolver in their breast, furnished them by Government. They were full of information that they had risked their lives to obtain, and it was hard to tell them now that they could not claim protection. *Twenty left that night.* The instinct of self-preservation told them this was their only course—to go back as soon as possible to those who would afford them the same kind of protection. The next morning the General, upon reflection on the effect of thus sending out men who knew everything about the strength and position of his forces, decided that *he would be guided by that act of Congress, which says that no officer of the army shall return a fugitive slave.* [Applause.] That night some soldiers went to Master Bray's house and recaptured the slave. Not five minutes before Mr. Colyer left, he saw this same Bray prowling round for the "chattel." A number of instances were related where the blacks had been of great service to the army. In one case 100 soldiers went in a vessel under the entire guidance of a negro, and 200 bales of cotton were found piled up in the woods, covered with brush. All that could be taken on board was carried away.

Dr. Tyng confirmed what he said in regard to the Secretary of War, as he told him in a decided manner that he would not sustain, nor would he belong to a government that would sustain such a course.

THE LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

The king was in the habit of breakfasting every morning with the queen in her boudoir. On one occasion his Majesty remarked a pretty simple morning cap lying on his royal consort's work-table, and, taking it up, he asked, looking at the queen, "What may be the cost?"

Queen Louisa hesitated for a moment, and then said merrily: "What use is there in telling you? All men think every article of ladies' dress too dear."

Frederick William was only the more stimulated in his inquiry, and the queen in her bantering refusal, till at length the king prevailed, and she laughingly exclaimed: "Well, if your curiosity must be satisfied, it cost four dollars," (twelve shillings sterling.)

"A monstrous deal of money for such a little thing," cried the monarch with affected seriousness; and, as it chanced that an invalided non-commissioned officer passed at the moment the open window of the boudoir, the king called him in, and, after receiving the old soldier's respectful salute, held up the cap, dangling between his fingers and thumb, before the eyes of the astonished veteran, saying: "And how much think you might this affair cost?"

"Begging your Majesty's pardon," began the invalid, in a deprecatory tone, "the like of us does not understand such matters; but much it could not cost, it is so small—perhaps ten or twelve groschens!"*

"Groschens!" repeated the king in a tone of assumed displeasure; "you are quite out in your guess, friend! No less than four dollars has been given for it by this fair lady here, and as that is unquestionably a great extravagance, you can go up to her now and ask her to give you the same sum, since her purse is so lavishly filled."

The old soldier was thrown into the most puzzling predicament, and could not see clearly in how far he dare venture to enter into the jest (for such he felt it to be;) but the queen at once relieved him, for, putting on a gayly malicious smile, she went up to the hesitating sergeant, placed four silver dollars in his hand, and then said, pointing to the king: "The puissant lord standing there at the window has a purse much more lavishly filled than mine; for from him I receive all I possess. Go up, therefore, to him, and I am sure he will give you the double of what I have just handed to you; he is well able to do it."

The wary old soldier cast a sly glance of inquiry towards his royal master, (who had assuredly little anticipated the turn affairs had taken,) before he would venture to advance, but, meeting a friendly smile, soon stood before the king, who, drawing out his purse, with a shrug that seemed to say: "I have got into a fine mess with my jesting," handed eight dollars to the delighted graybeard,

* A groschen then was worth, at the utmost, three [illegible]

who instantly backed out of the royal presence with a precipitation which seemed to imply a fear that the dollars might perchance be re-demanded as given only in jest. On his exit the queen clapped her hands merrily, and exclaimed with a joyous laugh: "Who has paid dearest for the cap, I should like to know?" And, amid laughing reprisals, the happy couple sat down to breakfast.

Leisure Hour.

THE STILLNESS BEFORE THE STORM.

The Rev. Mr. Alford, in a recent letter from the camp near Yorktown, after alluding to the encouragements of his work, graphically describes the "hushing down" of the "grand army," which could not but be felt as the stillness which precedes the tempest. That stillness was broken by the retreat of the rebel army, and we trust that even before these lines meet the eyes of our readers our whole loyal people will be rejoicing in new victories. He says:—

"If now I had myself sufficiently *multiplied*, and provided with material, I could reach the whole army. But as it is, all I can do is but as a 'drop in a bucket.' The men beg piteously for reading. They are now lying almost perfectly idle waiting for the planting of the siege guns. Their state of mind, too, is favorable,—all expecting battle; and if there is ever any serious thought, it is now.

"Last evening an order forbade all 'drum-beat,' 'band-playing,' or 'firing;'—any noise by which the enemy could discover our movements; and most of the divisions lie in swamps or behind slopes and woodlands. The stillness is startling; one hundred thousand men hushed down almost to a whisper! Through the woods and up and down ravines you see regiments stealing their way in serpent line and muscless, every face earnest and sobered. Along, for miles, brigades nestle under their little shelter tents, only two or three feet high, like the mounds of an immense graveyard; a shell from the rebels occasionally coming with its shrill inquiry, 'Where are you?' Our heavy gunboats in the river reply leisurely on behalf of the land forces. The engineers, with their thousands of 'spade men,' like sweating grave-diggers, are quietly but hard at work. And all this makes an impression which in some respects is more awful than battle,—officers and men so express themselves.

TRUTH.

The following beautiful illustration of the simplicity and the power of truth, is from the pen of S. H. Hammond, formerly editor of the *Albany State Register*. He was an eye-witness of the scene in one of the high courts:

A little girl, nine years of age, was offered as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for a felony committed in her father's house.

"Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath?"

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There, your honor," said the counsel addressing the Court, "is anything farther necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let me see," said the judge. "Come here, my daughter."

Assured by the kind manner and tone of the judge, the child stepped forward to him, and looked confidingly up in his face with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank, that it went straight to the heart.

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge.

The little girl stepped back with a look of fierror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face and neck as she answered:

"No, sir."

She thought he intended to inquire if she had ever blasphemed.

"I do not mean that," said the judge, who saw her mistake; "I mean were you ever a witness before?"

"No, sir; I was never in Court before," was the answer.

He handed her the Bible open

"Do you know that book, my daughter?"

She looked at it and answered, "Yes, sir; it is the Bible."

"Do you ever read it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, every evening."

"Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the judge.

"It is the word of the great God," she answered.

"Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say;" and he repeated slowly the oath usually administered to witnesses

"Now," said the judge, "you have sworn as a witness, will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in the State Prison," answered the child.

"Anything else?" asked the judge.

"I shall never go to heaven," she replied.

"How do you know this?" asked the judge again.

The child took the Bible, and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction, "'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.' I learned that before I could read."

"Has any one talked to you about your being a witness in Court against this man?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, sir," she replied, "my mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room and asked me to tell her the Ten Commandments, and then we kneeled down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before him. And when I came up here with father she kissed me and told me to remember the Ninth Commandment, and that God would hear every word that I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the judge, while a tear glistened in his eye, and his lip quivered with emotion.

"Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of its truth was perfect.

"God bless you, my child," said the judge, "you have a good mother. This witness is competent," he continued—"Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such witnesses as this. Let her be examined."

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was, but there was a directness about it which carried conviction of its truth to the heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel plied her with infinite and ingenious questioning, but she varied from her first statement in nothing. The truth as spoken by that little child was sublime. Falsehood and perjury had preceded her testimony. The prisoner had intrenched himself in lies, till he deemed himself impregnable. Witnesses had testified facts in his favor, and villany had manufactured for him a sham defence. But before her testimony falsehood was scattered like chaff. The little child for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning device of matured villany to pieces like the potter's vessel. The strength that her mother prayed for was given her, and the sublime and terrible simplicity—terrible I mean to the prisoner and his associates—with which she spoke, was like a revelation from God himself.

Among the youngest missionary societies of Great Britain, the Turkish Mission Aid Society and the Vernacular Education Society for India are deserving special attention. The former has for its object to assist the American mission in Turkey, and during the past year has furnished the means for supporting fifty-six native preachers and fifty-two native students and catechisers, and for the continuation of the native agency, which otherwise would have been discontinued. The Vernacular Education Society for India is extending its field of usefulness, and already has during the four years of its existence, issued 486, [illegible] publications.

OUR MINGLED LIFE.

Bits of gladness and of sorrow,
Strangely mixed in our forward,
Bits of cloud belt and of rainbow,
In deep, alternate braid;
Bits of storm when winds are warring,
Bits of calm when blasts are playing,
Bits of silence and of uproar,
Bits of moonlight and of shade;
Bits of rest—in cheerful labor—
And of open sunny glade.
Stripes of garden and of moorland,
Heath and rose together laid;
Sweet leaf, Canaan's balm,
April's youngest, greenest blade.
Bits of dayspring and of sunset,
Of the midnight of the mind;
Snow and ice of pale December,
Living flush of crimson June.
Sands of Egypt, fields of Sharon,
Rush of Jordan, sweep of Nile;
Wells of Marah, shelter of palms,
Sinai's fawn and Lebanon's cedar,
Depths of valley, peaks of mountain,
Stretch of verdure-loving plain;
Barren miles of ocean-shingle,
Fertile swaths of smiling grain.
Broken shafts of Tyrian columns,
Rolled and worn by wave and time;
Mines of colonnade and grandeur,
Luxor's still majestic prime.
Travel-music—pressing inward
Voice of trumpet and of lute;
The thunder shower's loud lashing,
And the low fall, soft and mute.
Now the garland now the fan,
Now the wedding, now the tomb,
Now the festal shouts of thousands,
Now the churchyard's lonely gloom,
Now the song above the living,
Now the chant above the dead,
The sun-ith smile of infant beauty,
Age's wan and furrowed head.

THE TRANSLATED TELUGU TRACT.

The following is the translation of a Telugu tract on the incarnations of Vishnu. Perhaps if you will have it published in our church papers, it will give the people an idea of what kind of means we must use here to reason with the heathen on the subject of our salvation:—

1. Dear friends! Why did Vishnu assume incarnations? If you inquire into the reasons of his doing so, you will find that they are nothing but vain foolish stories, and of no benefit what ever to us.

2. Vishnu has not suffered a single pain through friendship toward us in order to take away our sins. We cannot ascertain that he ever had the least particle of love for saving souls.

3. We find, however, that Vishnu has never had the ability to take away the burden of our sins.

4. Vishnu had ten incarnations. In the first he is said to have assumed the form of a fish, and to have entered into the sea. While he was swimming about there, and saying that he was God, none would believe him, but all would laugh at him. We get no benefit from this.

In the second incarnation, Vishnu is said to have assumed the form of a tortoise, and to have carried Mount Mandara. Do we get anything by that? Besides, it does not become the dignity of Deity to be a turtle, therefore Vishnu is not God.

In the third incarnation, Vishnu is said to have assumed the form of a hog, and to have killed Heranyakshudu. What good do we derive from the conduct and qualities of senseless brutes? In addition to this, it is extremely contemptible to think God ever became a hog.

In the fourth incarnation, Vishnu is said to have become half man and half lion. Such a form only creates terror to frighten the people. Is it right to say that Vishnu, who has assumed such a form as this, is God?

In the fifth incarnation, Vishnu is said to have assumed the form of a dwarf, and to have deceived Balichakravarti. In this way he became a little man, and went about begging. Why? Was it not for the purpose of cheating Balichakravarti? Besides this, he kicked Balichakravarti, who had been so kind to him in granting what he had asked. Is that right?

In the sixth incarnation, Vishnu is said to have become Parashmamuda, and to have pursued and beheaded kings for twenty generations. This is not fit to be called an incarnation.

In the seventh incarnation, Vishnu is said to have become Ramudu. Then while another one, by name Ravanasudu, was taking away his wife, he had no power to prevent him. He went about in the forest weeping and sobbing, not knowing who had taken away Seeta, his wife, and where she was. Afterwards he received intelligence that she was the principal Hanumantudu, the chief of monkeys, in the Island of Lanka. Not possessing the power to make war against Ravanasudu, he joined the monkeys, and thus went to war. It is exceedingly disgraceful to say that he who has assumed such a form as this is God.

In the eighth incarnation, Vishnu is said to have become Krushna. The deeds he is said to have committed in this form are such as adultery, theft, &c. Who would not be afraid to say that God became incarnate for the purpose of increasing the ways of sin, instead of diminishing them?

In the ninth incarnation, Vishnu is said to have assumed a form that has neither sight nor hearing. If we cannot say that one is a fool, who is so base as to become a mere object to be kicked about, we cannot say that he is God.

In the tenth incarnation, Vishnu is hereafter going to become a beauty! It is utterly useless to believe that we shall be benefited by what he is yet to do, inasmuch as his former deeds are nothing but foolishness and crimes.

5. *Now*, let us consider the incarnation of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world. This is not like those of Vishnu. He came to this world that was full of sin, bore the sins of mankind; gave his own body as a sacrifice for their sake, and opened the way to heaven in order that they may be saved. Therefore, the only true incarnation of which we have any account is that of Jesus Christ. E. UNANGER.

Guntoor, February, 1862.

BROWNLOW.

A grand reception was given to this brave Tennessean on Friday night at the Academy of Music, when the usual amount of speech-making was enacted. A beautiful flag was presented by the Hon. W. D. Lewis, on behalf of the ladies of Philadelphia, to Mrs. Sawyer, the young widowed daughter of Mr. Brownlow, for her courage and patriotism in defending, pistol in hand, the last U. S. flag that waved in Tennessee after Secession had swept the State out of the Union. Ex-Gov. Pollock received the flag with appropriate remarks, while the brave recipient very modestly hid herself in the corner of a private box, so that none of the audience recognised her. The great feature of the evening was, of course, the Parson's speech; and, if possible, it abounded more in profane expressions and malignant denunciations than any of his previous speeches. Mr. Brownlow is a brave and patriotic man, and, in this rebellion, has done a good work, and all honor to him therefor. But, in the name of Constitutional liberty, we protest against all hero worship of him or any other one, for, in the end, it must bring forth evil fruit; and, in the name of virtue and religion, we protest against affording him any more such opportunities to ventilate his peculiar style of oratory; for, whether his views be right or wrong, his arguments good or bad, there is no doubt but that the spirit which animates his speeches breathes as much malignity towards his Southern enemies as devotion to the Union. We have sometimes, on reading his speeches, been made to fear that his course has been dictated more by hatred towards certain men than love for the old flag and the Constitution in general. His language is grossly profane, as [illegible] the spirit, and, in particular, the irreverent [illegible] his speeches must have a demoralizing tendency with the public. We do hope and pray that this whole thing may be stopped before profanity becomes current as the expression of intense patriotism.

The students of Paris are at length to be accommodated with comfort in the Imperial Library. The new reading-room, which is of immense size, is about to be opened, and will seat, it is said, a larger number of readers than that at the British Museum. The library contains 1,800,000 volumes, and the shelves on which they are arranged measure seventeen miles in length.

CALIFORNIA ITEMS

Masonic Temple. [illegible] was the *Seventh of April*—a day made famous in the annals of one of our American cities, and infamous in the annals of another. In Lexington, Mass., 1775, was fired, on that day of the month, the [illegible] for American independence and American liberty. In Baltimore, on the same day of the month, in the year 1861, a foul blot was cast upon the hitherto fair escutcheon of that beautiful city. Often have I reflected on this fact, and often have I regretted, as a southern man, that these two acts could not be interchanged as to their respective localities. That, however, cannot be. They must both go down to history—the one the act of patriots, the other the act of traitors. I can find some little relief in the thought, that they were not both, properly, representative acts of *the people*. The affair at Lexington was undoubtedly of this character. It was an evidence that they were ready to fight for their rights and liberties, and as such, history will pass it down to posterity. In Baltimore, however, her subsequent fair conduct will go far to show that it was caused by a class of persons with which all large cities are more or less afflicted. The people in Baltimore very soon showed, at the ballot box, that they had no sympathy with this foul deed. The dark stain, however, like the blood on the fair hands of the murderess of Duncan, will not wash out. It will go down in history; but it must go as the act of traitors and miscreants.

It is now some time since I had the pleasure of sending a letter to the INSURRECTION. The fact that we are in hourly communication with the East by means of the telegraph, while letters are usually from twenty-five to thirty days on their way, not a little detracts from the interest of the latter mode of communication. A friend of mine, a few days since, received at 1 o'clock a dispatch from Philadelphia dated 2 o'clock—thus beating old father Time just one hour!

By the way, will not this incident illustrate the importance of not only speaking the truth but the whole truth? Some of your little readers, who may as yet have learned nothing of longitudes, may regard this statement as either a mistake in the printer, or an untruth. And yet it is neither the one or the other, there being a difference between Philadelphia and San Francisco time of something like three hours and thirty minutes!

The completion of this great work of art, especially at this time, is a source of universal congratulation with us who live at these "ends of the earth." Though anxious to receive the latest dispatches, how often are painful feelings awakened by the thought, that so many of our fellow-countrymen are falling upon the field! These feelings, however, only increase our interest in the shifting scenes of this great national tragedy. Melancholy and even heart-rending as the news often is, yet let the war go on and on, until this foul rebellion is completely crushed. During the Reign of Terror, in France, when the streets of Paris ran with blood—a state of things originating in the revolution that had been started for the vindication of the rights of man—the good La Fayette wrote to Thomas Jefferson, at that time Secretary of State under Washington, an account of the state of affairs in that country, expressing his regret that matters had gone to such an extreme. Jefferson in reply, after stating that he much regretted the extremes to which the Revolution had carried the French people, said, that rather than things should continue in Europe as they had been going on for the last hundred years, he would prefer to see all Europe completely depopulated, and a new Adam and Eve created to re-people that continent. Extreme as the remark may seem, I endorse it in relation to our own country in this her hour of trial. Rather than that this Government should make peace with Davis and his infamous crew of traitors and perjurers, I would see every man, woman and child, swept from the country. In that case new colonies of freemen would soon spring up. The ordeal through which our country is passing is, indeed, a terrible one, and awful to contemplate. It seems, however, that in the mysterious workings of God's providence, none of his great schemes of benevolence are brought to perfection without vast sacrifices. By the blood of his own Son man's spiritual redemption has been consummated, and who does not know that the history of this world is written in blood? Where have the rights of man been secured without it? This is, I admit, a solemn and mysterious subject; but what are the *facts* of the case?

Rev. Starr King, some time ago, delivered in this city one of his able and characteristic lectures, entitled, "Secession in Palestine, or the Revolt of the Ten Tribes." He drew a terrible parallel between that revolt and the one in which the South is now involved, and from the whole deduced the inference, that if God had punished the Jews so terribly for their treason, what will be the retribution of his wrath against the American traitors who, without cause have attempted the subversion of this Government. I am free to say of this gentleman, that he has done more than all the politicians put together to promote a union-loving spirit in the community.

I have lately finished reading the life of Columbus, by Washington Irving. Most heartily would I recommend the reading of that book to every young man. The character of that great sailor has been but little understood. He was deeply imbued with the spirit of piety. Although surcharged with the superstitious enthusiasm of his age, we cannot withhold from him the noble title of the Christian sailor. His honesty of purpose and indomitable zeal, I think, almost unparalleled in nautical history. His last words were, "*In manus tuas Domine, spiritum meum*—into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit."

In the sketch which the author has given up of the life of the lovely Queen Isabella, there is an incident to which it would be well to call the attention of such Reverend traitors as Drs. Palmer and Thornwell, who have done so much to debase the southern mind. The early Spanish navigators sent to Spain a large number of Indians, to be sold as slaves, with the view of their being thereby *made Christians*. Isabella ordered their immediate return. When we think of the darkness and super

NOTICE

[illegible] Association [illegible] on that lot to aid the freed men at Port Royal and other points where they may be located, and re- [illegible] sons and others in this city, or elsewhere, in money or clothing.

Any amount of value received will be acknowledged, with the name of the donor, in the *Recorder*, where a constant record will be kept.

Subscriptions may be sent to Jacob C. White, at [illegible] Street, and also to William Still, 107 North Fifth Street, and to Rev. E. Weaver, 619 Pine Street.

PAID.

[illegible]	$ [illegible]
Clayton Miller,	2 00
William Still,	5 00
Robert Alger,	2 00
Henry Minturn,	2 00
Catherine Johnson,	2 00
Vasti Locke,	2 00
Wm. Warrick,	2 00
Harriet Shorter,	1 00
Sarah S. Hawkins,	1 00
Rev. Jonathan C. Gibbs,	1 00
James P. Clay,	1 00
Benjamin F. Hill,	2 00
S. M. S.,	2 00
[illegible]	1 00
F. J. Dreer,	5 00

It affords us pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of [illegible] lecture, [illegible] Miss Anna E. Dickinson's lecture at Concert Hall for the contrabands contributed to the S. C. and Statistical Association' to be applied as intended. Wm. Still.

Cor. Sec of S. C. and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Penna.

Domestic Items.

Generals.—The general officers of the Union service had from the following States and Territories:

	Maj. Gen.	Brig. Gen.		Maj. Gen.	Brig. Gen.
California,	2	3	New York,	3	19
Connecticut,	0	10	New Jersey,	0	7
Delaware,	0	2	N Carolina,	0	1
Illinois,	4	11	Ohio,	4	23
Indiana,	2	17	Pennsylvania,	1	21
Iowa,	1	3	Rhode Island,	1	3
Kentucky,	0	11	Tennessee,	0	4
Kansas,	0	2	Vermont,	1	5
Louisiana,	0	1	Virginia,	1	6
Maine,	0	10	Wisconsin,	0	4
Maryland,	0	4	Dist Columbia,	0	7
Massachusetts,	2	7	Wash'n Ter.,	0	1
Michigan,	0	7	Dacotah,	0	1
Missouri,	1	4	New Mexico,	0	1
Minnesota,	0	3	Nebraska,	0	1
N. Hampshire,	0	2			
Total,				23	219

The States of New York and Pennsylvania combined contain 1,217,000 more free population than all the rebel States together as the following figures, taken from the census returns of 1860, will show:

	Free Pop.
New York and Pennsylvania,	6,767,105
Eleven rebel States,	5,570,089
Difference,	1,217,016

Prize Money.—"Where there is any great loss, there is always some small gain," so the world has been told away back, perhaps, to Adam, and the truthfulness of that saying is now being verified. While hundreds of millions are being spent in the cause of freedom, a few hundred thousands are being received by our navy in the shape of prize ships. Some of these ships are manned by pirates, and belong to Jeff. Davis & Co., while others hail from "friendly nations," and they are embracing this favorable opportunity to show their most tender regard for our glorious Union. The brave officers and men connected with our navy are adjusting accounts with a good many of these vessels by bringing them to the auction-block in this metropolis, the proceeds of sale being equally divided with the captors and Uncle Sam. Flag-Officer McKean's share of prize money, it is said, already amounts to $100,000, while another officer has received about $50,000. The latest haul is an English steamer from London, captured as she was about entering Charleston harbor, with a cargo valued at about $300,000. She arrived at this port on Sunday last, and now lies at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Neil S. Brown.—The late Governor of Tennessee, the Hon. Neil S. Brown, who earnestly assisted Secession when it was first threatened, has been fired by a sense of duty to himself to denounce it as a dead failure, and to hold up the measures which have been resorted to to maintain it as inhuman and disgraceful. A single extract from his speech at Columbia, Tennessee, on the 2d instant, will suffice:

"I want this war stopped! Whose heart has not dropped blood who has a son in the Southern army? I know something of that unspeakable sorrow. Think of this, you who stay at home and bluster about whipping Yankees and establishing a Southern Confederacy. Let us stop this wanton, hopeless war. I would say this now, even though I had been in the habit of eating fire five times a day. It is ruining us. The rebels are burning up the cotton. Why, in the name of reason, why? Don't it impoverish the people and the Government? Don't it kill their credit and their banks? Don't it ruin our hopes abroad? Then this conscription law. I will not swallow it until I swallow aloes, gall, and wormwood. It is a base fraud upon those brave boys who had enlisted for a year, and who were packing up their dear mementoes of home in their knapsacks when this infamously tyrannical law came to arrest them on the eve of their departure and drive them back, in violation of all faith, into the hardships and sufferings of a soldier's life. It binds our boys hand and foot against their will. It seizes upon the poor soldier who has been dreaming of nights for returning to his wife and children, and dashes his visions of bliss cruelly to the ground. It places the gallant Tennessee volunteer on a level with the conscripts of Austria. This whole policy was unjust and ruinous. Now look at things just as they are, and not as you might wish them. If I were the rankest Secessionist alive, I could not resist the conviction that this rebellion cannot be successfully managed with Southern resources. Will you wait till an overwhelming force drives you into the ground? Will you struggle against this hope? You were deceived in this matter, and facts show themselves in a strangely different light from that which colored them a year ago. Now, if I am employed as your lawyer, and you make me a highly favorable fiction of your case and your evidence, I tell you you can gain it. But it turns out, on investigation, that the facts are wholly different from your representation of them, and then it is my duty, as an honest counsellor, to tell you to desist. I commit a fraud if I spur you on to your own ruin."

From Gen. Fremont's Army—Retreat of the Enemy. Washington, June 16.—The following was received at the War Department this morning:

In the Field,
Harrisonburg, June 7, 9 P. M.

To the Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

The attack upon the enemy's rear, yesterday, precipitated his retreat. Their loss in killed and wounded was very severe, and many of both were left on the field. Their retreat is by an almost impassable road, along which many wagons were left in the woods, and wagon loads of blankets, clothing, and other equipments are piled up in all directions. During the evening many of the rebels were killed by shells from a battery of Gen. Stahl's Brigade.

Gen. Ashby, who covered the retreat with his whole cavalry force and three regiments of infantry, and who exhibited admirable skill and audacity, was among the killed.

Gen. Milroy made a reconnaissance to-day, about seven miles on the Port Republic road, and discovered a portion of the enemy's force encamped in the timber.

J. C. Fremont,
Major General Commanding.

The Battle at Union Church.

Headquarters Army in the Field,
Cross Keys, Harrisonburg, June 8, 9 P. M.

To the Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War.

The army left Harrisonburg at six this morning, and at half past eight my advance engaged the rebels about seven miles from that place, near Union Church. The enemy was very advantageously posted in the timber, having chosen his own position, forming a semi-circle from our own, and with his troops formed in masses.

It consisted, undoubtedly, of Jackson's entire force. The battle began with heavy firing at 11 o'clock, and lasted with great obstinacy and violence until 4 in the afternoon. Some skirmishing and artillery firing continued from that time until dark. Our troops fought occasionally under the murderous fire of grape and canister, the [illegible] of the enemy [illegible] which was held by General Stahl's brigade, consisting of five regiments. Bayonet and canister shot were used freely with great effect by our men.

The loss on both sides is very great, and ours is very heavy among the officers. A full report of those who distinguished themselves will be made without partiality.

I desire to say that both officers and men behaved with splendid gallantry, and that the service of the army was performed [illegible]

We are encamped on the field of battle, which may [illegible]

M. [illegible] Commanding.

The Battle of Cross Keys, Va

Fremont's Headquarters,
Fort Republic, June 9, 1862.

The army advanced early this morning in line of [illegible] through the woods and over the country to Port Republic. Every where were evidences [illegible] scene of yesterday's successes. The battle was fought at Cross Keys, and takes that name.

The rebel loss was greatly superior to ours. They left their dead and many wounded on the field. Not less than five hundred dead were found, and many wounded. Two of their guns were left behind, which we captured this morning.

Virginia's Desolation Caused by her Professed Friends. [illegible] army [illegible] from Yorktown, the main body passed up the valley of the James river, small parties only being thrown out towards the York and Pamunkey. The people of the peninsula living near the latter streams suffered but little from the depredations of their rebel countrymen, and of course kept their farms and property in as good condition as before the war. The Federal troops, wherever the inhabitants showed enough confidence in the professions of order made by the proclamations of general officers, to remain quietly at home with their property, respected their rights, and in no case injured or despoiled their farms. So that now, every one left behind us in our victorious march up the peninsula, has every cent's worth of property preserved to him before the rebel retreat. But as we neared Richmond a different story is told. We are now on the track of the Manassas army which was run back and forth by them for ten long months. We are gradually encroaching on the path trod by the flying rebels from Yorktown, and as they retreat day by day we follow them up and possess the ground left vacant. At Cumberland, White House, and this vicinity, although the purse-proud aristocracy had, of course, run away, every family used to earning their bread by their own labor was left, and had a full plenty to eat and wear secured them by special order of the commanding general. Poor or rich they may have been, when we reached them—the army passed by and left them with everything they had before, or its value in gold and silver.

But when we strike the track of retreating rebeldom, quite a different scene presents itself. Every inhabitant left in the land is full of despair. All of their property had been taken from them by their own friends. Their political opinions made no differences. Union or Secession, they were alike despoiled of their goods. At first the army was far away, and the conscription law took their husbands, fathers, and brothers. Then despotic orders deprived them of horses and wagons. Then the army itself came, and each rebel took for himself, until not so much as a drop of oil or a handful of flour remained in a single cottage. No wonder the despairing women and children—for no one else is here—were indifferent spectators of the defeat of the Southern forces, and calmly gazed at the passing drama which moved the rebels off the stage and the Unionists on. And with what pleasure they must have received the gold and silver gladly given by the latter for the first fruits of opening Spring. Their friends had despoiled them, but their enemies changed the habit, and paid for all they took.

All the devastation on the farms and among the poor people on the vicinity of Richmond, has been caused by the Secessionists. I have seen, in all our wanderings, but a single instance of Federal lawlessness—and that, the destruction of the rebel Colonel Richardson's library, was done under great provocation, though it makes it none the less blamable. No poor people have been insulted, or had their food taken away, or cattle stolen, or houses ransacked by the Union army. Everything of this sort which has been done, has been the work of the Secessionists. Ask the poor people themselves, and they will, reluctantly enough, condemn their own brethren, and point out each pitch piece of destruction as the handiwork of some Mississippi Tiger, or Georgia Bloodhound, or Virginia gentleman. Indeed, the devastation is so general, that, even if the Union army were so minded, they could scarcely find any opportunity to improve upon the example set them.

Glorious News From Tennessee.

Success of General Negley's Expedition—Capture of Chattanooga—Retreat of the Rebels—Enthusiasm of the East Tennesseeans.

Nashville, June 12.—A despatch from General Negley to Governor Johnson announces the success of his expedition to East Tennessee.

He took eighty prisoners, including a number of private citizens. A drove of cattle and a large number of horses intended for the rebel army were also captured.

The defeat of General Adams' rebel force in Sweden's Cove was more complete than at first represented. General Adams barely succeeded in making his escape, without hat, sword, or horse.

The rebel batteries at Chattanooga were silenced on the 7th, after a heavy cannonading of three hours.

Our forces opened fire on the next day, and continued it for six hours on the town, driving the enemy out of his works, and forcing him to evacuate the city.

The rebels burned the railroad bridges in order to prevent pursuit by our army.

The loyal citizens of East Tennessee, who have thus been relieved from the despotic rule of the rebels, after so long an endurance, came out in crowds along the line of march of the army of the Union, and greeted our troops with the most enthusiastic cheers.

A great many applications are being made at the Executive office for passes to Memphis.

Later from Charleston.

Occupation of James Island—The Rebel Force Augmented—Thirty Thousand of Beauregard's Troops Arrived

New York, June 13.—A special despatch to the *Post* from Washington says that Mr. Pierce, the Government superintendent of cotton lands in South Carolina, has arrived there. He left Charleston harbor on Tuesday.

Our forces under General Benham had occupied James Island under the protection of the gunboats.

The rebel force at Charleston had been greatly augmented. Deserters say that thirty thousand men from Beauregard's army had reached there, and every preparation was making for a stubborn defence of the city.

Com. Dupont thought our attack could not safely proceed until we had a stronger force. There was heavy firing from the enemy during Tuesday, but no apprehension of danger was felt from an attack on our troops.

From the Army Before Richmond.

Extensive and Mysterious Movements of the Enemy—The Contraband Fair Only to be Renewed

Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac,
Saturday, June 14, 1862.

The movements of the enemy to-day have been extensive, and, as yet, are involved in mystery; large bodies of troops have been seen moving down from the neighborhood of the Meadow Bridge and Richmond towards the late battle field. Our pickets were, yesterday, driven in from Old Church, during which Captain Royall, of the cavalry, was wounded, showing that the enemy design making a demonstration in that direction. A contraband who came in yesterday reported that a force of three thousand cavalry left Richmond on Wednesday, proceeding in the direction of Fredericksburg.

A Rebel Lieutenant,

named Rickson, who lost his leg in the Fair Oaks fight, and was yesterday sent North, says that if the next great fight results in the capture of Richmond, there will never be another battle. Some skirmishes, he thinks, may take place—but nothing more.

From Harper's Ferry.—New York, June 15.—A special despatch to the *Tribune*, dated Harper's Ferry, to-day, says:

General Wool, accompanied by his staff, paid a hurried visit here to-day. The General thoroughly inspected "Bolivar Heights" and the adjacent country.

From the feeling exhibited by the secessionists in the vicinity of Martinsburg and Winchester, more credit may be attached to the rumor that Jackson has again been largely reinforced, but while I have confidence in the ability of General Banks to successfully cope with Jackson in the valley, it is believed that even in the event of his meeting with a reverse, the preparations which General Banks and Sigel are making in the vicinity of Washington will render any successes the rebels may achieve of short duration.

The bridge across the Potomac at this point was repaired this morning, and its security tested by the passage of a heavy burden train.

The road between here and Winchester is being rapidly repaired, and it is believed the Government will have it in running order a few days, thus greatly facilitating the transportation of supplies to the army in the Valley.

Guerilla Warfare.

Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, Saturday Evening, June 14.

To the Associated Press:—

The Rebels yesterday, after driving from Old Church a squadron of the Fifth Cavalry, proceeded to Garlick Landing, on the Pamunkey river, about four miles above the White House, where they burned two schooners and several wagons, and drove off the mules.

[illegible] have been barbarous. They killed several of our teamsters [illegible] and [illegible] Those who had fared in making their escape were taken prisoners.

[illegible] miles from White House, with the view of burning the railroad bridge. A train, which was passing down at the time, was fired into, and two of the passengers [illegible]

A Colonel belonging to the Excelsior Brigade was taken prisoner, but he succeeded in making his escape during the night. A paymaster jumped from the train and hid himself in the woods until morning, leaving $12,000 on the cars. The train never stopped, but passed on to White House, which it reached in safety.

After destroying the telegraph wire at that point, the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] General Stuart. Most of the troops were residents of this locality, and therefore were no strangers to the roads.

The Advance on Charleston.—From Rebel sources we learn that a spirited engagement between our forces and those of the enemy—the [illegible] comprising three regiments and one battalion of infantry, and three batteries, under command of General W. D. Smith—took place on James Island, on Tuesday last. The Rebel loss, never correctly stated by their journals, is said to have been from thirty to sixty-five, a wide margin.

The same authority informs us that the steamer *Cecile*, in endeavoring to run the blockade on a trip from Charleston to Nassau, had been captured by our navy.

Foreign Summary.

London Drinking Places.—The number of gin and beer shops in London is 18,853, while the population [illegible] that would give one gin shop to about every 160 persons, including women and children. The number of butchers' and bakers' shops amount to one-third the number of gin and beer shops—so that, while there is one of them for every 160 persons, there is a butcher's and a baker's shop for every 960 persons! In 1859, 29,903 persons were charged with drunkenness, of whom 24,395 were women!! Of the whole number charged, 56,161 were punished by the magistrates for being drunk, or drunk and disorderly, and of those punished 10,486 were women!! In 806 cases of coroners' inquests a verdict was found, "Died from excessive drinking." 270,000 parades were counted entering 14 of the principal gin palaces of London in one week, which would give an average of nearly 40,000 daily attendants at only 14 out of the 18,853 in London!!—*N. Y. Observer.*

There are twelve daily papers in Turin, a city of not more than 160,000 inhabitants. At Naples, Milan and Florence the same mania for newspapers is exhibited. Parma, a town of 40,000 inhabitants, has three dailies, and Modena four.

Austria.—The Austrian government, in reply to the Committee on Finance, declared it was incessantly engaged in providing by diplomatic means for a settlement of Italian affairs, and had reason to hope its efforts would be successful; that all the questions at issue had reached a crisis, and in a short time matters would be easier. They consider the danger of a war in Italy averted for a long period, and are about to realise the reduction of the army on a grand scale.

Prussia.—The Prussian Chambers were opened at Berlin on the 19th, with a speech read, in the name of the King, by the Minister President. He represented the finances of the country as favorable; stated that negotiations for a modification of the commercial relations between France and the Zollverein had led to an understanding; regretted that negotiations with Denmark as to Schleswig Holstein had as yet led to no result with respect to the federal relations of Prussia. The government makes no allusions to the elections, but implicitly accepts the results of them by engaging itself to satisfy the wishes expressed in the preceding session. It will conscientiously guard the "rights of the Crown, as well as the constitutional rights of the representatives of the nation." The session is expected to be short, and devoted solely to the despatch of the most urgent business.

Russia.—An imperial decree entirely exempts from custom duties all Chinese productions, except tea and coarse brandy, imported into Russia across the Asiatic frontier.

Poland is still unquiet. Arrests continue to be made in Warsaw on account of the singing of prohibited songs in the churches. The Archbishop of Warsaw had intimated his intention of closing the churches, should the persecution of the people therein continue. In consequence of the representations made by the Archbishop, Gen. Inders had issued a proclamation, announcing that the police would remain away from the churches two days. If, however, prohibited songs should be sung, notwithstanding these measures, arrests would be made.

Died.

WARFIELD—In New Bedford, May 28th, 1862, Sister Rhoady Warfield, in the 84th year of her age.

Sister Warfield was a great sufferer, but bore her affliction with Christian fortitude. She was a native of Baltimore, Md., but for a number of years she has resided in this city, and was a nursing mother in the Church. She has quitted the scene of her earthly labors, and gone to reap her reward in the bosom of her Redeemer.

Her funeral took place on Sabbath, the 3d of June. The burial services performed in the A. M. E. church were conducted by the Rev. William W. Grimes assisted by Revs. L. S. Lewes and H. J. Johnson. She lived a Christian, and died in the triumphs of faith.

JOHNSON—In New Bedford, Mass., June 15th, of consumption, Mr. Josiah Johnson, in the 35th year of his age.

Brother Johnson leaves a wife and three children to mourn his loss. W. W. G.

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Its composition is very simple, containing nothing that is injurious in any form, and there is no danger in its use from exposure to the weather. No family should be without it. Having a wish to benefit mankind in general, and those afflicted in particular—and having had recourse to the article in several cases of rheumatism, bunions, chilblains, and other lameness, it proving to be a remedy in every case—I therefore recommend it to the public.

CERTIFICATES

Providence, R. I., Nov. 27, 1861

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with the rheumatism eleven years. During which time I tried almost everything, but received no cure relief. For the last four months my limbs and joints were so swollen, that at times I could not walk or use my fingers. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and at the first application was instantly relieved. After using one or two bottles, I was enabled to enjoy the free use of my limbs. Rev GEORGE A. RUE.

Newport, R. I., October 29, 1861,

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been affected for a number of years, more or less, with a pain and weakness in my chest, arising from some cause unknown to me. I made two applications of your Liniment, and was relieved. I was attacked with the diphtheria, and was cured by using you. Liniment. Its worth has paid itself ten times its cost. ANTHONY RANDOLPH.

Newport, R. I., Nov. 19, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been cured of stiffening in my joints by using your Liniment. I recommend it to all who are thus troubled. RICHARD WHITE.

Newport, R. I., Nov 17, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—Your Liniment is, truly, all that it is recommended to be. I have tried it, and it has successfully cured my business. SOPHIA TAYLOR.

Newport, R. I., Oct 7, 1861.

Mr Lewis—Dear Sir: I have had a pain and stiffness in my neck and back for some time. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and applied it twice, which effected a cure. I recommend it to the public
Mrs EVELINA DEMOND

Providence, Dec. 10, 1861

Rev L. S Lewis Dear Sir: For upwards of three years I have been very lame at times, arising from a sprain. I have tried a great many things, without any decided results. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and was effectually relieved. Mrs PHEBE A. MORSE

Newport, R. I., Oct, 10, 1861

Rev Mr. Lewis—I have been afflicted with the rheumatism for some time. I used your Liniment, which has removed it successfully. It has also cured my swelled joints. Mrs. ELIZABETH THOROUGHGOOD.

Newport, R. I., Nov. 20, 1861,

Rev. Mr. Lewis—My boy was troubled with the chilblain I applied your Liniment a few times, and it cured him. Mrs. ADELINE JONES.

Providence Plrsv, Sept. 3, 1861.

Rev. Mr Lewis—I have used your Liniment for rheumatic pains of long standing—also, lameness in the feet, &c. It is a perfect remedy where other things have failed. Mrs. SUSAN GARDINER

Providence, Rhode Island, Aug. 19, 1861

Rev. L. S. Lewis—I have been afflicted for upwards of seven years with swelled joints. I have tried almost everything, without the desired effect. At last I obtained a bottle of your Liniment, which relieved me successfully. Mrs. MARY A. JEWITT

Providence, Nov., 1861.

Mr. L. S. Lewis—I had a very severe attack of rheumatism last fall, during which time I tried almost everything but nothing so effectual as your Family Liniment. I would not be without it. Mrs. LUCY WATERMAN.

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The inventors of Perry & Fitzgerald effect a revolution in the preparation of bread, by establishing a system of wholesome manufacture not subject to the vicissitudes and evils of fermentation, but exact and certain in its results—i. Because, by the substitution of mechanical for manual labor, and in the superior value of the article produced it promises large profits upon the capital employed. 2. Because it will insure to capitalists as well as the purchasing public, the purest, most wholesome, and nutritious bread, at prices adequate to remunerate manufacturers, and yet materially lower than the present rates of the best bread in our cities. 3. Because, by the substitution of machinery for the present system of kneading, the objectionable practice of using the feet, and other disgusting modes of preparation will be entirely superseded. 4. Because it will insure to the consumer the benefit of the entire nutriment of the wheat—as the process of fermentation, by which the gluten, or nutritious portion of the flour is rendered soluble, and a portion of the starch converted into sugar, is entirely dispensed with. 5. Because, by the saving of time, labor, fuel, and the loss of flour, in the present mode of manufacture, the cost of bread will be greatly reduced.

The application of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure, to a mechanically kneaded dough-mass, as in the invention of Perry & Fitzgerald, did not occur to Dr. Ure; though he seems to have had a clear foreshadowing of the importance of the artificial use of the gas, since he states, hypothetically, that "if water, highly impregnated with carbonic acid gas, be used for kneading the dough the resulting bread will be eminent at upcopy. Could a light article," he continues, "be produced in this way, then, as the sugar would remain [illegible] the bread would be [illegible] much the sweeter and more nourishing."

What, to Dr. Ure, was evidently a clearly comprehended chemical truth has been practically developed by the brilliant inventors of Perry & Fitzgerald. Posterity will hold their names in grateful remembrance, as among the most eminent benefactors of mankind.

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" " E. Howard,	" " J. F Black,
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From the Lutheran and Missionary.

THE YOUNG PARSON.

[We continue our extracts, giving some further revelations of a pastor's experience.—ED.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS," THE LOVE PART OF THE STORY BEGINS, THE HEROINE ENTERS.

On Monday morning, probably an hour after Mr. Tuber's breakfast table had been cleared off, the young parson's slumbers were disturbed by a knock at his door. As, however, he was in constant expectation of a pitcher of water, he simply called out, "Come in!" and turned over for a few moments' additional sleep. He had fairly commenced to carry this laudable purpose into execution, and probably would have presumed on an "extension of time," had not a series of jerks at the bed-clothes and a few pokes in his ribs aroused him to the consciousness that a stranger was in the room, anxious for an audience.

Rev. Petit was startled. He sat up in the bed and rubbed his eyes to a state of bewilderment. "Well? Ah—yes! Good morning, sir. Can I do anything for you? Anybody sick? Please be seated."

The visitor was a man about fifty years of age, rather above the average height, with sandy hair mixed with gray, sharp, determined features, and a pair of sparkling hazel eyes. When asked to sit down, he passed by two or three chairs and squatted himself on a low ottoman that was placed near the jamb of the ingle. Having thus disposed of himself, he took off his hat—a white, or rather a brownish one with long rough fur, and deposited it upon the floor by his side; then pulled a bandanna from it and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"Mooseus warm:" said he.

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Meagre; "I am sorry it cost you so much effort to awaken me, but I did not get to sleep until four o'clock this morning."

"No difference, Mr. Meagre, I just come to see you on a little serious business."

"I am ready to serve you in any way, sir," said the parson. "Just go into the parlor below and I will join you in a few moments."

"No use at all: I only wanted to engage you to marry me and another young lady to-morrow evening."

Ha! my first wedding! thought the miniature clergyman. Up to this time he thought the man had come for him to preach his wife's funeral sermon, and was prepared to sympathize with him, but when he found that a different task awaited him, the whole affair presented itself in a comical light.

"And who is the *other* young lady?" he inquired.

"One Kit Carson"

"Any relation to Texas Kit?"

"Don't know; 'Spec she is. She's got a good many kin-folks and she's the best one among 'em. Mooses fine gal, that."

"No doubt you think so," said Mr Meagre "and your peculiar relation to her makes her mooseer," he was going to add, but he did not.

"Yaas, indeed, you must know her. Belongs to your meetin'; sits right forenent old Mrs. Graves, not far from the front on the side towards the jail."

"O, yes," said the parson, rubbing his forehead to assist his memory, "she is a small, spare woman, is she not?"

"No, indeed; she'd make well nigh on to six people as big as you are."

Rev. Petit looked into the man's eyes and felt convinced that he meant to cast no reflection and that he was not even irritated that so important a person as his elect bride was unknown to her pastor.

"I must be mistaken then," he said, "but you will excuse me, as I am a comparative stranger here."

"Reckon you don't know her yit, but I do, just as easy. You might have heard of her, though. Old Mr. Strapiron wanted her so bad when his other wife died; but very like you would not know her by that neither; they say he wanted some time or 'nother, mighty nigh every gal in the meetin. He used to be lookin round all the time of sarmont. Once he got up on his tip toes, to see if somebody was in. He allers got his hat when they was singing the last hymn, and waited for "amen," like for the word "go," and was out at the front door before the rest of the people got out of their pews. One evening he knocked a little child over, and never stopped to pick her up—just went ahead like as if the meetin-house was a-fire and he wanted to git out. Minister Hugenot give him fits for it, said it 'wasn't becomin in an elder,' and that was the first of Mr. Hugenot's trouble with him. I didn't blame the minister much, though, for Strapiron did make a goose out of himself. Why, Mr. Meagre, afore his last wife died he wouldn't black on his boots, he said it was all pride; he used to wear striped cotton trousers that didn't come much below his knees, and a nankeen roundabout with a big hymn-book in the pocket. But as soon as his old woman was in the grave he come out in a suit of black, all except his jacket—that was red and yallar, and he wore a breastpin, and his shoes were as shiney as them little ones of your'n settin there by that bed stead, and he always put cinnamon drops on his handkerchiefs to make it smell good. Howsomever, as I was sayin, he was monsus anxious to get this gal I am to marry. He went home with her every other Saturday night for two weeks and went in the first time and axed her to have him afore he was in the house a half an hour."

"Well, every other Saturday night for two weeks is not often, if you consider it right," said the pastor, apologetically,—"only once, you know."

"Yaas, but he acted so silly that one time; got down on his knees and cried like a child, and prayed and threatened to drown himself."

"I hope, sir, that the lady did not tell you these things?" the preacher said, inquiringly.

"Not she. I don't believe she will give me any satisfaction about em even after the weddin. She says it aint honorable, and I aint goin to ax her any questions. You see, Tom Hickman, that's her brother-in-law, knew'd Strapiron was a comin and run home quick and crawled under a settee that had a cover in front of the legs, to see and hear the fun. And when the old man took on so, Tom laughed and had to come out, and then he advised the old feller to go in a swimmin—just to cool himself off, but said there was no use of drowning himself. Tom is an awful cut up; worse than I am."

"I am not sure," said the clergyman as gravely as possible, "that your friend Hickman did not go too far. It was not right to hide and listen to what was going on between lovers."

"Mebbe not," answered the man, "but Tom said if he'd a know'd the old man was a going to be so loud, he needn't a got under the settee, and wouldn't a got cotched: he could a just went up stairs and took the board off the pipe hole."

"That," said Mr. Meagre, "would not have made it any better. Do you think it exactly right to tell on the old gentleman?"

"La, me, Mr. Meagre, Tom wouldn't a never told, if the old man hadn't a done it himself tryin to explain things away to people who was in ignorance of the whole thing. He spread reports to his efforts to contradict 'em and now every body knows that he did act foolish. It stands to reason that was no way to court—all so sudden like. A feller ought to take it by degrees—a sort of draw 'em on gradually. That's the way I did."

"I am without experience in such matters," said the parson, "and you may be right in your idea of the way things should be done, but I think you can afford to let the elder rest. He is married now, and you ought to leave him out of the question. I suppose you are satisfied, as you are to have Miss Carson for your wife."

"Ya-a-s, s-i-r-e-e-e. She's what I call a real jewel," exclaimed the man.

"And very elaborately set, I should judge, from what you have told me," chimed in Rev Petit.

"That's true, she set Strapiron a flyin;" quoth the visitor, "said he had too many children. He had three more then than I have now, and I got eight, and most of his'n warn't growed out of the way much."

"Well, eight are enough for any mortal woman to begin with," said the preacher anxious for a truce. "I do not see how your sweet-heart's southwestern name-sake could manage more. I will be on hand to-morrow evening."

"Very well," said the man, "We'll expect you at three o'clock. Be sure and don't disappint us," and then he added in a whisper "look a here, parson we want you to keep this affair secret a while, will you?"

"I don't know about that," said Rev. Petit, half frightened, thinking into a scrape. "I object to be a party to a clandestine transaction."

"I would not like to bind myself. I am under bond to the State and to my consciousness, not to perform the ceremony under certain circumstances, and the whole idea of keeping marriages secret is rather repulsive to me. I cannot see what object you have in view. Are you not of age?"

"Any body can see that for himself," said the man.

"And the *other* young lady. How old is she?" inquired the parson.

"Over forty, sir," was the reply.

"Then there can be no objection on that score. Any cruel parents to oppose your youthful love?"

"No, sir, our mammies and daddies is both dead long ago."

"Any tyrannical uncles or aunts threatening to disinherit you?"

"The kitchen's all clear of them things, Mr Meagre."

"And no legal difficulties in your way?"

"None, whatsomever. To make a clear breast of it, parson, we're afraid we'll get serenaded. Kitty's half skeered to death, and I am a little uneasy myself on her account. We had a notion to go down to the State line, but Kitty said it looked too much like running away for her, and they'd be sure to find it out and give it to us when we come home. So we thought we'd get married before night and get a horse and buggy and take a short voyage up the pike, and come back after all the boys is gone to roost. And then you know I wouldn't keep a lettin on for some time, till the whole thing blowed over like."

The young servant of the church found that he had struck a rich vein, and he resolved to open it. "O," he said, "is that the reason you want to be so sly? I should think a serenade would be complimentary."

"So it would, if it was the right sort of a one, such as they give the gov'ner when he was here: but they do it with a horse-fiddle."

"A horse-fiddle! What is that?" asked Rev. Petit, with an air of innocence that would have well become one who did not know.

"Why, bless your soul, it's awful. Never hear one? You know they get out what they call a Callythumpian band; some people calls it an ox band. They have tin horns, and buckets, and cow bells, and what's worse a horse-fiddle. They take a big strong store-box, put about two pounds of rosin on it, and saw a heavy scantling for a fiddle-stick. About a dozen catch a hold of each end and draw it over as if they was gittin out shingle stuff with a cross-cut saw. It does make a power of noise. Elephant grunt aint nothin to it. So coplement too, to one that ain't used to it. The first time I heard one of them things I thought I'd sooner hear a drove of these here shave-tailed Kentucky mules holler. It was up on Turnip Hill, all of the horses got to nickering and pawin in the stables, and the cows was bellowin all over town. 'Spec they thought the world was comin to an end—was a pretty sharp sprinkle of Millerites in them days any how. And it did look strange to see the women and all come out in white, just like that man that preached in the market house said it would be in the last time. I tell you the whole town was excited in general. It was the funnyest thing ever heard tell of. Fact is, some of the boys that worked the fiddle got skeered at the noise it made themselves and run away. Mayor Stanhope sent the police to stop it, but it wasn't no kind of use. They was too many of us, or rather of them. They was too many of *them*. We all had on old clothes, so that nobody wouldn't know us."

"You mean that *they* all had on old clothes, on that *they* would not be known," interrupted the parson.

"No use, Mr. Meagre, a body will get cotched, and if nobody else don't catch a feller, he'll be sure to catch himself."

By this time, Rev. Petit's risibility, which had been kept down with some effort, became uncontrollable. He fell back on the bed and laughed immoderately, and his visitor joined in the chorus. When he had thus relieved himself, he said, "Come, now, tell me all about it, were not *you* engaged in that serenade?"

"Well," said the bridegroom elect, blushing, and evidently embarrassed, "it's a queer thing to confess to a minister—didn't 'spec to do so when I come here, but I don't think you'll judge me hard, or use your influence agin me with Kitty, who thinks a power of you, so I'll owe up that I was in that serenade—one of the principal ones, and I afterwards helped to serenade Strapiron. Had a pig, a screwing as tail that night, to make it squeal."

This last declaration set the little parson off into another fit of laughter, from which it took him some time to recover. "And now, sir," he said as soon as he could regain his gravity, "is not this the ground of your fear, that you will be serenaded?"

"Rather 'spec they'll be up to givin old Nick a taste of his own porridge."

"Is your name Nicholas?" asked the minister.

"No, sir, that's only a sayin I used just now. My name's Michael, but they call me Mike for short."

"Michael! well that name savors of something better. I do not wonder at your success; only you should not bring a rating accusation against your adversary even if he were much worse than he is," said the preacher, anxious to inculcate a lesson. "Still people *will* name you. But you surely do not think that my ruling elder will return your compliment?"

"No, sir. Don't 'spec he would, but there is plenty that will do it for him. Some of his boys and shop hands would do it unbeknowns to him."

"Well, but I should think you would not mind it if done in the spirit of fun, that is, I do not think you would be offended at it."

"Not me. I'd like it, but then, *Kitty*—she might have her feelin hurt, and I would not have that done for a slate farm. Kitty's a good girl, Mr Meagre, if I am bad. She talked mighty purty to me last night about jinin the meetin and I'm afraid I will have to do it one of these days. It was the first time I cried for a good many years, and I hated to do it; it seemed a kind of weak, but I couldn't help it, and I did try to pray when I went home, but somehow it seemed awkward to me, and yit my conscience would not let me stop."

The man was evidently sincere. A tear had moistened his eye as he spoke these words. Here was a positive character, and the young parson resolved to pay some attention to it. Mike had perhaps been wild in his earlier years, and some traces of a natural disposition, and of habit, might linger yet, but he respected his intended wife's piety, was frank and open to good influences. And he was about to be surrounded by these good influences.

Now, for the first time, Mr. Meagre identified Kitty Carson in his own mind. "Was she not," he asked, "a large woman who wore a purple bonnet and a mouse-colored shawl embroidered with silk of a lighter shade?" "Yes;" the man who knew her so "easy," said it was she. There could be no mistake this time. The young preacher remembered that he had been introduced to her after service one day, and had formed a good opinion of her. She was always in her seat, seemed to be attentive, modest and sensible, and she had not been indifferent to the highest interest of him in whom she was affianced—knew that every thing depended upon his securing this, and had shown courage enough to speak to him on this important subject. Here, then, were traces of another positive character—of a good character, too, and the parson took a note of what he had heard, in his mind.

"Now, my dear sir," he said to his visitor, "I hope that when you are married you will endeavor to listen to your wife. I do not know much about her, but would take her to be a good woman. Let me ask you whether you have been candid with her? Does she know that you have been wild?"

"Yess, sir," replied the man, "she know'd a good deal and I told her all the rest. Hadn't the heart to keep any thing from her, now when I was goin to marry her. Would as soon think of keepin her out of her meetin. She would have married me long ago but for this wildness, cause she know'd I hadn't any spite in what I did,—that and my daughters. She wouldn't be jined to me as long as they was opposed to it, for she said she didn't believe in a woman's drivin children out of house and home. But they're all knocked under now, she was so gentle like."

"I respect her all the more for that," the parson said, "but you are certainly old enough to give up some kinds of fun."

"And I am goin' to," he said. "You see Mr. Meagre, I was raised in this place. When I was young I had nobody to take care of me, and somehow or other I had a nat'ral disposition to cut up Jack. Used to tote store boxes and signs out of their places when I wasn't more nor fifteen years old, and somehow the thing did not leave me but grow'd on me till I was over thirty. You know there is one or two such persons in every neighborhood. Sometimes I'd get on a spree and drink a little, but I have not done much at that for twenty years, only on special 'casions, such as the President's election, camp meetin' and such times. The last time was when Strapiron got married, then a parcel of us fellers did horse-fiddle him, not that we had any thing agin him, but it did seem funny to see him turn butterfly so soon."

"I am glad to hear," remarked the clergyman, "that you bear no ill will to Mr. Strapiron. I feared from the fact that so much mention was made of him this morning, that there had been more than a generous rivalry between you, and screened him as much as I could, because he was absent, and because he is an elder in my congregation."

"O, no. We are good friends. I sat up with him when he had the typhoid fever, and would do anything in the world for him. His wantin Kitty, brought him up somehow this morning, and then I spect they'll serenade me the tallest kind. But I don't care if they do, for I deserve it. Well, ra'ly I must go. Wish I could get out of here without any body's seein me. Tried to come arly this mornin before many people was about, but then I kind of know'd you was in bed. Been overstayin my time, too, but we got to talkin, and then I used like Whinny down on the corner and wanted him to go away. You won't disappint us, now."

"O no, sir, come to see me again."

"I will: good morning, Mr Meagre."

"Good morning, sir," said the parson, as from his sitting posture he tried to bow his visitor out of the room.

CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

THE REHEARSAL; A DILEMMA.

The Rev. Petit Meagre having been thoroughly awakened by this remarkable interview, got up when his visitor had left, dressed himself, and looked up the form for marriage with all the characteristic interest of a young preacher who has been called upon to perform that important ceremony for the first time. The service was of course a new one to him, and he studied it with all the trepidation of one who wished to avoid mistakes. He was especially anxious to guard against any error that might invalidate the holy rite, and many questions arose in his mind as to what this and that feature of it involved. And then, to guard against mere awkward embarrassment and confusion:—this was a matter that depended in a great measure upon the preacher and gave the inexperienced brother some concern. For even his old elder who had been united in the bonds of matrimony about as often as most men, perhaps, got out of practice from one time until another. No one but an old Blue Beard ever expected to be married oftener than the time in hand, and of course, no one cares to preserve his dramatic character with a view to anything of the kind in future; that would have implicated his present relations, sadly. It was therefore probable, that, although the groom had been married before, he nevertheless had only a general idea of what was to be gone through with. As for the bride, she might have witnessed many weddings, but had never been married herself, and nothing was to be expected from her in the way of experience. Some things are usually committed to competent bridesmaids, but in this case, the candidates for marriage would scarcely have attendants, but do just as the minister told them to do, and trust that all would be right.

The little parson felt the weight of responsibility that rested upon him, and in the midst of his first anxiety, bethought himself of—pantomime. The first thing to be settled was the position of the parties on the floor. If only he could have given them instructions, all would have been well But, then, even if he could have commanded their presence, he might have tied the knot in the process of practising the ceremony, and thus done away with the necessity of practising, as the end in view would have been accomplished by acts of mere anticipation.

Practising with the parties was then out of the question. The looking glass, too, to which it is handy said preachers sometimes resort, was now of no avail. To have consulted one would have been the veriest Irish bull, as the candidates for connubial bliss would have been wanting. Rev. Petit had a notion to call in Mr Birney's two little children and have them personate the anxious pair, but he remembered that they had gone to school. He next looked for the tongs and shovel, but the weather was warm, and these had been taken out of the room. As a last resort, he whistled up two stuffed chairs—the big one would be "Mike," and the lesser one "Kitty." He then commenced to go through with the ceremony, but was brought to a halt in the midst of it, by the fact, that "Mike" was found to be standing upon the wrong side? This mistake was soon corrected. "Please join your right hands." The minister had to imagine that gracefully done, and then he saw another broker ahead. He did not know what form the parties preferred, but as this was only practice, he might ask, and then begin again. "Maybe you would like to be married with a ring?" The representatives of Mike and Kitty were dumb—the proxies could not speak for their principals, and the parson must go and see Mike and Kitty themselves.

And now the truth flashed upon his mind that during the whole conversation of the morning, he had neither asked Mike what his other name was, or where Kitty lived. "What a man has not in his head he must have in his heels," was a proverb that came into his mind. He must inform himself on these points, as he did not even know where the ceremony was to take place, and it would not do to put off these inquiries until the very hour, as he might have some difficulty in having them answered, and delay matters beyond the appointed time. So he took his hat and went in search of his exhibitor—the young deacon.

"Mr. Green," he asked as he entered the store, "can you tell me where Miss Catherine Carson lives?"

"I don't know her at all," he replied.

"O, yes, you must know her. She belongs to our congregation," said the pastor, "you introduced me to her one day after service. She was the only woman at the Wednesday evening lecture, the night of the heavy shower."

"O! *Kitty* Carson, you mean. They call her Kit, and I did not know who you were after, first, when you called her Miss Catherine."

Mr. Meagre was disposed to think well of the woman, and somehow or other wished that she had another name. To be sure, Kit Carson was no worse than Sally Flasher or Polly Parkins, but an adventurer had given it a questionable notoriety, and it grated on the clerical ear: in fact, it impressed him painfully with the idea that some one had been unsexed.

Mr. Green knew not where Miss Carson lived; he had been unable to find out when he was showing the pastor around, but said, Mr. Strapiron could tell; "only," he added "if you call her Kitty or simply Kit, he'll understand better who you mean."

The preacher left the store, his umbrella over his head to keep the sun off, and went in search of his elder. He did not find him in his shop; "has just gone up to the house," some one said, and thither the Rev. Petit followed him. Here he came upon the family at dinner, and a large family it was, with journeymen, apprentices, children and all.

"Won't you set up and take a bite?" asked the mistress of the house, as she pushed two or three little ones away from the table to clear a place for him.

"You quality folks don't eat dinner till most night. Reckon our'n is too airly for you," said the elder.

"It is not quite my hour, and I am sorry to disturb you, but I have a little business with you," said the pastor.

"Any thing pertick'ler?"

"No, Sir: I only wished to ask about some of our members. With your permission, I'll just wait in your front room here, until you have dined," said the parson withdrawing.

In fact, he was just going to inquire for Kitty's whereabouts, when it occurred to him that some impertinent questions might be put to him, and that he would be forced either to prevaricate or betray confidence, and put the boys on the scent of the wedding. To have done so would have been synonymous with telling them to serenade the couple.

The elder soon joined his pastor. He came into the parlor picking his teeth with a fork that he brought with him from the table, and followed by the little Strapirons supplied with bread and molasses.

"I have but a moment to stay, sir," said the reverend youth. "I have not yet found out where all of our members live and come for some information."

"Don't brother Green know?" said the elder. "There were some whom he could not find when he went around."

"Who are they?"

"Why, for instance Miss Kitty Carson."

To Rev. Petit's surprise, Mr. Strapiron was taken all aback at the mention of the name, and looked very foolish. "Mr. Meagre," he said, as soon as he had somewhat recovered from his confusion, "are you certain nobody sent you here to ax me just for a trick?"

"I am certain, sir," replied the parson, "that your friend deacon Green sent me here simply, as I thought, because he could not give me the information I wanted, himself. If there is any trick in it, I am not a party to it."

"Well, then," said the elder, "you have been sent here by Providence just to give me a chance to explain some things to you. Children, you go out—here take this fork with you. I'll just shut this door; this is a matter that my wife don't like pertick'lerly to hear about."

CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

THE TRIBULATIONS OF ELDER STRAPIRON.

Having closed the door securely and looked around as if to assure himself that no other auditor was present, the old gentleman drew a chair up in front of his pastor, sat down upon it, put his elbows on his knees, and looked over the top of his spectacles, right into the young incumbent's eyes.

"You see," he commenced, "when you came here just now, and mentioned Kitty's name, I thought, mebbe, Minister Hugenot had been telling you something about me and her, and that it was intended to raise another fuss between me and another preacher, or between me and my wife, but I am one of them that believes that whatever is to be, *is*, and now, I know Providence sent you to me."

"*Mr. Green* sent me," interrupted the parson, unwilling to hear the old man's yarn, and yet perfectly satisfied that it would be rich.

"But then you know, Brother Meagre, that Providence uses us instrumentally like sun and rain, and no doubt, Brother Green was the means of bringing you here just in order that you might learn the truth, and the truth you shall know. You see when my last wife died, I was laid off, on account of my motherless children. True, as Mr. Hugenot said, granny was here to do everything for them that was needed, and my darter was grown up, but then they had no one to *call* mother. That distressed me. I did not care for inclination, but only sought to know my duty. I searched the scriptures, and there I was told marriage is honorable, so I thought it my duty to supply my wife's place, and then I sought out from Providence who I should take for a mother for my babes, and he pointed right to Kitty. She'd come to me in visions of the night. Well, I goes to her and axes her, and she wouldn't have nothin' to do with me. I even got down on my knees to her and wept like a child, and threatened to drown myself: you know Providence directs us to do some very desperate things, and"—

"No he don't," exclaimed the clergyman impatiently.

"Well, just hear me out, Mr. Meagre, and then judge."

Mr. Meagre did so: half worried and half amused, he resigned himself to hear the case, and only hoping that he would not be called upon to give a formal verdict, which he knew would be equivalent to giving offence.

"As I was saying," continued the witness, "Kitty turned a deaf ear to my supplication. She said I was crazy, and that, Mr. Meagre, was no way to rebuke an elder. And then Tom Hickman served me a curus trick. He come out from under a settee, and said I ought to go in a swimin', as if cold water would quench the best feelings of the human heart. Well, this was all of a Saturday night. On Sunday night followin', I got out of meetin before most any body else. I axed her if I mought go home with her, and she said, "No," and the next thing I know'd she was going away locked arms with Mike Stoner, and that was what I called being unequally yoked with unbelievers, for Mike is an unbeliever, at least was he aint no member of the church, and got fined once for shooting out old year with a horse pistol."

"Well, when I saw that Kitty was a throwin' herself away, I thought it my duty to try and reclaim her, and I went to my pastor as one of his spiritual advisers and asked him to interpose with his authority. I pinted out passages of scripture, showing him the error of Kitty's ways to him, and in spite of this he turned around and gave me such a lecture as nobody ever heard. You know Minister Hugenot could do that. He was a good man—Minister Hugenot was, but rather plain spoken like, and it wasn't very pleasant when he opened on a feller."

"But all this did not dampen my zeal in the good cause of Kitty's welfare. I got a nice red sheet of paper and writ her a letter, telling her just who Mike Stoner was, and how members of the Church ought to love one another, and saying that I'd send the two least children up the country with granny, and bind the boys out, and let my darter Betsy git married, and wouldn't let the rest call her mother if she didn't like it, if she would only take back what she said. And then I puts the letter in a kiver, nice as that one round that valentine on the table there—it cost me a levy, and I put it in my hat to give it to Mr. Hugenot, and asked him to give it to Kitty. I know'd she didn't come to the post office much, and so it might a laid there a week, and that if I sent the children with it she would not take it, and so I thought I would secure my pastor's service."

"Well, I met Mr. Hugenot, and asked him to take the letter to Kitty for me, and he said he wouldn't do no such thing; I was making a goose out of myself, and if I didn't stop my foolishness he'd blow me out of water, and that meant he'd suspend me out of meetin'. Now, mind you, all this was before I had directed the letter. Fact was, I couldn't write well, and was a going to git old Mr. Hearty, the commission merchant to direct it for me. And when my own minister turned his back on me I thought I would get Hearty's boy to take it up for me, too; but when I got to his store and took off my hat I found the letter was gone. Yes, Mr. Meagre, I lost that letter, and what was worse, Mike Stoner found it. You may laugh, as if you don't believe it, or not, but it's just as I tell you.

"Mike said as there was no directions on the letter, and as it wasn't sealed he read it to find out whose it was, and then took it to Kitty, and axed her to let him publish it with all in about him, if only my name was left to it. But Kitty took it to Minister Hugenot, and said she was pestered almost to death. And then you ought to a heard him. He said I was always twisting Providence into my conceit, and that I wasn't influenced by consideration for my children, and that I pretended to be Mike's friend. I denied at first that I said anything agin Mike, for I had forgot it, I was in so much trouble; and said that I would face Mr. Stoner. So he sent him down with the letter, and advised him not to kick me, though he said he could not hurt him for it if he did, for he was not a Church member, but he told him that if he would go home with Kitty every night it would be purgatory for me. I believe the preacher would have helped Stoner if he hadn't been opposed to interfering one way or other. He liked him because he was a kind of open-hearted feller, that wouldn't hide his worst acts from even a parson. But Kitty will never marry Mike until he promises to join the meetin'. He's been trying about her for these ten years and I think she is doing him good. He don't cuss any more, and hasent been on a spree since—well, for a long time, and its hard to make him mad. Even that time he fotch the letter to me, he only just laughed at me, and jumped up and cracked his heels together, and crow'd like a rooster."

"Now, as I said before, these things is just as I tell you. I thought I would just set you right, in case any body should want to misrepresent things. Did Minister Hugenot tell you anything about it?"

"Not much," said the young parson. "Not half as much as you have told me, and he did not make it half as bad as you did. I think, perhaps, that your representation is a truthful one."

"Well, I don't think old brother Hugenot treated me quite right. My wife couldn't bear him, and, indeed, I had a notion to join the New Schools, but I know'd that all the women would be down on me, and so I was determined to maintain my attachment to the Church of my fathers, just for the sake of principle. As for Kitty Carson, I always did say she was a fine woman, though my wife wont hear to it."

"I have just been thinking, Mr. Strapiron," said the little successor of Mr. Hugenot, "that you are married now, and that there is no use to revive your affair with Kitty. I did not ask you to make a father confessor of me."

"Yes, Providence led me to my present wife," said the elder.

"I thought," retorted the clergyman, "that Providence was leading you the other way. But I hope you are satisfied with your present arrangements."

"Yes, for if a man aint satisfied with his wife, it's bad enough."

At this point, Mrs. Strapiron entered the room, followed by three or four pledges of love. It is hard to say what disposition they had made of their bread, but the molasses seemed to have been transferred to their faces and clothes. The good lady's liege lord gave Mr Meagre a sort of wink to drop the subject upon which they had been talking, but Mrs Strapiron had heard the last sentence of the conversation, and asked, "who aint satisfied with his wife? Any body in our church?"

"No," said her husband meekly, "me and our pastor was just saying it was bad enough when a man wasn't. Had no reference to any allusions."

The youthful shepherd arose to leave. Mr. Strapiron followed him to the door and whispered, "Kitty lives with Tom Hickman—her brother-in-law, next door above old Mr. Huggermugger's. She's a fine woman."

During the long rigamarole that Mr. Meagre had heard, he did his best to preserve his gravity, and only had it up-set two or three times, but now being clear from the house he almost laughed aloud. Miss Ella Tudor and her sister Blanche, met him going down town, and afterwards asked him what made him wear such a broad grin that morning. But he could give them no satisfaction without betraying state secrets, and had to put them off by saying, "I had often listened to the gossip of old women, but never before spent a half day in listening to the gossip of old men."

The young divine, had, of course, gleaned from his elder's conversation that the surname of the gentleman who visited him that morning, was Stoner. He also found out, although he had well nigh come away without finding out, where Miss Carson lived, and he lost no time in repairing to Mr. Hickman's. "Yes," he was told, "Kit's at home." In the course of his conversation with her, Mr. Meagre told her that Mr. Stoner had called upon him that morning. Having ascertained that she preferred to be married without the ring, he went back to his room and found the chairs as he had left them—as near together as Mike and Kitty were to stand the next day to have the marriage ceremony performed. This reminded him again of the service, and he studied it, until he thought he could render it to the satisfaction of all concerned.

At quarter before three the next day, he tapped again at Tom Hickman's door, and found the parties ready to proceed to business. The ceremony took but little time, and no egregious blunders were committed, although Rev. Petit spoke hurriedly and showed more trepidation than any one on the floor. Mike seemed to be very glad that he was alive, and responded firmly and loudly to the usual questions. Tom Hickman stood behind Kitty and snatched a kiss from her before her husband had time to release her hand, a feat which the enraptured brother-in-law pronounced a success, by smacking his lips and jumping up and striking his heels together, perhaps, as much as Mike had done when he gave the letter to his infatuated rival.

For this "little job" as it was called Mike deposited in Mr. Meagre's hand two dollars and a half, to use for a fee of gold.

To a little time a horse and buggy were brought to the door, and the newly married pair "put on their things," and so got ready to start on the contemplated "voyage." Tom brought out a chair to help the bride into the vehicle, and seemed strongly tempted to repeat the strategy he had gone through with in the house. The groom repudiating the chair, put his foot on the hub of the front wheel, and with a remarkable display of agility seated himself by a single spring at the side of his new wife. As he did so, he said to the parson, "Mr. Meagre, you no-du't keep the wedding a secret, if you don't want to. Let 'em come on with their corn-cobs and cart wheels. I can manage 'em."

Family Circle.

HASTY MARRIAGES.

A thousand hearts and homes of sadness respond to the oft-quoted passage on hasty marriages, which, we believe, appeared first in the New York *Tribune*.

There is not a city, there is scarcely a township, which does not number among its inhabitants women who have married on very short acquaintance, only to be abused, deserted, and left a life-long sorrow to the families in which they were born and reared, and which they most imprudently and improperly deserted to share the fortunes of relative strangers. If young ladies would realize how grossly indelicate as well as culpably reckless such marriages appear in the eyes of the observing, they surely would forbear. A year's thorough acquaintance, with the most circumstantial accounts from disinterested and reliable witnesses of the antecedents from childhood, are the very least guarantee which any woman who realizes what marriage is, will require of a stranger. Even then, if her parents are not fully satisfied as well as herself, she should still hesitate. Marriage is an undertaking in which no delay can be so hazardous as undue precipitation.

[Adapted from the German of Hoffmann.]

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

MARTIN THE FISHERMAN.

Martin and his poor but happy little family lived right down beside the river Rhine. The village was farther back in the country, but the fisherman's cottage was close to the water, so that he would be near his nets. The vines grew up around it, and its walls were of spotless white.

Happiness dwelt there. Their possessions were small—only a cow and two goats; but the king upon his throne was not more contented than they were.

One beautiful evening, after Martin had set his nets, and returned home in his little boat, the family sat out of doors, on the long wooden bench, and looked at the setting sun. The air was pleasant, and beautiful sail-boats glided down the rapid river. Martin's wife commenced a lively song; then all the family joined in. The sailors on the boats and rafts that were passing up and down the river caught up the strain, and the whole country around was vocal with the grand concert.

By-and-by the fisherman's family commenced to talk about the old Duke, who lived in a large, ivy covered house, a great way off—they could not tell how far.

"I wonder if we will ever get back the eighteen thousand dollars that my poor father loaned him," said Susan, Martin's wife.

"Indeed, I should be afraid to make the request," replied the humble fisherman; "I suppose he would have me put in prison."

"Never mind, never mind, Martin," she continued; "we have lived ten years without it now, and I think we can still get along by our own labor. But there have been so few fish lately, that I am beginning to tremble for our bread."

"Come, Susan, brush away your tears, (for she had begun to weep;) times will soon be better with us," answered Martin. After their evening prayers were offered, they all went to sleep.

And nobody in all this world ever slept sweeter than did that fisherman, his wife, and their three little peasant children.

About two o'clock in the morning, Martin was startled out of his happy dreams.

"What is the matter? Am I asleep, or awake? am I in my boat, or in my house?"

He screamed out at the top of his voice, "Wake up! wake up! or we shall all be drowned!"

"What is the trouble?" cried out poor frightened Susan.

"The water! the water! There is a freshet to-night! Look at the water streaming through the door, and in at the windows! See, it is coming up through the floor! Wake up the children, dress them as quickly as you can, and I will go out and get the boat, if it is not already too late. The water is knee-deep here in our house; I am afraid we shall all be drowned!"

"We are lost! we are lost!" cried Susan.

Soon Martin was out in search of his boat. Happily for him, he found it just as the freshet was about taking it away from the stake to which it was tied. He pulled it along after him, as he waded almost up to his waist in the rising water, back to his little cottage.

There was but little time for Susan to dress her little children; and, after she had done it, she was very doubtful about any of them getting off safe. Then she caught up some of her most valuable things, and tying them in a bundle, said: "Now, my dear little ones, this is all I can save. You see we are going out into the world without a dollar." The chairs, the boxes, and brooms, and shoes, and many other things, were floating about the room.

"Hurry, Susan!" cried Martin as loud as he could. "Bring the children here to the window; give them to me just as quickly as you can; don't wait for anything; we may be lost any how! Hurry, hurry! here's the boat at the window; every moment is worth a fortune!"

Crash! crash! It was a tree that had been washed away, and had come floating down against the fisherman's cottage. It shook from floor to roof, and it is a wonder that the terrific blow, together with the rushing water, did not carry it off.

"Get in now yourself, Susan. Be careful, now; it is as much as I can do to keep the boat steady."

Susan and the children were now in the boat, which was tossing about like a little chip.

"Thank God, we are all spared!" both Martin and his wife exclaimed. "But all our little property is lost; yet God will provide for all our wants. Economy and perseverance will supply all our necessities."

Just as Martin was about to loose the rope, and let the boat float down with the current, his wife began to sob and cry as if her heart would break?

"What is the matter?" asked the fisherman. "Has one of the children fallen overboard!"

"Oh! no; but my Bible, my old Bible! It was my father's last gift to me, and I shall never be happy without it!"

"I shall have have it, if I risk my life to get it. Where is it? Oh! I know; it is on the shelf just over the door."

Martin had no sooner said these words, than he jumped through the window, got the old Bible, stuffed it in his bosom, and returned into the little boat.

"Now I am happy," said Susan. "Everything else may go. My father's old Bible—why, I wouldn't take the world for it!"

The boat was untied, and began to go down the river with the tide. Martin tried to row towards the bank, and, after drifting down about two miles, he succeeded in reaching the land, just alongside a little hotel.

"Now we are safe, thank God!" he said, "and not one of us is lost. Let us go into this little hotel, and maybe the landlord will welcome us, though we are penniless."

He was right. "Come in, my good friends," said the old, gray-haired landlord. "These are awful times. I know you, Martin, for I have bought fish from you hundreds of times. You are an honest man, and shall have the best in my house for yourself and family. Come in; I will see that you have dry clothes, and a comfortable room, and some bread and coffee."

It was about daybreak, or a little after, that Martin went upon the top of the house, where quite a number of people were collected. They were watching a man, about a mile down the river, on the other side. He was on top of his large castle, waving a little white flag, in sign of distress. He was afraid he would be carried off by the flood; and it really did seem as if he was lost. The river was beating up against the castle walls; soon they must give way.

"Ah! I fear Baron Wilmer is lost," said the good-hearted old landlord. "It is no use to try to get to him to save him. He will be carried away before any one could get to him; and besides, no one is strong enough to row across the river. Who would think of undertaking it?"

"I wouldn't," said one. "I should be afraid," said another; and so on until every one had spoken but Martin the fisherman.

He looked again, and there was the waving white flag, and there were the waves beating higher and higher against the castle walls. Martin began to weep; his breast heaved with emotion. At last he said: "I will go and try to save him."

"Bravo!" cried the landlord. "Now, who will go with Martin, to save the Baron? He is a nobleman, and worth your labor and risk of life." Every one refused to go with the fisherman. Then he declared he would go alone in his little fishing-boat.

I will not tell you the particulars. But Martin rowed along to the castle, and saved the noble Baron Wilmer. The next day, after the waters spread down a little, they came across the river. As soon as they landed the Baron said:—

"Now, Martin, we must separate, perhaps never to meet again in this world. You will no doubt take your family from the little hotel, and commence business in some way or other. I wish I could assist you: but I have no more money than will take me to England. I can stay here no longer, now that my castle has fallen, and all my wealth has gone with it. God bless you, Martin! If I am conscious of anything, I will pray for you on my death-bed."

"May God bless you, Baron!" replied the humble fisherman. "I want nothing for my labor I have only done my duty. May Heaven's blessing follow you!"

Martin sold his boat for seven dollars, and then took his family far back into the country, some forty miles off. He hired a little cottage on the outskirts of a great forest, and procured a bow and arrow, in order to shoot game for a livelihood for himself and his family. There was a plenty of game in the forest, but it did not belong to him, and he had as yet no right to shoot any of the pigeons, or rabbits, or deer that abounded from one end of it to the other.

A thought occurred to him. He told it to his wife and children, one evening, in these words:—"This great forest is full of game, and I have learned that it belongs to the old Duke, who can't live much longer any how. The overseer of his whole estate lives about two miles from here, and I will go and see if I can't be allowed the privileges of shooting game in such a splendid place. If I succeed, then we'

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Poetry.

THE CLOCK OF HUMAN LIFE.

'Tis one o'clock—the silvery chimes
Are ringing soft and low,
Over an infant's cradle bed,
As it swings to and fro;
While smiling near, a teether bends,
Listening to the clear bells
Ringing the babe's sweet advent hour,
In her heart's deepest wells.
Tinkle! tinkle! soft and clear,
On the loving mother's ear.

'Tis two—three—four—in merry peals
Bells strike the passing hour,
While bliss pours in through every sense,
As on this mortal shore
The tripping feet of childhood fly,
While air, and earth, and sky,
Are full of joy and childhood's bells
Are ringing clear and high.
Jingle! jingle! clear and high,
Ring the bells of childhood's sky.

Now five and six ring on the ear,
In deeper golden notes,
And tender chimes, and loving peals,
Round youth's sweet dream-life floats.
These notes are filling every sense
Of the young maiden life,
And their soft mellow lullabye,
Hush every thought of strife.
Love me, love me, ring the bells,
As round fair youth their music swells.

'Tis seven now—'tis eight—'tis nine;
And deeper sounds the toll,
As in the solemn march of life,
They ring with fuller swell;
And toll of strife, and toil, and care—
Of grief and sundered ties,
And to the heart enblued by grief,—
They're ringing in the sky,
Of rest above, where Jesus dwells.
Come home, come home, they faintly swell.

'Tis ten o'clock—the vanished hours,
Ring out their warning tones;
The silver notes of infancy.
And golden chimes are gone.
The past is all a fleeting dream;
The future, O, how grand!
As 'mid its deep and solemn peals,
With parted lips we stand.
Ding-dong, ding-dong, is slowly rolls,
Pealing the requiem of souls.

The clock has struck eleven—hark!
The awful moments pass,
'Mid muffled bells, we hear them die,
And watch time's hour-glass.
Solemn and slow we hear their knell;
They ring of ending strife;
There's more of tender joy than grief,
Which tells of endless life.
O! joyful knells, life's evening bell,
Of conflicts past, their music tells.

'Tis twelve o'clock—the midnight hour
Rolls out its thrilling knell.
Ah! not of grief, and not of death,
Does its deep tolling tell.
To Christian souls—oh high! so grand
Are the bright hopes it rings.
That 'mid the solemn knells of time,
The parting spirit sings.
As midnight bells fade soft away,
'Tis endless one in upper day.

'Tis endless one in that bright world,
One everlasting day;
Hours have pealed their last farewell,
And minutes passed away.
'Tis one effulgent, brilliant noon,
One flood of light and love;
One solemn never-ending tune,
In that sweet home above.
O! the deep joy of *evermore*,
When waking first on that blest shore.

Episcopal Recorder.

THE PARTED SPIRIT.

"YE CANNOT TELL WHENCE IT COMETH, OR WHITHER IT GOETH."

Mysterious in its birth,
And viewless as the blast;
Where hath the spirit fled from earth,
For ever past?

I ask the grave below—
It keeps the secret well;
I call upon the heavens to show—
They will not tell.

Of earth's remotest strand,
Are tales and tidings known;
But from the spirit's distant land,
Returneth none.

Winds waft the breath of flowers,
To wanderers o'er the wave,
But no message from the bowers
Beyond the grave.

Proud Science scales the skies
From star to star to roam,
But reacheth not the shore where lies
The spirit's home.

Impervious shadows hide
This mystery of Heaven;
But, where all knowledge is denied,
To hope is given!

JOHN MALCOLM.

GOD AN UNFAILING REFUGE.

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove
To the confiding bark untrue;
And if she trust the stars above,
They can be treacherous too

Th' embrageous oak, in pomp outspread,
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,
Draws lightning down upon the head
It promised to defend.

But thou art true, incarnate Lord!
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die;
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word
No change can falsify!

I bent before thy gracious throne,
And asked for peace with suppliant knee;
And peace was given—nor peace alone,
But faith, and hope, and constancy!

WORDSWORTH.

SHORT HYMNS ON PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

BY C. WESLEY

GEN. XIV. 9.

Is God's peculiar people mine?
To them I then shall be
Gathered beneath the Saviour's sign,
And Christ in glory see.
Gathered into the church above,
Where'er to Christ belong
Shall meet to sing the song of love,
The Lamb's eternal song

GEN. VI. 6. "It repented the Lord, that he had made man.

He mourns His frustrated intent,
Who bade the rebel be;
But never did the Lord repent
That He hath redeemed me

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Mr. Editor:—I promised, the week before last, to give a synopsis of Mr. Wm. J. Watkins' lecture, delivered in Israel Church on the 5d inst. But after reconsidering my promise, I thought it better to change the plan of my intention, and speak of its merits, for however much we might epitomize the lecture, it would be too lengthy for one letter

It is hardly needful for me to say that Mr. Watkins is an uncompromising emigrationist, for he has established his reputation in that direction long since. But, on entering the church he rose up before the people with all the boldness of a unicorn, apparently possessing all that greatness of soul that should characterize a man suitably fitted to the great task of exerting a reformation among a people who have been disfranchised and crushed beneath the unmanning yoke of slavery. With no written lecture or notes, he stood before the most intelligent audience of white and colored that could be raised in Washington, for over two hours, pouring out one unbroken flood of light and information from his exhaustless store of knowledge—so pleasing and interestingly captivating to his hearers, that when he stopped, though 11 o'clock at night, the cry from all parts of the house was, "Go on, don't stop." He corresponds in toto with what Prof. Fowler very wisely said of Daniel Webster, that the greatness of his own native genius held him up, and enchained his hearers. It appeared at times that he would fall back upon the power of his intellectuality and come forth with such overwhelming arguments, and picture them, though in words so enchantingly reasonable, before the mental observation of his audience, that however great the inconveniences surrounding them, they, notwithstanding, would start for Hayti before the rising of the morrow's sun. And though Dr. Rock, of Boston, one week previously, when opposing emigration, was loudly clapped, and most cheerfully stamped, as a demonstration of corresponding sentiment, yet Mr. Watkins, one week after, had the same parties, when asked "Where would they go?" crying out, "To Hayti, Hayti!" The inconsistency, though very regrettable, was, however, very laughable.

If Mr. Watkins can make converts as fast as he made them in Washington, he would do well in the ministry; yet I would be fearfully doubtful about them getting to heaven, if they did not go there better than they are going to Hayti. But, in short, Mr. Watkins is unquestionably a talented man, an eloquent speaker, a great originalist, and one peculiarly adapted to the masses: his manner is chaste, logical and terse; his ideas are rich, grand and glowing; his language plain and comprehensible—he possessing the seldom possessed power of firing his auditors with his own soul and spirit; his denunciations burn and blister; he pours vengeance in the most scathing tirades upon his antagonist, so that when he leaves him, he leaves him an object of pity; he takes up such men as Crittenden and Vallendigham and handles them with such thunderbolts of merciless wo, that if it were their persons instead of their principles he was thus treating, *God have mercy upon their destiny.* But the objects of his affection are treated with the most tender regard. He takes them in the arms of his favor, and encircles them in the embrace of his attachment, and lavishes, in one sweep of his eloquence, a thousand incontestable arguments of his fondest respect. Few men have the power of making so radical a change in a moment's time as he. One moment his countenance appears to gleam with the most cheerful regard, the next he writes upon his visage hatred, disgust and indignation.

Mr. Watkins being an agent of the Haytien Emigration Association, he held up her claims to the colored people of America with a familiarity and interest seldom evinced by any of its agents. He said we might sing

"In Dixie's land we take our stand,
We will live and die in Dixie's land."

But living and dying is about all we ever would do in this country. We might stay to fight it out, as many had said, but how men could fight without arms he could not see, and he knew the colored people had none in this country. He stated that many who had claimed to be the colored man's friend, were actuated with a desire to rid the country of the negro, and that there were not five leading men in this country who desired to see the negro on an equality with the white, and that one thousand years would not secure one colored man the nomination for President. But Hayti, he allowed, held out inducements for every office in the gift of the people.

Mr. Wm. T. Watkins is the brother of the Rev. George T. Watkins, a very learned divine of the A. M. E. Church in Baltimore city. Both of these distinguished men seem to be providentially set apart for the work of reformation,—one in a political, and the other in a religious sphere. Rev. G. T. Watkins is one of the most modest men, for his ability, I have ever seen; while he is a great scholar, a masterly writer, an exhaustless thinker, yet he is unassuming, unpretending, easy and affable, and courteous to any one however inferior, and appears to live *non sibi sed omnibus.* Mr. W. T. Watkins has left for Hayti with 120 contrabands. H. M. T.

Washington, June 16th, 1862

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM NEWPORT, R. I.

June 19, 1862.

Mr. Editor:—I am at home, in the bosom of my dear family. I am now gathering up my bundle, which is very small, and my wife is preparing my North Carolina and Virginia costume. I am eager for my flight, praying the time to revolve that I might be on the great deep, speeding onward to my destined field.

Five days, on my way to Newport, I tarried in the city of Providence. The Young Ladies' and Gents' E Club of said city gave an exhibition for my benefit while I was attending my Conference at New Bedford, Mass. It cannot be said of these ladies and gents, as of many, or as the old adage, "Out of sight, out of mind." While I was their humble pastor, they manifested their love towards me—now, since the change of my ministerial labor in another clime, they remain the same—their love is none the less. I shall ever remember and speak of those, my warm and tried friends, in the highest terms

I would also recommend them to my successor as his friends. They are of the spirit of Mary, Martha, Joseph, and John. Mary chose the good part, Martha incumbered with much serving, Joseph begged the body of Jesus, and John reclined his head on the breast of the dear Redeemer.

On Friday evening, the 13th instant, the President of the Club, in behalf of the members, presented, with her delicate maiden hand, the sum of $3 68. Subsequently they made up the round number of 87

The humble recipient returned his grateful thanks in a few remarks, and invoked the blessings of God upon them

In order, Mr. Editor, to encourage their noble acts, and to show that we poor ministers of the A. M. E. Church in America do not depreciate their love towards us, I crave the insertion of their names in the well-conducted Recorder of Bethel Church, as follows:

OFFICERS

President—Miss Eliza Forrest.
Vice-President—Miss Sarah Hall.
Secretary—Miss Louisa Treadwell
Assistant—Miss Ellen Murray.
Treasurer—Miss Eliza Dorrell.

SPEAKERS.

Mr. John Scott, Mr. Benjamin Schambell,
" John Brown, " James Dorrell,
" Thomas Chambers, " Frederick Waugh,
" Robert Adams, Miss Hattie Williams,
Miss Freelove Brown, Miss Mary Jackson,
Miss Mary Adams.

Observe, Mr. and Miss Adams, who sang so beautifully in their first grand exhibition—they are worthy of much note. The audience were captivated by their sweet voices, calling the singers out the second time. The Club have elected new officers since their last exhibition. They now have for their President Miss Louisa Treadwell. Wherever we go, their names as such a Club shall be wafted on every Southern breeze, breathing forth a fervent prayer for their success in the work of our Heavenly Father. May God bless them with good husbands and wives, and affectionate children.

Mr Editor, my time has expired. Next Monday night, the Lord willing, I leave my dear wife and dutiful children for New York, there to wait for the troubling of the Atlantic waters. Before I leave said city I shall write to you again. My warm and heart-felt love to all my dear brethren, especially to our worthy Bishop Nazrey, from all of whom I crave their prayers that my faith fail not, while I go weeping, sowing that precious seed—and that I may return again rejoicing, bringing many sheaves. Amen. So mote it be.

In time and in eternity,

George A. Rue.

For the Christian Recorder.

NEWARK, N. J.

Mr. Editor—As I have just entered on my field of labor at the above named place, I thought it would not be amiss to say a word in relation to my charge.

I came here on the 14th instant, and I found my people generally well, except one aged father in Christ, who is quite feeble. On Sabbath morning I went to the church, where I met the Right Rev. D. A. Payne, who made me a flying visit, and preached a very interesting and instructive discourse to the mothers, setting forth the character of Hannah, the godly mother, and earnestly impressing it on the minds of all mothers to copy her example. The occasion was one of great solemnity.

I visited the Sabbath School at 10 o'clock. This department is not as perfect as I wish it, but, as I am a lover of Sabbath Schools, I shall try to make it second to none in the State. At two and a half o'clock we had a discourse from Brother Nelson on redemption, and in the evening we had another discourse from Brother Rays on the necessity of religion. On the whole, the day was one of rejoicing, and the prospects for the future look bright—both temporal and spiritual. The colored citizens of Newark and the adjacent towns assembled on the 18th instant in Liberty Hall, Newark, to celebrate the act of Emancipation in the District of Columbia. The occasion was one of great interest. Speeches were made by Revs. Mr. Adams, Mr. Gloster, W. G. Strong, and others; and every thing passed off very pleasantly indeed.

I would just say that I have not forgotten the *Recorder*, and I mean to see how many cash subscribers I can get in this city, and I hope soon to send along their names, with their money.

Yours for the onward march of the *Recorder*,

J. H.

GENERAL BOOK STEWARD'S REPORT CONTINUED—No. 5.

The Christian Recorder Reported from January, 1861, to May 1st, 1862

CASH RECEIVED.

1861			
Cash rec. before going to press,			98 20
Jan. 11.	Papers sold,		3 14
12.	"		5 21
12	Subscription,		2 00
14.	Cash for papers,		1 56
15	"		3 88
16	"		1 78
17	"		4 96
17	Cash subscriber,		1 00
18.	Papers sold,		2 00
19.	"		6 08
21	Subscription,		1 50
21.	Papers sold,		7 75
22.	Advertisements,		1 25
22.	Papers sold,		24
23	"		56
24	Subscriptions,		4 00
24.	Papers sold,		78
24.	Donation from Mr Bliss,		5 00
25.	Subscriptions,		3 00
25.	Papers sold,		1 82
25	"		2 99
26.	"		5 00
28.	Subscriptions,		5 00
28	Papers sold,		12 10
29.	Papers sold,		52
29	Subscriptions,		2 00
30.	Papers sold,		2 07
31.	Papers sold,		18
31.	Subscriptions,		2 00
			$187 39
Feb 1	Papers sold,		68
1	Papers sold,		2 00
2.	Subscription,		2 00
2	Papers sold,		5 77
4	"		24
4	Subscription,		2 00
5.	Papers sold,		12 00
5.	Subscriptions,		4 30
6	Papers sold,		78
7.	Papers sold,		1 39
7.	Papers sold,		88
8.	Papers sold,		30
8.	Subscription,		2 00
9.	Subscriptions,		4 50
9.	Papers sold,		7 59
11.	Subscriptions,		11 00
11.	Papers sold,		2 95
12.	Subscription,		1 50
12.	Subscription,		1 00
13.	Papers sold,		5 30
13.	Subscription,		1 00
13.	Papers sold,		8 05
14.	Papers sold,		8
15.	Papers sold,		45
15.	Subscriptions,		10 00
16.	Papers sold,		6 22
18.	Papers sold,		12 00
18.	Papers sold,		2 16
19.	Papers sold,		26
20.	Papers sold,		1 55
20.	Subscriptions,		3 50
21	Papers sold,		3 00
21.	Subscription,		1 00
21.	Advertisement,		25
22.	Papers,		83
23.	Papers sold,		7 30
25.	Subscriptions,		9 76
25.	Papers sold,		3 08
26.	Papers sold,		2 53
27.	Subscriptions,		23 14
			$157 79
March 1	Papers sold,		60
2.	Papers sold,		11 51
4.	"		28
5	"		3 00
5	Subscriptions,		3 00
6	"		6 64
7	"		6 97
8.	Papers sold,		3 00
8.	Advertisement,		3 25
9.	Papers sold,		8 62
9.	Subscription,		2 00
9.	Papers sold,		3 53
12.	Papers sold,		9 23
13.	"		3 78
14.	"		1 40
15	"		6 13
16.	"		6 65
16.	Paid Miss Jackson,		37
18.	Papers sold,		73
19.	Papers sold,		36
19.	Papers sold,		10 00
19.	"		2 40
20.	For paper from the publication city,		10 04
21.	Papers sold,		3 75
22.	"		1 61
23.	"		36
23.	To Rev. W. Moore,		2 00
25.	Papers sold,		10
26.	"		21
27.	"		1 25
28.	"		10 44
29.	"		1 20
30.	"		5 45
			$160 43

THE CROSS.

One of the most favored spots of wild New England is the city of the dead near Cambridge You can't help it, you must be touched; wander round Mount Auburn in the green of the year,—if you are made of mortal clay, you will find pouring right into your soul the wealth of nature and of art in winding hill and dell. It is a beautiful place. Gently curving lines, a feast for the eye, sloping hill-sides yet fresh from their yearly resurrection, marble traces of thoughtful sorrow, thick trees which have grown old in shading mourners, are all around. Right before you, high up, is the chapel. A simple cross surmounts the structure. Why a chapel here? Why a chapel in every grave-yard? Why a chapel with a cross on it? It is strange; think of it. There have been those who have taught that the story of the cross is all a fabrication, an invention of diseased brains. There are those who think it foolishness to have anything to do with what we cannot hear or see or feel. There are those who curl the lip when you speak of a land beyond, a home in heaven, a Saviour to love and serve. But here is a cross on the chapel. Strange! Strange that the story of a human form who walked and talked, slept and waked, smiled and wept just like other human forms, that the story of a man of sorrows should come down through the ages, and be today a living story to thousands of beating hearts. Strange! Tell this story to a little child, and he will weep. Tell it to bounding youth, gay, frolicsome, and he will stop and think as he never thought before. Tell it to manhood, pressing on in life's race, he will hear what you say whether he seems to or not; he will hear it and will remember. Tell it once, and he will know forever after, that such a being walked this earth and hung on the cross. He will recognise the recital whenever it comes up again. He does not so remember other men who have lived great lives and died great deaths in the world's history. And still strange,—here in Mount Auburn, to all who bring their loved ones to bury them out of their sight, is told this story of the cross. Why won't something else do? When the preacher stands to comfort the saddened ones, why not tell of an eternal sleep or Lethean waters? Why point to the cross on the chapel? Some say that there is no need of religion, that you are freer without and happier without, that it is a sickly sentimentality to worship what you cannot see, what you cannot lay your hand upon. But there are times when such lose their confidence; their merry happiness vanishes. They want a something, they don't know what. They feel that there is a part of their nature unsatisfied. Times come in every household, when the last word is spoken, the long breath is drawn, the eyes close forever, the cherished form is covered and carried out, and lowered beneath the turf. Then, when the thoughts are forced out of the daily routine, when wondering inquiries start up about what does come beyond, then men want something to lean upon that will not fail. If anywhere in the world men deal with realities, if anywhere professions and false dependencies are swept away, it is when real heart-trials hold stern sway, where not one earthly association is happy, where is the concentration of the sorrow of generation after generation of saddened home-circles,—in the grave-yard. And in the grave-yard is the cross on the chapel. The worldling, the careless, the godless want it there.

One sighs in humanity can be filled by the cross alone. There is a want in human nature which goes out beyond this earth, which grasps beyond the region of sense, which gropes into futurity and eternity. As long as this want is unsatisfied, the poor creature struggles within and without, adrift, rudderless, covering an aching heart by superficial mirth, consciously unsettled and unhappy. Let in the religion of Christ and humanity is complete. The going out of the affections after something better, the progress after the infinite is entirely satisfied. Life is happiness, loving and serving the adorable Saviour

MR. CHURCH ON EMANCIPATION

We copy the following from the *Christian Instructor.* Rev. Mr. Church is a minister who labored with acceptance and success for twenty years in the Island of Trinidad, W. I. He was in the West Indies before the emancipation. He labored there for many years after, and speaks from a perfect knowledge of all these things:

Mr. Editor:—May I crave the use of your valuable columns for the insertion of the following. On Thursday, the 5th inst., a meeting was held in the National Hall of this City, to commemorate the Emancipation of the Slaves in the District of Columbia; owing, however, to the very inclement weather of that day, there was not such a large concourse as otherwise there would have been. The meeting was truly patriotic in its character; several national airs were played by the band, after which the exercises were opened by a most fervent and appropriate prayer, in which the officiating Minister (colored) gave hearty thanks to God for the event which had brought them together, and earnestly supplicated the Divine blessing on the Government and Nation at large in such a manner as to force from the heart of every true Christian patriot, a hearty Amen! The ministers present on the occasion were mostly belonging to the colored congregations—they did not however lack evidence that they were ministers of Christ. It was the lot of the writer of this article to be present on the occasion by invitation; and while I could not exactly endorse the views of every speaker on the occasion, yet I hesitate not to say that the meeting was well conducted, and did credit to those through whose instrumentality it had been got up. As I considered the object of the meeting one which commended itself to Christian attention, I accepted the invitation to give a short address.

As certain individuals, whose proclivities render them more suitable for the land of Secessia than for a northern element, have been insidiously misrepresenting my address among the members of my congregation, with an evident intent of alienating the feelings of my beloved people, I feel it my duty, in self-justification, to furnish them, by your permission, with a copy of the offensive address as nearly *verbatim et literatim* as possible. It has always been a rule with me never to say either in the pulpit or elsewhere, that which I am ashamed to avow before the world. Your insertion, therefore, of the following, will oblige

Yours truly, Francis Church.

Mr. Chairman: The event which has brought us together to-day is one of peculiar interest, and which I cannot but regard as the dawning of a brighter era than has ever shone on this great republic. We are met together to-day to celebrate the Emancipation of the Slaves in the District of Columbia, and where, I ask, is the Christian man or Christian minister, whose heart is not elated with joy, that the great national curse of Slavery is wiped away from our central metropolis? I am aware, sir, that my views on this subject are liable to be controverted, as the system of Slavery has found advocates in the pulpit as well as in the Senate; be that as it may, I still adhere to the position I have taken, and call in question the fact whether any *true* gospel minister can sympathize with a system which ignores the claims of humanity, and dishonors God. This scene to-day, Mr. Chairman, reminds me of old times. I am not aware whether it is known to this audience or not, that I had the honor and privilege when in the West Indies, to preach the funeral sermon of Slavery in the British colonies—yet this, sir, is the fact, and I begin to fancy there is hope, that under the Divine blessing the same privilege may be granted me in this great country. I cannot but regard the late act of our worthy President, Abraham Lincoln, as an entering wedge, placed by a judicious hand into the huge block of our national corruption, (not to be extracted) but to be followed with blow after blow, till the fetters of every bondman shall be burst in sunder, and the whole wretched system of oppression, which has plunged our once happy country into its present difficulties, shall be numbered with the things that were.

I have adverted, sir, to the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies, and it affords me pleasure in adverting to the interesting scene presented on that memorable first of August. The enemies of freedom had been predicting that the day would be ushered in with riot, tumult, and insurrection, and followed by anarchy and ruin, but never shall I forget the thrilling scene upon which the rising sun of that morning shone; instead of rioting or drunkenness, multitudes from every quarter were seen wending their way to the house of prayer, there to give thanks unto God for the great things he had done for them, and to hear from the ministers of Christ, that God requireth them not to "use their liberty as a cloak of maliciousness, but as the servants of God." Every place of religious worship was opened on that day, and whites as well as blacks rendered praise to God. And here, sir, let me state an undeniable fact,—let the enemies of freedom contradict it, if they can. Great as was the transition from a state of Slavery to that of freedom, there was not found in all the land where I was, one solitary instance of drunkenness on that memorable day, but on the contrary it was consecrated to God.

It affords me pleasure, sir, as a minister of Christ, to state these things, because the advocates of human oppression in this land have so wilfully and shamefully misrepresented the facts of the case. As a living witness, sir, I hesitate not to affirm, that the benefits resulting from emancipation in the West Indies were not only seen in the moral, social, and physical improvement of the laboring classes, but also in the appearance of the plantations, and the increased revenue therefrom. I am confident, sir, it is not so much for the cheapness of slave labor, that so many are the advocates of that wretched system; as from the fact that it gives man such an absolute dominion over his fellow being that he can either *kick*, or *flog*, or *kill*, whichever his depraved human passions may dictate, without being accountable to any, save that God who is the avenger of the oppressed.

I am frequently asked, "Why do you sympathize so much with the slave? why do you wish so much to see slavery done away?" I answer, Because I love the country in which I live—because I wish to see God's blessing upon it—because I see God's hand uplifted against the sin—and because these traffickers in human flesh, to further their nefarious schemes, have plunged this country into this terrible war, and cost the sacrifice of so much blood and treasure. Thank God that while thousands are praising him in the West Indies for raising up a *Wilberforce*, a *Buchington*, and a *Buxton*—he is also raising such up here—thank God for our noble President, and that under the wise rule of Father Abraham, I see the dawning of a day for which I have long prayed, and as a true patriot will pray. Let us, then, thank God and take courage.

PIN AND CROWN

A gentleman playing at a game, deceived his antagonist. One who was present, and could not endure to see such meanness, showed him his fault

"Ha!" said the gentleman, "You know we are only playing for farthing."

"If you had been playing for [illegible] you have done? He who is faithful in a little, will be faithful in much, but the man who will deceive for a pin, will do so for a crown."

BENGEL AND HIS GNOMON.

Just before Bengel died, he remarked that "for a while he would be forgotten, but would again be remembered." Now is the time for the fulfillment of his presentiment. He is indeed recalled from his sleep. When on his death-bed he uttered the remarkable prophesy just quoted, the Church in Germany and in Europe generally had fallen into rationalism. Faith in the Scriptures had well-nigh taken its departure from the pulpits of the churches, and from the seats of learning. This moral death of his age is most graphically described by himself. He is full of hope for the future, while he tells the sad story of the present.

He says: "The Holy Scriptures are falling into mournful disgrace, and even by those who still attach some importance to them, are so ill-used as to offend and mislead many; the powers of nature and reason are so immoderately exalted, that grace and faith, in a word, the supernatural, are almost unknown. The (human) instruments by which God wrought such deeds of power and goodness for his people, are despised. One attacks Joseph, another Moses, a third David; and what God wrought by them is converted into mere shifts of political sagacity. What every one regards as mere fancies are with the greatest levity brought into the market for the amusement and ruin of the human soul, and the teachers and leaders are drawn into the toils so that the verdict reaches the lowest of the people."

The critical spirit of his own times, thus portrayed in its unhappy results, did not fail to reach him, but with far different fruits. He knew what it was to struggle with doubts, which, so far from driving away as mere temptations unworthy of answers, he boldly met and overcame. Here marks, in one place, that "a man of the world who has no struggle for the truth will find subscription to his creed an easy thing. But that conversion makes truth precious, and the man who experiences it, deals with the truth carefully, anxiously, as with a costly jewel."

This critical tendency of his mind showed itself especially in reference to the purity of the sacred text, to the examination of which he devoted much of his time. He was too profoundly interested in the divine word to rest until he had explored for himself its very foundations; but this was done in a reverent spirit, for true piety was the very centre and animating power of all his theological labors. But this piety was thoroughly penetrated by the Scriptures. His struggles with his times were apologetic and exegetic, mainly the latter. This kept him in constant communion with the sacred text, in its most minute as well as in its general aspects, so that his piety, as an element of earnest resistance to the prevailing rationalism, familiarized itself with the turns of thought and with the slightest shades of feeling. And this is doubtless the reason why his dialectics appear so pious, and yet his piety so carefully logical. Bengel was essentially an interpreter. He had learned to feel the power of divine truth. This was what he had gained by his study of Scripture. He felt that truth was woven into the very texture of the Scripture utterances, and hence his whole aim as an interpreter was simply to bring out their meaning. Even when Bengel preached, this spirit of the interpreter prevailed, and he catechised rather than sermonized. There was no preaching manner or tone about his addresses.

The *Gnomon* is the work of just such a spirit as this. It is precisely what in its title it professes to be; namely, a pointer out, from the nature and force of the words, of the simplicity, depth, harmony, and saving power of the divine thoughts of the New Testament.

Methodist.

NATIONAL EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

We commend the following to scholars, and lovers of education, giving a true account of the rise and progress of education of Ireland, which piece of information will be useful to that class of minds:

We cut the following passages from a speech recently made in the British House of Commons, by Sir R. Peel, who is, at present, Chief Secretary for Ireland:

This National system was established by the present Lord Derby; and in order to show the house the results that have attended its establishment, I may observe that in 1833 there were only 789 schools, which were attended by a total of 107,000 children. I shall now take three periods, 1841, 1851, and 1861. In 1841 the population of Ireland was about 8,000,000, and the number of children on the rolls 281,000. In 1851 the population was 8,552,000; there was then 4,704 schools, and 520,000 pupils on the rolls. In 1861 the system had progressed in an extraordinary manner, for, while the population had diminished to 5,784,000, the schools were 9,032 in number, and the children were about 804,000. It is, I think, a most remarkable fact, that at the present moment, one seventh of the population of Ireland are receiving education under the National system (hear.) And when, after 30 years' experience, you find one seventh of the population receiving instruction, it is not a time to come forward and say that the system under which such results have been accomplished is a failure. . . .

I trust, however, I am prepared to show to the satisfaction of the house that these colleges have been eminently satisfactory in their operations, that they have answered the purpose for which they were designed, and that their present position reflects credit on the political foresight of those who established them. The house must first remember how very ill supplied Ireland was with educational or endowed establishments when the Queen's Colleges were founded. Let honorable members first look at the educational provision of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and then compare this with the population. At the present time the population of England is about 20,000,000. In addition to the great public schools of Eton, Winchester, Harrow, and Rugby, there are at Oxford 19 colleges, and at Cambridge 17 colleges. The population of Scotland is 2,500,000. There are six colleges and five universities in that kingdom, educating about 3,000 students. The population of Ireland is about 5,700,000. It has (except the Queen's Colleges) only one college—Trinity College—with 800 students on its books. When the Queen's Colleges were founded, and when the population of Ireland was 8,000,000, Ireland had only this one college, while Scotland and England possessed the great educational advantages which I have enumerated. Recollect, too, that Trinity College was administered on an almost exclusive system. To use Lord Derby's words, in proposing to the House of Lords the Bill for establishing the Queen's Colleges, Trinity College had been administered on an exclusive system, for the purpose of supporting the clergy of the Established Church. Surely the time had come for endowing Ireland with the same advantages as Scotland and England? The establishment of the Reformed Church and its Liturgy has had the effect of excluding Roman Catholics and Protestant Dissenters from Oxford, from Cambridge, and from Dublin. Trinity College, Dublin was the first to show liberality, because in 1794 it admitted persons of different persuasions to enter its walls, and it was, therefore, greatly in the advance of the sister establishments in England. It was only in 1854 that the matriculation test was abolished at Oxford, so that Dissenters could enter. It was not until 1856 that the declaration regarding religious opinions was abolished in Cambridge. Trinity College, for the purpose of inducing Roman Catholics and Protestant Dissenters to accept the perfect education she supplied, established [illegible] foundation scholarships, called "non-foundation scholarships." [Mr. Whiteside

Mr. [illegible] sectors to avail themselves [illegible] education than

offered, because the number of those who had entered Trinity College on an average of 12 years, had not been more than 16 Roman Catholics and 12 Protestant Dissenters. This clearly shows that the great majority of those who enter Trinity College are destined for the Established Church. I would ask the house whether, after we had a national system in operation for educating the mass of the lower classes, it was not wise on the part of Parliament, in 1845, to afford corresponding advantages to the middle classes? When these colleges were established there was no country in Europe so deficient in suitable establishments for education as Ireland. . . . . .

Besides, there are at the present moment, a vast number of ecclesiastical seminaries and other institutions belonging to the Roman Catholics in Ireland, and I think, therefore, there is no reason to blame the State for viewing the Colleges with favor. There are 86 convents, 164 nunneries, and 117 monasteries and Christian Brothers' schools in operation in Ireland at this moment. Well, then, I say, with that large number of Roman Catholic religious establishments, I think we can justly affirm that no harm can result to the Roman Catholic religion in consequence of the aids offered to the youth of Ireland by the opening of Trinity College and the establishment of the Queen's Colleges (hear, hear,) But the question has been asked—Have the Queen's Colleges fully answered the purposes for which they were established? The hon. gentleman said they were expensive, and that they had cost since they came into operation over half a million of money. Well, if we consider the benefits that flow from them, I think the money, even if it has reached that sum, has been well bestowed. Now, the Queen's Colleges were established by an Act passed in 1845; about £35,000 a year is voted for Maynooth, and a similar amount for the Queen's Colleges, and yet there are more students at this moment in the Colleges of Cork, Galway, and Belfast than have passed through Maynooth during the last 13 years, (hear, hear.) Let us compare the Queen's Colleges now with Trinity College, Dublin. There are about 16 Roman Catholics and 12 Protestant Dissenters on an average who enter the University of Dublin each year. But compare that with the number on the books of the Queen's Colleges, and you will find that I am justified in asserting that at this moment there are more Protestant Dissenters and Roman Catholics in the Queen's Colleges than have passed through Trinity College during the last 11 years (hear.) I must say that comparison affords the most convincing and conclusive proof that great good must have resulted to Ireland from the establishment of the Queen's University in that country. Then the honorable gentleman alluded to the large number of endowments that we have in the Queen's Colleges, and I think he said that there was about a scholarship for each student, or something more. Nothing can be more fallacious, nothing more unjust or unfair, than such an assertion. Here are the Queen's Colleges doing an immensity of good in Ireland, and supported only by a Parliamentary grant which is perfectly trifling compared with the revenues of Trinity College, Oxford, or Cambridge. What are the endowments of Dublin University? It has a property of 100,000 acres, extending through 17 counties in Ireland, and its returns under the Poor Law valuation are £92,362 a year, in addition to about £9,000 for renewal of short leases (hear.) I believe Trinity College is richer than almost any other university. I do not my one word against the excellencies of that institution, but I only want to show how fallacious it is to speak of the endowments of the Queen's Colleges as excessive. The Queen's Colleges have really nothing to depend upon but the small grant voted by Parliament, whereas Trinity College is magnificently endowed, and some of the Senior Fellows have vastly larger salaries than my noble friend at the head of the Government (No, no). At all events, they have as large as some of the Cabinet Ministers on that bench. Trinity College has 31 Church livings, 70 foundations, and 16 non-foundation scholarships, 30 studentships, and 14 studentships. In fact, £2,000 a year is given away in those scholarships and studentships, in addition to the other emoluments to which I have referred (hear.) . . . . .

The honorable gentleman complained of the endowments of the colleges, and said that too much was given to the students. Now let me compare the stimulating force applied at the Queen's Colleges with the stimulating force in Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin. By "stimulating force" I mean the average annual advantage which each student entering the universities or colleges may hope to obtain. In Oxford there are 1,600 students; the stimulating force is £106 12s. to each student. In Cambridge there are 1,000 students; the stimulating force is £68 to each student. [Mr Monsell—"As an undergraduate?"] Not as an undergraduate—as a member of the University. In Dublin there are 800 students, and the stimulating force for each member of the University is £28 14s. The stimulating force for the Queen's Colleges, on the other hand—and I will vouch for the accuracy of this statement—is only £6. (hear, hear). It is absurd, therefore, to speak of the advantages

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, June 28, 1862.

NOTICE.

There will be a Quarterly Meeting of the West Chester Circuit's Quarterly Conference at West Chester, June 28, 1862, at 2 o'clock.

Quarterly Meeting, June 29th, at West Chester; July 6th, at Lumberton; July 13th, at Thornbury; July 20th, at Unionville; July 27th, at Media; August 3d, at Westtown.

J. W. STEVENSON.

NOTICE

RESPECTED EDITOR:—You will oblige us much by announcing through the columns of your interesting paper, our Quarterly Meeting at Salem, New Jersey, July the 13th, 1862—to which all are affectionately invited.

From your brethern fraternally,

REV. JAMES HOLLAND,
REV JACOB JAY.

Swedesboro', N. J., June 19, 1862.

NOTICE.

Quarterly meetings of the Bridgeton circuit. Quarterly conference, at Springtown, July 5th, 1862, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Quarterly meeting, July 6th, Springtown,—July 13th, Back Neck,—July 20th, Gouldtown,—July 27th, Bridgeton. J. WOODLIN,
Elder in Charge.

The quarterly meeting will be held at Woodbury, on Saturday and Sabbath, June 28th, and 29th.

The quarterly meeting will be held at the Macedonia church, Camden, N. J., on the 5th and 6th of July. PETER GARDINER,
Minister in Charge.

CELEBRATION

Of the Emancipation of the District of Columbia and the West Indies by our Little Folks.

We would recommend the celebration of the Emancipation of the District of Columbia and of the West Indies by our Sabbath Schools, the proceeds to be devoted to the benefit of the *Recorder*, on the first day of August. We hope that all of our ministers, superintendents and teachers will at once take hold of the matter, and thus afford the little folks an opportunity of giving an expression to their thoughts and feelings on the subject, through the medium of an exhibition on the day specified. Let us hear from you, dear brethren, without delay.

OUR CITY CANVASS.

Miss MARY STILL, our city and county canvasser for the *Christian Recorder*, has started out on her mission, and we hope that she may be successful in procuring not less than one thousand subscribers in this city alone, and that every lady and gentleman, both white and colored, who do not take the Recorder, will give their names to Miss Still as regular subscribers without delay. She is well-known in this city as a warm and ardent friend of our people, as, also, a persistent advocate of educational and literary attainments. She is settled, and the friends may know her by the wearing of glasses, and by the pleasant smile that is ever lingering on her matronly countenance.

Surely, no one upon whom she may call, who is really a friend indeed to the cherished project of mentally improving the condition of the colored race, as well as in a moral sense, but will either subscribe or give a donation. Either one will be thankfully received.

ACNOWLEDGMENTS.

Mrs. Belinda Jackson, of Bordentown, per Miss M. Still,	$1.00
Rev. James Lynch, of Baltimore, on account,	1.00
Jared Morris, of Providence, R. I.,	1.00
William Nichols, of Washington, per Rev. H. M. Turner,	1.00
Jeremiah B. Murray, of Reading, on account,	2 00
Peter Marler, of Washington, D. C., per Rev. H. M. Turner,	1.00
Rev. Benj T. Turner, of Washington, D C., on account for books,	5 00
Rev. James A. Handay, of Washington, D. C., on account for papers,	2 00
Mr. William R. Arnold, of Zanesville, Ohio,	1 00

☞ Rev. James Lynch will remember that he received credit for his five dollars some time since. We allude to the money which he paid us while at Conference.

THE WEATHER.

We have had a great deal of cool and rainy weather for some time past—indeed, so much so, that we can scarce realize the fact that Spring has come with its balmy breath, laden with the sweet perfume of flowers and garlands from a thousand bowers, and the melodious minstrelsy of gay and beautiful songsters, that flitted merrily from blossom to blossom, uttering notes as if in praise of the great Creator—yes, we say, we can scarcely believe that this beautiful picture has come and *passed away*—that the scene has changed, and the yellow harvest and nodding clover fields of Summer loom boldly up to view, awaiting the bright sickle of the reaper.

As yet, Summer has given us but little of her wonted heat. We are informed that the residents of Jersey were somewhat surprised on Tuesday by the sudden visitation of quite a heavy *hail-storm!* Some of the drops, they say, were as large as partridges' eggs.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

Our brethren are having a fine time with their Quarterly Meetings on their respective circuits and stations. The prospects seem to be very promising for their new fields of labor, and each circuit and station, as far as we know, is very well pleased with their minister.

EXPECTATIONS

The colored people are looking with no little interest to the decision of the Presidents and Boards of Managers of the Philadelphia City Passenger Railroad Companies in relation to the Petition sent unto them some time ago, conveyed by Revs Mr. Gibbs, Still, and others, to allow colored people to ride inside of the cars, as they are doing everywhere else but in Philadelphia.

EGYPT

We propose to introduce our readers some historical facts. In the Hebrew of Sacred Scripture a well known country in the south of Africa, and which is said to have derived its name from *Mizraim*, a son of Ham, (you may read the reference in the Book of Genesis, 10 v., 6 v., also Ps. cv. and 23 v.,) shall be our theme of comment. The Arabs, it is said by writers, still call it *Mizraim*. Ally referring to the map, you will see that the country is divided into Upper, Central and Lower Egypt. Therefore, it owes its fertility to the periodical inundations of the Nile, without which it would be only a sandy desert. We are told by writers that the early history of this country is lost in fable. Moses was the first who mentioned Egypt in the sacred volume, in narrating the life of Abraham. At that time it seems to have enjoyed a regularly organized government under a race of kings under Pharaoh. The special king referred to is supposed by many of the writers to be one of the shepherd kings, who, it is believed, seized the government and formed a new government or dynasty, which, according to Rollin, lasted for two hundred and sixty years. It will be remembered, dear readers, that after the time of Abraham there is nothing more said of Egypt in the Scriptures until the time of Joseph, the son of Jacob, whose history is intimately connected with the country of Egypt. By examining closely the whole history in relation to this matter, it will be found that it was 1,729 years before Christ at the time Joseph went down to Egypt, and his advancement to be governor of Egypt was B. C. 1715.

Here allow us to say that the connexion between sacred and profane history in relation to Joseph in Egypt commences.

Again, according to the chronology of the Bible, Joseph died 1,635 years before the Christian era, after having governed Egypt for eighty years from the time of his elevation as Prime Minister. We are bold and free to say that Egypt was the cradle of the arts and sciences Here men resorted from all parts of the country, and especially those who wished to become acquainted with the learning of the East. There were four colleges in Egypt of great renown. Thebes is the place where Pythagoras visited; Memphis where Thales and Democritus consulted the Egyptian priests; Heliopolis is the place where Plato studied, and Lais where Solon learned the art of legislation. The arts of Egypt seem to have early acquired great eminence. In architecture, particularly, we find, they seem to have excelled; according to all the information that we can gather from historians, the pyramids of Egypt have always been ranked amongst the wonders of the world. We believe that it never has been perfectly understood—their object in having such stupendous structures. The learned Doctor Duff tells us that, "One time they were represented as disguised fortresses for the concealment of treasures, or oracular shrines for the exibition of acoustic phenomena, and other priestly jugglery."

"At another time they have risen into magnificent fire temples or astronomical observatories."

Then it seems to have followed the elaborated dissertations on the wealth, the hierophancy, the mythology, or of the science of the ancient world That these pyramids could ever have been designed for fire-altars or astronomical edifices, as some writers would pretend to say, to us involves a physical impossibility. It is quite evident to our mind that on either of those suppositions, the summit must have been flat and accessible. The truth of the matter, my readers, is this: when these pyramids were finished they terminated in a sharp culminating point or apex, and it is said that some of them remain so to this day; and such as do not, the great pyramids, it is said by some of the late historians, bear evidence that their tops have been violently dislocated and thrown down. There are many strange ends which those pyramids have been made to serve. We have read somewhere where they have been designed to represent the soul, which is of a fiery nature, and adhereth to the body, as pyramid does to the basis, or as fire does to the fuel, &c.

"I will set fire in Egypt," saith the Spirit of the Lord by the prophet Ezekiel, "and her cities shall be in the midst of the cities that are wasted." All the ancient cities, without one exception, are now wasted—so wasted as to be without an inhabitant It is, however, clear to be seen that all the arts and sciences came from the descendants of Egypt There are various prophecies in the Old Testament concerning Egypt. Some of them were uttered by Isaiah and Jeremiah, when the kingdom was in the highest splendor and prosperity—and they were fulfilled by the invasions of Nebuchadnezzar, Cambyses, and the Persian monarchs. It is said that during the reign of the Ptolemys, Egypt enjoyed for nearly three hundred years something of its former renown for learning and power—and during this period it is said to have formed one of the two ancient kingdoms which had survived the Assyrian, Babylonian, Persian, and Macedonian Empires.

And now, dear readers, we shall have to close our few brief remarks for the present, promising, if possible, to conclude our thoughts on Egypt in our next number.—ED.

BRETHREN. READ THIS

We continue to give notice of a portion of books we keep on hand

THEOLOGICAL WORKS

Bengel's Gnomon on the New Testament, 2 vols., price per vol.,	$2 50
Notes on the XXV Articles,	75
Schmucker's Popular Theology,	75
Lowrey's Positive Theology,	62½
Whedon's Commentary,	1 00
Covel's Dictionary,	75
" Religious Works,	75
The Memoirs of Stoddard,	75
" Cone,	75

SABBATH SCHOOL PRESENTS

Boys' and Girls' Book of Birds,	75
Glen Morris Stories,	75
Sweet Story of Old,	31¼
Henry's Birthday,	25
A Mother's Gift,	25
Sunday's Pictures,	25
Willie Books,	31
Father's Presents,	37½
Meadowside Stories,	25
Jessie Books,	37½
Lives of Eminent Men,	25
Alden Series,	25
Youth's Library,	12½

HOOPING COUGH

There is at present a great many cases of this most distressing ailment among children in this city, and even adults, in some instances, have not been exempted from the malady It goes very hard with [illegible]

THE CIVIL WAR OF THIS COUNTRY.

It has been more than one year since the civil war broke out in this country. At that time it was thought by many that "the rebellion COULD HAVE BEEN put down in THREE MONTHS!"—by some, in six months, at the very farthest. But, alas! we have found it hard and heavy, and we believe that it is difficult for ANY ONE to tell when it will end

Many of the officers and soldiers stated as we have heard, that if they thought their fighting the so-termed rebels would be the means of freeing the colored people, they would throw down their arms. The rebels at once came to the conclusion that the Yankees were not in earnest, but were merely trying to frighten them; but the rebels are in earnest, and care not whether it frees the slaves or not, for they can live either with or without them. They make no concessions, nor ask no quarters from the Northern Yankees, so they say.

So, as the anxiety for fear of the slaves rising in insurrection, and the blaming of them by some of our troops, is quite prevalent as a general thing among the people of the North, we have only to say in their behalf that when the war first broke out, that if such a thing had been merely hinted at, some of our officers and men would have become indignant, and would have threatened to give the Southerners their aid to put it down—and even the Governors of some of our States give the South to understand that, in case of an insurrection, they shall have aid to put it down. Now, that same people want the slaves to rise up and fight for their liberty. Rise against what?—powder, cannon, ball and grape-shot? Not a bit of it. They have got too much good sense. Since you have waited till every man, boy, woman and child in the so-called Southern Confederacy has been armed to the teeth, 'tis folly and mockery for you now to say to the poor, bleeding and down-trodden sons of Africa, "Arise and fight for your liberty!"

NOTICE

To the following named brethren:—J Frisby, W. G Cooper, Richard Bagwell, Samuel Hugh, J. W. Stevenson, Joseph Long, Wm Offer, Jacob Jay, W. R. Norris, F. Main, J C. Corniah, E. Laws, and Bro. T. Cooper.

Dear Brethren:—Your committee appointed by the Philadelphia Annual Conference of the A. M. E. Church to examine during the present conference year, all who are Probationers in the Itinerancy and Conference of said church, do hereby recommend you to pursue the following course of studies:

1st. The Old and New Testament. 2d. Clarke's Theology. 3d. Smith's Grammar. 4th. Horne's Introduction. 5th. Hedge's Logic. 6th. Discipline and Government of the A. M. E. Church. 7th. Smith's Quarto Geography, revised edition. 8th. Arithmetic.

The students are recommended to make an immediate commencement in the above studies, and diligently pursue them as follows:—Read one chapter in the Old Testament each day, and one in the New, commencing in the former at the first chapter of Genesis, and in the latter at the first chapter of our Lord's Gospel according to St Matthew, and reading regularly through. In Clarke's Theology, Hedge's Logic, and Horne's Introduction, study and intellectually digest at least one page of each every day, (Sabbaths only excepted)

In Smith's Quarto Geography, you will be required to master the first fourteen lessons: In arithmetic, the first five rules with their exercises, *i. e.*, numeration, addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division: and in grammar, the two first parts, *i. e.*, orthography and etymology.

We shall give at least three examinations during the present year, and unless we are satisfied that the probationers are making suitable proficiency in the above studies, we cannot nor will not recommend them as proper persons for membership, neither in the Itinerancy nor conference. The place and time for the first examination will be stated in the RECORDER at a future period.

Signed,

W D W SCHUREMAN,
J. P. CAMPBELL,
A. L. STANFORD, } *Committee.*

A RECOMMENDATION

TO THE DISTRICTS OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW ENGLAND, OHIO, INDIANA, AND MISSOURI, OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH MINISTERS.

Dear Brethren:—As we have a number of superannuated ministers on the list in said Districts, therefore it will be expected that the ministers and preachers, on their circuits and stations, will do all they can to collect the *two cent money;* and we also recommend that the Class leaders be instructed to collect and set the amount on the Class book opposite each member's name, as also all the collections called, per Discipline, for the Annual Conference, and publish the same once every quarter, that it may be seen who they are that work for God and his cause. We think it is time to give credit to those of our people who do work, and that God's name may be glorified.

It is said of Commodore Foote, that "he prays as if God did everything, and fights as if man did every thing." So he should, if the cause for which he is fighting is a good cause, as we think it is. In everything that relates to the temporal or eternal welfare of ourselves and others, we are to labor as if all depended on our efforts, and yet rely on divine agency as if all depended on it. "Without God we can do nothing, without man God will do nothing."

It seems that the North Carolina *Presbyterian* recently gave the "Action of the Synod of South Carolina at Abbeville Court House, with reference to the state of the country." But, then, it was not the action of the Synod. It was only the action of "the ministers and elders comprising the Synod," after they had resolved themselves to be, not a "court of Jesus," but a "convocation of Christian gentlemen." Thus is Dr. Thornwell's patent method of keeping secular and religious things separate and apart. They pledged themselves to the rebellion as "Christian gentlemen."

It is stated that the Ohio Legislature has recently passed a law forbidding billiard playing by minors. If playing at billiards is an innocent amusement, why forbid young people to share in it? If it is not an innocent amusement, why give it a *quasi* Legislative sanction for the use of grown up people?

"I DIE IN PEACE." A colonel of one of the Pennsylvania regiments was lately present at a Boston prayer-meeting He said he was in the battle of Ball's Bluff. One of his men was shot He dismounted and embraced the dying man, and asked him if he had any message to send to his friends

"Colonel, tell the Sabbath school that *I die in peace.*" The lesson that he learned in the Sabbath school, amid the noise and confusion of the battle-field, did not forsake him. "I die in peace," were his last words

Is it all with thee in life? Imitate the traveller who, amid the discomforts of a bad inn, reflects that he has only to pass the night there.

"THE TRYING OF YOUR FAITH."

There are two periods in the history of the faith of every believer: the period of its inception, and the period of its development. There is the time of the planting of our faith, and there is the time of the growth of our faith Faith is the gift of God, but after it has been given to us, it is strengthened by long years of trial and suffering. This development, this growth, this trial of faith is just as necessary as the first implanting. We long insisted on trying the world, and is it any wonder that God insists on trying us, before he admits us to all that "fulness of joy" which his children know? We cannot, from the very laws of our nature, spring at once from the depths of misery and pollution to the heights of uninterrupted communings with God. Gradually our wavering belief is strengthened—gradually our struggling and fighting faith presses on to be crowned with victory The implanting of our faith is followed by the trying of our faith, just as surely as the birth of man is followed by his life. Those, who pass through the first period in the history of faith, must pass through the other also. Have we faith? Then we must expect to meet with trial of our faith.

These faith-trials are exceedingly numerous, and of various kinds. There is but one way in which faith is obtained, for "faith is the gift of God," but there are two thousand ways in which it is developed. The outward circumstances of our lives are not the same: the internal characteristics of our minds are different: the religious experience of our hearts is somewhat diversified; and the infinitely wise scholar adapts his trials to the condition of individuals. He tries the faith of one man by adversity; of another, by prosperity. He tries the faith of one, by the trouble and labor of a life of three score years and ten; of another, by the short suffering of a death-bed experience. He tries the faith of one by the gentle leadings of a merciful Providence; of another, by all the agony of bodily pain, or by the deeper anguish of a crushed and stricken soul. He tries the faith of one sufficiently by the experience of his life, and so he approaches the hour of death, filled with the joy and confidence of triumphing faith; he tries the faith of another, especially as he goes down into "the dark vale," and is sinking deeper and deeper in the river of death.

But we shall notice more particularly some of the most common of our faith-trials. One way in which God tries the faith of his children is by *worldly trouble* A financial panic, without any assignable cause and without any warning, or the dishonesty or weakness of a trusted friend, may bring poverty and want into the palaces of the rich. But when ruin comes crashing down through gigantic fortunes, it is for "the trying of our faith." It has been said, "Yea, what is good, the Lord shall give," and when He takes away the visible means of support, and comfort, and happiness, it is as if He said, Do you believe what I have spoken? Do you believe and rely on the promise. "The Lord withholdeth no good thing from them that walk uprightly?" It is, indeed, a glorious step of triumphing faith, when, trusting in what has been spoken, and rising above the wrecks of fortune and hopes, we can say, "Lord, we believe. Help thou our unbelief"

Again, God sometimes tries the faith of his people by *national calamities.* Men are apt to think that any advantage they possess has been procured by themselves, and national advantages do not form an exception. In this respect, we are all Nebuchadnezzars, and our language in reference to our nation is, "Is not this great Babylon, which we have builded by the might of our power, and for the honor of our majesty?" But when God comes and rocks the nations, as a man might rock a drop of water in the hollow of his hand, it is to confirm and strengthen our belief, that He is "King of kings, and Lord of lords."

And sometimes a nation goes on in sins—the greatest sins against the rights of humanity and the laws of God, and yet that nation is crowned with continued prosperity. Under such circumstances as these, faith wavers and staggers. Has God forgotten? Can it be possible, that there is a just and righteous One, who sees and knows all these things, and yet permits them to pass unpunished? But when national calamities point so plainly at those sins, which have so long proved a stumbling-block, faith is confirmed, and we believe and rejoice that there is One, who watches over the righteous, and who will give to the wicked their reward.

Another way in which God tries our faith is in *domestic afflictions.* This trial may come in a variety of ways. It may be in our own person It may be in the sickness and death of those who are united to us by the strongest family ties. It may be that the children, whom God has given us, are disregarding parental counsel, and making light of the offers of the gospel. In all these things he is trying our faith in his promises. With regard to ourselves, he has said, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness." With regard to Christian relatives, who have been called from our side, it has been said, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." With regard to children it has been promised: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." And when these afflictions come upon us, God is saying in his providence, Do you believe what I have spoken? Do you believe that my grace shall be sufficient? Do you believe that the death of the saints is precious in the sight of their Lord? Do you believe that the child, properly instructed in his youth, will, *when he is old,* walk in the way he has been trained? God's afflicted ones often wonder why he is dealing with them in this manner. Many a man who has been brought down into the depths of sorrow, and perhaps every man who has been brought down into the depths of sorrow, has said, Why is my affliction so different from that of other men? Why is my trouble so much greater than that of my fellows? Why does God take my husband, or my sister, or my child, and not those of my neighbor? It is hard for us to see the "why" and the "wherefore" of these afflictions. When we step from joy down into the darkness of grief, we can see nothing, until our eyes become accustomed to the gloom, and then we will see gradually brought to light the gracious designs of God for the trying of our faith. While we are stunned and paralyzed by the sharpness of present pain, we cannot reason calmly of the goodness of Jehovah in sending afflictions. But God does not require us to reason, and he will not be offended if we do not reason under such circumstances: all he requires of us is to trust in his power and in his mercy.

Of course, the reason why afflictions are sent is hard to be understood, and it is in this very thing that the just benefit of affliction lies. If we could see the whole design of God in our trouble, and understand perfectly the ordering of his providence, what room would there be for the exercise of faith? Much less could there be any "trying of our faith," and this is the end to be attained in some way or other, by all the afflictions which God in his goodness is pleased to send upon us. Remembering, then, the great work that is to be wrought in us by means of our troubles, with the Apostle James, "we can count it all joy when we fall into diverstemptations" or trials; "knowing this, that the trying of our faith worketh patience." And with Paul, we can "glory in tribulations, also; knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope; and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." R.

THERE is an affected humility more insufferable than downright pride, as hypocrisy is more abominable than libertinism. Take care that your virtues be genuine and unsophisticated

AN inscription, it is said, may be found in an Italian grave-yard,—"Here lies Elelia, who transported a large fortune to heaven in acts of charity, and has gone thither to enjoy it."

THE CONVERSION OF SINNERS

Were we to see an individual in great danger of losing his life, and that individual unconscious of his danger, who so inhuman that he would not strain every nerve to arouse and rescue him? And should he succeed, how comforting in after life the reflection, as also the gratitude of the rescued one, as well as the commendation of all interested; especially if done at great exposure of life to the deliverer, and how deep and bitter the self-reproach should the exposed person perish from sheer indifference to his case

Now is not the unconverted sinner in a condition incomparably more deplorable than that in the case supposed? And does he not need to be roused and shown his danger? And who, of those that see and know it, are putting forth their energies to save him from going down to the bottomless pit, and bring him to enjoy the happiness of heaven? We are assured that God will bless efforts made for this purpose: vast multitudes are trophies of energetic labor in their behalf. The promise is still "I will be with you" in this great work of saving souls

Will we not be harrowed with deep and bitter self-reproach, should they go down to death through our neglect? How withering the look of the poor dying sinner, seeming to say: had you done your duty, I might now have before me "an entrance being ministered abundantly into the kingdom of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," instead of the pit of wailing and gnashing of teeth into which I am about to launch forever. And let the imagination paint the scene before the judgment seat

He who loved us and gave himself for us has been robbed of the praise and service that would have accrued to him by the salvation of the soul thus lost through our neglect. How can we meet Him? What incentives to faithfulness? What unspeakable joy to hear Him say, "well done good and faithful servant?" Do say say—and what shall I do?

Doubtless the first thing with most Christians is to ask God to grant His Spirit, to awaken in their bosoms a suitable concern for their fellow creatures:—to open before them the path of duty and to make duty a delight.

It was the meat of the Saviour to do the will of His Father. So it may be with all His children.

And what a happy consideration that this work of saving souls from death is within the reach of every one who would engage in it. Ministers have their peculiar sphere to operate in:—so with other officers of the Church: and not one, high or low, rich or poor, bond or free, is excluded from this great and glorious work. A word of caution or of exhortation at the proper time may arouse a slumbering sinner, and lead him to inquire "What shall I do to be saved?" The fervent, effectual prayer of the righteous availeth much Jesus says, Men ought always to pray and not faint. Our example is powerful for good or evil The widow's mite, as well as the munificence of the wealthy, may be honored of God in the conversion of sinners. And now when He calls for laborers to save souls, who replies "Here am I, send me." What! Shall we turn a deaf ear to his call? It is not so when our President calls for aid:—and what is our President, compared to our Saviour and His call? And what the salvation of our whole country and all the civil governments on earth from misrule and anarchy, compared to the salvation of a single soul from death? O, what! *Think of the bottomless pit and quenchless pain.* PHILO.

THE COUNCIL OF NICE.

FROM HISTORY OF THE EASTERN CHURCH, BY PROF STANLEY

MODE OF TRAVELLING.

He gives the number of Bishops present as 318, and including all the presbyters and attendants, the assembly embraced, perhaps, 2000 persons.

Letters were addressed, doubtless on this as on a previous lesser occasion in the West, to the civil authorities, enjoining the supplies necessary for the journey The postage arrangements of the Empire made such a convention far more easy than would have been the case at any period in the Middle Ages. The great lines of communications were like railroads, straight as arrows, from one extremity of the Empire to the other. From Bordeaux to Constantinople, a few years later, we have the record of two hundred post-stations and ninety-one inns; an inn at the interval of every half day's journey. Each Bishop was to have two presbyters and three slaves as his retinue. They travelled partly in public carriages, partly on horses, asses, and mules, provided for the purpose, both for riding and carrying baggage. The precedent thus established was never dropped, and the summoning of a Council was always known throughout the Empire by the stir along the roads in every direction. At later Councils we hear of the indecent haste with which Bishops might be seen galloping at full speed to reach the appointed place in time.—the horses knocked up by their impatience,—or at times detained, as would not unfrequently happen at the end of an Eastern spring, by the flooding of rivers.

DIVERSITY OF CHARACTERS.

But it was the diversity of the persons, and the strongly marked characters dividing each from each, which, more than any mere display of numbers, constituted their peculiar interest. In the conventional pictures of the Council, such, for example, as that which still exists at Nicæa, the figures are almost indistinguishable from each other, with the exception of the small knot of Arians, who are represented as grouped together in the centre, bearing the marks of their discomfiture in their looks of extreme disgust, and the sign of their heresy in the cool black color of their complexions. But this was far from being the true aspect of the assembly as it was first seen, before the theological differences had been fully developed, and whilst the natural differences were the most prominent. Eusebius, himself an eye-witness, as he enumerates the various characters, from various countries, of various age and position, thus collected, compares the scene either with the diverse nations assembled at Pentecost, or with a garland of flowers gathered in season, of all manner of colors, woven together as a peace-offering after the tranquillization of the Empire; or with a mystic dance, in which every actor performs a part of his own, to complete a sacred ceremony There were present, the Lord and the Bible: he, courtiers and peasants, old and young, aged bishops on the verge of the grave, beardless deacons just entering on their office

FIRST PLACE OF MEETING.

They assembled in the first instance in one of the chief buildings of Nicæa, apparently for the purpose of thanksgiving and a religious reunion. Whether it was an actual church may be questioned. Christians, no doubt, there had been in Bithynia for some generations. Already in the second century Pliny had found them in such numbers that the temples were deserted, and the sacrifices neglected. But it would seem that on this occasion a secular building was hired upon a temporary house of prayer. At least the traditional account of the place where the [illegible] prayers were held exactly agrees with Strabo's account of the ancient gymnasium of Nicæa. It was a long building, shaped like a bow, with an open at one end, planted in the centre of the town and thus commanding down each of the four streets a view of the four gates, and therefore called "Mesomphalos," the "Navel" of the city Whether, however, this edifice actually was a church or not, its use as such on this occasion served as a precedent for most of the later Councils From the time of the Council of Chalcedon, they have usually been held within the walls of churches. But for this, the first Council, the church, so far as it was a church, was only used at the beginning and the end.

ARIUS.

Next after the Pope and Deacon of Alexandria, we must turn to one of its most important Presbyters—the parish priest of its principal church, which bore the name of Baucalis, and marked the [illegible] system. In appearance he is the very opposite of Athanasius. He is sixty years of age, very tall and thin, and apparently unable to support his stature; he has an odd way of contorting and twisting himself, which his enemies compare to the wrigglings of a snake. He would be handsome but for the emaciation and deadly pallor of his face, and a downcast look, imparted by a weakness of eyesight. At times his veins throb and swell, and his limbs tremble, as if suffering from some violent internal complaint—the same, perhaps, that will terminate one day in his sudden and frightful death. There is a wild look about him, which at first sight is startling. His dress and demeanor are those of a rigid ascetic. He wears a long coat with short sleeves, and a scarf of only half size, such as was the mark of an austere life; and his hair hangs in a tangled mass over his head. He is usually silent, but at times breaks out into fierce excitement, such as will give the impression of madness. Yet, with all this, there is a sweetness in his voice, and a winning, earnest manner, which fascinates those who come across him. Amongst the religious ladies of Alexandria he is said to have had from the first a following of not less than seven hundred. This strange, captivating, moon-struck giant is the heretic Arius—or, as his adversaries called him, the madman of Ares, or Mars.

PRELIMINARY DISCUSSIONS

It was probably by degrees that these different arrivals took place, and the lapse of two or three weeks must be supposed, for the preparatory arrangements, before the Council was formally opened. This interval was occupied by eager discussions on the questions likely to be debated. The first assemblage had been, as we have seen, within the walls of a public building. But the other preliminary meetings were held, as was natural, in the streets or colonnades in the open air. The novelty of the occasion had collected many strangers to the spot. Laymen, philosophers, heathen as well as Christian, might be seen joining in the arguments on either side, orthodox as well as heretical. There were also discussions amongst the Orthodox themselves as to the principle on which the debates should be conducted. The enumeration of the characters just given shows that there were two very different elements in the assembly, such indeed as will always constitute the main difficulty in making any general statements of theology which shall be satisfactory at once to the few and to the many. A large number, perhaps the majority, consisted of rough, simple, almost illiterate men, like Spyridion the shepherd, Paramnion the hermit, Acesius the puritan, who held their faith earnestly and sincerely, but without much conscious knowledge of the grounds on which they maintained it, incapable of arguing themselves, or of entering into the arguments of their opponents. These men, when suddenly brought into collision with the acutest and most learned disputants of the age, naturally took up the position that the safest course was to hold by what had been handed down, without any further inquiry or explanation A story somewhat variously told is related of an encounter of one of these simple characters with the more philosophical combatants, which, in whatever way it be taken, well illustrates the mixed character of the Council, and the choice of courses open before it. As Socrates describes the incident, the disputes were running so high, from the mere pleasure of argument, that there seemed likely to be no end to the controversy, when suddenly a simple-minded layman, who by his sightless eye, or limping leg, bore witness of his zeal for the Christian faith stepped amongst them, and abruptly said: "Christ and the Apostles left us, not a system of logic, nor a vain deceit, but a naked truth to be guarded by faith and good works." "There has," says Bishop Kaye in recording the story, "been hardly any age of the Church in which its members have not required to be reminded of this lesson." On the present occasion the by-standers, at least for the moment, were struck by its happy application, the disputants, after hearing this plain word of truth, took their differences more good-humoredly, and the hubbub of controversy subsided.

HINTS TO PARISHIONERS.

No one can know the trials of the ministry, except those who undertake the arduous employment, or those who reside in their families When we consider how much clergymen's time is occupied by unavoidable company at home, how many special meetings, if they are faithful to their Master, they must attend, what a large portion of their time is occupied in visiting the sick, how much is necessary preparation for the pulpit; and then, in addition to all this, what numbers of parochial visits they are required to make, and censured if they do do not, it must appear obvious that their task is arduous, their trials peculiarly great. It is a great trial to be obliged to attempt study when the mind is distracted with the burden of a whole parish. It is a trial to be, as it were, compelled to spend that time in visiting, which ought to be devoted to writing and meditation, and then to be censured for neglect and ill-digested sermons; or, if time and pains are taken to write good sermons, be complained of for visiting so little

Surely, if societies or churches knew the trials of their ministers in addition to those personal troubles which are common to all, they would be more tender of them, more fervent in prayer for them. I do not wonder that so many of the laborers of the Lord's vineyard faint before midday. They ought in every way to be strengthened, and comforted, and encouraged by their people.

Mrs Huntington's Memoirs.

COURTESY.

"Be courteous." This injunction is often obeyed by "man of the world, who have their portion in this life;"—or rather they are courteous, not out of regard to this injunction, but from other considerations. And on the other hand, it must be admitted that there may be found professing Christians, and in the eye of charity, true Christians, who pay little or no respect to this precept, but are unpolished in manners, crabbed in temper, and rude in speech. It never seems to have occurred to such persons that their Divine Master was otherwise,—that his religion has a refining, elevating influence, and that it is much commended and practiced by having those who claim to possess it, pursuing "whatsoever things are lovely, and of good report." Indeed we have met, and doubtless our readers can say the same—with avowed disciples of Christ, who because they were disciples of Him who said —"My kingdom is not of this world," felt it especially incumbent upon them to show their contempt for the pleasant civilities and proprieties of life, by being coarse, blunt and dictatorial. Such "fidelity."—for thus they are pleased to call it is not fidelity to the truth, but is in direct opposition thereto. It is an error, and a damaging error, by causing the ways of truth to be evil spoken of, and generating prejudice against Christianity Christians should be blameless, and without rebuke, and not be less, but more polite than others. The professed disciple of Jesus is bound to be a pattern of benevolence; and courtesy, or politeness,—as Lord Chatham well observes is one of his letters to his nephew,—"is benevolence in little things." He should "adorn the doctrine of God his Saviour in all things," and among the rest by being courteous.

DO THE RIGHT THING.

Whenever you are in doubt which of two things to do, let your decision be for that which is right. Do not waver, do not parley; but square up to the mark, and *do the right thing.* Boy! when you divide that apple with your little sister, be careful not to keep the largest half for yourself. Young man! do not sneak out the basement door, because you wish to escape your father's eyes. Maiden! let not the most trifling deceit pass current in those little acts which make the sum of your life.

No matter who you are, what your lot, or where you live, you cannot afford to do that which is wrong. The only way to obtain happiness and [illegible] is to *do the right thing* You may not always hit the mark; but you should, nevertheless, always aim at it, and with every trial your skill will increase. Whether you are to be praised or blamed for it by others; whether it will seemingly make you richer or poorer, or whether no other person than yourself knows of your action, still always, and in all cases, *do the right thing* Your first lessons in this will grow easier, until finally doing the right thing will become a habit; and to do a wrong, will seem an absolute impossibility.

A GREAT GIFT.

At the close of a missionary meeting in Brighton, England, one of the poorest widows of the parish brought a sovereign. The pastor, knowing her deep poverty, refused to accept it because it was beyond her means. His refusal disappointed and grieved her, and with the irresistible eloquence of a heart deeply moved, she replied, "Oh, sir, I have often given the Lord copper; and once or twice I had the pleasure of giving him silver; but my ardent desire has been to enjoy the happiness, once before I die, of giving him gold. I have long been laying up penny after penny, that I might be able to bring this piece of gold and give it to the missionary cause." The pastor could resist no longer, but gladly added to the collection this gift of love.

LET US HAVE A BLESSING.

"Mother, can't we have a blessing to-night?" said a little boy of five or six years to his mother, who, in the absence of her husband, was about to pour the tea without the usual preliminary.

"My son," replied his mother, "who will ask the blessing? You know your father is away."

"I will," answered the child, not intimidated by the presence of a stranger; and at once, with a grave face, and the utmost solemnity of manner he invoked God's blessing, in simple but characteristic language; then, apparently satisfied that all was right, proceeded to take his tea, unconscious that the act of the moment contained a wondrous promise of the future. If at that early age he could conquer a child's timidity and be true to his convictions of right, what may he not do when these convictions shall have deepened into the strength of manhood?

Sunday School Gazette.

A LETTER TO MR. TRAIN

TO GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, ESQ., London:—

DEAR SIR:—

It is most natural that at a moment when studied injustice, shameful misrepresentation, and bare-faced falsehood, respecting the people of the northern States, disgraced so large a portion of the British Press, your lucid and eloquent advocacy of our cause should elicit the warmest gratitude of your fellow citizens.

Having watched the course of the Southern Conspiracy and rebellion with the liveliest interest, and carefully observed the disposition of our people, I feel qualified to offer a few observations respecting the past, the present, and the future.

1. *It is a great error to suppose that it was the attack upon Fort Sumter which first aroused the people of the North to a sense of their danger, and to a determination to support their Government.* On the contrary, there was no moment from the first symptoms of rebellion, when hundreds and thousands of brave men were not willing and anxious to grind it to powder. "But what could we do? Our late 'President' refused to put forth a finger to save the ark which he had sworn to protect; and our late Vice-President, who in case of the successful impeachment of his principal would succeed to his place, was believed to be, as he has since proved himself, even worse than the former." In this state of affairs, when it was a problem of the first importance, whether we would survive three months more of the reign of these precious magistrates, Congress proved itself unequal to the crisis, and did nothing. General Scott was vainly urged to declare himself Dictator, ("to do a great right, do a little wrong,") and send an expedition to the relief of Fort Sumter. During this "winter of our discontent," the rebels waxed strong "from our neglect;" and the impunity with which South Carolina defied the National Government, encouraged the other Cotton States to join the revolt.

On Mr. Lincoln's accession to power, from amiable, but most mistaken, motives, the short-sighted policy of conciliation was allowed to paralyze the arm which should have dealt instant destruction to every traitor. Had the Government immediately re-enforced Fort Sumter, and proclaimed death to every rebel, confiscation of his property, and the freedom of his slaves; and called out 100,000 men to carry these orders into effect, how much of blood and treasure would have been spared! But six weeks were wasted in inaction, and the Government was only aroused at last by the plot to take the Capital, which, on any day of those six weeks, could have been effected with ease, by two thousand insurgents:—but,

2. *It is a great error to suppose that the possessions of the capital would have been of any permanent advantage to the rebels.* The people of the North would have swept them from the precincts which they defiled, as chaff is scattered by the winds of autumn. That the insurgents would have destroyed much that they could not retain, is not to be doubted, for demolition is their forte.

3. *It is a great error to suppose that the acknowledgment of the independence of the rebels by England, or by England, France, and Spain, and the world at large, would have forced the North to a like foolish and wicked action.* What could even the offensive and defens

NOTICE

The Social, Civil, and Statistical Association of [illegible] authorizes [illegible] to add their names to the following list to aid the freed men at Port Royal and other points where they may be located, and request [illegible] to forward [illegible] or clothing.

Any amount of value received will be acknowledged, with the name of the donor, in the *Recorder*, where a constant record will be kept.

Subscriptions may be sent to Jacob C White, at the office of the Lebanon Cemetery, 711 Lombard Street, and also to William Still, 107 North Fifth Street, and to Rev E. Weaver, 612 Pine Street.

Statistical Society, . .	$50 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
William Still, . .	5 00
Robert Adger, . .	2 00
Henry Minturn, . .	2 00
Catherine Johnson, . .	2 00
Vasti Locke, . .	2 00
Wm. Warricks, . .	2 00
Harriet Shorter, . .	1 [illegible]
Sarah S. Hawkins	1 00
Rev Jonathan C. Gibbs, . .	1 00
James P. Clay, . .	1 00
B[illegible]min F. Hill,	2 00
S. M. S., . .	2 00
[illegible] Gordon,	1 00
F. J. Dreer, . .	5 00

It affords us pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of ten dollars, the proceeds of Miss Anna E. Dickinson's lecture at Concert Hall for the contrabands, contributed to the S. C. and Statistical Association, to be applied as intended. Wm. Still.

Cor. Sec. of S. C. and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Penna.

Domestic Items.

OUR COUNTRY.

BY REV. DR. BETHUNE.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Maine from her farthest border, gives the first exulting shout,
And from New Hampshire's granite heights the echoing peals ring out;
The mountain forms of staunch Vermont prolong the thundering call;
Massachusetts answers: "Bunker Hill!"—a watchword for us all
Rhode Island shakes her sea-wet locks, acclaiming with the free.
And steel Connecticut breaks forth in sacred harmony
The giant joy of proud New York, loud as an earthquake's roar,
Is heard from Hudson's crowded banks to Erie's crowded shore;
New Jersey, hallowed by their blood, who erst in battle fell
At Monmouth's, Princeton's, Trenton's fight, joins in the rapturous swell.
Wide Pennsylvania, strong as wide, and true as she is strong,
From every hill to valley, pours the torrent tide along
Stand up, stout little Delaware, and bid thy valleys roll,
Though least among the Old Thirteen, we judge thee by the soul!
Hark to the voice of Maryland! over the broad Chesapeake,
Her sons, as valiant as their sires, in cannonadings speak.
Virginia, nurse of Washington, and guardian of his grave,
Now to thine ancient glories turn the faithful and the brave
We need not hear the bursting cheer this holy day inspires,
To know that in Columbia's cause "Virginia never tires"
From as the evergreen that waves above her sunny soil,
North Carolina shares the bliss, as oft the patriot's toil.
And the land of Sumter, Marion, of Moultrie, Pickney, [illegible]
Respond the cry, or it will rise o'en from their sleeping dust
And Georgia, by the dead who lie along Savannah's bluff,
Full well we love thee, but we ne'er can love thee well enough;
From thy wild northern boundary, to thy green isles of the sea,
Where beat on earth more gallant hearts than now throb high in thee?
On, on, from Alabama's plains, the ever-flowering glades,
To where the Mississippi's flood the turbid Gulf invades;
There, borne from many a mighty stream upon her mightier tide,
Come down the swelling long hurrahs from all that valley wide,
As wood-crowned Alleghany's call, from all her summits high,
Reverberates among the rocks that pierce the sunset sky,
While on the shores and through the swales, round the vast inland sea,
The Stars and Stripes, 'midst freemen's songs, are flashing to the breeze.
The woodsman, from the mother, takes his boy upon his knee,
To tell him how their fathers fought and bled for liberty,
The lonely hunter sits him down the forest spring beside,
To think o'er his country's worth, and feel his country's pride;
While many a foreign accent, which our God can understand,
Is blessing Him for home and bread in this free fertile land.
Yes! when upon the Eastern coast we sink to happy rest,
The day of Independence rolls still onward to the West,
Till dies on the Pacific shore the shout of jubilee,
That woke the morning with its voice along the Atlantic sea.

O God! look down upon the land which thou hast loved so well,
And grant that in unbroken truth her children still may dwell;
Nor while the grass grows on the hill, and streams flow through the vale,
May they forget their fathers' faith, or in their covenant fail!
God keep the fairest, noblest land that lies beneath the sun—
"Our country, our whole country, and our country ever one!"

General Hunter.—A correspondent from the army writes: "General Hunter is a soldier, a patriot, and, I trust, a Christian, a man of the Washingtonian school. He keeps three books on his table—the Bible, the Prayer-book, and Webster's Unabridged. While he appreciates his enemies on battle-field, he approaches his Maker on his knees." We rejoice to hear this.

Commodore Farragut a Christian.—"Rev. Mr. Taylor, of California, who is well acquainted with Commodore Farragut, the hero of the late naval engagement at New Orleans, assures us," says the *Buffalo Advocate*, "that he is a devoted and working Christian, as well as an able and successful officer. Mr. T. became acquainted with him about five years since. He was then commandant of the Government navy-yard at Mare Island, forty miles from San Francisco. The Commodore and his two daughters were constant attendants as teachers in the Methodist Sabbath-school, [illegible] and their personal labors were zealous in every good word and work."

Bishop Soule denies the report that he had been compelled to take the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy. The editor of the *Western Advocate* has been told that, upon hearing the report, the bishop remarked that "he had not been asked to take the oath, and that there were not men enough, nor was there Army enough in the Confederacy to make him do it."

The well known Baptist, Elder Knapp, is dead. He died in New York, on the 16th of May, aged 61 years.

Suspension of Antioch College.—It is stated that at the approaching Commencement, which occurs on the 26th instant, the Collegiate Department of Antioch College will be suspended in consequence of a want of funds to carry it on.

The Emancipation League has just been formed with this title. Its principles are as follows:

1. To bring about emancipation throughout the whole land.
2. To support the present war until its successful termination, and, to that end, to promote by precept and example the support of the burdens, personal and pecuniary, it may impose upon us.
3. To procure the repeal of all laws authorizing interstate slave trade, and all other laws of Congress [illegible]
4. And to insist that all slaves who become practically freed by our advancing armies, or by any power of Congress or the President, shall never be restored to bondage, and that no State now in rebellion [illegible]
5. These objects are to be obtained by peaceful and lawful [illegible] meetings, by discussions in the periodical press, by tracts and essays freely distributed, by appeals to government, and by efforts to form auxiliary and co-operating societies throughout the land.

It is directed that all medical officers hold as pri[illegible] discharged the principle being recognized that they should not be held as prisoners.

Classic Spots of the South.—Hanover, the birthplace of Henry Clay, near Ashland, Mount Vernon, the steeple and tomb of George Washington; and the Hermitage, the lovely residence and the final resting place of iron hearted Andrew Jackson, are now all within the lines of the Union army, and guarded by the Federal flag, to whose glory their honor and usefulness were given. The dust of every dead President of the United States is enclosed by the national lines

PASSAGE OF THE CONFISCATION BILL.

Mr. Stevens (Pa.,) with a view of at once disposing [illegible] moved the previous question.

The bill was then passed—yeas 82, nays 44.

The bill, as passed, provides for the emancipation of slaves of all the following classes:

First. Of every person who shall act as an officer of the Rebel army or navy

Second. Of every person who shall act as President, Member of Congress, Judge of any Court, Cabinet Officer, Foreign Minister, Commissioner or Consul of the so-called Confederate States.

Third. Of every person who shall act as Governor of any State, member of a Convention or Legislature, or Judge of any State Court of the so-called Confederate States

Fourth. Of every person who, having held an office of honor, trust or profit in the United States, shall hold an office in the so-called Confederate States.

Fifth. Of every person who shall hold any office or agency under the so-called Confederate States, or under any of the States thereof, but persons in the third and fifth classes must have accepted their appointments since the date of the passage of the Secession Ordinance of their States, or have taken an oath of allegiance to the Confederacy.

Sixth. Of every person not within the above classes who, after the passage of the act, being, wilfully and without compulsion, engaged in armed rebellion, shall not, within sixty days after proclamation by the President, lay down his arms and return to his allegiance.

The bill also disqualifies the said six classes from holding office under the United States Government.

The President is authorized to negotiate for the acquisition, by treaty or otherwise, of lands or countries in Mexico, Central America or South America, or in the islands of the Gulf of Mexico, or for the right of settlement upon the lands of the said countries, for all persons liberated under this act, to be removed with their own consent.

For the purpose of paying the expenses of the purchase of such lands, and the removal of such persons, the President shall use such money as Congress may from time to time direct, arising from the sales of the property [illegible] shall have been confiscated to the use of the United States.

The other sections of the bill mainly relate to the machinery by which the provisions of the bill are to be enforced.

Number of Divorces Granted.—The Court of Common Pleas, during the four terms of the year 1861, granted sixty six divorces, comprising, for the March term, nineteen; June term, seventeen; September term, twenty, and December term, ten.

During the March term of the current year, six divorces have been granted, and for the present, or June term, one.

Jeff Davis and His Policy

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

That President Davis is an incubus on our cause, we do not doubt. Although carefully covered over with the mantle of secrecy by Congress, enough has been disclosed by stern realities to show his total incompetency to govern the affairs of the Confederacy. He has lost the confidence of both the army and the people; and, if an election to supervise was to come off for the Presidency, we do not believe that he would get the vote of a single State in the Confederacy.

The Reciprocity Treaty.—It appears, from an official report of the Secretary of the Treasury, showing the quantity and value of the different articles of merchandise imported into the United States from the British North American provinces, under the reciprocity treaty, that the total value in 1859 was more than fifteen millions of dollars; in 1860 it was over twelve million five hundred thousand dollars—and, in 1861, twenty millions. The table shows, in the last year, a falling off in fish, furs, fruits, hides, and wool, and an increase in animals, ashes, bark, butter, cheese, coal, eggs, flax, flour, grains, meats, ores, timber, &c.

For example, of animals was one million seven hundred and forty-six thousand dollars; fish of all kinds, [illegible] dollars; flour and breadstuffs, over three million dollars; grain, six million five hundred thousand dollars, timber of all kinds, three million two hundred and eighty-nine thousand dollars. The respective amounts of other imports are not enumerated.

Supplies for the Sick and Wounded

U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION,
Philadelphia Agency, 1235 Chestnut St.

To the Editor of the Bulletin.

In reply to your article of yesterday, headed "Let us have peace," and referring to the [illegible] to the efforts of the United States Sanitary Commission in New York, I beg leave to state that the Philadelphia Branch [illegible] at the above place for nearly six months; that about eight thousand dollars have been collected in money, that a very large quantity of hospital supplies of every kind have been received and distributed to the sick and wounded; that the steamer Spaulding, which lately arrived at this port, with her load of [illegible] stores and supplies of all kinds for her return voyage, at a cost to the Philadelphia Branch of nearly seven hundred dollars, and equipped with a full complement of Philadelphia surgeons, nurses and dressers, under our townsman, Dr. Gilmore, who must generously *volunteered* their services to the Commission. The Spaulding may be soon expected back with another sad and precious freight, and the Commission desires again to secure and provide for her [illegible] An organization, such as you call for, exists, and is in active operation. I annex the names of the officers of the Committees:

Executive Committee—Horace Binney, Jr., Chairman; Dr. Edward Stackhouse, Secretary.

Committee on Supplies—Samuel C. Merrick, Chairman; Charles Hartshorne, Secretary.

Committee on Medical Inspection—John C. Cresson, Chairman; Dr. Alfred Stille, Secretary.

Treasurer, Caleb Cope, Esq.

General Superintendent, Wm. Platt, Jr., Esq.

All that the Commission now needs is a more enlarged support in contributions and supplies

Donations in money may be sent to Caleb Cope, Esq., Treasurer, 302 Market Street; and contributions in other money or supplies will be gratefully received by William Platt, Jr., Esq., Superintendent, at the office, 1235 Chestnut St.

Yours, very respectfully,

HORACE BINNEY, JR.,
Chairman of Executive Committee of Philadelphia Branch of U. S. Sanitary Commission.—*Evening Bulletin, 18th.*

We would state, in addition to the above, that the *Spaulding* is still at the "White House," in the Pamunkey River, there not being wounded soldiers enough to [illegible] Her Medical Director [illegible] turned to Philadelphia, after performing arduous and important services, such as dressing the wounds of some of those who were attacked by the guerillas on Friday evening, the 13th, and removing all the sick from the tenth on shore to transports in the river, so that they might be safe in the event of the anticipated attack.

From the Army in Front of Richmond

Reconnoissance of Montgomery, en route for Richmond—Resign to Repel Hasbrouck—Another Fight on James Island—Seven Lies on Both Sides.

General McClellan's Headquarters, Sunday, June 22, 8 P. M.—The has been a remarkably quiet day, considering the close proximity of the two contending forces. Brisk skirmishing occurred all day yesterday, and last night everything indicated that a [illegible] advanced in strong force on our lines during last night, but, being promptly met, soon retired.

[illegible] dispatch from Montgomery, Alabama, dated the 17th instant, stating that General Beauregard and staff had arrived there, on their way to Richmond, and it was said that they were to be followed by a large portion of the army of the Mississippi, and that a sufficient force had been left under the invincible Bragg to check any advancement of the Vandals under Halleck.

[illegible] position Sunday, in which it acknowledges a severe loss on both sides, without any material change in positions.

The Latest from Richmond

Washington, June 21st.—The following despatch [illegible]

Headquarters of Army of the Potomac,
June 21, 1862.

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War—Things are pretty quiet to-day. There is not as much shelling as usual. Our preparations are progressing well The enemy opened with some heavy guns yesterday.

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN,
Major General.

All Quiet Along the Entire Lines of the Army of the Chickahominy.—Advices have been received at the War Department to-day from General Halleck, dated at 12 M.—Advices have been received at the War Department to-day from General Halleck, dated at Corinth, the 22d inst., and from the Army of the [illegible]

Nothing of interest has transpired in any quarter.

Admission of Western Virginia into the Union.—The Senate [illegible] reported a bill to-day providing for the admission of a new State into the Union, to be called *Western Virginia*.

Beauregard and his Army.—Memphis, June [illegible] the following despatch:

"Montgomery, Ala., June 17.—General Beauregard and his staff are on their way to Richmond. We hear that a large portion of the army of the Mississippi will soon follow their general. A sufficient force will be left with the invincible Bragg to check any steps toward the interior by the Vandals under General Halleck."

Rebel Account of a Battle near Charleston.—Fortress Monroe, June 23, 8.30 A. M.—The steamer Mount Vernon arrived from City Point last night, but too late to send a despatch through.

The Richmond papers of Saturday contain a brief account of a bloody battle fought on Monday last between five Federal regiments and a battery of Parrot guns, and parts of two Confederate regiments and a battery. The battle lasted all day, with a heavy loss on both sides.

The Charleston *Mercury* feared that the battle would be renewed the next day; and expressed apprehensions for the safety of the city in consequence of the great exhaustion of the Southern troops and the loss of many officers.

Generals Evans and Pemberton complimented the troops for their bravery in standing under the shells of our gunboats and batteries.

The fight took place within four miles of Charleston, and from the tone of an editorial of the *Mercury*, I should think that the rebels have been cut off from a retreat by our gunboats. If this be so, Charleston must soon fall.

The *Despatch* says it can no longer be denied that Jackson has been reinforced largely, and that the United States columns must either combine or fall back across the Potomac.

Memphis, June 21.—The following news is contained in the Grenada *Appeal* of the 18th:

The Charleston *Mercury* of the 17th says: "The Confederate loss at Secessionville, yesterday, was 40 killed and [illegible] wounded. We [illegible] the field 146 Federals, and took 100 prisoners."

Special despatches to the Augusta, Ga., papers, dated [illegible] that the [illegible] took place this morning on James Island, four miles from the city. Five regiments of Federals, with artillery, attacked our batteries at Secessionville. Col. Lamar commanded the Confederates, and, with a few hundred troops, repulsed the enemy three times, with great slaughter. The enemy fought bravely, but were defeated. Our victory was complete. The enemy's loss is supposed to have been about 400, including 30 prisoners. Our loss is estimated at from 50 to 100. Col Lamar was wounded. Captains Reed and King, and Lieut. Edwards, were killed. The attack will soon be renewed. The Confederates are much exhausted by the previous shelling of the enemy, which has been continued day and night for a week."

The *Press* remarks on this:

"We have no news from Charleston except what comes from rebel sources. It seems that the rebels made an effort to repulse the advance of General Hunter from Stono Island. The attempt was fruitless, as, according to the Charleston Mercury, they were compelled to retire [illegible] a large force of our army engaged, and it is probable that the regiments in the battle were merely our advance guard. The *real* fight has yet to take place, unless, as is very probable, the enemy evacuate Charleston. That city is now the home of a terror-stricken people. They see the doom of their metropolis at hand. Charleston, in the course of a little while must yield—and when it [illegible] the power of the rebellion is at an end in South Carolina. The [illegible] to these people. It is a little more than a year since its uncertain reports echoed over Charleston Bay. Then it came from the starving garrison of a beleaguered fort. Thousands crowded the wharves of the city, and while an overwhelming force were raining shot and shell upon Fort Sumter's walls, men shouted and women smiled, and in all things it was a gala day. Our flag was trailed in the dust, and treason gloried in its shame. These traitorous people have another foe than Major Anderson and his heroic battalion. The Union cannon again thunder at their door, but they are commanded by men powerless to [illegible] the wrongs of April, 1861. In Charleston the rebellion [illegible] in Charleston it passes [illegible] will [illegible] be torn down, never to float again in mockery and shame."

FOREIGN SUMMARY.

The change which the fall of New Orleans has produced in the tone of that part of the English press which [illegible] country, is remarkable. The predictions that the Federal Government will be unable to restore the Union, gradually cease. The cause of the South is generally represented as almost hopeless; and if we only could send them enough cotton, we would have no warmer friends than the entire family of John Bull.

It is now rumored that the king of Prussia will defy the verdict of the people, and overthrow the [illegible] which would inevitably lead to a rise of the people for the defence of their rights. A [illegible] democracy and despotism cannot be doubtful, as the detailed accounts of the late elections show that the immense majority of the people are firm in their liberal political views, and ready to make any sacrifice for their defence.

An important conference has taken place in Naples between the King of Italy and Prince Napoleon. The Prince was the bearer of a letter from the French [illegible] which is supposed to promise a new [illegible] of the Italian question.

Romanism in England and Wales.—In 1829 there were only 449 Romish chapels in Great Britain. Now there are 1,098. Then there were 1,018 priests, now there are 1,586. In 1829 there were no colleges; there are now 1250 monasteries and 152 convents. And it is a fact, that at the present there are more priests in England and Scotland in proportion to the population than there are in Ireland. These facts speak volumes about the spread of Romanism.

Jules Gerard, [illegible] is forming under the [illegible]

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IN BROOKLYN.

MRS. S. PLANT (formerly Richardson) respectfully announces that she has opened a first class BOARDING AND [illegible] HOUSE at No. [illegible] Fulton Ferry, where she is prepared to accommodate the public in the most [illegible]

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city, and within five minutes' walk of Fulton Ferry, is made thus a very desirable and convenient place.

PERRY & FITZGERALD'S
PROCESS FOR MAKING LIGHT, NUTRITIOUS, AND UNADULTERATED BREAD, WITHOUT FERMENTATION.

The new process of bread making, patented by Perry & Fitzgerald, removes all the obstacles which have hitherto rendered it impossible to manufacture perfectly pure, sound, and Nutritious bread. The entire process is performed by mechanical means and is eminently cleanly

The process consists in mixing the flour in a closed vessel, and the [illegible] with [illegible] and [illegible] which [illegible] dough is made thoroughly light, and ready to be [illegible] pans, for baking in the [illegible] and [illegible] The "change" is usually 20 minutes, and such machine is operated the operation, in all its details, from the putting in of the flour to the discharging of the dough, in from twenty five to forty minutes.

The Invention of Perry & Fitzgerald effects a revolution in the preparation of bread, by establishing a system of wholesale manufacture not subject to the ridiculous and evils of fermentation, but exact and certain in its results:—1 Because by the substitution of mechanical for manual labor, and in the superior [illegible] of the article produced. It promises large profits upon the capital employed. 2 Because such employment of capital as well as the protection afforded by the patent, gives adequate security against competition. The [illegible] consumer [illegible] of the evils of a monopoly, because it leaves the consumer at all times in possession of his former means of supply, to be resorted to, should the monopoly become prejudicial

The application of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure, to a mechanically kneaded dough-mass, as in the invention of Perry & Fitzgerald, did not occur to Dr. Dye, though he must to have had a clear perception of the importance of the artificial use of the gas since he states, by the [illegible] that "if water, highly impregnated with carbonic acid gas, be used for kneading the dough, the resulting bread will be remarkably spongy. Could a light article," he continues, "be produced in this way, then, as the sugar would remain undecomposed, the bread would be as much the sweeter and more nourishing."

What, to Dr Dye, was evidently a dimly comprehended chemical truth, has been practically developed by the brilliant invention of Perry & Fitzgerald [illegible] and [illegible] to [illegible] membrane, as among the most eminent benefactors of mankind.

ITS SUPERIORITY.—The superiority of unfermented bread is by no means new. Dr. Cullen, who wrote more than seventy years ago, says:

"In [illegible] also [illegible] the finer sort of people, as that is the greater part of the whole, live upon unfermented bread, and unfermented farinaceous in other forms, and there are not a few healthy people anywhere to be found. In the course of fifty years, that I have resided among them I have had occasion to know this and have taken notice of their [illegible] that [illegible] I never found impute to the use of unfermented farinaceous

At a later period, Professor Thompson, of Glasgow, in his work on the "Food of Animals," after alluding to the facts referred to above by Dr Cullen, and other kindred facts, observes:—

"Such then, being well-ascertained evidence in favor of the wholesomeness of unfermented bread, it becomes important to discover in what respects it differs from fermented bread. The result gained by this process [illegible] is, that the [illegible] of the [illegible] of the mass more readily digestible by the proper organs of digestion. But, on the object is gained at a sacrifice of the nutritious [illegible] amount of the less nutritious in the proportion.

The [illegible] Thompson [illegible] a difference [illegible] in the process of fermentation, and [illegible] by the process of [illegible] Bread

II. Cheapness.—Instead of the dough being mixed by the naked hands or *feet*, the bread from the mixing of the flour to the completion of the baking, is put and entirely out of [illegible] by any one. "One desideratum attained in its manufacture," says Dr Willard Parker, "is its utter cleanliness." Says Dr Dye, "The process is not only purely scientific, but presents [illegible] cleanly."

III. Its Preservative or [illegible] Principle of the Flour.—As the raising of the dough is by the mechanical introduction of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Family Circle.

THE GLASS DECANTER.

There is no thing we have in [illegible] stocked with necessaries and comforts [illegible] for the purchase

"A decanter. We have nothing to put liquor in. We must have, I think, a decanter." A decanter was more of a "must have" then than now, and James drew some change from his pocket, which on counting over was not enough for the purchase

"I would buy a good one," said Fanny, "while I was about it; not thin glass, that will break easily. A handsome cut-glass one will be cheaper in the end."

James thought he should finish a job by noon, the wages of which would not only buy the decanter, but fill it also; and he went out to his work. It was a neat new two-story house this young couple lived in, built by James himself in "odd moments," he said; for James' joinery was in good demand, and he was rarely out of employment. There was a patch of ground round it, with vegetables enough for summer eating, and a few for harvest. They were a well brought up, industrious, happy couple, with half a pew at church, and sometimes a seat at the prayer-meeting, useful and promising, with good prospects also.

A few nights after, when James came home, he drew out from his green-baize jacket the best-looking decanter to be found at Hobbs', he said, and held it up before Fanny and the candle It was filled. "Let's try it," said James. "Hobbs said it was the very best. Hand me a tumbler, Fanny."

"Oh no, James," replied his wife, "it is not for us; it is for company or sickness. Let us save it." "You have had a big wash; a swallow will do you good, and I should not object to tasting;" so he put two or three spoonsful of their best sugar into a tumbler, poured out a suitable quantity of Holland gin, and added some hot water from the singing tea-kettle. "Excellent toddy," said James, stirring and offering it to his wife "No, James, you drink first," answered she; "I like the leavings best;" and Fanny folded her arms, while James sipped the smoking beverage. "It seems to me you have not left much," said Fanny, smiling, and taking her turn at the tumbler, "but it is as much as I want;" and she leisurely finished the remainder

This was the first glass of toddy from the new decanter; and as James and Fanny sat there, too to tee, by their warm hearth, in pleasing chitchat, they did not see the coil of a serpent in the bottom of the tumbler. Perhaps a microscope was needed to discern it, but it was there

By and by a baby was born in the house Happy father and mother, with their plump little one, who filled their hearts with a new joy. Fanny was happy, only as the months went by, once in a while a fear took hold of her, a strange fear, that made her shudder. What was it? Had she got a glimpse of the serpent? Ah, among all the increasing wants of the little household, there was nothing which oftener needed filling than the glass decanter.

One day, on hearing her husband's step in the yard, she arose with baby sleeping in her arms, tiptoed into the keeping-room closet, and snatching the decanter from the shelf, thrust it into a small cupboard below, and turned the key. Back she went with a trembling heart. James soon after came in. First he played with baby, then nidled to the keeping-room, and Fanny heard the closet door creak. "What *will* James think?" thought Fanny anxiously and much afraid. She laid baby down, and tried to busy herself with dinner. Presently her husband passed through the kitchen without speaking. Dinner ready, she rang the bell. James came in and took a seat by the fire. Baby crept towards him, but he took no notice of it. "Are you sick, James?" asked Fanny. "Not very smart," answered he, sulkily "You have taken cold," she said with affectionate earnestness; "it is very raw. Let me make you a bowl of sage-tea." "Sage-tea!" growled her husband angrily, "I don't want any old woman's nostrums." He rested his elbows on his knees, and put his head between his hands. Fanny pitied him. "What will you have, James?" asked Fanny. "Shall I fix you something hot?"

"Is there any thing in the house?" he asked, eagerly turning his face towards her with an asking look. "I reckon it would make me feel better." "Well, poor James is sick," thought Fanny, trying hard to feel there was no harm in unlocking the little cupboard, and offering that cup to her husband's lips which a few moments before she was so anxious to save him from. Poor Fanny wanted firmness. The contents of the decanter were soon emptied, and James took it away to be refilled. It did not come back the next day, or the next, or the next. The tumblers were clean and dry, and through the livelong week showed no marks of sugar, gin, or toddy. "James sees his danger, and he has put the decanter away," thought Fanny, with a thankful heart. A heavy weight seemed lifted from her, and again she sang about the house

James had a small poultry-yard, which not only kept a supply of eggs for his family, but made an occasional trade for the neighbors. One day about this time Fanny went to the barn to get a newly laid egg for James' favorite pudding. She and the little boy loved to hunt for eggs. Among the hay she found a new hole, which, quite likely, led to a new nest. Down she thrust her hand and grasped at something. Fanny started and turned pale, and shrank back trembling. It was not a hen, or chicken, or egg she touched, but something that took her strength away, and she felt like lying down to die. A serpent? It was the glass decanter which she pulled out, hid away there half filled—with what? The deadliest firewater, New England rum. Fanny forgot her eggs, her pudding, her child, as she sat there and cried as if her heart would break.

We must now pass over several years of poor Fanny's life; sorrowful years they grew to be Many children were born to the Farmers. The two oldest died, and the mother wept bitter tears But greater sorrow was in store for her, as her husband went, step by step, down, down, down, until he lost his fine manly look, neglected his work, was no longer seen at church, and every thing within and without his house showed the mournful tokens of a ruined home.

So things went on till Silas the second son was twelve years old. A fine lad was he. Two years before, Silas went to live in a gentleman's family; when, the gentleman dying, he came home to seek other employment. It was not long before Hobbs had his eye on him—Hobbs the dramseller, whose little shop at the corner had manufactured more hard drinkers than any shop in the country, making its owner rich on other men's sins. "A smart little fellow," said Hobbs, with his eye on Silas, "and I can get him for nothing," chuckling over the long account run up against the Farmer estate. He concluded to go over and talk with his mother about it. "A fine lad that Silas of yours," said Hobbs, seating himself in a chair which his custom-work had made rickety. "Silas is a good boy," replied his mother sadly—"a good boy." "Well," proceeded Hobbs, with a little creditable embarrassment, "perhaps you know there is an account against your husband, which maybe, you will like Silas to help wipe off." "I did not know there were any *honest* debts there," said Fanny, a faint color mounting into her pale face as she thought of the wicked enticements he used to keep his victims. "Your husband can remember, I reckon," exclaimed Hobbs angrily, "and if I am not paid soon, you must take the consequence." With a house still over her head, Fanny had contrived to get along. She feared at no distant day it might be drank away, and she well might dread a creditor like Hobbs The poor mother was cowed. "I will talk with Silas about it," she said humbly. "What would you allow him?" "Oh, I shan't be hard," said the hard old man; "send the boy to me;" and Hobbs was not sorry to decamp. He could meet the frightful oaths and reeling idiocy of the wretched men who frequented his bar, but the presence of a stricken woman alarmed his conscience

When Silas came home his mother told him "Never, mother, never," exclaimed Silas, "never will I go and deal rum to my father or any body's else father. No liquor shall pass through my hands. Why, mother, I am a soldier in the Cold Water army."

"If father gives you the decanter, you'd have to go and buy some," said his little brother. "Never!" repeated Silas. "Than father would beat you," said little Fanny shrinking. "I would be licked to death rather than break my pledge," said Silas. "Obey your parents," said his mother, for the mother's spirit was altogether crushed, and she was ready to counsel any compromise rather [illegible] with wickedness, but he said nothing

That evening James Parmer came home and told Silas to run down to Hobbs' and bring home the decanter. His mother trembled, but Silas took his cap and walked away He entered the shop as the old man was filling it "You are Silas Farmer, I suppose. Well, I want you in my shop," said Hobbs in a tone which was meant to be pleasant. "I came for the decanter," said the boy "And I want you in my shop," cried the old man testily, putting it on the counter. "I cannot come, sir," replied Silas, firmly. "I am a soldier in the Cold Water army, and I cannot serve in the shop where my father was made a [illegible] With that he stepped further [illegible] the decanter and went off, not homeward, no, no, for he was a soldier in the Cold Water army. He ran to a neighboring well. On the green grass which grew around it—for every thing looks fresh and green where pure water is—he poured out the destroying liquor. Drawing up a bucket of water, he carefully rinsed the decanter; then filling it with water, fresh and sparkling, he bottled it up and went home

"Father," said the brave boy, entering the bed room where his enfeebled parent was about undressing, "I have brought you some good wholesome drink, such as *God* made, and it is all I *could* bring you, because I am a soldier in the Cold Water army." "A soldier in what?" asked the father, looking round with his bleared eye. "In the Cold Water army, father. We are fighting against wicked king Alcohol; and Oh, father, do come and join our ranks; do, father." There was something in the almost agonizing earnestness of his son that touched James Farmer's heart "Do, father," rang in his ears the livelong night. True, he gruffly motioned the boy away; but there were other things that he could not motion away so easily His mind was alert, and he had [illegible] thing to stupefy it—nothing to moisten his parched lips and burning tongue—nothing to quench his craving thirst but the pure water in his well-filled decanter. The first object he descried in the gray early dawn was his decanter. He grasped it with his trembling hands. No liquor fumes quickened his senses. How he longed for "a drink." Again he looked at the decanter. No hope there; it was only water, water, water. He glared around the room. How changed was every thing in that once happy room, every thing else but the glass decanter. And what a long train of misery had it uncorked in his family! As he looked at it, vipers and serpents, hissing and stinging, seemed crawling from it, mocking him with cruel mockings. That dreadful delirium, the curse of the drunkard, was creeping over the fine strong frame of James Farmer. He shouted aloud, "Drink, drink, drink!"

For days and nights did Fanny and her son watch by his bed, and bathe his hot brow and cool his burning tongue with cold water. "Do, father," came first to his mind when it began to clear up. "O my God, help me!" cried the sick man. "Almighty Saviour, help me to keep it!" prayed he, as Silas, true to his soldier duty, brought the cold water pledge to his father's bedside. In large, sprawling letters James wrote his name, and the family knelt down, while the minister prayed for forgiving mercy, and grace to strengthen him in days to come.

"Here, father," said Silas, going to the closet when the solemn service was over, "here is the decanter filled with fresh cold water; will you not seal your pledge to total abstenence by a glass of this wholesome drink?" "Oh, let us smash that decanter," cried little Fanny. "And bury the pieces," added Freddy. "From her sight for ever," said Fanny the mother. "That is all which is left of our first housekeeping, Fanny. Let it stand always filled with water, a witness of my reform, as it was the companion of my fall," said the penitent father. So there it stands, an abiding memorial of sad days bettered and brightened.

Child's Paper.

HOW TWO HEROINES DIED

In the year 204, at Carthage, suffered two females, Vivia Perpetua and [illegible]

Perpetua was a widow of two-and twenty, of respectable rank, great accomplishments, and, at the time of her trial, the mother of an infant child With the other members of her family, except her father, she had embraced the Christian faith, and was about to be baptized, when information was lodged against her as being a disciple of the forbidden religion. She and her companions were kept under guard for some days before they were cast into prison; during this time Perpetua was visited by her father, who loved her with great affection. He knew the danger she was in, and grieved to lose such a loving daughter; he earnestly besought her to recant, and be restored to her afflicted family. Pointing to a vase which stood on the floor, she said: "Can you give any other name than vase to that vessel?" And her father answered in the negative Neither, added she, "can I call myself by any other name than that of a Christian."

Although she loved her father much she knew her duty, "to obey God rather than man." Her father left her, and for several days she did not see him. During this period she was baptized, when she again gave herself to God, and besought him to give her patience in the time of trial

She and her companions were at last cast into a dark, dismal prison to await their trial. Vivia, being well educated, wrote an account of what they suffered. She says, "I was terrified at it, for I had never been [illegible] I was torn with anxiety about my infant; but by the aid of the deacons of the Church my dear child was brought to me, and we were removed to a more open part of the prison, where I suckled the babe, who was dying of hunger. I then had to part with him again; but I was satisfied. I was as happy as if I had been in a palace"

The miserable father, forgetting his anger in his grief, learning that an examination of the prisoners was to take place the following day, visited his daughter, and again implored her to recant "Think," said he, "of your mother, your aunt, think of your little son who cannot live without you." He then threw himself at her feet, weeping as if his heart were broken She answered to her loving father's entreaties, "that while nothing on earth would have delighted her more than to [illegible] please and disobey God."

[illegible] with her fellow prisoners, to the tribunal, to be examined in the presence of a vast concourse of people, who had assembled to witness the trial Vivia's turn at last came, and she was about to confess that she was a Christian, when a noise was heard in the court. It was her father forcing himself through the crowd with her little infant son in his arms, to make, in that most affecting manner, his last appeal to change her mind. The judge was moved to tears at this sight, and said, "Spare the old age of your father, and the helplessness of your infant." then added, "Are you a Christian?"

She replied, "I am; I have lived, and am resolved to die, a Christian"

Her father was now ordered to withdraw, but lingering, as all fond parents would do in such try[illegible] staff of one of the officers

Vivia says: "I felt that blow, given to my father, as if it had fallen on my own head"

[illegible] to be thrown to the wild beasts Perpetua sent to ask her father to allow her to have the company of her child during the few hours she had to live. He, however, refused to comply with her request, as he thought he might even yet induce her to sacrifice to the gods But he sought an interview She was granted to have it, still she would not deny her father's request He was admitted. Frantic with grief, he tore his hair, fell on the floor, used every rateously; but to no purpose, her heart was in heaven She trusted in Christ to the last and [illegible] hour

Felicitas, her companion, had also a little infant [illegible] Very different prayer in her behalf, she, with the utmost composure, gave her offer to her sister, and so appeared free from all earthly care

The hour at last come when they were led to the amphitheatre, to witness a good confession before [illegible] went on with composed countenances and an easy [illegible] might draw wrong conclusions from their being cheerful in the face of death. They sang a hymn, and then called on the magistrates and people to remember that they would have to give an account of that day's work. They then asked them to observe that they died in the faith of their Saviour, "whom having not seen, they loved

The wild beasts were then let loose, and the poor women were made to stand by and witness the death of their male companions by the jaws of lions leopards, and bears

Their own turn came at last, when they were enclosed in a net and exposed to a wild cow. Perpetua met the first attack, and was thrown wounded to the ground; after which the cow ran against Felicitas, and made her a horrid spectacle even to look at. Faithful still, in such trying circumstances, Perpetua went to her aid, composed her disordered hair, and raised her to her feet. Perpetua then called her brother and said to him, "Continue firm in the faith, love one another, and be neither frightened nor offended at our sufferings."

As the hour was late the spectators grew impatient, so they were led forward to the middle of the arena, to be killed by the sword. Giving each other the kiss of peace, they presented themselves to the arm of the executioner. Felicitas was killed by a single blow; but Perpetua, falling into the hands of a trembling gladiator, was often struck and wounded in vain. Preserving her fortitude to the last moment, she was observed calmly directing the soldier to the most expeditious way of performing his office; and then, without a groan, on the sands of the amphitheatre she fell asleep in Jesus

AN ADDRESS TO CHILDREN

Children and young persons, I have a message to you from God. All of you, even the youngest, "have sinned, and come short of the glory of God;" that is, you have done that for which you will be cast, soul and body, into hell if you are not reconciled to God through Jesus Christ.

If you read the fifty-first Psalm, you will see that you were born sinners, and every day brings you intelligence of the death of some person once as young, as healthy, and apparently as likely to live as you. And if God should now take you away by death, what would become of you if you are not reconciled to him?

Perhaps you wish to know what some of the sins are of which you are guilty. Did you never disobey your parents? If you did, you disobeyed God; for God commands children to obey and honor their parents. And when your parents or teachers have corrected you for your faults, were you never angry at them? If so, it was sinful, it is sinful to be angry at them; and sinful not to do better when corrected. "Correction is grievous unto him that forsaketh the way; and he that hateth reproof shall die." Tell me, when you had thoughts that you were ill-treated by some of your companions, did you never desire to be avenged? "Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath." Do you not sometimes become angry with your companions, and call them by opprobrious or reproachful names? This then is another sin. Whoever calls his brother a "fool, shall be in danger of hell-fire." Do you not sometimes wish to be out of sight of your parents and teachers, so as to do what you would fear to do in their presence? If so, surely you must have forgotten that God is [illegible] before him, what you dare not do before your parents. Have you not been glad when the Sabbath day was over, or at least when divine service was closed? [illegible] so long in the house of worship? And during divine worship, are you not thinking of your sports and your pastimes? or what is worse, talking to some other, instead of listening to the preacher This is also sinful; for God regards those as mockers, who draw nigh to him with their lips, or with forms of worship, while their hearts are far from him. Do you pray to God morning and evening? I fear that many of you are so wicked as to neglect to pray every morning and evening. If you have never been guilty of stealing, have you not sometimes been guilty of telling lies, or of profane swearing? Now the Bible tells us, that such persons "shall have their part in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone."

Do you [illegible] your play when you should have gone to your prayers? And what will become of children who think more of their sports than of God and their souls? I will ask you but one question more, and that is, if possible, to awaken you to a concern for your soul. Do you ever think of death? If you look into a grave when it is opened, instead of one who has life, who can speak and walk, you see nothing but lifeless remains fast returning to dust. But in a little while you will be thus mouldering in the grave You must certainly die, and you know not how soon, and if the sins of which I have told you, and probably very many other sins of which I know nothing, be not forgiven, you cannot be saved. Will you not then repent of sin immediately?

But perhaps you wish to be told what you must do in order to be saved. First of all, give your heart to the Lord. Repent and turn to him Pray like the distressed Publican; "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner." Say, "Lord, thou hast promised a new heart to sinners like me, and I have need of it, for my heart is very wicked. Save me from my sins, for Christ's sake." Who knows but that the Lord, who hears the lions and the ravens when they cry for food, may hear you Read your Bible and your catechism; but first pray to God to bless them to you and make you understand what you read [illegible] Do not lie, nor swear, nor [illegible] which I have told you; and, in short, strive to [illegible] of those who lie, swear, and break the Sabbath, for they will try to make you as bad as themselves [illegible] "he that walketh with wise men shall be wise" Never forget to pray to God as soon as you rise [illegible] at night

Now there are many things to encourage you to follow the advice now given. A promise is made to those who seek God early in life. "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me." Samuel, Abijah, Josiah, and Timothy, are highly commended in the Bible [illegible] children with the most tender affection. He says of them, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not" "And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them." O, if you knew how good he is, you would not rest till you should know how he is to [illegible] him If you seek God early, God will bless you, and his people will bless you, and all generations will call you blessed O, then, make glad the [illegible] make glad your own heart by seeking the Lord and saving your soul — *Hodgkinson's Great [illegible] tination.*

A Yorkshireman having occasion to visit France, was dumbfounded to find, on reaching Calais, that men, women, and children, all spoke [illegible] this occasioned, he retreated to bed, and was awakened in the morning by the cock crowing; whereupon he burst into a wild exclamation of astonishment and delight, and exclaimed, "Thank goodness, there's English at last'

THE HURRICANE

Lord of the winds! I feel thee nigh
I know thy breath in the burning sky!
And I wait, with a thrill in every vein,
For the coming of the hurricane!

And lo! on the wings of the heavy gales,
Through the boundless arch of heaven he sails;
Silent and slow, and terribly strong,
The mighty shadow is borne along,
Like the dark eternity to come;
While the world below, dismayed and dumb,
Through the calm of the thick but stagnant sphere
Looks up at its gloomy folds with fear

They darken fast,—and the golden blaze
Of the sun is quenched in the lurid haze,
And he sends through the shade a funeral ray—
A glare that is neither night nor day,
A [illegible]
The clouds above and the earth beneath,
As to greet it as the eldest birth
While the hurricane's distant voice is heard
Uttered among the mountains round,
And the forests hear and answer the sound.

He is come! he is come! do ye not behold
His ample robes on the wind unrolled?
Giant of air! we bid thee hail!—
How his gray skirts toss in the whirling gale—
How his huge and writhing arms are bent,
To clasp the sons of the firmament,
And fold, at length, in their dark embrace,
From mountain to mountain, the visible space!
[illegible] the whirlwind is near
The dust of the plains to the mid-air!
And hark to the crashing, long and loud,
Of the chariot of God in the thunder-cloud!
You may trace its path by the flashes that start
From the rapid wheels where'er they dart,
As the fire-bolts leap to the worlds below,
And flood the skies with a lurid glow.

What roar is that!—'tis the rain that breaks
In torrents away from the airy lakes,
Heavily poured on the shuddering ground,
And shedding a nameless horror round.
Ah! well knows woods, and mountains, and skies,
With the very clouds!—ye are lost to my eyes:
I seek ye vainly, and see in your place
The shadowy tempest that sweeps through space—
A whirling ocean that fills the wall
Of the crystal heaven, and buries all:
And I, cut off from the world, remain
Alone with the terrible hurricane.

Bryant

ON A SLEEPING BOY

Sleep—and while slumber weighs thine eyelids down,
May no foul phantoms o'er thy pillow frown;
But brightest visions deck thy tranquil bed,
And angels' wings o'ercanopy thy head
Sleep [illegible] dark dreams arise
To mar thy rosy rest—thou babe of Paradise!
See where the glowing hands are closely pressed,
As when from prayer he softly sank to rest;
Mark how with half-closed lips and cherub-smile
He looks, as still he prayed, and slept the while;
Yet—yet they seem as if they whispered praise
For all the blessings of his halcyon days.
Rid, oh, Almighty Father, God, and Friend,
Religion's glories on his steps attend!
To shine through all the dreary storms of life,
A splendid beacon in the world of strife;
And when to Thee recalled he sinks in death,
May prayer and praise still bless his parting breath!

FACTS AND FANCIES

There are one hundred and ten Protestant missionaries in China

In India there are 125,000 converts to the Christian religion.

On the Zambesi river, Central Africa, there is a place, according to Dr Livingstone, where the stream leaps a precipice of three hundred and ten feet—double that of the Niagara

Iceland, A. D. 1000. The *London Quarterly*, in an article on Iceland and its change of faith, says that in the year of our Lord 1000 almost the whole population were baptized.

The Rev. Dr. Perkins, formerly of the mission to Persia, has a copy of the New Testament seven hundred years old, which he found in that country.

The Jews have recently dedicated a new synagogue in Brooklyn, N. Y., and another is soon to be opened

Art *vs.* Nature.—A lecturer, who was contending, at a tiresome length and great tautological perplexity, that "*Art* could not improve *Nature*," was startled "half out of his boots" by the question, in a deep, sonorous voice, by one of the [illegible]

"How do you think you would look *without* [illegible]

The question was a "poser"—the argument a "*non sequitur*."

An intelligent farmer being asked if his horses were well matched, replied: "Yes they are matched [illegible] willing to do all the work, and the other is willing he should"

A clergyman in Maine startled his hearers on a recent Sabbath by calling upon the sexton to open the windows, "as some of the congregation were asleep!"

An Irish editor, in speaking of the miseries of Ireland, says: "Her cup of misery has been for ages overflowing and is not yet full!"

A prominent trait in the character of the Scotch is a vein of dry, quaint, sarcastic humor. An instance of this was formerly to be seen, and for aught we know to the contrary may yet be extant, on a tombstone in the "kingdom of Fife," (now, alas! though occupying its ancient limits, only a Scotch county;) erected in honor of the memory of that supposed *rara avis in terra*—an *honest lawyer*. Sawny could not let slip such a favorable opportunity to indulge his national propensity to drollery. The epitaph was as follows. (*Note,—clerk* is the old Scottish term for *lawyer*.)

The Lord works wonders now and than,
Here lies a *clerk*, an honest man!

THE DEATH OF WORDS.

Of two words which have been equally long in the language and equally in familiar use, one shall continue to be employed by everybody and the other shall become obsolete; the one shall live, the other shall die; and in many, or in most cases their respective fates could no more have been predicted than it could usually be predicted which was to die first of two men of equal age, and both apparently in good health. Why a particular phrase [illegible] should fall into disuse language, or at least out of use, cannot even be always [illegible] but when a word has thus fairly ceased, from whatever cause, to perform its proper functions, it would seem to be nearly as impossible to recall it to a really living or working condition as it is to raise the dead in any other case. Pope, indeed, has spoken of commanding "old words that long have slept to wake;" and, of course, any writer or speaker may employ antiquated terms to any extent that he pleases Certain it is, at any rate, that very little genuine revivification has ever been accomplished in human speech; you will sooner introduce into a language a hundred or a thousand new words than you will re-establish in the general acceptance ten old ones that have been for [illegible] as if words too, as well as we who use them, were doomed to wither and decay with age, and all at one date or another to lie down and fall asleep in death.—*Craik's History of English Literature and [illegible]*

EARLY SIGNS OF CONSUMPTION

The only effective remedy for this fatal disease is a knowledge of the first symptoms of its approach and [illegible] measures to eradicate its first germs. Dr. Hall says, in his admirable *Journal of Health*.

A quick pulse and a short breath continuing for weeks together, are the great alarm bell of forming consumption. If these symptoms are attended with a gradual falling off in flesh in the course of [illegible] been heard. Under such circumstances there ought not to be an hour's delay in taking competent medical advice

The vast mass of consumptives die not far from the age of twenty five: and this, in connexion with another fact, that consumption is several years in running its course, suggests one of the most important practical conclusions yet announced, to wit

In the large majority of cases the seeds of consumption are sown between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five. Now, at this period, the frame is rapidly developing, and the demand for blood is unusually great. Hence the waste of tissue, the effect of exercise, and the exposure to cold, are unusually great. Hence, also, the appetite is craving, digestion rapid, and the supply of blood ample. Now, if, at this time, the lungs are not fully developed, or if they are compressed by tight clothing, or by stooping at the desk, or by bending over the needle, or if the habits are sedentary, the pulse and the easily accelerated breathing may be readily detected by an intelligent and observant parent, and should be regarded as a knell of death if not arrested; and yet it is easily and uniformly done, for the spirometer will demonstrate the early danger, and the educated physician will be at no loss to mark out the remedy

The quick pulse and short breath go together; rather "*easily put out of breath*" is the more common and appropriate expression. Ordinarily, persons breathe once while the pulse beats four times; this is an approximate average, a general result. A person in health breathes seventeen times a minute, and during that time the pulse numbers sixty-eight strokes. A person decidedly consumptive breathes from twenty to twenty-four times in a minute, the pulse being proportionately rapid. A man whose pulse is among the nineties, with a breathing which corresponds, lasting for weeks, may with great uniformity be pronounced to have unmistaken consumption. And even here the permanent arrest of the disease is quite a probable thing, if men could only be induced to act wisely, promptly, and energetically

But unfortunately such is not the case; nine out of ten are led away with the hope that it may be something else, that it is only bronchitis, and this is confirmed in their own judgment by two facts: they [illegible] pain in the breast, and they triumphantly point to [illegible] as a demonstration of the soundness of the lungs, and this other feeling, equally fallacious, comes to their aid, the prominent trouble is a mere tickling at the bottom of the neck, at the little hollow there. They should remember that no bronchia are there; it is the windpipe, and it begins to divide into branches below that spot. That little hollow place is the telegraphic station, as well for the distinct lungs as the bronchia. The news comes from afar; that is the point of enunciation only. It is the news of mischief in the lungs, that something is there which requires removal, which is working harm, and may breed death; and it does breed death. That very tickling at the little hollow exciting cough for months together, is the forerunner of consumption in perhaps, at a moderate calculation, four times out of five. If a person could be amused at such a serious symptom the physician would be at the very indifferent, unconcerned air, and tone, and gesture with which the patient often announces this symptom. "Doctor, I have bronchitis, I believe; a trifling little tickling at the bottom of the throat here; I wish you would give me something to take it away. I am not sick at all; I feel as well as I ever did in my life, all except this kind of itching here." Upon a close cross-questioning a large amount of undiscovered truth will be elicited, in almost every instance, of symptoms dated many months, and even years before. If, then, a patient for himself, or for his child, has any apprehension of the disease, let the family physician be requested to notice the pulse with care and accuracy at different hours of the day, not within half an hour of active exercise, or within two hours after a regular meal, and if the invariable report be preternatural excitement, there is ground for alarm in proportion to the intensity of that excitement.

FUR OFF

A friend was trout-fishing on the sides of "Old Saddleback," a mountain in the interior of Maine, a hundred miles from the coast. Supposing himself ten miles from any village and half as far from a house, he was surprised by hearing the blows of an axe. Soon he came to a small clearing, where the proprietor of the axe surveyed him with some curiosity.

"Hallo, stranger!" said he.

"How are you, sir?"

"Well, now, stranger, where be you from?"

"I'm from New York"

"From New York! Why, I should think you'd hate to live so fur off"

UP TO FUN

It would not be well to unite in a select social circle of Hoods and Jerrolds a certain lady who could not appreciate a facetious remark. Her husband once remarked to her with some vexation:

"Why, wife, I don't believe you'd take a joke if it was pitched at you from a fifteen-inch Dahlgren!"

"Now, John, how foolish," said she with charming simplicity, "you know they can't fire jokes from a gun."

SABBATH IN THE COUNTRY

The creaking wagon's in the shed,
The busy flail is heard no more,
The horse is littered down and fed,
The harness hangs above his head,
[illegible]
His leathern gloves and hooked hoe
[illegible]
The blacksmith's fiery forge is still,
The wooden wheel of the old mill
Sleeps in the millstream wide

The miller's boat is anchored where,
Far out, the water lilies sleep;
You see their shadows mirrored there,
The broad white flowers reflected clear
Within the mill pond deep.

The harrow's in the garden shed
Hoe, rake, and spade are put away.
[illegible]
The gardener from his work hath fled—
'Tis holy Sabbath day

Upon the walls the white cat sleeps,
By which the churn and milk pans lie;
A drowsy watch the house-dog keeps,
[illegible]
Upon the passer-by

And sweetly over hill and dale
[illegible]
A [illegible]
They come and go, and on the gale
Their Sabbath tidings fling

From where the white washed Sabbath school
Peeps out between the poplars dim,
[illegible]
Far out upon the rushy pool,
You hear the Sabbath hymn.

From farm and field, and grange grown gray,
From woodland walks and winding ways,
The old and young, the grave and gay,
Unto the old church come to pray,
And sing God's holy praise

JOHN ANGELL JAMES

All eminent Christians have learned the worth [illegible] grace to the closet and the social circle. Young converts find themselves urged by their new-born zeal to pray alone and with their brethren. Older Christians are drawn by deep inward yearnings and by blessed memories of past experience That disciple is to be pitied who cannot recall seasons when he would have left meals untasted, or walked many miles, rather than miss the prayer-meeting [illegible] ment of his religious life, for great zeal to sustain [illegible] of Poole, where he was an apprentice. An old gentleman, who remembered him well, told the following story in illustration. One Saturday evening he had gone over to Blandford, about fourteen miles, to visit his friends, and was not expected back till late the next day. But on the next morning the old gentleman went as usual to the [illegible] the services had begun, and none one was looking [illegible] Mr James', but knowing his absence from town, [illegible] got in, he found it was indeed Mr James, and on expressing surprise at the close of the meeting, Mr James simply said, with a smiling face:

"Oh! why could you not come in time? I have walked over here from Blandford this morning, and got here before you."

If members of our churches living within two or three squares of the church, had a little of Mr James' spirit, these meetings of prayer would be [illegible] who does not love the prayer-meeting?

Gentleness is a sort of mild atmosphere, and it enters into a child's soul like the sunshine into a rose-bud, slowly, but surely expanding it into beauty and vigor

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Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE LAST WORDS OF PETER POYAS.

"Do not open your lips: die silent, as you shall see me do."

Die silent! let no fatal word
From any brother's lips be heard:
But back to deep concealment hide
Our well-attested plans.
Know that 'tis best they must abide;
They'll live in worthier hands.

Not even with the gory gyves,
Now eager for our worthless lives—
Nor for the bondman's sorrowing tears,
Make an ignoble truce.
But score a mark for future years:
They'll crush the foul abuse.

One glance upon the bruised throng
Whose woes our breezes bear along;
A parting thought to them is due—
Our crushed, despairing kind;
An inward throb of love from you
For those we leave behind.

Then upward, with a steady eye,
'Tis but to dare—'tis but to die!
God counsels to be firm and true;
Obey the great behest!
Die silent, as you see me do,
And leave to God the rest.

—MARY A. CARY

Chatham, Canada West.

P. S.—The enclosed reached me by mail, with a request that I forward it to you for publication. Do as you may choose.

I hope you will be present at Conference, Mr. Editor. Your paper improves weekly. It is, in fact, far ahead of anything that we have ever yet published.

CONSIDER THE LILIES HOW THEY GROW.

The lilies fair are found
On shadowed ground,
The shady haunts of sunny clime:
And breathe the balm of summer time;
Refreshed by morning dew, and veiled from noontide glow,
They taste the softest light and air, and this is how they grow.

Updrawn from verdant sod
By look from God,
These holy, happy flowers pervade
The sloping lawn, the forest glade:
And charmed by zephyr's wing, and lulled by streamlet's flow,
They calmly muse, they brightly dream, and this is how they grow.

They bloom in sheltered nook
By parting brook;
And earth how firmly, fondly loves
These treasures of her streams and groves;
The dark mould cherishes their petals white like snow,
With heaven apportioned nutriment, and this is how they grow.

I have considered them
The fertile gem,
The blossome pending airily
Beneath their leafy canopy,
Their witching fragrance, spotless hue, and thus I feel and know
That God imparts their loveliness, and this is how they grow.

For the Christian Recorder.

EIGHT REASONS FOR OBJECTING TO THE HAYTIEN SCHEME.

BY REV. W. R. REVELL, M. D.

MR. EDITOR:—In these times of excitement in the country in which we live, one of the great subjects of agitation and discussion is: What must be done with the colored people of this country? Different places are pointed out where it is urged, that we, the colored people of the United States, should go *en masse* for our own good, as the country that contains us now cannot, at some future day, contain us. I have no objection to emigration to any country where we can live, and enjoy those God-given rights which are most sacred and dear, and most of all earthly blessings to be desired, namely: the immunities of citizens in common. But to my objections to the Haytien scheme:—

1. It panders to the vile spirit of negro hate by urging the expediency of a white Haytien representation at Washington, and of white Haytien consuls at other cities in the United States, rather than the right of representation through Haytien citizens and colored men; white men not being citizens of Hayti; and a colored American acting as the servant of the white consul (J. Redpath) at Philadelphia—not as the consul; thus insulting and degrading the native born or adopted Haytien citizen through the proposed and real representatives of Hayti in the United States, and doubly and gratuitously insulting colored Americans by assigning to one of their number the menial position, when there are no real obstacles to his being the representative, and by persisting in excluding from Washington a colored representative of a colored government.

2. By sending discord amongst the colored people of the United States, unsettling their minds, rooting up now, when they begin to assume permanent form, their home plans, and causing men at the decline of life to begin again; by arraying churches and church members against one another on the question of growing or decreasing prejudice of church management, and the relative advantages of the same, and so preparing them to go where even superior knavery or transcendent cunning and duplicity may invite them.

3. Because slumbering and fast disappearing prejudices are aroused, and invoked through the means of their press and their public speakers; all of which tend to swell the number of victims to the deception.

4. That the scheme is unworthy of consideration, because its advocates, though first starting out with the assertion that removal is necessary to our preservation, have changed with the successful exposure of their fallacies, and taken directly opposite grounds; not as more favorable to their scheme in doctrine, but to swell the list of emigrants; as, for instance, they now say they do not advocate entire removal, they want but a few thousand, though they at first proposed to found a vast empire, and invited all to go on pain of annihilation

5. Because the signs of the times lead us confidently to expect great good to the colored people of the United States, from the fact that within one short year our citizenship has been re affirmed by the government, many thousands have been forever released from slavery by the same power, the presence of free colored men has been recognised, and their services acknowledged in ways which are in many respects most important to the people of present and future times.

6. Because the colored people of the United States give, at the present time, an evidence of vitality, of self-appreciation, of progress, in all the elements of American civilisation, most hopeful for them as a people, and that clearly show that God's providence designs, in spite of expatriation or schemes of designing men, to provide for them an ample home in conjunction, and neighborly association, with the numerous other races of men to be found here.

7. Because the dominant religion, the imperfect language, the oligarchical form of government, the enervating climate, the limited territory, all make it (the Hayti scheme) impossible, and undesirable of realisation to the colored man, and not at all worthy of serious consideration by practical and earnest men, but greatly to be condemned because of the great discomfort, suffering, and death brought upon many scores and hundreds of simple-minded, illiterate, but confiding people, who have been led to go thither by its specious inducements.

8. Because the prejudices abounding in Hayti are more intense as between the mulatto minority now ruling and the black majority in subjection, the rich land monopolist, and the poor tiller of the soil, than the prejudice against us on the continent.

Indianapolis, June 25th, 1862.

(To be continued.)

For the Christian Recorder

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

MR. EDITOR:—We are having beautiful weather at this time, though Washington is hardly ever very agreeable on the streets, for it is either flooded with mud or dust. A few days of rain will mire wagons down on some of the most popular streets in the city, and an equal proportion of sunshine will darken the heavens with dust, making a fellows broadcloth look like he had been rolling in the dirt, and nearly put out your eyes, unless they are well protected with a good set of lashes.

Before this shall have reached you, I judge you will have been apprised of the emancipation bill, which has passed during the previous week, and must necessarily give liberty to so many rebel slaves.

Rev. D. D. Nichols, from Boston, who recently has been on to Port Royal, as a teacher among the contrabands, has been appointed by General Wadsworth, the superintendent of the contraband hall, and is making quite an improvement among them. Indeed, so entirely has he changed things there, that those who have been accustomed to frequent the contraband hall, can hardly accredit it to one man's operation.

Rev. B. T. Tanner is doing a great work at Alexandria, Va. He has raised a Sabbath school of over eighty children, in connexion with twelve excellent teachers. Several have joined the church there, and the A. M. E. Church, under the energetic labors of our beloved brother, is prospering finely.

Rev. John Green, a local preacher of the Zion Wesley Church as they call themselves, went down to Alexandria a few weeks ago to organise a church for their connexion (so report says,) and he carried his congregation from Washington, and when he returned, his congregation returned with him. I was at his church on the island the same day, and one of the orators stated that the reason there were no more people at church (and indeed there were few) was because they had all gone to Alexandria to the consecration of a new church. I would like to organize a church in Richmond, Va., if I could, but I should dislike to take my audience from Washington, and then have them to return with me, for I fear I should do but little harm to my opposer in flesh, or to my opposer in the world.

Deaths occur very frequent in the city at this time, and particularly among the children. I think it must be some kind of a cholera, for you may see a child well and hearty this morning, and in the evening you will hear of its death: but young and old are dying very fast. But it does not diminish the zeal of the companion seekers—people court and get married like fun here

I see a very able article in the last RECORDER from the pen of Wm. H. Winder. I was proud to read such an able piece of composition, as well as such an embodiment of deep, weighty and profound thoughts from the pen of one of our race; it has excited some considerable curiosity among the literati of Washington.

Another suggestion thrown out by yourself, is also waking up some inquiry among the thinking minds, which is relative to the way our bishops lay off the conferences into certain districts, and then to deny authority to go into any other district or diocese except their own, and exercise Episcopal authority; whereas, the connexion knows each and every bishop, as the Bishop of the A. M. E. Church, wherever the least vestige of said church is to be found

But it does appear to some of us, that if your idea is correct, that each and every bishop is the bishop of the entire connexion, wherever that connexion may exist, that it would be utterly impossible for them to delegate legally their right of any conference to say one of the bishops for four full years

Some of us understand it to be not according to the Discipline, and their mode of operation is one of expediency, only, I suppose.

President Benson, of Liberia, is looked for in Washington before long I trust he would not sell his distinguished reputation by visiting America at this time. Several men of note, it is reported, have written for him to come on; but many of Liberia's best friends are hopeful that he will refuse The condescension would be too much for one so high in position.

Washington, June 23d, 1862. H. M. T.

For the Christian Recorder.

MAN'S RESIDENCE

DEAR READERS:—You will notice that while writing upon this subject in the twenty-fifth No. of the CHRISTIAN RECORDER, that I left off while speaking of thunder, as being the majestic voice of an angry God. Thus, I will proceed again In the Bible, the terrors of Divine wrath are often represented by thunder and lightning, and thunder on the account of its awful impressions on the minds of mankind. It is often spoken of in Scripture, as the voice of the Lord. Job, xl. 9. "Hast thou an arm like God, or canst thou thunder with a voice like him?" "The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice; hailstones and coals of fire" Ps xviii. 3. Psalm xlvi. 6. "The heathen raged; the kingdoms were moved; He uttered his voice; the earth melted."

Since this earth was pronounced good, mankind has often been solicited by the echo of the thunders, and the repeated flashes of the lightning; with horrible glare to enforce the solemn warning; with zigzag turns dazzles the eye of mankind; with his forked fire strikes consternation into their breast, that this earth is only their residence for a few years. Then they must go the way whence they shall not return. O, how solemn these things should be when we reflect upon them! In the midst of this shattered habitation, heaven darts destructive fires But not alone is earth—our mother earth—man's residence. As if she was not satisfied with the destructive fires from the heavens, she frequently corrupts the atmosphere by pestilential vapours, and borrows the assistance of the devouring elements to terrify and scourge her guilty children Ah! hear them when she scourges them by opening her mouth at the top of some of her burning mountains, and vomits clouds of smoke and sulphurous flames; and calcined rocks emit streams of melted mineral, covering the adjacent plains with boiling, fiery lavas, as if she wanted to ease herself of the burden of her inhabitants. I fancy I hear them crying as a Peter: Lord, save me!—or as a Paul: O, wretched man that I am: who shall deliver me from the body of this death?

These are astonishing scenes,—like a bloody battle that is seen at a distance. They may, indeed, entertain us; yes, they may amuse our imagination, when in peaceful and quiet homes, we may behold them beautifully represented by the pen of a Virgil, or the pencil of a Raphael. But to be in the midst or near them as millions are would be inexpressibly dreadful. I hold that these are severe rods of correction, that the earth scourges her children with. As an intelligent mind, no doubt, seeing the top of a burning Mountain in its perpetual vocation, throwing out fire and ornamental coloring, would think of God's destructive rod, and the awful pledge of that awful fire and brimstone, storm and tempest, which the righteous Governor of the world will rain upon the ungodly; when the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, the elements melt with fervent heat, and the earth, with the works that are therein, shall be burnt up.

To the earth again, man's residence. O, earth, earth, earth, thou hast concealed the slain that have fallen in the bloody battles for hundreds of years, and detained them in thy dark bosom! Vain wishes, too active to be confined in thy deepest vaults, range through the world; with unrelenting fierceness, it pursues parents, and widows, and orphans for the children, and the husbands, and the fathers, and forces them to lift up their voice for speedy relief. And while it reverberates from hamlet to hamlet, from city to city, it strikes the unprejudiced inquirer, and makes him confess that these clouds of unbribed witnesses, by loud, consentaneous evidence, impeach sin, the tormentor of the woman, and murderer of her offspring. I will here notice a few of the murderers that harry mankind to his gloomy cell. Rebellious animals are not satisfied with the produce of the fields; but they thirst after man's blood, and attack his person whenever they have an opportunity; impetuously attack, furiously tear, and greedily devour him, and the basest reptile not afraid to breed in his stomach, to live in his bowels, and consume his inward parts, suck his blood, and feast upon him from his cradle to his grave.

W. R. WINDER.

Freehold, N. J.

(To be continued.)

For the Christian Recorder

FROM JOHNSTOWN

June 26th, 1862.

MR. EDITOR: Dear Sir—It has been some time since you have heard from me. The first reason I give for not writing sooner is, that my health has been very bad since I met you in Conference, and I am still under the weather; and my wife has been very poorly, and is yet bed-fast. The second reason is, I have written several letters, and have seen no account of them in the *Recorder*. The third reason is, I thought I made use of such *bad spelling* and *grammar*, that you could not make it out

I returned to my circuit from the Conference, and found the friends, as a general thing, ready to receive me. My first Quarterly Conference was held at Lowistown on the 28th instant. We had a good time at our Sacrament and Love Feast. Preaching at half past ten, A. M. Also, at half-past two o'clock, P. M., and in the evening at half-past seven o'clock by the Rev. George Witten, from first John, first chapter and twenty-ninth verse.

We protracted the meeting several nights there, and there appeared to be a good many serious persons present. Some were convicted when I left I left the meeting still in progress. My next point was Huntingdon. Preaching commenced on Thursday, the 20th, and continued every night up to Saturday. Preaching at half-past ten on Sabbath morning, also at half-past two, when the sacrament was administered. Preaching in the evening, followed by a short prayer-meeting. [illegible] Monday night. Preaching every night up to Wednesday night. There was no exhibition of Divine power exhibited on that occasion more than that the membership appeared to be revived and made promise of more faithful living But that place is a sister to Sodom and Gomorrah. The people seem to be gospel-hardened

I propose holding a camp meeting at that point, the Lord willing. After I have made my arrangements, I will give you the full particulars. From that point I left for Bedford on Thursday morning, although very unwell. Taking what is called the Broad Top Railroad, and meeting with an obstruction in the burning of a bridge across a large stream, (I have forgotten the name of it,) I was, in conjunction with the rest of the passengers, compelled to get out and climb a hill, almost perpendicular—every man with his carpet-bag, or whatever he happened to have with him For my part, I was unfortunate enough to have *two*; and, when we got to the top of the hill, we had about the same difficulty to endure in *descending* on the other side to get to the river. Here we found it full from bank to bank, and, in some places, running over. We had to cross this in a flat-boat, rowed by a number of men. I was amused at a lady in the party, who appeared to be as good a soldier as any of us—and, to put the climax on, it was still raining. I should have said that in crossing this hill there was no road, the bushes thick, and rocks plenty. Every one had to be his own engineer. When over this mountain and river, we again took the cars to Hopewell, and from that point we took the stage to Bedford.

On arriving at this place, after eighteen or twenty miles' staging, I found myself perfectly exhausted, and ready to get to bed. I was not able to preach before the following Sabbath, at half-past ten o'clock—and I found the little band that I had organised a few weeks before, with a large audience. We had preaching and Sacrament at half-past two o'clock. The subjects on Sabbath morning were—1st, The ability of Christ to save, and, 2d, The condition on which he saved; third, the nature and extent of this salvation. I had the promise of a white brother to preach the Sacramental sermon, but he was taken sick and consequently could not be on hand, and I had to undergo the arduous task myself of preaching the Sacramental sermon; and we had quite an interesting time. Some twelve persons were baptized and received into the church. At night, preaching by the Rev. Eli Rouse, from Matthew, twenty second chapter and fifth verse, if my memory serves me correctly, followed by Brother Gates; and we had quite an interesting time. We kept the meetings up until Wednesday night, although the weather was unfavorable, raining more or less during the whole time they were being carried on.

On Thursday morning I left for Brother John Henry's circuit. I met him at Altoona, in comfortable health. I was cordially received by the brethren and sisters there—this being the first time I had met them since I went to Conference. To that place I have many warm friends. They are always ready and willing to administer to the wants of the ministers.

From this place we went to Hollidaysburg, where Brother Henry's first Quarterly Conference was held, Saturday, June the 14th, followed by preaching the next morning by the Rev. Henry. Quite a respectable audience we had. Preaching at two o'clock by your humble servant, after which the Lord's Supper was administered. The little house was crowded to its utmost capacity. We also had preaching at night—the house being crowded

I left for home on Monday morning, feeling very unwell indeed. Brother Henry held his Love Feast on Monday night, and I learn that he had a very encouraging time. I returned to Altoona on the following Saturday. On Sabbath morning, at half-past ten o'clock, we had preaching; also, preaching at half-past two o'clock, after which the Holy Eucharist was administered; the occasion was one of great solemnity,—after which a child was presented for baptism by its mother, its father being present in the congregation, who, not coming forward, we called him up, and asked him all the necessary questions. I asked him what was his design in having this child baptized. He said he had none, and that he did not believe in infant baptism. I then tried to explain to him the nature and design of baptism. But he still exhibited his unwillingness to be convinced, which appeared to mortify his companion very much. I then declined to perform the ceremony, and dismissed the audience with the benediction

Love Feast on Monday night. I was so unwell that I was not able to be out of bed, but I learned from some of the sisters and brethren that they had a very pleasant time, on which occasion a very able-bodied and intelligent man joined the church

Brother Henry's next Quarterly meeting will be in Bellefonte on next Sabbath, the 29th, and on the following Sabbath at Williamsport, July the 6th

Dear Sir—While these lines are being penned, I suffer much pain; and I hope that when they reach you they will find you and your dear family in good health.

I still remain

Yours truly in Christ the Lord,

A. JOHNSON

P. S.—Brother, *this is the first time* that we have heard from *you* since we saw you in Washington, D. C.—ED.

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM VINCENNES, IND

June 24, 1862

MR. EDITOR:—As your valuable and interesting paper is so extensively read on this circuit, that it amounts to nineteen subscribers, besides the Sabbath School being supplied with it, I shall be glad to have you insert my appointments in its columns as follows

APPOINTMENTS

Two days' meeting at Vincennes—first Saturday and Sabbath in July, at Washington; the second Saturday and Sabbath do.; three days' meeting at Maria Creek—the third Friday, Saturday, and Sabbath

Ellison Prairie, the fourth Saturday and Sabbath do; Vincennes, first Saturday and Sabbath in August

The quarterly meeting will be held at Vincennes on the second Friday, Saturday and Sabbath in August, at which time the funeral sermon of Sister Laura Jane Stewart will be attended to

Yours in Christ

WILLIAM JACKSON

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

When John Quincy Adams was minister to the Court of Holland, he joined a society of learned men who met once a week for mutual improvement. Mr. Adams, though one of the youngest members, soon became a great favorite; his finely toned mind and delightful conversation won him many friends, and receiving as much enjoyment as he gave, he was always punctually present

On one occasion, however, the meeting was adjourned to Sunday evening. Mr Adams was not there. It was appointed on the next Sunday evening. Mr. Adams was not there. His fellow members noticed and regretted his absence On the third Sunday evening it met, Mr Adams' chair was still vacant. Many were surprised, that he, who was formerly so prompt and punctual, should thus suddenly break off

How did it happen? Press of business was supposed. At last the meetings were returned to a week-day evening—and lo!—there was Mr. Adams in his place, brilliant and delightful as ever. The members welcomed him back, and expressed their sorrow that press of business or duties of his office should have so long deprived them of his company.

Did he let that go as the reason?

"Not business engagements hindered me," replied he; "you met on the Lord's day—that is a day devoted to religious uses by me."

He then told them he had been brought up in a land where the Sabbath was strictly observed, and from all that he had felt and seen, he was convinced of the unspeakable advantages always arising from the faithful observance of it.

From the Friends' Review

VIEWS OF THE EARLY FRIENDS RESPECTING NEGRO SLAVERY.

Negro slavery existed in Maryland and other British colonies at the time when the Quakers first settled in them; and it does not appear that slave-holding was then considered by them as inconsistent with their principles. Numerous instances may be adduced of the fact that they were slaveholders

Janney, in his History of the Quakers, quotes the will of one Alice Kennersley, of Maryland, who bequeathed "her negro woman Betty and her child to Dan. Cox, in consideration that he should pay twenty shillings annually for thirty years to the Meeting, for the paying of travelling Friends' ferriage in Dorchester County, or whatsoever other occasions Friends may see meet," and the Meeting recognised the bequest by advising Dan. Cox to be present at the next Monthly Meeting to answer such questions as may be asked him concerning the premises

In 1671, George Fox issued an advice to Friends in Barbadoes "respecting their negroes," "to endeavor to train them up in the fear of God," "and after certain years of servitude they should make them free"

Whilst in Barbadoes he was assailed with a calumny that he "taught the negroes to rebel," which he declared was "an abominable untruth," and "it is a thing we utterly abhor."

The earliest movement on the part of the Quakers in America, in a Meeting capacity, relating to slaves, was by some German Friends at Kreisheim, near Germantown, Pa., in 1688, when they addressed a paper to their Yearly Meeting "concerning the lawfulness and unlawfulness of buying or keeping negroes No action was then taken on it by the Yearly Meeting

In 1700, William Penn having made provision for the liberation of the few slaves he held, brought the subject before a Monthly Meeting in Philadelphia, but the extent of its action was merely to direct that the negroes and Indians should be encouraged to attend Friends' Meetings.

From this time forward it is said that the subject of slavery continued to attract the notice of the Quakers in various parts of America; but no Minute upon the question appears in the Manuscript Records of Friends in Maryland until the 6th month, 1750, when upon a revision of their queries, a new one was adopted as follows: "Are Friends careful of importing or buying of negroes, and doe they use them well they are possessed of by inheritance or otherwise, endeavoring to trane them up in the principles of Christian religion?"

In the 5th month, 1760, the Records of the Yearly Meeting at West River, relate to "some uneasiness" with some Friends respecting the words, "buying of negroes," "agreed to last year," and the Meeting thinks, "Friends at present are not fully ripe in their judgments to carry the minute farther than against being concerned in the importing of negroes."

At the meeting in the 10th month of the same year, at Treadhaven, the minute relative to this subject is that "this Meeting concludes that Friends should not in any wise encourage the importation of negroes, by buying or selling them, or other slaves"

In the 5th month, 1762, the Meeting at West River declares: "It is their solid judgment that no member of our society shall be concerned in importing or buying of negroes, nor selling any without the consent and approbation of the Monthly Meeting they belong to."

The Manuscript Records teem with the subject of slavery; nearly every year was it brought before the Meetings, and it gradually grew from a concern relating only to the importation of negroes, to the retention of them as slaves. Great caution is apparent in their Minutes upon the subject, and as it encountered serious opposition by many of their members, it was not until 1777 that slaveholding was made a disownable offence In 1770 the Yearly Meeting of New England had arrived at the same point, and in 1776 the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting had also come to the same conclusion. In 1777 the North Carolina Yearly Meeting (which embraced the Friends of South Carolina and Georgia) commenced [illegible] ously acted in concert with their brethren in Maryland, but it was not until 1784 that the Virginia Friends adopted the extreme measure of disownment for holding slaves.

It thus appears that nearly a century had elapsed between the first introduction of the subject in the Society in 1688, to its final settlement in 1784; while the Maryland Friends consumed eighteen years in the discussion of the question, before arriving at the position they have since maintained in relation thereto

We have no means of ascertaining the pecuniary sacrifices made by the Maryland Quakers, to their conscientious convictions on this momentous subject, but tradition relates that one family alone liberated 200 slaves

From the fact that a large number of Friends lived in the slaveholding counties of Anne Arundel, Prince George's and Montgomery, and others on the Eastern Shore, where the great mass of labor was performed by slaves, it is easy to believe that in the aggregate the sacrifice was very great; and perhaps has no parallel instances where such pecuniary loss was voluntarily incurred for conscience' sake

From Friends' Review

POWER OF IMAGINATION.—In illustration of the power of imagination, the case of the old lady who watched the vane, to see when her rheumatism was going to begin, is not equal to that of the storekeeper, who painted the lower part of his stove red, and saved seventy-five per cent. in the consumption of wood thereby during the winter. The illusion was so complete, that one man tried to make him pay for a pair of boots that he had burnt on the stove

THERE is an affected humility more insufferable than downright pride, as hypocrisy is more abominable than libertinism. Take care that your [illegible] genuine and unaffected

CURIOUS MIRROR.

Among the curiosities exhibited in the last Paris Exposition, and promised for ours, was a huge concave mirror, the instrument of a startling species of optical magic:—On standing close to the mirror, and looking into it, it presents nothing but a magnificently monstrous dissection of your own physiognomy. On retiring a little, say a couple of feet, it gives your own face and figure in true proportion, but reversed, the head downwards Most of the spectators, ignorant of anything else, observe these two effects, and pass on But retire still further; standing at the distance of five or six feet from the mirror, and behold yourself, not a reflection—it does not strike you as a reflection—but your veritable self, standing in the middle between you and the mirror. The effect is almost appalling, from the idea it suggests of something supernatural; so startling, in fact, that men of the strongest nerves will shrink involuntarily at the first view. If you raise your cane to thrust at your other self, you will see it pass clean through the body and appear on the other side, the figure thrusting at you the same instant. The artist who first succeeded in fashioning a mirror of this description brought it to one of the French kings—if we recollect aright, it was Louis XV.—placed his Majesty on the right spot, and bade him draw his sword and thrust at the figure he saw. The King did so; but, seeing the point of a sword directed to his own breast, threw down his weapon and ran away. The practical joke cost the inventor the King's patronage and favor, his Majesty being afterwards so ashamed of his own cowardice that he could never again look at the mirror or its owner.—*London Journal.*

USEFULNESS OF DIAMONDS.

Many persons suppose that diamonds are only used in jewellery—for rings and other articles of personal adornment, and that they are really of no essential value whatever in the practical arts. This is a mistaken notion; they are used for a great number of purposes in the arts. Thus for cutting the glass of our windows into proper size, no other substance can equal it, and it is exclusively used for this purpose. A natural edge, or point, as it is called, is used for this work, and thousands of such are annually required in our glass factories. Diamond points are also employed for engraving on cornelians, amethysts, and other brilliants, and for the finer cuttings on cameos and seals. Being very hard, the diamond is also used in chronometers for the steps of pivots; and as it possesses high refractive, with inferior dispersive power, and little longitudinal aberration, it has been successfully employed for the small, deep lenses of single microscopes. The magnifying power of the diamond, in proportion to that of plate-glass, ground to a similar form, is as eight to three. For drawing minute lines on hard steel and glass, to make micrometers, there is no substitute for the diamond point.

The rough diamond is called bort, and the "points" used for glass-cutting are fragments of the borts. Great care and skill are necessary in selecting the cutting-points, because the diamond that cuts the glass most successfully, has the cutting edges of the crystal placed exactly at right angles to each other, and passing through a point of intersection made by the crossing of the edges. A polished diamond, however perfect may be its edges, when pressed upon the surface of glass, splinters it with the slightest pressure; but with the natural diamond the most excessive force are produced on glass, and their surfaces are so finely burnished, that if ruled close together, they decompose light, and afford the most beautiful prismatic appearance—all the colors of the rainbow flash from them as from the silvery interior of a pearl oyster-shell.

Diamonds are also employed for drill-points to perforate rubies, and bore holes in draw-plates for fine wire, and also for drilling in hard steel. Some inquiries have been made recently in regard to using them for dressing millstones, as a substitute for steel picks. We apprehend that they are altogether too expensive to be used for this purpose at present; but if some of our inventors would make the discovery of manufacturing diamonds as cheaply as we make charcoal, which is of the same composition, we might be able to recommend them to our millers. The coke obtained from the interior of gas retorts, in many cases, is found so hard that it will cut glass; but as its point endures but for a short period, it cannot be made available as a substitute for the natural diamond for such purposes.

JESUS AND THE MOSS.

AN OLD CHURCH LEGEND.

In a deep hollow, in the heart of a forest, grew a bed of moss. It was thick and soft as a velvet carpet, and its structure was more wonderful and curious than that of the finest carpet ever woven by the hand of man. But the traveller never stooped to see the miracles of beauty hidden in it, but hurried on to the sunshine and bloom beyond. And the moss sighed:

"Ah, for the green beauty of the grove, and the rosy glow of flowers! The foot tramples me, but the eye regards me not!"

One evening, just as the last golden rays of sunset lighted up the tree-tops, a pale and weary man came slowly through the forest. It was Jesus, returning from the wilderness after his forty days of fasting and temptation. His feet were blistered with wandering over the burning sand, and were torn and bleeding from the briers of the wood. When he came upon the bed of moss and felt its soft coolness upon His wounded feet, He paused, and spake a blessing on this gift of His Father's hand.

"Little plant," He said, "fret not because thou art unheeded by the careless eye. Bear thy lot with patience. Thou hast done good to me, and the Father will remember thee."

Scarcely had the words passed His lips, when out of the bosom of the moss budded a lovely rose. Its hue was like the glow in the western sky after the sun has set, and the veil of tender moss which, half concealed, also increased its beauty.

"Moss Rose" [illegible] our Saviour, spread thou into all lands, and become to men the sweetest emblem of humility!"

The despised moss had softened the Redeemer's earthly pain—had kissed his sore and wounded feet

It was for this it had such sweet reward.

Oh, poor and lowly one! keep thy heart soft and tender; be like the moss when trodden on Then, be sure, the time of thy roses is at hand.

THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

What is there in the true believer, that he should bear within himself a convincing testimony of the truth? Every true believer has experienced the convincing power of the Gospel. This has opened his heart, given him a realising sense of his sinful and lost condition, and brought him to repentance. He has received the gift of the Holy Spirit. Peter said unto those whom he addressed on the day of Pentecost, "Repent, and be baptized every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the Holy Ghost," Acts ii. 38. On another occasion, while he yet spake, "the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word," Acts x 44. Every true believer has shared in the gift of the Holy Spirit, and under the influence of this gift, his mind has been enlightened, his heart renewed, and his affections purified and sanctified. He bears the fruits of the Spirit, lives in the Spirit, and walks in the Spirit. He loves God with a pure heart, and cherishes those benevolent affections towards his fellow creatures, which flow from the [illegible] enjoyments, proceeding from Christian principles and affections in the soul. He fears God, and works righteousness. He forms his character after the example of Christ, and according to the model exhibited in the Gospel; his whole life and conduct are under the government and direction of the Spirit of light and truth

The believer thus renewed, enlightened, and sanctified, hath the witness in himself. The question here arises, What witness is this? I answer, it is the Holy Spirit; he testifies in the hearts of all true believers.—To what does this witness testify? 1, To the adoption of the believer as a child of God, and his salvation through grace—"The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God," Rom viii. 16.—"Hereby we know that we dwell in him, and he in us, because he hath given us of his Spirit," 1 John, iv. 13—"Hereby we know that we are of the truth, and shall assure our hearts before him," 1 John, iii. 19.—"According to his mercy hath he saved us by the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost," Tit. iii. 5.

BEARDS

The wise and kind Infinite never made any thing in vain. Every created thing has not only its use, but its uses. Wearing the beard is no exception to the universal law. The beard was first mentioned thirty-three centuries ago, in connection with a Mosaic injunction, that it should not be "marred"—deformed. Its first great design, perhaps, was to distinguish the sexes, to inspire personal dignity, self-respect, and the deference of woman. The next great use is its influence in the preservation of man in those outdoor exposures to winds, and cold, and dust, and accidents from which women are exempt, from its being more natural for her to remain in-doors in attention to domestic duties. Since we first mentioned, some five years ago, the advantages of keeping the mouth shut, as a preservative against colds, pleurisies, and pneumonias, by its sending the air to the lungs through the circuit of the head, thus warming it, a book has been written on the subject. The beard on the upper-lip is kept warm by its living connection with the body, and by the warm air constantly passing out of the nostrils; this warmth is imparted to the incoming air, and thus effectually prevents those dangerous shocks of cold driving in upon the warm lungs, which so often cut short human life in three or four days. The beard being warm, evaporates any dampness in the atmosphere, to a greater or less degree, and thus gives a purer air to the lungs; rendered still more pure by the dust, with which the air is always full, being detained in the meshes of the hair.

The throat and upper part of the chest are greatly exposed to cold; their imprudent exposure engenders some of the most fatal forms of disease, such as Bronchitis, Consumption, Diphtheria, and the like. The beard is an extraordinary protection against cold. The thinnest gossamer veil over the face will make the coldest winds endurable. Delicate and silken as the hair is, its protecting influence in keeping the scalp comfortably warm, is very impressively appreciated by those who have become bald.

Inconsistent as it may seem at first sight, the beard not only keeps the parts genially warm in winter, but by its evaporating influence, cools the parts wonderfully in the hottest weather, to say nothing of its breaking the force of the hot sun.

Another advantage of the beard is its power to break the force of blows and arrest the stroke of a cutting instrument against an vital and otherwise easily vulnerable a part as the throat. Many persons aggravate throat complaints by mufflers, wearing scarfs or extra covering about the neck; these do keep the throat warm, but in every change of position of the head or face, some part of the neck or throat is moved from the covering; the covering does not adapt itself to or follow the movement, hence the cold air rushes in upon that unprotected part and chills it; but the beard follows every motion of the head or face faithfully, and thus is the most perfect muffler that can possibly be devised. Nature's provisions cannot be interfered with impunity. The Orientals, who shave the head and wear the beard, suffer more from ophthalmia, an eye disease, but have fine teeth. Europeans, who shave the beard and wear the hair, suffer but little from ophthalmia, but have very defective teeth; this last result may arise from the beard modifying the coldness of the air which passes into the mouth, thus keeping the temperature of the tooth more equal. The early Christian fathers denounced shaving as a violation of the law of God. The beard of John Mayo of Germany touched the ground when he stood upright. Steel-grinders, stone-cutters, engineers, firemen, and all others who work in dust, heat, or steam, should especially wear the beard. Daily shaving is an intolerable nuisance, a useless waste of time

BREAD AND BUTTER "TEA."

As usually ground, one hundred pounds of wheat yield from seventy-eight to eighty pounds of flour, but when "bulled" before grinding, it yields from ninety to ninety-five pounds. Connoisseurs of the table know that when the bare outside, thin skin of the potato is removed, the most nutritious part of the vegetable is the one fourth of an inch of the outer portion of it, more nutritious than the whole remaining inner part or core; so in wheat, the most nutritious part of the grain is that which is immediately outside of the kernel and adheres to the hull; hence the ten per cent of flour lost in the common mode of grinding, is the most nutritious portion of it. It is in this part, also, that weevils and other animalcules lay their eggs, and such flour does not keep, while that ground of bulled wheat will, under the same circumstances, keep for years, looking fully as well, and is quite as agreeable to the taste

BUTTER.—The best temperature for getting butter out of milk quickly, is sixty-eight degrees, ten times quicker than if at fifty four. If cream is churned, it should be about sixty-eight degrees.

TEA.—Take pure soft water, make it boil rapidly, and the moment it has boiled, make the drawing of tea in the usual way, thus retaining the gas in the water, which gives that life like [illegible] sparkling, pretty [illegible] distinguished from "flat," "dead" drinks—dish-water, for example.

It is very certain that several years would be added to civilized life if, from infancy to age, nothing were eaten after dinner but a bowl of pure, fresh, sweet milk, and cold, light, or hot corn-bread for children; and for those over a dozen years of age, the "supper" should be made of stale, coarse, "light bread," with fresh butter made of rich milk, and a cup of hot tea; for children, made of boiled milk and hot water, half-and half, with sugar, adding green or black tea in later years. The effect of such a "supper" would be to allow the stomach to rest at night, with the other parts of the body, by which it [illegible] laying up a stock of strength to be expended on a hearty breakfast The most unobservant know that a very hearty supper will inevitably be followed by a disturbed, dreamy, or otherwise unrefreshing sleep. Just as certain as any thing in nature can be certain, will a bad night's rest be succeeded by a weary waking up, with an entire day following of more or less discomfort; an irritability of mind or depression of spirits, while the lowly lacks that animation, vivacity and elasticity so inseparable from vigorous health, and [illegible] life is pleasureless, if [illegible] Worse [illegible] ation it is, that for the smell and literally momentary pleasure of swallowing a little "relish" of chipped beef, pound cake, preserves, hot rolls, or ginger bread, all of which tempt and lead on the appetite to excesses, we incur the discomforts just alluded to, at the expense of a sound sleep, a glad awakening, a glorious appetite, and a pleasurable day

Be cheerful, but not light, solid, but not sad

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, July 5, 1862.

NOTICE

The Quarterly Conference of the members of the A. M. E. Union Church, will be held on the evening of the 18th inst., and the Quarterly Meeting, in the above named church on the 19th and 20th insts.

H. Davis, *Minister*

QUARTERLY MEETING

In the Wesley A. M. E. Church on Sabbath, the 6th of July. Love Feast in the morning; doors open at 8 o'clock, and close at 9. Preaching to commence at 10½ o'clock. Theme—"Christian in the World." Preaching in the afternoon at 3 o'clock by Rev. E. Weaver, and Sacrament of the Lord's Supper administered. Preaching in the evening at 8 o'clock. Theme—"A Stone with Seven Eyes"

A. L. Stanford, *Minister.*

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

We are really delighted to see our brethren publish their Quarterly Meetings, as they will by this means become more generally known and be better attended. But will not the brethren have the kindness to send us a quarter of a dollar's worth of postage stamps to pay for setting up their matter? We believe that you will.

NOTICE.

Quarterly meetings of the Princeton Circuit. Quarterly Conference at Princeton, July 5, 1862, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Quarterly Meeting, July 6th, at Princeton—July 20th, at Rocky Hill—July 27th, at Montrose.

Rev. T. Gould

NOTICE

There will be a Quarterly Meeting at New Brunswick on 13th July.

T. Gould, Elder in Charge
W. Offer, Stated Pastor.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT OF OUR PAPER

The fourth page of our paper is devoted to the children. Will not our brethren, and the superintendents of our Sabbath Schools, send in their orders for as many as they want per month, accompanied with the cash? We promised to charge our Sabbath Schools only three cents per copy—$3.00 per hundred.

A WORD TO OUR BRETHREN.

We are looking for our brethren to send us subscribers for the Recorder. Let us swell the list to ten thousand copies. It can be done, if every brother will set about the work, and lay the matter before their people, for we hold that the people do want the Recorder. We have been informed that there are some places where the Recorder is never mentioned. Why is this? We don't want to have to hear of this very often.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We wish to give notice to those of our subscribers who have only paid one half of their yearly subscription, that it is now time to pay the other half—one dollar. You will do us a favor to send it now, for we need all the money we can get, and more than we can get, to keep the Christian Recorder in the field.

PROF. P. HOUSTON MURRAY'S LECTURES.

The young phrenologist, Prof. Murray, whose accuracy in delineating character has astonished all his magical fingers have come in contact with, after making a successful phrenological tour through Canada West and Western New York, has arrived in our city, and intends delivering a second lecture here during the coming week, of which the public will be duly notified. Any one wishing an oral examination, written, or a chart, can be accommodated by calling at his stopping-place, No. 14 Eutaw St., where he will be pleased to accommodate them.

P. Houston Murray.

EMIGRATION.

Rev. W. R. Revels, M. D., of Indianapolis, has pitched into those who advocate emigration to our people *en masse*, without sufficient means to carry them, or a sufficient number to go with them who have the means, so as those who are dependent on them may find both food and employment.

OUR CITY AND COUNTY CANVASSER.

Miss Mary Still, our city and county canvasser, has gone to work, and is prosecuting her mission finely, despite the unfavorableness of the times; yet the cause is so praiseworthy, that there are many who cannot turn her away without giving her some encouragement. She feels encouraged, because she knows that a work so important, or a mission, rather, cannot be accomplished in a day or a week, but must take time. The Lord be with her in her mission.

BISHOP'S ALLOWANCE.

Philadelphia, June 30th, 1862.

The ministers and members of the Philadelphia Conference will please remember, that by a resolution passed at our last session, all the preachers having charges or appointments, were required to collect at least one-fourth part of their apportionments for their circuits or stations, quarterly, and pay over to the District Book Steward, if not immediately to the Bishop, the same, taking his receipt.

Also, that those quarterly collections and payments were to be taken or made in the months of July, October, January, and April

In view of the above stated arrangements and the present wants of the Bishop, which are known to us, we do hereby call the attention of our brethren to these facts, and request that they will be pleased to make returns to us for the Bishop as soon as possible, and they shall have receipts for all monies thus paid to us for him.

J. P. Campbell, *District Book Steward.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

John D. Clough, of Coxsackie,	$1 00
W. L. Watson, per Rev. W. M. Johnson,	1 00
Mrs. Dickson, N. Y., omitted last week,	2 00
Rev. W. W. Grimes, of New Bedford, Mass on account,	2 00
Mrs. Chas. Williams, Burlington, N. J.,	$1 00

GOOD FEELINGS

We are receiving letters from our brethren from every direction informing us of the apparent indication of not only good feelings, but a determination to renew their walks with God

A GLARING BLUNDER

An oversight by the printer will be found in our last week's issue. In numbering the paper, [illegible]

REV. WILLIAM ALSTON

Rev William Alston, of New York, preached last Sabbath for St. Thomas' Church. We were present to hear our old North Carolina friend, and we were much pleased with his discourse. He read for his text: "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of man be lifted up" We were truly glad to hear our old friend. When at Olbin College, he and I boarded at the same house. The members of the St. Thomas' Church, we think, anticipate calling him for their minister.

MINUTES OF CONFERENCES

We have received a number of copies of the New England Conference, sent us by the Rev. W. W. Grimes, the District Book Steward; some 13 for us to file or put in the archives of the church, and the others to sell. The New England Minutes are gotten up in a very neat style, and anybody wanting a copy of the New England Minutes, by sending us 10 cents we will mail it to them prepaid. Those in the city can have them for 8 cents per copy. We have also the Philadelphia Minutes on hand to sell by the copy. Anybody wishing one can get it of us.

ANGLO AFRICAN

This paper has added to its editorial columns very much by procuring the services of our distinguished friend, Mr. P. T Smith, a gentleman of much ability and taste, and who possesses that spirit of persevering go-aheadativeness so ominous of future success. He is the Philadelphia editor. We hope for great success in future for our worthy contemporary

For the Christian Recorder.

FESTIVAL.

Mr. Editor:—I was present at a grand festival in New Brunswick on the 25th day of June, 1862, held by the ladies of the A. M. E. Church I was much delighted with the arrangement of this affair, and the creditable manner in which it was conducted by the Committee. They realised fifty-three dollars, and as we could not stay until the bills were settled up, we could not learn with certainty how much of the sum was clear profit Some of the brethren *thought* that thirteen dollars would cover all the expenses incurred, thus leaving forty dollars profit.

The ladies deserve great praise for their share in the affair.

In behalf of the Committee and Pastor,
Wm. Offer
Rev. Theodore Gould,
Princeton, N. J., June 31, 1862.

HYMN BOOKS.

We have orders for Hymn Books and Disciplines more than we can fill, because we have not got them bound up. The brethren are aware that it takes money to bind them, and therefore should send us all the aid they can.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Strange and important events have crowded thick and fast upon us during the past week. The able and accomplished soldier, General Pope, has been installed Commander in Chief over the combined forces of Fremont, Shields and McDowell. In consequence of this change, Fremont has resigned, though it may not be such a disaster as some of his over-zealous friends suppose. The news from McClellan's forces is startling and calculated to stir the deepest emotions. Vague and conflicting rumors are constantly pouring in; the import of them all is—*a terrible battle has been fought!* We have not yet learned the result who has won or who has *lost*. Strange forbodings oppress our brain—we cannot shake them off. We wait and tremble. God grant that our fond hopes may not be rudely dashed to the earth by the repulse of gallant little "Mac" and his noble army. The government at Washington maintain a taciturn silence, for reasons best known to themselves. We are in the midst of a whirlpool of rumors. All is confusion and doubt. R H

EGYPT

[CONTINUED.]

We promised our attentive reader, in concluding our brief remarks on Egypt in last week's issue, that, should we find time and opportunity to confine our mind to the subject, we should again resume the subject—this week, if practicable. Our object in treating upon this subject is, that our readers may see that the colored people, who are looked upon in this country as grossly ignorant, and as always having been so characterised, are not by any means so—but quite the reverse Another reason is that, we wish to demonstrate that the arts and sciences originated in Egypt—and that those who inhabited Egypt were *colored* men; and that God caused them to suffer for their disobedience—just as He is causing the people in this country to suffer for their sins and wickedness.

Egypt can never be forgotten. Her memory is inseparably linked with the light arts and sciences which for a long time she enjoyed. Yet it must be remembered that she had the judgments of the Lord visited upon her. "I will make the rivers [of Egypt] ran dry," saith the Lord. There has been, according to the description of that country, and what historians say, a great many lakes, canals and water branches have been literally dried up and choked by the sand. We said in our last that Egypt was divided into two parts called Lower Egypt and Upper Egypt. In Lower Egypt the river Nile is said to have seven mouths; [illegible] artificial.

There is one very remarkable fact connected with this history—that the two artificial mouths of the river Nile only remain as outlets to this mighty stream, and that the five natural mouths are now so obstructed as to be either wholly dried up or converted into stagnant marshes. Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty. Thy ways are past finding out. Who can know them

Says the great God of the universe—"I will make the land of Egypt desolate, in the midst of the countries that are desolate." It is a historic fact that many an immense and flourishing district along the whole extent of the country of Egypt has become desolate. Her once fertile fields have been, as if by some strange touch of the magician's wand, transformed into one vast and parching desert Just think for a moment, my dear readers, of the fact that a territory which formerly supplied the principal necessaries and luxuries of life to so many millions, (we may safely set the number down at seven millions,) can now very inadequately support a third part of that number

We might say that through the oppressive energies of a merciless tyranny the work of destruction has receded a pace, and many places are said to be advancing rapidly in improvement. But God, who is King of kings, and Lord over all, has demonstrated the fact to wicked men and women that there is an end to such conduct in this world, and declared, "I will also destroy the idols, and will cause their images to cease out." Noph, or Memphis, was the ancient capital of Egypt. There were famed idols and images of Egypt. Egypt, was, we may say, the very birth-place and cradle of the leading mythologies and idolatries of antiquity. They are now no more. The prophets continue to say, "The pomp of her strength shall cease, and the pride of power shall come down." Again: says the Lord, "I will sell the land into the hands of the wicked; it shall be a base kingdom—the basest of the kingdoms; and there shall be no more a prince of the land of Egypt." We ask, where now is the pomp of Egypt's ancient strength—the pride of her ancient power? And just so may it be asked of many of our Southern cities, which once were flourishing and prosperous. But, alas! how sadly fares it with them now. Many of the towns and cities are strikingly assimilated with the impression produced on reading "Goldsmith's Deserted Village;" many, very many, of her greatest and best men have fallen, and that, too, in the midst of all their glory and splendor, and, wrapped in their bloody shrouds, have gone to meet the great Judge of all the reath—to stand as culprits before Jehovah's awful throne

We *may*, in a very few days, ask, "Where is Richmond—the Capital of the so-called Southern Confederacy?" When the noble Stars and Stripes shall proudly fling its graceful folds in the face of heaven over the very heart of that doomed city, and the inhabitants shall hide their heads in bitter shame—then shall we receive our answer Where are her merchants, her mechanics, her machinery?—yes, where are many of her great men, who used to ride about in fine gigs and beautiful coaches, with their servants at their backs? We might answer, and say, Like Egypt, they have lost that power which they once enjoyed.

The only remaining relic that is visible of the pomp and pride of royal Memphis is the huge bust of the colossal statue of Sesostris, erected by himself and several others in front of the temple of Vulcan. It is said by historians that it was the practice of this proud conqueror to rear pillars in every subjugated province, invariably bearing the daringly presumptuous inscription, "Sesostris, king of kings and lord of lords, subdued this country by his arms" Such was his spirit of braggadocio.

We shall now close for the present. The finger on the clock-dial warns us to attend to other duties. We shall conclude the subject, if possible, in another number.—Ed.

GENERAL BOOK STEWARD'S REPORT CONTINUED—No. 6.

The Christian Recorder Reported from January, 1861, to May 1st, 1862.

CASH RECEIVED.

1861.			
April	1.	Taken in for the Recorder, ..	11 13
	2.	" " " "	3 00
	3.	" " " "	10
	4.	" " " "	59
	5.	Subscription,	1 00
	5.	"	34
	6.	Taken in for the Recorder, ..	12 79
	"	" " " " ..	2 02
	10.	Papers sold,	79
	11.	"	6 04
	12.	"	3 25
	13.	"	7 01
	15.	"	7 42
	16.	"	41
	17.	"	1 39
	18.	"	4 4
	19.	"	8 31
	20.	"	6 12
	22.	"	2 27
	23.	"	1 60
	24.	"	1 95
	26.	"	1 41
	27.	"	5 29
	29.	"	1 66
	30.	"	2 50
		Sum total, up to May 1st,	$108 56
May	1.	Papers sold,	2 29
	2.	"	18
	3.	"	77
	4.	"	6 71
	6.	"	1 [illegible]
	7.	"	7 15
	8.	"	2 40
	9.	"	1 03
	10.	"	7 [illegible]
	13.	"	4 59
	14.	"	2 [illegible]
	15.	"	1 41
	16.	"	3 05
	17.	"	7 [illegible]
	19.	"	1 49
	21.	"	7 86
	22.	"	2 30
	23.	"	2 04
	24.	"	1 89
	26.	"	[illegible]
	27.	From the Minute Society, ..	4
	28.	"	2 97
	30.	" "	2 12
			1 00
		Sum total, up to June 1st,	$165 09
June	1	Papers sold,	8 87
	1	"	54
	3	"	95
	5.	"	04
	6.	"	54
	7.	"	3 45
	8.	"	84
	12.	"	19
	13.	"	[illegible]
	14.	"	[illegible]
	16.	"	[illegible]
	17.	"	[illegible]
	19.	"	2 00
	20.	"	[illegible]
	21.	"	[illegible]
	23.	"	[illegible]
	24.	"	[illegible]
	26.	"	[illegible]
	27.	"	[illegible]
	28.	"	[illegible]
	30.	"	[illegible]
		Sum total, up to July 1st,	$ [illegible]
July	1	Papers sold,	3 44
	2	"	[illegible]
	3	"	94
	4	"	65
	5	"	[illegible]
	7	"	[illegible]
	8	"	1 50
	9	"	[illegible]
	10	"	[illegible]
	11	"	1 49
	12	"	1 50
	13	"	2 02
	14	"	3 92
	15	"	2 60
	16	"	3 40
	17	"	1 36
	18	"	6 23
	19	"	2 63
	20	"	1 00
			50
			1 67
			1 00
			2 00
		Sum total, up to Aug 1st,	$51 49
Aug	1	Papers sold,	1 00
	2	"	8 25
	3	"	1 98
	4	"	3 00
			90
			1 39
			12
			3 00
			8 56
			85
			2 00
			7 78
			1 51
			5 35
			2 34
			51
			12
			2 00
			4 22
		Sum total, up to Sept. 1st,	$48 54

(To be continued.)

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

Mr. Editor:—Permit me through the Christian Recorder to say a word to the brethren of the New England District. In looking over the minutes of the last Annual Conference, I find that we are working, but to no advantage. Permit me to advise you to carry out the law laid down by the General Conference, found in the Discipline, pages 210 and 223. You will please to read it, and act according to the law How is the District Book Steward to forward that part of the two cent money which is due to the General Book Steward when there is none in his hands? Brethren, I recommend the following plan: First, hold a general class once each month, and let the people bring forward their two cents; or, if you prefer it, when you give out your quarterly tickets, tell your class leaders to demand six cents of each member that receives a ticket, and let them know that none will be admitted to the Love Feast who have not received their last quarterly ticket. If you carry out this plan, the editor and General Book Steward will be able to stay at home and attend to the duties of his office, and not be travelling through the various districts, paying nearly all that he receives to the steamboat and railroad company to carry him around; for instance, he visited this district last winter; after passing all around the district, he raised thirty-five dollars; take out his travelling expenses, and what is left? ten dollars, at most. There was only twenty-three dollars two cent money returned to the last Conference from the whole district, containing seven hundred members—a fraction over three cents for each member.

Brethren, this is too bad. What will become of us, when worn out in the service, should it please God that we should live so long We can hardly live now while we have a charge, but when worn out, we will be turned out, nothing provided, to take care of us If five hundred members paid twenty-five cents a year, or earn twenty-four cents a year, this would be at least $100—fifty to the general book steward, and fifty to go in the preacher's fund This, with the sale of our annual minutes, would in ten years raise a little capital towards taking care of us when worn out Come brethren, take hold—we promised to enforce all the rules of the discipline when we were received into the ministry, and if you fail to do so, we will not forget you at the next annual conference. Read Bishop Nazrey's sketch on the rule, marked K in the Minutes, page 22.

Respectfully, yours in Christ.

Wm. W. Grimes.

OUR SELECTIONS.

We have introduced among the varied, interesting and instructive selections that adorn this number, some extracts from the *Friends' Review*, one of the best among the many good exchanges with which we are favored. For excellence of matter, suitable for family reading, we believe the Review is not surpassed

BEAUTIFUL PRAYERS

The prayers are beautiful that reach the ear of God The fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much, and is beautiful. The prayer of the widow and the fatherless, who have no helper, is beautiful. The prayer of the infant, who takes God's promise, in his "moist, implicit grasp," as he does his mother's hand, is beautiful. The prayer of the wayside [illegible] matical, is beautiful The prayer of the poor man [illegible] God heard him and delivered him out of all his troubles," was beautiful. The prayer of the publican who smote upon his breast and said, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," was beautiful The prayer of Stephen, when amid the storm of stones he cried, just before he "fell asleep," "Lay not this sin to their charge," was beautiful. There is a grammar and rhetoric of heaven, but it is foreign to the culture of this world. The courtiers there wear "wedding garments," and they speak the celestial language; but sometimes they seem ragged and ignorant to the eyes that are blinded with the clay and dust of our earthly roadsteads. We cannot always discern the fashions of heaven. There is a frippery that sometimes claims to be the garb divine, but is more tinsel. There is an "excellency of speech" which is jargon and mockery in the ear of God. There is "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal"—mere clatter, and not celestial music at all. There are "beautiful prayers" that are quinsied and [illegible] nable before the Searcher of Hearts

An exchange, recording the fall of a person into [illegible] but it!"

MONTHLY MISSIONARY STATEMENT.

[We believe our readers will be much interested in the following extracted missionary summary.—Ed.]

Egypt.—Rev Mr Hogg and family have returned to [illegible] up the Nile, [illegible] and prosperity. They left [illegible] probably [illegible] Mr Hogg [illegible] to the mouth [illegible] to [illegible]

Four Anna Southwell, one of Miss M'Kown's assistants in the Girls' School (in Alexandria,) [illegible] We had hoped she would have been spared to be a useful co-worker in the school where she learned her letters, and where she first learned to love the Saviour. But God had otherwise ordained. The young sapling has been suddenly transplanted to a more congenial soil. She was aged 13 years and [illegible] months

Miss M'Kown, of the Girls' School in that city, writes under date of April 26th —

"I opened my school on Wednesday, but on account of the Feasts at this season of the year, the children have [illegible] returned yet The proportion of Christians (so called) in our School is larger this Spring than it was last

"Halil, our bookseller, is still distributing daily the word of God and religious books among the people of Alexandria and the sailors in the harbor. A good work is thus going on

"Abuna Michail has kept up the Sabbath service during Mr Hogg's absence. He preaches a sermon in the morning, and in the afternoon has a Bible class. He has a very good audience all the time. He is a very valuable assistant to our work

"I am grieved to say Wordy is not strong. She very much needs to rest this summer, but as I have lost my assistant, Anna Southwell, I do not see how I could do without Wordy—she is so faithful, and has such excellent judgment. But, if an assistant could be found that could speak both Arabic and Italian, I would at once release her for a time

"I would like to write to many persons who are kindly remembering me in various ways, but, alas, my hands are so full of pressing duties here that it cannot be done. May this statement be understood and appreciated by all as a proper excuse for any seeming neglect.

"Unite with us in thanking our heavenly Father for the privileges and prosperity we enjoy in this heathen country, and we will unite with you in your prayers for a [illegible] of peace [illegible] *loosed stricken nature land.*"

Miss Dales writes from Cairo, May 6th:—

"The work of preparing our new mission premises is still going forward. The upper story is nearly ready for occupancy, and our Girls' School will go in next week The school rooms for the girls are seven or eight in number, and are most delightfully situated The largest one fronts on the Park, and will be very inviting. These rooms are all on the third story.

"Our school is very pleasant, and is every day becoming more attractive and dear. Seventy two girls were in attendance to-day. We have a Bible class, also, of twenty, most of whom are grown up, and who show a deep interest in learning divine things. In these schools we are taking special pains to train up those who may yet be [illegible] and are already having a gospel influence [illegible] Much do we especially desire that all these may be taught of the Holy Spirit, and so be [illegible] ently useful to these people and be themselves heirs of the heavenly inheritance."

China.—It is well known that an insurrection has been for some time in progress in China. Of its character and bearings upon the missionary work, we have not seen a more interesting account than one which has just been furnished us by the missionary, Rev. Mr. Nevin. It throws much light upon the present state of things in that great empire of sluggish and [illegible] people. Mr Nevin says:—

"One year ago light seemed to be rising upon this nation after the storm of war had passed away Late developments, however, seem to indicate that for a season we must wait with patience for the designs of Providence to work out a clearer sky. For several months past the most sanguine expectations of good immediately to arise from the rebellion, have been sinking and dying. It would now seem as if all hope had fled. The Rebels have uncovered themselves, and present a spectacle which cannot be mistaken, and which is worse than the form of pagan idolatry itself. Not one of their rational supporters and abettors stand by them with a word of defence. Even the eccentric old man, Mr. Roberts, who has been a resident at Nanking and a supposed favorite at the Court of the Rebel chief, has at last been *compelled* to turn his back and denounce them as robbers and murderers of the bluekest stamp.

"You are, perhaps, aware that Mr. Roberts was formerly a missionary of the Baptist Church, Southern Convention. For good reasons they dismissed him from their service, at length, and left him to his own resources. Since the time of his dismissal he has managed by hook and by crook to support himself, and still remained in the field. Previous to the rise of the insurgents, their chief happened to fall in with Mr R at Canton, and received a few weeks of his instruction. Having afterwards established himself at Nanking, he sent for his old preceptor to come and take up his abode at the celestial capital. Here Mr R received what he thought was every mark of attention and honor It is quite possible that the old man was, to a great extent, deceived in all this, as was conjectured by many and affirmed by others who visited him in his kingly home. The secret of his reception seems to have been an expectation, on the part of the Rebel chief, that his presence at the Court would be a blind to foreigners, and perhaps a medium of gaining their influence or countenance. The precaution failed, and they drove him from their presence as a mere dog, giving him only his life. On the day of his dismissal, King Kan, the cousin and right-hand man of the chief, came into his room and brutally butchered his servant without a moment's warning. He also struck Mr R in the face with his hand, and did everything he could by way of abusive language and personal insult, to obtain a pretext for summarily ending his days on the spot Failing in this, he ordered him to leave with all possible despatch, suffering him to carry away nothing but the clothes on his back. His denunciations now contrast rather unfavorably with the good words which he has heretofore spoken in behalf of his insurgent friends: so much so is this the case that the censure of the secular press has fallen on him without mercy. But be this discrepancy as it may, he has undoubtedly escaped from a den of villains

"King Kan, who figures so conspicuously in [illegible] by the [illegible] gelist, and is said to have had a good acquaintance with Gospel truth. But all the knowledge which he and his associates have acquired of Christianity and the Bible itself, have been appropriated to the attainment of their ambitious and selfish ends; it would seem to have proved 'a savor of death unto death' The chief has not only dishonored God and His Son by blasphemy and the assumption of divine titles, but he has forbidden the preaching of the Gospel unless his own divinity be recognised and taught with equal acceptance This was the condition which was set before the Rev. Mr Cox, of the English Wesleyan Mission, on a recent visit to Nanking. He received it from King Kan himself, with whom he had been previously acquainted when laboring at Canton and Hong Kong. He informed Mr Cox that if he attempted to preach the truth as it is in Christ, he did it at the risk of his life

"There is a second man in authority in their land, who was formerly a [illegible] invitation to dine with him, which was accepted At the appointed hour the latter very sensibly be- [illegible] acquainted that the Chief had become a [illegible]

THE MISTAKE—SHALL WE DANCE OR NOT DANCE?

"Depend upon it, Dr. N., you are making a great mistake. If you do not allow your children to attend balls and dancing parties, you will cut them off from society. They will be such speckled birds, that all the young people will shun them; and by and by you'll have a lot of mopes and old maids."

"I do not fear, Esq. W., that my children will suffer for want of society, if they do not frequent the midnight dance; neither do I consider those acquaintances most valuable, which are made in scenes of mirth and revelry."

"I am sorry to see you so prejudiced, Doctor; surely amusement is sometimes lawful; and the Bible itself proves this. For it expressly says 'There is a time to dance'"

"Yes, and 'a time to kill,' also; so you can approve murder, as well as dancing, Esquire, by the same chapter."

"Well, I couldn't have the heart to deprive my children of so much innocent enjoyment; I should expect them to hate me, if I showed so little care to make them happy. I am sure yours must think you very tyrannical."

"My children seem happy and affectionate, Esq W. The time has been when they desired to participate in these amusements which you consider so essential to their respectability and comforts. But their mother and I have succeeded in convincing them that balls and dancing parties would be injurious to their health, unfavorable to their mental improvement, and hazardous to their spiritual interests. While we do not claim that dancing, as a physical exercise, is in itself sinful, yet we do see that, as practised in society, its uniform tendency is to create a disrelish for home duties and pleasures, an aversion to intellectual culture and serious thought, and an absolute neglect of all earnest and hearty religious life We believe that our children have confidence in our affection, and do not feel the restriction from these amusements an act of parental tyranny. So, I should not confess to the minister with which you charge me; and if we live twenty years, time will show which of us is right."

Only one of the speakers reached the standpoint suggested by Dr. N. The only son of Esq. W., was led by easy steps from the ball-room to the card-table and drinking saloon. The habits and connexions thus formed proved his ruin. Gambling involved him in debts to retrieve which he borrowed without leave from his employer's funds. His hopes that a fortunate throw would enable him to replace what he had unlawfully taken were not fulfilled; and when concealment became no longer possible, he fled to a distant land to end his days in want and infamy.

His [illegible] the seductive arts of a ball room acquaintance, whose fascinating manners and ardent professions of love and constancy, persuaded her to leave her parents' roof without their knowledge and sanction. These were terrible blows to a doting father; and Esq W. could not survive his disappointment and shame. His death broke up the family. Mrs W., with her second and third daughter, were obliged to seek mechanical employment for their own support, whilst the youngest child, a little girl of seven years, found a home with a distant relative.

The family of Dr N., included a son and two daughters. The affectionate parents did not deny their children vain and improper amusements, without furnishing such as were suitable and [illegible] provided; thus a love of reading was stimulated and encouraged; a taste for the fine arts cultivated and rewarded. The father and mother showed an eager and constant interest in the pursuits and pleasures of their young charge, ministering with [illegible] joyment. As far as their moderate means allowed they journeyed with them, to see the wonders of [illegible] conversation, select society, domestic duties, and the acquirement of useful skill and knowledge, [illegible] and peace.

The twenty years of test have passed rapidly away. While the advocate of foolish and hurtful pleasure, dead of a broken heart at his children's misconduct, Dr. N. lived to see all his family pious, his daughters happily married, and his son with a lovely and beloved companion, adorning the Gospel ministry. Another generation are being carefully reared in the ways of godliness; and not only the children, but the children's [illegible] *improperly*

A TRAVELLER'S EXPERIENCE

I had repeated conversations with a Frenchman, an artist of considerable merit, who professed himself to be an infidel He came up to the *ideal* I had formed of a French rationalist I took great pains to enter into his views and trains of thought, and the impression he left on me was ineffably sad. He was what the philosophers would call a Materialist [illegible] was dead. In fact he [illegible] the idea [illegible] a personal God. No free will [illegible] agency. No [illegible] between good and evil. No truth [illegible] religion. No immortality of the soul. Everything was fast [illegible] in the crucible of the cross have been turned into hot beds of rebellion, and schools of the new divinity, and plunder and rapine have followed in the wake of the rebel armies. What the leaders intend to do in the event of establishing themselves and securing the control of many of the most valuable parts, no one knows. It is not very likely, however, that foreign nations will suffer them to [illegible] much power before knowing something definite of their intentions I suppose you have already heard of the fall of Ningpo, and the gathering of the storm about Shanghai. The former place now bears testimony to the barbarity and [illegible] as to convince many who have hitherto skeptically closed their eyes to the results which should be expected from such brutal reformers. No doubt the eye of the insurgent chief has been looking at Shanghai, for several years, as a rich and important prize which he would like to possess. The foreign element, however, which he has hitherto hoped to win over to his cause, has stood in his way. The commercial interest of the place to the empire and others engaged in the trade of the east, rendered the [illegible] too sensitive for him to touch until he should feel somewhat certain of success. Emboldened by the seizure of Ningpo, demonstrations have also been made against the now great emporium of China. The large foreign settlement at Shanghai affords a good pretext for defensive operations on the part of the English and French. In order to successfully defend this position, the city is held as an *outpost* Should the Rebels, then, persist in their designs, they must inevitably come in contact with foreign arms—a collision which would not be altogether [illegible] and which would lead to a more speedy and satisfactory solution of the difficulty than if left to the timid apathy of the Chinese themselves

"For the present, missionary operations have well-nigh, if not altogether, been broken up at Ningpo By the advice of the British Consul, the English missionaries have all left and gone to Shanghai. At latest advices our American brethren were still remaining on the ground, although uncertain as to the future. The threatened attack on Shanghai produced considerable consternation; but I believe that no fears are now entertained, as military reinforcements have been sent up from Hong Kong. As yet we have enjoyed peace and quiet at Canton, although there have been frequent rumors of the approach of the Kwongsi Banditti. At one time it was said they were on the march and would certainly be upon us in the course of a month, and now it is asserted that in four months the Rebels will be ready to set out against this city We have no apprehension that the work here will be interrupted even so soon as the fears of the people around us would seem to warrant. The influence of the Allied Powers, by their interests in property and persons and the proximity of the ceded possessions, will render any interference with the lawful authorities quite unlikely, unless political affairs should assume an aspect widely different from the present. Mr. Graves, of the Baptist mission, is still at Shin-hing, and enjoys an uninterrupted course of labor."

THE DIVINE GLORIFIER.

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you.—John xvi. 14.

The Holy Spirit glorifying Jesus in the unfoldings of his person, and character, and work to his people! The great ministering agent between the Church on earth, and its glorified Head in heaven; carrying up to the Intercessor on the throne, the ever-recurring wants and trials, the perplexities and sins of believers; and receiving out of his inexhaustible treasury of love comfort for their sorrows, strength for their weakness, sympathy for their tears, fulness for their emptiness; and this the one sublime end and object of his gracious agency: "He shall glorify me." "He shall not speak of himself, but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak." My words of sympathy, my omnipotent pleadings, the tender messages sent from an unchanged human heart, all these shall he speak. "He shall tell you," says an old divine, commenting on this passage, "He shall tell you nothing but stories of my love." (*Goodwin.*) He will have an ineffable delight in magnifying me in the affections of my Church and people, and endearing me to their hearts; and he is all worthy of credence, for he is "the Spirit of truth."

How faithful has he been in every age to this, his great office as "the glorifier of Jesus!" See the first manifestation of his power in the Christian Church, at the day of Pentecost. What was the grand truth which forms the focus-point of interest in that unparalleled scene, and which brings three thousand stricken penitents to their knees! It is the Spirit's unfolding of Jesus; glorifying him in eyes that before saw in him no beauty! Hear the key-note of that wondrous sermon, preached "in demonstration of the Spirit, and with power:" "Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance to his people and forgiveness of sins."

Ah! it is still the same peerless truth which the Spirit delights to unfold to the stricken sinner, and, in unfolding it, to make it mighty to the pulling down of strongholds. All these glorious inner beauties of Christ's work and character are undiscerned and undiscernible by the natural eye. "It is the Spirit that quickeneth." "No man can call Jesus Lord, but by the Holy Ghost." He is the great forerunner, a mightier than the Baptist, proclaiming, "Behold the Lamb of God!"

Reader, any bright and realising view you have had of the Saviour's glory and excellency, is of the Spirit's imparting. When in some hour of sorrow you have been led to cleave with preeminent consolation to the thought of the Redeemer's exalted sympathy, his dying, ever-living love; or in the hour of death, when you feel the sustaining power of his exceeding great and precious promises; what is this but the Holy Spirit, in fulfilment of his all-gracious office, taking of the things of Christ, and showing them unto you; thus enabling you to magnify him in your body, whether it be by life or death? As your motto should ever be, "*None but Christ,*" and your ever-increasing aspiration, "*More of Christ,*" seek to bear in mind who it is that is alone qualified to impart the "excellency of this knowledge." "The Spirit of truth which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me."—*Macduff's*

AT THE LAST.

The stream is calmest when it nears the tide,
The flowers are sweetest at the eventide,
The birds most musical at close of day,
And saints dismost when they pass away

Morning is lovely, but a holier charm
Lies folded in the evening robe of balm,
And weary man [illegible]
For morning calls to toil, but night brings rest.

She comes from heaven, and on her wings doth bear
A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer,
Footsteps of angels follow in her trace,
To shut the weary eyes of day in peace

All things are hushed before her, as she throws
O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose;
There is a calm, a beauty, and a power,
That morning knows not, in the evening hour.

Until the evening we must weep and toil,
Plough life's stern furrows, dig the weedy soil;
Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way,
And bear the heat and burden of the day.

O, when our sun is setting, may we glide,
Like summer's evening down the golden tide,
And leave behind us as we pass away,
Sweet, starry twilight, round our sleeping clay.

PRIVILEGE OF PRAYER

What a glorious boon is thus vouchsafed to us! The Creator and the creature! How limitless the one! How circumscribed the other! Creator and creature speak! He stoops to the lowliness of the one! He exalts the creature nearly to the dignity of the Creator! He stoops that he may exalt! He exalts that he may stoop! He stoops long and patiently lift up from the very depths! He exalts many times upon himself and the blessings multiply! He stoops upon himself and he bows men. Prayer upon God and man's wish wedged as our prayers are, but everywhere laid down in the New Testament as our absolute duty. Earnest, energetic prayer we are hardly surprised in the Bible has great efficacy with God. What astonishing condescension! The humble, feeble petition of a worm of the dust may have an infinite one in the counsels of the Eternal Three! In nothing, perhaps, do we see the forgiving love and benevolence of the Deity more strikingly manifested toward his rebellious creatures than in the institution of prayer. Here we see, as it were, a communication opened between earth and heaven. By this way the humble saint may rise on the wings of faith and love to the very confines of heavenly bliss. He may almost hear the sound of heavenly music. He mingles in imagination with the glorious company that stand around the throne of God, with crowns upon their heads and golden harps in their hands, singing day and night: "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come." In the emotions of the simple, humble, and despised disciple of Christ are the loftiest examples of moral sublimity ever seen or felt by man. But these emotions, elevated and exalted as they are, still are open to all who will sincerely and earnestly seek them. Yet, after all, there are some still remaining, and those professing Christians too, who, regardless of its value, are now living in almost entire neglect of this heaven-born privilege!

THE SPLENDID PREACHER

Richard Baxter preached as feeling that the truths of God were too great and glorious in themselves, to be covered up with the little trappings of human adornments. He would as soon have thought of hanging the rainbow with tinsel. His eloquence consisted in rounded sentences. . . . . .

He never preached a sermon to display his scholastic learning, or his power of logic; but his aim was ever to win souls to Christ. If fine and eloquent sermons are tolerated at all, it is in the press only, when they are to be read as discussion of a subject, and read either as an intellectual exercise or as a discipline of conscience. In the pulpit, splendid sermons are splendid sins. They dazzle and amuse, and astonish, like brilliant fireworks, but they throw daylight on no subject. They draw attention to the preacher, instead of the subject. The splendid preacher, like the pyrotechnist, calculates on a dark night among his attendants; and amid the coruscation of the pulpit his skill and his art are admired and applauded, but Christ is not glorified. If angels weep and devils mock, it is at the pulpit-door of a splendid preacher.—*Dr. Jenkyn.*

A GOOD STORY

Dr. Thomas, when Bishop of Salisbury, used to tell the following story: "While I was chaplain to the British factory at Hamburg, a gentleman belonging to the factory, died at a village about ten miles distant. Application was made to the pastor of the parish for leave to have him buried in his church-yard, but on being told that he was a Calvinist, he refused. 'No,' said he, 'there are none but Lutherans in my church-yard, and there shall be no other.' 'This being told me,' says Dr. Thomas, 'I resolved to go and argue the matter with him, but found him inflexible.' At length I told him he made me think of a circumstance which once happened to myself when I was a curate in Thomas street. I was burying a corpse, when a woman came and pulled me by the sleeve in the midst of the service, saying, 'Sir, sir, I want to speak to you.' 'Prythee,' says I, 'woman, wait till I have done.' 'No, sir, I must speak to you immediately.' 'Why, then, what is the matter?' 'Sir,' says she, 'you are burying a man who died of the small-pox next my poor husband, who never had it.' The story had the desired effect, and the pastor permitted the bones of the Calvinist to be interred in his church-yard."

THE DYING NOBLEMAN.

A certain nobleman, as the story goes, had a rude wit in his employ, called a fool. Amused with a remark of his one day, the nobleman gave him his walking cane, with this injunction:—"Take this walking cane, and keep it until you meet with a greater fool than yourself, and then give it to him." The man kept the walking-cane for a length of time, not meeting with any one whom he deemed a greater fool than himself. In process of time, however, his lordship was laid upon a dying-bed, and sending for the rude wit, addressed him thus;—"Farewell!" "Where is your lordship going?" said the man. "I am going to my long home," replied the nobleman. "Your long home! How long is your lordship going to stay there?" "Oh!" said the dying nobleman, "I am never to return!" "Never to return!" exclaimed the man, "never to return!" "No," said the nobleman, "I am going to eternity, and am never to return." "Has your lordship made any preparation for that long home?" "No," said he, "I have not." "Then," replied the man, "your lordship will please to take the walking-cane; you are certainly a greater fool than I am—please to take the walking-cane."

If this be deemed a quaint illustration, sure I am it is forcible, and much to the point. Only think! the sinner is going to an eternal world! In that eternal world there is a heaven of unspeakable and everlasting happiness for those who have made preparation for it; and for those who have made no preparation, there is a world of woe, which must be their dwelling-place to all eternity. And yet the sinner makes no preparation! Regardless of his eternal interests, he is trifling with his undying soul. Is this acting the part of a wise man? Is it not rather acting the part of a madman and a fool? Oh, you who are throwing away the things of this world, forget that you have undying souls, that you must soon be in eternity, and must soon be in heaven or in hell! Oh! think about your need of preparation, before the season for it be over and gone forever.

The Prayer-Meeting.

A Washington correspondent gives the following account of the process of embalming:

The body is placed on an inclined platform, the mouth, ears, nose, &c., are stopped with cotton; if wounded, cotton is put in the wound, and a plaster is put on; an incision is made in the wrist, the attachment is made from an air pump, and fluid is injected into the arteries. The wound is then sewed up and the body is hoisted to dry. To save the eyes from sinking in, wax is put under the eyelids. The hair is found to come out very easy, but after the embalming it could not be removed. The bodies take on an average about seven quarts. There were some eight bodies on hand; some had been there thirty days. The operators say that in four months the body will become solidified like marble, but no change has yet been had to prove it. Colonel Baker's body, on arriving at St. Francisco, was in an advanced state of decomposition. Dr. Holmes, late of Williamsburg, Long Island, is the oldest in the business here, and I am informed he has made $30,000. Messrs Brown & Alexander are trying to get a bill through Congress for the exclusive right to embalm bodies, and to have Congress authorise a corps of embalmers for each division. The charges are $50 for an officer and $25 for a private and I must say the bodies are as lifelike as if they were asleep.

Grace does not permit us to check ourselves through to heaven, but requires us to get out at each junction of our life, and see that our faith is right, and to take heed lest we lose our way. It is this that is one of the mysteries of Christian life, that while in view of God's might we know we can never fall, in view of our weakness we know that without constant reliance on his help we must fall forthwith.

THE CHRISTIAN'S SENSE OF SIN

[illegible]

[illegible] Lawrence [illegible]

[illegible] Christ [illegible]

[illegible] have been [illegible]

[illegible] Lord [illegible]

[illegible] Lord [illegible]

[illegible] have been ingratitude, and that you have smitten [illegible]

[illegible] who to the prodigal fed where he was [illegible]

[illegible] that beggar recollections in his memory, Latour. And hence he said, "I will arise and go to my father, finding fast his paternal and filial relation-ship; and seeing his sins only the more heinous [illegible] against a father. The Christian will ever have the deepest sorrow for sin, the deepest sense of its heinousness while his deepest impressions of sin are pregnant with hope, where as the natural man's deepest conviction of sin drives him nearest to despair. A Christian's sense of sin carries him to our Father; an unregenerate man's sense of sin carries him away from our Father.

Dr. Cumming.

THE UNSEEN LAND.

There is a very old and beautiful story that has formed the staple for poems in many tongues, that we wish we could worthily tell.

It is of one sailing on the sea in a sleep. The ship was wrecked and shattered, and yet he slept. The waves bore him like an infant in a cradle, upon the plank whereon he lay, and when he awoke, it was with music, and upon a couch of flowers. The shore was strange yet lovely, and thronged with thousands who proclaimed him King. It seemed as if they had awaited him, waif though he was, for there was a throne without an occupant, and royal robes for his arraying. All human wills seemed merged in his, and glory shone around him even as the sea of that fair, unclouded clime. At length there came to him a reverend man, and told him that the time would come, when exiled from his kingdom, and powerless, as he came, there would be "none so poor as to do him reverence." "But," continued the sage, "beyond the clouds that skirt this land, lies an unseen island, bare and dread; no fountains sparkle, and no flowers perfume; no music but the wail of wind and waves; no shelter but the shadow of a rock. Thither they will banish thee, there must thy home be. But now thou art supremely blest; slaves do thy bidding, and gold strews thy pathway like sand. Go, seek that island out; cause the rock to be smitten that it may gush with living water; send fragrant flowers from thy gardens and spicy trees from thy forests; let the amaranth be transplanted and the palm shed pleasant shade, till the wilderness shall be glad for them and the desert blossom as the rose. Build there a royal mansion, and fill it with all things pure and beautiful that surround thee now; so thou shalt have a Paradise at last, and go rejoicing into exile." The King was wise, and while he cherished the realm he had ruled, yet sought the island and "colonized," as it were, the half of his heart. Spring was persuaded to come that way, and she hung her robes on the trees he had planted, and left her breath on the gale. The music of the birds and fountains, the winds among the leaves floated round the new palace he had built, but nothing of this land had he ever beheld. Years went on, and the old royal glories grew dim, and the crown was tarnished, and by-and-by there was another wreck, a new King came sleeping to the shore, and he had ruled in a palace where he was not suffered so much as a shelter, for he was an exile, as the sage had prophesied. But he went not with a heavy heart, for sometimes when the wind blew from the unseen shore, it had scents to him the fragrance of the orange and the palm, and so he knew that his gardens were growing beautiful for his coming. And he laid off the purple robe like one disrobing for pleasant dreams, and put down the sceptre as if it had been a burden, and went away to his unseen home, with a "good-by" on his lips.

LOOK BEFORE YOU KICK

A minister is one of the orthodox churches, while on his way to preach a funeral sermon in the country, called to see one of its members, an old lady, who lived near the road he was travelling. The old lady had just been making some sausages, and she felt proud of them, they were so plump, round, and sweet. Of course she insisted on the minister taking some home to his family. He objected, on account of not having his portmanteau along. This was overruled, and the old lady, wrapping them up in a rag, carefully placed a bundle in each pocket of the preacher's capacious coat. Thus equipped, he started for the funeral.

While attending to the solemn ceremonies of the grave, some hungry dogs scented the sausages, and were not long in tracking them to the good man's overcoat. Of course this was a great annoyance, and he was several times under the necessity of kicking these whelps away. The obsequies of the grave completed, minister and people repaired to the Church, where the funeral discourse was to be preached.

After the sermon was finished, the minister halted to make some remarks to his congregation, when a brother who wished to have an appointment given out ascended the pulpit steps, and gave the minister's coat a hitch to attract his attention. The divine, thinking it a dog having a design upon his pocket, raised his foot, gave a sudden kick, and sent the good man sprawling full length upon the floor.

"You will excuse me, brethren and sisters," said the minister, confusedly, and without looking at the work he had done, "for I could not avoid it. I have sausages in my pocket, and that dog has been trying to grab them ever since I came upon the premises."

NERVOUSNESS AND ORATORY

According to tradition, despite the majestic self possession Lord Macauley truly ascribes to the tenor of his life, Mr. Pitt was nervous before rising to speak; hence, perhaps, his recourse to stimulants. A surgeon, eminent in Brighton, [illegible] boy in London, he used to bring to Mr Pitt the dose of laudanum and sal-volatile which the great statesman habitually took before speaking. The laudanum perhaps hurt his constitution more than the port wine which he drank by the bottle; the wine might be necessary to sustain the physical spirits lowered by the laudanum. Mr Pitt's own nervous [illegible] Lord Plunket. A distinguished member of the Whig party, now no more, and who was himself one of the most sensitive of men, and one of the most attractive of orators, told me that once in the House of Commons he had crossed over to speak to Mr Canning on some question of public business a little [illegible] remarkable speeches; on taking the hand of Mr Canning extended to him, he exclaimed, "I fear you are ill, your hand is so cold and damp." "Is it?" replied Canning, smiling; "so much the better: that shows how nervous I am; I shall speak well to-night." Mr. Stapylton remarks how perceptible to those familiar with Mr Canning was the difference in his aspect and manner before and after one of his great orations; and a very clever French writer upon the Art of Oratory compares the anguish ("anguisses") which oppresses the mind of a public speaker while burdened with the [illegible] utter, with the joyous elation of a spirit that fol[illegible]

As Exhibitor [illegible] what's the matter with my child's nose?" "Yes marm; it's probably irritation of the gastric mucous membrane communicating a sympathetic it[illegible]

"That, now; that's just what I told Becky!"

THE EMPEROR CONSTANTINE

[illegible] Constantine [illegible] Emperor of the Eastern [illegible] of the pomp and [illegible] and character of the first Christian [illegible]

Heroic as he fell at a broad shoulder, he was a [illegible] of the earth, earthy about [illegible] Rome. When Eusebius first saw him, as an ordinary man, on a journey through Palestine, his [illegible], all were struck by the stately bearing and vigor of his frame, and his person personally recurs to it and maintains that it existed to the end of his life. In his later days he [illegible] and somewhat blunted appearance gave [illegible] the bad of that he had been [illegible] with leprosy. His eye was remarkable for a brightness, almost a glare, which reminded his courtiers of that of a lion. He had a [illegible] habit of the wing back his head which, by bringing out the full proportions of his thick neck, presented for him the look-name of *Torcholis*. His voice was remarkable for its gentleness and softness. In dress and outward demeanor, the military commander was almost lost in the vanity and affectation of Oriental splendor. The spear of the ordrer was almost always in his hand, and on his head he always wore a small helmet. But the helmet was studded with jewels, and it was bound round with the Oriental diadem, which he, first of the Emperors, made a practice of wearing on all occasions. His robe was remarked for its unusual magnificence. It was always of the imperial purple or scarlet, and was most [illegible] with pearls and [illegible] Even the Emperors, since Hadrian, he wore a short beard.

He was not a great man, but he was by no means an ordinary man. Calculating and shrewd as he was, yet his worldly views were penetrated by a vein of religious sentiment, almost of Oriental superstition. He had a wide view of his difficult position as the ruler of a divided empire and divided church. He had a shrewdly humor which stamps his sayings with an unmistakable authenticity, and gives us an insight into the cynical contempt of mankind, which he is said to have combined, by a curious yet not uncommon union, with an inordinate love of praise. He had a presence of mind which was never thrown off its guard. He had the capacity of throwing himself with almost fanatical energy into whatever cause came before him for the moment. One instance, at least, he showed of consummate foresight and genius.

We have seen from his dress, and we see also from his language, that he was not without the wretched affectation which disfigured the demeanor of the later emperors. Against one great old Roman vice, that of voracious gluttony, he struggled but struggled in vain. The Christian accounts all speak of his continence—Julian alone insinuates the contrary. It was only as despotic power and Eastern manners made inroads into the original self-control of his character, that he was betrayed into that disregard of human life, in his nearest and dearest relationships, which, from the same causes, darkened the declining years of the Grecian Alexander and the English Henry.

THE CUP OF COLD WATER.

A young English woman was sent to France to be educated in a Huguenot school in Paris. A few evening before the fatal massacre of St. Bartholomew's day she and some of her young companions were taking a walk in some part of the town where there were sentinels placed on the walls. When a soldier is on guard he must not leave his post until he is relieved—that is, until another soldier comes to take his place. One of the soldiers, as the young ladies passed him, besought them to have the charity to bring him a little water, adding that he was very ill, and that it would be as much as his life was worth to go and fetch it himself. The ladies walked on, much offended at the man for presuming to speak to them, all but the young English woman, whose compassion was moved, and who, leaving her party, procurred some water and brought it to the soldier. He begged her to tell him her name and place of abode, and this she did. When she rejoined her companions, some blamed and others ridiculed her; but they soon had reason to lament that they had not been equally compassionate, for the grateful soldier contrived, on the night of the massacre to save this young English woman, while all the other inhabitants of the house she dwelt in were [illegible]

A DESOLATE HOME

A correspondent of *Zion's Herald*, writing from the Aroostook region in Northern Maine, says: "The past season diphtheria has raged here with fearful fatality. Many, many have fallen victims, and in one case, in an adjoining township, a whole family of seven children were swept away. An affecting incident is told of the last one, a bright little boy of seven years. He was bringing in wood for his mother, and he says, 'Mother, who would bring in wood for you if I should be sick and die?' you would have no one but Ivy then.' His mother clasped him in her arms, her emotions choking her utterance, and she could make no reply. Pretty soon he began to complain: 'I'm sick now, mother, and I shall die too, and they'll bury me beside my brother and sisters, and then you'll have no little boy.' Too true; in three days he was gone."

The Social, Civil, and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Pennsylvania open a subscription list to aid the freed men at Port Royal and other points where they may be located, and respectfully ask the co-operation of the colored citizens and others in this city, or elsewhere, in money or clothing.

Any amount of value received will be acknowledged, with the name of the donor, in the *Recorder*, where a constant record will be kept.

Subscriptions may be sent to Jacob C. White, at the office of the Lebanon Cemetery, 711 Lombard Street, and also to William Still, 107 North Fifth Street, and to Rev. E. Weaver, 619 Pine Street

PAID.

[illegible]	$[illegible]
Clayton Miller,	2 00
William Still,	5 00
Robert Adger,	2 00
Henry Minturn,	2 00
Catherine Johnson,	2 00
Vasti Locke,	2 00
Wm. Warricks,	[illegible]
Harriet Shorter,	1 00
Sarah S. Hawkins,	1 00
Rev. Jonathan C Gibbs,	1 00
James P. Clay,	1 00
Benjamin F. Hill,	2 00
S. M. S.,	2 00
Elizabeth Gordon,	1 00
F. J. Dreer,	5 00

It affords us pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of ten dollars, the proceeds of Miss Anna E. Dickinson's [illegible] contributed to the S. C. and Statistical Association, to be applied as intended. Wm. Still.

Cor. Sec. of S. C. and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Penna

Object of the War on the Part of the Rebels.—

The Louisville Courier, the accepted organ of John C. Breckinridge, [illegible] Henry Clay Green, then in Nashville, stated the case thus:

"This has been called a fratricidal war by some, by [illegible] slaves). We are not the brothers of both these [illegible] of the Yankees, and the slavery question is merely the pretext, not the cause, of the war. The true irrepressible conflict lies fundamentally in the hereditary hostility, the surest animosity, the eternal antagonism, between the two races engaged.

"The Norman cavalier cannot brook the vulgar familiarity of the Saxon Yankee, while the latter is continually devising some plan to bring down his aristocratic neighbor to his own debased level. Thus was the contest waged in the old United States. So long as Dickinson daughtrees were to be bought, and Cochrane cowards to be frightened, so long was the Union tolerable to Southern men; but when, owing to divisions in our ranks, the Yankee hirelings placed one of their own spawn over us, political connexion became self-respect.

"As our Norman friends in England, always a match for the Saxon, have carried on the [illegible] rummage up to the present day, so have we, 'the slave oligarchs,' governed the Yankees till within a twelvemonth. We framed the Constitution, for seventy year, moulded the policy of the Government, and placed our own men, or Northern men with Southern principles in power."

Cobden's Opinion of America.—In the recent [illegible] Cobden [illegible] of want of confidence in the Palmerston Ministry, Mr. Cobden took occasion to give his personal opinion respecting the great contest in which the United States are now engaged. He said

"I don't think the strength of a nation depends upon its armaments or even upon its resources, and I deny the statement of my right hon. friend that the resources, in order to maintain the power of your country upon the roll of the world, that you should always present yourselves in the attitude stated even. Look at what is now going on here and the war in America. We used to be told that America was utterly overmatched in her foreign power. [Hear, hear.] Very well, but bear in mind that America was not armed. She had but 14,000 or 15,000 soldiers, and she never would have a fleet. During the last ten years she has not had a line-of-battle ship. Can anyone seriously assert that on the rest of the world! The answer is, undoubtedly, because you gave her credit for having *vast resources behind her, which were not necessarily displayed in a state of armed defiance.* [Hear.] What has been the result of the present deplorable war in America? You have seen the country manifesting a power such as I have no hesitation in saying no nation of the same population *ever manifested in the same time.* [Hear, hear.] No country in Europe, possessing 20,000,000 of people, could show the resources in men, money, and equipments which the Confederate States of America have done during the last twelve months. Taking the whole country together, with a population of about 5,000,000, it has kept [illegible] men in arms, and has supported them on a greater army than was ever supported before. [Hear, hear. War was then? Simply because the Americans had not exhausted the resources previously by high taxation. [A laugh, and cheers.] They were a prosperous people. They wages and [illegible] were nothing [illegible] as much as [illegible] when the war broke out, they had but to restrict themselves to half of their usual enjoyments in order to find means for carrying on hostilities. [Hear, hear.]

Married.

BY REV. J. P. CAMPBELL.

June 12th, 1862, Mr. James Hamilton to Miss Mary Ann Curtis, both of this city.

June 26th, 1862, Mr. Littleton Armstrong to Miss Ann Elizabeth Oliver, both of this city.

Philadelphia, June 30th, 1862.

June 19, 1862, by Rev. H. J. Rhodes, Mr. Alfred Day to Miss Maria Bell, both of Georgetown, District of Columbia.

June 26th, 1862, Mr. Henry R. Edmondson to Miss Mary Thomas, both of Georgetown, D. C., the marriage ceremony being performed by Rev. H. J. Rhodes.

This couple were married in the church—being the first persons that were ever married in the Bethel Church, of Georgetown, D. C. There was a very large audience present. There was a breathless silence [illegible] during the performance of the ceremony. [illegible] they proceeded to the house, where everything was agreeable to the occasion was served up in the very best of style.

BOARDING

IN BROOKLYN.

MRS. S. PLANT (formerly Richardson) respectfully announces that she has opened a first-class BOARDING & LODGING HOUSE at No. 37 HICKS STREET, Brooklyn—where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city, and within five minutes' walk of Fulton Ferry, is made [illegible] a very desirable and [illegible]

BOARDING

Mrs. AMIA WILLIAM, of Cape May, will open the Bunker House for the season, for the accommodation of all who wish to spend the season there, and I also will spare no pains to make all comfortable. Those wishing to spend one week or three days, will find the Bunker House the right spot. Prices very reasonable. [illegible]

PERRY & FITZGERALD'S

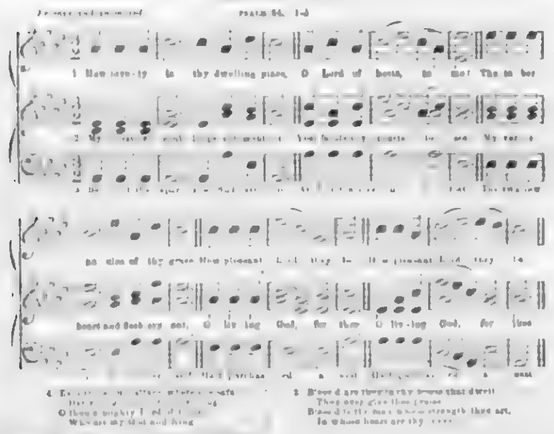
PROCESS FOR MAKING LIGHT, NUTRITIOUS, AND UNADULTERATED BREAD, WITHOUT FERMENTATION.

The new process of bread-making, patented by Perry & Fitzgerald, removes all the obstacles which have hitherto rendered it impossible to manufacture perfect, pure sweet and wholesome bread. The entire process is performed by mechanical means, and is eminently cleanly.

The persons employed in mixing the flour in a closed vessel, and the application of pure carbonic gas, under pressure, by which the dough mass is made thoroughly light, and ready to be discharged into pans, for baking, in the brief space of *fifteen or twenty minutes*. The "charge" is usually 300 pounds, and each machine requires but two operatives, in all its details, from the putting in of the flour to the discharging of the dough, in from twenty-five to forty minutes.

The [illegible] Perry & Fitzgerald differs in principle in the preparation of bread, by establishing a system of wholesale manufacture not subject to the [illegible] and evils [illegible] but exact and certain in its results:—1. Because, by the substitution of mechanical for manual labor, and in the superior cleanliness of the article produced, it promises large profits upon the capital employed. 2. Because such employment of capital, as well as the production, in all its details, from the putting in of the flour to the discharging of the dough, is

CHOPIN. C. M.



THE HIGHLAND SOLDIER.

A great many years ago there were bloody wars in Scotland, a mountainous country far away over the sea. The inhabitants of that country were sorely oppressed by cruel enemies. They were persecuted because they were Christians. Many brave men left their loved wives and children at home, and went away to the war.

And what dear homes they had! Nestled among the mountains were their quaint little cottages so beautiful and so quiet, within whose walls, every morning and evening, arose the sweet melody of Psalms, and the voice of thanksgiving and prayer. But war makes sorrow and trouble. It calls away, (and often never to return any more,) fathers, sons and brothers well beloved. It was so in Scotland.

In the picture you see an old soldier, just returned from the war. Long marches, rough and scanty food, hard pillows and fierce battles, have made him stiff and lame. Once he was young, and strong, and handsome. But see him now. How old and sad he looks! I like that honest Scotch face still. Beneath his tattered old vest there beats a faithful heart. God bless the old soldier! That funny-looking cap rests on a patriot's head. That clumsy staff supports the right hand of a true veteran. And see how the young Highlanders love the old soldier. They are giving him bread to eat for he is hungry,—and they give him smiles, for he is sad. Look at that wee Scotchman with the plaid surtout. Bless his little heart—he wants to share the joy of *giving* with his kind sisters.

THE EAGLE.

Our readers have always looked upon the eagle as an emblem of strength and power. It is the representative of our own great land. It is a very powerful bird, and builds its nest in places which are difficult to reach. Job says, "She dwelleth and abideth on the rock, upon the crag of the rock, and the strong place."

Eagles are often mentioned in the Scriptures. We want our little readers to find out as many places in the Bible as they can where the eagle is mentioned.

Eagles are sometimes caught and caged. There was once a very large eagle which had been kept in a cage for many years. The owner at length concluded to give him his liberty. At the appointed time a number of persons assembled to see him take his flight. The door of the cage was opened, and the noble bird stepped to the threshhold, and after deliberately looking round on those standing there, he spread his wings, made two or three circles over their heads, darted towards the sun, and was soon lost to sight in the distance.

The time will come, dear reader, when your soul will leave the body in which it is caged; and perhaps some of your friends will stand around to see it take its flight. We pray that God would grant that you, like the captive eagle, after taking a parting look at those around your bedside, may ascend heavenward, and stop not in your flight till you reach the throne of God.

THE BATTLE AND THE VICTORY.

Near Richmond, Va.

DEAR CHILDREN:—In time of war, every day brings its trials and horrors; its joys and sorrows; hopes and fears. I am now going to tell you of a battle in which my regiment took part. The division to which our regiment belongs was landed from transports in the rear of the enemy, when they fled from Yorktown. We were put ashore at night, and formed in line of battle, every man resting on his trusty rifle, with our pickets thrown out to guard against surprise. It was a beautiful night; the stars of heaven shone brightly down on our little army, whilst the crescent-shaped moon glided through the vault of heaven, attracting the eye of many a soldier, as he lay on the hard ground, perhaps thinking of home and dear ones. At early dawn our pickets and those of the enemy commenced to fire promiscuously. Several regiments were ordered up to support our pickets. Soon the firing became general along the line, and many a poor soldier fell to rise no more. Now, the musketry to the right, left, and centre, poured in their terrible volleys. Our little army advanced into a thick wood, and here the fight raged for a long time. The soldiers of the Union shed their blood freely around the stars and stripes, and never did the old flag fall; ere it touched the ground, ready hands and brave hearts, amidst smoke, flame and fire, raised it in as bright a glory and majesty as it ever shone on former fields. The dead now lay in all positions, whilst our soldiers pressed on, with clarion voices shouting, mingled with the roar of battle, the *Union forever*. Overwhelming numbers of the enemy now poured in on all sides, and our men fell back to the open field; now our cannon, which had not as yet been in service, belched forth deadly fire, spreading death over every foot of ground. Again the Union soldiers press forward with determined countenances, whilst bursting shell and deadly missile deal death around. On every hand a new graveyard is formed, and still our flag, though torn, floats with increased splendor in the warm May sun. The word is given, "*Charge!*" On, with bayonets fixed and iron nerve, our soldiers rush with renewed shouts for the Union. The rebels cannot meet the steady tramp and steel of our men: they waver: they stagger backwards, and now retreat in disorder, whilst wild shouts of triumph go up from Union victors.

Dear children, I must stop; I cannot relate to you the scenes now witnessed; nor do I wish to tell of the sufferings of the dying and wounded; I have no desire to dwell upon battle's havoc, and the mutilation which war's engines, with ball and powder, make upon man. May God keep his arms around you, and cause you to never have occasion to engage in war. I could do nothing but cast myself upon His care. He alone could protect amidst exploding shell and flying shot. I thought of the past and the future. I was a sinner, and merited not God's favor. Such were my thoughts for an instant as the war went on. When we are in danger, how quick the conscience smites for deeds of the past. The sins of a lifetime crowd themselves into a single thought. Will God *protect* in the conflict? Will he *pardon* if I fall? Our Bible says, "The Lord your God ye shall fear, and he shall deliver you out of the hand of all your enemies." "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day." O, how consoling such passages to the Christian soldier!

My young friends, let us all be mindful of our earthly decay. Victory was ours; but in the great, last battle between our souls and Satan, will we be conquerors? Will we exult over the flight of Satan's army, in the day when "the earth shall melt with fervent heat, and the heavens be rolled together as a scroll?" Let us reflect on these serious questions, and ask God for help to fight our worst enemy—Satan. Pray that our heavenly Father will pour oil upon the troubled waters, and restore peace, and make us once more a united people.

Truly yours, SOLDIER.

THE WOODPECKER'S MOUTH.

Just look at Mr. Woodpecker on that old tree, at his morning meal. He has been going tap, tap, tap, for some time, and he has at last got at the poor worm, and his long tongue is out drawing the worm into his mouth.

Is it not a curious thing to see how many different kinds of mouths there are, each adapted to a different kind of food, the different ways of taking it, and the different places where it is found?

The human mouth has a good set of tools for biting and chewing, while the hands wait upon it. But we were going to talk about the woodpecker's mouth. The woodpecker has not only to find the food, but work pretty hard for it. It feeds upon the worms and insects which lie in the hollows and under the bark of old trees, and they have to be taken out some way or other. For this purpose it has a long, sharp, hard bill, and with this it chisels and taps. Perhaps it was busy at work getting its breakfast, when the poet was out for his morning walk, and heard it, and wrote the song,

"The woodpecker taps the hollow beech-tree,"

which has made it famous ever since. He works till a hole is deep enough to reach the poor worm, when out darts the long, sharp tongue, set with teeth like a saw, only running back like the barb of a fish-hook. Poor worm can't escape. He is made a meal of. We might tell you a great deal about other mouths, but will defer that till another time. You might study the mouths of insects, animals, and birds, and as you do, you will see their wonderful adaptation to obtaining the kind of food on which they live. These different kinds of mouths did not make themselves—did not *happen* so. No one could seriously suppose they came by chance. Ah, no. As you study them, you will see that they must have been contrived by a great and intelligent mind. None but God could have formed so many different mouths.

FOR A LITTLE ONE

Choose, little one, the better part,
To Jesus early give thy heart;
Thy little prayers he hears
Sit at his feet, then, little pet,
And pretty Scripture lessons get
In childhood's happy years

The story of the cross there told,
The Holy Spirit will unfold
To such a one as thee
The Lamb of God was crucified
Believe on him; for thee he died:
Come, little one, and see!

M

THE TEACHER IN HIS CLOSET

"Enter into thy closet," are the words of our Saviour, addressed to every one. The thoughts suggested by these words are precious indeed. "Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." O, blessed promise! O, brother, sister, Christian fellow-laborer, whoever thou art that readest these words, take courage; let not thine heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. Thy Father seeth thee—he watcheth to receive thy prayer. O, ask of him and he will give thee understanding. Be not discouraged because thou laborest much and seest no fruit. Be encouraged; it is God's work, and in due time thou shalt reap if thou faint not. Hast thou entered into thy closet and prayed to the Lord of the harvest to bless the seed thou hast sown? If not, then how canst thou expect to see the seed spring up and bear fruit? If you expect success in your labor, you must pray to your Father in heaven earnestly, fervently for success; for if you go to him believing that you will receive, then, most assuredly, he will reward your labors with abundant success. Then be encouraged, dear teacher, for in due time you shall reap if you faint not. May the great Teacher enable you to be faithful to the end. JENNIE.

DR. CHALMERS' EARLY TASTE FOR READING.

Young Tom soon acquired the ability to read, which, unlike many young people everywhere, he soon turned to very good account in gaining useful knowledge. Among the books which he earliest read, *the Pilgrim's Progress* took a strong hold upon his thoughts. It filled his childish imagination. He has himself told us of other impressions which were indelibly made on his mind in his childhood days. Writing more than forty years afterwards, he says:—"I feel quite sure that the use of the sacred dialogues as a school-book, and the pictures of Scripture scenes which interested my boyhood, still cleave to me, and impart a peculiar tinge and charm to the same representations when brought within my notice." Even before he could himself read its stories, or understand thoroughly any of its pictured scenes, some of the sayings of the Bible had charmed his infant ear. He was but three years old when one evening, after it had grown dark, he was missed and sought for. He was found alone in the nursery, pacing up and down, excited and absorbed, repeating to himself, as he walked to and fro, the words of David:—"O my son Absalom! O Absalom, my son, my son!"

W. S. S.

LETTER FROM UNCLE JEREMY.

Sober Cottage, June, 1862.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS:—You and I have been corresponding a good while, and have never yet said any thing about this war which we are having in the United States. I never once think of any of you having any sympathy with the rebels, and perhaps you have the same opinion of me. Still, that there may be no possibility of our misunderstanding each other, let us exchange sentiments on the subject. Your Uncle Jeremy is naturally of a very peaceable disposition, yet is fully persuaded that it is right to fight in self-defence. He is too old now to go to war. He could not keep his seat on a saddle if he were to join the cavalry, neither could he endure the fatigue of a march on foot. Indeed, he would be at the mercy of the enemy, were he to attack him in almost any position. If the rebel army were to come over by Sober Cottage, I have no doubt they would destroy the trees, lay waste the grounds, and even mercilessly take away the life of its inoffensive occupant. Do not you all think those Southerners will have an awful account to render for their deeds of violence and of blood? How many men, as old as I, have been ruthlessly murdered, or driven from their pleasant homes to spend their few remaining days in uneasy wandering? How many mothers weep for their sons who have fallen on battle-fields, or died of disease in camp? Perhaps some of you can think of young men who have gone from your Sabbath-Schools and Bible classes to fight for their country, who have died, pierced by the rebel's steel.

Some of you may even mourn the loss of brothers or of fathers. Though I cannot fight, I can pray, and this I do with all my heart. I pray the God of battles to give success to the armies of the North. We can all do this much, and if we pray aright, our prayers will avail much. You recollect how Moses once controlled the battle in the plain, by standing on the mount in prayer. So let us pray that we may overthrow the wicked rebels who would destroy our government, and eventually wrest from us our liberties. And let us have faith to believe that we shall prevail, and that the time will come when traitors will only be known in our country by history, or by the tombstone bearing the inscription, "This man died a traitor to his country." Yours, &c.,

UNCLE JEREMY.

READING THE TESTAMENT THROUGH.

From a private letter we learn that our young soldier, who writes for the readers of the YOUTH'S EVANGELIST, has read the Testament through since he has been in the army, and has commenced to read it over again. He reads a chapter every day. He always carries his little Testament and Psalm book in the breast pocket of his coat. No matter how fatiguing the march, when they halt for the night, he brings out his Testament and reads his chapter.

How many of our little friends read their Testament daily? We hope most of you do so; for in it you will get that instruction which will make you wise unto salvation; and that is the best of knowledge.

Sins go not alone, but follow one another as the links of a chain do.

THE BOTTLETIT'S NEST.

See what a snug little house this pair of bottletits have made for themselves on that prickly holly-tree. What a vast amount of labor they have performed to make for themselves a comfortable home in which to spend the summer. We should learn a lesson from seeing how these birds provide for themselves. We should be industrious and careful, so as to be a help to those around us in making comfortable homes for ourselves. But, above all, we should be trying to obtain a home in heaven, when we will be done with earth; a building not made with hands, but an eternal one, where we will abide forever with God.

KIND LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY E. J. E. CRAWFORD.

I saw a pleasant sight one day,
Two little children left their play,
And ran with eager feet
To guide a blind man on his way
Along the village street.

The children's names I do not know;
But, oh! their kindness sent a glow
Of gladness through my breast:
For 'tis a pleasant thing to see
The hand of mutual infancy
Assisting the distress'd

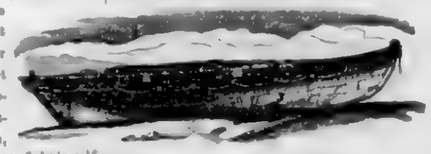
And then I thought that holy eyes
Looked on them from the bending skies
To note the deed of love
And when with cheerful steps they ran
To lend the poor old sightless man,
They blessed their Friend above.

That kind deed was not hard to do,
And, children, every one of you
May do some act as kind;
In almost every hour you live,
Although you can but seldom give
Help to the lame or blind.

If "mother" calls you from your play,
You can with cheerfulness obey,
And haste to do her will:
And if the baby claims your care,
With willing heart and cheerful air,
You can your part fulfil.

It cheers a parent's heart to see
A child obeying cheerfully,
With willing heart and mind:
And God himself doth graciously
Regard the child who strives to be
Obedient and kind.

RELIGION never takes care of itself. It must be fed, nourished, defended. It is line upon line, and precept upon precept, here a little and there a little; it is education, in the adult, in the middle-aged, and in the youth.



"THE FAITH."

Some time ago we called at the store of Mr. Childs, the publisher of Dr. Kane's Arctic Explorations, and there we saw the little boat called "The Faith," a cut of which we herewith give, and in which Dr. Kane and his companions made their escape from their icy prison-house in the frozen regions of the North. At some other time we may tell our readers something about Dr Kane's expeditions to the Arctic seas in search of Sir John Franklin, about his adventures there, his narrow escapes, and wonderful deliverance.

What we want to do now is to tell you what faith is. Dr. Kane had faith that some of the imprisoned band would return to their homes, though he could not see the means by which they were to get to them. Faith is not such a common word as honesty, kindness, friendship, or courage, the meaning of which we know. It is a word which has a good deal to do with religion. It is to *believe*.

Two little girls were once taking tea at a lady's house. On the table was a plate of fruit-cake. Ellen, when asked to take a piece, looked at it as if she would like to, but declined. "Do, Ellen, take a piece," said the lady. "No, I thank you," was Ellen's reply. "O, do Ellen, Aunt Kate made it; it is so nice," said the lady's little daughter. "No, I cannot," Ellen answered, "my mother told me not to eat any cake, she said it would hurt me."

Now, this was faith in what her mother said. There was the nice cake before her eyes; the others ate of it, and she wanted a piece very much; her mother was not there, and might never know she had eaten it; and the consequences after eating it, that she would be sick, might not follow. But though the temptation was strong, Ellen *believed*, and *obeyed* her mother. Faith is that which makes what we *do not see* have more influence over us than what we *do see*. The Bible calls it "the evidence of things not seen."

God is holy, wise, good and powerful. We have all sinned against him. He will punish us unless we flee to Jesus. This he tells us in his holy Bible. The Bible says, He sent Jesus into the world, "that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." Is the Saviour willing to receive those who flee to him? O, yes. He says, "Come unto me;" "ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find." Faith takes Christ at his word, and goes to him for a disposition to do right and love God. Let us all ask faith, believing, and we shall receive.

A mother's love may prove a snare
The child she loves so well
Her hand may lead, with gentlest care,
Down the steep road to hell.

OUR MOTHER'S LOVE

What a thrill of joy runs through us as we think on these three little words! Our mother's love! How noble! How self-sacrificing is that love! How unceasing were her efforts on our behalf, when we were young and helpless! How unwearyingly she labored to guide our young feet aright! What privations will she not endure; what perils will she not encounter for the sake of her loved ones! It was our mother who watched over us from our earliest infancy with untiring devotion; who tends us when we are sick; whose gentle hand smooths our pillow, and wipes the sweat of pain from our brow; whose loving arms are twined around us as she bids us nestle close to her breast. And, oh, how fervently she prays to God to guide our footsteps aright, to watch over us and keep us from sin, so that when we die we may meet her in that land where parting never comes. O, yes, sorrow may come upon us, friends may forsake us, enemies may take advantage of our misfortunes, but our mother will never forsake us. Her words will encourage us to brave the rude and bitter taunts of the world.

Children, love your mother; for never in this world can you find one who will love you so much as she does. Love her next to your Saviour, for next to him, she has done most for you.

THE LITTLE NEWS BOY.

I am afraid many of you, my dear children, have witnessed the sad and painful sight of boys fighting in the streets. A lady, in one of her daily walks, not long ago, came upon a scene of this kind. Two little news boys were fighting in the centre of the crowd of wicked boys we always see collected on such occasions. Her heart ached as blow after blow was exchanged between them. And words which should never fall from boyish lips shocked her ears. But she was not the person to stand long without making an effort to end this disgraceful scene; and calling to her aid a gentleman who was passing, the boys were soon separated, and the crowd scattered. All were gone but one of the fighting boys. Ragged, bruised, and bleeding he stood before her.

"I am sorry, my boy, to see you in such a condition," she said. "Do you not know that it is very wicked to fight? God never gave you those hands to bruise and blacken the faces of your companions! What was it all about?"

The boy did not answer. He stood the picture of sullen indifference.

"Are you not afraid you have hurt that other boy very much? You might have killed him."

"Don't care if I had. Wish I had him here, I'd give it to him worse than I did before. He got me a beating last week," was the answer; and a heavy scowl of hatred darkened the young face as he clinched his fists.

"O, I am sorry to hear you speak in this way," said the lady. "God has told us to forgive our enemies. As we forgive those who use us badly, so will he forgive us our many sins. Have you ever heard this before?"

"Yes, in Sunday" School, when I used to go there. But I hate Tom; I could half kill him."

"Do you know the Lord's Prayer, my boy?"

"Yes," was the sullen reply; "but I never say it."

"Repeat it to-night before you lie down. But before you do so, forgive Tom, and then you can say forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. Will you do this?"

The boy looked down in obstinate silence. But the lady would have an answer, and she asked again, "Will you do this?"

"I hate Tom!" he growled out.

"My boy," said the lady, taking one of the soiled hands in hers, "have you a mother?"

"No, miss;" the voice was a tone lower; "she is dead."

"Do you ever expect to meet your mother again?"

"Yes, in heaven, if I ever get there," was the reply; and a heavy tear-drop fell upon the soft white hand which folded over his own.

The face was changed now. The old hard look was gone, and a yearning wistful sadness had taken its place.

"You know, my boy, you can never get there while your heart is filled with hatred and revenge," said the lady.

"I will forgive Tom, miss. If he was here I'd shake hands with him."

"That's my own good boy," said the lady, joyously. And before they separated she had won from him the promise to come to the Sabbath School once more.

This little incident happened five or six months ago, and now there is not a more punctual boy in the school. Every Sabbath he watches for his kind friend, and she rarely misses his bright smile as she enters her class. RENA.

KIND WORDS.

Kind words are the diamonds and pearls of every-day life. We may not be rich, but we can speak kind words to the suffering and weary. Kind words are doubly precious when they lead us to the "Pearl of great price," the Saviour. Let us speak kindly to all we meet, so that all who come within reach of our influence may be happier for our presence. Let us speak kindly to young and old, and thus scatter the bright gems of love and sympathy along the pathway of all we meet.

THE ICELANDERS

The Bible is the companion of the Icelander's lamp; and, indeed, Iceland illustrates how much the Bible possesses the power to make life tolerable, and even charming, in the most adverse, not to say even wretched circumstances. It is not often till near midnight that the sacred readings begin. They read the Psalms, they sing, the whole family joining in devotions. So the morning devotions are performed by the lamp. When the Icelander awakes, he salutes no person until he has saluted God. He usually hastens to the door, adores there the Author of his being, then steps to the house, and says to his family: "God grant you a good day!"

COMING HOME

BY FRANCE CARY.

O, brothers and sisters growing old,
Do you all remember yet
That home, in the shade of rustling trees,
Where once our household met.

Do you know how we used to come from school,
Through the summer's pleasant heat;
With the yellow fennel's golden dust
On our tired little feet?

And how sometimes in an idle mood
We loitered by the way;
And stopped in the woods to gather flowers,
And in the fields to play;

Till warned by the deepening shadow's fall,
That told of the coming night,
We climbed to the top of the last, long hill,
And saw our home in sight?

And brothers and sisters, older now
Than she whose life is o'er,
Do you think of the mother's loving face
That looked from the open door?

Alas! for the changing things of time;
That home in the dust is low;
And that loving smile was hid from us,
In the darkness, long ago!

And we have come to life's last hill,
From which our weary eyes
Can almost look on that home that shines
Eternal in the skies.

So, brothers and sisters, as we go,
Still let us move as one.
Always together keeping step,
Till the march of life is done;

For that mother who waited for us here,
Wearing a smile so sweet
Now waits on the hills of Paradise
For her children's coming feet!

ALLIGATOR STORIES.

We have as yet seen no traces of alligators, though in the Madalam branch they are said to abound, and last spring I saw a very large one; it was a disgusting looking object, a great fat slimy looking thing—a tail stuck on a hogshead. They are not, however, dreaded, as they can obtain a very plentiful supply of food from the pigs, which constantly swim from bank to bank. Otherwise, it would be unpleasant to have to steer a boat, as the man devouring reptile strikes his victim from the stern, with a blow of his tail. This happened to an unfortunate Malay in the Siol branch of the Sarawak, who was pulling up that river, with his wife in a small canoe. The death of this man drew attention to the monster alligator I have previously referred to, and Mr. Crookshank and Sadam, a very courageous Malay, went down to place a bait on the banks of the Siol. When this was done, they pulled back, Mr. Crookshank steering. They had seen nothing of their enemy, so that Sadam jumped up, and flourishing his spear, began in a loud voice to defy the alligator, using very insulting terms. Suddenly he dropped his weapon, and seizing his paddle, began pulling away with might and main, for the animal had just risen to the surface of the water, not twenty yards from the boat. Though the steersman's position was by no means an agreeable one, Mr. Crookshank could not help laughing at the change of countenance of his companion, who excused himself by saying, it was the suddenness of his challenge being accepted, that made him pull away in an excited manner. "But now," he added, rising up his feet, "let him show himself again, and I will not attempt to run." He had scarcely uttered the words; when the alligator, which was accustomed to follow boats, again rose to the surface. There was no more boasting, but a frantic attempt to get out of the Siol branch. The alligator took the bait, but got rid of the long rattan fastened to it, by accidentally or purposely winding it round a tree, then breaking it off. However, though his body was not secured, it was most probable he died from the lacerations of the stomach, caused by his endeavours to break the rattan, as I have not heard of his being seen since. It was up the Siol branch that a place was found where the body of one of his victims appeared to have been beaten, to break the bones, previously to swallowing. The Malays say the alligators do it by repeated blows of their ponderous head: in fact, one of the large teeth of the reptile was found snapped off on the above mentioned spot. As I have told the story of Sadam's alarm, at the sudden appearance of the alligator, I ought, in justice to him, to mention an occurrence that took place last year. He and his brother Dand were wandering near Tanjong Po, a rocky point near the entrance of the Sarawak river, when they came to a cave; hearing some movement inside, they entered, and saw two huge alligators at the further end. Knowing that these ferocious reptiles are not very active, except on soft mud, or in the water, they determined to attack them. They were armed with spears and swords, and entering the cave, Sadam approached the first beast, and actively springing clear to avoid its rush, drove his spear into the soft hide, and, with his brother's aid, soon severed the head from its body. Encouraged by their success, they advanced to attack the second, which was vainly endeavouring to escape over the broken rocks, and soon succeeded in destroying it.

I was conversing one day with a French priest, who had resided many years in Siam, and he told me he had seen men there catch the alligator in the following manner:—In the upper Menam, where the river is broad and shallow, but with deep pools occasionally, the alligators are both numerous and fierce; yet the inhabitants, who are very fond of eating the flesh, pursue them with great courage and skill. Six or seven men proceed to a pool where one of these reptiles is supposed to lurk, and with long poles, sound every portion of it; if an animal be there, he is soon disturbed, and driven towards the shallower part of the river, even to the sand-banks, where expert men throw their lassoes round his feet and tail. When they think him somewhat exhausted, a bold hunter, springing on the alligator's back, places his hands over the creature's eyes, which then always remains quiet. A noose is quickly slipped over his head, and the animal hauled ashore. Alligators lay their eggs in the jungle. I remember hearing the late Mr. Brereton tell the following story: He was one day hunting in the jungle near the Saharang fort, when his dogs gave tongue. He followed up quickly, and found they had disturbed a female alligator laying her eggs. Directly she saw him, she gave chase, and he had some difficulty in getting away from her, though the dogs distracted her attention. Alligators very seldom attack boats, but a case occurred in the Sambas river, where a man was dragged out of a large prahu from among twenty of his companions. My own party was never in danger from them but once, when a large alligator rose within three feet of the boat; but before he could do any thing, I had put a rifle-ball into his side, as I happened at that moment to be looking out for a shot at them on the mud banks.—*Life in the Forests of the Far East. By Spencer St. John, F. R. G. S., F. E. S.*

HOURS OF STUDY.

Much attention is being paid, and very justly too, to the subject of education. One vital question which is undergoing examination relates to the power of attention. While attention can be kept up, the pupil will learn; but when there is no attention on the part of the pupil, the teacher's labors are all in vain. He may as well cease his efforts the moment that attention flags.

Now, how long can attention be given? There is a limit to human powers—to the powers of the mind, as well as to those of the body. Directors and teachers of schools, as well as professors in colleges, should know what that limit is. Its average may be discovered; and every educator has an interest in finding the boundary. To help our readers in their investigation, we here present, from the *Scientific American*, two extracts from a pamphlet of E. Chadwick, Esq., C. B., England, which was published pursuant to an address of the House of Lords. Mr. Chadwick, speaking of the hours of study, says:—

"Struck by the frightful disproportion between the powers of childish attention and the length of school hours, he has directed questions to many distinguished teachers. Mr. Donaldson, head master of the Training College of Glasgow, states that the limits of voluntary and intelligent attention are, with children of from five to seven years of age, about fifteen minutes; from seven to ten years of age, about twenty minutes; from ten to twelve years of age, about twenty-five minutes; from twelve to sixteen or eighteen years of age, about thirty minutes;" and continues, "I have repeatedly obtained a bright voluntary attention from each of these classes, for five or ten, or fifteen minutes more; but I observed it was always at the expense of the succeeding lesson."

The Rev. J. A. Morrison, Rector of the same College, speaking on the same subject, says:—

"I will undertake to teach one hundred children, in three hours a day, as much as they can by possibility receive; and I hold it to be an axiom in education, that no lesson has been given until it has been received; no more, therefore, as the receiving power of the children is exhausted, anything given is useless; nay, injurious, inasmuch as you thereby weaken instead of strengthen the receiving power. This ought to be a first principle in education. I doubt it is seldom acted on."

These remarks state the average of capability. Some children greatly excel others in the power of attention. Some subjects also exercise the mind far more intensely than others, and hence produce weariness much sooner.

The subject commends itself not only to teachers of children. Those who have the care of young men should also give it their serious consideration. And voluntary students—men full grown, and men in advancing life—are deeply interested. The hours of study are often too much protracted. Attainments are thereby curtailed, pleasure is diminished, and the bodily health suffers. Few men can safely prolong *intent application* beyond an hour. Some should take a respite in less than half that period. A short walk in the open air, or a few minutes' promenade in the hall or the study, should be the means of very frequent relaxation with every deep thinker.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

A PARAGRAPH FOR LADIES.

Most of our fair readers have a decided aversion to that part of their duty which falls under the "patching and darning" denomination. They are of opinion that "a rent may be the accident of a day, a darn premeditated poverty." But if they only knew how pretty a well-executed piece of repair looks, when you see in its warp and woof the bright threads of economy, and independence, and womanly thrift, crossing and re-crossing one another, they would lay aside embroideries and crochet-work, and take up, instead, the mending-basket. We rode down town the other day, when the only other occupants of the stage were a young gentleman and a lovely girl of, we should think, about eighteen. She was the prettiest, freshest-looking girl one would want to see—there were no tell-tale traces of midnight parties and headachy mornings in those peach-blossom cheeks and clear, bright eyes; and all the numberless little items of her dress were as fresh and trim as she herself—from the pink bonnet-strings down to the neatly-fitting gloves and delicate gaiter boots. If we had been an old bachelor, or a young one either, we would certainly have fallen in love with that girl, particularly after we had discovered that she was as industrious as pretty. And how do you suppose we found it out? The handkerchief that lay in her lap told us so. The neat little darn, elaborately executed, in its corner, with the small, white stitches and skilful handiwork, had a tongue quite audible to our ears. Time, and patience, and wise economy had been there. The gentleman sitting opposite saw the little token also; we noticed his eye turning from the handkerchief to the blooming face, and back to the handkerchief again, and we know perfectly well what he was thinking of—the good wife that young lady would make, and how neat her husband's cravats and stockings would be! Poor fellow, the edges of his shirt-bosom were a little frayed, and one or two buttons were missing, whose detection the most skillful arrangement of his cravat-ends could not conceal. Perhaps he had a wife who didn't believe in mending and darning—perhaps he had none at all. However that may have been, his admiring eyes appreciated the darn on the handkerchief more than if it had been the richest and most sight-destroying embroidery—not for what it was, but what it betokened. Girls! don't shrink from a mended place as if it were a plague-spot; the longer your old things last, the better able you will be to have new ones by and by. Sensible people read your character in little things; and nobody will think the worse of you, whatever may be your station in life, for the exercise of economy and thrift. A stitch in time saves nine, and sometimes it saves a great deal more than that.—*English paper.*

HOME AFTER BUSINESS HOURS.

The road along which the man of business travels in pursuit of competence or wealth, is not a macadamized one, nor does it ordinarily lead through pleasant scenes and well-springs of delight. On the contrary, it is a rough and rugged path, beset with "wait a bit" thorns, and full of pit-falls, which can only be avoided by the exercise of watchful care and circumspection. After each day's journey over this worse than corduroy turnpike, the wayfarer needs something more than rest. He requires solace, and deserves it. He is weary of the dull prose of life, and athirst for the poetry. Happy is the business man who can find that solace and that poetry at home. Warm greetings from the loving heart; fond glances from bright eyes that

"Mark our coming,
And look brighter when we come;"

the welcome shouts of children; the thousand little arrangements for our comfort and enjoyment that silently tell of thoughtful and expectant love; the gentle ministrations that disencumber us into an old and easy seat before we are aware of it—these and like tokens of affection and sympathy constitute the poetry which reconciles us to the prose of life. Think of this, ye wives and daughters of business men. Think of the toils, the anxieties, the mortifications and wear that fathers undergo to secure for you comfortable homes, and compensate them for their trial by making them happy by their own fireside.

A HINT TO HOUSEKEEPERS—THE MAGIC BOX.

The housekeeper's affairs had a long time been becoming very much entangled, and the poor woman knew not how to get herself out of her difficulties. After a time, she thought herself of a wise old hermit, who lived in the neighborhood, and to him she repaired for advice. She related to him all her troubles, saying: "Things go on badly enough; nothing prospers indoors or out: pray, sir, can you not devise some remedy for my misfortune?"

The hermit—a shrewd, rosy old man—begged her to wait; and retiring to an inner chamber of his cell, brought out a curious-looking box, carefully sealed up.

"Take this," said he, "and keep it for one year; but you must three times a day and three times at night carry it into the kitchen, the cellar and the stable, and set it down in each corner. I answer for it that shortly you will find things improved. But be sure, at the end of the year, to bring back the box."

The good woman received the precious gift with many thanks, and bore it carefully home. The next day, as she was carrying it into the cellar, she met a servant who had been secretly drawing a pitcher of beer. As she went a little later into the kitchen, there she found a maid making herself a sly supper of omelets. In the stable she discovered the best cow standing deep in the mire, and the horse, uncurried, had hay instead of oats.

So every day she discovered and corrected some new faults.

At the end of the year, she, faithful to her promise, carried the magic box back to the hermit, and besought him to let her keep it, as it had a most wonderful effect.

"Only let me keep it one year longer, and I am sure all will be remedied."

"I cannot allow you to keep the box, but the secret that is hidden within you shall have."

He opened the box, and lo! it contained nothing but a slip of paper, on which was written this couplet:

"Would you thrive most prosperously,
Yourself must every corner see."

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Poetry.

I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

Not here! not here! not where the sparkling waters
Fade into mocking sands as we draw near;
Where in the wilderness each footstep falters—
I shall be satisfied—but O! not here.

Not here! where every dream of bliss deceives us,
Where the worn spirit never gains its goal;
Where, haunted ever by the thoughts that grieve us
Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling
With rapture earth's sojourners may not know,
Where heaven's repose the weary heart is stilling,
And peacefully life's time-taxed currents flow.

Far out of sight, while yet the flesh infolds us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,
And of its bliss is naught more wondrous told us,
Than these few words, "I shall be satisfied."

Satisfied! satisfied! the spirit's yearning
For sweet companionship with kindred minds—
The silent love that here meets no returning—
The inspiration which no language finds—

Shall they be satisfied? the soul's vague longings,—
The aching void which nothing earthly fills!
O! what desires upon my soul are thronging,
As I look upward to the heavenly hills.

Thither my weak and weary steps are tending—
Saviour and Lord! with thy frail child abide!
Guide me toward home, where, all my wanderings ending,
I then shall see thee, and "be satisfied."

UNDERNEATH.

"All that glitters is not gold."
Often has this truth been told;
But another I'd unfold,
Quite as true, perhaps as old,—
Oft what glitters not, is gold:
Sometimes covered o'er with dust,
Of its brightness dimmed by rust,
Rough, unpolished—yet may you
Find, beneath, the metal true.
Mesh of precious gold lies hidden,
Which will spring to light when bidden
By a wise refiner's touch;
Oh, let yours be ever such,—
Yours to see with watchful eyes
What another would despise:
Rub away that rust of years,
It will yield to smiles or tears,
And your love will not be vain,
But return with tenfold gain.
One more spirit brought to light,
Which might else remain in night;
One more heart of precious worth
From the dark, unloving earth;
And in heaven that soul may shine,
Sparkling in a crown of thine.

PRAISE FOR PROVIDENCE.

My God, my only Help and Hope,
My strong and sure defence,
For all my safety and my peace
I bless Thy Providence.
The daily favor of my God
I cannot sing at large:
Yet let me make this holy boast,
I am the Almighty's charge.

Naked I came into the world,
And nothing with me brought;
And nothing have I here deserved;
Yet have I lacked naught.
I do not bless my laboring hand,
My laboring head, or chance;
Thy Providence, most gracious God,
Is mine inheritance.

Mysterious depths of endless love
My admiration raise
My God, Thy name exalted is
Far above all my praise
O let me praise Thee whilst I live,
And praise Thee when I die,
And praise Thee when I rise again,
And to Eternity. JOHN MASON.

For the Christian Recorder

THE PLAGUES OF THIS COUNTRY.

MR. EDITOR:—There seems to be a very singular correspondence existing between the war in the United States and the Egyptian plagues. I suppose no one, in the face of so many evidences, will question the practicableness of the assertion, that this war is being waged through a providential interposition for the benefit of some portion of discarded humanity. For the last two hundred years many of the most pious and learned theologians have been preaching that some dreadful calamity would take place among the inhabitants of the earth about the year 1866. And that this catastrophical condition of things would be very transitory in its duration, and afterwards the earth, being refined by the agencies of this universal disaster, should emerge forth in all the purity of Eden's innocency.

These speculations are not yet at an end, though they had partially ceased to agitate the theological world till Miller's theory spread consternation through America and a part of Europe, by proclaiming that the world would end in 1843. When men of all grades and positions began to sift the Scriptures, either for the purpose of refuting or proving this theory; and strange to say that many of its most stern opposers sit down with every fibre of their soul prejudiced against it; but rose after an examination with favorable convictions. And since that time such gigantic minds as are possessed by Dr. Cross, of the Methodist Church, and Dr. Seiss, of the Lutheran Church in this country, in connexion with the immortal Drs. Cumming and Elliot of England, (especially the latter's Horæ Apocalypticæ) have been organising a grand galaxy of premillenarians, the works, arguments, suggestions and sentiments of whom have been calling attention to some great issue just ahead. Though piles of infamy and derision have been heaped upon Miller and his theory, because he erred in his conclusions, so much so that all those who have not since looked at things in absolute contradiction to Miller, have been branded as a Millerite, yet my impression is that the world will yet see that Miller was not as big a fool as they supposed him.

Though Miller did certainly err in his assumption of fixed dates, and to precise definite periods, and there is where he lost his power. If Miller had took the grounds that Drs. Cumming and Cross did, by compiling his prophetic figures and chronological predictions to show that some great change in human affairs would soon take place, he would have retained a more durable influence, which would have diffused a spirit of inquiry among the common people of as great acuity as he did among the few learned.

But because there was not a literal fulfilment of his predicted statements, two-thirds of the people who even claimed to think, without ever examining or comparing his views with the prophetic bearing of sacred writ, began at once to pour forth their denunciatory tirades upon him, with about as much consistency as the Roman Inquisition did upon Galileo, for what with a little improvement was philosophically true Now Miller saw, both from the indexes of prophecy and the prognostication of transpiring events, that the world was on the eve of some great mutation, which should rock nations and convulse societies in every human sphere. He saw that this dispensation of human affairs was fast receding, and that God was about to sever the distinctions which split the social order of humanity, by placing them upon a platform of more equality and unanimity. But the great error into which both Miller and others no less distinguished have fallen, is in attempting to define what this great consummation of things should be, which they thought the *sine qua non*, because every man being prone to think for himself who has mind enough to rise above the current of the fogyism of his day, have been actuated with a sufficiency of self-certainty to tell, so far as his own views extend, what this thing about to take place should be. Some have thought that the world was about to end, others that Christ was about to enthrone himself at Jerusalem and sway a sceptre of universal righteousness, others that God was about to purify the earth with fire, and afterwards to refit it for the habitation of his saints, &c.; but all agree that it is for the bettering of oppressed humanity. Now how far truth may corroborate with any of the above statements must be seen by future generations.

But that the King of heaven has been appealing to the hearts of men to get ready for some dreadful issue, I think is verified in the many ministers whom God has recently raised up, and books which have been sent out to warn us of some great *fulness of time.*

Three years ago the northern lights, which frescoed the heavens, were terrific in their appearance—that the skies would at times seem to be turning with blood, and the hearts of men in every direction failing, from the dreadful foreboding anticipations which agitate a criminal conscience. The free people of color in every direction were hunted and pursued as rabbits, and particularly in the slave States denounced as an offensive nuisance, while church conventions and conferences broke up in wild confusion, political assemblies, legislative and congressional bodies, ended in partisan strife. The atmosphere of human society seemed to be charged with sectional divisibility, and all avowed obligations which bound man to man appeared to be reversed. And then to crown this *hell-forged schism*, Jeff. Davis, elder brother to Pluto, was inaugurated in all his bestial vices to preside over a power organized for the purpose of crushing down the manliness of as loyal hearts as ever owed fealty to the God of heaven.

Abraham Lincoln and not Jeff. Davis becomes the Pharaoh of the mystic Egypt (American slavery.) And however unwilling to comply with a dispensation of liberation, nature's God calls from heaven, echoed to by five million of mystic Israelites, (abject slaves) in peals of vivid vengeance, *let my people go* Moses and Aaron, in the garb of threats for the nation's heart-blood, stand before the mystic Pharaoh with a demand endorsed by the purposes of God, for their redemption; but, being refused, a series of plagues begins, commencing at Fort Sumter.

A proclamation calling forth seventy-five thousand men, to protect an ensign which had long waved over an enslaved people, is issued; but with no contemplation of responding to Heaven's demand.

The first plague which staggered the nation's energies, was the killing of several soldiers in the streets of Baltimore; but partly recovering from that by the encouragement gained through the energetic achievements of Gen. Butler, Gen. McDowell was invested with the chieftainship of the Potomac Army. He, very forgetful of his mission, issued a proclamation that no negro should come within his military lines. This, of course, being endorsed by the President, else he would have soon altered it, as in the case of Fremont and Hunter, the second plague smote the American Egyptian in the Bull Run defeat.

Shortly after another partial recovery, Gen. Fremont in the West heard a voice saying from heaven, *Let my people go.* He hearkened to the call by a corresponding proclamation, that rebels should be shot and their slaves set free; but the presidential Pharaoh hardened his heart and made void all his proceedings And mystic Egypt was smitten by the third plague in the death of Gen. Lyon, the fall of Lexington, and the demoralization of Gen. Siegel's army. Shortly after Gen Fremont was removed and Halleck placed in his stead, he issues a proclamation, that negroes were disloyal, and merely came as spies into the Federal lines, and forbid their future entrance, and returned many back to their rebel masters. Again, as a penalty, the fourth plague smote this mystic Egypt in the destruction of lives, ships, and other property, and almost the demoralization of the entire nation by the coming out of the Merrimac from Norfolk. Gen Hunter soon after saw that it was no use to try to refuse the heavenly demands, and in one sweeping proclamation, over which angels rejoiced, declared the mystic Israelites free throughout South Carolina, Georgia and Florida; but the presidential Pharaoh hardened his heart, and in one grum mutter, furious enough to make hell grumble, precipitately hurled them back into the darkest caverns of oppression, ever felt by a fiendish nerve. Soon after, the fifth plague smites in the extermination of a Maryland regiment, the capturing of thousands of prisoners by Stonewall Jackson, the running of Gen. Banks, and the perpetration of other cruelties too horrible, too brutal, too infernal to mention. And I tell old mystic Egyptian to-day, *my people must go free.* The sixth plague—the sixth phial or vial—or the sounding of the sixth trumpet is just ahead. What Miller and other prophet writers have been seeing, and the great revolution which is to rack the earth and convulse the nations about the year 1866, is the liberation of the oppressed. And I now predict that the time is near at hand. Miller saw it through the fog of a few future years, and could not describe it; but all the nations of Europe and America will be in war before five years, unless freedom's banner waves in majestic splendor over every hill and dale. If England and France ever interfere with this nation, it will be because God in his providence will compel them for the purpose of exterminating slavery. And mystic Egypt, with mystic Pharaoh at its head, may refuse compliance to Heaven's demand; but the inexpressible tortures inflicted upon ancient Egypt, the cruelties of Antiochus to the Jews, the devastation of Jerusalem by the Roman Generals Titus and Vespasian, the bloody streets of France in 1793, will all hardly bear a comparison to what will befall this nation.

H. M. T.

Washington, July 2, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

JEALOUSY.

Jealousy is a passion that helps to constitute the disposition of many of our fellow-beings Some persons say that there are none exempt from this cruel trait of character; but, whether there be many or not, I think there are enough who do possess it for me to complete my communication on the subject. Jealousy takes its rise from selfishness, for, as a general thing, persons that are much jealous are very selfish. They like to receive much attention, and to have their comfort studied by all around them. But they are very indifferent about showing such politeness to others. I have thought that married people and lovers were the only ones that were jealous; but I have lately discovered that, when it is once predicated in the heart, that its venom flows in every vein, and creates a feeling of envy towards all that are well spoken of, and causes discontentment within when they see others better situated in life than they are. This disposition of jealousy spoils the enjoyment of many around us, and makes many discontented husbands and unhappy wives. I wonder till I am lost in thought why persons are so narrow-minded as to let this fashion have such a predominant influence over them; for I am well aware that the heirs of that trait know that they possess it, and they know that it makes them unhappy, and I think it might be overcome as well as any other inclination to do evil. It might be so much overcome in every one to prevent them from committing murder and suicide. It is want of confidence in those we love to believe that they love us, and to think that we are as much thought of as other people. It is very true that everybody don't love us that we love; but getting jealous about them will not make them love us any more.

Why hast thou left thy native home?
Was it for love, was it for gold?
Or was it for a maiden fair,
With pearly teeth and crimped hair?
For one, whose figure tall and slim,
With grace, full form, and dimpled chin?
One on whom kind fortune smiled,
And made her an heiress child;
For one, when beauty passed her by,
Left a mark for the lover's eye?
What other charms have made you go
And leave your land of birth?
If not for love, if not for gold,
It was in search of fleeting mirth.

Some poor girls think that it is wisdom to live single till they have the opportunity of getting a rich husband; but I think it wisdom to marry a poor one and help him to get rich.

The gentleman that is fascinated with every fine-looking lady he sees seldom makes a confidential husband or lover.

Ladies that are looking for a husband must not be smitten with a handsome face or costly apparel; but take the one that is not ashamed to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow

Children that are brought up under the chastising rod of a pious mother will, in after life, rise and call her blessed. MARY MANLEY.

Woodbury, July 3, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

THOUGHTS ON THE WAR.

MR. EDITOR:—We design with your kind permission, to say a few thoughts on this subject, knowing as we do that such themes are ever welcome to the readers of your worthy paper.

In the first place, we would allude to the *papers.* How many of our sedate sheets have made themselves at once both conspicuous and ridiculous since the commencement of this unhappy war. Some of them, in their *pretended* zeal for the cause of the Union, would try to cram down the throats of the masses, that the war has been conducted properly in every respect; when, at the same tme, they themselves have proved, by their *own words*, their complete *ignorance* of the whole mater. We will give one important instance from a *thousand* that we could select from a leading paper of your city. A writer in the pape to which we refer, in alluding to the capture of Mason and Slidell, the infamous *traitors* to their country and their God, said: "*If we understand* the feelings of the Cabinet, the President and the people, the giving up of Mason and Slidell, and the required apology will be made never." Yet, what was the result? *But* these things were done, and this not two ays after the article was penned. Then, the *same writer* with the changability of the weather-cock, sends forth another article, loudly appauding the act, which but two days before he hoted at the idea of Such instances speak louly for themselves by their own foolishness and ridiculousness Such are the men who would cry to the people, "I am Sir Oracle; and when ope my lips, let no man bark"

Understand us: we do not criticise the act ourselves. The manner which Mr. Seward managed the whole affair entitles him to the gratitude of the American people forever. He has shown himself a true and loyal son, a statesman and an orator. Silently, and without ostentatious display, he is doing his noble work. So, indeed, is our noble President. Man of the stern and rugged brow!—how nobly and unselfishly has he toiled!—how many sleepless hours and restless nights has he passed, brooding over the troubles of his native land, and in constructing plans!—and yet how sleepless is the task!

He is no more than mortal; he is liable to make mistakes, as is his worthy compeer, General McClellan. But, at the same time, when a blunder does arise, all that we ask is that the papers may not seek to plaster the thing over, and harass the minds of the people by heading it a "glorious triumph." It will do no good People are not blind, and *will think.* Many an honest friend of the Union, for expressing disapprobation of some measure, has been branded a *traitor* by these same papers, whose leading departments are conducted by some upstart and aspiring graduate of some benighted printing office. 'Tis time such offensive conduct was stopped. Surely our land is not that of the Inquisition, that we may not express our desire for the welfare of it. Heartily do we wish this unnatural contest was over. 'Tis evident that while it lasts, the coffers of the same papers will continue to overflow (by increased circulation;) and it is equally certain that when ended, the coffers will cease to fill so rapidly *This* may account for some of the *excessive* Unionism, as expressed by some of our papers.

Those same papers have done the Union more harm by disclosing the plans of the campaign than any other class combined—though we are at a loss to say who has the *softest* head—the editor, who publishes the plans, or the general who discloses such important matters to tell-tales. We say emphatically, "Let old 'Mac' alone. He knows what he is doing; you'll shortly hear from him."

This matter discussed, we will proceed to another.

That General McClellan is governed in all his movements by motives of the purest principle and patriotism, no man of common sense or honor will doubt. Noble, self-sacrificing soul!—we could almost worship him! We are firmly persuaded that his great desire is to prevent unnecessary sacrifice of human life, but whether he is *doing it*, is another thing. While we shall not answer negatively, as we gaze around upon the hospitals in every part of the Union, crammed with the dead and dying, God forbid that we should answer affirmatively. We believe that Richmond could have been captured with less loss of life than was experienced by our noble troops in simply *defending themselves* on the bloody plains of "Fair Oaks" Strange blunders have been committed by our generals ever since the commencement of this war,—blunders so palpably stupid, that the most dreadful results were only prevented from following them by the still stranger stupidity of the wretched traitors in not taking advantage of them. Look at Pittsburg Landing! Who can doubt the appalling result if Beauregard had attacked our troops *one day sooner?* Nobly did our gallant band defend themselves against an overwhelming host of infernal traitors. See! see! the enemy have pressed them back and back, till now they are at the very edge of the river. God help those brave veterans so nobly struggling in defence of their country's flag. 'Tis a critical moment. Hist! that roar of cannon. Good! our gunboats are coming up to the rescue. There is a moment's pause, and then a deafening roar, as a perfect volcano of shot and shell is hurled from the gunboats. Tyler and Lexington over the heads of our men into the rebel ranks. Down! down! they go by the scores and hundreds, and finally they retreat back awhile from within range of this terrible fire. But soon they press forward again, in force twice as numerous as before, mowing down our ranks. Again are our troops at their mercy—in vain do the gunboats seek to drive them back. Good God! see how our noble fellows are falling, as they are compelled to retreat backwards to the river again! All seems lost. Is there no help? But hark! what means that dull, heavy, thundering sound—that cloud of dust rising thicker and thicker in the distant horizon? A puff of the wind for an instant blows the dust aside, revealing acres of nodding plumes, glittering steel, and prancing cavalry. In an instant a shout goes up from the Union ranks, that seemed to rend the very skies. "'Tis BUELL and the reinforcements!" Wounds were forgotten, and a new life springs through the hearts of our brave boys, as the lurid and vengeful flash of a dozen rifled cannon, bursting forth like a fiery serpent from the approaching columns, proclaim that this day laggard was left to bring up reinforcements. We need not detail the result. With the force of an avalanche, our noble reinforcements hurled their columns on the foe. They broke, they fled, and that night, as the pale moon shone sadly down on the faces of the dead, she beheld our glorious emblem, the "Stars and Stripes," proudly floating in triumph over the blood-stained field of battle. SPARTAN.

Terre Haute, Ind.

WARNING

We again will notify those wishing to write for our paper, that hereafter we will receive no notice whatever without the signature of the author, and we only give place to this because we know the handwriting.—ED.

GENERAL BOOK STEWARD'S REPORT.

The Christian Recorder Reported from January 1861, *to May 1st*, 1862.

CASH RECEIVED

1861				
Sept.	2.	Taken in for the Recorder, ..		1 00
	3.	" " " ..		2 47
	6	" " "		85
	7	" " "		1 12
	9	" " "		92
	10	" " "		75
	12	" " "		1 00
	13	" " "		2 40
	14	" " "		2 60
	16	" " "		4 18
	17	" " "		1 00
	18	" " "		1 12
	19	" " "		1 38
	20	" " "		3 80
	21	" " "		2 71
	23	" " "		1 18
	24	" " "		3 59
	26	" " "		16
	27	" " "		2 86
	28	" " "		6 11
	30	" " "		
		Sum total, up to Oct. 1st,		$43 94
Oct	1	Taken,		16
	2	"		2 69
	3	"		68
	4	"		2 73
	5	"		1 00
	7	"		1 17
	8	"		2 50
	9	"		7 50
	10	"		75
	11	"		20
	12	"		2 30
	14	"		1 56
	15	"		1 11
	16	"		7 00
	17	"		2 00
	18	"		11
	19	"		8 34
	21	"		1 78
	22	"		1 57
	23	"		2 13
	25	"		88
	26	"		1 08
	28	"		8
	29	"		1 04
	30	"		3 10
		Sum total, up to Nov. 1st,		$16 87
Nov.	1	Taken,		1 00
	1	"		3 04
	2	"		1 74
	4	"		2 00
	4	"		50
	5	"		8
	6	"		4 50
	8	"		60
	9	"		1 32
	11	"		2 48
	13	"		2 50
	15	"		1 23
	16	"		2 00
	18	"		2 29
	19	"		1 51
	20	"		4
	22	"		12
	23	"		1 16
	25	"		10
	26	"		1 86
	29	"		83
	30	"		1 85
		Sum total, up to Dec. 1st,		$43 17
Dec.	2	Taken,		1 55
	3	"		79
	6	"		12
	7	"		2 18
	9	"		78
	10	"		
	11	"		8 04
	12	"		84
	13	"		3 84
	14	"		2 35
	16	"		6 54
	18	"		1 08
	19	"		50
	20	"		2 00
	21	"		3 07
	23	"		12
	24	"		4 09
	25	"		1 00
	26	"		5 01
	29	"		3 18
	31	"		1 54
		Sum total, up to Jan. 1st,		$43 61
Jan.	1	Taken,		7 91
	1	"		19 77
	2	"		6 08
	3	"		5 17
	4	"		33 65
	6	"		6 90
	7	"		5 87
	8	"		5 33
	10	"		2 16
	11	"		8 62
	13	"		23 89
	14	"		11 87
	15	"		6 10
	16	"		1 00
	17	"		18 67
	18	"		16 66
	18	"		5 28
	20	"		
	21	"		14 85
	22	"		2 00
	23	"		3 50
	24	"		6 00
	25	"		2 21
	27	"		85
	28	"		11 00
	29	"		3 10
	30	"		3 25
	31	"		3 30
		Sum total, up to Feb. 1st,		$244 63

(To be continued.)

From the Anglo-African.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I was born in South Kingston, R. I., in 1828; I left my mother at the age of six years, and spent thirteen and a half years at farming. In this time I spent eleven and a half years with one man. I then commenced going to sea, and cooking part of the time in hotels, cook shops and steamboats During this time, I have been in nearly every port of the American coast, and in a number of foreign ports, and in vessels from seventy-six tons up to two thousand tons. I have no occasion to speak of my fare during this time, but I may say that I have had better than some and worse than others, but I shared on average with laboring men. I would say a word in behalf of the seamen. It is too bad, however, that I must speak principally of American ships. It is a positive fact, that many Captains are very tyrannous with their men. They commence the ill treatment as soon as they leave our ports, and treat them so that they are obliged to leave in foreign ports for fear of their lives, and many are killed and hove into the sea If men, in many cases, make complaints to the Consul in a foreign port, the Captain bribes the Consul, and he puts the men on board the ship again; and if men, in many cases, make a demand for recompense, the Captain has the preference on the ground that the sailor is nothing more nor less than a dog, and the officers make their boast of bribing the lawyer to keep the man waiting till the ship sails, as the man is obliged to go himself. It would be well to look into this important matter. I speak of this, for people living on shore don't see this awful treatment. But I have met with good treatment until the last ship in which I sailed. The Captain, Adams, has the name of being very gentlemanly when on shore. Capt. Adams sailed from the port of New York for Callao in 1860, with a cook and a steward, shipped from the keeper of "Colored Sailors' Home," and he killed the cook, and hove him overboard at sea, and killed one of the men in Callao on the same voyage

The ill treatment of this Captain has been the means of bringing me in this condition, and for rebuking which I am now condemned to die.

(Signed,) WM. H. HAWKINS,
1862.

A large portion of the afternoon and night previous to his execution was spent in writing letters to friends, conversing with persons around him, and in religious exercise with Rev. Messrs Garnet and Camp. At a late hour he went to bed and slept until 4 o'clock of the morning of the execution. He spent about a half hour in walking the corridor: after which he again went to bed and slept until 6 1-2 o'clock. He then arose, ate a hearty breakfast, and commenced making preparations for the final scene. Religious exercises were again had by Rev. Mr. Camp, and Rev. Geo. A. Rue, of Rhode Island. Mr. Garnet having been with him during most of the night, had left with the view of securing some rest previous to the execution.

In the course of the morning he was visited by Father Dubouquet, a Roman Catholic priest who visits Tombs' prisoners generally.

The Rev. gentleman entered into conversation with Hawkins in reference to the salvation of his soul. He insisted that, in oder to secure salvation, he must be baptised in the faith of the church, and that without this he must expect nothing but the part of those who know not God, and who have despised the offered mercy. Hawkins listened to his suggestion with great patience, and when the clergyman had finished he replied, "Now, sir, what you say me be all very well for you to believe, and for others to believe who are of your way of thinking, an who place so much implicit faith in the almsand efforts of human mortals ourselves. For me, I must confess that my faith is placed in a loftier power than that of men, who are mortal and sinful like myself; and as for baptism being the condition of the salvation of my soul, I remember that the thief on the cross next to Christ was assured by the Master in his dying hour that he would be with him in paradise. Christ did not make any institution such as that of baptism a condition of the promise being fulfilled. I cling to that same Saviour whose promises have never failed with those who put their faith in Him, believing that in him is salvation."

At his final interview with those in attendance, a communication of his was placed in the hands of the reporter of the "Times," in which he thanked Marshal Murray, the officers of the prison, and others for their kindness toward him during his imprisonment. In relation to the murder, he says:

If I was in Court, and should stand up and say, "I did not do this deed," no one would believe me, would they? If I was in the same court, and should say, "I did do this deed," they would all believe me, wouldn't they? Yes, and on my own words, hang me. Why then is it well for me to say I done it, or I didn't, when it depends on what words I use whether you believe me or not, and not on the truth? I will say, however, that though at one time, I rather thought the second mate would be tried for this crime. I am very glad he was not. I would not like to have had him die, or suffer for this deed. I am satisfied as it is. The President has done well not to notice my case Had he done it the friends of Gordon would have perhaps caused a revolution. He is a noble man—no President was ever greater—even Washington was not greater than Abraham Lincoln. God bless him.

I am now near death.

I don't fear it. I am strengthened from within; Christ stands by me and says, I will comfort and sustain you in the bitter end. I think I have shown thus far that a colored man has firmness, has courage, has intelligence—at all events enough to entitle him to his own freedom, and now I wish to show that a Christian colored man can die bravely, and die with feelings of love for God and love for man.

He also desired the following letter to be published:

NEW YORK, June 20th, '62

To the members and friends of the Shiloh church and all other churches of religious worship, I leave to with you my most sincere and friendly thanks I am happy to say that I have all faith in Christ. This is the most needed of all things, and pleasant to those that know it; and I do hope to meet many of you in the arms of Jesus, no more to part.

To-morrow I leave you forever on earth. God bless you and good by.

WM. H. HAWKINS.

At 1 o'clock precisely the solemn procession moved from the reception-room to the gallows, United States Marshal Murray and Deputy United States Marshal Thompson in front, followed by the prisoner, his spiritual advisers, the Rev. Mr. Garnet, the Rev. Amni Camp, the Rev. Geo. A. Rue, and a number of Deputy Marshals.

The doomed man took a seat under the beam, while United States Marshal Murray, in a subdued tone, read his death warrant.

Hawkins then stood up and delivered an address to the spectators in substance the same as documents from which we have made extracts in the foregoing part of this article.

The Rev. Mr. Garnet then offered an appropriate prayer, at the conclusion of which Hawkins said to Marshal Murray: "Can I now offer prayer?"

Upon being told that he could, he proceeded, prefixing his petition with the Lord's Prayer. He prayed fervently for a safe entrance into glory of his hitherto guilty soul. He offered an earnest petition in behalf of the country, the armies and their officers, now engaged in a conflict for Union. He also prayed for the slave and the slave's master—that the former might be given his freedom, and that God would open the eyes of the latter to see the error and injustice of his conduct to his fellow-man. He prayed especially for all his relatives yet out of the ark of safety, and his dead sister who had parted with him for the last time in the prison cell.

He then shook hands with the Marshal, the Rev. Messrs. Rue, Garnet and Camp, and others who had him in charge more recently. Amid the shaking of hands he shouted, in an apparently exultant voice, "Farewell, friends."

Mr. Isaacs, the executioner, then adjusted the rope, the signal was given, the concealed weight fell and the body of Hawkins dangled in the air.

A few convulsive shrugs, and all was over. Death ensued in less than a minute after the weight fell. The body, however, was suspended for about twenty minutes.

It was cut down at about a quarter before 2 o'clock.

Coroner Collin then held an inquest in the usual form, when the jury rendered a verdict of death by strangulation. The body was then handed over to the friends for decent burial.

Marshal Murray and the Rev. Mr. Garnet undertook the responsibility and expenses of the funeral. The body was taken away, and duly interred in the Citizens Union Cemetary.

THE COUNCIL AT ROME.

On May 15th, there were at Rome 83 Bishops and 37 Cardinals. The expense of the canonization of the Japanese Martyrs will amount to 400,000 francs.

At a consistory, held on May 22d, the Canonization of the Japanese Martyrs was unanimously voted. Twenty-three Cardinals and 120 Bishops were present. A discourse was afterwards pronounced by the Pope, who displayed much emotion.

The *fete* at Rome, celebrating the canonization of the Japanese martyrs had been solemnized with perfect order. The ceremony lasted six hours, and was attended by forty Cardinals, two hundred and forty-three Bishops, as well as by the Diplomatic Corps. The Basilica of the Vatican was magnificently decorated and lighted by wax tapers.

The Paris *Opinions Nationals* learns that the Bishops in Rome are making great efforts to induce the Pope to pronounce the major excommunication against Victor Emmanuel and his adherents, and to relieve his subjects from the oath of allegiance.

The Bishops in their address to the Pope, deplore the oppression of the church, and declare that the temporal power is necessary for the independence of the Pope. They approve all that the Pope has done in defence of the rights of the Holy See, and exhort His Holiness to continue firm in his resistance. The address is signed by twenty-one Cardinals and two hundred and forty-four Bishops.

The Pope, at a consistory held on the 9th, pronounced an allocution in which he deplored the errors spread by the revolutionary spirit against the authority of the Catholic church as well as against divine and human laws. His Holiness further regretted the oppression exercised against the church in Italy, and the war declared against his temporal power. He urged the Bishops to redouble their zeal in combating and arresting the diffusion of these errors.

WAS IT EXPEDIENT?

"It is true, every word of it. Nay; the truth would have borne a much stronger statement. It was righteous; nothing could have been more deserved; but—was it EXPEDIENT?" Thus wrote a valued friend to an editor, and thus the Editor replied —

1. "*It was expedient for the* TRUTH'S *sake*, for truth lives not by suppression but by utterance. We are not in half the danger of speaking the truth too plainly that we are of obscuring it or suppressing it.

2. *It was expedient* for the CHURCH'S sake. It is better to show the cancer and have it removed, than to hide it or poultice it. The operation gives the church pain, but the cancer will destroy her life. We must give her pain to save her pain.

3. *It was expedient for* CHRIST'S *sake.* Those who represent him in his church, ought, for his sake, to be known as they are, in all aspects connected with their official life and public acts. It is unpleasant to strip and expose the wrong, but it is very perilous to allow it to lie safely in its disguise.

4. *It was expedient* for CONSCIENCE' *sake.* We are appointed of God to speak the truth without desire of man's favor or fear of man's frown. We are going to his judgment bar whose decision is anticipated by enlightened conscience here. For the quiet within and the quiet yet to come we must speak the truth.

CHARACTERISTICS OF DISTINGUISHED CLERGYMEN.

WHATELEY.

When Guizot was in England he met Archbishop Whatcley. He says:—

"Amongst the English prelates with whom I became acquainted, the Archbishop of Dublin, Dr Whatcley, a correspondent of our Institute, both interested and surprised me. His mind appeared to me original, and well cultivated; startling and ingenious, rather than profound in philosophic and social science; a most excellent man, thoroughly disinterested, tolerant, and liberal, and in the midst of his unwearying activity and exhaustless flow of conversation, strangely absent, familiar, confused, eccentric, amiable, and engaging, no matter what impoliteness he might commit, or what propriety he might forget. He was to speak on the 18th of April in the House of Lords, in reply to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of Exeter, on the question of the Clergy reserves in Canada. 'I am not sure,' said Lord Holland to me, 'that in his indiscreet sincerity he may not say he sees no good reason why there should be a bench of Bishops in the House of Peers.' He did not speak, for the debate was adjourned; but on that occasion, as on all others, he would certainly not have sacrificed to the interests of his order the smallest particle of what he regarded either as true or for the public good."

PUNSHON.

The Birmingham *Daily Post* thus speaks of this popular preacher:—

"In excellence, range, and volume of voice, Mr. Punshon is surpassed by Gladstone, Spurgeon, Baptist Noel, and the Bishop of Oxford. But Mr. Punshon certainly makes the most of what nature has given him, and his vocal organ may be called a bad voice admirably managed. His elocution, though naturalised, has cost him immense labor. You never hear him preach without having one or more striking feats of elocution, too clever to be spontaneous, and yet too natural to be other than sincere. It would be out of place to discuss in this article the divine element of the pulpit, but so far as the humanity of Mr. Punshon's power and popularity is concerned, it is made up of the following: Materials for sermons with which the generality of intelligent religionists are acquainted, and in which they would agree; a fine and enlarged conception of the health, beauty, and joyousness of the Christian faith; beautiful and appropriate language; superior pulpit elocution. His imagination is very fertile, furnishing him with affluent resources of illustration, dealing with the placid, gentle, grand, and joyous moods of nature, rather than with the terror-stricken and wretched convulsions of her aghast and agonised soul. His taste has been well educated, and owes more, so far as rhetoric is concerned, to the Lakers, Dickens, Harris, Macaulay, and Bulwer Lytton, than to the old divines. This is as it should be

"Given a congregation of fastidious and severe-thinking literary *savants*, and then perhaps Dr. Caird, or the Bishop of Oxford, or Henry Melville, would be the more acceptable preacher. But turn these three ministers out together, to make their own position, let them take the multitude as such, and then to us it would seem that Mr. Punshon is the greatest pulpit orator in the world."

ROBERT HALL.

In an article in the *Eclectic* it is said:—

"We shall, perhaps, surprise our readers when we avow our belief that the lord of modern conversation most nearly approaching to Johnson, but in many things far surpassing him in conversational powers, was Robert Hall. He had that rapid nimbleness of fancy and imagination, seconded by a vehement rapidity of language. His estimate of a very popular author was good, if not just:—'Sir, he has set out on a race after obscurity, and, sir, he has overtaken it.' Again, on a pleasant ride with Mr. Green, as the great preacher's eye glanced over the sun setting beneath the waves, he exclaimed: 'Only look, sir; that mild, silvery light on that expanse of waters! why, sir, it looks as if they were preparing for a magnificent public baptism, and the whole of the hundred and forty and four thousand described in the Revelation were about to descend into the waves!'

"We believe Robert Hall was the finest of all our table talkers. He was in conversation what he was as a preacher: rapidity, imagination, wit, and force—he possessed these in a large degree. Somebody said: 'No doubt, in a future state, the powers of the human mind would be enlarged to an indefinite degree.' 'What's that, sir? What's that?' The question was repeated. 'Why the mind more than the body, sir? the body undergo this frightful increase? then we should have a man whose nose would perforate the sun, his chin stretch across the Atlantic, and battles fought in the wrinkles of his face; none but a fool could believe that, sir!'

"His genius for happy retort never slumbered. A timid man was the subject of conversation, when he remarked:

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, July 12, 1862.

REV SHEPHERD HOLCOMB

We have a letter from Rev. Shepherd Holcomb, of Mount Holly. Brother Holcomb, as many of our brethren are aware, is a superannuated minister, and all who know him, know him to be a man of piety. We are truly glad to learn from his letter that he has nearly recovered from the paralytics, and can move around.

SELLING THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER

We wish to say to those of our brethren who take papers for sale, that we hope they will not keep us out of the use of the money more than two or four weeks at the most. This will be better both for you and us, for when the accounts run long and are not strictly kept, some of our brethren are at a loss to know how their bills are so large. Let all our brethren pursue this course. In sending money, please get the postmaster's receipt. Those who do this will not be held responsible if the money is lost; those who do not, will be held responsible.

QUARTERLY MEETING.

The Rev. A. L. Stanford's Quarterly Meeting came off finely last Sabbath. There was a good feeling all the day long. The Lord be praised.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Of Rev. H. M. Turner, of Washington, D. C., on account,	- -	$4 00
Of Rev. William Hughs,	- -	1.00
Miss C. Peterson, Camden, N J.,	- -	1 00
Mr. Shepards, per Rev. K. Berry,	-	1 00
Miss Lydia Lowery, per Rev. J. Hamilton,	- - - -	1.00

PASTOR'S NOTICE.

Rev. J. P. Campbell, Pastor of A. M. E. Church, Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Residence, No. 833 Carpenter Street between Eighth and Ninth Streets.

PLEASURE TRIP.

The A. M. E. Mission Sabbath School of Kaighsville, New Jersey, under the charge of Rev. Peter Gardiner, of the Camden circuit, will have its pleasure trip on Thursday, the 24th instant, at Maple Grove, near the place known as Diamond Cottage.

Several addresses will be delivered by Rev. Peter Gardiner, Rev. Elisha Weaver, and several others.

JACOB F. DERRIXON,
HENRY MACKEY,
HENRY HARRISON, } Com. of Arrgts.

All other usual business and work will necessarily be postponed for two weeks.

A WORD.

The report from Port Royal will be found to be very interesting. We were present at the lecture, and can assure our readers that it was a grand treat. We take it from the *Press*. It is correct as far as it goes.

GONE TO THE CAPES.

The Rev. Stephen Smith and family have gone to spend the summer season at Cape May. The Lord be with him and his family.

We would also state that Rev. A. L. Stanford, pastor of Little Wesley, has left for Providence, and may visit some other of the Eastern cities. He will spend some two or three weeks altogether during the trip.

GOES WEST.

Our better half will leave, by divine permission, on Tuesday, the 15th instant, for the West. She will remain some two weeks or more in the smoky city (Pittsburg) with her mother; and thence proceed to the city of Indianapolis, Indiana. We hope that she will have a very pleasant time on the rail—the distance to be travelled being over one thousand miles.

TAKE LESSONS.

It would be a capital idea for some of the managers on the Philadelphia and Pittsburgh Railroads to take lessons from the following:

EQUALITY IN TRAVELLING.

A correspondent of the *Evening Post*, speaking of the *Richmond* and York River Railroad, says: "It is a truly national road; there is no distinction known among those who travel over it. The highest official rides in the same kind of car with the most humble soldier, and men who at home would feel indignant if a respectable colored man entered a car, ride with the Virginia contrabands side by side. The other day I noticed Mr. H. J. Raymond, of the New York Times, on a platform car, with a black face on each side of him, yet he seemed to wear his usual pleasantness of countenance, and to enjoy his usual degree of good health. It seems here that every one feels so patriotic as to forget all minor differences, whether of opinion or color, in contemplating the one great idea of how to beat the rebels, end the war, and save the country."

EGYPT.

[CONCLUDED.]

Our readers will remember that we left off at Sesostris. As if to verify to the very senses of posterity the faithfulness of His word who declares that he will stain the pride of all glory, the most gigantic representation of the hero himself now lies amid the ruins of his own capital, shattered in the most humiliating manner Such must be the fate of all such monarchs, whose glory is in the god of this world. And here let us remark what mere human sagacity could not possibly have foreseen, nor had the hardihood to hazard the remaining part of the prediction, and that, too, at a time when Egypt, to human eyes, appeared to be the greatest and most flourishing, as well as the most stable of all earthly kingdoms. It is very evident from the testimony of all history, that since the days of the prophets Egypt has been overrun by successive races of foreign conquerors, and literally sold into the hands of wicked oppressors; that since the days of the prophets there never has been, even amid innumerable scenes of anarchy and change, a single native prince of the land of Egypt. Nor is this all. Mark the insults, cruelties, and miseries to which the wretched inhabitants have been almost uninterruptedly subjected, throughout the long period of two thousand years. Though Egypt has degenerated, yet it is clear to every honest and intelligent man and woman that she has been the cradle of science and knowledge. History shows that wherever any class of people have been blessed and prospered by Almighty God, and after a long period of time that people have became proud and haughty, neglecting the [illegible] not obeying his divine will, he then brings afflictions and judgments upon them In speaking of Egypt, Sir Gardiner Wilkinson makes the following remarks upon the religion of the Egyptians: "Superstitiously attached to their religious institutions, they practiced a ceremonial which they celebrate with all the grandeur [illegible] people. The celebration of their religious rites was remarkable for possessing all that human ingenuity could devise to render them splendid and imposing. Of course they prided themselves in being the people to whom had originated the most sacred institutions, afterwards common to other people, who were [illegible] to have adopted from Egypt the mysterious nature and attributes of the Deity, though presented under a different form from that of the Egyptians" Again, it is quite evident that they claimed the merit of being the first who had consecrated months and days to particular deities, and the method of forming the calendar, which has been imitated and preserved to the present day, and which has in turn been supplanted by the saints of a Christian era, which we think cannot be doubted.

In reading the history of the Greeks, we glean the following information: "Herodotus borrowed the science of astronomy from the Egyptians, and that people have invented more prodigies than all the rest of mankind." It will be remembered that it is conceded to the Egyptians the honor of teaching mankind the proper mode of approaching the Deity. Lucian, the historian, asserts that they were reputed the first who had a conception of the gods, and acquaintance with religious matters, and a knowledge of sacred names. An opinion is expressed in the words of an oracle of Apollo, quoted by Eusebius, which declares that they, before all others, disclosed by infinite action the path that leads to the gods. Again, Jamblichus not only considers them the first of men who were allowed to partake of the favor of the gods, but that the gods, when invoked, rejoiced in the rites of Egypt. Thus it is clearly to be seen, my readers, that the sons and daughters of Egypt have the honor of being the first to introduce the many sciences.

It will no doubt be very interesting to our readers to bring to their minds something relative to the Coptic population—the only representatives of the once noble, wide-spread, and flourishing church of Alexandria and Egypt. On this subject Dr. Duff gives the following information, collected on the spot: "Their very language, (the Coptic,) has now ceased to exist as a living, spoken tongue, having been supplanted by a jargon of Arabic; and though it is still retained as the language of sacredness in their public services of worship and devotion, like Latin in the Popish churches, it is intelligible to few or none of the hearers."

Reader, would you not like to go and visit Egypt, and see her plains and rivers, and mountains—Mount Sinai that we read so much about in the Scriptures? In visiting Egypt, please take a look at the road; see where the children of Israel crossed over. You may imagine that you see her deserts and her lakes; and, in conclusion, you may imagine that you see her places of worship, of devotion to God, but alas, these have dwindled away.

For the Christian Recorder.

MAN'S RESIDENCE.

DEAR READERS:—In conclusion upon this subject, I will notice some of the labors that men have to perform, whilst getting their bread by the sweat of their face. I first notice that a number of men have no other employment but to serve the drudges of mankind. Smiths, farriers, farmer's servants, grooms, hostlers, &c., are slaves of brutes—washing, carrying, shoeing, feeding, and waiting upon them both by day and by night. A sultry air, and clouds of smoke and dust are the elements in which men labor. The confused noise of water falling, steam hissing, and fire-engines working, wheels turning, hammers beating, ore bursting, and bellows roaring form the dismal concert that strikes the ear; while a continual eruption of flames ascending from the mouth of their artificial volcanoes, dazzle their eyes with horrible glare. Massive bars of hot iron are the heavy tools they handle. Cylinders of the first magnitude, the enormous weights they heave. Vessels full of melted metal, they carry about streams of the same burning fluid, the fiery rivers which they conduct into the deep cavities of their subterranean moulds I have seen at times sparks flying in every direction around the men while they have been at work, with thousands of drops of the liquid-hissing iron, the horrible showers to which they have been exposed Yea, while they have stood to catch a breeze, they have even bedewed the burning sand with their streaming sweat. These had a reason to remember the just sentence of an offended God: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread all the days of thy life."

I learn that birds of passage by mere instinct find the north and south more readily than mariners by the compass. And the untaught spiders weave their webs, and the uninstructed bees make their combs to the greatest perfection; but fallen man must serve a tedious apprenticeship to learn his own business, and with all the help of master's tools and patterns, seldom proves an ingenious artist. Disobedience, thou breach of duty that opened the flood-gates of natural evil, and caused arduous labors to come in full tide upon mankind.—thou art the cause of the toils that mankind beg while on earth. Destruction stops not here—sin kills beyond the tomb. There are tribes of animals that are armed with poisonous tongues or stings, and use them against mankind with peculiar rage. By extracting the quintessence of the curse which sin, our moral poison, hath brought upon the earth, by infusing their subtle venom in our blood, which spreads its poison through our agonizing frame. Ah! answer, ye thousands, who died in the wilderness of the bite of fiery serpents. I appeal, also, to the multitude, who lie almost all countries that have shared their deplorable fate, and they yet remain without number; their bones lie bleaching beneath the green surface of the earth. They are often mentioned—but, alas! how long, how grievous do they appear to those that feel their severity! Could we number the sighs that have been made, or forced from the breast on their account, it might swell into a river. Hard labors and sweat make up but one innumerable calamity, incident to the wretched inhabitants of the world. Turn your eyes which way you please, some running, others groaning under the rod of God. To-day you may read that an impetuous steed hath hurried away, thrown off and dragged along his unfortunate master, his blood sprinkling the dust, and brains dashed against the rocks; to-morrow, you may hear that a vicious horse has darted his fron-fenced hoof into his attendant's breast or forehead, and has either lamed or killed him on the spot I look at the danger of those that ransack the bowels of the earth to get the black mineral that we burn; also, thousands more with iron instruments, opening the bosom of the earth, and forcing her to yield us maintenance, or with immense labor secure her precarious decaying fruits.

Notwithstanding man's artful contrivances, greedy birds and beasts eat up and trample down a part of the fruit of his rural labor, and appear to laugh at human power and craft. These are plain proofs that man who, according to his superior rank and primitive excellency, should in all things have the pre-eminence, is now a degraded being. We may rationally conclude, with the evangelical prophet, sin has separated between us and our God; that our sins have hid the Saviour's face from us, and eclipsed the sun of righteousness, and brought darkness upon our souls; or, as Job speaks, man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards; and with David, that the earth is full of darkness and cruel habitation; and with every impartial inquirer, that our depravity and God's justice concur to make this world a vale of tears, as well as a field of toil and sweat, —a vast prison for rebels already tied with the chains of their sins,—a boundless scaffold for their execution,—a Golgotha,—an Aceldama,—an immense field of torture and blood

Having dwelt so long upon the manner in which mankind finds itself situated with the surrounding objects, I may reasonably assume the conclusion of my argument, and affirm that if Adam corrupted the fountain of human nature in himself, we, the stream, cannot but be naturally corrupted. Friends of the RECORDER, for fear of being too tedious, I conclude, hoping to say more in future. Mr. Editor, I am doing well in getting the ten cent money, and also the two cent money, of which I will settle with you and Elder Campbell in this month. July.

WM. H. WINDER.

Frecho'd, N J.

Mount Holly, N. J., July 7, 1862.

MR EDITOR:—Please give this place in the *Recorder* this week. On the 6th of April last I was with Brother J. H Smith holding Quarterly Meeting at Evesham, eight miles from my home at which time I was taken with a paralytic stroke. I was brought home quite feeble, and the use of my left side entirely gone. It came under the notice of the Female Aid Society. Sister Mary Still, being a member of that Society, and knowing my condition, at once made it known to the Society, and through her influence they sent me three dollars by the hands of Sister Elizabeth Harris of Hornstown, Pa; and she gave me one dollar of her own private funds. They have acted the part of the good Samaritan, for which they have my sincere thanks and best wishes. May the Lord bless them and their institution Sister Harris is a mother in Israel, and a friend to ministers, a friend to the Book Concern, and all good institutions, with the character of a Christian.

I remain your humble servant in Christ evermore Yours respectfully,

SHEPHERD HOLCOMB

We clip the following from the *Independent*, our worthy exchange, and we are truly glad to learn that that most wicked and malicious attempt upon the part of a portion, and a large proportion, too, of the voters in Illinois has proved to be a failure. We knew that the people of Illinois were very wicked but we did not think that their hearts and minds were so far lost to reason and humanity as to be guilty of such an abominable attempt. But we are thankful that God is always above the devil, and defeats the mechanism of his schemes.—ED.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION IN ILLINOIS.

It is generally understood, and has been so represented in the newspapers, that the two anti-negro propositions, which were carried by strong majorities in the State of Illinois, in the late vote on the new Constitution, have thereby become authoritative amendments of the old Constitution, while the new Constitution has been rejected as a whole. We are glad to learn, on what appears to be good grounds, that these wicked clauses were only presented in the form of separate clauses of the new Constitution, and that they lack the technical words which are necessary to give them force as amendments of the old. Consequently, the new Constitution having itself been rejected by the people, the cruel clauses fall with it, and are of no force whatever, except as historical proofs of the existence of cruel prejudice among the people of Illinois in the year 1862. So a respectable clergyman writes, June 25, to his friend in this city:

"Owing to a failure on the part of the convention to order these clauses to be presented as distinct amendments to the old Constitution, they have fallen with the new Constitution. So our State authorities have decided For this the Lord be praised. That the convention did intend the clauses as amendments to the old, if the new failed, there is not a doubt. Hence the cunning trick to secure their adoption. They supposed that a majority, however small, would suffice for their purpose By a legal technicality they have signally failed Do we not see the hand of Providence in their defeat? A H H."

The "trick" by which this iniquity was intended to be effected, is thus described in a previous letter: Three clauses were proposed to be voted upon separately, and ballots furnished accordingly, viz:

1. For or against negroes' suffrage or holding office.
2. For or against the exclusion of negroes from coming into the State
3. For or against laws for excluding negroes from coming in, and from exercising the right of suffrage or holding office.

Multitudes who would not forbid negroes coming into the State, are not yet prepared to vote for negro suffrage. They would suppose themselves to be expressing their intentions by erasing "for" in the first proposition, and "against" in the other; and having thus accomplished their object, would simply strike out the whole of the third; while the knowing ones, who were in the plot, would all vote "For" in the third. By the adroit reversal of the propositions in 1 and 2, multitudes were inadvertently caught into voting the contrary of their intentions in regard to the second, while [illegible] their exclusion [illegible] while they supposed themselves voting favorably to them so far as the privilege of coming into the State The adroitness of the trick could only be equalled by its inhumanity, and both indicate an ingenuity and depravity among humans. The greater satisfaction at the frustration of the plot.

A Blow at the Mormons.—A bill to suppress and punish polygamy has passed both Houses of Congress. It imposes a fine of five hundred dollars and imprisonment for not less than one year, for having a plurality of wives. It also provides that no Church in any territory shall own more than fifty thousand dollars' worth of property. We believe the only votes against the bill in the Senate were by the California members, whose interests might be involved by their proximity to the Mormon territory, especially as the overland route to the Pacific lies through that section. What Brigham Young and his supporters will say or do about the [illegible] upon their peculiar institution" remains [illegible]

THE FREED BLACKS AT PORT ROYAL

Sansom Street Hall was well filled last evening with a large and appreciating audience, who had assembled to hear an address from J. Miller McKim, Esq., on the condition of the freed blacks at Port Royal, and to devise some measures for their relief. He commenced by stating that his mission was one of object and inquiry. By the success of our fleet over the forts at Port Royal, our troops were put in possession of nearly all the sea islands of South Carolina The planters fled to the mainland, carrying away with them as much of their property and house slaves as they could, but leaving the plantation slaves and those that were worthless. Besides this, they left vast stores of corn and cotton. The blacks showed themselves so loyal and well disposed that the Government took the idea to employ them at wages to gather the cotton and prepare it for shipment. All such the wages were but nominal, and were much reduced in value by the distribution of slave goods at high rates to the blacks, still they were content. The character of the cotton was the very best, as may be known from a recent sale in New York Of this about 12,000 pounds have reached New York The Government then through Mr Chase both applied itself to the idea to plant another crop of cotton, and of corn, for the coming year, and appointed Mr. Edward L. Price, then a private soldier at Fortress Monroe, general superintendent of the blacks at Hilton Head Schools were to be established, and much other work was to be done. Mr Pierce then went to Boston and raised a number of men and women to go to the work of educating the contrabands at Port Royal. Rev. Mr French also procured a number in New York, most of whom went at their own expense, and without remuneration. Meanwhile, the letters coming from that part of the country created considerable interest in the matter, and a meeting was held to raise means to carry on the work. The appeals of the committee were successful. They succeeded in raising about $5,000 in money, and a large amount of clothing, both new and second-hand, together with a large amount of material ready to be made up. Of the money, about $2,000 was spent in provisions, such as bacon, fish, and molasses. In a short time the most grateful acknowledgments came from Port Royal.

Not getting any information of the minutiæ of events happening there, the committee thought it expedient to send a person to that place, to observe and report to them the condition of affairs there The speaker was the chosen representative, who sailed for that place early in June, and staid some four weeks. There he spoke with many persons, and visited all places which he could visit. From his own experience he would say that the experiment was entirely correct, and that its ultimate success would be inevitable. It was proven in the fact that 14,000 acres of land are under cultivation in cotton, corn, &c., and if there be no severe and unnatural disaster, a crop will be yielded which will furnish such an argument against slavery, and in favor of free labor, that would be irresistible.

All of the slaves left did not work in the fields Many were too old, a great proportion were children, and a large number were at work on the fortifications There were but few implements of labor, and the blacks were indisposed to work on cotton. They would willingly work on corn and sweet potatoes, but cotton was their enemy. They could not eat it, but they could see the value of corn The private soldiers had told them not to work on cotton, and it was here that Mr. Pierce found a great difficulty, but kind words soon won over the negroes, and they soon went to work on the cotton. Another thing was the inexperience of the superintendents and overseers, but notwithstanding all these embarrassments the enterprise has been pushed on almost to completion, and it has been a decided success. If the generals in the field had been as successful in their line as Mr. Pierce has been in his, there would have been but little more of the rebellion to crush Another thing was the strongest professions of happiness by the negroes themselves They have now only the fear of the Secesh coming back, but they have confidence in Mr Pierce and his friends In their own words, they never ran such times before, but they were at most too good to last. Their only fear was a return of their old masters. This fear removed, and they would really be what their old masters rarely proclaimed them to be, "the happiest peasantry on earth"

At the churches, on Sunday, the negroes were taught by the teachers and superintendents to read the simple words of the English language, such as God is love, thou shalt not steal, and such easy moral sentences from the Bible, thus instructing them in reading, and at the same time inculcating the moral principles of Christianity. There they labored without reference to religious creed. No matter how much different their religious belief had been at home, they were there teaching the same truths, and working hand in hand.

The contrabands were neatly and cleanly clothed, many of them with the very articles which the ladies of the relief committee had sent to them. Besides, they rise early, and work hard and industriously. The work they are put at is task work, or, as they call it, "Government work," and when that is finished they hurry to their cabins to work at their own patches. The statement made by Mr. Wickliffe at the New York meeting, that every black man there had another black man or a white man to keep him at work, under the lash, is a gross untruth.

One of the most interesting features of the people were their songs. They are all converses; their roads are canals. When they go from one island to another, they go in boats, and as soon as they commence to row they begin to sing Their boat songs are all looking towards the coming kingdom and the happy Canaan. The only song not in the minor key was a new one which he had heard on going in a boat from Hilton Head to Beaufort, rowed by six stout members of the 1st Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers. [Applause.] A boat was met with others who asked what the new clothes meant. Our men replied, "We're Uncle Sam's chilen', now; none of your field hands; we're Uncle Sam's chilun'." [Laughter and applause.] But the song was of the following order:

"No more driver call for me
No more driver call,
No more driver call for me,
Many a thousand time.
No more fifty lash for me,
No more fifty lash;
No more fifty lash for me,
Many a thousand time."

THE DIFFICULTY.

Where is the difficulty? Not with the open enemies of the truth We know them, we know they hate the truth because it is truth, and no softening or palliating of it will make it acceptable. So far as they are concerned, our simple way is to utter the truth, as clearly and as pointedly as possible. The more what we say hurts and arouses *them*, the more sure we are that it is the truth, and has been set forth in the right way.

Where is the difficulty? Not with the open friends of the truth. They know its preciousness, and for it are willing to contend, and if need be, to lay down their lives They know how it is hated, how fierce is the war made upon it, how insidious the conspiracies and schemings of those who plot against it, and they feel that its friends must be earnest, untiring, and uncompromising in their advocacy of it. They want unmistakable utterances, a trumpet with no uncertain sound, and they look upon imprudence itself as more venial than timidity.

Where is the difficulty? It is with the secret enemies of truth. They wish to be thought on its side, though they hate it. They disguise their opposition to its essence under pretence of misusing the mode of its utterance by phrase it as you may, so long as the phrase embodies the truth, they will find fault with it.

Where is the difficulty? It is with those who don't know where they stand, or are not willing that others should know. They hide themselves in ambiguities and compromises, and wish others to do so. Earnestness is with them the unpardonable sin, and candor the most shocking of indiscretions

WHO IS BROWNLOW NORTH!

This may reasonably be asked by all who heard the remarkable address, which recently touched the consciences of many in the large audience who listened to Mr. North We therefore place before our readers some facts about him, drawn from reliable sources

His grandfather was the Bishop of Winchester, and brother of Lord North, so long the Minister George III His father had also preferment in the Church of England In early life, Brownlow North was also destined for the Church, but his tastes and pursuits led him to indulge in gaiety, and what the majority of persons consider a life of pleasure In November, 1844, while residing at Dirac Lodge, in the vicinity of Eaton, Mr North, while playing at cards one evening, suddenly felt a sensation as if he were going to drop down dead He rose up and said to his son, "I am a dead man—take me up stairs." His reflection then was, "Where am I to go as soon as I am dead?" a thought which now burst upon him, and I impressed him with his need of mercy. It was a moment of sharp inward conflict, for as he was about to kneel and call upon God for mercy, a maid entered the room to kindle the fire; for a moment he hesitated before her, but through God's grace he did get up, and in her presence threw himself down on his knees and began to call upon God. On the following day he made a public announcement to his friends in the house, and to others by letter, that from that instant he had become a changed man.

For months he strove to find God, and pardon, and peace; after spending hours of the night in earnest supplication, in agony of soul; but it pleased God to give him a view of the righteousness of God in Jesus Christ, and these precious words, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out," gave him rest, because he perceived that God's truth was pledged to forgive even him, if he believed in His Son.

About a year after this, circumstances quite unsought for by him, drew him out as a preacher; and the vividness of his convictions, the reality of this new life, and his knowledge of the human heart and of God's Word, have wonderfully fitted him for speaking to his fellows. In Scotland he has occupied the pulpits of nearly all denominations, and everywhere crowds wait upon his ministrations. In London, St James' Hall was a witness to the heart-stirring, plain statements of truth in 1860; and in Willis' Rooms, St. James', meetings were commenced for aristocratic circles, to which admission was by ticket, delivered only to such; the streets and squares in the neighborhood were crowded by carriages, and on successive Mondays, Mr. North spoke to these fashionables, the burning words of truth drawn from God's Word. During the last winter and spring, a course of addresses was given in a similar manner in Edinburgh, and we hear that the results are such as to encourage him to similar efforts [illegible] where

We believe Mr Brownlow North still belongs to the communion of the Church of England.

GLADSTONE AND DISRAELI.

I was eager to hear Mr Gladstone, for, by common consent, he is now regarded as the most accomplished orator in England. He is a tall man, long faced, high forehead, large nose, hair brown, scanty, but, what is of it, long. While Sir Stafford was attacking him he sat calmly, with his eyes closed, his feet crossed, and his head bent forward When he rose to speak, he stood by the table, put his right hand frequently behind his back, under his coat, and knocked for emphasis on the table with his left. He moved his body considerably, so that his coat tails were flung about in the manner that *Punch* delights to record His voice is low, soft, clear, and perfectly audible in every articulation to the most distant galleries His manner is remarkably persuasive. After a few keen thrusts at his antagonist, he assumed the attitude and used the tones of a man thoroughly in earnest, expostulating with a friend. His tones, and gestures, and attitudes, were perfectly natural, and the effect was very fine. The house listened in breathless silence, broken only by sounds of applause The genius of the man was shown by his power to make dry figures and the details of a budget not merely interesting, but fascinating. He never hesitates for the fittest word. His language is chaste and classical. I do not wonder that he will [illegible] influence in England It is quite likely that when Palmerston is no more, Gladstone will be Prime Minister.

Mr Disraeli followed him I was under the impression that he was a rapid and elegant speaker Such is not the case. He utters his words with slow, deliberate, emphatic articulation. No stream issues out, no fountain of inspiration bubbles up, no fiery passion urges—all is cool, self-possessed, but, at the same time, powerful, keen, unhesitating. Disraeli speaking reminds me of a strong man wielding an axe on a cold winter day: every blow tells; the edge is keen and clear, the arm is sinewy, but the work is done without any enthusiasm—without moving the finer feelings or touching on the outmost verge of the sublime or beautiful. You would feel it a relief if Disraeli could speak more rapidly, but you are out in the least afraid of his running dry. In appearance he is younger than I would have expected. Bare-faced, bushy-haired, his Jewish features appear to good advantage. He is a tall and well-built man, and stands erect, and indulges in but few gestures while he speaks

MR BEECHER

A New York correspondent of the *Pittsburg Christian Advocate* speaks in the following unamiable tone of this gentleman:—

"Rev Henry Ward Beecher has dropped politics of late and gone to billiards. What a reproach on the ministry! He has never time to visit his sick nor bury them if they die, but can go to billiard saloons and spend hours looking at others gambling for stakes of $500 a side, and where hundreds are betting around him on the game of chance. On the third of last month he attended such a billiard match in Irving Hall. The players were Michael Foley, of Ohio, and Dudley Kavanagh, of New York. Mr Beecher's presence was hailed with a burst of applause, and it is said he took great interest in the game Whether he took part in the betting this deponent saith not; but I will venture to say he was not guilty of opening the meeting with prayer Mr. B.'s popularity has waned very much latterly. A few years since his church was too small for the congregation, and they purchased lots and started the project of a new church capable of seating 6000 persons, but the whole affair has entirely fallen through, never to be revived. Even his present house is not filled on ordinary occasions, and at the last pew-letting their receipts fell off over $10,000, thus necessitating a reduction in their minister's salary"

CREEDS

The Chronicle on "The Use of Creeds," discourses thus sensibly

Many are morbidly opposed to creeds, as if they were wrong in principle, as if they were a substitute for the Bible, some mode rule of belief, or something got up on purpose to divide and distract religious people. The times that Christians would all be one if it were not for their belligerent creeds. As it is quite possible that creeds, institutions, foundations, organizations and formularies may in some cases keep persons apart who are in heart and sentiment one. But these are exceptional cases The differences of judgment as to what is Bible teaches preceded the existence of creed Athanasius held different views of Christ at redemption from Arius, Augustine from Pelagius, Calvin from Servetus, and Wesley from Whitfield, before either of these men had embodied his views in a distinct creed As the different conclusions of people were owing to growth of divergent views and reasonings, and not the cause of those divergencies, so in religion, opposing creeds are not the cause but the consequence of the different conclusions to which men come in reading the Bible. Removing the creeds does not make them so; and generally those who are most determined in their efforts to sweep away all the old creeds, dominated by the desire of introducing something they have invented They fight not because they oppose their principles, and cry out against others' articles of faith to make way for their own. Or they make war upon *written* formularies to give the greater currency to those which are *un*-written. The sects most zealous in opposing our standard creeds are most of all pertinacious in pressing their own interpretations, judgments, and usages.

Creeds are an expression of religious conservatism, we may add, or they are a means of recording and perpetuating to future ages the results of past labor and investigation. If the past generations had left us nothing of the kind, written or oral, and we had every one to begin anew to work out from the Bible our religious opinions and beliefs, instead of diminishing it would infinitely increase our differences and disputes. There would be as many creeds as there are active intellects to assert their pre-eminence, or ambitious hierarchs to plume themselves with the honors of leadership. Creeds, instead of exasperating divisions, as many suppose, are our great security against their endless multiplication.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Dr. Hamilton, in the following graphic passage, clearly shows that he almost, if not altogether, despairs of any such concessions being made as even moderate and half Dissenters long for.

MOSES, STAND FIRM!

I wish it, I dare hardly say that I hope it. The difficulties of any alteration in a body so composite and heterogeneous as the present Church of England are very great; and even improvements which traverse no principle are met by the grand old English obstinacy. "*Eadem ferme, Musæ!*" used to be shouted by the boys of Seville when a Hebrew heretic was led to the stake, and when a friar would be thrusting a crucifix into his face. For fear the poor Jew should recant, so that they would lose the amusement of the *auto da fe*, these young reprobates shouted "Moses, stand firm!" And so cought the enemies of the Church of England to be at this moment exclaiming When Lord Ebury and a few others are trying to popularise the service by suggesting re-arrangements and abridgments, it is to be feared that the heads of the church will resist the improvement; and in that resistance it is the policy of the church's enemies to support them valiantly. "Stand firm, bench of bishops! stand firm, Convocation! Not a single omission, not one word of curtailment. Prayers an hour and twenty minutes long, till your children are nodding, or saying, 'O, what a weariness!'—an hour and twenty minutes long, till the artisan who has been coaxed out to morning worship vows that he will never so be entrapped again. The marriage service, every jot and tittle, from 'Dearly beloved' down to 'amazement,' till you send all the ever-sensitive to be joined together in the registrar's office, or the Dissenting chapel. And, by all means, the damnatory clauses in the Athanasian creed and the excommunication-service on Ash Wednesday; for a little occasional cursing is so comfortable. Steady, bench of bishops! Stand firm, Moses!"

CONVERSION OF A BOHEMIAN VILLAGE.

We are indebted to a Continental journal for the following interesting account of the conversion to Protestantism of a village in Bohemia:

In the Great Mountains there is a Bohemian district called Smail, which wholly professes the Romish religion, and in which no one would suspect the existence of ancient Protestant or Hussite traditions. Nevertheless, in the gorges of the mountains, and in the caverns, may be seen, carved upon the rock, cups, with the initial letters of the sacramental terms of *body* and *blood*. This well-known symbol is sufficient to attest that these solitary valleys of old served as an asylum to the disciples of Huss. Here is now situated the little village of Spalov, which numbers forty-three houses, and is inhabited only by poor mountaineers Five leagues separate it from the nearest Protestant place, Kraschnitz. In March, 1860, the pastor of Krischnitz saw two peasants arrive at his modest parsonage. They came from Spalov to announce to him that almost the whole village had decided to forsake Romanism, and to enter into the Lutheran Church M Molnar, (that is the name of the pastor), to prove their resolution, confined himself to pointing out to them the provisions of the law, relative to abjurations. But very soon afterwards they returned with the certificates of the civil authorities in due form. Sixty men and women of Spalov delayed not to enroll their names amongst the Presbytery of Krischnitz. In September took place their solemn abjuration, and their admission into the Church, and on the 9th December of the same year, the first act of public worship was celebrated at Spalov itself, in the house of a peasant, in the midst of a numerous concourse of the Romanists of the neighborhood, who were serious and orderly. The pastor had chosen for his text John viii. 31 and 32. Next day Divine service attracted a still larger number; the Lord's Supper was celebrated, and eight new converts joined themselves to the rising Church. A great number of spectators openly expressed their desire to follow this example. All hearts were full of joy. They could not separate from one another. In the course of the afternoon, the day being serene, the Christians of Spalov assembled together before the house which had offered hospitality to the pastor, and at sunset, men, women, and children all accompanied him for the space of three miles. Since then he has visited them as often as his other duties would permit, and cannot but praise God for the progress which they are making, young and old, in knowledge and in sanctification. The first donation that they received (it came to them from the National Church of Mecklenburg) enabled them to procure for themselves a sufficient number of Bibles and works of edification, and to purchase a communion service.

Spalov will probably be the centre of a Protestant movement, which will propagate itself widely in the Roman Catholic population of the country. It will require a church and a pastor, then a school and a teacher. In a parallel case Rome would have her hands full of gold. Very recently, on the frontiers of Eastern Prussia, she has built eight churches for ten, for fifty, for a hundred Catholics lost in the midst of the Protestants. Protestants will surely not abandon the poor mountaineers of Spalov.—*The Missionary Herald.*

DENMARK.

Religious Condition of Copenhagen.—Copenhagen presents a large field for missionary labors Many who before were careless, are now inquiring the way to heaven There are a number of laborers of other denominations, who are all preaching in their own peculiar way The city of Copenhagen contains, according to the last census, 155,115 inhabitants, divided as follows:—The Established Church (the Lutheran) numbers 150,119; the Reformed, 331; Roman Catholics, 749; Greek Catholics, 24; Anglicans, 65; Presbyterians 8; Methodists, 7; Moravian Brethren, 1; Herrnhuts, 7; Evangelists, 2; members of the Apostolical Communion, 8; Evangelical Lutheran Free Church, 75; Baptists, 189; Mormons, 200; Jews, 2858; not connected with any denomination, 10; altogether, 155,143 These numerous denominations are the fruits of the religious liberty we enjoy, whereby every man has the privilege to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience.—*Chronicle*

It is reported that two hundred able-bodied slaves in Maryland, owned by masters in the West River district of Anne Arundel County, have laid down their hoes and refuse to be held in bondage any longer. They offer violence to no one, but they refuse to be compelled to work for others without compensation. This spirit is believed to be spreading among the whole slave population in the State. Slavery may thus abolish itself in Maryland—saving trouble and expense.

The Great Rebellion—Virginia.—THE BATTLE IN FRONT OF RICHMOND.—The following is an official statement of our losses at the battle at Fair Oaks:—

Killed,	980
Wounded,	3627
Missing,	1222
Grand total,	5,829

ORGAN INTERLUDES.

The following we give as a specimen of logic applied to music:

Straws show which way the wind is blowing. Interludes are straws. The musical current tends strongly towards display; hence we find interludes flying in the face of every devout sentiment, and putting our eyes out just when we are beginning to see.

"I don't agree with you about interludes," said Mr. Smith; "the singers need a rest between the verses."

"What do you think Smith says?" said I to a Handel and Hayden Society man. "He says, 'the singers need to take breath between the verses.'"

"Nonsense!" said the Handel and Hayden man. "Just tell those singers that they havn't got breath enough to sing the choruses in our oratorios, a half an hour's matter or more, and see how they'll take it. Stuff! reasons are plenty as blackberries, when we want to follow our inclination The fact is, a simple psalm tune proves nothing, except it be modesty, which isn't to demand; but a voluntary shows that I know a thing or two"

"Queer thing! these voluntaries. I was thinking how funny it would be if they were adopted in prosaic, as well as in poetic speech. I call on my friend Smith, we'll say: 'Good evening, Mr. Smith; well, the current of events moves on; then McClellan is approaching Richmond. (Interlude; I whistle 'Robin Ausir.') Gen. Hunter's proclamation is making some stir The President and his cabinet seem to be not well agreed about it. (Interlude; 'The Fine old English Gentleman.') Fremont's position I don't well understand, nor why he and Banks don't form a coalition with McDowell (Interlude; 'How gently sweet Afton.') The atrocities of the rebels in this war out herod Herod! Who would have believed that slavery had eaten out every feeling of humanity! (Finale; 'Rockaway.'")

"That man's lost his wits," mutters Smith; "or is it a paralysis that he has to throw off by that whistling spasm? He, he, ha! I declare, I do believe he thinks it is pretty!"

J. W. K.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING IN GERMANY.

The schools in Germany have been great helps to the congregational singing. Very frequently the schoolmaster is also the organist of the congregation. Learning the catechism and singing hymns form part of the regular school exercises. Hymns are committed to memory, and sung to the same melodies used in the church service. Thus singing year after year in the school, trains the children for singing in the congregation. Herein lies the difficulty with respect to our American congregational singing. Sacred music is taught only in rare and exceptional cases, in our common schools. The children may help to sing a few hymns once a week, in the Sabbath School. But the little that might be gained here, is to a great extent lost by the practice of light modernized airs, which we never sing in our church service. The popular Sabbath School music books are a positive injury, a hinderance to the cultivation of church music, just because their trifling sentimental airs beget a distaste in the minds of the young, for solid church melodies. In the German schools they have but one set of hymns for old and young, as they have but one Bible. The hymns they learn and sing in youth, are learned for a life-time, and remain to them a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

The Germans have but few melodies, though many hymns; and as a general rule, always sing the same tune to a hymn. Sometimes they use one tune for a number of different hymns. The tunes are named after the hymn for which they were originally composed. Thus, "Wer nur den lieben Gott lasst walten" is always sung to the same tune, which is named after it. When a hymn is to be sung to its tune, the minister says, "Nach der Melodie, War nur," &c. This reduces their church melodies to a comparatively small number, and simplifies their church music. Our plan is the reverse.—We multiply tunes and tax the patience of old and young in introducing new ones. If every L. M hymn would be sung to Old Hundred, Windham, Luther's Hymn, and Ward, and to no other, how readily all the children could learn to sing L. M. hymns. This is the German plan. The praise of our churches is throttled by incessantly thrusting upon them new tunes. Where this praise-encumbering process is not allowed

The Social Civil and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Pennsylvania open a [illegible] to-night, to hold their [illegible] other points where they may be located, and re[illegible] ask the [illegible] sons and others in this city, or elsewhere, in money or clothing.

Any amount of value received will be acknowledged, with the name of the donor, in the *Recorder*, where a constant record will be kept.

Subscriptions may be sent to Jacob C. White, at the office of the Christian Recorder, 241 Lombard Street, and also to William Still, 107 North Fifth Street, and to Rev. E. Weaver, 619 Pine Street.

PAID.

Statistical Society,	$50 00
Clinton Miller,	2 00
William Still,	5 00
Robert Adger,	2 00
Henry Madison,	2 00
Catherine Johnson,	2 00
Vasti Locke,	2 00
Wm Warrecke,	2 00
Harriet Shorter,	1 00
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Rev. Jonathan C. Gibbs,	1 00
James P. Clay,	1 00
Benjamin F Hill,	2 00
S M S.,	2 00
Elizabeth Gordon,	1 00
F. J. Dreer,	5 00

It affords us pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of ten dollars, the proceeds of Miss Anna E. Dickinson's lecture at Concert Hall for the contrabands, contributed to the S. C. and Statistical Association, to be applied as intended. WM. STILL.

Cor. Sec. of S. C. and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Penna.

Domestic Items.

THE GREAT BATTLE OF THE SEVEN DAYS.

By a careful and laborious comparison of the best sources of information, we have endeavored to connect and harmonize the events connected with the movements of the Army of the Potomac, during the fearful battle of the Seven Days!

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25

At the White House, on Wednesday, matters were progressing as usual, with the exception that there had been a check in the landing of stores of all descriptions, whilst those on the landings were being rapidly loaded in wagons and moved off towards the left flank. Several steamers, with large strings of vessels laden with forage and subsistence, had also been started down the river, with orders to proceed to City Point, on the James river.

This reversal in the course of transportation occasioned considerable comment and speculation, but was ascertained to be the fulfilment of an order direct from Gen. McClellan. So he supposed it to be intended for the supply of Gen. Burnside's army, which rumor said had reached the James river to co-operate with him. An order was also received from headquarters early on Wednesday to prohibit any one from coming forward to the lines on any consideration whatever, unless the parties belonged to the army. This order was so peremptory that even those connected with the press, some of whom had come down to forward their reports by the mail-boats, were prevented from returning, and others, who had smuggled themselves through, were promptly sent back.

On the same day General Casey came down and took command of the small land force, not exceeding 600 men, and in the evening was notified to prepare at any moment for the entire evacuation of the post, and the preservation, so far as practicable, of the public property. Similar orders were also sent to Col. Ingalls. He immediately communicated with the fleet, and a division of men, armed with axes, proceeded during the night to cut down the trees around White House, and subsequently all the way along, above and below the Pamunky bridge, so as to give them free play for the use of their guns. On the same evening we had a report from headquarters that a division of the rebels, the forces of Generals Jackson and General Ewell, were approaching and threatening to open the way by the right flank for a raid on the White House. In the meantime the trains on the railroad were kept running night and day, carrying forward nothing but ammunition and munitions of war, with siege and rocket trains, and field pieces.

The down train of cars due at 7 o'clock on Wednesday evening had not arrived, which added to the excitement among the sutlers and camp followers. At half-past 10 o'clock in the evening, however, the train arrived, bringing down about ninety wounded men, it having been delayed for their accommodation. They were nearly all of Gen. Hooker's division, and had participated in the gallant advance on the left of the centre on Wednesday morning, driving the enemy from their rifle pits, and reporting that they had secured and held what is known as Tavern Hill, an important position commanding the city of Richmond. This is the "important point" alluded to in the despatches of Gen. McClellan, detailing the affair. The entire loss on our side was reported to be about two hundred and twenty wounded and sixty killed. A large number of those wounded were, however, very slight, many of them being able to walk from the cars to the hospital boat. Thus ended the events of Wednesday.

THURSDAY, JUNE 26TH.—DOINGS ON THURSDAY.

The fact that the gunboats had taken position in front of the landing with their guns out and shotted, and the sweeping away of the trees, which was still progressing, gave renewed activity to the rush of camp followers for passes by the mail boat to Fortress Monroe, and our population commenced to be rapidly depleted.

The down train from the front reported all quiet with the exception of certain mysterious movements within our lines that were not understandable to civilians. The immense stock of stores and forage at Dispatch Station, eleven miles from White House, were being carried off with great rapidity, and subsequently we learned that an immense train of wagons had been running from that point all day, with forage and stores, and that the greatest activity in their removal was being observed. In the evening it was announced that not a bale of hay, a bushel of corn, a barrel of beef, or a box of crackers was left.

Throughout the day, at White House, the greatest vigilance was observed in and around the headquarters of General Casey, who had pitched his tents on the beautiful lawn in front of the White House, the building itself being occupied as the private quarters of the Sisters of Charity—and here let me add that it is quite a small building, having not more than six small rooms in it; the outbuildings and servants' quarters being seperate from the residence. An immense train of wagons was also moving forward from the subsistence and commissary department throughout the day, and the immense stocks of stores were being rapidly diminished. The trains on the railroad were still steadily moving forward with ammunition, and continued throughout the night. Cavalry scouts had also been sent out in various directions during the day, and preparations were made for obstructing the roads.

At dusk a new panic was occasioned by the discovery that bales of hay had been piled over and about all the large masses of subsistence stores on the landings, indicating the probability that it might become necessary during the night to apply the torch to them, to prevent them falling into the hands of the enemy.

The reports from the front on Thursday evening continued favorable, heavy skirmishing having taken place on the right, resulting in the repulse of the enemy, and a few more of the wounded arrived, who reported everything progressing most satisfactorily, whilst all the indications were that a general battle along the whole line would take place next day. (Friday.) The trains were kept in motion all night, carrying forward munitions of war, whilst the wagon trains were still lining the roads with commissary stores.

FRIDAY, JUNE 27TH.—FRIDAY'S FIGHT.

Shortly after the close of Thursday's fight, came an order from Gen. McClellan to Gen. Fitz John Porter, directing the withdrawal of his corps to a position two miles this side of Gaines' mill, the ground we now occupy. At three o'clock A M the morning back of the corps, who had been sleeping on their arms all night, began. Gen. McCall, in accordance with instructions, opened with his artillery upon the enemy. The latter thought this the renewal of the preceding day's fight, and returned a vigorous response from their guns. Shot and shell flew in antagonistic direction with dangerous liveliness. Gradually Gen. McCall's troops withdrew, which the enemy naturally mistaking for a victory on their side, caused them to follow on in hot haste. Of course our rear column yielded the ground slowly, the more to make the enemy believe that they were being beaten. Meantime, Gen. Sykes' division led the retreating column, followed by Gen. Morell's division. Along the advance there were but little indications of a retreat, the men moved slowly, and all, ignorant of this backward movement, were anxious to know the cause of it.

THE BEGINNING OF THE GENERAL ENGAGEMENT

Between three and four o'clock the general engagement began. The taking no note of time, as seen from its face, is ordinarily true. There is no taking note of time, however, in the excitement of battle. I was never so astonished as when I looked at my watch and saw it was seven o'clock. There had been three hours of continued heavy artillery and musketry battle; it seemed less than one hour. The air was full of the roar of cannon and musketry, and shouts of the men; moving artillery, and regiments and brigades [illegible] in three hours? No [illegible] manding general, could you catch his ear, might tell [illegible] The sparrow, as it falls to the ground, alone knows the events of those three hours, the names of those whom bullet or shell, or bayonet had called to their final account [illegible] from mortal wounds—those who had been taken prisoners, in short, the fluctuating fortunes of the conflict.

A RESPITE

A respite comes. And now the result of the short engagement is partially revealed. Bodies of the slain lay about in every direction. Burne on stretchers and prostrate in moving ambulances and on the ground are men covered with blood and every wound incident to the battle-field. Dwellings and barns and sheds are converted into temporary hospitals. We hear of officers who have been killed and privates who have bravely met their death in the face of the enemy.

RENEWAL OF THE FIGHT.

The fight was shortly renewed again. It was evident the enemy had been reinforced. They were bolder in their demonstrations, and now came rushing from the woods. Our men were ready to meet them, and again there was desperate fighting, this time more desperate than before. The mutual yells of the men as they advanced to fire upon one another could be heard above the roar of the artillery. This was the most exciting and earnest fight of the day. The cannon let fly grape, shell, and canister; the volleys of musketry were incessant, and dashing charges and counter charges were made with bold impetuosity. No battle was ever more earnestly fought. Officers and men acquitted themselves with great gallantry.

At one time our columns pushed the enemy from their position, and then the latter came back with overwhelming force on our troops. Our men gave way but for a moment. With a yell and a bound they would dash against the enemy. I am satisfied from the recitals of every one that, for deeds of personal daring, no battle of the present war can present more numerous or notable examples. I only regret my inability at present to make their heroism and names known to the public.

ARRIVAL OF REINFORCEMENTS.

As mentioned above, it was evident that the one army had been reinforced. The freshness and vigor of their fighting showed it, and the statements of prisoners confirmed it. They greatly outnumbered us. Only one corps remained to prevent defeat, and that was asking for reinforcements. They were asked for and given. I do not know the exact order of their coming, but before the day's work ended, there had come across the Chickahominy to our aid, General Slocum's division, and Generals Palmer, French and Meagher's brigades, besides two or three departments of cavalry. The fresh arrival gave new impetus to the struggle. The new men, like those they aided and relieved, fought with the courage and desperation of old and well tried veterans. General Meagher's men went into the fight with coats off, and their sleeves rolled up, and fought with the fierceness of tigers. All General Palmer's men wore straw hats. They made these hats visible in the thickest of the fight. Their utility as a mark as night advanced, and the air grew darker, I am afraid lost more than one poor fellow his life. I make signal mention of this brigade, not that they fought better than any others in the fight, but because of their conspicuousness on the field. Duryea's Zouaves, too, were alike conspicuous on account of their uniforms. They fought, as did all the regulars under General Sykes, to whose brigade they are now attached, with undaunted courage.

CLOSE OF THE DAY'S WORK.

The sun went down in brightness and beauty. Its departing rays shed their twilight hues upon the contest of carnage going on. It was half past nine o'clock when the firing ceased, and the day's work of battle was over. We compelled the enemy to retreat, and held the ground we were told to hold. The closing firing was between the enemy and Gen. Smith's division, on our left.

THE STRENGTH OF OUR FORCES.

In the first part of the day only General Fitz John Porter's corps was engaged on our side. His troops, with the reinforcements coming over after it, must have swelled our numbers to about forty-five thousand men.

SATURDAY, JUNE 28

The affair of Saturday partook more of the nature of a battle than the engagements of Thursday or Friday. General Fitz John Porter has covered himself with glory. He selected a very strong position, and, having posted his forces in an admirable manner, was prepared to hold it against any force of the enemy. The brave men of this command all fought with heroic courage, and the volunteers vied with General Sykes' regulars in making steady movements, and carefully executing the commands of their officers.

Time and again, vast hordes of rebels moved up in solid columns upon our troops, but our regular batteries so often mowed them down in a most destructive manner. Slowly discharges of shell, grape, and canister in regular salvos seemed to sweep down whole companies.

As soon as confusion in the rebel ranks was apparent, General Porter ordered General Meagher's Irish Brigade to charge bayonets, which they did in the most gallant and heroic style, bare-headed, in their shirt sleeves, occasionally with three rolled up.

This charge had an excellent effect. The rebels were driven back with great slaughter, and General Porter was preparing to move upon them over the piles of the rebel dead and dying, when the enemy again advanced steadily, strongly reinforced.

Now the Pennsylvanians gave them the benefit of all their splendid rifles, while the batteries played upon them as before, crossing and [illegible] Indeed, the slaughter upon either fields during this war has never been anything to compare to this. The rebels staggered under their losses, and our forces were advancing steadily upon them, driving them back at every point, when a staff officer rode up with an order from the commander-in-chief to Gen. Porter, directing him to fall back with his command, and cross the Chickahominy.

The order was executed in fine style, and our troops did not miss a man, the enemy being too severely punished to follow us closely. The only difficulty was with the Pennsylvania Reserves and Meagher's Irishmen—their commanders asserting all their powers to induce these brave men to cease firing. They saw the advantages gained by hard fighting, and they were anxious to follow up the success.

Four trains of cars, loaded with forage, were ordered to Despatch, on Saturday, but meeting the enemy's pickets on the road, the trains were backed down near the White House, the cars were burned, and the four locomotives were blown up. This was a great loss, but it was enhanced by the destruction of stores, &c., at the White House—everything there being in flames. Elegant ambulances, and loaded baggage-wagons were rolled down to the river bank; and, there being no time to burn them, they were cast into the river.

SUNDAY—JUNE 29.

On Sunday morning the corps of Sumner and Franklin were left in the works at Fair Oaks, with instructions to evacuate and protect the baggage and supply trains on their way to James river. They had hardly left their position, and were falling back on the railroad and Williamsburg turnpike, when the enemy discovered the movement, and immediately started in pursuit with their whole force.

So rapidly did they approach, that our officers had barely time to place their men in position to receive them before they were upon them.

The enemy advanced in an attack about 2 o'clock, which was promptly met by our men. The battle lasted until dark, during which the enemy suffered terribly. They advanced in a solid mass to within a short distance of our artillery, and the effect of our guns on their ranks was fearful. They were killed and wounded by hundreds.

At dark the enemy were repulsed, and forced to abandon their position. This latter took place about one and a half miles above Savage Station.

While the battle was in progress, [illegible] events were transpiring. The railroad bridge over the Chickahominy was burned, and a train of twelve cars, under a full head of steam, was run overboard. All the commissary and quartermaster stores were committed to the flames, together with a large amount of ordnance stores.

The large house at the station, and the adjoining grounds, which were filled with our sick and wounded, whom it was impossible to remove, were left under the charge of our surgeons, with all the necessaries at hand for their comfort. They number about seven hundred, and are now in the enemy's hands.

The troops which had fought the battle of Sunday retreated, under the cover of night, to White Oak Swamp Bridge, a distance of about twelve miles, there to await the approach of the enemy.

Sunday night two gunboats went up the Appomattox river, towards Petersburg, and both got aground. The Island Bota, attacking fast, was abandoned and burned, to save her from falling into the hands of the enemy. She was [illegible]

MONDAY—JUNE 30

The fight of our left wing on Monday, at City Point, was most terrific, the enemy having two or three to our one.

The battle commenced with our land forces, and, after about four hours' fighting, our gunboats got in range, and poured into the rebels a heavy and incessant fire. This fire the rebels stood for about two hours, and then retreated.

Our troops have captured, notwithstanding the disadvantages under which they labored, a large number of artillery pieces and prisoners. The retreat of the enemy was attended with great disorder. Their loss has been very heavy.

In the retreat, many of our sick and wounded were necessarily left behind.

Each side took guns and large numbers of prisoners. Among those taken from the enemy are, Col. Lamar, of Georgia, ex-M. C., the noted secessionist of long-standing, and Col. Pondimon, of a Louisiana regiment, formerly of Cincinnati. A whole brigade was captured by Heintzelman—a small brigade, 1,600 strong. Perhaps three thousand were taken during the day.

The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded alone yesterday (Monday) is said not to have been less than four thousand.

The Richmond *Examiner* says it thinks that "the division which went into the fight on Monday fourteen thousand strong, could only muster six thousand men for duty, and that the loss of life exceeds that of any battle or siege yet fought." It adds, "The conflict was terrible, and by half-past 8 o'clock the enemy had been driven a mile and a half. At half past 9 o'clock, the enemy, being heavily reinforced, made another stand. The loss on our (the rebel) side was terrible. The situation being evidently powerless against such overpowering forces, Gen. Hill slowly retreated, amid the vociferous cheers of the Yankees."

Stonewall Jackson is undoubtedly killed.* The Richmond *Despatch* announces his death. He fell while leading a charge of two rebel divisions. He never appeared on the battle-field in full uniform, but always led his troops into action in person, after forming them and giving instructions to subaltern officers.

His first practised the "rebel relief" system of fighting—relieving those under fire with fresh troops ALWAYS after ten rounds had been delivered. In this way he kept his small army fresh. He was opposed to *delay* in attacking an enemy, and thought men should always be taken immediately into action after marching to the position of the enemy.

He obtained the sobriquet of "Stonewall" at the battle of Bull Run. During that affair General Lee asked him "if his brigade had not better retire under the heavy fire they were sustaining?" "No, sir," said General Jackson; "I will stand here like a stone wall!"

He graduated with high honors in the same class with McClellan just as the Mexican war broke out, immediately entered service with Gen. Scott as a brevet lieutenant, and was made full lieutenant for gallant conduct in the memorable campaign from Vera Cruz to Mexico.

As for his outer man, he looks at least seven years older than he is; his height about five feet ten inches; his figure thick-set, square-shouldered, and decidedly clumsy; his gait very awkward, stooping and rather long strides. He often walks with his head somewhat on one side, and his eyes fixed upon the ground, imparting to his whole appearance that abstracted quality which a young ladies describe as "absent-minded." A lady who has known him long and well has told me that she never saw him on horseback without laughing—short stirrups, knees cramped up, heels sticking out behind, and chin on his breast—a most unmilitary phenomenon. In society he is quiet, but cheerful, not loquacious, but intelligent and shrewd; in religion the bluest kind of a Presbyterian, and extremely strict in his church observances. In Winchester he took a very active part in revivals, and habitually led the Union prayer meetings.

Such is the rebel Napoleon, for whom his people venture to claim that in four weeks he has marched three hundred and fifty miles and won four victories; that he has crippled or dispersed the forces of Milroy and Schenck at Luray, and McDowell and Banks at Front Royal and Winchester, Fremont at Cross Keys, and Shields at Port Republic; that he holds Mallowell in check to take care of Washington and Maryland, and monopolizes, for the amusement of the world, the attention of six distinguished Generals.

When lately he fell back to Winchester from pursuing Banks, he said to the people there, "When we left you last March we promised to return, and here we are. Now, with much more confidence, we promise to return again, and soon. Only be prudent and patient."

And to the women: "When the Union troops come in again, as they will, do not forget your aprons."

The surgeon of one of the Indiana regiments and two of his brother officers were captured by Ashby's cavalry, and taken Lafayette Jackson. Immediately on hearing their names, he said, "It was you, gentlemen, who lately saved the property of a dear friend of mine in the valley from the fury of your own men. I thank you. Have you any means of transportation back to your regiment?"

"We have not, General."

He then gave them horses, an escort and one hundred dollars, and then courteously dismissed them on their parole.

General Rhett was also killed.

A force from the gunboats landed at City Point, and burned the place, together with the wharf and adjacent warehouse, which had been used as shelter by the rebel sharpshooters to annoy boats on their passage up the river.

TUESDAY, JULY 1ST.

The fight was renewed early on Tuesday morning by the enemy, who evidently expected to crush our army. It lasted about three hours, resulting in considerable loss to both parties. The enemy then returned, leaving the field to our troops. They again advanced about 3 o'clock, P. M., in considerable force, but retired after being shelled by the gunboats and artillery for about two hours, without coming near enough for the use of musketry.

The loss of our army during these seven days' engagements is not known, but twenty thousand is considered as near an estimate as can, at present, be given in killed, wounded, and missing. Many of these at present unaccounted for may have straggled away through the country, and may hereafter return.

The loss of the enemy in killed must have been very heavy, far exceeding that of our army.

We have taken about seven hundred prisoners, among whom are three commissioned colonels and one major.

The use of field artillery during the seven days amounted to about thirty guns.

The army is now encamped, on Tuesday evening, three miles north west of Haxall's Landing, on high, rolling ground, on the banks of the James river, fifteen miles from Richmond. The transports at once began unloading supplies at the wharves.

Opinion of General McClellan.—The Commanding General felt confident of successfully meeting any attack that the enemy might make on his present position. The moving of the army over to James river was not a part of the general plan, as has been stated. The attack of Jackson's forces on the right, last Thursday and Friday, made this movement a necessity, in order to save the army from total annihilation, as the reinforcements received by the rebels gave them a force double that of the Army of the Potomac.

Among the prisoners taken during the battle were a number belonging to Beauregard's army.

Our brave troops drove the enemy before them. We captured a large number of prisoners and took several guns, and in every respect won the day.

"At 8 o'clock, on Tuesday, Jackson and Huger's divisions attacked General McClellan's left flank on the west bank of the Chickahominy, 17 miles from Richmond. Later in the day, General Magruder fell upon his right flank. Fighting was going on up to nine o'clock on Tuesday night. Heavy firing from the gun-boats on James river was heard on Tuesday morning. A number of Federal transports are in the river with reinforcements from General Burnside, but they have not yet landed."

The above extract from the *Examiner* relates to Tuesday's battle, in which, according to Gen. McClellan's despatch, the rebels were badly whipped.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 2D.

General McClellan, in conference with Commander Rogers of the Galena, Flag-Officer of the James River flotilla, having selected Harrison's Bar as the location of the new base, yesterday, the army commenced the very difficult undertaking of withdrawing to that position.

Tuesday was raining and the weather was disagreeable. By night the entire army was in the position selected, and as vantage ground. About as General McClellan said, it will be able to hold against almost any force for any length of time. The position is one of great natural beauty, and by the co-operation of the gunboats. The position cannot be flanked, by no matter how superior the force, while in front no attacking force can approach without encountering the combined fire of the army and navy.

Supplies of all kinds, and in abundance, had arrived, *and the entire army was in the best possible spirits*, encouraged for a renewal of the conflict. The position where the army is now encamped is between eight and ten miles below City Point (on its opposite side,) and about 27 miles from Richmond. This increased distance between the army and Richmond, on what it was believe, to the measure of loss resulting from the withdrawal.

From prisoners it is gathered that the loss of the rebels cannot be much short of 30,000, while, from all causes—killed, wounded, prisoners, and missing—ours, it is believed, will not exceed 10,000. The enormity of the rebel force is established, and it could not have been much if any less than 200,000.

While the army exhibits nothing approaching to demoralization, [illegible] wish[illegible] pected to assume the offensive without reinforcements.

* The latest reports contradict this

The James River is filled with vessels and steamers, most of them upward bound with stores and supplies. Upward of twenty gunboats are in the vicinity of Harrison's Landing, whose water armament is probably 75 guns of the heaviest description.

Gen. McClellan's first business will be to entrench himself, and for this work supplies of tools have been forwarded. The mails will be forwarded regularly.

Gen. Shields' army arrived at Fortress Monroe on the morning, and proceeded up the James River. They now lie in reach the Peninsula. They reached McClellan on Wednesday.

From Washington on Wednesday night, the sky in the direction of Richmond was illuminated for several miles in extent. An illumination of the city, in honor of a victory was the explanation most generally accepted.

THURSDAY, JULY 3D.

There was no fighting before Richmond on Wednesday, nor on Thursday up to 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Everybody will be glad to learn that the worn-out soldiers of the Union have this much time for rest. Six days of fighting and marching, in hot weather, through swamps and over dusty roads, is enough to wear out an army of giants. It is evident that the enemies has been completed by our new position, sheltered as it is by the gunboats. Though the rebels have suffered terribly, they have still an overwhelming advantage in numbers, and could have brought into the field many more divisions of fresh troops; but these terrible shells from the Galena, co-operating with the scarcely less dreadful fire of our land artillery, were too much for even the recklessness with which their desperate leaders pressed their six days' battle. They meant to crush our army by sheer force of numbers, wearing us out by incessant attacks in superior force.

As a fitting close to the details we have systematized, we give the

Address of General McClellan to his Army, on the 4th of July

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, CAMP NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING July 4th, 1862.

SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC:—Your achievements of the last ten days have illustrated the valor and endurance of the American soldier. Attacked by superior forces and without hope of reinforcements, you have succeeded in changing your base of operations, by a flank movement, always regarded as the most hazardous of military expedients. You have saved all your material, all your trains, and all your guns, taking in return guns and colors from the enemy.

Upon your march you have been assailed day after day with desperate fury by men of the same race and nation, skilfully massed and led.

Under every disadvantage of numbers, and necessarily of position, also, you have in every conflict beaten back your foes with enormous slaughter.

Your conduct ranks you among the celebrated armies of history.

No one will now question that each of you may always with pride say, "I belong to the army of the Potomac."

You have reached this new base complete in organization and dominated in spirit.

The enemy may at any time attack you. We are prepared to meet them. I have personally established your lines. Let him come, and we will convert our repulse into a final defeat.

Your Government is strengthening you with the resources of a great people.

On this our national birthday we declare to our foes, who are rebels against the best interests of mankind that this army shall enter the capital of the so-called Confederacy, that our National Constitution shall prevail, and that the Union, which can alone insure internal peace and external security to each State, must and shall be preserved, cost what it may in time, treasure, or blood.

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN,
Major General Commanding.

Brighter Prospects.—TUESDAY, July 8.—McClellan is everywhere pushing the enemy back and advancing his lines. Reinforcements are now being forwarded to him as fast as possible. Burnside is marching to his relief, and in a few hours Pope will be moving Southward with an invincible army of one hundred thousand men. The cause of the rebellion is upon us, and the people and the Government are fully aware of the great emergency. Richmond depends upon the reinforcement of McClellan. When he moves upon it, he will lead forward an army of five hundred thousand veterans. The strategy of McClellan is every where developing. That rebellion which was likened to a hydra-headed monster at first, is now found to have but one head, and that is at Richmond. In a few hours three of our ablest commanders will be thundering at three gates of Richmond.

Vicksburg.—Vicksburg has probably fallen, and the Mississippi is free, and of course belongs to the American people. Davis and Farragut have done it, and in accomplishing this great work have cut the rebellion in twain!

Good News from McClellan!—Fortress Monroe, July 5.—Fresh troops arrived here from Washington yesterday, and went up the James river in the evening.

Four small steamers, with four barges in tow, arrived at Fortress Monroe this morning, laden with artillerymen, horses, &c., and were doubtless bound up the river.

A skirmish took place, yesterday morning, near our left wing, which resulted in the defeat of the rebels. We took one thousand rebel prisoners, and three small batteries, and our cavalry followed them up till they passed beyond White Oak.

For the last two days the rebels have shown little disposition to fight, and yesterday relinquished their ground and batteries almost without resistance.

Pacific Railroad Bill.—On Friday the Senate, by a vote of 33 to 5, passed this bill, with some amendments in which the House concurred. The main route which it fixes, is to commence at a point on the 100th meridian of longitude, within the territory of Nebraska. Of the branches one commences at Sioux City, another at another point on the western boundary of Iowa, which will probably be at or near Omaha City, or the mouth of the Platte River, both of these branches to be constructed by the Union Pacific Company, which constructs the main road. The Kansas branch, commencing opposite Kansas City, is to be constructed by a Kansas company, and with this branch the Hannibal and St. Joseph road is authorized to form a connection. The main road is to run by the most direct and practicable route, the location subject to the approval of the President. The bill grants the credit of the government to the company for the sum of sixty-five millions for forty years, and when the road is completed, a portion of the public lands on each side of the track. Private capitalists and enterprise are expected to do the rest. The length of road contemplated by the bill is 2,425 miles. The construction of this road is one of the greatest undertakings of the age, and will develop the resources of the vast country through which it will pass. All along the route hundreds of villages and cities will spring up, and it is probable that in twenty years' time the population between the Sierra Nevada and the Pacific will bear a handsome comparison, in numbers, with the present inhabitants of the Free States. It will also tend to bind the Union closely together, and consolidate the Atlantic, Pacific, and intermediate States by the strongest commercial and other ties.

BOARDING
IN BROOKLYN.

MRS. S. PLANT (formerly Richardson) respectfully announces that she has opened a first class BOARDING & LODGING HOUSE at No. 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn—where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city, and within five minutes' walk of Fulton Ferry, is made thus a very desirable and convenient place.

BOARDING.

Mrs. AMIA WILLIAM, of Cape May, will open the Banker House for the season, for the accommodation of all who wish to spend the season there, and she will spare no pains to make all comfortable. Those wishing to spend one, two, or three days, will find the Banker House the right spot. Prices very reasonable. 1-sp4t

COAL, STOVES, &c., &c.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he has taken the store,

NO. 107 NORTH FIFTH STREET,

formerly occupied as the Anti-Slavery Office, (where he has been engaged for the last fourteen years,) to occupy it hereafter as a place of business for the sale of

COAL, STOVES, &C.

Having made arrangements with one of the first Coal Dealers in the city, to furnish the best qualities of Lehigh, Schuylkill, &c., at the lowest Cash prices, he hopes to give full satisfaction in this branch of his business.

He will also keep constantly on hand a general assortment of good NEW and SECOND-HAND STOVES, FURNACES, &c.

Persons wishing Stoves taken down, stored away, put up, or cleaned, can be promptly accommodated by applying as above.

He hopes by energy and strict attention to business to obtain a fair and equal patronage.

WM STILL,
107 North Fifth Street, Philadelphia

REFERENCES

J M McKim,	Dr Casper Wister,
[illegible]	James Mott,
Dickson Parrish,	Thomas Whitemarsh,
Prof A D Cleveland	W H Burleson.

Advertisements.

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth anniversary, April 10th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

From Garnet Union No 4, D. of T., from Phœnix Union, No. 8, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 16, D. of T. Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa. from Dr Bias' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 19, D. of T.; from Vankrekin Union, No. [illegible] D. of T., of Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—

Grand P., Sister Bennet; Grand Associate, Sister Burris; Grand Treasurer, Sister Fawcett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dorhart; Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall

G. P. P., Sister E. Roberts. G. P. P. Sister Anderson,
" " E. Bowles, " " J. J. Bias,
" " M. H. Beaney, " " E. A. Clark,
" " S. Simmons, " " White,
" " S. Davis, " " S. Hall.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY.

THE STATED QUARTERLY MEETINGS of the Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August, and November.

The meetings of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the society.

Mrs. SARAH CARTER,
President.
Mr. L. R. SEYMOUR, Sec'y.

THE BOOK DEPOSITORY
OF THE
AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,
No. 619 Pine Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

We keep on hand, in connexion with our other books, a full [illegible] Catechisms, Question Books, Catechisms, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. We have a good assortment of such books as are generally used in the Public Schools. Also, Stationery, Inks, Pens, Paper, Envelopes and Blank Books.

THE DEATH-BED OF THE REV. JOHN WESLEY.

Wanted Canvassing Agents for this splendid farm engraving which should be in every house of an admirers of that great and good man. The most liberal inducements are offered to those selling this print. Send for Catalogue and Instructions.

WM SMITH Proprietor.
1102 South Third Street, Philadelphia

WANTED.—The charge of a Public School. Reference as to ability can be given. Apply to J. W. A., 1641 Belmath St.

ONE-PRICE CLOTHING.
OF THE LATEST STYLES,

Made in the Best Manner, expressly for RETAIL SALES. Lowest Selling Prices marked in Plain Figures. All Goods made to order warranted satisfactory. One-Price System is strictly adhered to. All are thereby treated alike. JONES & CO.,
Dec25-1y 604 MARKET STREET

GOOD NEWS

To Ladies Dressmakers and to those wishing to make their own dresses or make the materials, plain, figured, or large bombazine, can learn to cut and fit perfectly, [illegible] Dresses, Boys' and Men's Pants, Vests, Jackets, Coats and Over coats

Local and Travelling Agents Wanted.

Address [illegible]
Care of Wm. Wood & Co.,
Publishers, Chicago, Ill.

(Or apply to Mrs Mary C. Weaver, wife of the Editor of this paper.)

MRS. E A. PALMER'S
DRY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS STORE.
NO 105 NORTH FIFTH STREET.
PHILADELPHIA

A General Assortment of Hosiery, Trimmings, Dry Goods, &c

Dress, Shirt making, and Plain Sewing, promptly attended to. Jan18—1y

COAL! COAL!! COAL!!!

The subscriber is selling the best qualities of Lehigh and Schuylkill Coal at the following very low prices

Lehigh Stove Coal, per ton	$5 25
" Egg "	5 00
" Broken and Screened, per ton,	5 00
" Nut "	5 00
[illegible] Coals, and Lime and Cement for sale if ordered.	

Orders left at the Store Room, No. 107 North Fifth St., will be promptly attended to. WM STILL.
Jan5—1y 107 N. Fifth St., Philada.

KEELY'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY
E. W. corner Fifth and Coates.
PICTURE GALLERY AND ROOMS ON THE FIRST FLOOR.

Strangers should not fail to call and examine.
Admission Free.

JAMES DOWNS,
DEALER IN
NEW AND SECOND HAND
CLOTHING,
No 225 South Second Street.
No. 17—3mo. PHILADELPHIA

WILLIAM STILL'S
STOVE STORE,
107 NORTH FIFTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and all in want of good stoves, that he has now on hand a great variety of superior PARLOR COAL and CHAMBER STOVES, including Gas burning, as well as other patterns, which he is selling at very low rates. He buys entirely for cash, of the best wholesale furnishers, and of course can sell much cheaper than those buying on the usual credit system. At any rate his friends are invited to give him a call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere, as he feels that they would be convinced that it would be to their interest to give him their patronage. Coal meters constantly on hand. WM STILL.

JOSEPH H. COLE,
CONTINENTAL RESTAURANT,
NO. 717 LOMBARD STREET, PHILA.,
(Above Seventh St., under Philadelphia Institute.)

Where he continues to keep always on hand the very best assortment of OYSTERS and other refreshments hoping that all his friends and the public in general will favor him with their patronage.

☞ Meals served at all hours. Families supplied with Oysters of the best quality and flavor at the shortest notice.

☞ Also, public and private waiting done on the most reasonable terms. 1y

Mrs. S. Downes Hawkins
HAS NOW OPENED
NEW SPRING GOODS,
consisting of Bolaines, Brilliants, Calicoes, &c. Hoop Skirts of all sizes, from 15 cents to $1 25. A large lot of linen Hdkfs., from 8 to 25 cents. Also, cheap Hosiery and Gloves.

N. B.—Mantuamakers are invited to examine my assortment of Dress trimmings of the latest styles, as will be sold cheap for cash at the Old Establishment,
615 Lombard Street

THOMAS CHARNOCK,
GENERAL FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,
NO 427 SOUTH 6TH ST.,
Second Door Below Bethel Church.

Horses and carriages with every requisite for the business furnished at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

The undersigned, in returning his sincere thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed upon him for the past seven years, would inform his friends and the public that he has taken the store recently occupied by Mr. Wm. Gibbons, No. 427 South 6th street, where he will be pleased to receive a call from all who may favor him with their patronage. Having had a long experience in the business, he flatters himself that he will be able to give satisfaction to all who may favor him with a call.

May19-1y

For the Christian Recorder

BUCKS COUNTY SS TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS MAY COME.

I, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace, in and for the county of Bucks, do hereby certify that I am acquainted with Jonathan Johnson, Quaker, Bucks County, who was married to Samuel Johnson, who was married before William Hawk, Esq., of Bristol, Bucks County, as appears by record on his docket, and after careful examination and mature reflection, I feel myself fully safe in saying that the said Johnson had a wife living at the time he married the said Emily Rodney; and further say that I have the evidence of Daniel Kenderdine, [illegible] preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Charles Emmons, (Class leader) and Benjamin Cummings, (who is colored) that he had one or more wives living at the time he married the said Emily Johnson, and the evidence, on affirmation, of the said Emily Johnson, that he had a wife living at the time she married him, which at the time she married him, she had no knowledge of.

Affirmed and entered before me, May 6th, 1862. } her
Wm Blakey, J. P. } Emily X Johnson,
mark.

REV. LEWIS S. LEWIS'
FAMILY LINIMENT
IS PREPARED WITH GREAT CARE,
EXPRESSLY FOR FAMILY USE.

Its composition is very simple, containing nothing that is injurious in any form, and there is no danger in its use from exposure to the weather. No family should be without it. Having a wish to benefit mankind in general, and those afflicted in particular—and having had recourse to the article in several cases of rheumatism, bunions, chilblains, and other lameness, it proving to be a remedy in every case—I therefore recommend it to the public.

CERTIFICATES.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 27, 1861

Rev. L. S. LEWIS—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with the rheumatism eleven years, during which time I tried almost everything, but received no cure relief. For the last four months my limbs and joints were so swollen, that at times I could not walk or use my slippers. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and at the first application was instantly relieved. After using one or two bottles, I was enabled to enjoy the free use of my limbs. ANTHONY RANDOLPH

NEWPORT, R. I., October 29, 1861.

Rev. L. S. LEWIS—Dear Sir: I have been affected for a number

EL DORADO

BY SALLIE SHIDDER.

'Twas autumn noon! beneath a lofty oak
Idly I dream'd upon the hill-side green;
And all around nature's golden veil of light
Had shed a glory o'er the harvest scene.

Below there spread a field of ripened corn,
Half reap'd, half waving in the passing breeze,
Waiting a couch within the empty barn
That stood with drowsy team 'neath neighb'ring trees.

The farmers, weary of their mid-day toil,
Had homeward turned their eager steps to find
Home welcome rest around the groaning board,
Leaving their graceful sheaves and me behind!

And farther off, the sparkling, jewell'd belt,
The river shone where stately ships went by,
While snowy sails, through clefts of verdure seen,
By fleecy clouds seem'd married in the sky.

The balmy air just stirr'd the yellow grain,
And save the cattle's low, no sound arose,
But now and then an insect's droning chirp,
To stir the silence of the day's repose!

And floating downward thro' my leafy screen,
A single ray, like Jacob's ladder seemed,
That upward reached to heavens of far off years,
Where phantoms of the past like angels gleamed.

Hours that come no more, and hopes long gone,
The mem'ries of lost loves, and friendships dead,
Pale ghosts of passionate meetings and farewells,
The shadows of old dreams and tales oft read!

But most these last, for from my listless hand
Had dropp'd the book my thoughts long linger'd o'er,
A stirring chronicle of times gone by,
What men believed and did in days of yore.

Strange stories of the sea, and legends wild,
As this one by the ancient Arabs told,
Of Satan's hand outstretching from the wave
To grasp the ship whose venture was too bold.

And those long cherished fables of the west,
The Golden City and the Fount of Youth;
And all the list of brave, heroic men,
That died in searching for their trusted truth.

Till mine own fancy, set aflame by dreams
Of wonders hidden 'neath the Southern Cross,
In secret forests of that gorgeous land,
Stayed not of life and hope to count the loss.

Saw only two brave Walters proudly sail,
From shores whose giant queen bade each "God speed,"
And "were them in her heart," while outward bound,
Their fearless minds to danger gave no heed.

Foretting all the while a foreign grave,
Where Raleigh's son slept 'neath a tropic sky—
Whose sire's last words were on a scaffold spoke—
"So hearts be right, what matter how heads lie?"

For all my thoughts were busy with the tale
Of that old Spanish sailor, who alone
Had walked thro' El Dorado's gilded streets,
And seen the Inca on his ivory throne!

Till in my vision I arose and passed
Thro' opening ranks of plumed and bowing grain,
That, like an army of raised dead, closed up,
With warning whispers that the quest was vain.

And at the river's edge I found a ship
That swiftly bore me over distent seas;
Until the waters freshened 'neath the keel,
The suits were wafted by a scented breeze.

And up a wid'ning stream, upon whose shore
Panthers and serpents, birds and lilies drank,
As once in Eden, by Euphrates' wave,
Untamed, untrained, they shar'd the same green bank.

Until at last we anchored in a lake,
Bearing an emerald island on its breast,
Wherein a marble structure stately rose,
Whose open gate seemed waiting for a guest.

In front a fount of liquid gold sprung up,
In jewelled basin sparkling still to fall;
And just beyond its porphyry columns, rose,
Strewn o'er with precious dust, the palace hall.

Within four gorgeous lamps burned, day and night,
Before an altar, whereon dazzling shone
A burnish'd, golden sun, whose glowing rays
Circled the Emp'ror on his ivory throne.

In silver robes the people of the land
Bowed over down before their hidden king,
And each received a priceless crown, whose hand
The tribute of a crystal heart could bring.

A stranger 'wildered by the flashing light,
I turned aside where other galleries led,
Where pictures hung whose colors were of gems,
And topaz stars lit sapphire domes o'erhead.

Thro' piles of ingots and an India's wealth,
That no sun sunshine caused our useless feet;
I reached the entrance of the Goldsmith's street!

I cannot tell the lustre and the wealth
That dazzled all my senses in a maze,
The sudden blindness struck my wond'ring sight,
In one swift flashing of a diamond's blaze.

And stung with pain I strained my smarting eyes,
Still darkened by the brightness of the stone,
Till, from the veiled glories of a dream,
Came recognition of a scene well known.

The waving corn, the river winding past,
The shining scythes, the empty, waiting wain,
And the great tree, thro' whose thick clustered leaves
A noonday beam, straight darting, made my pain.

While pondering o'er the meaning of my dream,
I raised the book, and on its open page
The rare, quaint author had his moral writ,
Anew'ring my thoughts in warning to his age:

"Lost, lost, forever lost the old belief
In golden quests, that lured men o'er the seas!
Yet, readers dear, still keep an earnest faith
In distant mysteries more rich than these.

"For still the eternal fount of life and youth
Flows pure and fresh from out the great, white throne,
And still the gilded city waits for guests,
Whose streets are gold, whose walls are precious stone.

"And but one mortal, Christ's beloved John,
Has seen this El Dorado's priceless state,
Wherein no sunlight but God's glory shines,
And ever open stands each pearly gate.

"O! weary wanderer through a desert world,
See that the heart be crystal clear from sin
That lay'st before thy Sov'reign's dazzling throne,
That, crown'd with light, thy soul may dwell therein!"

CALENDAR FOR JULY.

KITCHEN AND FRUIT GARDEN

It is a luxury to see things grow now. The change is visible from day to day. The peas are in their glory, the beans blossoming, the tomatoes full of green fruit, and the corn beginning to tassel. Follow up every department of the garden with the hoe and the watering pot. Make the most of the sick spout and other sources of liquid manure. Water newly set trees, and dwarf pears and grapes, keeping the mulch moist. Nothing will swell the fruit like liquid manure. Keep down the weeds and [illegible]. We may as well have two or three crops as one.

Asparagus—The cutting season is over, and the plants should be stimulated, to repair the damage of the repeated cropping. Clear of weeds and give a good dressing of stable manure or compost, an inch or two thick.

Beans—Gather for use as they fill. Early beans may still be planted for a late crop of string beans, or for seed. They make an excellent pickle.

Beets may still be planted for winter use. Hoe frequently, and thin to eight or ten inches in the row. They bear transplanting as well as a cabbage. Any surplus will be good for the cow and pigs, if not for greens.

Blackberries—Tie the new shoots to the trellis or stakes. Shorten in the main stem and branches to help the forming of fruit buds, and pull up small canes unless you wish to multiply them. Branches heavily laden with fruit should be carefully and securely tied up.

Cabbage and Cauliflower—Still sow and transplant for late crops. There is always a large home market for these and for turnips. If the stumps are left where the heads are cut for table use, a large amount of succulent food will grow for fall feeding.

Celery—Transplant until the last of the month for late crop. Hoe and water often. The more water the better, if there is good drainage. The excellence of this vegetable depends upon rapid growth.

Corn—Still plant sweet corn for late use, and for drying. What is not wanted for the table, will find a ready market in the pig and cow yards.

Cucumbers may be planted for pickling. Guard against insects, and hoe and water until the vines cover the ground. Pickled cucumbers with good cider vinegar are wholesome, used in proper quantities.

Currants—Gather as they ripen, and eat freely every day, from the bush and for dessert. They are one of the best safeguards against fevers and summer complaints. They should be ripe for jellies, and fully matured for wines and preserves. The bushes may be pruned, cutting out old woods as soon as the fruit is gathered. The juice preserved and bottled, makes the basis of a refreshing beverage. This fruit is so easily grown and is so healthful that every farmer should have a full supply. Watch against the currant aphis, scale, and the borer.

Egg Plants—Keep well hoed, and forward by stimulating manure, lest the frost cut them off.

Espaliers, or trees trained to trellises, or against walls are ornamental and more productive. They need to be pinched in, and where that has been neglected, superfluous woods should be cut out. Thin the fruit where much has set. Size and quality will both be improved.

Gooseberries are by far too rare in the farmers' garden. The first pickings make good sauce and pies. The later are fair eating, from the bushes and at dessert. Keep mulch around them to prevent mildew.

Grapes—Continue to thin out and pinch back the shoots. Thin the bunches to one or two on a shoot. One gives the best fruit. A crop is frequently spoiled by the inexperienced, by leaving too much fruit to ripen. Also thin the bunches, removing small and imperfect berries. Keep the border free from weeds and all other crops. Grapes are enough for one piece of ground. Mulching and liquid manure are beneficial, until the fruit begins to turn. In summer pruning, the new shoot that is to bear the fruit should be left to grow, until it is two or three leaves beyond the last bunch. From two to four bunches will set on a shoot if the vines are vigorous. Nip off the shoot at the third leaf beyond the last bunch, as soon as the berries are of the size of small peas. If the vines are young, not more than one bunch should be left to mature. In old vines two may be left, the lowest bunches. The uppermost bud is the axil of the last leaf will soon start. This should be left to grow a while, and then be pinched off, leaving but a single leaf. The bud by this leaf will start after a little while, and the pinching process is to be repeated. At the base of every leaf-stalk such shoots (called "laterals"—by the Germans "thieves") may start, and if allowed to grow, will destroy the main bud, which forms at the base of each leaf. Treat them as directed for the leading bud. Pinching in the laterals ensures well matured buds for the next year's fruit, and though the process involves considerable labor, it secures the most perfect grapes.

Herbs—The best are dried in the shade, and preserved in boxes that will hold their aroma. Cut while in bloom.

Hoeing is a substitute for manure and water, and is always in order, until the plants cover the ground.

Insects require the constant attention of the gardener. They are alike destructive to fruits and vegetables, and should be trapped by all possible methods. Study their habits and experiment to destroy them. Encourage the presence of birds, toads and chickens. After this month chickens will do little harm in the garden, and will live mainly upon insects.

Lettuce is very refreshing at this season, and should be much more generally used than it is. Grow the kinds that head well, and still plant for a succession.

Manure all backward plants by top-dressings and manures in solution. You can drive a plant as easily as a pig, if you only know how. With plenty of manure, there is no need of a lagging garden. A shovelful of poultry droppings dissolved in eight gallons of water will make a good permasive to all reluctant plants.

Melons—Cultivate as cucumbers. Put a board or flat stone under them as they grow large.

Onions—Weed and cultivate without drawing the dirt around the bulbs. If the maggot troubles the plants, try a weak solution of oil soap, say a pound to eight gallons of water. Apply with a watering pot. Thin the plants, if you desire very large onions. Seed may still be sown to provide very small bulbs for planting next spring.

Peas—Sow for late use, if your vines do not mildew late in the season, and if you desire peas amid the profusion of autumn fruits and vegetables. We have never found late peas very much appreciated. Save the best pods for seed, and pick as soon as dry. Clean up the pea ground as soon as the vines grow yellow, for turnips or other late crops.

Potatoes will have nearly got their growth this month. Plant cabbage or turnips between the rows at once, or clean the ground when all are dug, for spinach and other late crops.

Preserving fruits and vegetables. Lay in a full supply. Fruits can now be made a cheap luxury the year round. They are much cheaper than pills.

Raspberries—Cut down old canes as soon as the fruit is gone, and thin out the new ones, unless you want to multiply them. Three or four canes to a stool is enough. Keep the ground around them well hoed, but do not disturb the roots.

Rhubarb has had its season, and now that fruits are getting plenty, it may be left to recuperate. If it has been hard plucked. If fruit should be scarce, it may be preserved in the same manner, or dried in the same way as apples. The late growth also makes a good wine, if that name is proper for anything but the juice of the grape.

Seeds—Pay strict attention to sowing the seeds of cabbage, turnips, and all plants that mature early. After the pods begin to turn yellow, they will ripen more securely in the house, or under some shelter.

Strawberries—After bearing is over, weed the beds, and cut the runners that are not wanted for new plants. Prepare new beds, making them deep and rich, where you want them to last for several years. Most varieties do best in hills in the garden. With liquid manure they will do well on quite poor soil.

Thinning is generally very much needed among carrots and all the root crops—among melons and fruits. One good fruit or vegetable is worth many poor ones.

Tomatoes—Some recommend training to trellises and on brush. They ripen quicker on the ground, and for this reason we let them follow their bent. Pinch off the ends of the branches, and keep them within bounds. They will make better fruit.

Transplant to fill vacancies everywhere. A good deal may be done to remedy poor seed, or the ravages of insects this month. This can be done in the hottest weather with a little care.

Weeds are not useful or ornamental. Keep the hoe and cultivator moving, and the garden clean as a parlor.

SENSIBILITY OF A CONQUEROR

The morning after the battle of Waterloo, Dr. Hume waited upon the Duke of Wellington to report the list of the killed and wounded, and to take his directions. He found him worn out with fatigue, and buried in a deep slumber. When awakened he was ready for the duty, and commanded the doctor to read the list, which took him more than an hour. The doctor looked up at once, and saw the Iron Duke wringing his hands in sorrow, while the big tears rolled down his cheeks. Though knowing that his country would be intoxicated with joy at what he had achieved, and would be ready to load him with its highest honors, he displayed no thought of personal glory, and no unbecoming exultation over a fallen enemy, but felt as a man who had discharged a solemn duty at a painful sacrifice of human life and happiness.

A lady consulted Abernethy. "Do you know my usual fee?" said he. Two guineas were laid on the table. Putting them into his pocket, he drew out a sixpence and said, "There, take that, and buy a skipping-rope, for you want exercise. Good morning."

Family Circle.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS

THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE

There was once an old king who had more wealth than any other ten kings put together. He had a little daughter called Angelina, and he loved her as he did his own soul. He thought so much of her, that he would not have taken all the gold in California for one of her beautiful brown curls. He looked forward with great pleasure to the time when she would be a young lady, and would dazzle every one by her wit and beauty.

But God, who is stronger than all kings, was thinking otherwise. A malignant fever came and took away the lovely Angelina.

Her aged father was almost wild with grief, and staid night and day in his bedroom with the windows closed. Forty days passed after the death of the little princess, but the king would not see any one. One night, as he lay asleep, he dreamed that his departed Angelina said these words to him:—"Dear father, you ought not to weep for me, because I am so happy here. I have no pain now, and am living with God. Do stop weeping, father, and seek some other child who will be a daughter to you. Call together all the little girls in the land, and choose the one who has a wild honeysuckle in her hair. She will love you and you will love her. She will be worthy to be queen some day instead of me."

The next morning the old king felt much better than usual, and every one noticed the great change. He even smiled to one of his attendants. He called all his great men and friends around him, and told them to make it known that on the twelfth day all the girls in the country who wished to see the king, must come before him, and each one to have no diamonds or gold in her hair, but only a single flower. He would choose one from the number to be his daughter.

The news spread through the whole country, and every little girl thought she was going to be the king's daughter.

There was living in a distant province of that kingdom, a brave and wealthy nobleman, who had three young daughters. They were named Laura, Lauretta, and Laurencia. They were so beautiful that the sun was proud to shine on them, and the flowers in the garden always felt honored to be trodden by their beautiful feet.

The eldest one, Laura, said:—"What a pity the king don't want the girls to put diamonds in their hair! They would be much prettier than flowers."

"Flowers or diamonds," exclaimed Lauretta, "I am beautiful enough with either."

"Flowers are nature's ornaments," said Laurencia, "and they are too beautiful to be plucked. But since the king will have it so, let us go out and gather a wild flower apiece, for they are prettier than any in our garden."

So each one took her basket and put a piece of bread and cake in it, and started out into the forest. But after wandering a good while together and finding no flowers, Laura said:—"Let each one of us take her own way, and at two o'clock we will meet together at the great oak that we have always called Peter."

Then the three sisters separated. Laura strolled along the winding paths a long time, but finally, getting very tired, sat down beneath a beautiful hickory-tree. She took out her bread and cake, and began to eat her lunch. While sitting so comfortably on her mossy seat, a poor old ragged woman came up to her and very kindly said:—"Good morning, beautiful princess."

Laura looked at her very scornfully, and turned aside her head. Then the old woman spoke again:

"Will you, beautiful princess, allow me to sit down and rest myself beneath your cool shade? And will you have the goodness to give me a piece of bread, for I am very hungry?"

Laura became very angry, and said:—"Away with you, old beggar; I never have anything to do with poor, miserable people like you."

The old woman tottered off then as well as she could, but murmured to herself:—

"Stony heart, proud girl;
Honeysuckle, leave her!"

For a long time Lauretta had been seeking flowers, but had found none to suit her. So she sat down under a fir tree, to rest herself. She was just taking out her bread and cake, when the old woman came close up to her, and, wishing her good-day, said:—

"Beautiful princess, pardon my intrusion. But I am very old, and tired and hungry. If you will allow me to sit down under this shady fir tree, and will give me a small piece of your bread, I will be very grateful to you. Oh, how I wish I was young again!"

But Lauretta answered proudly:—"Why do you trouble me, you miserable old beggar? Isn't the forest large enough that you should want to sit down under this tree? and isn't there enough bread in the village that you should come out here and beg from me?" Then she threw a piece of bread crust at her feet. But the old beggar woman walked off, whispering as she left her:—

"Hard heart, proud girl;
Honeysuckle, leave her!"

During all this time, Laurencia had gone a great distance, and had not found a flower which she thought would be proper to put in her hair to go before the king. She became very tired, and at last sat down under a large wild grape vine, that was climbing up some little trees. She was just putting her piece of bread to her mouth as she saw the old woman tottering towards her. When she had come up she said:—

"Beautiful princess, I need hardly tell you that I am old and tired and hungry. You can see that for yourself. If you will let me sit under the grape vine with you, and will be so kind as to give me a little piece of bread, I will thank you as long as I live."

With all my heart," answered Laurencia, kindly, as she broke her piece of bread, and gave her the larger part. Then she took all her cake, and laid it in the old woman's other hand. As soon as she had done this, she poured out into her drinking-cup some water from the bottle that she had brought with her, and handing it to her, said:—"Take this, old lady. I trust it will refresh you. You need it more than I do. And after you have rested, I will show you the way out of the forest, and take you to my father's, where you will be well cared for."

After the old woman had refreshed herself, she asked Laurencia to follow a few steps into a wind ing path. The kind girl left her basket and followed her. They soon came to a little cleared piece of ground, where three flowers were growing—a tulip, a lily, and a wild honeysuckle. The old woman plucked them, and putting them in Laurencia's hand, said:—

"Kind heart, humble girl;
Honeysuckle, choose it!"

Then the old woman walked rapidly away, and Laurencia never saw her afterwards.

The time was now approaching for the sisters to meet under the old oak Peter. Laurencia put the flowers in her basket, and started off. As she proceeded she said to herself:—"I hope the old woman has seen my sisters, and given them beautiful flowers, and told them, too, which one to choose."

When the three sisters met, and Laura and Lauretta said they had found no flowers, they were filled with envy when Laurencia opened her basket and showed them hers. As they were older than she was, and always had their own way, they said that she must divide her flowers with them both.

Laurencia was grieved at their words, and answered:—"Dear sisters, you know I am always willing to share my gifts with you. Here, Laura, here is this beautiful tulip; if you prefer it, you may have it." Laura thanked her, and said it was the flower she wanted.

Then said Laurencia to Lauretta:—"Here, my sister, is this lovely yellow lily. I make you a present of it. The wild honeysuckle I will keep for myself."

"So you ought to do," replied her sisters, "for you are homelier than we are, and the youngest, too. Of course, you ought to take the poorest flower."

The time came for selecting a princess, and all day the king, surrounded by his great men, received the beautiful girls that came into his great throne-chamber and walked up before him. Thousands had entered and gone out again. The evening came on, and it was growing very dark. The king's face grew sad, and he feared that he could find no princess to take the place of his departed Angelina. By and by the three sisters came in—one with the tulip in her hair, the other with the yellow lily, and the third with the wild honeysuckle. Laura and Lauretta passed up, but the king, after admiring their beauty, shook his head at them, and said he could not choose either one of them. Then Laurencia walked modestly up before him. The king smiled, and, taking her in his arms, kissed her. She wore the wild honeysuckle in her hair, and the noblemen shouted for joy. A hundred lamps shone forth as quick as lightning, and a band of music struck up the most beautiful strains that had ever been heard in the palace. All the bells in the city rang out merry peals, and the people put on their holiday clothes. All the fountains shot forth glad streams, and every garden bloomed with fresh beauty. The king was happy, and Laurencia was his daughter.

THE HOME ACROSS THE RIVER.

"Mamma, won't you please tell us a story—just one," pleaded little Harry Seymour one Sabbath evening. "Yes, mamma, please do—just one," echoed another voice. "It is too dark to read, and not quite time to light the gas;" and little Clara, climbing up to her favorite seat on mamma's lap, sealed her petition with a kiss.

Unable to resist the earnest pleaders, Mrs. Seymour commenced the following story, which she called "The home across the river."

"Once, on the banks of a broad river, there lived two children, a little girl and boy. Neither of them had ever seen their Father, who dwelt on the other side, but they knew he loved them dearly, for a long letter came from him had described the beautiful home he was preparing for them in a bright city across the river, whose streets were of gold, and whose gates were of pearl, a city where their Father reigned as King. Now, although the children had not done anything, nor ever could do anything to *deserve* so glorious a kingdom, there was something for them to do before they could live in that beautiful home. The letter, which their Father had sent must be answered. They must thank him for the home he was preparing—ask that it might be given them, and then strive to increase in love towards their Father and each other day by day. Moreover, the letter told them that, in a little while, perhaps before another sunset, a messenger would cross the river to take one of the children home. Happy would be the little one whom the messenger should summon, if he or she had fulfilled her Father's wishes, for the dark river would soon be crossed, and the Father would joyfully welcome his child to the beautiful home on the other side. Before the sunset, a snow white dove might have been seen winging his flight across the river, bearing an answer from the little girl. In it she thanked her Father for the beautiful home so freely offered, begged that it might be hers, promising to strive more earnestly, day by day, to grow in love; and every morning and evening the dove would be sent by the child, bearing words of grateful love to that Father who had been so very kind.

The little boy, however, delayed answering the letter, and when his sister begged him not to wait any longer, for fear he might be summoned home, his reply would be, "Not to-day, wait till to-morrow, the messenger will not come for us so soon."

One evening just as the sun was setting, a boat was seen approaching the shore. The children knew that it came from the land across the river, and joy beamed in the little girl's eyes as the messenger, turning towards her, said:

"I've come for you. Are you ready?"

"Oh, yes; I have been waiting. I am ready to go home," was her reply.

But tears stood in the eyes of the other child, for he knew that everything would seem so very desolate without his darling sister, and then the thought flashed to his mind, If the messenger had come for me, my reply could not have been like hers.

"Kiss me good-by, darling brother," said the child; "I'm going home to my Father, so do not cry, but oh! remember before another sunset the messenger may come for you."

Thus saying the child entered the boat, and watched it glide from the shore. The last sunray had vanished, and the little one trembled as she looked upon the water. It was so very deep, so dark, and seemed so cold; but suddenly the river seemed glorious with light, and looking up, the child saw it was radiance reflected from the brightness of that home on the other side. Soon the little one was welcomed by that Father whom she already loved so well. Soon a bright crown shone on her brow, and in that glorious kingdom she reigned forever."

After Mrs Seymour ceased speaking there was silence for some time, and then Harry exclaimed: "You did not end about the little boy, mamma; did he never reach home?"

"The messenger came soon after and found him also ready," was the reply.

"I know the beautiful home across the river is heaven," said Clara, "and God was the little children's Father; but what was the letter, and who was the messenger, mamma?"

"The messenger was Death, and their Father's letter was the Bible. Am I not right, mamma?" asked Harry.

"Yes, darling," replied his mother, "and the letters sent every night and morning were prayers, while the stream which had to be crossed was the river of death."

"And the first letter which the little girl wrote, was not that a prayer for God to make her good, and to take her at last to heaven?" asked Clara, timidly.

"My little daughter is right," said Mrs. Seymour, "and I only trust that my children will be always ready to go home."

Have you answered the loving letter written to you in the Bible? Do not say "I will to-morrow." The messenger may come for you before another sunset. Go to that loving Saviour now. Ask Him to take your sinful heart away, to prepare you for that bright home in heaven, and then strive more earnestly each day to be like Him. Then, whenever God's messengers shall come he will find you ready. Ready to go home.

New York Observer.

THE HONEST MATCH GIRL

It was a cold, clear day. Icicles were hung glittering in the sunshine, and the wind, fierce and cutting, came whistling around the street corners. Near one of them stood a poor thinly clad girl with an old basket on her arm. A tattered shawl scarcely covered her shivering shoulders, and through the worn, broken shoes peeped her bare feet. If you could have looked into her basket, you would have seen nothing but four or five boxes of matches—her whole stock. "Matches! matches! please buy my matches," she murmured in a low voice. How much there is in a voice sometimes. There was many a tear, and many a sob, in the trembling tones of the match girl. It was so unlike the usual loud, eager cry of little street merchants, that an old gentleman, who was with much difficulty trying to mount the slippery door-steps of a house near by, turned to look at her. His benevolent heart was touched with her poverty-stricken aspect, and he quickly beckoned her to come to him.

"Have you matches for sale, my dear?"

"Yes, sir," and she held up her little store.

"My poor child, I will buy them all. Here is a dime for you," and he dropped the piece of money in her hand.

The slight fingers closed eagerly upon it, and a flush of joy brightened the thin, wan cheek as she said, "I thank you, sir. O, thank you! I can buy an orange now for Molly."

But the old man had not heard her as he entered the house. And without taking time to look at her money, she bounded off up the street, and into a long dark alley. As one end of it was her home—one room in a house, if possible, more dingy and miserable-looking than the rest. On a low bed lay a little girl moaning in extreme pain. The bed-covering was very county; but the poor little thing was so feverish that she was insensible to the cold. A bright spot burned on each cheek, and a wild light glittered in her large blue eyes.

"Milly, dear little sister!" said the match girl, bending over her, "would you rather have an orange than anything else?"

"O, yes, Lucy! my mouth is so parched, it would do me good, I think."

Lucy reached the fruit shop before she thought of looking at the piece of money in her hand. There, to her great surprise, instead of the dime lay a bright shining two dollar and a half gold piece. The gentleman made a mistake, was the thought which instantly flashed through her mind. What a temptation! "Now I can buy two for Milly, and two besides," whispered the tempter. Then another voice within whispered, "But the money is not yours. The gentleman made a mistake. To keep it would be the same as stealing." "It is the same as stealing," she repeated aloud, and a sunny memory of sweet still Sabbath evenings (long ago they seemed in her hard life) flitted through the mind when she had learned at her mother's knee, among the rest, the command, "Thou shalt not steal." And with a resolute step she turned from the tempting oranges, and took her way to the old gentleman's house. In another half hour she had told him all; of her temptation to keep his money; of her little sick sister at home, with none of her past history. When she had finished, tears stood in the old man's eyes as he laid his hand upon her head, and asked her if she would bring Milly, and come to take care of him in his old age. "I have buried all my own dear little ones, Lucy," he said, "and if you and Milly come to me, you shall take their place in my heart and home."

In a few days Lucy and her little sister were in their new home, surrounded by every comfort. Truly honesty, with religion, brings its own reward.

RENA.

WHAT A BAYONET CHARGE IS.

"What do you suppose we keep our bayonets bright for, but to scare the enemy?" a distinguished general said to one who was inquiring into the nature of bayonet charges, and a Marshal of France: "It is not the number of killed, but the number of frightened, that decides the issue of a battle." Jomini says distinctly that he saw a bayonet fight but once in all his military experience; and it is related by one of the historians of Napoleon's wars, that when the French were once charging the Prussians with the bayonet, when the latter would not or could not retreat, there ensued a spectacle unexpected by the officers of either side. The French and Prussian soldiers, when they got within striking distance, apparently by mutual consent, clubbed their muskets, and fought desperately with their arms thus reversed.

Amongst the novelties announced to be exhibited in London during this season is a petrified "aborigine," discovered in a stalactite cave in South Australia.

A TROUT FACTORY IN CONNECTICUT.

Messrs Burnham, Kellog & Ives, of Hartford, have a large trout factory in operation in Glastenburg, Conn., where trout are hatched by artificial means. The number now in the pond is between 40,000 and 50 000, and rapidly increasing. When the stock reaches the number of half a million, they estimate a yield of 50,000 pounds per annum. As they will bring in market from 25 to 50 cents per pound, this amount would afford a very pleasant net income. The fishes are fed regularly, and have a man in constant attendance. Their food consists of small fishes and shad spawn in season. Millions of suckers are raised to feed the hungry beauties of the pond.

METHOD OF OBTAINING SKELETONS OF SMALL FISHES

Some time since I was employed in making observations on the produce of some of the ponds in the neighborhood of London, and I discovered that the tadpole was a very serviceable animal in anatomizing the very small fishes, as well as some of the larger sorts, generally found in such places—the tadpole acting in the same manner on the ant. I have tried the experiment several times, and on various sort of fishes, and was always successful, particularly with that very little one called by children Stickleback; even in those the skeleton was at all times perfect. My method is this:—I suspend the fish by threads attached to the head and tail, in a horizontal position, in a jar of water such as is found in the pond, and change it often, till the tadpoles have finished their work, which, if two or three tadpoles are allowed to work on so small a fish as the species just mentioned, they will complete in twenty-four hours. I always select the smallest sort of tadpoles, as they can insinuate themselves between the smallest bones, without destroying their articulation.

Philadelphia Markets.

APPLES.—Green, 4.00@4.50; dried, 5@6¼.
ASHES.—Pots, —@—; Pearls, —@—; Soda Ash, 2¼@3¼.
BARK.—Quercitron, first quality, 38.50@34.00; second quality, 30.00@31.00; third quality, 25.00@26.00; Spanish Oak, sort, 11.00@12.00; Chestnut Oak, 9@10.
BEEF.—Mess, barrel, 12.00@15.00; Prime, 6@7; dried beef, 9@10.
BEESWAX.—Yellow, 32—@33.
BREAD.—Crackers, 4@5.
BUTTER.—Firkin, 12@16; in kegs, 9@12; Roll, 14@16; Goshen, 14@16.
CANDLES.—Sperm, 28@29; Adamantine, 15@17½; Carbon mould, 11@12; Dipped, 10@10½.
CHEESE.—Ohio, 5½—New York, 7@8.
COFFEE.—Cuba, 20@22; Java, 25@27; Laguayra, 20@21; Maracaibo, 20@23; Mocha, 25@28; Rio, 18@22; St. Domingo, 19@20.
CRANBERRIES.—
DRIED BEEF.—9@10
FEATHERS.—American, 40@43.
FISH.—Mackerel, No. 1, 8.00@8.50; No. 2, 6.00@8.00; No. 3, 5.25@6.00; No. 3, 3.50@3.75. Herring, pickled, barrel, 2.00@4.50; box, 12@14.
FLAX.—Jersey, 8@9.
FLOUR.—Penna., 4.50@4.62; extra, 4.62@5.50. Western, 4.31@4.37. Rye flour, 3.25@3.62. Corn meal, —@—.
FRUIT.—Raisins, box 3.25@3.40, quarter boxes 1.75@1.90; Ginger jar, 11@13; Citron, 55@60; Oranges, 3.00@4.00. Lemons 4.00@5.00. Currants, 10@12. Figs, 18@20. Almonds, soft, 32@35; hard, 20@30. Groundnuts, bushel, 1.75@2.40.
GRAIN.—Wheat, Penna. red, 1.17@1.25; white, 1.35@1.45; Southern red, 1.30@1.36; Southern white, 1.30@1.37. Rye, Penna., 66@67; Southern, 63@64; Corn, yellow, 52@54; white, 56@60; Oats, Penna., 40@41; Southern, 36@38. Beans, white, 1.50@1.75.
GUANO.—Nothing doing. Season over.
HOPS.—
LARD.—Leaf, 8@9; Western, 8@9
LUMBER.—White Pine, Susq., 14@15; Yellow Pine, Virg., 13@14; Hemlock, Lehigh, 9.00@9.50; Albany White Pine, 25 dressed, 28. Shingles, cedar, M., 2.00@2.25.
MOLASSES.—Cuba, 21@22, Porto Rico, 35@40. New Orleans, 40@45. Sugar House 25@—.
OILS.—Olive, gallon, 1.11@1.15; Linseed, 85@87; Whale, crude, 50@55; winter, 58@60; fall, 58@60. Sperm, winter, 1.56@1.60; spring and fall, 1.30@1.35; Lard oil, spring, 55@58; winter, 60@62; petroleum, 14@21.
PEACHES.—Dried 6@7. Pared, 15@20.
PLASTER.—Soft, 3.25@3.37.
PORK.—Mess, 10.50@11.50; Hams, smoked, 7@9; in pickle, 5@6; Sides, 5½@6; in salt, 3½@4; Shoulders, smoked, 3½@4; in salt, 2½@3.
POTATOES.—Bushel, 65@75.
RICE.—6.75@7.12.
SALT.—Liverpool, 2.25@2.28. Turk's Island, 30@31.
SEEDS.—Clover seed, 5.00@5.25. Flaxseed, 2.00@2.05. Timothy, 2.75@3.00. Herd grass, 2.00@2.25. Canary Seed, 2.25@2.50.
SUGARS.—Havana, white, 8.00@9.50; yellow, 7.25@8.50; New Orleans, 7.50@9.00; Cuba, 6.00@8.00. Lovering's D. R. loaf, 10½; refined loaf, 10½
WOOL.—Prime or Saxony, 48@50; American, No. 1, pulled, 40@42; Merino, 42@45.

A visitor of the British Museum, after having seen the curiosities that were there shown him, inquired of the assistant, "Pray, sir, have you the skull of Oliver Cromwell in this house?" to which the assistant answered, "No, sir." "Well, sir," said the stranger, "I wonder at that, as they have one at the Ashmole Museum at Oxford."

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Poetry.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

BY WM. C. BRYANT.

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts, and armed hands,
Encountered in the battle cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave—
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still,
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn ghosts go trailing by
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle cry,
Oh! be it never heard again!

Soon rest those men who fought; but thou
Who mingled in the harder strife
For truth which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare lingering long,
Through weary day and weary year;
A wild and many weaponed throng
Hang on thy front, and flank and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blanch not at thy chosen lot,
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown, yet faint thou not.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among its worshippers.

Another hand the sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

Yea; though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

THE SCHOOL-BOY PASSING THROUGH THE CHURCH-YARD.

Oft in the lone church-yard at night, I've seen
By glimpse of moon-shine, chequering thro' the trees,
The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown,)
That tell, in homely phrase, who lie below.
Sudden he starts, and seems, or thinks he hears
The sound of something purring at his heels:
Full sore dismayed, he dares not look behind him,
But quick as thought he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid *Apparition*, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-opened grave; and (strange to tell!)
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

Blair's Grave.

For the Christian Recorder.

Washington, July 9th, 1862.

Mr. Editor:—The weather is excessively warm here; but is something milder now than it was a few days ago. Several persons gave out on Monday by being overpowered with heat. The pastor of Israel Church was taken very sick on Sabbath morning just as he was commencing to preach, and had to be conducted home; but his health has considerably improved.

The 4th of July was a high day among all parties here. Our people who made ice cream, mineral water, and like things, severely suffered, while tongues and lips, in every direction, were seen very freely spinning out such confabulations as were adapted to their several tastes. One of the grandest affairs, however, that marked the progress of the day was the annual celebration of the grand Sabbath-school union.

This association consists of a union of all the Sabbath-schools in the city, which meet every quarter to hear reports from the several schools, and to make such arrangements as are best adapted to the better advancement of that inestimable institution. This Sabbath-school confederacy was originated by Bishop Payne and the lamented Rev. John F. Cook, and has been in existence 17 years; and from what I can learn, it has been productive of a vast amount of good, and the interest of every school, by it, is made one in common.

They meet in a grand anniversary every 4th of July, at which time they elect officers, hear and deliver addresses, and transact such business as is compatible with the occasion.

The anniversary this year was so largely attended that the church (the 15th Presbyterian) which was selected for their accommodation, proved entirely too small, and they had to adjourn to Union Bethel, which, though larger, was by far too small. The officers who most prominently figured on the Fourth, and, indeed, who are the present officers of the Union Association, are the following gentlemen, viz.: John Thomas Johnson, President; James Wormly, Recording Secretary; Perry Rydel, Corresponding Secretary. I would remark here that Mr. Johnson is a man of rare attainments, and it is a wonder to me he has not long since risen to national popularity

The speakers on the occasion consisted of

1st. Rev. James A. Handy.
2d. Rev. Brother Haymer, of the Zion.
3d. Judge Day, of New Haven.
4th. Rev. W. Seaman, of Conn.
5th. Mr. Charles Brown, of this city.

It is but due to remark that the addresses were listened to with becoming attention, and some were exceedingly eloquent, and one particularly was very ordinary.

Mr. Joseph B. Williams, who has gained considerable notoriety through the country, from being the projector of the Central American scheme, is still in Washington, perambulating the streets as large as if he contemplated the final achievement of his desires. However much some of us may differ from the policy urged by Mr. Williams, I think that Mr. Williams is actuated by motives pure to the race he represents, and would not knowingly exert an influence which would detrimentally culminate in our injury.

I was in the Senate the other day, and had the pleasure of listening to Senator Lane pleading the cause of the colored man. And, while listening to him enter into our feelings and sympathies so accurately, I could hardly credit the idea that it was a full-blooded white man speaking; and, indeed, the Senate is almost abolitionized. Yesterday two Senators hitherto known as exceedingly conservative surprised every one by offering and advocating a bill to enlist and equip colored soldiers into the United States army, with the understanding that freedom is to be the result. The same surprise was made in the House by a representative hitherto known as conservative; and the fact is that Gen. McClellan's defeat before Richmond has made a great many emancipational converts. And, in this connexion, I would state that Gen. McClellan is severely spoken of in nearly every republican speech delivered in Congress as not the man. While I am opposed to Gen. McClellan, yet I hear him denounced in Congress so severely that it excites my sympathy; and Gen. Halleck is not dealt with any more tenderly. The truth is, every victory the Southerners gain tends to loosen the chains of slavery, and every one the Northerners gain tends only to tighten them, and it will be so till the North is brought to her senses.

And God's plan of teaching her sense is through Southern victories. I have noticed in several instances whenever the Union army is repulsed or the safety of the Government is menaced, there is an appeal to negro sympathy, from parties high in position, but so soon as the tide turns, so soon is he discarded. And I now hear it rumored in all quarters that it is probable that negroes will be organized into regiments and armed for the war, and one Congressman proposed to arm him and place him in front of the battle. This is very well so far as it goes; but my impression is that they will have a hard time raising negro regiments to place in front of the battle or anywhere else, unless freedom, eternal freedom, is guarantied to them, their children, and their brethren. To talk about freeing only those who fight and should happen to escape the ball, is all gammon. If our people have not got too much sense for that, they have too much instinct; at all events they will not do it.

Gen. Hunter's answer to the Government in relation to arming the colored people of South Carolina, met with hearty applause in all quarters. It is regarded as the boldest piece of gallantry that has yet been set forth. I have been told by some gentlemen, who pronounce themselves rather pro-slavery, that it was the very answer this Government needed. The Senate contemplated adjourning on Wednesday next, though several are opposed to it, unless they adjourn to meet again very soon.

The contrabands who come here are dying very fast. It is supposed that some fatal disease is among them. There were some frail sisters got to fighting the other day, and the police arrested them after they had bloodied each other's head and broke a few noses, and when the police started off to the work-house with them, they cried out murder several times, and our people, supposing it to be a slave-catcher, started off with rocks, sticks, and every imaginable missile; but, on discovering the truth of the matter, justified the police. Had it been a slave-catcher, sad would have been his condition.

H. M. T.

For the Christian Recorder

REPLY TO WASHINGTON LETTER.

Mr. Editor:—I have read in your paper of July 5th, a letter headed:—For the Christian Recorder, from Washington, with the initials H. M. T., in which a reference is made to one of the ministers of the A. M. E. Zion connexion, and a society organized at Alexandria, Va. The reference is small, but pregnant with misrepresentations and prejudices, as a matter of course. The reference says: "Rev. John Green, a local preacher of the Zion Wesley Church Island, as they call themselves." The writer seems to be ignorant of the matter, and says so, report says. Rev. John Green is not a local preacher; he is a member of the Southern Annual Conference of the A. M. E. Zion Connexion in America. It is not true that he is a local preacher; he is a missionary appointed from the Conference, and had a right to preach in Alexandria if there was a door open, which he did, and called a certain number together for organization, and called Rev. J. P. Hamer to organize them, as he could not legally do it. It is not true that Rev. Green went to Alexandria to organize. The writer says he (Green) carried his congregation from Washington, and, when he returned, his congregation returned with him—which is not true. The truth is, that Rev. Green was in Alexandria before the day arrived for organization; the Elder did not go until the day arrived; the congregation referred to by H. M. T., or a part of them, went with the Elder. Rev. Green was seen on shore before the boat landed. The Elder returned to Washington the same day; that portion of the congregation referred to returned with him. Green was left in Alexandria. So, it cannot be true that he had taken his congregation with him, and that they returned with him.

I suppose H. M. T. fears that our people will manifest that zeal and interest for the spread of their connexion as are manifested by other connexions. It has always been the custom, when there was a new society to be organized, or a new church to be dedicated, that the people of the same connexion and others flow to it. Here the *intelligent* can see that the principle of prejudice is obvious. "I was at his Church Island the same day," says the writer, "and one of the orators stated that the reason there were no more people at church was because they had all gone to Alexandria to the consecration of a new church," which is a misrepresentation. The speaker said they had gone to Alexandria to the organization of a new society, and further says that he would like to organize a church in Richmond, Va., if he could, but would dislike to have his audience go and return with him—that such a course would not be conducive of much harm to his opposer in flesh or in the world; I think that such a circumstance would be conducive of much good, and would be taken meekly by a man of truth—but it would increase the vanity of H. M. T., no doubt, if it was possible for the writer to organize a church in Richmond; the greatest dislike he would have would be to see or hear of an organization of the A. M. E. Zion Church in the same city. The writer being a professed minister of Christ, is lacking in that gravity, dignity and forbearance which *should* characterize a Christian minister. These things lacking, he is foppish—and his remarks, like himself, are futile.

J. P. H.

Washington, D. C., July 10th, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

Mr. Editor:—Dear Brother:—Permit me to say a few words through the *Recorder*, to inform all who are friendly to Christianity and the prosperity of our beloved Zion, I am again encouraged for another year, if I continue to trust in the good Lord. Last Sabbath, the 22d, and second Sabbath home, we had a soul-cheering time from the presence of the good Lord. Our members turned out well, and I believe numbers brought the presence of the Lord with them. In the evening, Elder Rue, the missionary appointed to North Carolina and Virginia mission, preached a very interesting and instructive sermon. His text was taken from Psalm cxxvi. 5, 6. After he affectionately bid mine and sister farewell till they saw him again, either at Newport or at the judgment seat of Christ, your unworthy brother got up, and, with a feeling that I never experienced before, for I never have had the pleasure to solicit aid for one of our own brethren to go to a field of labor where our brethren and sisters are in slavery, and one of our own brethren could preach deliverance. When I arose, my soul filled newly with sympathy and hope. Our church was filled. I invited them to come forward with money and many prayers with it, and our members, and congregations, and friends to the cause of humanity and Christ. We presented Elder Rue with the noble sum of $26 25. May the good Lord continue to bless them. After we received the money, we received two in church as full members. Truly the Lord is with us. Elder Rue left on the following evening for his field of labor. Our first quarterly meeting for this station will be on the 13th of July. I could say something about our interesting Sabbath School, but I will close. Pray for us.

W. Damond.

Newport, June 28th, 1862

For the Christian Recorder

FROM LOUISVILLE, KY.

Mr. Editor—Dear Brother: Please accept of this short communication

I have delayed to write for some time, because I had nothing of general interest to send you for publication.

In the first place, times are quiet here at present, the general excitement has died out, and things are moving along after the old rate again. Our churches are all open. We have one night in the week to worship. The patrol system has ceased to act upon the colored people, and we are getting along much better than we were some time ago

Our church held a fair a few days since, from which we realised a little over two hundred dollars, which helped us very much indeed, and in return for which we cannot but express our gratitude to God. To our dear friends in Louisville who patronised our fair so nobly, we desire to say that they have our warm and sincere thanks—not only for their liberal and generous patronage, but for the good order that prevailed during the fair.

We must say for the *Recorder*, that it is the best paper that ever was published by colored men in the United States of America, and I doubt whether it ever had a superior at any time or anywhere. Its style just suits the times, and I am sure it has some of the best writers of any paper ever printed by colored men, and my prayer to God is, that the *Recorder* may live while there are colored men on this continent to support it. We sell from twelve to fifteen numbers every week, and were I somewhere else, with the same population, one hundred copies would not supply the people.

We have not been able to hold any protracted meeting this year, in consequence of the excitement that prevails in the land, but the church is still alive, and is progressing most nobly—thank God.

We hope to have our much esteemed and worthy General Book Steward and Editor present at our Conference, which will meet on the 28th of August.

We have no fears at this time about getting a permit to hold our Conference meeting in Louisville.

B. L. Brooks.

Louisville, Ky., July 11, 1862.

NOT YET

"Not yet," said a little boy, as he was busy with his trap and ball. "When I grow older I will think about my soul."

The little boy grew to be a young man.

"Not yet," said the young man. "I am now about to enter into trade. When I see my business prosper, then I shall have more time than now."

Business did prosper.

"Not yet," said the man of business. "My children must have my care. When they are settled in life I shall better be able to attend to religion."

He lived to be a gray-headed old man.

"Not yet," still he cried. "I shall soon retire from trade, and then I shall have nothing else to do but to read and pray."

And so he died. He put off to another time what should have been done when a child. He lived without God, and died without hope.

Virginia.—The Alexandria Seminary, we learn, has been finally abandoned. Six students had adjourned to meet the professors at Staunton, where Dr. Sparrow and Dr. Packard were in attendance. Out of these students, all but one were drafted under the Virginia conscription act. This effectually broke up the institution. Dr. Sparrow proceeded to Hanover county, Virginia, near the North Carolina line, where he is now engaged, we think, in a parish. Dr Packard remained some time with his wife's family in Fauquier, where, we regret to learn, he has suffered severely from sickness. It is not improbable he may soon visit his relatives in the North

THE BEHEMOTH AND THE UNICORN.

This pool is crowded with buffaloes; and how oddly they look, with nothing but the nose above water!

Yes; and observe that their mouths are all turned up stream toward the fountain, and on a level with the surface, as if, like Job's behemoth, they trust that they can draw up Jordan into their mouths. (Job xl. 15—23.)

Do you suppose that the buffalo is the behemoth of the Bible?

It is not easy to adjust Job's magnificent description in all the details to the buffalo, yet I am inclined to believe that these black, hairless brutes are the modern, though immensely belittled representative of that chief of the ways of God, who eateth straw like an ox, who lieth under the shady trees in the covert of the reeds and fens. The shady trees cover him with their shadow, the willows of the brook compass him about. (Job xl. 15, 21, 23.) All these particulars are exact enough, and, indeed, apply to no other known animal that can be associated with the Jordan. Large herds of buffaloes lie under the covert of the reeds and willows of the many brooks which creep through this vast marsh, and we shall see them all day, as we ride round it, wallowing in the mire like gigantic swine. They are larger than other cattle of this region. Some of the bulls are indeed rough and monstrous fellows, with bones black, and hard "like bars of iron." With the aid of a little Oriental hyperbole, I can work up these buffaloes into very tolerable behemoth. And in justification of our version of Psalm l. 10 may be cited the fact, that the general word for cattle in the dialect of this country is behim or behaim, evidently from the same root as the Hebrew behemoth.

These circumstances and characteristics render it probable that these very unpoetic animals are the identical behemoth of Job. Buffaloes are not only larger, but far stronger than the ordinary cattle of Syria, and a yoke of them will carry a plough through tough sward or stiff soil which utterly baffles the tiny ox. At times, too, they are unruly, and even dangerous. A friend of mine, near this village below us, saw a cow rush at a woman, knock her over, and then throw herself upon her with such fury that the poor creature was instantly crushed to death. The cow had been alarmed and maddened at the seizure of her calf; and, unless greatly provoked, they are quiet and inoffensive.

The fact that the region east of the Hôleh was the land of Uz—the home of Job—coincides, at least, with the idea that the buffalo is the behemoth of his most ancient poem.

Is this an admitted geographical fact?

The tradition of antiquity was to that effect, and I see no reason to question it. To ridicule the extravagant mania for pilgrimages in his time, Chrysostom says that many people made long journeys into the Hauran to visit the dunghill upon which the patient patriarch sat and scratched himself with a potsherd. This shows the opinion of that early day in regard to the land of Uz, and modern research confirms the tradition. With a little antiquarian generosity to assist me, I can locate the whole family of Aram. This Hôleh may have derived its name from Hul, the brother of Uz. If so, then they and their descendants must have been familiar with the reeds, and fens, and brooks of this great marsh, the chosen resort of the buffalo, and had often seen them as we do to-day, lying at the birth-place of the young Jordan, as if they could draw him into their open mouths. (Job xl. 23.)

Gether, the next brother, was probably the Gesher from whom the district immediately around the eastern side of this lake took its name. Maacah, wife of David, and mother of Absalom, was from this little kingdom, and bither that wicked son fled after the murder of his brother. (2 Sam. xiii.) As for Mash, or Mas, (Gen. x. 23) his name may be perpetuated in that *Mas*, or Mais el Jebel, which we passed the other day on our way to Hûnin. It is proper to inform you, however, that these locations are somewhat hypothetical, and even similarity of names is no very safe basis for such theories. The word Hôleb, for example, is now applied to any low, marshy plain, like this on our left

I thought that critics were pretty nearly agreed that the buffalo is the reem—the unicorn of the Bible!

And this may be so, though I have my doubts. The description of the unicorn in the 39th chapter of Job does not suit the buffalo: Will the unicorn be willing to serve thee, or abide by thy crib? Canst thou bind the unicorn with his band in the furrow, or will he harrow the vallays after thee? Wilt thou trust in him, because his strength is great? or wilt thou leave thy labor to him? Wilt thou believe him, that he will bring home thy seed, and gather it into thy barn? (Job xxxix. 9—12.) Now it is implied by all this that the reem is a wild, stubborn, untamable animal, that utterly refuses the yoke and the service of man. This is inapplicable in every item to the buffalo, a patient servant of all work. Other references to the reem or unicorn speak of the *horn* in a way equally inapplicable to that of the buffalo. He has *two* instead of one, and they are ill-shaped, point backward and downward in an awkward manner, and are not particularly formidable as weapons, either offensive or defensive. They would hardly be selected for the poetic image of strength.

If, therefore, the reem be the buffalo, it must have been some other species than the one known in Egypt and this part of Syria. As to the *unicorn*, I think it more than doubtful whether there ever was such a beast, although there is a vague tradition of this kind among the Arabs of the desert, and in some other parts of the East, and even in Africa. It may be a species of rhinoceros. If not altogether fabulous, such reports probably refer to some animal yet unknown to modern discovery. Certainly the fierce-looking monster on her majesty's escutcheon was never copied from these sluggish and disgusting friends of the marsh and mud. If the Hebrew word translated *kine* in Pharaoh's dream will include the buffaloes, I should not hesitate to render it thus, because these animals are very common in Egypt, and delight to bathe and wallow in the Nile. It would be altogether natural, therefore, that the king should see *them coming up out of the river*; and certainly, when old and lean, they are the most "ill-favored" brutes in the world. The original word, however, is the name for ordinary cattle; and in these hot countries all kinds delight to stand in the rivers, not only to cool themselves, but also to keep off the swarms of flies which torment them. The conditions of the dream do not require that the *kine* should be buffaloes.

The Land and the Book.

Methodist Church South.—The same journal contains the following: "From the *True Presbyterian*, (Louisville,) of June 13th, we have information of an informal meeting of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, with several of the General Conference officers, at Atlanta, Ga. It will be remembered that the General Conference of this Church, which was to have been held at New Orleans last month, was indefinitely postponed. The bishops, it will be seen, have divided their work into districts, and their support has been secured upon the Conference. The Missionary Treasury is reported to be without funds to meet outstanding drafts."

Methodists in New Jersey.—From the New York *Methodist* we gather that the Methodist Church in New Jersey has 45,222 members and probationers; 375 churches; 250 ministers; 322 Sabbath Schools, 7461 officers and teachers; 41,160 scholars; 133,225 volumes in Sabbath School libraries.

PATRIARCHAL WEALTH

GEN. XII. 16, XIII. 2

It is well that we should entertain some distinct ideas respecting the real condition of the patriarchal fathers as to wealth and power. The history dwells so little on these matters, that it requires some experience of the corresponding condition of life, as it still subsists in the East, to apprehend the force of the few intimations which do incidentally transpire.

There are probably few readers who conceive farther of Abraham's establishment, than that it consisted of one, or at most two or three tents, with some half-a-dozen servants, and flocks of sheep and other cattle feeding around. Now this is altogether wrong. His encampment must have formed, so to speak, quite a large village of tents, with inhabitants equal to the population of a small town or a large village. Great numbers of women and children were to be seen there, and some old men; but not many men in their prime, these being for the most part away, from a few to many miles off, with the flocks, of which, immediately around the tents, there was probably less display than the lowest of the common estimates of Abraham's station would assume.

We are told that Abraham was "very rich," and it is stated of what his riches consisted; but we are not told of the quantities of these riches be possessed. However, by putting things together, we may arrive at some notions not far from the truth.

We have the strong fact to begin with, that Abraham is treated by the native princes and chieftains of the land, as "a mighty prince," an equal, if not a superior, to themselves. Then we learn that his house born slaves, able to bear arms and to make a rapid march, followed by a daring enterprise, were not less than 318. A body of such men can be furnished only by a population four times its own number, including women and children. We can, therefore, not reckon the patriarch's camp as containing less than 1272 souls; and this number of people could not well have been accommodated in so few as a hundred tents.

Now as to the cattle. One of the most tangible statements we can find, is of the wealth of the same sort, which, in or about the same age, rendered Job "the greatest of all the men of the East,"—making some allowance for the fact, that Job was not exactly a nomade shepherd, but cultivated the ground also, and had a fixed residence. His wealth consisted of 7000 sheep; 3000 camels; 1000 (500 yoke of) oxen; and 500 asses. Now it appears to us, that the wealth of a camp whose chief numbered above a thousand dependants, could not well have been less. Let us, however, test this by another computation. Jacob, when he was returning to Canaan with the pastoral wealth he had gained during his twenty years' sojourn in Padanaram, set apart a selection from his stock of animals wherewith to placate his offended brother. Now, as we know the number of the animals in this costly offering, we should have something to go by if we could tell what proportion this present bore to the whole. Was it a tenth, the proportion which Abraham thought a fit offering to a king? We think it was probably more, because Esau feared to impoverish his brother by taking so much from him, and was only prevailed upon to do so, by Jacob's declaring that he had still enough. Take it then, at one fifth. Now it is hardly to be supposed that the wealth which Jacob had been able to acquire by his twenty years' service in Mesopotamia, was at all comparable to that which had been formed by Abraham in the course of more than thrice the time, on the basis of a large inheritance, and enhanced by his acquaintance in Egypt; and still less to the same property as increased during a long lapse of years by Isaac; and least of all, to the property which was formed when Jacob's own separate acquisitions were added to the paternal stock. Let us therefore make what, under the circumstances, is a very moderate calculation—let us assume that Jacob's offering to Esau was one-fifth of his substance; and that Jacob's whole substance was equal to one-third of the patriarchal property of the same kind in Canaan—under this view, the first column in the subjoined table shows Jacob's offering to Esau; the second column gives that amount quintupled; the third exhibits the latter amount trebled; and the fourth column shows Job's property of the same kinds, for the sake of comparison:—

	Esau.	Jacob.	Patriarch.	Job.
Goats,	220	1100	3300	
Sheep,	220	100	3300	7000
Camels & colts,	40	200	600	3000
Oxen,	20	200	600	1000
Asses & foals,	20	100	300	500

These calculations appear to us to be corroborated by their near coincidence with the account of Job's wealth. The only serious difference is in camels, and that is very great. The difference as to sheep is more apparent than real; for although Job had twice the number of sheep assigned to the patriarchal family, he has no goats; and the patriarchal goats and sheep together, form a number only 800 less than the 7000 sheep of Job

The chief difference is caused by either the extraordinary abundance of camels in the account of Job's wealth, or the extraordinary deficiency of these animals in the stock of Jacob. We have counted the foals in the estimate of the latter, and yet the number is small in proportion to that of other animals. Upon the whole, we incline to think that Jacob, coming from Mesopotamia, where to this day camels are few in comparison with those possessed in and on the borders of Arabia, had not the usual proportion of these animals, and that, with respect to them, the estimate formed on the basis of his present to his brother, does not adequately represent the wealth of the patriarchs in Canaan. There is every probability, that the number possessed by them was as large in proportion to their other cattle, as in the case of Job

It cannot fail to strike the attention of the most cursory reader, that horses, which form so important a part of the modern Bedouin's possessions, are altogether absent in the statements of the same kinds of wealth belonging to Abraham, Jacob, and Job. It is scarcely possible that the animal should have been unknown to them. In fact, although Job did not possess horses, his book contains the most magnificent description of a war horse that has ever been given (Job xxxix. 19.) Again, although there is no mention of horses among the animals which Abraham received from the King of Egypt, this cannot well have been owing to the want of them in that country; for they are found in the most ancient sculptures, and are in this very book mentioned as present in the funeral procession of Jacob from Egypt, to the land of Canaan. The truth probably is, that horses were in these early ages, used entirely for warlike purposes, and that the powerful patriarchs were averse to the responsibility attached to the use or possession of such animals, especially in a country like Canaan, to which the use of horses, even for war, does not seem to have at this time extended. This view of the exclusively warlike character of the horse in early times, throws some light upon the injunction in the law against the use of horses. (Deut. xvi. 6.)

Editor's Table Disquisition.

In the excavations now taking place at Pompeii, two hundred and twenty workmen are employed, and a railroad has been laid through the city to facilitate the carrying off the superincumbent soil. It is one hundred and twenty years since Pompeii was exhumed, and only one-third of the city has been yet brought to light.

FAILING LOVE.

"Your face has lost something, Helen. What is it?"

There was a look of concern in the speaker's inquiring eyes.

"Ten years have passed, dear friend!" answered the lady.

"Ten years of sunshine—fruitful years—Helen, should give the heart an abundant store of corn and wine. Your hives are full of honey."

The shade fell deeper on Helen's face.

"I am pained at this," said the friend. "Your letters have not betrayed the existence of a secret trouble."

"I was guarded."

"Guarded!"

"You know," answered Helen, rallying herself, and affecting a lighter state of mind, "that every house has its skeleton."

"Real or imaginary. Most of these skeletons are but shadows."

"Mine is real."

The two friends, met now for the first time in ten years, looked at each other in a strange way. The lightness of tone had died out in the sentence—"Mine is real."

"The best of husbands, good children, and a home like this! Where stands the skeleton? I can see no place for so unseemly an intruder."

"And yet, Margaret, the intruder is here grinning at me all the while, and growing more and more ghastly."

"Dear Friend, how you afflict me!"

Helen Ashby's face had become pale in this reference to a hidden sorrow which had never found voice before.

"It almost kills me to say it, Margaret; but—" Mrs. Ashby checked the sentence ere it found utterance.

"But what? Trust me, Helen. God gives wisdom to love. Through my love He may send healing to your soul. Let me look down into this haunted heart-chamber; let me see the ugly skeleton!"

"I am not loved as I once was, Margaret!" There was a cold shiver in Mrs. Ashby's voice.

"Not so loved, Helen!"

"Not loved by my husband." Tears fell silently over Mrs. Ashby's face.

"You are under a dark delusion."

"No. Love has been steadily failing for years—slowly, almost imperceptibly, but surely. I shudder at the contrast when I measure its height and depth, its length and breadth to-day, and then think how immeasurable it seemed ten years ago!"

"I am pained beyond expression, dear friend! Surely you are in a dream! My brief observation of your husband, since I came, reveals nothing like coldness or alienation. He is kind, gentle and tranquil. As I watched his countenance last night, while he talked, and dwelt on the sentiments that fell from his lips, I could not help saying, 'He is fast growing to the stature of a man—that is, of an angel!' This could not be, if he were getting cold towards the wife of his bosom."

"Oh, he is good, and true, and excellent!" answered Mrs. Ashby. "A purer, better man does not live. I reverence, I idolize him! He stands in my sight the embodiment of human perfection! But all the while I am conscious of an increasing distance between us. We are not so close together as we were one, two, three, four or five years ago. My friend, this is terrible! Is it to go on—this widening of the space between us—until he vanishes out of sight, and I am left shivering alone in a universe of darkness? Give me annihilation rather!"

This was the skeleton in Mrs Ashby's house; no phantom of the imagination, but a real skeleton. The friend sat long before replying. What Helen now said brought into light some things casually noted since her arrival—some things which had been felt as inharmonious. Let us briefly refer to them: An awkward or confused servant spilled some water on the table, at teatime, in filling a glass. Mrs. Ashby, instead of passing the incident without notice, reproved her sharply. Mr. Ashby was talking at the time in a cheerful, animated voice. He became silent, but resumed in a few moments. The most ordinary observer would have perceived a change of tone, marked by a certain depression of feeling. Soon after the conversation was resumed, Mr. Ashby referred to a lady acquaintance, and spoke of her as an accomplished singer, when his wife threw in some remarks disparaging to her as a woman. To these Mr. Ashby offered a few mildly spoken excuses; but his wife tore them away with an unseemly asperity of manner, that, say the least of it, was unbecoming. Her husband changed the subject. Again he mentioned with praise a lady friend; and again Mrs. Ashby came in with a "but" and an "if," veiling the good and exposing the defects of her character. Two or three times during the meal Mrs. Ashby spoke impatiently to the children, and with a quality of tone that left on the ear an unpleasant impression.

The friend now recalled these little inharmonious incidents. They gave her a glimmer of light.

"Love is never constrained," she said, after a long pause.

Mrs. Ashby sighed deeply.

"True love is of the soul. Why do you love your husband?"

"Because," answered Mrs Ashby, "he is in my eyes the embodiment of all manly perfections. He is just, pure, truthful, full of gentleness and goodness."

"And if such be his qualities, Helen, can he love in a wife anything that is not pure and gentle, truthful and good? Have you ever asked yourself a question like this?"

Mrs. Ashby's form was lifted to a sudden erectness. Her brow contracted slightly; her eyes lost something of their softened expression; her lips grew firm.

"Forgive me, Helen, if I hurt or offended. I love you too well to give fruitless pain," said the friend. "I was only trying to lead your thoughts inward. If, as you seem to fear, your husband is receding from you, it must be in consequence of inharmonious states of mind—of dissimilarities, or antagonisms. There must be affinities, or there can be no conjunction. Our souls must be beautiful, if we would be truly loved. Have you ever pondered these things? If not, the time has come when you should, in all faithfulness and all seriousness, do so. If your husband be indeed advancing towards all true manly excellence, be growing in spiritual stature, will he not, unless you also advance and grow towards womanly excellence and perfection, recede from you—get so far beyond as to be out of sight? Are not spiritual laws as unfailing as natural laws?"

Mrs. Ashby's face had already lost its gathering sternness. Her friend paused

"Why have you said this to me?"

"Because I love you, Helen, and desire your happiness."

Mrs. Ashby sighed deeply, dropped her gaze, and sat looking inward for a long time. Then she sighed again, and looked up into the face of her friend.

"What have you seen, Margaret? Deal with me honestly, as a friend."

"A temper and disposition which your husband cannot approve."

"Margaret!"

"You have asked me to deal honestly, as with a friend. Shall I go on?"

"Yes, yes; speak of all that is in your mind."

"Your husband is gentle and considerate, ready to excuse faults, free from hardness and [illegible]"

"No more so!"

"I saw that your impatient words, when a servant spilled water on the table last evening, jarred his feelings. He was talking cheerfully at the time; but the change in his tone that followed showed a depressed state. It was plain to me [illegible] than you hurt the servant. Then I noticed that as often as he spoke in favor of certain persons, you placed evil against their good, and not in the most amiable spirit. Once or twice he tried to defend the good, and then you set yourself against him with a degree of asperity that must have produced in his mind a sense of pain. He did not contend, though, I fear had he done so, you would have been all ready for a sharp conflict. Before tea was ended, your husband, who conversed at the beginning in an easy, cheerful way, was sitting almost silent. Evidently you had reacted upon him in a manner to depress his feelings. I did not comprehend this at the time, but it is plain enough now."

"I think, Margaret," said Mrs. Ashby, as her friend ceased, "that you had an unjustifying glance last evening. A stranger listening to your speech, would set me down as ill-natured, if not quarrelsome. Henry would smile to hear you. I am not perfect, I know, and my husband understands this, and makes all due allowance for infirmities of temper?"

"Can he in spirit, Helen, conjoin himself to these or any other infirmities? Does their indulgence draw him nearer or away from you? Can he love them?"

Mrs. Ashby's countenance changed. She did not reply.

"Would he choose to live forever conjoined to a disturbing and inharmonious spirit? No matter how feeble the disturbance or slight the lack of harmony, if conjunction must be eternal, would not conjunction be avoided as a calamity? We cannot bind the soul, my friend, by any laws but its own. Love is drawn by likeness of quality—affinities combine. If you and your husband are to reach an eternal union, you must love and delight in the same things. You must be of like quality. Your hearts must so beat that the flow of life is reciprocal, and the pulses move in unity. You must become like him, or he must become like you. In which contingency lies the surer hope? Answer to your own soul, my friend. If he is receding from you, getting all the while to a farther distance, why is it? What does it mean? Is he arising or descending? Growing better or worse? Which is it, Helen?"

"He is rising. He is growing better."

"And yet receding."

"I have felt it for a long time, Margaret."

"Then gird your loins—bind sandals to your feet—up, my friend, and press onward in the way you see him going, and draw once more close to his side. As you love him with a pure heart, tenderly seek for the graces of spirit, for the quality of soul he loves. Cultivate all heavenly affections. Be gentle, kind, considerate, loving—in a word, seek all the Christian graces—and there will be no happier wife in all the land. With such a husband as yours—and I will take your own portraiture—what can stand in the way of all felicities but an undisciplined will?"

"If he will only love an angel, there is no hope for me," replied Mrs. Ashby. "I am but a woman infirm of will, stumbling along darkly in my path of life. Oh, Margaret! you are giving me light only to show me the hopelessness of my case."

"Not so," replied the friend. "Your husband is not very far away from you. If I were talking with him of his own state, he would use language quite as strong as yours. The infirm will, the darkened way, the stumbling feet—they are his, as well as yours and mine. Those who are in advance of us do not walk as seriously as we think. There are always difficulties in the way, and the farther advance we make, while in this world, the more of them we shall find; but for these a higher strength, with patience and humility, are given. Begin by shunning such things as, in the light of reason and God's Word, you know to be wrong. Lay a tranquil hand on your temper, and hold back from utterance all harsh words that can do no good. Have charity for the weaknesses, the infirmities and short comings of others; and if you cannot speak approvingly, say so ill. So shall you move onward in the way your beloved is going; so shall you draw near to him in spirit; so shall his soul reflect your soul, and that unity of life be attained which makes of two, one forever."

"And you think there is hope for me, Margaret—hope of winning back that love that seems vanishing?" said Mrs. Ashby. "I see the way it has gone, as my eyes follow your pointing finger."

"The lovely are beloved, Helen."

"I must become lovelier then."

"In spirit; for love is of the spirit. If you indulge in passion, ill-nature, envies, evil-speaking and uncharitableness, can one who is trying to put these unclean things out of his heart—who turns from them as foul and hateful—draw closer to you, and take you as the embodiment of all perfection into his soul? It is simply impossible, Helen. The good cannot love us, unless we are beautiful in spirit. To ask them to do so is to require an impossibility."

More than a minute passed. Then lifting her eyes from the floor, where they had been resting, Mrs. Ashby said, "Where- I was blind, now I see. Oh, my friend, you have come to me as angel to lead me out of the wilderness into a plain way. If my husband is advancing while I stand still, what wonder is it that he recedes? If I do not walk by his side as he ascends the mountain of spiritual perfection, the necessity that divides us is of my own creation. As you have urged, my friend, so will I do—gird up my loins, bind sandals to my feet, and press onward in the way he is going."

"And sooner than you think for, Helen," was answered, "will you be at his side. He is not very far in advance. The road to perfection of life is never passed over with rapid feet. Very slowly the steps are taken. Your husband loves you, but he cannot love in you what is unlovely. Put away all the unbeautiful things that veil your attractions. Be in his eyes gentle, loving, charitable and kind. Be more ready to see as he sees than find ground of difference. If you do not see in the light of his understanding, wait and reflect, but do not argue and oppose. To be truly united as to the spirit, is to be one in affection and thought. If there is no harmony in your thoughts, the closer you draw together the more you will disturb each other. But why should I say more? Your eyes are open and you see. The way is plain, walk in it, and find peace and joy. You have a true man for a husband; be to him a true wife, and happiness beyond an

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, July 19, 1862.

NOTICE.

Quarterly Meeting—Rev. R. Roberson.

There was a noble Quarterly Meeting held at Frankford. We were with Father Roberson on the occasion, and we had a blessed time indeed. We have never seen anything to compare with it in interest and number present before in Frankford. The church and yard (and part of the street) were completely crowded with people eager to be present at the meeting

Early in the morning the sacred ceremony of the love-feast was celebrated, and at 11 o'clock Father Murys, a local deacon, preached an interesting sermon, followed by some three or four short exhortations. At 3 o'clock we preached and consecrated the Sacrament.

PASTOR'S NOTICE.

Rev. J. P. Campbell, pastor of A. M. E Church, Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Residence—No. 832 Carpenter Street, bet. Eighth and Ninth Streets.

PLEASURE TRIP.

The A. M. E. Mission Sabbath School of Kaighnville, New Jersey, under the charge of Rev. Peter Gardiner, of the Camden circuit, will have its pleasure trip on Thursday, the 24th instant, at Maple Grove, near the place known as Diamond Cottage.

Several addresses will be delivered by Rev. Peter Gardiner, Rev. Elisha Weaver, and several others. Rev. W. D. W. Schureman will speak upon the occasion.

JACOB F. DERRIXON,
HENRY MACKEY,
HENRY HARRISON, } Com. of Arrgts.

All other usual business and work will necessarily be postponed for two weeks.

NOTICE.

MR. EDITOR:—Please insert the following notice:

The Burlington Sabbath School walk will take place on the 17th day of July.

J. H. SMITH, Elder.
J. H. LONG, Pastor.

A WORD.

Our brethren will be glad to read a letter from John M. Wilkinson, our missionary in Kansas, who is doing a great work out there. The Lord be with him.

We would just say to brother Wilkinson that we have received no letter from him since the one he sent informing us of the safe arrival of the books.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Mr. Samuel Smithers, per Rev. W. T. Truxun,	1 00
Rev. Isaac J. Findel, of Milton, Del.,	1 00
Charles Simpson,	1 00
Emma S. Cooper,	1 00
Miss C. Peterson, of Camden, New Jersey,	1 00
Of Rev. H. M. Turner, of Washington, D. C.,	2 00
Of James Tilmon, of Bridgewater, Pennsylvania,	1 00
Of Jane Ann Murray, of Frankford, Pennsylvania,	2 00
Of Charles Anderson, Bridgewater, Pennsylvania,	1 00
Of Miss M. J. Davis, of Burlington, New Jersey,	1 00
Of E. S. Cooper,	1 00
Of Charles Simpson, per Rev. Henry Davis, each,	1 00
Martha Hammer,	1 00
Rev. Theodore Gould, on ac't,	2 00
Miss S. Steward, of Goldtown,	50
Miss J. A. Waterman, Mount Holly,	2 00

NOTICE.

INDIANA ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

This Conference will meet on the 15th day of August, in the city of Indianapolis. Bishop Quinn, who is the senior Bishop, will preside. Bishop Nazrey is expected to be present. He is now in Canada. As this Conference will commence on Saturday, of course it will hold over till Sabbath.

Perhaps we ought to say that our noble Bishop PAYNE is also expected to be present at this Conference, as Bishop Quinn has extended an invitation to both him and Bishop Nazrey to be present on the occasion.

The brethren of the Indiana Conference may anticipate a good time at their Conference—and as Indianapolis is the place where we received the first appointment to go and convey the good news and glad tidings of the gospel of the blessed Jesus, we shall consider ourselves one of the number who will eagerly look forward to the coming meeting of Conference.

We have two reasons for this feeling—and the first is, that after the toils and cares of another year, God, through his mercy and goodness, has spared our unprofitable lives; and when we meet once more we shall have the pleasure of extending to each other the right hand of friendship and brotherly love. And oh! just imagine for a moment what must be the emotions and gratitude of each Christian minister at such an instant. Language would utterly fail to adequately express them. What—to meet and report the past labors in God's service? Yes! Well, this is a great and good work.

The second reason is, that Indianapolis is our old home, where we have been stationed, and, of course, we have a great many friends there, both white and colored, whom we shall greet with joy when we meet again. We shall feel quite at home in the capital of Indiana, though several of our old friends have departed this life, and have gone to another and better world—most, if not all, of them having crossed the waters of the Jordan, and safely gained the beautiful shore of Canaan's fair and happy land. We are travelling on to meet them there in that bright and beautiful land where friends meet, never again to be parted.

The Rev. W. R. Revels, Md., who is stationed in the city of Indianapolis, we assure the brethren, will make all necessary arrangements. By the way, I wonder if Brother Revels would not like to have say one hundred copies of the *Recorder* forwarded on the same day that Conference opens, to be disposed of among the brethren and friends in attendance.

The Missouri Conference will assemble in the city of Louisville, Kentucky, on the 28th day of August. We shall notice this Conference more fully in another number.

ARMING OF THE COLORED PEOPLE, AND THE CONFISCATION BILL

Congress has passed a decree empowering the President of the United States to employ as many of the colored people as he may think necessary. Well, this is all good enough, and right—but, after all, there is a question of no little importance which ought to and will concern the people, that we believe must be the salvation of this country, (we mean the blacks,) and it is this: What provision has Congress made, or empowered the President, in relation to guarantying to the colored people of this country full protection from her laws, and the privilege of enjoying all the rights accorded to other human beings in the United States of America? If provisions are made satisfactorily to our mind, we will frankly state that there is no class of people in this country who are or will be more loyal in every sense of the word than the colored people, or who will do as much service and honor to this—*the country of their* BIRTH! Every true, honest-hearted and patriotic man and woman who knows anything about the history of this country must acknowledge that the blacks are loyal, and did most positively shed blood, and freely, too, to gain the independence of America.

Can any one who has read the history of General Jackson and the Generals of his day, dare to say that the blacks did not fight like heroes, and for their services were promised their freedom and all the rights that white men enjoyed? The man who denies this truth should remember that he will have to stand before the bar of an Almighty God, and suffer the dread power of His wrath heaped upon him

In concluding our remarks upon this point, let us say that we believe that God's hand is visible in the present struggle, and that there will never be any peace in this country until the black man has a hand and a *say-so* in the bringing about of peace.

We are not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but mark our words—and when this is to be done, let such Generals command them as Fremont, Siegel, Hunter, and many others whom we need not name; then, when the battle is ended, and universal liberty and peace proclaimed, we shall truly have the noblest and best government in the world.

Confiscation.—We would just say that Congress has at last, we believe, fixed on a confiscation bill, which is very good as far it goes—but it does not go quite far enough, and ought to have come to the usual high and honorable standard (mark) which is common in all wars, if there is any truth in history, and that is to have made a clear sweep, which it is more than likely will have to be done yet before the matter is finally disposed of and peace again restored.—ED

TIME ENOUGH.

How often have we heard this expression made use of, "Time enough;" and very common it is in our English books, too—yes, even in most all kinds of business, whether spiritual or political in Church or State, we hear the phrase, "Time enough." Now we propose to take up the various "Time enough" one by one:

1st. How often is it that so many people, when they lie down to sleep, and the hour comes to get up, they will lie still and say to themselves that it is "Time enough;" and this "Time enough" is indulged until broad day-light is visible, and then they have to jump up in a hareem-scarem style—the time has come and *gone* some time before he or she arose; but, according to their views, it was "Time enough." We might say that "Time enough" and indulgence are very much like twin brothers; they both amount to nearly the same thing.

2d. Very frequently, when people are going on a journey, and have to go by public conveyances, they think it time enough when they fix their own hour for meeting the aforesaid conveyances; they then commence bustling and buzzing about most thoughtlessly until near the certain moment appointed for the starting of the conveyance. After much unnecessary delay and waste of time, the hour for starting *is* at hand—some distance is to be travelled, and no time to do it in, and the unfortunate individual suddenly becomes aware of the fact. The hour is at hand, after much waste of "time enough," without the presence of mind. Things are thrown on the person in any manner, and he starts for the public conveyance—probably to find that he has left his carpet-bag and the essential objects of the journey behind him, and, to crown all, finds, on arriving at the starting-point, that he is *just in time to be too late!* "Oh! it's gone! it's gone!" he ejaculates in despair. His expectant friends look eagerly for the arrival of the conveyance with anxious hearts, but, to their astonishment, he does not appear, and all their kind preparations to receive him are in vain. Yet all the mishaps which befel him, and the consequent mortification and chagrin of his friends, arose from his thinking it was time enough, until it was too late. Reader, this is no fancy sketch It is an every-day occurrence.

3d. Let us see how it is in regard to church matters. It is often the case with persons who attend church, and who well know the hour for commencing the services, too, to say, "It's time enough;" and then they sit and loll about on the strength of their idea that it is *time enough*, and, after a very great delay, commence to prepare for church—and, at the very time they commence to dress, the pastor has commenced the exercises, and they hurriedly throw on their garments and start for church—and when they get there they find that church is almost *out*. They enter the door, and go up the aisle with a heavy and noisy tread, and attracting the attention of the entire audience, (who are generally alive to anything but the words of the preacher,) and finally take their seats away up in the *Amen corner*. This is not a rare occurrence—it is an *old-time habit* that they have imbibed from youth. "Time enough" has led many a one away—and when a bad habit is once formed, it strikes its roots so deep that it is difficult to eradicate it. Firm in their belief that their *time enough* system is right, it is almost impossible for any one to lead or convince them to the contrary

4th. There is another *time enough* habit which is more fearful in its consequences than all the rest. We allude to those persons who are living without a hope in Christ. It is always time enough with them to talk about the welfare of their souls. "Oh, it's time enough," they will tell you. See them again, and still "It's time enough." What a dangerous habit for any rational being to fall into! Again, the time enough system is procrastinated until at last sickness overtakes them, and fever and pain are so great that they cannot pray; they see the great danger of *time enough*, and promise that if the good Lord will spare them to get up again, they will abandon their former habits, and seek the Lord. God, in his mercy, permits them to once more regain their former health and vigor, but alas, to their shame be it told, how often do they forget all their good resolves, and once more relapse into their former vicious and sinful *time enough* habits, and thus they have gone on, and on, till the wrath of God falls upon them, and the scene is changed. Stretched upon the death-bed, we behold their pale brows damp with the clammy finger-touch of the death-angel; eternity looms up before them, and their spirits fast fleeting to an unknown world—lost *forever*.

Now, dear readers, you that have been indulging in a like manner, take warning from what we have said, and determine never to set under the influence any more of this dread foe of all mankind—*Procrastination*.—ED.

For the Christian Recorder

FROM INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Indianapolis, July 12, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—There is nothing of interest that I can write to you from this place at present. We are making preparations for Conference, which is near at hand, and many of your old friends are anxiously looking forward to the time, hoping to again have the pleasure of seeing your friendly face, and greeting you with a hearty shake of the hand.

Right Rev. Bishop Quinn passed through here last week *en route* for Kansas, and will visit many intermediate points in his district. The Bishop is looking well, and is in good spirits. His stay in our place was short, but it was cheering to us to see the veteran pioneer again travelling over and surveying the ground where he has bestowed so much labor in planting our beloved Zion in early days. God grant that his useful life may be long spared to continue to do good, and see fruits of his long and faithful labors.

Faithfully yours,
W. R. REVELS, M. D

GENERAL BOOK STEWARD'S REPORT.

The Christian Recorder Reported from Jan. 1st, 1861, to May 1st, 1862.

CASH RECEIVED

1861			
Feb.	1.	Taken in for the Recorder, ..	6 60
	3	" " " ..	3 80
	4	" " " ..	5 80
	5	" " " "	3 55
	6	"	4 91
	7	"	6 26
	8.	"	2 68
	10.	"	10 50
	11	"	5 93
	12	"	3 85
	13.	"	85
	14	"	2 25
	15	"	4 51
	17	"	10 80
	18	"	
	19	"	3 70
	19	Donation from Bethel Sab. School,	35 00
	20	Taken,	5 00
	21	"	7 25
	22	"	4 75
	24	"	25
	26	"	5 82
	26.	"	4 09
	27	"	10
	28.	"	11 14
		Sum total, up to March 1st,	$240 14
March	1	Presented by Mr Burris .	18 00
	1.	Taken,	16 16
	3.	"	11
	3.	"	2 00
	4.	"	6 35
	5	"	3 00
	6	"	1 39
	7	"	3 56
	8.	"	9 74
	10.	"	62
	11	"	6 06
	12	"	12 00
	13	"	1 00
	14	"	8 38
	15	"	5 10
	17	"	20 10
	18.	"	87
	19	"	3 00
	20	"	80
	21	"	2 42
	22	"	2 80
	24	"	1 60
	25	"	8 71
	26	"	1 05
	27	"	1 01
	28.	"	5 55
	29	"	1 84
	31	"	2 15
		Sum total, up to April 1st,	$91 14
		Sum total, up to Dec. 1st,	$48 17
April	1	Taken,	15 22
	2	"	1 04
	3	"	15
	4	"	3 24
	5	"	2 03
	7.	"	8 64
	8	"	85
	9	"	1 78
	10	"	6 10
	11	"	26
	12	"	40
	15	"	87
	16	"	1 18
	20.	"	3 20
	22	"	2 70
	24	"	1 16
	25.	Presented by St. Louis A. M. E. Sab. School,	30 00
	26.	Taken,	40
	26.	"	1 00
		Sum total, up to May 1st,	$74 82

☞ The sum total received from January, 1861, to the 1st of May, 1862, is $1610 49

TO THE DISTRICTS OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW ENGLAND, OHIO, INDIANA, AND MISSOURI, OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH MINISTERS.

Dear Brethren:—As we have a number of superannuated ministers on the list in said Districts, therefore it will be expected that the ministers and preachers, on their circuits and stations, will do all they can to collect the *two cent money*; and we also recommend that the Class leaders be instructed to collect and set the amount on the Class book opposite each member's name, as also all the collections called, per Discipline, for the Annual Conference, and publish the same once every quarter, that it may be seen who they are that work for God and his cause. We think it is time to give credit to those of our people who do work, so that God's name may be glorified.

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS

Leavenworth City, Kansas, July 11, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—After writing two communications to your paper, and seeing no account of either of them, I have come to the conclusion that they failed to reach you. Therefore, I seize the present moment to drop a few lines to you, which you will please insert in the *Recorder*, which may afford pleasure to the brethren to know that the good work is prospering in Kansas, and our charge in getting along very well at this time, both spiritually and temporally. Peace and harmony abound among us. There has been quite a number of accessions to the church recently, many of whom bid fair to be useful in the service of the Church.

I made a visit to Lawrence, thirty-five miles from this place, on the first of last month, and found a goodly number of our people there. I preached for them three times, and was successful in organising a society there with sixty members, and there is a very flattering prospect there of the Church.

We have just completed our church in Leavenworth City, and Bishop Quinn and Rev. John Turner are to be here on the 26th of this month, and on the 27th to dedicate the church, and as that time will be a bush-meeting near the city. We are looking for a good time. The brethren regard it as a special privilege to be favored with a visit from the Bishop. I hope and pray that the good Lord may preserve his health and guard him safely to our city, as I think a visit from him would be attended with great good, in this new country, in the establishing of the church. A great portion of our people have escaped from the house of bondage, and have but little knowledge of the A. M. E. Church, but they are advancing rapidly in every respect, and are showing to them that argue their inferiority and inability to take care of themselves, that it is not the case.

The colored ladies of our city deserve no little credit for what they have done in assisting the sick and burying the dead among those out of bondage, when they were not able to help themselves. They organized themselves into a society called the Female Union Aid Society some three months ago. They turned out in uniform last Tuesday evening, and marched in procession to the A. M. E Church, where addresses were delivered to them by Rev. R. Caldwell and myself, on the subject of charity. They performed well.

More anon. J. M. WILKERSON.

☞ We have received a most excellent piece from Rev. R. H. CAIN and others just as we are going to press. Our contributing brethren will please send in their matter by Saturday or Monday. By conforming to this rule they will oblige us very much.

THE RICHMOND BATTLE

Terrible has been the contest before Richmond, and it is sad to think that it is not yet all over. On Wednesday, the 25th of June, General McClellan advanced his left wing, which brought on a severe fight; but the movement was successful. On the next day, a heavy attack was made upon his right wing, but our men held their position well, and during the night, fell back two or three miles. On Friday, the contest was again renewed, and thus it continued, fighting against immense odds all day, and changing their position during the night, until Monday night, when our wearied and exhausted troops gained the position they desired. The movement was a success, for General McClellan had not men enough to hold his extended line, while his new position is the best possible one for operating against Richmond; is high, healthy, and the one which he desired to gain at first, but was prevented by the presence of the Merrimac and other rebel gun-boats in the James River. Such an extensive flank movement, embracing troops, munitions, and commissary stores, was never before so successfully made in the presence of a greatly superior foe; and however the campaign may terminate in the Peninsula, it will ever remain celebrated in the history of warfare. The enemy, maddened at McClellan's success, made a most obstinate and persevering attack upon his new position on Tuesday, the 1st of July, and although the fight lasted most of the day, yet the enemy was repulsed with but little loss on our side His suffering on Monday was terrific, in consequence of the immense amount of artillery which McClellan was enabled to bring successfully into action, which hurled a perfect storm of grape and canister by the hour, into the close and compact ranks of the enemy, until in one place they are said to have used for a breast-work the dead bodies of their fallen comrades, where they lay piled several feet high. The *Richmond Examiner* admitted afterwards, that this day's fight was a perfect slaughter, and in evidence of the fact, stated that Gen. Hill's division, the best in their army, went into the fight 14,000 strong, and on the next day could muster only 6,000; and this was but one of the three or four divisions engaged.

The proobs loss on either side, is not known; it has been estimated as low as 12,000 killed, wounded and missing, on our side, but it is believed that this is below the truth, still it is asserted by those who ought to know, that 20,000 will certainly cover the whole. The Richmond papers state their loss at 30,000, while rebel prisoners, deserters, and Union officers who were constantly on the field, estimate it much higher, and some over twice that amount. Prisoners assert that from 200,000 to 250,000 rebel soldiers are around Richmond, and that not less than 150,000 were engaged in the seven days' fight; while it is believed that Gen. McClellan could, under no circumstances, bring 90,000 into the field, and in consequence of his extended lines, and scattered divisions, did not at any time have over 45,000 men in action.

Gen. McClellan's position is now regarded as safe and tenable, under any circumstances, and it is generally thought, that he will rest his men a little, and await reinforcements, before he makes a final assault upon the rebel capital. Why recruiting should have been suspended months ago, and McClellan left with an inadequate force, it is difficult to say; but those who are not in the secret, are getting pretty unanimous in the opinion that this war has been managed and mis-managed by civilians and politicians about long enough. The truth seems to be, that neither Congress nor the Administration has ever realized the immensity of the work which they have on hand; and those very parties, including the *New York Tribune*, who found most fault with McClellan's apparent inefficiency last winter, and shouted, "On to Richmond," are now the loudest in their complaints that the war department is not supplying him with a force sufficient to do anything decisive.

As the Governors of the loyal states have offered the President all the troops necessary, it is to be hoped that this terrible war may be speedily terminated by such a tremendous blow, that our posterity to the latest generation may have no occasion to do the work over again.

"THE LORD'S DAY."

It would, perhaps, be difficult to find a Scriptural passage which might more happily be employed to describe the origin and devoutly cheerful character of our Sunday—the Lord's day—than the following:—"This is the day which the Lord hath made: we will rejoice and be glad in it." (Ps cxviii. 24.) While all the historical associations cluster around *our* "holy day," which rendered the Sabbath holy in the eyes of a Jew, the Lord's day is invested in addition with a hallowed character which is altogether its own. The Saviour had repeatedly referred to His resurrection on the third day, as the most impressive sign which men could receive of His divine character and mission. So important is this event, that St Paul represents it (1 Cor. ch 15) as the great criterion by which either the emptiness and vanity, or else the life and power of the Christian's faith are to be determined. The first day of the week, the day on which the Prince of life rose from the grave, consequently acquired a profoundly significant character in the eyes of the first believers. This impression was deepened by the circumstance that the Lord chose the same day of the week for appearing again to the disciples, who were assembled with closed doors; the expression "eight days" in John xx. 26, as in Luke ii 21, is simply the Jewish mode of expressing the fact that one week had elapsed. Further—the wonderful event of the effusion of the Holy Ghost also occurred on the first day of the week, at the festival of Pentecost. (Acts ii 1.) The Lord was crucified on a Friday; ancient records testify that according to the usual interpretation of Lev. xxiii 15, 16, the day of Pentecost, to which reference is here made, occurred on the first day of the week The earliest traces of the Christian observance of Sunday, in place of the Jewish Sabbath day or Saturday, occur in Acts xx 7, and 1 Cor. xvi 2 John, the beloved disciple, furnished the church with the legitimate or Christian name of the day, when he called it "The Lord's Day." (Rev. i. 10.) The apostles, who were divinely guided in all their movements when they organized the church, were unquestionably empowered by the Divine Head of the Church to transfer the day which had, from the time of the creation, been specially consecrated to the worship of God, from the close to the beginning of the week. Old things, old modes of worship, old *names* passed away—all things were made new under the New Covenant

While the Christian's holy day—the Lord's day—still reminded him of the original work of the creation which had been completed in six days, and most happily embodied the spirit of the commandment: "Remember the Sabbath day, &c.," it received a far more impressive character, as the weekly commemoration of that new creation which Christ effected, when he rose as a victor from the grave. Such considerations led the early Christians to regard the Lord's day, as the most cheerful and happy day of the week; on that day they unitedly approached God in their public worship, and shared in the blessings conferred by the means of grace. No fasting nor any signs of mourning were tolerated on that day—it was the Lord's day, the day that proclaimed anew the grace and tender love of Christ. BANGS.

INTERVENTION IN AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

Some of the papers warmly, and others faintly, encourage this project, and urge immediate action upon parliament. None of them, however, save one, have had the frankness to avow the motive that has impelled England to the cowardly course she has pursued ever since our troubles broke out The *Dispatch* makes a clean breast of it, as follows:—

"We were never anxious to disclaim our distrust and *fear of the American Republic*. We did not seek to conceal our opinion that it was for *our interest*—that we were morally and politically justified in entertaining the desire—*that it should be so divided as to cease to be formidable to mankind.*"

It is to be hoped that this frank confession will do the soul of England good. It is undoubtedly truthful, and very fairly explains the national hostility which our Government and loyal people have had to endure under the sickening denomination of this country's "strict neutrality." That this hostility still exists, even in high places, is very evident MR. GLADSTONE'S pet phrase now, when speaking of the contest between loyalty and rebellion, is "that miserable war now raging in America" On this phrase he harps in all his recent speeches, whenever he seeks to impress his audiences with the conviction that all the present distress in manufacturing England grows out of the want of American cotton.

ENGLAND EXPORTING COTTON.

And now a few more words on that subject. Last Monday's *Times* was a very curious paper in more respects than one. In the money article of the Hebrew Samson, after enumerating the bales of cotton now in the country, and comparing the present stock with that of the previous years, he states that the weekly consumption is 30,000 bales, and then makes the following astounding admission, viz.:—"We have also been *exporting weekly* at the rate of 14,000 bales!" I think you will say with me, "I thank thee, *Jew*, for teaching me that *fact*."

That there may be no fear that this was an accidental mistake, I quote also from the same paper the official report of the Liverpool Cotton Market of the 23d, which says:—"There has been a large attendance of the trade here to-day, who have operated more freely than for some time past, especially when they were fortunate enough to find desirable lots, and sales are from 20,000 to 30,000 bales; *two-thirds of the business is on speculation and for export.*"

There you have, undesignedly, at least, one of the real secrets of the distress in the manufacturing districts, so long and so impudently attributed solely to the American war. Fourteen thousand bales per week during the last year, would amount to 728,000 bales, and this aggregate has actually been sent out of the country, while the rest has been used merely for purposes of speculation. This Government was prompt enough, not long ago, to prohibit the shipment of saltpetre, gunpowder, etc., etc. Why have they not put an end to the exportation of cotton? I fancy it would be difficult for them to find a satisfactory answer to this question were it pressed upon them. I am endeavoring to find a member of Parliament bold enough and honest enough to repeat those statements in the House of Commons, and do not quite despair of success.

This subject is so important, and the facts now being developed so thoroughly confirm the views I have hitherto expressed, that I venture to quote another authority, even at the risk of being tedious. The official report of the Manchester market, of the 24th, contains the following passage:—

"Both spinners and manufacturers are a good deal alarmed at what is taking place in the Liverpool Cotton market, and the diminishing stock of the raw material. There is still an impression that affairs may take such a turn in America as to seriously affect prices here immediately, if not permanently, and the high rates to which everything is being forced by *the speculative spirit now so rife* are regarded with anything but confidence. * * * *Many manufacturers, having very much lightened their stocks by recent sales, appear disposed to hold aloof where full rates are not offered, and others are in hand to seek for business.* The price of cloth still lags much behind its value, according to the rate at which cotton is selling, and those who can afford *are holding back in the expectation of reaping advantage by working off cloths are rather scarcer.*"

In addition to the foregoing, the Liverpool Cotton report of the 24th says:—"The excitement in the Cotton market continues unabated, and this day's business exceeded 20,000 bales, 12,000 bales *on speculation and export.*"

Thus, already have leaked out two of the causes of the distress of which we have heard so much of late, and if we have ever felt the least inclined to sympathize with England on account of it, I think we may now safely wipe our eyes and rest assured that no responsibility at all rests with us.

As regards cotton, the Government finds it easier, and thinks it more to its interest to suffer the "American War" to be saddled with the responsibility of an evil resulting from its own misdoings, than to issue the necessary order which would have prevented the draining of the country of the raw material, albeit such a course would also have prevented a few speculators from realising colossal fortunes. So far as we are concerned, the matter will regulate itself, and impartial history will relieve us from the responsibility so impudently attempted to be thrust upon us.

THE SLAVE TRADE TREATY.

MR KINNAIRD endeavored last Monday, to draw out some expression of the House of Commons in reference to the Slave Trade Treaty, and made a few complimentary remarks on the subject He failed, however, to elicit more than a single brief response from MR. SOTHERON ESTCOURT, who said that it must not be supposed, because the House did not enter into the discussion of the subject at so late an hour, that it did not take an interest in the question and fully appreciate the value of the concession made by the American Government This is all the notice that has been taken of a step so important, and for not taking which we have been abused and vilified for the last quarter of a century. We have, however, the admission of Earl RUSSELL and Lord PALMERSTON, in either House of Parliament, that "the United States had behaved in the handsomest manner," and that "the American Government had proposed this treaty," instead of being urged to it by some other party Lord SHAFTESBURY still preserves an ominous, and what I suppose he regards a dignified, silence on the whole subject. There is no more capital for him to make out of it.

AFFAIRS IN LONDON.

The underwriters at LLOYD'S are wearing longer faces than ever at the knowledge that they will have to pay the insurance money on the *Elizabeth*, news of the capture of which has reached them. The owners of these vessels and cargoes are making a good thing out of these captures, and we need not feel much sympathy for the set of grasping cormorants on whom the losses fall.

THREE Oratorios, lately given by JENNY LIND, have netted the handsome sum of about thirteen thousand dollars, the whole of which has been judiciously distributed among the most praiseworthy and needy benevolent institutions of London. The expenses in each case amounted to about twenty-five hundred dollars more.

MR. TRAIN'S tramway is already numbered among the things that were—a gang of men, under the Sheriff's authority, having commenced taking it up on Friday last.

THE presentation of the "freedom of the city" to Mrs. GEORGE PEABODY is to take place on the 10th of July. With that, I venture to say, will end every public or private recognition of the "munificent gift," which, for all the good it will ever do the "poor of London," for whom it was nominally designed, might as well have been thrown into the Thames.

I do not know that I have ever told you that the accursed system of imprisonment for debt, which civilized England clung to so disgracefully when almost every other nation had long abolished it, is at last effectually at an end. A thorough clearance has been made of the prisoners in confinement (one of whom had been in captivity for no less than forty-seven years!) and in a few days the Insolvent Debtors' Court holds its last sitting. The old Fleet Prison and the Marshalsea are even now only known as antiquarians, and the remaining Bastile—the Queen's Prison—is about to be converted into a Hospital. Except in cases of fraud, imprisonment in future can only extend to a period of from four to eight weeks.

I have hitherto omitted to mention that since the permanent establishment of the American Legation, at No 5 Upper Portland Place, Mr. and Mrs. ADAMS give weekly receptions, on Monday evenings, which are attended by many of our countrymen, as well as by the *elite* of English society. They are the very pleasantest affairs imaginable, unostentatious, informal, and as social as any one could desire. It is a long time since the house of an American Minister in London has been the scene of so pleasant a re-union as I attended there on Monday last; indeed, it is some time since we have had a Representative at this Court who remembered that in becoming an Ambassador he should not cease to be an American to Americans.

THE awards of the different juries at the Great Exhibition have been made up, and it is said they will be publicly announced on the 11th of July. Of course, everything concerning them is supposed to be kept profoundly secret, but I have contrived to learn a single fact, viz.: that the American piano will receive a first medal. Every foreign juror voted in their favor, but the English jurors opposed them in a body. In spite of this latter depreciation they are unquestionably the best instruments in the Exhibition.

Your readers will be surprised, and some of them pained, to learn that the Rev. J. W. C. PENNINGTON, the well-known colored clergyman, formerly of Hartford, Ct., is now the inmate of one of the Liverpool prisons. He was accused of stealing from a bookshop a copy of POPE'S HOMER'S Odyssey, of the value of only a few shillings. He was followed into the street and the book found on his person, bottomed up in his coat. The evidence was so clear that, in spite of his appeals to his character and standing, his intimacy with Dr. RAFFLES and other eminent English clergymen, the efforts of excellent lawyers, and the aid of the American Consul, the Judge was compelled to convict him, and sentenced him to a month's imprisonment, with hard labor. The act and its motive were alike inexplicable. I do not know what his friends and patrons, Lord SHAFTESBURY and the Duchess of SUTHERLAND, will say about it—or what course may be taken by the University of Oxford, which some time ago conferred upon him (as a designed rebuke of the American Universities) the degree of D. D.

I cannot forbear to quote the following passage from Mr. CHARLES MACKAY'S last letter to the *Times*, published this morning. In spite of its authorship, appearing as it does in the *Times*, it is calculated to produce a wonderful effect upon the public mind, and scarcely anything else is to day talked of. I forbear comment; his language speaks distinctly enough for itself. He says:—

"The people of Europe may be certain that the defeat of MCCLELLAN—which is possible but not probable—would be of no real advantage to the Confederates. It would but prolong the agony of the contest, and cause such an uprising of the excited Northern people as would place at the disposal of the Federal Government any number of men it chose to ask for. The South, unless it enrol and arm its slaves, an *ultimatum* of hard necessity, on which it looks with alarm and repugnance, is not in a position to raise an extra 100,000 men for any emergency whatever; while the North, vast as its armies already are, can double or treble them in case of need, and will do so at a word from the President, rather than stop short in the work it has commenced. A Confederate victory at Richmond might give the Powers of Europe a welcome opportunity of recommending the South to lay down its arms, and the North to grant a general amnesty; but it would be of no real help to the cause of Southern Independence, unless upon the untenable supposition that the great Powers of Europe were prepared at the eleventh hour to make that cause their own, and brave the certain consequences of a war with the United States Recognition of the South was once as possible as it would have been wise and humane; but that day has long since passed and can scarcely be said to have outlasted the evacuation of Manassas. At the present time, with a whole harvest of laurels upon its brow, the North might listen to the pleadings of Europe for mercy to the vanquished; but any attempt at recognition, even should victory smile upon the Confederate arms at Richmond, would awaken such a spirit of vengeance as would be ominous of a more dreadful war than France or England would care to engage in for interests so remote, or advantages so problematical."

I will just add, also, without a word of comment, that the official report of the cotton market, published in to-day's *Times*, shows that the sales of cotton this week amount to 114,000 bales, of which no less than 64,000 bales were for export.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT—A NOVEL ENTERPRISE.

In the acquisition of Territory from Mexico we acquired not only good, bad and indifferent lands, but we got a desert, and so large in its dimensions, so formidable in its withering desolations, that we are as much at a loss to know what to do with it as was the party who drew the elephant. Professor Blake, who from his position of geologist, accompanying the exploring and surveying expedition of Capt. Williamson, of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad Survey, acquired a personal and familiar knowledge of this "*waste and delightful*" (desert at death,) in a recent lecture in San Francisco, in speaking of the Colorado Desert, pronounced it as fine a specimen of the desert as that of Lybia or Sahara. It extends from the base of San Bernardino southwesterly one hundred and eighty miles, parts of its surface being below our boundary line in Sonora. Its area is some nine thousand square miles; and excepting the Colorado, which cuts across its lower end, is without river or lake It stretches off to the horizon on all sides without one glimpse of vegetation or life. Its surface is ashy and parched; its frame of mountains rise in ragged pinnacles of brown rock, bare even of soil. Words are unequal to the task of describing its apparent expanses, the purity of its air, the silence of its night, the brilliancy of the stars that overhang it, the tints of the mountains at daybreak, the looming up of those beyond the horizon, the glare of the midday sun, the violence of its local storms of dust and sand.

Parts are entirely destitute even of sand, being smooth, compact, sun-baked clay; other parts are covered with heaps of sand, disposed like snow-drifts in waves of fifty and eighty feet in height. Near the mountains along the Colorado there is a terrace as flat as the floor, and paved with pebbles of nearly uniform size, of porphyry, jasper, quartz, cornelian, and agate, all rounded by the action of the water, and polished till they glisten, by the driving sand. In this respect, again, the porch of our Great Desert is like that which outlines the Lybian Desert. Doubtless the northern part of the desert is the dry bed of an ancient lake of fresh water, whose beach lines are strongly marked. Probably, at a comparatively recent period, the water of the California Gulf covered all the clay surface of the desert. It lies below their level now, and if a channel were cut through the natural embankment of the Colorado, it would be doubtless covered again with water. It is very probable that the Colorado Desert region was uplifted within historic times. Earthquakes occasionally agitate its surface, and in 1852 there were eruptions of mud and hot water in the central parts of the valley.

The *National Intelligencer* says that an enterprise is on foot for converting this formidable desert into a fruitful field by introducing water from the Colorado River on and over it, thus causing verdure to replace sterility, "causing the desert to bloom as the rose."

The propagator of this enterprise having devoted several years in the preliminary work, and having fully determined the practicability of the measure by actual instrumental surveys, now awaits the action of Congress to make cession of this Sahara to the State of California, in compliance with the expressed wish of her Legislature. It cannot be doubted that Congress will at once comply with the application made by California, and allow the parties to go on with this novel work, which promises to be of so much benefit to the government and mankind.—*Scientific American.*

LETTER FROM ILLINOIS.

The Hessian fly has done great damage to the wheat crop in this section of country, and during the past month many farmers have plowed up their wheat fields and planted them with corn. The fly is a stranger among us, and this is its first visitation. It is very capricious in its visits. A friend had twenty-five acres of new ground in wheat, in which he had but one wheat-stalk to every foot of ground; while a neighbor on the other side of the fence, with land of the same kind, and a crop put in at the same time, and yet lot entirely alone by Mr. Fly, and a good wheat crop is the result. It may be that the Hessian fly goes into a state of chrysalis like the army worm, and that this is the solution of the phenomenon.

It is a singular fact that the late-sown wheat is very much the best this year; and another peculiarity of this season is, that new land is not giving half the yield that new ground usually does, and also that the old ground in wheat is far outstripping the new. "Early sown wheat on new ground is sure gold" has passed into a proverb among Illinois farmers, but this year has proved an exception to the rule. The spring was late and wet, which not only injured the wheat crop, but the corn. Much of the seed corn rotted in the ground, and had to be replanted, and the corn-fields, as a general thing, never looked more backward at this season of the year than they do at present. Nothing but a late fall will save our corn crop. Some farmers have been but once through their corn yet, whereas, in ordinary years, the third plowing should have been done by this time—the last week in June.

Grass looks fine; so do potatoes and other root crops, as is generally the case when so much rain falls as we are having at present.

Potatoes have been selling at fifty and sixty cents a bushel lately, quite a contrast to this time a year ago, when they rotted by hundreds of bushels in pits, in the farmers' fields, and no one to carry them away. If help had been as plenty as usual, farmers would have fed them to their cattle, but they are dangerous food unless cut up

Much sorghum is being raised this year, and the time is not far distant, I think, when Illinois will be *sweetly* independent of the South. Our farmers, too, are beginning to give their attention to sheep-raising, which is one of the good signs of the times. Much corn has been sold this past season for ten cents a bushel, while Ohio farmers were paying twenty cents. Hundreds of thousands of tons of hay go to waste uncut every year in Illinois, while the Ohio far

the heart and kidneys, and washed them in palm wine and other strong drugs of an astringent sort. Then they drew the brains through the nostrils with a hooked piece of iron, and filled the skull also with such binding drugs. They then anointed all the body with oil of cedar, myrrh, cinnamon, and the like, for some thirty days; by this means it was kept whole, without even losing its hair, and kept pure, without any sign of decay. Afterward, it was soaked for forty days in salt of nitre, then washed, wrapped in linen swaddling-bands dipped in myrrh, and rubbed with a gum which the Egyptians used instead of glue.

This was their process of embalming. The body was then restored to the relatives. If they were persons of rank, they placed it in a coffin, and kept it in their houses, or in fit tombs made for the purpose. In those early days, coffins were not always used in Egypt. The upper part of the coffin was designed to give a likeness of the deceased, and was often set off with figures and paintings, according to its state.

Jacob was carried for burial to Hebron, two hundred miles from Goshen, and his family mourned for him with sore lamentation for seventy days. At funerals in after years, they sat with their faces covered, ashes sprinkled on their heads, crying out with a doleful voice, wringing or clapping their hands, smiting their breasts or thighs, and uttering expressions of sorrow. The mourning commonly lasted seven days, sometimes a month, as for Aaron and Moses; sometimes seventy days, as for Jacob; and widows would even pass their lives in sorrow and loneliness, like Judith, and Anna the prophetess.

Joseph himself, who was thirty years of age when he first stood before Pharaoh, and spent eighty years in prosperity in Egypt, died one hundred and ten years old, and was embalmed and put into a coffin in the costliest style of Egypt, but not carried at once back to Canaan. His body was kept by the Israelites in Egypt, as a pledge that God would surely bring their offspring into the possession of Canaan, and it should not be buried till that promise should be fulfilled.

The Jewish historian, Josephus, tells us that the other sons of Jacob lived happily in Egypt, and when they died, were all carried into the land of Canaan to be buried.—*Child. Mag.*

TO MOTHERS.

The first book read, and the last book laid aside by every child, is the conduct of its mother.

1. First give yourself, then your child, to God. It is but giving him his own. Not to do it, is robbing God.
2. Always prefer virtue to wealth—the honor that comes from God to the honor that comes from men. Do this for yourself. Do it for your child.
3. Let your whole course be to raise your child to a high standard. Do not sink into childishness yourself.
4. Give not heedless commands, but when you command, require prompt obedience.
5. Never indulge a child in cruelty, even to an insect.
6. Cultivate a sympathy for your child, in all lawful joys and sorrows.
7. Be sure that you never correct a child until you know it deserves correction. Hear its story first, and fully.
8. Never allow your child to whine, or fret, or to bear grudges.
9. Early inculcate frankness, candor, generosity, magnanimity, patriotism, and self denial.
10. The knowledge and fear of the Lord are the beginning of wisdom.
11. Never mortify the feelings of your child by upbraiding it with dulness; but do not inspire it with self-conceit.
12. Pray with and for your child, often and fervently.
13. Encourage all attempts at self-improvement.
14. Never deceive nor break a promise to a child.
15. Reprove not a child severely, in the presence of strangers.

Remember that life is a vapour, and that every child may be called out of time into eternity, say day.

American Baptist.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.—The following table gives the number of communicants in each diocese:

New York,	26,854
Pennsylvania,	16,150
Connecticut,	12,184
Western New York,	11,711
Maryland,	10,928
Massachusetts,	8,266
Virginia,	7 990
South Carolina,	6,126
Ohio,	6,068
New Jersey,	5,956
Rhode Island,	3,390
Illinois,	3,146
Michigan,	3,076
Wisconsin,	2,926
North Carolina,	2,792
Kentucky,	2,502
Georgia,	2,184
Vermont,	2,114
Alabama,	1,864
Louisiana,	1,798
Maine,	1,483
Tennessee,	1,395
Mississippi,	1,356
Indiana,	1,270
Missouri,	1,168
Delaware,	1,077
Iowa,	989
Minnesota,	863
New Hampshire,	843
Texas,	812
California,	654
Florida,	641

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ODDS AND ENDS.

The Worst Breed of Dogs in the World.—The dogs of war.

Why is number two like a double victory? Because it is twice one (won.)

Treat your family kindly, but pat your horse and cattle nightly to the rack

If a man thinks he belongs to a superior caste, probably the cast is in his eye.

When was beef-tea first made in England? When Henry the Eighth dissolved the Pope's bull

The great object of an author, a painter, an orator is to see himself printed at with the finger, and hear it said, "That's he!"

In a church, the hottest situation is the gallery, because the cold air lies nearest the floor till it has become heated, when it ascends towards the roof of the building

"Children," said a considerate matron to her assembled progeny, "children, you may have everything you want, but you mustn't want anything you can't have."

While stopping a short time at Neshanne, Pa., one day last week, we were for the first time inside the large church there. Among other things we saw was an old Dutch Bible printed in 1537. It had a wooden binding, and was not much damaged, considering its old age.

The silk line, as spun by the worm, is about the five hundredth part of an inch thick; but a spider's line is perhaps six times finer, or only the 3000th part of an inch in diameter; inasmuch that a single pound of this attenuated substance might be sufficient to encompass our globe.

Sir Thomas Lethbridge—"Why, you have never opened your mouth this session," said Sir Thomas Lethbridge to Mr. Gye. "I beg your pardon, Sir Thomas," replied Mr. Gye; "your speeches have made me open it very frequently. My jaws have ached with yawning."

ABSENCE OF MIND.—Talking of absence of mind (said the Rev. Sidney Smith,) the oddest instance happened to me once in forgetting my own name. I knocked at a door in London, and asked if Mrs. B. was at home. "Yes, sir; pray what name shall I say?" I looked in the man's face astonished—what name?—Ay, that is the question—what is my name? I believe the man thought me mad; but it is literally true that for a space of two or three minutes I had no more idea of who I was than if I had never existed. I did not know whether I was a Dissenter or a layman; I felt as dull as Sternhold or Hopkins. At last, to my great relief, it flashed across me that I was Sidney Smith. I heard also of a clergyman who went jogging along the road until he came to a turnpike. "What's to pay?" "Pay, sir! for what?" asked the turnpike man. "Why, for my horse, to be sure." "Your horse, sir! what horse? Here is no horse, sir." "No horse! why," said he, suddenly looking down between his legs, "I thought I was on horseback."

THE LIBERIAN REPUBLIC.

The first settlement was commenced at Cape Montserrado, now the city of Monrovia, April 25th, 1822. Other colonies followed, when, in 1839, they were merged into a commonwealth. July 26, 1847, independence was declared and a Republic formed, which has since been self-sustaining, waving its flag of liberty over a happy people

All the officers of the Government are colored men, and are chosen or appointed from among themselves. Its population consists of about ten thousand American-born persons of color, five thousand emancipated and civilized Africans, and several hundred thousand natives who are subject to its jurisdiction and laws. The English language prevails, churches of the prominent denominations abound, and common schools and seminaries are not wanting. A College building has been completed at a cost of twenty thousand dollars, and a well qualified faculty selected. Domestic slavery is prohibited, and the slave trade forbidden under penalty of death

Its territory has been equitably purchased. It extends along the Western Coast of Africa, for six hundred miles, and inland from thirty to fifty. The soil is very fertile and well watered. Agricultural pursuits are receiving increased attention, and its coffee, sugar and other commodities are constantly reaching foreign points. Palm oil and other valuable products are shipped, and its power is even now felt in the commercial world. Forty craft, built, owned and manned by the Liberians, trade along its coast and the West African seaboard, and larger vessels are similarly engaged and run to this country and to England.

The United States government has now formally acknowledged the independence of Liberia, and will enter into treaty relations with her. This act of justice to a nation connected to us by commercial ties and religious and political affinities, should have been performed long since. The most enlightened Powers have already recognised its nationality, and formed treaty relations with it, and reaped commercial benefits from these acts of national civility. Having been favored by our people, to a portion of whom it sustained a relation of dependence in its infancy, it has gratefully received our trade on the best terms Our opening of intercourse with this growing African State will react favorably upon the descendants of that continent in this country, and awaken an interest that must issue in the happiest results.—*Cin. Herald*

The Social, Civil, and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Pennsylvania open a subscription list to aid the freed men at Port Royal and other points where they may be located, and respectfully ask the co-operation of the colored citizens and others in this city, or elsewhere, in money or clothing

Any article of value received will be acknowledged, with the name of the donor, in the *Recorder*, where a constant record will be kept.

Subscriptions may be sent to Jacob C. White, at the office of the Lebanon Cemetery, 711 Lombard Street, and also to William Still, 107 North Fifth Street, and to Rev. E. Weaver, 519 Pine Street.

PAID.

Statistical Society,	$50 00
Clayton Miller,	2 00
William Still,	5 00
Robert Adger,	2 00
Henry Minnern,	2 00
Catherine Johnson,	1 00
Vasti Locke,	2 00
Wm. Warricks,	2 00
Harriet Shorter,	1 00
Sarah S. Hawkins,	1 00
Rev. Jonathan C. Gibbs,	1 00
James P. Clay,	1 00
Benjamin F Hill,	2 00
S M. S.,	2 00
Elizabeth Gordon,	1 00
F. J. Dreer,	5 00

It affords us pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of ten dollars, the proceeds of Miss Anna E. Dickinson's lecture at Concert Hall for the contrabands, contributed to the S. C. and Statistical Association, to be applied as intended. WM. STILL.

Cor Sec. of S. C. and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Penna.

Domestic Items.

The Southern Press on the recent Battles, and the present position of McClellan.—The Richmond Dispatch, June 30, says of the battles up to that date.

STONEWALL AT WORK.

But "where is Jackson!" ask all. He has travelled fast, and is heading the retreating foe, and as night closes in all is anxiety for intelligence from him. 'Tis now about 7 P. M., and just as the rout of the enemy is complete—just as the last valleys are sounding in the enemy's ear, the distant and rapid discharges of cannon, tell that Jackson has fallen upon the retreating column, broken it, and captured 3,000 prisoners. Far in the night his insatiable troops hang upon the enemy, and for miles upon miles are dead, wounded, prisoners, wagons, cannon, &c., scattered in inextricable confusion upon the road. Thus for four hours did our inferior force, unaided by a single piece of artillery, withstand over thirty thousand of the enemy, assisted by twenty-six pieces of artillery.

In total we captured many prisoners and thirty pieces of artillery up to five, P. M., Friday, and in the battle of Gaines' Mills, captured twenty-six field pieces, 15,000 stand of arms, six stand of colors, three generals, (Reynolds, Saunders and Rankin,) and over 4000 prisoners, including dozens of officers of every grade, from colonels to lieutenants of the line.

THE FEDERAL FORCE.

Every arm of the service was well represented in the Federal line—cavalry were there in force, and when our men emerged from the woods, attempted to charge, but the three brigades of the right and Jackson's three brigades on the left, closed up ranks and poured such deadly volleys upon the horsemen, that they left the ground in confusion, and entirely for their infantry to decide the day.

MONEY WAS FOUND

quite abundantly among the slain. Some men interring the dead, often searched the pockets, &c., one man finding not less than $150 in gold; another fished out of some old clothes not less than $500; another $1000 in Federal notes. Watches, both gold and silver were found among the spoils, one lucky individual having not less than six chronometers ticking in his pocket at one time. As a general thing, more money was found upon the dead on the field than on any other on which we have heard.

CLOTHING IN ABUNDANCE

was scattered about, and immense piles of new uniforms were found untouched. Our men seemed to take great delight in assuming Federal Officers' uniforms, and strutted about were comically, much to the amusement of dusty, powder-begrimed youths, who sat toiling and smoking in the shade. Every conceivable article of clothing was found in these divisional camps, and came quite apropos to our needy soldiery, scores of whom took a cold bath, and changed old for new under clothing, many articles being of costly material and quite unique.

THE AMOUNT OF AMMUNITION FOUND

was considerable, and proved of very superior quality and manufacture. The exact amount captured, we have not yet ascertained, but from the immense piles of boxes scattered through the camps, we conjecture that the enemy had laid in quite an unusual supply, expecting to use it, doubtless, upon our devoted men, and as they would did our troops stand, as they do, at "long taw," and not come to "close quarters."

THE CANNON AND ARMS CAPTURED

in this battle were numerous, and of very superior workmanship. The twenty-six pieces were the most beautiful we have ever seen, while immense piles of guns could be seen on every hand, many scarcely having the manufacturer's finish even tarnished. The enemy seemed quite willing to throw them away on the slightest pretext, dozens being found with loads still undischarged. The number of small arms captured, we understand, was not less than fifteen thousand, of every calibre and every make.

THE FEDERAL WOUNDED

were collected together, and formed a very large field-hospital. The court yard of a farm house was selected, and scores could be seen reclining on the grass, and expert surgeons operating with much skill and zeal. By mutual agreement, surgeons are not considered prisoners of war; hence, at the close of the late battle, many Federal surgeons remain d behind, and their services seems to be very much appreciated by the men. As many as could be, were conveyed to town, and attended to, good conveyance being furnished and much care manifested for their welfare.

Rebel View of McClellan's Position—Its Impregnability admitted.—The Rebel Press growling for News.—Washington, July 11.—The Richmond *Examiner* of the 7th, has been received here. Discoursing upon General McClellan's present [illegible] says: "We believe all that was known in this city yesterday, outside of the Bureaucracy, was that the enemy had taken a strong position, with one of his flanks resting on the river, above Berkeley, completely under cover of his gun-boats, and his extreme right reaching to Herring Creek, where his position is defended by an almost impassable morass. It was supposed that the enemy would have been attacked yesterday, but there had been no fighting up to the last accounts we have from the lines. It is not to be supposed that the enemy has selected these plantations as the scene of his last great stand, without good reasons. The first and most apparent of these, is that the western landing is perhaps the very best on the James river, and the stream for miles up and down, being broad and deep, affords both excellent sea room and anchorage for his gunboats and transports. But this is by no means the only advantage of the position. On the west of Berkeley, are innumerable impassable ravines, running from near the Charles City road, on the north to James river, making a successful attack from that quarter next to impassible. Within a quarter of a mile of where these ravines begin, Herring Run creek crosses the Charles City road, and running in a southeasterly direction, skirts on the north and east the plantations of Berkeley and Westover, and empties into James river at the extreme eastern boundary of the latter. The whole course of this creek is one impassable morass, while along its northern and eastern banks extend the heights of Evelington, a long range of hills that overlook the Westover and Berkeley estates, and which offer an eligible position for heavy guns.

"It will be seen that, protected on the south by the river and his gunboats, on the west by impenetrable ravines, and on the north and east by Herring creek and the heights of Evelington, the enemy's position presents but one pregnable point, the piece of level country northwest of Westover, from a quarter to half a mile in width, lying between the head of the ravines and the point where Herring creek crosses the Charles City road. But it is certain that the enemy, with his immense resources of men and machinery, will, in a very brief period, obstruct by art this only natural entrance to his stronghold. Already it is within range of his gunboats, and of his siege guns planted on the Evelington hills. Another day may see it strewn with felled timber and bristling with field batteries. In enumerating the advantages secured to the enemy in his present position, his superior facilities of transportation must not be omitted. Wants of ammunition and stores must be supplied a distance of nearly thirty miles, his steamers and transports are running up to the very doors of his tents. For the benefit of distant readers, we may here properly say something of the character of the country in which, suddenly and unexpectedly, the scene of war has been shifted. Ten days ago, when McClellan beleaguered Richmond, with the exception of about five miles of the Chickahominy low ground, he occupied the most barren, and at the same time, the worst watered and most unhealthy region of Eastern Virginia. Agues, hoop-poles and whortleberries have been always the only sure crops of the country within a radius of ten miles about the Seven Pines, taking that point as a center, and but two living streams cross the Nine-mile, Williamsburg road, between Richmond and Baltom Bridge. On these two roads, with the Seven Pines as their headquarters, the very pick and flower of the Northern army was concentrated, and here, for weeks, their vigor and numbers melted away, under the influence of miasma, bad water, and Southern sun, but by this hasty trip through White Oak Swamp, McClellan has emerged with thinned ranks into a more genial land. A broad, fresh river flows before him, while his tired and hungry hordes will find boundless supplies in as fair and rich a valley as the sun shines on. The country of the lower James river is the garden spot of Virginia. Nowhere does soil better repay the toil and skill of the husbandman."

The *Examiner* says to its own Government. "There has already been enough trifling and abuse of the public mind by the suppression or reserve of facts on the part of the Government. If the Commanding General could write a dozen lines, giving the result of the fight at Gaines' Mills, why on each succeeding day might we not have had a bulletin of equal length simply stating the results. It would have cost but a trifle of time, and would have conferred an incalculable benefit upon the whole country in composing the public anxiety. If the first official display of our success has not been fully sustained by sub equent events, and if the public expectations which were then raised to such a height are to be reduced, we believe that our people can bear the disappointment, without waiting to hear the facts drop out through the slow and forced confessions of them in authority. If McClellan had effected a communication with the river, why was not the fact boldly and unreservedly announced, instead of leaving it to the public news by reports of surrounding pickets of his army, straggler swamps, and in the neighborhood of mill ponds, and other false and vague sources, intended to break the fall of public expectation? Let the public, at least, under the impression of general facts. We know that the value of our troops has so far prevailed, and that the enemy has been passed from the lines of intrenchment of this city, but what may be the strength of the relevant remnant of his army, whether that remnant is yet involved by our lines, or has escaped from our grasp, or has been reinforced for another grand battle, are questions which everybody has been asking for the last week, and which the Government plainly refuses to answer by withholding from the people all information whatever of the battle of Richmond."

Upon the strait to which the rebels are now reduced, the *Examiner* says:

"The scene of active operations has been removed to such a distance from Richmond, that it is difficult to obtain any news of the incidents of each day, but from what is generally understood of the situation, it appears to admit only of the severe alternative of an immediate assault upon the enemy, or the falling back of our lines."

With reference to the continued danger of Richmond, the *Examiner* says:

"It is sincerely to be hoped that the ability of our generals, and the dauntless courage of the Southern armies will soon relieve this portion of our State from the presence of the invader. In them under Heaven is our only hope. So long as the enemy holds undisputed possession of the lower James river, so long is the capital of the Confederacy menaced."

Items of News.—The new financial bill just passed by Congress is of great importance. It is evidently designed as a ground work for a complete system of national banking, doing away with most or all of the disadvantages of a national bank. The currency of the country will be relieved, and the frequency of financial crashes and panics in consequence of the supposed lack of specie will be prevented by the inauguration of this system.

Our Reports by mail from the army of the Potomac are encouraging. The health of the army was improving at last advices. The President's visit had created great enthusiasm, and reinforcements were still constantly arriving at Harrison's Landing. The President declares his confidence in the army and its commander, and says matters there "are all right."

From the Southwest we have some interesting news by mail—to the 30th ultimo from Vicksburg, and to the 5th instant from White river. No further reliable news had been received from Gen. Curtis. The bombardment of Vicksburg continues at intervals. Gen. Pitch is progressing satisfactorily with his expedition up the White river.

Our Government has finally agreed upon a plan for a general exchange of prisoners. The relief will come too late for some, but all will be overjoyed at the consummation of being soon released from a hard bondage.

Prospects.—"All quiet along the lines!" is the latest intelligence from the army of the Potomac, and it is reported that the enemy has drawn in his picket and outpost guards, and is retreating, but in what direction we are left to speculate. Can it be that the enemy, alarmed at the threatening attitude McClellan holds towards his Southern line of retreat, forces him to look to it instantly, and, finding it in danger of destruction, he is already retreating towards Danville? To the North he sees approaching Pope's splendid army; a retreat to Lynchburg or the mountains would end the war by its own disadvantages; to meet McClellan's army, strengthened by heavy reinforcements of fresh troops, is not to be thought of, and it seems to us there is but one way for the rebels to prolong the war for a few months, and that is by a well-conducted retreat to Danville, naturally a strong position, and one which may be made as good a depot for stores as Richmond, even with fewer railroad terminii, because it is much nearer the sources of supply, and so far inland that no aid could be looked for by us from gunboats. A retreat to Danville would certainly secure sufficient time to the enemy to recuperate and fortify. Let us hope that he will be allowed to start upon his journey southward, but that he may be attacked in the flank, (which, in retreating, will have to be discovered to McClellan) and that he may be totally discomfited. Private advices, for the last few days, from the Peninsula, have assured us that the enemy contemplated retreating, but we refrained from publishing anything that might cause undue excitement among the people, unless properly substantiated by official advices from Washington. On Monday last the enemy seemed to be desirous of appearing in a demonstrative mood. He ran a field battery down to the south bank of the James river, below Harrison's Landing, and fired for some hours upon such of our tran ports as were passing up and down the river, which had the effect to draw our gunboats from above the mouth of the Appomattox. On the same day the smoke of burning buildings arose from every point in front of our lines, and led to the starting of a rumor that Richmond had been destroyed. As a very good blind to our army, the enemy subsequently set fire to the woods in front of our lines, which had the effect of smoking our troops out, and forcing them to fall back about five miles. All this would seem to indicate that the enemy was severely hurt in the great Seven Days' Battle, and that he could no longer conceal the hopelessness of his cause from his people, and that a retreat South had been rendered necessary by the demoralization of his forces.—*Post*

Died.

In this city, June 10th, of congestion of the lungs Sister HARRIET LEWIS, formerly of Philadelphia, aged 24 years.

Sister Lewis was an exemplary member of our church and of her class. What made her Christian life so righteous was her decision for God and heaven No darkness came on—no cloud of life changed her confidence or happiness in the good Lord. The severe affliction, that only lasted twelve days, did not prevent a sweet smile from ever lingering on her countenance. When first attacked by the insidious disease, she said, "This will take me home." She continued calm and happy in the knowledge of her dear Saviour until about half-past ten in the evening, when she (not being able to speak) waved her hand to those around her, and fell asleep in Jesus.

"Write blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," &c. WM. DAMOND.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

To the friends of Religious Literature and human progress of the City and County of Philadelphia:

This certifies that Miss Mary Bell is a legally authorized agent for the City and County of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, to solicit subscribers and donations for the Christian Recorder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

We, therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Bell to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy, and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable, that those to whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to this great cause.

(Signed) ELISHA WEAVER,
Editor & General Book Steward.
No. 619 *Pine St., Phila*

BOARDING IN BROOKLYN.

MRS. S. PLANT (formerly Richardson) respectfully announces that she has opened a first-class BOARDING & LODGING HOUSE at No. 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn—where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city, and within five minutes' walk of Fulton Ferry, is made thus a very desirable and convenient place.

BOARDING.

Mrs. AMIA WILLIAM, of Cape May, will open the Banker House for the season, for the accommodation of all who wish to spend the season there, and she will spare no pains to make all comfortable. Those wishing to spend one, two, or three days, will find the Banaker House the right spot. Prices very reasonable. 1-sept

COAL, STOVES, &c., &c.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the store.

NO. 107 NORTH FIFTH STREET,

formerly occupied as the Anti-Slavery Office, (where he has been engaged for the last fourteen years,) to occupy it henceforth as a place of business for the sale of

COAL, STOVES, &c.

Having made arrangements with one of the first Coal Dealers in the city, to furnish the best qualities of Lehigh, Schuylkill, &c., at the lowest Cash prices, he hopes to give full satisfaction in this branch of his business

He will also keep constantly on hand a general assortment of good NEW and SECOND-HAND STOVES, FURNACES, &c.

Persons wishing Stoves taken down, stored away, put up, or cleaned, can be promptly accommodated by applying as above.

He hopes by energy and strict attention to business to obtain a fair share of patronage.

WM. STILL,
107 North Fifth Street, Philadelphia

REFERENCES.

J. M. McKim,	Dr. Caspar Wister,
Samuel Rhoads,	James Mott,
Dillwyn Parrish,	Thomas Willimess,
Prof. C. D Cleveland.	W. H. Furness.

Advertisements.

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth anniversary, April 10th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

From Garnet Union No 4, D. of T., from Phœnix Union, No 6, D of T., from Northern Union, No. 10, D. of T., Wesley Union of Germantown, Pa., Union De Bias' Union, of Carlisle, Pa., from Mount Olive Union, No. 19, D. of T., from Tenebrucle Union, No. 15, D. of T., of Norristown, Pa

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—

Grand P., Sister Bennett; Grand Associate, Sister Barris; Grand Treasurer, Sister Fawcett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E Dubbart; Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall

G. P. P.,	Sister E. Rogers,	G. P. P.	Sister Abrahams,
"	" E. Bowen,	"	" J. P. Black,
"	" M. H. Henry,	"	" E. A. Clarke,
"	" S. Newman,	"	" White,
"	" S. Davis,	"	" S. Hall.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY.

THE STATED QUARTERLY MEETINGS of the Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August, and November.

The meetings of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the society,

Mrs. SARAH CARTER,
President.

Mr. I. B. SEYMOUR, Secretary.

THE BOOK DEPOSITORY OF THE AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH, *No. 619 Pine Street*, PHILADELPHIA

We keep on hand, in connection with our other books, Sabbath School Books of various kinds, Question Books, Catechisms, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. We have a good assortment of such books as are generally used in the Public Schools Also, Stationery, Inks, Pens, Paper, Envelopes and Blank Books.

THE DEATH-BED OF THE REV. JOHN WESLEY.

Wanted Canvassing Agents for this splendid large engraving which should be in every household. Liberal terms and good men. The most liberal inducements offered to those selling this print. Send for Catalogue and Instructions

WM. SMITH, Publisher,
160 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

WANTED.—The charge of a Public School. Reference as to ability can be given. Apply to
J. W. A., 1641 Hollands St.

ONE-PRICE CLOTHING, OF THE LATEST STYLES,

Made in the Best Manner, expressly for RETAIL SALES. Lowest Selling Prices marked in Plain Figures. All Goods made to order warranted satisfactory. Our One-Price System is strictly adhered to. All are thereby treated alike. JONES & CO.,
Dec20-1y 604 MARKET STREET

GOOD NEWS

To Tailors, Dress makers, and to those wishing to be such. Also to owners of sewing machines, sheet-iron, and large shuttle-eye lie in—can buy (prepaid directions which are D. Hunter has) you can [illegible] Patent Thread Tension Drivers, Screw and Screw Feeder, Guide, Gauges, Screw and Screw-driver.

Local and Travelling Agents Wanted.

Address REV WM BRADLEY,
Carversville, Bucks Co. Pa.

Or, apply to Mrs. Mary C. Webster, (while at the Editor of this paper,) 619 Pine st., Philada. Pa. Jan12-1y

MRS. E. A. PALMER'S DRY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS STORE. *NO. 105 NORTH FIFTH STREET* PHILADELPHIA

A General Assortment of Hosiery. Trimmings. Dry Goods, &c

Dress, Shirt making, and Plain Sewing, promptly attended to. Jan12-1y

COAL! COAL!! COAL!!!

The subscriber is selling the best qualities of Lehigh and Schuylkill Coal at the following very low prices

Lehigh Store Coal, per ton,	$4 75
" Egg "	4 75
" Broken and Screened, per ton,	4 50
" Nut "	4 00
Schuylkill, Stove, and Egg and Broken, and Screened,	4 25
" Nut "	4 00

Orders left at the Store, No. 107 North FIFTH St., will be promptly attended to. WM. STILL.
Jan12-1y 107 North Fifth Street.

KEELY'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY

N. W. corner Fifth and Coates.

PICTURE GALLERY AND FRAMES ON THE FIRST FLOOR.

Strangers should not fail to call and examine. *Admission Free.*

JAMES DOWNS,

DEALER IN

NEW AND SECOND HAND

CLOTHING,

No 225 South Second Street.

No. 17—3mo. PHILADELPHIA

WILLIAM STILL'S *STOVE STORE*,

107 NORTH FIFTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA

The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and all in want of good stoves, that he has now on hand a general variety of excellent PARLOR, COOK and CHAMBER STOVES, including Gas burning, as well as other patterns, which he is selling at very low rates. He buys entirely for cash, of the best wholesale fountries, and of course can sell much cheaper than those buying on the usual credit system. At any rate his friends are invited to give him a call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere, as he feels that they would be convinced that it would be to their interest to give him their patronage Coal orders constantly on hand. WM. STILL.

JOSEPH H. COLE, CONTINENTAL RESTAURANT,

NO. 717 LOMBARD STREET, PHILA.,

(Above Seventh St., under Philadelphia Institute.)

Where he continues to keep always on hand the very best assortment of OYSTERS and other refreshments—hoping that all his friends and the public in general will favor him with their patronage

☞ Meals served at all hours Families supplied with Oysters of the best quality and flavor at the shortest notice

☞ Also, public and private waiting done on the most reasonable terms. 1y

Mrs. S. Shorter Hawkins
HAS NOW OPENED
NEW SPRING GOODS,

consisting of Dolaines, Brilliants, Calicoes, &c Hoop Skirts of all sizes, from 15 cents to $1 25 A large lot of linen Bibbs, from 8 to 25 cents Also, cheap Hosiery and Gloves.

N. B.—Mantuamakers are invited to examine my assortment of Dress trimmings of the latest styles; all will be sold cheap for cash at the Old Establishment,

615 Lombard Street

THOMAS CHARNOCK, GENERAL FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,

NO. 427 SOUTH 6TH ST.,

Second Door Below Bethel Church.

Hearses and carriages with every requisite for the burying, furnished at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. T. C. having purchased the right to various patent improvements, is also prepared to furnish it in connection with his usual [illegible] March 6-1y

For the Christian Recorder.

BUCKS COUNTY SS.—TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS MAY COME.

I, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace, in and for the county of Bucks, do hereby certify that I am acquainted and know Emily Johnson—formerly Rodney, who was married to Samuel Johnson, who was married before William Rank, Esq., of Bristol, Bucks County, as appears by record on his docket; and after careful examination and mature reflection, I feel myself fully safe in saying that the said Johnson had a wife living at the time he married the said Emily Rodney; and further say that I have the evidence of Daniel Emmons, (local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church) Charles Emmons, (Class leader) and Benjamin Cummings, (who is exhorter) that he had one or more wives living at the time he married the said Emily Johnson; and the evidence, on affirmation, of the said Emily Johnson, that he had a wife living at the time she married him, which, at the time she married him, she had no knowledge of.

Affirmed and subscribed before me, May 6th, 1862. } her Emily X Johnson, mark.
Wm Blakey, J. P. }

REV. LEWIS S. LEWIS' FAMILY LINIMENT

IS PREPARED WITH GREAT CARE,

EXPRESSLY FOR FAMILY USE.

Its composition is very simple, containing nothing that is injurious in any form, and there is no danger in its use from exposure to the weather. No family should be without it. Having a wish to benefit mankind in general, and those afflicted in particular—and having had recourse to the article in several cases of rheumatism, luminas, rhibiains, and other diseases, it proving to be a remedy in every case—I therefore recommend it to the public.

CERTIFICATE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov 27, 1861

Rev L. S. LEWIS—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with the rheumatism eleven years, during which time I tried almost everything, but received no sure relief. For the last four months my limbs and joints were so swollen, that at times I could not walk or use my slippers. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and at the first application was instantly relieved After using six or ten bottles, I was enabled to enjoy the free use of my limbs. Rev GEORGE A. RUE.

NEWPORT, R. I., October 29, 1861.

Rev. L. S. LEWIS—Dear Sir: I have been affected for a number of years, more or less, with a pain and weakness in my chest, arising from some cause unknown to me. I made two applications of your Liniment, and was relieved. I was attacked with the diphtheria, and was cured by using your Liniment. Its worth has proved itself ten times its cost. ANTHONY RANDOLPH.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 19, 1861.

Rev. L. S. LEWIS—Dear Sir: I have been cured of stiffening in my joints by using your Liniment. I recommend it to all who are thus troubled. RICHARD WHITE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov 17, 1861.

Rev. Mr. LEWIS—Your Liniment is, truly, all that it is recommended to be. I have tried it, and it has successfully cured my business. SOPHIA TAYLOR.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct 7, 1861.

Mr. LEWIS—Dear Sir: I have had a pain and stiffness in my neck and back for some time. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and applied it twice, which effected a cure. I recommend it to the public. Mrs EVELINA DEMOND

PROVIDENCE, Dec 19, 1861.

Rev. L. S. LEWIS—Dear Sir: For upwards of three years I have been very lame at times, arising from a sprain. I have tried a great many things, without any definite results. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and was effectually relieved. Mrs. PRUDENCE A. MORSE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 10, 1861.

Rev. Mr. LEWIS—I have been afflicted with the rheumatism for some time. I used your Liniment, which has removed it successfully. It has also cured my swelled joints. Mrs ELIZABETH THOROUGHGOOD

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 20, 1861,

Rev. Mr. LEWIS—My boy was troubled with the chilblain I applied your Liniment a few times, and it cured him. Mrs. ADELINE JONES.

STEAMER PERRY, Sept. 2, 1861

Rev. Mr LEWIS—I have used your Liniment for rheumatic pains of long standing—also, lameness in the feet, &c. It is a perfect remedy where other things have failed. Mrs. SUSAN GARDINER.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, Aug 10, 1861

Rev. L. S LEWIS—I have been afflicted for upwards of seven years with

THE LATE LORD MACAULAY

Dr. Milman, in his Memoir of the late Lord Macaulay, just published, alluding to his parliamentary career and love of letters, says: "But throughout the period of his life, the great inward struggle was going on within his mind between the ambition of public usefulness, of parliamentary and official distinction, and the love of letters, which will rarely brook a rival on the throne, the still higher ambition, as he thought, of adding some great work to the treasures of English thought and English literature. In the office at Whitehall, or the Horse Guards, on the benches of the House of Commons, amid the applauses or admiring silence of the House, his heart was in his library, and among his books. He yearned for a place not so much among the great parliamentary leaders and the famous statesmen of the land—the Chathams, Burkes, Foxes—as among the immortal writers in verse and prose—the Miltons, Clarendons, Addisons, Gibbons. The auditory which he coveted was that vast expanding world throughout which the English language is spoken; the fame, that will only die with the death of English letters. Throughout the whole time of his absence from England, on his voyage to India, and on his return, in India, as far as leisure would allow, and during his parliamentary and official career, he was still, with his indefatigable industry, heaping up stores of knowledge,—stores which could not overload his capacious and retentive memory—memory whose grasp and self-command seemed to expand with its accumulating treasures—memory which disdained nothing as beneath it, and was never perplexed or burdened by its incalculable possessions. As a curious instance of his range and activity of reading, among the books which he took with him to India were the many huge volumes of St. Chrysostom's works. Their still almost pure and harmonious Greek, and their importance in the history of religious opinion (always a subject of deep interest), carried him through a task which has been achieved by few professional theologians. As an illustration of his powers of memory, he has said, and he was a most unboastful man, that if Milton's great poem were lost, he thought that he could accurately commit to writing at least all the first books of 'Paradise Lost.'"

REMARKABLE FOUNTAIN IN FLORIDA.

A writer in *Ballou's Boston Pictorial* gives the following description of a remarkable fountain in Florida:

Taking a narrow path, I crossed through some dense underwood, and all at once I stood on the banks of the Wakulla Spring. There was a basin of water one hundred yards in diameter, almost circular. The thick bushes were growing to the water's edge, and bowing their heads to the unrippled surface. I stepped into a skiff and pushed off. Some very large fish attracted my attention, and I seized a spear to strike them. The boatman laughed, and asked me how far below the surface I supposed they were? I answered, about four feet. He assured me that they were at least twenty feet from me, and it was so. The water is of the most wonderful transparency. I dropped an ordinary pin in the water forty feet deep, and saw its head with perfect distinctness, as it lay on the bottom. As we approached the centre, I noticed a jagged gray limestone rock beneath us, pierced with holes; one seemed to look into unfathomable depths. The boat moved slowly on, and now we hung trembling over the edge of the sunken cliff, and far below it lay a dark, yawning, unfathomable abyss. From its gorge comes forth, with immense velocity, a living river. Pushing on just beyond its mouth, I dropped a ten cent piece into the water, which is there one hundred and ninety feet deep, and I clearly saw it shining on the bottom. This seems incredible, but I think the water possesses a magnifying power. I am confident that the piece could not be seen so distinctly from a tower one hundred and ninety feet high.

We rowed on towards the north side, and noticed in the water the fish which were darting hither and thither, the long flexible roots, and the wild, luxuriant grass on the bottom, all arrayed in the most beautiful prismatic hues. The gentle swell occasioned by the boat, gave to the whole an undulating motion. Death-like stillness reigned around, and a more fairy scene I never beheld.

INTELLIGENCE OF WHITE MICE.

The attachment of cats to a particular place, and the efforts they will make to return to it, even from a great distance, are well known; but it is something new to learn that mice are actuated by a similar feeling. Mr. John Ferguson, Ritchie's Lane, Hewkhill, indulges in the hobby of rearing white mice, and has generally a considerable number of them under his care, quite tame, and taught to perform many little tricks. Not long ago he disposed of two of his stock to a gentleman, whose residence is distant about half a mile from his own. One day recently, the gentleman had left open the door of the cage in which his two mice were lodged; and when he discovered his mistake, one of the mice had disappeared, and could not be found. On Sunday evening, the original owner of the mice was surprised on seeing a stranger white mouse crouching in a corner of his room. It readily allowed itself to be taken, and on examining it, he saw that it was one of the two which he had disposed of. The mouse was draggled and dirty-like, and evidently fatigued, which was not to be wondered at, considering the difficulties it must have had to encounter in its return to its original home. On being fondled a little, however, it soon revived; and after being a short time beside its old companions, it became as brisk and lively as ever.

OVERDOSING.

Dr. Holmes has little faith in homeopathy, but quite as little in the curative power of drugs, or the expediency of the large doses which many allopathic physicians give their patients. In his lecture on "Currents and Counter Currents," he uttered the following wholesome truths, which startled some of the faculty:

Invalidism is the normal state of many organisms. It can be changed to disease, but never to absolute health by medicinal appliances.—There are many ladies, ancient and recent, who are perpetually taking remedies for irremediable pains and aches. They ought to have headaches, and backaches, and stomach-aches; they are not well if they do not have them. To expect them to live without frequent twinges, is like expecting a doctor's old chaise to go without creaking; if it did, we might be sure the springs were broken.—There is no doubt that the constant demand for medicinal remedies from patients of this class, leads to their overuse; often in the case of cathartics, sometimes in that of opiates.

I will venture to say this, that if every specific were to fail utterly; if the cinchona trees all died out, and the arsenic mines were exhausted, the sulphur burned up; if every drug from the vegetable, animal and mineral kingdom were to disappear from the market; a body of enlightened men, organized as a distinct profession, would be required just as much as now, and respected and trusted as now, whose province should be to guard against the causes of disease; to eliminate them, if possible, when still present; to order all the conditions of the patient so as to favor the efforts of the system to right itself, and to give those predictions of the course of disease which only experience can warrant, and which, in so many cases, relieve the exaggerated fears of sufferers and their friends, or warn them in season of impending danger. Great as the loss would be, if certain active remedies could no longer be obtained, it would leave the medical profession the most essential part of its duties, and all, and more than all, its present share of honors; for it would be the death-blow to charlatanism, which depends for its success almost entirely on drugs, or at least a nomenclature that suggests them.

There is needfulness, then, or danger, in expressing the opinion that, after all that has been said, the community is still overfed. The best proof of it is, that we famous take so little medicine as those of doctors. I suspect those of apothecaries, and that old practitioners are more sparing of active medicines than younger ones.

WALKING

Of all forms of exercise, walking is the most useful, as it brings into play the greatest number of muscles, without unnatural strain upon any. It also leaves free scope to the external motion which allows of simultaneous occupation of the mind. Another advantage is that it admits of complete regulation, both in degree and duration according to the strength, time or wishes of each individual. Those who have weak lungs or heart, must be satisfied with gentle walking and on level ground. Although exhilarating to invalids generally it is often a laudable task to keep the mind free from severe or sustained thought when walking. How to the advantage of a companion with whom cheerful conversation can be kept up, or observing surrounding objects, whether in town or country so as to divert the mind from study and care. The pursuits of natural history are good in this way, and hence, also the chief hygienic of shooting and field sports, excitement and diversion of mind accompanying the actual exercise. Those who are engaged in business, where the dwelling and the place of business are at a distance from their place of residence, ought to walk at least part of the way, both in the morning and afternoon, if confined within doors during the day. Literary and professional men ought to walk more than they generally do. The time is not lost, as the mind will always be revived to work with greater energy. The brain will do as much work in one hour, when there is a fine glow of pure oxygenated blood, as in double time, when the nervous system is exhausted, and the veins congested with dark blood. Artificial stimulants may quicken thought for a time; but their effect diminishing by habit, the quantity has to be increased, and injury in other ways is done to the system

PAPER HANGINGS.

It is a point not sufficiently borne in mind as a general thing, that the apparent size and height of a room are, of necessity, either increased or diminished by the nature of its paper hangings. Papers of a large pattern greatly reduce the apparent size—those of a large and flowing pattern the height. A paper in which perpendicular lines predominate, although the pattern be large, does not so much affect the apparent height. To cover a small room with paper of a large pattern is a great mistake, and a still worse mistake is it to paper the ceiling. The best effect is produced by using papers in which the pattern and colors are quiet and harmonious, and do not strike the eye. The walls of a room are like the background of a picture, and should be treated so as to relieve and set off the objects in front of them, and to give repose to the eye. A paper presenting sudden contrasts in color, and strongly marked lines in the pattern, forms the worst possible background for pictures, and the most unfavorable accompaniment to furniture, draperies, and objects of taste; the spotty effect of such papering interferes with all the minor objects in the apartment, and gives an unpleasant and bewildering effect. Modern paper hangings are frequently made to represent columns, friezes, pilasters, &c., dividing the room into compartments. But, notwithstanding the beautiful execution of some of these papers, they cannot be recommended as in good taste, for the reason that the introduction of real objects of the kind would not be consistent, in a situation where their support is not needed. The introduction of flowers and conventional forms, for the ornamentation of room walls, is not unnatural, and may therefore with consistency be adopted.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF.

The disciples of Christ have not been appointed to fulfil his designs and accomplish this work of human renovation without ample guidance and instruction. We have already remarked that Christ introduced his teaching on something new and more comprehensive and searching in its requirements than those of the Jewish law, as understood and obeyed by the scribes and Pharisees. He announced it as a new commandment. He said: "For I say unto you, except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom." Matt. v. 20. To emphasize the distinction between their teaching under the Jewish dispensation, and his own, he proceeds: "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment: but I say unto you, that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause, shall be in danger of the judgment. Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery; but I say unto you, that whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart. Ye have heard it said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths; but I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth for it is his footstool. . . . But let your communication be yea, yea, nay, nay, for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil. Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy; but I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you: that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven, for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and unjust." Matt. v. 21—43. These are emphatic indications of the profound and pervading nature of Christ's teaching. They give depth and meaning to all his precepts; he asks no eye-service, no external conformity which does not flow from internal obedience.

When, therefore, he lays down the great law upon which piety towards our fellow-men is founded, he means not to exact mere outward conformity or obedience, but he gives it as the law of our hearts, feelings, and affections towards men. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," is a fundamental law of Christianity, having all the force and depth which can attach to a command of Christ. There is no other command, no other duty of religion of more binding force than this. It is no more our duty to repent of our sins and forsake them, no more our duty to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved, no more to accept of salvation on the terms offered in the gospel, than it is to love our neighbor as ourself. The complications of human life are infinite, human relations are so varied that it would seem impossible to follow them in detail by precepts suited to every circumstance. Christ has, however, overcome this difficulty, and given us a law of Christian life, level to every understanding, and reaching to every individual. The law of Christ concerns each person for himself. Obedience must be personal. Every one capable of devising and doing for himself, can devise and do something for his neighbor. This law contemplates the full exercise of the moral, intellectual, and physical powers on the part of each individual. It is only by this exercise that each person can render a full obedience; it taxes not only the whole natural powers of the man, but also looks for that growth of power which follows the proper and constant exercise of those faculties by which men grow to the proper stature of perfect men in Christ. Men's minds are burdened under our religious system with the duty of extending, so far as it may be applicable, all the good they have secured for themselves to the benefit of others within the reach of their efforts. The thought and discrimination implied in this is vast and deep. It implies the bringing a mighty power of human intellect and influence to bear upon the great ends Christ has in view. Imagine the result of a proper obedience to this law of studying and doing for the benefit of others what we do for ourselves, on the part of all the disciples of Christ! Can any one conjecture the effect of such an application of moral, intellectual, and physical power, under the influences of religion and its spiritual energies? But the good intended by the obedience required is not any more for the benefit of those whose advantage is sought, than it is for those who also do the work. This love from neighbors and the effects to which it gives rise, react on the giver, because the power as a means of [illegible] doing good and it is because the reward is not only by the benefit it receives, but by the exercise which it must have in obedience to a divine law.

Family Circle.

WAITING FOR 'PA

Three little forms in the twilight gray,
Scanning the shadows across the way;
Six little eyes, four black, two blue,
Brimful of [illegible]
Watching for 'pa.

May, with her plaits and the golden hair,
Gentle face beaming with smiles just now,
Willie, the rogue, so loving and gay,
Stealing sly kisses from sister May,
Watching for 'pa.

Nellie, with ringlets of sunny hue,
Closely nestled between the two
[illegible]
Watching for 'pa.

Oh! how they gaze at the passers by
"He's coming at last" they gaily cry;
"Try again, my pets!" exclaims [illegible]
And Nellie adds, "There's the twilight star
Watching for 'pa."

Jack rode and smiles as, with busy feet,
He lights the lamps of their quiet street.
That sweet little group he knows full well,
May and Willie, with golden-haired Nell,
Watching for 'pa.

Soon joyous shouts from the window-seat,
And eager patter of childish feet,
Gay musical chimes ring through the hall,
A manly voice responds to the call,
"Welcome, papa."

Child at Home.

ACTING A LIE.

Mrs. Hanson went away one afternoon, leaving her little daughter with the care of the baby, who had not been quite well for several days. She told Helen to sit by her little sister, and not leave her at all while she was gone, for if she should kick the clothes off, she might get cold and be worse, and if she should waken and try to get up, she might fall from her crib and hurt her very much.

"You may sit by her very quietly," said Mrs. Hanson, "and study your multiplication table, the last half of the eights, and when you have learned that you may finish the handkerchief you were hemming for papa. It is only two days to Christmas, and you want to finish the handkerchief, so that Maggie can do it up nicely for you."

Helen promised she would do the best she could, and, taking her Arithmetic, seated herself by little Abbie, feeling quite happy that mamma had placed so much confidence in her, and thinking she would take "such nice care of baby."

For a time she studied very busily, stopping only once or twice, just to tuck up the chubby little foot which peeped out from the warm blankets, and to kiss the fat, dimpled hand that hung so temptingly over the side of the crib.

Presently she heard the voice of her little playmate, Katie Bell, in the next room, and dropping her book, she crept noiselessly out, for fear her merry laugh and voice might waken the baby sleeper.

Katie was full of the surprise which she had planned for Christmas, and Helen was so interested to hear that she forgot entirely her little charge, and followed Katie out to the gate, talking very busily, until the striking of the church clock reminded her of her mother's return, and with a trembling heart she ran in as fast as her feet could carry her.

As she entered the nursery, baby Abbie was lying on the floor, all tangled in her blankets. Helen ran to her, laid her carefully in the crib again, wiped the little red eyes, and sang and rocked her till she was fast asleep.

Then she took her Arithmetic, but her mind was ill at ease, and she could not fix it upon her book. She did not know how long little Abbie had laid there, for she had cried herself to sleep, and the cheeks were still wet with tears when she took her up. And then she feared she was hurt, or had taken cold.

When Mrs. Hanson came in, Helen was still sitting by the crib, and seeming to study very earnestly. Her mother smiled very sweetly and approvingly upon her.

"Has baby been good, Helen?"

"Yes, mamma," said the little girl. "She cried once, and I rocked her to sleep again."

"And how have you got along with your lesson?" said Mrs. Hanson.

Helen colored as she answered, "It seems real hard, mamma, and I have not got it perfectly yet."

"Then you have not sewed any?"

"No, mamma."

"I am sorry, for I wanted very much you should finish both to-night, and I was detained so much longer than I expected. I thought you would have plenty of time, baby is so quiet. However, it is of more consequence that she should be well taken care of, and I feel quite proud of my faithful little nurse."

Helen blushed still deeper, as she felt how unworthy she was of her mother's words of praise, but she said nothing, and soon went out to play, as her mother told her she might, till tea-time. But she was not happy, for although she had not told a lie in so many words, she felt she had deceived her mother. She had *acted* a lie, and that was just as bad as to *tell* one.

Little Abbie slept unusually, with her eyes half open, and tossed about in her crib. When Mrs. Hanson felt her head, it was very hot. She took her up, and bathing the feverish head in cold water, discovered quite a bunch on one side of it. There was also a bruise upon the left arm! She knew it was not there when she put her to sleep, and sent immediately for Helen to come to her. As she looked up at the guilty face, she knew something wrong had happened, of which Helen had not told her, but she called her to her side, and showing the bruises, said very quietly, "Helen, do you know how these came here?"

Helen was shocked, and surprised and frightened. She had not seen them before, but she could not tell a lie if she could set one, and hiding her face in her mother's lap, she burst into tears, and sobbed out the truth, saying,

"I did not mean to, mamma, I know I didn't; but I forgot"

Mrs. Hanson felt very much grieved. She had confided in her daughter, and had been deceived, and her heart felt very sorry.

"I only meant to be gone a minute, mamma, and baby was so fast asleep, I thought she would not waken till I got back."

"You did wrong to leave her at all, Helen, when I had charged you so particularly not to; but after you had disobeyed, you should have told me at once when I came in, that I might have attended to these bruises, for I fear Abbie is badly hurt;" and she stroked very lovingly the little head that was turning so restlessly from one side to the other.

"Do you think baby will really be sick for this, mamma?" asked Helen, in a distressed voice, for she dearly loved her baby sister.

"I cannot tell," said Mrs. Hanson. "I hope not, but it might have proved something very serious, had I not discovered it in time."

Helen went to bed with a heavy heart, and as she knelt to say her prayers she asked more earnestly than ever before that she might be forgiven, and kept from doing so again; and then she asked God to make the little sick one well. Her first thoughts in the morning were of Abbie, and jumping out of bed, she ran silently to her mother's room, where the night-lamp was still burning very dimly.

Mrs. Hanson had not undressed through the night, and as Helen went in she sat bending over the little sleeper. Helen felt as if her heart would burst, as she asked how baby was. How she trembled, and feared to hear the answer, and how relieved did she feel when her mother told her Abbie was sleeping more quietly, and that the slight moisture on her forehead told that the fever that had threatened their little pet had passed away, though she was very weak and would not be quite well for ways to come.

How thankful [illegible] Helen felt to her kind Heavenly Father, and oh, how did the lesson sink into her heart, and make her pray every day that she might never, never again be left to act a lie. [illegible]

Corals, agates and crystals are found on many a stormy shore; thus the soul finds God's most precious gifts in the rugged path of sorrow

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All that is known is but an index to the unknown

From the Youth's Evangelist.

THE LITTLE SHRIMPER.

Very few of our little readers could guess what kind of fish the boy represented in our picture has in his net. If we were to ask you, you would only guess, as few of you have ever seen such fish. They are called shrimps, and are found in abundance on the coast of Great Britain. They are caught by women and children, who wade into the sea and scoop those little fish up in such a net as the boy holds in his hand. This little fellow makes a living for himself, and helps his widowed mother in this manner. His father was a fisherman. He was drowned one stormy night by his little vessel being driven on a rocky part of the coast. So little Sammy, who was a good boy, and had attended Sabbath School in the neighboring town, determined to try to make a living for himself and help his mother by catching shrimps, and selling them to the town's people. The people know him to be a good boy, and he can always find customers for all the shrimps he can catch

A LONG STORY BRIEFLY TOLD.

There was a certain king, who, like many Eastern kings, was very fond of hearing stories told. To this amusement he gave up all his time; but yet he was never satisfied. The exertions of all his courtiers were in vain. He, at last, made a proclamation, that if any man would tell him a story that should last forever, he would make him his heir, and give him the princess, his daught in marriage; but if any one should pretend he had such a story, but should fail—that is, if the story did come to an end—he was to have his head chopped off.

For such a prize as a beautiful princess and a kingdom many candidates appeared; and dreadfully long stories some of them told. Some lasted a week, some a month, some six months. Poor fellows! they all spun them out as long as they possibly could; but all in vain. Sooner or later they all came to an end, and, one after another, the unhappy story-tellers had their heads chopped off.

At last came a man who said that he had a story which would last forever, if his majesty would be pleased to give him a trial.

He was warned of his danger; they told him how many others had tried, and lost their heads; but he said he was not afraid, and so he was brought before the king. He was a man of a very composed and deliberate way of speaking, and after making all requisite stipulations for time for his eating, drinking, and sleeping, he thus began his story:—

"Oh, king! there was once a king who was a great tyrant. And, desiring to increase his riches, he raised upon all the corn and grain in his kingdom, and put it in an immense granary, which was built on purpose, as high as a mountain.

"This he did for several years, till the granary was quite full up to the top. He then stopped up doors and windows, and closed it up fast on all sides.

"But the bricklayers had, by accident, left a very small hole near the top of the granary. And there came a flight of locusts, and tried to get at the corn; but the hole was so small that only one locust could pass through at a time. So one locust went in and carried off one grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, till at last the poor king could bear it no longer, and cried out—

"Oh, man, that is enough! Take my daughter! take my kingdom! take anything—everything; only let me hear no more of your abominable locusts!"

And so the story-teller was married to the king's daughter, and was declared heir to the throne; and nobody ever expected a word to come from the rest of the story. [illegible] came to the end of the locusts. The [illegible] was [illegible] by the [illegible] one device of this wise man

THE SUNSHINE AND SHADE OF WAR.

Dear Children:—O how we long for the time when the rude blast of war will be unknown; when the frightened steed and its gay rider will be thought of as the world's foe; when brazen cannon and trampling legions shall be remembered by all as a calamity that will never return; but in war's stead will be the sound of the anvil, the ploughman's merry voice, and the hum of industry with prosperity and reining peace; that time "when the lion shall lie down with the lamb."

America at war with her own people! Shame! Who would have thought that such would ever be! Sweet land of the freeman that nurtures the brave, hide your fratricidal deeds from the world; unbosom not to the nations of the earth the truth that your children shed your blood; keep forever locked in your secret chamber the bloody deeds and cruel wrongs inflicted by those whom you raised to wealth and power. Never allow the historian or scribe to ferret out the savage acts and crimes committed by Southern land men upon your loyal sons! During the past two months I have seen that done by our foe on the poor, unfortunate soldiers that fell into their hands which would make a savage blush! In the reverses of war we expect mercy, as we look to God for such; but often our soldiers find none from slave-drivers' hands But I will not tell you of wicked acts, nor would you care for hearing them.

Military glory is a fable! The greatest battle ever fought was a wholesale murder. The conqueror's wreath, to deck his unrelenting brow, should be the bones of his victims gathered from blood-bought conquests on battle-fields. His robes, to attire his form, that he may meet the gaze of a wondering people as he treads the earth he has desecrated, should be the shrouds of the desolate widows whom he brought on to an early grave; his glory should be his shame. The benefactors of the human race are not aspiring soldiers seeking fame at the cannon's mouth. The philanthropists are not warriors rejoicing amidst carnage, and glorying in rivers of tears. The true benefactors of man are those who alleviate suffering, and try to raise humanity above things of earth, and open their eyes to sins of every day. He is a braver soldier who brings souls to repentance and Jesus than he who plants a standard on an enemy's rampart. He is a Christian soldier who aids the weak and gains a name for doing good. He is a true warrior, and possesses a manlier bosom and loftier spirit, who strives to do his duty to his God and fellow-man, than he who ever encouraged life offering on battle-fields. He is a brave soldier that goes forth to teach the heathen to pray and read the Bible. It is the Bible that points the way to a delightful land where war will never be. One of the greatest warriors of to-day has said, "The Bible is the cannon that will liberate Italy. And I recommend all Italians to read the Bible, for it is the book that will make Italy free." May the Lord give us a heart and spirit to "search diligently the Scriptures," that we may be Christian soldiers to "fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life."

War is necessary sometimes; and we believe the war in which we are engaged is a righteous one, and we are rejoiced in being able to say to you there is a good prospect for the speedy overthrow of Rebellion, and the return of peace to our dear land. We may have reverses, but God has manifested, by our many successes, that He is our leader, strength, and fortress. Dark clouds that hung over our country, are dispelling, whilst sunbeams of Victory, Peace, and Union, are shedding their bright rays over a trustful people. Our foe, defeated at every point by the superior generalship of our chieftain, is retreating South, demoralized and disheartened. Truly, Jehovah is on our side. Our arms are crowned with triumph in every battle. God is watching over and taking care of our army. He is guiding our generals and giving them lasting victories. Children, pray that God will continue to be with us, and crown our soldiers' efforts with renewed victories to the making of peace. Let us remember that "by strength shall no man prevail," and ask Jehovah to hasten harmony within our borders. May we realize, and live accordingly, that there is a land where there is no strife, for those who "die the death of the righteous."

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Pittsburg Markets.

APPLES.—None in market.
ASHES.—Pots, 4(@4¼; Pearls, 5¼(@5½; Soda-ash, [illegible]
BREAD.—Water crackers, ₱ pound, 6c.; Butter do. 7c., Sugar do. 8c.
BEANS.—Small white, 1.25@1.50 ₱ bus.
BROOMS.—Common to fancy, 1.25@2.50 ₱ dozen.
BUCKETS, &c.—Buckets, per dozen, 1.50@1.75; Tubs, per dozen, 7.50.
BUTTER.—Fresh roll, 8@9c. ₱ pound; packed, 7@8c.
BACON.—Plain hams, 6[illegible] sugar cured, 7½ @ 8; sides, 6@6½; shoulders, 4@4½; country &c. less
CHEESE.—Western Reserve, 6@7. Goshen, 10.
CANDLES & SOAP.—Dipped, 10c.; Mould, —; Adamantine, 16c.; Rosin Soap, 4½c.; fancy, 10c.
COTTON YARNS, &c.—Cotton Yarn, ₱ pound, from Nos. 5 to 10, —— and one cent advance each No.; cotton chain, —— colored do. —— cotton wick, —— batting, —; fancy do., ——
CORDAGE.—Hed-cords, per dozen, 1.50@3.00.
DRIED FRUIT.—Apples, ₱ bushel, 1.50@—; Peaches, 2.50@3.00.
DRIED BEEF.—10c@10½c ₱ pound.
EGGS.—Barrel or box, 8@9c. ₱ doz
FLOUR.—Superfine, from store, 4.00@4.15; Extra, 4.00@4.70; Extra family, 5.00@5.15. Rye, 2.87½c
FEATHERS.—Fresh, 35@40c. ₱ pound.
FISH.—Large No. 3 Mackerel, 8.00@8.50; Baltimore Herring, 6.00; Lake Fish, ——@——; Codfish, 5@6c.
FEED.—Sales of feed at 65@70 ₱ 100 pounds.
GRAIN.—Wheat, Red, 90@1.00; White, 1.00@1.15 Rye, 60@65. Oats, 27@28. Corn, 35@40.
GLASS.—City brands, 8x10, 2.15 ₱ box of 50 feet; 10x12, 4.00; Country brands, 8x10, 3.25; 10x12, 5.75.
GROCERIES.—Sugar by the barrel, 8@9; hhd. —@—. N. O. Molasses, 45@47; Golden Syrup, 75. Coffee, 20@21. Rice, 7@8.
NOMINY.—3.00 ₱ barrel
HAY.—Sales at Scales, $12@15 ₱ ton
IRON.—Common bar, 2½@2¾c.; Blooms, —; Pig Metal, $22@26.
LARD.—No. 1, 7@8c.
LEAD.—Ac. Bar, —@—; Pig, —@—
LEATHER.—[illegible]
LIME.—[illegible]
NAILS.—[illegible]

tancement. Cut spikes, 4.50 ₱ keg, for 3 to 4½ inch
NAVAL STORES.—Turpentine, [illegible] gallon; Rosin, ₱ barrel, ——@——; Tar, ₱ barrel, ——
OILS.—Linseed, 75 ₱ gallon; Tanners', —; Lard
POTATOES —40@50.
[illegible]
RAGS.—Mixed [illegible]
SALT.—No. 1, 1.75 ₱ barrel; Extra, —@—
SHEETINGS.—Nos. 1 and 2, —@9½ ₱ yard
SEEDS.—Flaxseed, 1.60@—— ₱ bushel; Timothy, 1.75@2.00; Clover, 4.75@5.00
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WHITE LEAD.—No. 1, 2.50 per keg.
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The Annual [illegible] Statistical Association of [illegible] People of Philadelphia [illegible] upon list to aid the freed men at Port Royal and other points where they may be located, and respectfully ask the co-operation of the colored citizens and others in this city, or elsewhere, in money or [illegible]

Any amount of value received will be acknowledged, with the name of the donor, in the *Recorder*, where a constant record will be kept.

Subscriptions may be sent to Jacob C. White at the office of the Lebanon Cemetery, 711 [illegible] Street, and also to William Still, 107 North Fifth Street, and to Rev. E. Weaver, 619 Pine Street.

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It affords us pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of ten dollars, the proceeds of Miss Anna E. Dickinson's lecture at Concert Hall for the contrabands, contributed to the S., C. and Statistical Association, to be applied as intended. WM. STILL.

Cor. Sec. of S., C. and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Penna.

Domestic Items.

Jefferson Davis demands the Recognition of the Confederate States by England and France.—The following is a special despatch to the New York World:—

Reliable advices received from Richmond state that Jeff. Davis has sent a special messenger to the Emperor of France, and to the Queen of England, with despatches of a private nature, demanding the immediate recognition of the Southern Confederacy. The demand is said to be followed by a voluminous bundle of documents, including letters written by the English and French consuls at Richmond, testifying of the unanimity manifested by the inhabitants of that city in forming a separate Government, and of their ability to maintain it.

A letter received in Cincinnati, from Engineer Joe Perry, of the steam-driver Dexter, states that his vessel, and another have been engaged in the work of dismantling the forts on the James river, and removing obstructions therefrom. Mr. Perry speaks of the arrival of gunboats specially adapted to the work of engaging Fort Darling successfully. It may thus be seen that the James river flotilla is not wholly occupied in conveying transports to and from Harrison's Landing, but has commenced operations looking to the downfall of the rebellion, at least in Virginia.

The shipment of Pennsylvania rock oil, or petroleum, from this country to Europe, during the first six months of the present year, amounted to considerably more than one million of dollars. This, for a trade that is in its infancy, is a large business.

The President's Appeal to the Border States.—The Representatives and Senators of the Border Slaveholding States having, by special invitation of the President, been convened at the Executive Mansion, on Saturday morning last, Mr. Lincoln addressed them as follows from a written paper held in his hands:

GENTLEMEN:—After the adjournment of Congress, now near, (shall have no opportunity of seeing you for several months. Believing that you of the Border States hold more power for good than any other equal number of members, I feel it a duty which I cannot justifiably waive, to make this appeal to you.

I intend no reproach or complaint, when I assure you that in my opinion, if you all had voted for the resolution in the gradual emancipation message of last March, the war would now be substantially ended. And the plan therein proposed, is yet one of the most potent and swift means of ending it. Let the States which are in rebellion, see definitely and certainly that in no event will the States you represent ever join their proposed Confederacy, and they cannot much longer maintain the contest. But you cannot divest them of their hope to ultimately have you with them so long as you show a determination to perpetuate the institution within your own States. Beat them at elections, as you have overwhelmingly done, and, nothing daunted, they still claim you as their own. You and I know what the lever of their power is. Break that lever before their faces, and they can shake you no more forever.

The practical part of the reply of the majority, is in these words—But we have already said that we regarded this resolution as the utterance of a sentiment, and we had no confidence that it would assume the shape of a tangible practical proposition, which would yield the fruits of the sacrifice it required. Our people are influenced by the same want of confidence, and will not consider the proposition in its present impalpable form. The interest they are asked to give up, is to them of immense importance, and they ought not to be expected even to entertain the proposal, until they are assured that when they accept it, their just expectations will not be frustrated. We regard your plan as a proposition from the Nation, to the States to exercise an admitted constitutional right in a particular manner, and yield up a valuable interest. Before they ought to consider the proposition, it should be presented in such a tangible, practical, efficient shape as to command their confidence, that its fruits are contingent only upon their acceptance. We cannot trust anything to the contingencies of future legislation. If Congress, by proper and necessary legislation, shall provide sufficient funds and place them at your disposal to be applied by you to the payment of any of our States or the citizens thereof, who shall adopt the abolishment of slavery, either gradual or immediate, as they may determine, and the expense of deportation and colonization of the liberated slaves, then will our States and people take this proposition into careful consideration for such decision as in their judgment is demanded by their interest, their honor and their duty to the whole country.

We have the honor to be with great respect,

C. A. WICKLIFFE, *Chairman.*

The Minority speak thus:—That we, few of us though there may be, will permit no man from the North or from the South, to go further than we in the accomplishment of the great work before us. That, in order to carry out these views, we will, so far as may be in our power, ask the people of the Border States, calmly, deliberately, and fairly, to consider your recommendation. We are the more emboldened to assume this position from the fact, how become history, that the leaders of the Southern rebellion have offered to abolish slavery amongst them as a condition to foreign intervention, in favor of their independence as a nation.

If they can give up slavery to destroy the Union, we can surely ask our people to consider the question of emancipation to save the Union.

The Army of Virginia.—Highly Important Movements.—Advance to Gordonsville.—An Important Railroad Junction of the Rebels Destroyed.—WASHINGTON, July 18.—We feel at liberty to state, that yesterday, a portion of the army of General Pope entered the important town of Gordonsville, Va., unopposed, and duly destroyed all the railroad paraphernalia at that point—the junction of the Orange and Alexandra and Virginia Central Railroads. Three-fourths of the troops, munitions and supplies of every description, for the Rebel army at Richmond, of necessity, passed through Gordonsville by rail. The blow, therefore, is a most important one, more especially as it is the first of a series which, we trust, will do more to cripple the efficiency of the Rebel army at Richmond than aught that has yet occurred.

As will be seen, General Pope has commenced his campaign in a vigorous and earnest manner. He has determined to put a stop to the half-give policy, which has heretofore prevailed in Eastern Virginia. The effects of this stringent course will be salutary. The people of Eastern Virginia who are really for the Union, will be protected and indemnified—those who are disloyal will be punished. His idea of making the army subsist as it does, is an excellent one, and will go far to simplify the operations of the troops.

Mitchell.—The department of General Mitchell toward the inhabitants of Huntsville, is said to have been marked at times by remarkable demonstrations of personal eccentricity. We are informed that he would make his appearance on the public square with a most austere countenance, and, discovering a group of the male inhabitants, talking or playing marbles, that he would gesticulate in the most imposing manner, and cry out, with an awful voice, "*Traitors, out of my sight!*" "*Rats, to your holes!*" and so forth, so that the poor butternuts did not know whether to be most amused or alarmed.

The new Currency.—PHILADELPHIA, July 18, 1862.—A great relief was experienced to day among business men and storekeepers, in the matter of small change. The signature of the President, making postage stamps a national currency, has removed the strain put upon those who required much small coin. Besides accommodating the community, the bill makes the issuing of "promises to pay" by any corporation, or individual, a punishable offense. The act of the President has not only restored the whole North, from its financial lapse, but it will have the effect of bringing [illegible] thrown on the market, but it also prevents the existence of hard times—a want of specie—from constantly assailing the minds of our people. The moral effect of this postage change movement will be worth millions [illegible] Before, everybody was asking "What is to become of us?" "We must have shinplasters," would be the reply. "I would sooner have nothing" was the invariable remark. But now everybody laughs at the idea of holding post office stamps as money, yet at the same time, they very readily pocket them. From a dreadful depression, storekeepers have branded into an extraordinary elation, and the retail business men are chuckling again.

The stamps, other than those in common use, are described as follows: The five cent are chocolate color, with the head of Jefferson; the ten-cent green, with the head of Washington, the twelve-cent black, with like head; the twenty-four blue, with same head, the thirty yellow, with head of Franklin; the ninety blue, with portrait of Washington as a young general. The stamps now in use differ from the old ones, in the fact, that the figures are in the upper corners.

Special Despatches from Warrenton, convey the information that General Pope's army of Virginia is moving on rapidly and successfully. Charlottesville has been visited, and when last heard from, General Hatch was gallantly driving the rebels beyond Madison, north east of Charlottesville, where he had captured a rebel colonel and a considerable number of other prisoners. General Hatch will probably take possession of Stannardsville Gap, an important pass of the Blue Ridge Mountains, which will place him in a [illegible] position from which he cannot be dislodged, and one that will furnish ample stores for his troops.

The Fast accomplished by the Rebel gunboat Arkansas, in the river Mississippi, is important, if the particulars be true. Our officers were aware of the fact, that this vessel was lying up the Yazoo river, and some one is certainly to be blamed for allowing her to come out. It is evidently another Merrimac affair Fortunately, she cannot do any further harm, as Col. Ellet, Jr., can soon attack, and no doubt sink or capture her, with his fleet of rams.

From General McClellan's Army we have the report that it is quiet, and the belief that Richmond is being evacuated, gains ground. A refugee from the Rebel capital says, the Rebels acknowledge a loss of thirty-two thousand men, killed, wounded and missing, in the recent seven-days battle. This is nearly three times as heavy as the Federal loss, and we shall see how great a victory we gained before Richmond after awhile, when all the facts are published.

General Nelson has arrived in Nashville, with large reinforcements, and has assumed command. He will at once turn his attention toward young Morgan, and it is to be hoped that he will destroy the Rebel forces, and capture this renegade Louisville Rebel leader.

Table of Distances in Virginia.—Taking Richmond as the centre, the table shows at a glance the distance of different points in Virginia from that city.

From Norfolk to Richmond,	101 miles.
" Suffolk to Richmond,	85 "
" Cape Henry to Richmond,	150 "
" Hampton to Richmond,	106 "
" Fortress Monroe to Richmond,	100 "
" Yorktown to Richmond,	70 "
" Williamsburg to Richmond,	60 "
" Fredericksburg to Richmond,	75 "
" Washington to Richmond,	150 "
" Winchester to Richmond,	150 "
" Gordonsville to Richmond,	70 "
" Staunton to Richmond,	120 "

Ex President Van Buren.—The Kinderhook (N. Y.) *Rough Notes* says the health of Ex-President Van Buren has not improved within the past week, and very slight, if any, hopes are entertained by his friends of his ultimate recovery.

Pope's Army.—A cavalry expedition sent out by Pope, under General King, on the 19th instant, after a forced march during the night, made a descent upon the Virginia Central Railroad, at Beaver Dam Creek, twenty-five miles west of Hanover Junction, and thirty-five miles from Richmond.

They destroyed the track for several miles, together with the telegraph line, burned up the railroad depot, which contained forty thousand rounds of musket ammunition, one hundred barrels of flour, and much other valuable property, and brought in a captain, who was in charge, as a prisoner.

The whole country around was thrown into a great state of alarm. Only one private was wounded on our side.

The cavalry marched eighty miles in thirty hours. The affair was most successful, and reflects high credit upon the commanding officer and his troops.

Great Britain.—The news of the fighting before Richmond, has been received in England, and excited great attention.

The London *Daily News* treats the result of the fighting, as a serious reverse to the Federals, and a likely to lengthen out rather than shorten the war.

The London *Times* says that the strategical movements of General McClellan are purely unintelligible, and adds that the recent events must infuse new energy into the Confederate arms, and may produce results calculated to lead to a cessation of hostilities, and eventually to the termination of the war.

Replanting France.—The French Government is seriously occupied by a scheme for replanting the mountains of France, the great diminution of timber-trees creating considerable alarm. The Commissaries of Woods and Forests have announced to the commercial authorities, that they will supply all persons with seeds and plants who will undertake to plant the mountain-sides. Landed proprietors who plant at their own expense, will be entitled to a premium.

Turkey.—A battle was fought on the 1st, near Yenikyl, and resulted in the complete victory of the Turks. The loss of the Montenegrins is killed and wounded, is from 500 to 600—the Turks, 150.

Syria.—I think it will be news to you to learn that the Holy Land is rapidly being put in telegraphic communication with the balance of the world. A company of labourers and artizans, escorted by a detachment of Turkish troops, left this city last week for the purpose of erecting the poles, and placing the wires along the coast, to put us in communication with the great city of the Constantines, while another has gone down the coast, *via* Sidon, Tyre, Jaffa, and Gaza, for the city of Alexander the Great.

The Beirut and Damascus telegraph having proved a complete success, as well as a great convenience, is also being extended over towards the "Great River," and thence, I am told, it will be carried *via* Babylon, to connect with the Indian lines. Surely "the sick man" is rapidly renovascing.

Old Berytus, Phœnix-like, is rapidly rising from its ashes, and bids fair, from present appearances, to take rank worthily as capital of Julia Felix resuscitated. Houses seem to spring up, mushroom-like, as if by magic, and amongst them hospitals, hospices, seminaries, and divers other charitable institutions in first-rate style—principally, however, on European foundations.

Central Park, New York.—The park is about two miles and a half in length, and about half a mile in width, and contains eight hundred and forty-three acres. The reservoirs are nearly in the centre of the park, and occupy one hundred and forty-one acres. The lakes and ponds cover twenty-nine acres. The carriage-roads, bridle-roads, walks, and transverse streets occupy about one hundred and five acres. The carriage-roads are nine miles in length; the bridle-roads, five miles; and the walks, twenty-three miles. The bridges of the park attract much attention. There are thirty-seven in all, constructed of different kinds of stone, of brick, and of wood. The number of persons visiting the park during the year was 2,404,650. Of these 1,951,293 were pedestrians, 73,547 equestrians, and the remainder in carriages. The number of streets for disorderly conduct, during the year, was only ninety-three. This is a remarkable fact, showing the wholesome and restraining influence of the park upon the thousands who visit it. Provision has been made by the Commissioners for supplying boats, with boatmen, for rowing on the lakes, and carriages of every description for driving.

New York Central Railroad.—This has become the greatest live stock carrying railroad in the country, now employing not less than seven hundred cars. In 1855 the average monthly freight accepted at West Albany was $2,000. In 1861 it was $67,000, and thus far in this year there is a handsome increase over the corresponding period last year.

The Reciprocity Treaty.—It appears, from an official report of the Secretary of the Treasury, showing the quantity and value of the different articles of merchandise imported into the United States from the British North American Provinces, under the Reciprocity treaty, that in 1854 the total value was more than $13,000,000; in 1860 it was over $12,500,000; and in 1861, $20,000,000.

The table shows in the last year a falling off in fish, fruits, hides and wool, and an increase in animals, ashes, bark, butter, cheese, coal, eggs, flax, flour, grains, meats, tires, lumber, &c. The value of animals was $1,740,000; fish of all kinds, $1,302,000; flour and breadstuffs, over $3,000,000; grain, $1,500,000; lumber, [illegible] The respective amounts of other imports are not enumerated.

The News from Mexico by the steamer Columbia, [illegible] Matamoras had been attacked by the French at Oriziba, and routed. On the 30th ultimo, the supply train of the French army at Orizaba was captured, and the troops there are said to be in a starving condition. Three [illegible] From Acapulco it has been captured by the Mexicans, and the despatches published in the city of Mexico. The French are having an unhappy time of it.

Killed and Wounded.—The number of killed and wounded in battle during the present war, is not as great as many have imagined. We have gone over the records, commencing with the breaking out of the rebellion, and we believe the following figures embrace the whole number on the Union side, with the exception of the loss sustained in the late engagement near Richmond:

	Killed	*Wounded*
Bull Run,	481	1,011
Davis Creek, Mo.,	223	721
Lexington, Mo.,	39	150
Bull's Bluff,	223	226
Belmont,	84	238
Mill Spring, Ky.,	39	207
Fort Henry,	17	31
Roanoke Island,	40	252
Fort Donelson,	446	1,735
Fort Craig, New Mexico,	62	140
Pea Ridge,	203	972
Attack of the *Merrimac*,	261	108
Newbern,	91	466
Winchester,	143	540
Pittsburg Landing,	1,735	7,882
Yorktown,	35	120
Forts Jackson and St. Philip,	30	114
Williamsburg,	456	1,411
West Point,	11	100
McDowell,	37	225
Near Corinth,	40	140
Banks' retreat, estimated,	100	300
Hanover Court House,	58	200
Skirmishes,	600	1,740
Total,	5,791	20,309

At the battle of Waterloo, alone, the loss on the side of Great Britain, in killed and wounded, was nearly four thousand more than our entire loss thus far in the present war.—*New York Herald.*

Names of the Recent Battles.—The following are the names which it seems have been assigned to the recent battles in front of Richmond:

Thursday, June 26—Battle of Mechanicsville.

Friday, June 27—Battle of Gaines' Mill.

Saturday, June 28—Battle of the Chickahominy.

Sabbath, June 29—Battle of Peach Orchard; battle of Savage's Station.

Monday, June 30—Battle of White Oak Swamp; battle of White Oak Creek; battle of Charles City Cross Roads.

Tuesday July 1,—Battle of Turkey Bend.

Personal.

Thurlow Weed, Esq., in his letter to the Common Council of New York, furnishes the following bit of autobiography:

Born upon the banks of the Hudson river, my advent in the city of New York, in the year 1807, was in the capacity of a cabin-boy to the sloop Jefferson, Capt. Jacobus Bogardus, of Catskill, and my first entrance to the city, from Countess slip up Broad Street, with the trunk of a passenger on my shoulder, as well remembered incident. Subsequently, in 1810, 1817 and 1818, I wrought there as a journeyman printer. Having, therefore, obtained an early foothold in our great metropolis, and witnessed its wonderful growth, its unparalleled prosperity, and its solidifying material and intellectual glories, during a period which has augmented its population from less than one hundred thousand to more than a million, you will pardon the weakness which confesses its pride in being invested with the freedom of a city destined to become what London is—a centre and depository of the wealth, power and wisdom of the world.

Hon. Robert H Pruyn at Honolulu.—The *Polynesian*, of March 28, has an account of the arrival of the American Minister to Japan at Honolulu, and his reception by their majesties, the King and Queen. The following gentlemen were also presented: William Ingraham Kip, Jr., Esq., Secretary of Legation; Robert G. Pruyn, Attaché; George S. Fisher, Esq., United States Consul, Kanagawa; E. E. Rice, Commercial Agent, Hakodadi; and George Mann, Esq. The reception took place in the evening, and on the following day the minister and his suite were entertained by a dinner at the Royal Palace.

Jeff Davis' Early History.—A trifling little rebel paper in Kentucky professes to doubt the truth of our statement respecting the origin of Jeff. Davis. What we state is well known to hundreds of our best citizens of Carnahan and Todd counties, Kentucky. Jeff. Davis' father lived for a number of years in a log cabin situated in what is now the town of Fairview, twelve miles from Hopkinsville, Kentucky. The house is now weatherboarded and used as a tavern. Old Davis was a man of bad character, a horse trader, a swindler, and of very low habits. A fine horse was missing on one occasion in the neighborhood under such suspicious circumstances that he found it safest to leave the country immediately and fly to Mississippi. Jeff. Davis is his illegitimate son, born some miles distant from his father's house, and taken home by him when several years of age. These are notorious facts. Some of Davis' relatives still live in that part of Kentucky. We would never have alluded to the *sinister bar* on Jeff.'s escutcheon, were not his friends continually prating about Southern gentility and the low breeding of Union people. Our own opinion is that Jeff.'s birth dors him more credit than any portion of his subsequent life.—*Nashville Union.*

Rev. Dr. Grundy.—We quote the following information concerning the Rev. Dr. Grundy, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Memphis:

"He named especially a Presbyterian minister, a parson Grundy, (belonging, as we understood, to the old Grundy family in Tennessee,) whose faith had never failed, even in the darkest times. The Secessionists had turned him out of his church, but his friends rented a hall for him, where he still preached to large audiences with a boldness that defied persecution. 'And when the United States get possession of Memphis,' said the gentleman, getting excited, 'we are going to build him a church five stories high, and he shall preach in every story of it!' Such courage deserves its reward. He who has dared every thing in the hour of danger, will not be forgotten in the hour of victory."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE

To the friends of Religious Literature and human progress of the City and County of Philadelphia.

This certifies that Miss Mary Still is a legally authorized agent for the City and County of Philadelphia, Penna., to solicit subscribers and donations for the Christian Recorder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

We, therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy, and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable, that those in whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to this great cause.

(Signed) ELISHA WEAVER,
Editor & General Book Steward.
No. 619 Pine St., Phila.

BOARDING IN BROOKLYN

MRS. S. PLANT (formerly Richardson) respectfully announces that she has opened a first class BOARDING & LODGING HOUSE at No 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn—where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city, and within five minutes' walk of Fulton Ferry, is made than a very desirable and convenient place.

BOARDING.

Mrs. AMIA WILLIAM, of Cape May, will open the Bathaker House for the season, for the accommodation of all who wish to spend the season there, and she will spare no pains to make all comfortable. Those wishing to spend one, two, or three days, will find the Bonaker House the right spot. Prices very reasonable. [illegible]

COAL, STOVES, &c., &c.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the store,

NO 107 NORTH FIFTH STREET,

formerly occupied as the Anti-Slavery Office, (where he has been engaged for the last fourteen years,) to occupy it henceforth as a place of business for the sale of

COAL, STOVES, &c.

Having made arrangements with one of the first Coal Dealers in the city, to furnish the best qualities of Lehigh, Schuylkill, &c., at the lowest Cash prices, he hopes to give full satisfaction in the branch of his business.

He will also keep constantly on hand a general assortment of good NEW and SECOND HAND STOVES, FURNACES, &c.

Persons wishing Stoves taken down, stored away, put up, or repaired, can be promptly accommodated by applying as above.

He hopes by energy and strict attention to business to obtain a fair share of patronage.

WM STILL,
107 North Fifth Street, Philadelphia

REFERENCES

J. M. McKim,	Dr. Caspar Wistar,
Samuel Rhoads,	James Mott,
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]

PERRY & FITZGERALD'S

PROCESS FOR MAKING LIGHT, NUTRITIOUS, AND UNADULTERATED BREAD, WITHOUT FERMENTATION

The new process of bread making, patented by Perry & Fitzgerald, requires the following which have hitherto rendered it impossible to manufacture perfectly pure, sweet, and palatable bread. The entire process is performed by mechanical means, and is as follows:

The process consists in mixing the flour in a closed vessel and the application of pure carbonic gas under pressure, by which the dough is made to rise, and is then subjected to the heated iron pans, for baking, in the brief space of from *ten* to twenty minutes. The "change" is usually 300 pounds, and each machine completes the operation, in all its details from the putting in of the flour to the discharging of the dough, in from twenty five to forty minutes.

The invention of Perry & Fitzgerald effects a revolution in the processes of bread making, giving a system of wholesome manufacture not subject to the fermentation and evils of fermentation, but short and certain in its results—I. because, by the rapidity then of mechanical by means of labor, and in the superior value of the article produced, it produces large profits upon the capital employed. 2. Because each small amount of capital, as well as the protection afforded by the patent, gives adequate security against competition. But whilst preventing unequal competition it produces none of the evils of a monopoly, because it leaves the consumer at all times in possession of his former means of supply, to be resorted to, at will the more profitable [illegible]

The application of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure, is a mechanically kneaded dough-room, as the invention of Perry & Fitzgerald, did not occur to Dr Dye, though he seems to have had a dark foreboding of the importance of the artificial use of the gas, since he states, hyp-thetically, that "if water, highly impregnated with carbonic acid gas be used for kneading the dough, the resulting bread will be open and spongy. Could a light article," he continues, "be produced in this way, then, as the sugar would remain undecomposed, the bread would be as much the sweeter and more nourishing."

What, to Dr Dye, was certainly a deeply comprehended chemical truth has been practically developed by the brilliant invention of Perry & Fitzgerald. Possessing with bold choice means so gratefully recommended, or showing the most perfect beneficial results as exhibited

ITS SUPERIORITY.—The superiority of unfermented bread is by no means new. Dr Cullen, who wrote more than seventy years ago, says—

"In Scotland, nine tenths of the lower class of people, and that is the greater part of the whole, live upon unfermented bread, called unfermented farinaceous in other forms; and there are not a more healthy people anywhere to be found. In the course of fifty years that I have practised among them, I have had occasion to know this, and have hardly met with a disease, of any consequence, that I could join to the use of unfermented substances."

At a later period, Professor Thompson, of Glasgow, in his work on the "Food of Animals," after alluding to the facts referred to above by Dr. Cullen, and other kindred facts, observes:—

"Such, then, being such last evidence in fav ored the wholesomeness of unfermented bread, it became important to discover in what respects it differs from fermented bread. The result proved to this person (fermenta tion) may be considered to be merely the superinduction of the particles of which the loaf is composed, so as to render the same more readily digestible by the gastric organs of the human stomach. But, as this object is gained at a sacrifice of the nutritive parts of the flour, it becomes a matter of interest to ascertain the amount of the loss sustained in the process."

The result of Professor Thompson's experiments showed a difference in favor of unfermented bread of nearly seven per cent, more than that made by the ordinary process. In other words, there was a loss of nearly one fifteenth of the nutritive proportion of the flour, when by the process of fermentation, was driven into the air and lost.

We come now to a more particular consideration of the superiority of the bread made without fermentation, or the use of chemical agents, over the bread made by them processes. Although, from what has already been said, this superiority appears in most vital contrast, yet the public will be better satisfied to have the points stated specifically, for it only needs that the advantages secured by this method be exhibited in order to its universal introduction in the manufacture of bread.

I. In CLEANLINESS.—Instead of the dough being mixed by the naked hands, as before, the bread from the moment of the flour to the completion of the baking, is not, and scarcely can be, touched by any one. "One handed operation attained in its manufacture," says Dr Willard Parker, "is its entire cleanliness." Says Dr Wetherby: "The process is not only purely scientific but preeminently cleanly."

II. IN PRESERVATION OF ALL THE NUTRIENT PRINCIPLES OF THE FLOUR.—As the raising of bread depends upon the production of gas, by the fermentation of flour, it takes a perfect particular or epoch nutrient. All the constituents of the flour remain wholly undamaged, while the process of raising bread by fermentation inevitably sacrifices some of them, as has been already shown.

III. ITS UNIFORM CHARACTER.—Bread made by the New Process is uniformly light, sweet, and nutritious. The conditions being always the same, the result is always a perfect loaf, a uniform and producing bread of the same quality. It retains its moisture much longer than fermented bread, and may be eaten warm with impunity. The process also imparts a perfect freedom from all acidity, even in the richest varieties. Says the London Times:

"The objectionable consequences of fermentation being excluded, the constituents of the flour are left both unchanged and unconcentrated, the resulting loaf being a wholesome pure."

IV. ITS WHOLESOMENESS.—Being free from the deleterious substances which are the product of fermentation, it retains its nutritious qualities, by the old modes, the bread made by the New Process is easy of digestion, and agrees with the most delicate stomach. "Indigestion," says Dr Cox, (late of the N. Y. Medical College,) "it will be invariable, as they will be able to use it where the fermented manufactured bread has been found to be especially failed as an article of diet." Says the [illegible] Journal and Gazette:—

"Since the introduction of the new method, several there have already been realized from members of the medical profession, who have recommended it in their practice, as well as from non-professional persons, accounts of the really astonishing results that have followed its use in cases of deranged digestion and constipation. Many persons have reported their recovery to health, after years of suffering and misery, by the simple use of the bread as a diet. Many cases have also been reported by medical men of positive, in which certain distressing forms of dyspepsia, which had remained intractable under every kind of treatment, have yielded as if by magic, almost immediately after adopting the use of the unfermented bread.

"The beneficial effects of the new bread are attributable to two causes. The one to the absence of the prejudicial matters imparted to ordinary bread by the process of fermentation, and the other to the presence in the bread, unremoved, of those elements which are the essential agents of digestion and assimilation."

The most eminent members of the medical profession, both in Great Britain and in the United States, not only speak in the highest terms of the same with which it is directed, and its perfect, nourishing qualities, but especially of its peculiar palatableness, and wonderful keeping properties. The absence of acidity and other strong flavors, which, in a greater or less degree, are characteristic of fermented bread, renders the new bread peculiarly delicate to the taste.

IV. ITS RAPIDITY AND ECONOMY.—By the use of mechanical means, instead of manual labor, a barrel of flour is converted into baked loaves in forty-five minutes, whereas, by the ordinary process, four or five hours are occupied in the formation of the "sponge," and a further time in kneading, raising, and baking the dough.

"The cleanliness of the consumption of bread," says a correspondent of the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, "renders it an article peculiarly suitable to be prepared and supplied by a public company. And since the new process removes all the vicissitudes of manufacture, and the expense of the machinery gives a comparative monopoly, the supply of bread is placed at once in the same category with gas, water, or other articles of prime necessity."

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Send the Pills by mail, and oblige
Yours truly,
JAMES KENNEDY.

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I wish you to send me one more box of your Cephalic Pills. *I have received a great deal of benefit from them.*
Yours, respectfully,
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H. C. SPALDING.
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Respectfully yours,
JNO. B. SIMONS.

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Direct A STOVER P. M
Belle Vernon Westmoreland Co. O.

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I wish for some circulars or large show bills to bring your Cephalic Pills more particularly before my customers. If you have anything of the kind, please send to me.
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Advertisements.

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 10th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

From Garnet Union No 4, D. of T.; from Phœnix Union, No. 8, D of T.; from Northern Union, No. 16, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa., from Dr Bias' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 18, D of T.; from Vanbrackle Union, No. 15, D. of T., of Norristown, Pa

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—

Grand P., Sister Bennet; Grand Associate, Sister Burris; Grand Treasurer, Sister Fausett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dukhart, Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall

G. P. P.,	Sister E. Rossard,	G. P. P.	Sister Anderson,
"	" E. Bowers,	"	" J. P. Bacon,
"	" M. H. Bendt,	"	" E. A. Cassa,
"	" S. Newman,	"	" White,
"	" Davis,	"	" S. Hall.

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THE STATED QUARTERLY MEETINGS of the Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August, and November.

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The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and all in want of good stoves, that he has now on hand a general variety of excellent PARLOR, COOK and CHAMBER STOVES, including Gas-burning, as well as other patterns, which he is selling at very low rates. He buys entirely for cash, of the best wholesale founders, and of course can sell much cheaper than those buying on the usual credit system. At any rate his friends are invited to give him a call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere, as he feels that they would be convinced that it would be to their interest to give him their patronage. Coal orders constantly on hand. WM. STILL.

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MORE NURSES.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY

Fold away your bright tinted dresses,
Turn the key on your powder and curls,
And the wealth of your tendril-like tresses
Braid away in a serious way;
No more delicate gloves, no more laces,
No more trifling in boudoir or bower,
But come with your smile in your faces,
To meet the stern wants of the hour.

Look around. By the torch-light insteadily,
The dead and the dying seem one—
What! trembling and paling already,
Before your dear mission's begun!
These wounds are more precious than ghastly,
Time presses her lips to each scar,
While she chants of that glory which vastly
Transcends all the horrors of war.

Pause here by this bedside. How mellow
The light showers down on that brow!
Such a brave, brawny visage! Fine fellow!
Some homestead is missing him now;
Some wife shades her eye, in the clearing,
Some mother sits moaning, distressed,
While the loved one lies faint, but unfearing,
With the enemy's ball in his breast.

Here's another, a lad, a mere stripling,
Picked up on the field almost dead,
With the blood through his sunny hair rippling
From a horrible gash in the head.
They say he was first in the action,
Gay-hearted, quick-handed and witty,
He fought till he dropped with exhaustion,
At the gates of that far Southern city.

Fought and fell 'neath the guns of that city,
With a spirit transcending his years.
Lift him up in your large-hearted pity,
And wet his pale lips with your tears;
Touch him gently—most sacred the duty
Of dressing that poor shattered hand!
God spare him to rise in his beauty,
And battle once more for his land!

Who groaned? What a passionate murmur!
"In thy mercy, O God! let me die!"
Ha! surgeon, your hand must be firmer—
That musket ball's broken his thigh.
Turn the light on those pure furrowed features,
Gray-haired and unknown? bless thee, brother,
O Heaven! that one of thy creatures
Should e'er work such woe on another!

Wipe the sweat from his brow with your kerchief,
Let the old tattered collar go wide.
See—he stretches out blindly to search if,
The surgeon still stands by his side.
My son's over yonder—a rebel!
'Twas—'twas his ball that entered my thigh.
And again he bursts out all a-tremble,
"In Thy mercy, O God! let me die!"

Pass on—it is useless to linger
While others are claiming your care;
There is need for your delicate finger,
For your womanly sympathy, there.
There are sick ones athirst for canteening,
There are *dying* ears raving of *home*,
There are wounds to bind up with a blessing,
And *shrouds* to make ready for some.

They have gathered about you the harvest
Of death in its ghastliest view;
The nearest, as well as the farthest,
Is here with the traitor and true.
And crowned with your beautiful patience,
Made sunny with love at the heart,
You must balsam the wounds of a nation,
Nor falter nor shrink from your part.

Up and down through the wards where the fever
Stalks noisome, and gaunt, and impure,
You must go with your steadfast endeavor
To comfort, to counsel, to cure.
I grant you the task's superhuman,
But strength will be given to you
To do for these dear ones what women
Alone in her pity can do.

And the lips of the mother will bless you,
Our angel, sweet-visaged and pale!
And the little ones run to caress you,
And the wives and the sisters cry "hail!"
But e'en if you drop down unheeded,
What matter? God's ways are the best.
You have poured out your life where 'twas needed,
And He will take care of the rest.

—HUDSON.

INHABITANTS OF THE OCEAN.

Take up a pinch of the soil over which lies 2,500 fathoms of sea-water, submit it to a microscope, and behold! though it looks and feels like fine clay, it does not contain a particle of sand, earth or gravel. Every atom under the lens tells of life and living things; the bed of the Atlantic is strewn with the bones and shells of the myriads of creatures inhabiting its waters—creatures so numerous that figures fail to convey an idea, or the mind to embrace their vast profusion. The navigator traversing the blue sea, sails for days in a fleet ship, through waters so thickly covered with small pulpy sea-nettles, or medusæ, that it looks to him like a "boundless meadow in yellow leaf." The savant following on his trail, places a single one of the sea-bubblers under a lens, and in one of its nine stomachs, finds 70,000 flinty shells of microscopic diatomaceæ, one of the many animalcules of the sea. Thus each creature in these thousand square leagues of medusæ was sucking from the sea millions of these diminutive creatures, and ejecting their shells, to fall, in a gentle, yet perpetual shower, down to the bed of the ocean, and there in time, form strata of siliceous and chalky matter, for future geologists to ponder over. And remember that upon all these medusæ prey legions of bigger creatures, and that into these helpless colonies, sails the huge whale, with cavernous mouth, and gulps down as many of them at every feast, as they do of the minute diatomaceæ.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT—A NOVEL ENTERPRISE.

In the acquisition of Territory from Mexico we acquired not only good, bad and indifferent lands, but we got a desert, and so large in its dimensions, so formidable in its withering desolations, that we are as much at a loss to know what to do with it as was the party who drew the elephant. Professor Blake, who from his position of geologist, accompanying the exploring and surveying expedition of Capt. Williamson, of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad Survey, acquired a personal and familiar knowledge of this "*journada del muerta*" (desert of death,) in a recent lecture in San Francisco, in speaking of the Colorado Desert, pronounced it as fine a specimen of the desert as that of Lybia or Sahara. It extends from the base of San Bernardine southwesterly one hundred and eighty miles, parts of its surface being below our boundary line in Sonora. Its area is some nine thousand square miles; and excepting the Colorado, which cuts across its lower end, is without river or lake. It stretches off to the horizon on all sides without one glimpse of vegetation or life. Its surface is ashy and parched; its frame of mountains rise in rugged pinnacles of brown rock, bare even of soil. Words are unequal to the task of describing its apparent expanses, the purity of its air, the silence of its night, the brilliancy of the stars that overhang it, the tints of the mountains at daybreak, the looming up of those beyond the horizon, the glare of the midday sun, the violence of its local storms of dust and sand.

Parts are entirely destitute even of sand, being smooth, compact, sun-baked clay; other parts are covered with heaps of sand, disposed like snow-drifts in waves of fifty and eighty feet in height. Near the mountains along the Colorado there is a terrace as flat as the floor, and paved with pebbles of nearly uniform size, of porphyry, jasper, quartz, cornelian, and agate, all rounded by the action of the water, and polished till they glisten, by the driving sand. In this respect, again, the porch of our Great Desert is like that which outlines the Lybian Desert. Doubtless the northern part of the desert is the dry bed of an ancient lake of fresh water, whose beach lines are strongly marked. Probably, at a comparatively recent period, the water of the California Gulf covered all the clay surface of the desert. It lies below their level now, and if a channel were cut through the natural embankment of the Colorado, it would be doubtless covered again with water. It is very probable that the Colorado Desert region was uplifted within historic times. Earthquakes occasionally agitate its surface, and in 1852 there were eruptions of mud and hot water in the central parts of the valley.

The *National Intelligencer* says that an enterprise is on foot for converting this formidable desert into a fruitful field by introducing water from the Colorado River on and over it, thus causing verdure to spread eternally, "causing the desert to bloom as the rose."

The propagator of this enterprise having devoted several years in the preliminary work, and having fully determined the practicability of the measure by actual instrumental surveys, now awaits the action of Congress to make cession of this Sahara to the State of California, in compliance with the expressed wish of her Legislature. It cannot be doubted that Congress will at once comply with the application made by California, and allow the parties to go on with this novel work, which promises to be of so much benefit to the government and mankind.—*Newburyport Herald.*

Family Circle.

CHERRIES.

They rivalled the apple-blooms in snowy profusion, and the branches were covered with tiny balls. The sun mounted warm and high in the heavens, and they blushed under his ardent gaze. I felt an increasing conviction that here there would be no disappointment; but it soon became palpable that another class of depredators had marked our trees for their own. Little brown toes could occasionally be seen peeping from the foliage, and little bare feet left their print on the garden soil. Humanity had evidently deposited its larva in the vicinity. There was a school-house not very far away, and the children used to draw water from an old well in a distant part of the garden. It was surprising to see how thirsty they all became as the cherries ripened. It was as if the village had simultaneously agreed to breakfast on salt fish. Their wooden bucket might have been the urn of the Danaides, judging from the time it took to fill it. The boys were as fleet of foot as young zebras, and presented upon discovery no apology or justification but their heels,—which was a wise stroke in them. A troop of rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed little snips in white pantalets, caught in the act, reasoned with in a semi-circle, and cajoled with candy, were as sweet as distilled honey, and promised with all their innocent hearts and hands not to do so any more. But the real *pièce de résistance* was a mass of pretty well developed crinoline which an informal walk in the infested district brought to light, engaged in a systematic raid upon the tempting fruit. Now, in my country, the possessor of unknown individuals in your own garden, plucking your fruit from your trees, without your knowledge and against your will, is universally considered as affording presumptive evidence of—something. In this part of the world, however, I find they do things differently. It doesn't furnish presumptive evidence of anything. If you think it does, you do so at your own risk. I thought it did, and escaped by the skin of my teeth. I hinted my views, and found myself in a den of lions, and was thankful to come out second best. Second? nay, third best, fourth best, no best at all, not even good,—very bad. In short, I was glad to get out with my life. Nor was my repulse confined to the passing hour. The injured innocents came no more for water. I am consumed with inward remorse as I see them daily file majestically past my house to my neighbor's well. I have resolved to plant a strawberry-bed next year, and offer them the fruit of it by way of atonement, and never, under any provocation, hereafter, to assert or insinuate that I have any claim whatever to anything under the sun. If this course, perseveringly persisted in, does not restore the state of qeo, I am hopeless. I have no further resources.

The one drop of sweetness in the bitter cup was, that the cherries, being thus let severely alone, were allowed to hang on the trees and ripen. It took them a great while. If they had been as big as bogsheads, I should think the sun might have got through them quicker than he did. They looked ripe long before they were so; and as they were very plenty, the trees presented a beautiful appearance. I bought a stack of fantastic little baskets from a travelling Indian tribe, at a fabulous price, for the sake of fulfilling my long-cherished design of sending fruit to my city friends. After long waiting, Halicarnassus came in one morning with a tin pail full, and said that they were ripe at last, for they were turning purple and falling off; and he was going to have them gathered at once. He had brought in the first fruits for breakfast. I put them in the best preserve dish, twined it with myrtle, and set it in the centre of the table. It looked charming,—so ruddy, rural and Arcadian. I wished we could breakfast out-doors; but the summer was one of unusual severity, and it was hardly prudent thus to brave its rigor. We had cup-custards at the close of our breakfast that morning,—very vulgar, but very delicious. We reached the cherries at the same moment, and swallowed the first one simultaneously. The effect was instantaneous and electric. Halicarnassus puckered his face into a perfect wheel, with his mouth for the hub. I don't know how I looked, but I felt badly enough.

"It was unfortunate that we had custards this morning," I remarked. "They are so sweet that the cherries seem sour by contrast. We shall soon get the sweet taste out of our mouths, however."

"That's so!" said Halicarnassus, my husband, who *will* be coarse.

We tried another. He exhibited a similar pantomime, with improvements. My feelings were also the same, intensified.

"I am not in luck to-day," I said, attempting to smile. "I got hold of a sour cherry this time."

"I got hold of a bitter one," said Halicarnassus.

"Mine was a little bitter, too," I added.

"Mine was a little sour, too," said Halicarnassus.

"We shall have to try again," said I. We did try again.

"Mine was a good deal of both this time," said Halicarnassus. "But we will give them a fair trial."

"Yes," said I sepulchrally.

We sat there sacrificing ourselves to abstract right for five minutes. Then I leaned back in my chair, and looked at Halicarnassus. He rested his right elbow on the table, and looked at me.

"Well," said he, at last, "how are cherries and things?"

"Halicarnassus," said I, solemnly, "it is my firm conviction that farming is not a lucrative occupation. You have no certain assurance of return, either for labor or capital invested. Look at it. The bugs eat up the squashes. The worms eat up the apples. The cucumbers won't grow at all. The peas have got lost. The cherries are bitter as wormwood and sour as you in your worst moods. Everything that is good for anything won't grow, and everything that grows isn't good for anything."

"My Indian corn, though," began Halicarnassus; but I snapped him up before he was fairly under way. I had no idea of travelling in that direction.

"What am I to do with all those baskets that I bought, I should like to know?" I asked sharply.

"What did you buy them for?" he asked in return.

"To send cherries to the Hudsons and the Mavericks and Fred. Ashley," I replied promptly.

"Why don't you send 'em, then? There's plenty of them,—more than we shall want."

"Because," I answered, "I have not exhausted the pleasures of friendship. Nor do I perceive the benefit that we all accrue from turning life-long friends into life-long enemies."

"I'll tell you what we can do," said Halicarnassus. "We can give a party and treat them to cherries. They'll have to eat 'em out of politeness."

"Halicarnassus," said I, "we should be mobbed. We should fall victims to the fury of a disappointed and enraged populace."

"At any rate," said he, "we can offer them to choose victims."

I suppose from some I have a good one. At any rate, the only one that held out any prospect of relief. Thereafter whenever friends called singly or in squads,—if the squads were not large enough to be formidable,—we invariably set cherries before them, and with generous hospitality pressed them to partake. The varying phases of emotion which they exhibited were painful to me at first, but I at length began to take a morbid pleasure in noting them. It was a study for a sculptor. By long practice I learned to detect the shadow of each coming change, where a casual observer would see only a serene expanse of placid politeness. I knew just where the radiance, awakened by the luscious swelling crimson globes, faded into doubt, settled into certainty, glazed into perplexity, fired into rage. I saw the grimace, suppressed as soon as begun, but not less patent to my preternaturally keen eyes. No one deterred me by being suddenly seized with admiration of a view. I knew it was only to relieve his nerves by making faces behind the window-curtains.

I grew to take a fiendish delight in watching the conflict, and the fierce desperation which marked its violence. On the one side were the force of fusion, a reluctant stomach, an unwilling œsophagus, a loathing palate; on the other, the stern, unconquerable will. A natural philosopher would have gathered new proofs of the unlimited capacity of the human race to adapt itself to circumstances, from the *debris* that strewed our premises after each fresh departure. Cherries were chucked under the sofa, into the table-drawers, behind the books, under the lamp-mats, into the vases, in any and every place where a dexterous hand could dispose of them without detection. Yet their number seemed to suffer no abatement. Like Tityus's liver, they were constantly renewed, though constantly consumed. The small boys seemed to be suffering from a fit of conscience. In vain we closed the blinds and shut ourselves up in the house to give them a fair field. Not a cherry was taken. In vain we went ostentatiously to church all day on Sunday. Not a twig was touched. Finally I dropped all the curtains on that side of the house, and avoided that part of the garden in my walks. The cherries may be hanging there to this day, for aught I know.

THE CHILDREN'S CITIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHARLES AUCHESTER."

There was a certain king who had three sons, and who, loving them all alike, desired to leave them to reign over his kingdom as brothers, and not one above another.

His kingdom consisted of three beautiful cities, divided by valleys covered with flowers and full of grass; but the cities lay so near each other that from the walls of each you could see the walls of the other two. The first city was called the city of Lessenland, the second the city of Confection, and the third the city of Pastime.

The king, feeling himself very old and feeble, sent for the lawyers to write his will for him, that his children might know how he wished them to behave after he was dead. So the lawyers came to the palace and went into the king's bed-room, where he lay in his golden bed, and the will was drawn up as he desired.

One day, not long after the will was made, the king's fool was trying to make a boat of a loaf to sail it upon the silver river. And the fool thought the paper on which the will was written would make a better boat,—for he could not read what was written; so he ran to the palace quickly, and knowing where it was laid, he got the will and made a boat of it and set it sailing upon the river, and away it floated out of sight. And the worst of all was, that the king took such a fright, when the will blew away, that he could speak no more when the lawyers came back with the golden ink. And he never made another will, but died without telling his sons what he wished them to do.

However, the king's sons, though they had little bodies, because they were princes of the Kingdom of Children, were very good little persons,—at least, they had not yet been naughty, and had never quarrelled,—so that the child-people loved them almost as well as they loved each other. The child-people were quite pleased that the princes should rule over them; but they did not know how to arrange, because there was no king's will, and by rights the eldest ought to have the whole kingdom. But the eldest, whose name was Gentil, called his brothers to him and said,—

"I am quite sure, though there is no will, that our royal papa built the three cities that we might each have one to reign over, and not one reign over all. Therefore I will have you both, dear brothers, choose a city to govern over, and I will govern over the one you do not choose."

And his brothers danced for joy; and the people too were pleased, for they loved all the three princes. But there were not enough people in the kingdom to fill more than one city quite full. Was not this very odd? Gentil thought so, but, as he could not make out the reason, he said to the child-people,—

"I will count you, and divide you into three parts, and each part shall go to one city."

For, before the king had built the cities, the child-people had lived in the green valleys, and slept on beds of flowers.

So Joujou, the second prince, chose the city of Pastime; and Bonbon, the youngest prince, chose the city of Confection; and the city of Lessenland was left for Prince Gentil, who took possession of it directly.

And first let us see how the good Gentil got on in his city.

The city of Lessenland was built of books, all books, and only books. The walls were books, set close like bricks, and the bridges over the rivers (which were very blue) were built of books in arches, and there were books to pave the roads and paths, and the doors of the houses were books with golden letters on the outside. The palace of Prince Gentil was built of the largest books, all bound in scarlet and green and purple and blue and yellow. And inside the palace all the loveliest pictures were hung upon the walls, and the handsomest maps; and in his library were all the lesson-books and all the story-books in the world. Directly Gentil began to reign, he said to himself,—

"What are all these books for? They must mean that we are to learn, and to become very clever, in order to be good. I wish to be very clever, and to make my people so; so I must set them a good example."

And he called all his child-people together, who would do anything for the love of him, and he said,—

"If we mean to be of any use in the world, we must learn, learn, learn, and read, read, read, and always be doing lessons."

And they said they would, to please him; and they all gathered together in the palace council-chamber and Gentil set them tasks, the same as he set himself, and they all went home to learn them, while he learned his in the palace.

Now let us see how Joujou is getting on. He was a good prince, Joujou,—oh, so fond of fun! as you may believe, from his choosing the city of Pastime. Oh, that city of Pastime! how unlike the city of dear, dull Lessenland! The walls of the city of Pastime were beautiful toy-bricks, painted all the colors of the rainbow; and the streets of the city were filled with carriages just big enough for child-people to drive in, and little gigs, and music-carts, and peat-chaises, that ran along by clock-work, and such rocking horses! And there was not to be found a book in the whole city, but the houses were crammed with toys from top to bottom,—tops, hoops, balls, battle-doors, bows, and arrows, guns, peep shows, drums and trumpets, marbles, ninepins, tumblers, kites, and hundreds upon hundreds more, for there you found every toy that ever was made in the world, besides thousands of large wax dolls, all in different court-dresses. And directly Joujou began to reign, he said to himself,—

"What are all these toys for? They must mean that we are to play always, that we may be always happy. I wish to be very happy, and that my people should be happy, always. Won't I set them an example!"

And Joujou blew a peony trumpet, and got on the back of the largest rocking-horse and rocked with all his might, and cried,—

"Child-people you are to play always, for in all the city of Pastime you see nothing else but toys!"

The child-people did not wait long, but jumped on rocking horses, some drove off in carriages, and some in gigs and music-carts. And organs were played, and bells rang, and shuttlecocks and kites flew up the blue sky, and there was laughter, laughter, in all the streets of Pastime.

And now for little Bonbon, how is he getting on? He was a dear little fat fellow,—but, oh, so fond of sweets! as you may believe from his choosing the city of Confection. And there were no books in Confection, and no toys; but the walls were built of gingerbread, and the houses were built of gingerbread, and the bridges of barley-sugar, that glittered in the sun. And rivers ran with wine through the streets, sweet wine, such as child-people love; and Christmas trees grew all along the banks of the rivers, with candy and almonds and golden nuts on the branches; and in every house the tables were made of sweet brown chocolate, and there were great plum-cakes on the tables, and little cakes, and all sorts of cakes. And when Bonbon began to reign he did not think much about it, but began to eat directly, and called out, with his mouth full,—

"Child-people, eat always! for in all the city of Confection there is nothing but cakes and sweets."

And did not the child-people fall to, and eat directly, and eat on, and eat always?

Now by this time what has happened to Gentil? for we left him in the city of Lessenland. All the first day he learned the lessons he had set himself, and the people learned theirs too, and they all came to Gentil in the evening to say them to the prince. But by the time Gentil had heard all the lessons, he was very, very tired,—so tired that he tumbled asleep on the throne; and when the child-people saw their prince was asleep, they thought they might as well go to sleep too. And when Gentil awoke, the next morning, behold! there were all his people asleep on the floor. And he looked at his watch and found it was very late, and he woke up the people, crying, with a very loud voice,—

"It is very late, good people!"

And the people jumped up and rubbed their eyes, and cried,—

"We have been learning always, and we can no longer see to read,—the letters dance before our eyes."

And all the child-people groaned, and cried very bitterly behind their books. Then Gentil said,—

I will read to you, my people, and that will rest your eyes."

And he read them a delightful story about animals: but when he stopped to show them a picture of a lion, the people were all asleep. Then Gentil grew angry, and cried in a loud voice,—

"Wake up, idle people, and listen!"

But when the people woke up, they were stupid, and sat like cats and sulked. So Gentil put the book away, and sent them home, giving them each a long task for their rudeness. The child-people went away; but, as they found only books out of doors, and only books at home, they went to sleep without learning their tasks. And all the fifth day they slept. But on the sixth day Gentil went out to see what they were doing; and they began to throw their books about, and a book knocked Prince Gentil on the head, and hurt him so much that he was obliged to go to bed. And while he was in bed, the people began to fight, and to throw the books at one another.

Now as for Joujou and his people, they began to play, and went on playing, and did nothing else but play. And would you believe it?—they got tired too. The first day and the second day nobody thought he ever could be tired, amongst the rocking-horses and whips and marbles and kites and dolls and carriages. But the third day everybody wanted to ride at once, and the carriages were so full that they broke down, and the rocking-horses rocked over, and wounded some little men; and the little women snatched their dolls from one another, and the dolls were broken. And on the fourth day the Prince Joujou cut a hole in the very largest drum, and made the drummer angry; and the drummer threw a dramstick at Joujou, and Prince Joujou told the drummer he should go to prison. Then the drummer got on the top of the painted wall, and shot arrows at the Prince, which did not hurt him much, because they were toy-arrows, but which made Joujou very much afraid, for he did not wish his people to hate him.

"What do you want?" he cried to the drummer. "Tell me what I can do to please you. Shall we play at marbles, or balls, or knock down the golden nine pins? Or shall we have Punch and Judy in the court of the palace?"

"Yes! yes!" cried the people, and the drummer jumped down from the wall. "Yes! yes! Punch and Judy! We are tired of marbles, and balls, and nine-pins. But we shan't be tired of Punch and Judy!"

So the people gathered together in the court of the palace, and saw Punch and Judy over and over again, all day long on the fifth day. And they had it so often, that, when the sixth day came, they pulled down the stage, and broke Punch to pieces, and burned Judy, and screamed out that they were so hungry they did not know what to do. And the drummer called out,—

"Let us eat Prince Joujou!"

But the people loved him still; so they answered,—

"No! but we will go out of the city and invade the city of Confection, and fight them, if they won't give us anything to eat!"

So out they went, with Joujou at their head; for Joujou, too, was dreadfully hungry. And they crossed the green valley to the city of Confection, and began to try and eat the gingerbread walls. But the gingerbread was hard, because the walls had been built in ancient days; and the people tried to get on the top of the walls, and when they had eaten a few holes in the gingerbread, they climbed up by them to the top. And there they saw a dreadful sight. All the people had eaten so much that they were ill, or else so fat that they could not move. And the people were lying about in the streets, and by the side of the rivers of sweet wine, but oh, so sick, that they could eat no more! And Prince Bonbon, who had got into the largest Christmas-tree, had eaten all the candy upon it, and grows so fat that he could not move, but stuck up there among the branches. When the people of Pastime got upon the walls, however, the people of Confection were very angry; and one or two of those who could eat the most, and who still kept on eating while they were sick, threw apples and cakes at the people of Pastime, and shot Joujou with sugar-plums, which he picked up and ate, while his people were eating down the plum-cakes, and drinking the wine till they were tipsy.

As soon as Gentil heard what a dreadful mess his people were making, he got up, though he still felt poorly, and went out into the streets. The people were fighting, alas! worse than ever; and they were trying to pull down the strong book-walls, that they might get out of the city. A good many of them were wounded in the head, as well as Prince Gentil, by the heavy books falling upon them; and Gentil was very sorry for the people.

"If you want to go out, good people," he said, "I will open the gates and go with you; but do not pull down the book walls."

And they obeyed Gentil, because they loved him, and Gentil led them out of the city. When they had crossed the first green valley, they found the city of Pastime empty, not a creature in it! and broken toys in the streets. At sight of the toys, the poor book-people cried for joy, and wanted to stop and play. So Gentil left them in the city, and went on alone across the next green valley. But the city of Confection was crammed so full with sick child-people belonging to Bonbon, and with Joujou's hungry ones, that Gentil could not get in at the gate. So he wandered about in the green valleys, very unhappy, until he came to his old father's palace. There he found the fool, sitting on the banks of the river.

"O fool!" said Gentil, "I wish I knew what my father meant us to do!"

And the fool tried to comfort Gentil; and they walked together by the river where the fool had made the boat of the will, without knowing what it was. They walked a long way, Gentil crying, and the fool trying to comfort him, when suddenly the fool saw the boat he had made, lying among some green rushes. And the fool ran to fetch it, and brought it to show Gentil. And Gentil saw some writing on the boat, and knew it was his father's writing. Then Gentil was glad indeed, he unfolded the paper, and therein he read these words,—for a good king's words are not washed away by water:—

"My will and pleasure is, that my dearly beloved sons, Prince Gentil, Prince Joujou, and Prince Bonbon, should all reign together over the three cities which I have built. But there are only enough child-people to fill one city; for I know that the child-people cannot live always in one city. Therefore, let the three princes, with Gentil, the eldest, wearing the crown, lead all the child-people to the city of Lessenland in the morning, that the bright sun may shine upon their lessons and make them pleasant; and cause to set the tasks. And in the afternoon let the three princes, with Joujou wearing the crown, lead all the child-people to the city of Pastime, to play until the evening; and Joujou to lead the games. And in the evening let the three princes, with Bonbon wearing the crown, lead all the child-people to the city of Confection, pluck fruit off the Christmas trees until time for bed, and little Bonbon to eat the cake. And at time for bed, let the child-people go forth into the green valleys and sleep upon the beds of flowers: for in Child Country it is always spring."

This was the king's will, found at last; and Gentil, whose great long lessons had made him wise, (though they had tired him too,) thought the will the cleverest that was ever made. And he hastened to the city of Confection, and knocked at the gate till they opened it; and he found all the people sick by this time, and very pleased to see him, for they thought him very wise. And Gentil read the will in a loud voice, and the people clapped their hands and began to get better directly, and Bonbon called to them to lift him down out of the tree where he had stuck, and Joujou danced for joy.

So the king's will was obeyed. And in the morning the people learned their lessons, and afterwards they played, and afterwards they enjoyed their feasts. And at bedtime they slept upon the beds of flowers, in the green valleys; for in Child Country it is always spring.

Atlantic Monthly

A new application of the photographic art has been introduced by Mr. Black, of this city, which must meet with the approbation of all lovers of the beautiful. It is a *photograph on porcelain*. The effect of the picture upon this purest of white surfaces is beautiful, there being a delicacy of finish which is peculiarly exquisite. The transparency of the porcelain gives a tone and character to the picture which all who are familiar with the porcelain shades will appreciate, although the photographic picture is as much superior to anything hitherto seen upon that material as sun-painting is to the work of the hand.

RASPBERR VINEGAR.

To one pound of fruit, pour on one quart of the best white wine vinegar; the next day strain the liquor on a pound of fresh fruit, and the day after the same; do not squeeze the fruit, but drain the liquor from it; the last time, pass it through a canvas, wet with vinegar; put it in a stone jar, with one pound of white sugar to every pint of juice, stirred until dissolved; then set the jar in a pot of water on a hot fire; simmer, and skim it, then take it off, and when cold, bottle it for use. No glazed or metal vessel must be used. It makes a delightful drink, in the summer season, used as a lemonade.

THE "FOURTH" IN A HOSPITAL

"The heat is very oppressive, and our hospital is full of wounded soldiers, who came on the afternoon of the 4th. Fortunately, most of them are not dangerously wounded, and they are in good spirits, though a furlough of a week to visit their friends at home, is ardently desired by all. Poor fellows! the condition they were in on their arrival is indescribable. The clothing of many was covered with mud and blood, and the wan countenances of these poor sufferers would have touched a heart of stone. A few hours, however, made a great change in their situation and feelings. The comfort of clean linen and the luxury of a good bed, with well prepared and nourishing food, put a new face on every thing. We had been very kindly invited to spend part of the day with a Sunday school, and Mrs. ——, one of the attentive friends of the sick in the hospitals of the District, sent her carriage for some of the nurses. The day was delightful; the contrast between our wards and the green woods, most refreshing, and the addresses of Hon. Mr. Wright, Rev. Brown, and others, eloquent and patriotic; but when we returned at about 5 o'clock to the hospital, the wounded were arriving in large numbers! Our recreation was now over, and until late at night all were busily engaged in making the poor sufferers comfortable. Such was our Fourth of July, a day of contrasts, of peace and war, with their different fruits. It is now a year since we left Pittsburgh, but it has passed away so strangely and rapidly that it seems almost a dream."

Philadelphia Markets.

APPLES.—Green, 4.00@4.50; dried, 5@6¼.
ASHES.—Pots, ——@——; Pearls, ——@——; Soda-Ash, 2¾@3¼.
BARK.—Quercitron, first quality, 33.50@34.00; second quality, 30.00@31.00; third quality, 25.00@26.00; Spanish Oak, cord, 11.00@12.00; Chestnut Oak, 9@10.
BEER.—Mess, barrel, 12.00@15.00; Prime, 6@7; dried beef, 9@10.
BEESWAX.—Yellow, 32—@33.
BREAD.—Crackers, 4½@6.
BUTTER.—Firkin, 12@16; in kegs, 9@12; Roll, 16@16; Goshen, 14@15.
CANDLES.—Sperm, 28@29; Adamantine, 16@17½; Tallow mould, 11@12; dipped, 10@10½.
CHEESE.—Ohio, 5¼ New York, 7½@8¼.
COFFEE.—Cuba, 20@22; Java, 25@27; Laguayra, 20@21; Maracaibo, 20@23; Mocha, 25@28; Rio, 16@22; St. Domingo, 19@20.
CRANBERRIES.——@——.
DRIED BEEF.—9@10.
FEATHERS.—American, 40@43.
FISH.—Mackerel, No. 1, 8.00@8.50; No. 2, 6.00@8.00; No. 3, 5.25@6.00; No. 4, 3.50@3.75. Herring, pickled, barrel, 2.00@3.50; box, 12@14.
FLAX.—Jersey, 8@8½.
FLOUR.—Penna., 4.50@4.62; extra, 4.62@5.50; Western, 4.31@4.37. Rye flour, 3.25@3.62. Corn meal, 2.50@2.90.
FRUIT.—Raisins, box, 3.25@3.40; quarter boxes, 85@95. Ginger, per pound, 14@18. Citron, 50@60. Oranges, 3.00@4.00. Lemons, 4.00@5.00. Currants, 10@12. Figs, 18@20. Almonds, soft, 22——; hard, ——@——. Grenadines, bushel, 1.75@2.10.
GRAIN.—Wheat, Penna. red, 1.17@1.25; white, 1.36@1.45; Southern red, 1.30@1.33; Southern white, 1.30@1.37. Rye, Penna., 66@67; Southern, 63@64; Corn, yellow, 52@54; waste, 50@60; Oats, Penna., 40@41; Southern, ——@——. Barley, white, 1.60@1.75.
GUANO.—Nothing doing. Season over.
HOPS.—10@20.
LARD.—Jersey, 8@8½; Western, ——@——.
LUMBER.—White Pine, Sound, 1.12 Yellow Pine, Virg., 1.30@1.45; Hemlock, Lehigh, 9.00@9.50; Albany White Pine, 25@28. Shingles, cedar, M., 2.00@2.25.
MOLASSES.—Cuba, 24@——; Porto Rico, 27@——; New Orleans, 1.10; Sugar House, 25@——.
OILS.—Olive, gallon, 1.11@1.15; Linseed, 85@87; Whale, crude, 50@55; winter, 58@60; fall, 56@60; Sperm, winter, 1.85@1.90; spring and fall, 1.30@1.35; Lard oil, spring, 55@58; winter, 60@62; petroleum, 14@24.
PEACHES.—Dried, 6@7. Pared, 15@20.
PLASTER.—Solo, 3.25@3.37.
POTS.—Mess, ——@——; Prime, ——@——.
Shoulders, smoked, 7½@8½; in salt, 5½@6.
POTATOES.—Bushel, 60@75.
RICE.—6.75@7.12.
SALT.—Liverpool, 25@28; Turk's Island, 30@31.
SEEDS.—Cloverseed, 5.00@5.25; Flaxseed, 2.00@2.10; Timothy, 1.65@1.75; Herd Grass, 80@90; ——@——.
SUGAR.—Havana, white, ——@——; Cuba, 7.25@8.50; New Orleans, 7.50@8.00; Cuba, 6.00@8.00. Lawrence's D. R. loaf, 16½; refined loaf, 16½.
WOOL.—Prime or Saxony, 48@50; American, No. 1, pulled, 40@42; Merino, 42@45.

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Poetry.

GOING HOME

"Will you come with me, my pretty one!"
I asked a little child,—
"Will you come with me and gather flowers!"
She looked on me and smiled.
Then in a low, sweet, gentle voice,
She said, "I cannot come,
I must not leave this narrow path,
For I am going home."

"But will you not," I asked again;
"The sun is shining bright,
And you might twine a lily-wreath
To carry home at night;
And I could show you pleasant things
If you would only come,"
But still she answered as before,
"No; I am going home."

"But look, my child: the fields are green,
And 'neath the leafy trees,
Children are playing merrily,
Or resting at their ease.
Does it not hurt your tender feet
This stony path to tread!"
"Sometimes; but I am going home!"
Once more she sweetly said.

"My father bids me keep this path,
Nor ever turn aside,
The road which leads away from him,
Is very smooth and wide;
The fields are fresh, and cool, and green;
Pleasant the shady trees;
But those around my own dear home
Are lovelier far than these.

"I must not loiter on the road,
For I have far to go;
And I should like to reach the door
Before the sun is low.
I must not stay; but will you not,
Oh, will you not come too!
My home is very beautiful,
And there is room for you."

I took her little hand in mine;
Together we went on;
Brighter and brighter o'er our path
The blessed sunbeams shone.
At length we saw the distant towers,
But ere we reached the gate,
The child outstripped my lingering feet,
Too overjoyed to wait.
And, as she turned her radiant face
Once more to bid me come,
I heard a chorus of glad songs,
A burst of "Welcome Home!"

Friends' Review.

THE THREE WEEPERS.

Sorrow weeps!
And drowns its bitterness in tears!
My child of sorrow,
Weep out the fulness of thy passionate grief,
And drown in tears
The bitterness of lonely years.
God gives the rain and sunshine mild,
And both are best, my child!

Joy weeps!
And overflows its banks with tears;
My child of joy,
Weep out the gladness of thy pent-up heart,
And let thy glistening eyes
Run over in their ecstacies;
Life needeth joy; but from on high
Descends what cannot die!

Love weeps!
And feeds its silent life with tears;
My child of love,
Pour out the riches of thy yearning heart,
And, like the air of even,
Give and take back the dew of heaven;
And let that longing heart of thine
Feed upon love divine!

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH.

We clipped the following from *The Christian Advocate and Journal*, one of the best weeklies in this country or any other. We would have inserted it at the time when our exchange came, but for want of room. We know that we would have a more favorable opportunity.—ED.

There are in the African M. E. Church in the United States from thirty to forty thousand members, and three episcopal districts, under Bishops Quinn, Payne, and Nazrey, respectively. Bishop Payne called at our office the other day. He represents the work under his care as flourishing, and says that since the war commenced he has extended his line eight miles south of Washington, where he has established a church under the care of a competent missionary, who is assured of protection from the government. The doctrines of the church are the same as those of our own, though its system of government differs slightly from ours. It combines the offices of presiding elder and bishop in the same person. Moreover, each bishop is assigned an episcopal district, for which he is responsible for four years, and within which he not only presides in the Annual Conferences, but visits the circuits and stations, and supervises the entire work. The bishops are supported by public collections, and thus are bound to the people by cords of silver. In the Quarterly Conferences the pastor presides if he be ordained, otherwise a neighboring elder, under whose charge he is placed. The bishop, by traversing his field, is enabled, from his own observation, both of the churches and their pastors, to make his appointments without a cabinet, though he consults the more influential persons of the connexion in making up his list. The Canadian portion of this church found it necessary a few years since, from political causes, to form a separate connexion, although they are too weak to support a bishop, having in all only about two thousand members. They requested the services of Bishop Nazrey, which they enjoy at present with the consent of the General Conference, though this circumstance puts the bishop in an anomalous position, as he has episcopal jurisdiction in two distinct ecclesiastical organizations. This has unhappily occasioned some unpleasant controversy between himself and one of his colleagues, which, we are glad to learn, has terminated in an amicable agreement to refer the question to the ensuing General Conference. The New York Conference of this church was held last week in this city, Bishop Payne presiding. One of its societies has just purchased, for $24,000, the Sullivan Street Church, formerly occupied by the congregation of the Washington Square M. E. Church.

Rev. E. Weaver, the Editor of *The Christian Recorder*, and Mr. Brown, Editor of the *Repository*, called at our office with the Bishop. They are men of polite manners, and much intelligence. The *Recorder* is one of the best of our exchanges. Its editorial columns evince tact and ability, and its selections are made with remarkable judgment and good taste. We do not get much time to read monthlies; but we feel confident that the *Repository*, which is a literary monthly, is worthy of commendation. We look with much interest upon the African M. E. Church. As the war progresses its field must enlarge. We are assured that it will follow the army in its march.

If we had any influence with this body, we would say: Extend the circulation of the *Recorder* and the *Repository*; encourage the colored people everywhere to meet and express their loyalty to the government, their sympathy with the administration in its struggle with rebellion, and their readiness to serve it at any time and in any mode that it may indicate; encourage emigration to Liberia and the West Indies, as fields in which the Americanized Africans can best develop and employ their powers, carry civilization and Christianity to their brethren, and enlarge the borders of the African M. E. Church, which ought soon to be sending its missionaries, and planting its missions not only in Hayti, but in the valleys of the Nile, the Niger, the Senegal, and the Gambia.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM BROTHER STROTHER.

MR. EDITOR:—I thought it might be somewhat entertaining to your readers to hear from Terre Haute. The spiritual condition of this charge is not what we would love to be able to inform you it was, yet our people seem to be in very good spirits, notwithstanding the pressure of the times, and I think our people are in a state of real progression. We have been able to keep up a day school all the year, which has just closed for the summer vacation. Mrs. Strother has taught ten months without cessation; during which time she has had from 35 to 50 scholars. During her ten months teaching she had two exhibitions, and at the end of her school term she had quite an interesting examination, in which several premiums were awarded for good performances on the part of those who received them. Some of these premiums were worn by scholars who had learned to read in the last ten months.

Brother W. J. Greenly has organized an excellent Singing School here, consisting of two classes: adult and juvenile. These two classes contain about 75 persons, and he is now requested to form a third class. We have also a good Sunday School on hand, which numbers about 75, for the use of which we have just received some 40 odd Bibles and Testaments of the best quality. We have only a short time since formed a beautiful chapel, (relief society,) which consists of about 30 members. You may also wish to know our number here as citizens. I had heard it said that it was five hundred, but the number falls much below that, as the result of my investigation will show. The number of families I find to be 60; the number over twenty-one, 147; under twenty-one, 126; the number able to read, 132; the number belonging to the A. M. E. Church, 70; the number belonging to the Baptist Church, 4; to the Catholic Church, 1; the whole number of persons of color belonging to religious societies, 75; the whole number residing in Terre Haute, 275; the number owning real estate, 18.

In speaking of local matters, I may mention a dispensation of God's providence, of recent occurrence in our midst, which has proved to be very scourging. It is the drowning of little Charles Hicklin, of some six years of age, which happened last Monday. He, with other boys, was sporting along the edge of the Wabash, opposite town, when little Charles' hat blew off his head into the river. The boy, as it seems, unhesitatingly stepped right into the river after it. The other boys who were present were unable to render sufficient assistance to rescue their playmate, hence Charles soon went down to rise no more until he was raised, some three days after, a lifeless body, of course. But the means used by which to find Charles' body were so simple and singular, that I must give you, Mr. Editor, and your numerous readers, a statement of them. After they had searched diligently from Monday until the following Wednesday, without success, a lady residing in the city (white) sent little Charles' friends word to get a loaf of bread, take out a plug, and put in an ounce of quicksilver, and plug it up again, and then drop the loaf on the surface of the water at the spot where the boy went in, then to follow it until it sank, and wherever it would sink there they would find the body. They took this lady at her word, and followed her directions, almost entirely faithlessly; and when they had followed the loaf (which they did by the use of a canoe) about four hundred yards, it sank, when George Salter, who was in the canoe, fell with his oar where the loaf sank, and the body of the boy came immediately to the surface

The writer was called upon a few minutes before he commenced this article to attend to the funeral. This occurrence was certainly very singular.

In speaking of our progress, I forget to mention our Literary Society. The young men of this place, with the assistance of W. J. Greenly, got up an excellent constitution, and have formed quite an intelligent debating club. One among the first questions they debated, was: "Has the use of ardent spirits caused more misery and distress than lying and stealing?" which was discussed with considerable interest, and quite ably.

I would also mention that our venerable Bishop Quinn reached this station on last Saturday, the 12th inst., (July,) on a tour West. He stopped with us until the following Wednesday morning, which was very acceptable to us, indeed, especially, as it was right at the time of my last Quarterly Meeting, which we had commenced at 10½ o'clock, A. M., on that day. The Bishop preached for us at 10½ o'clock, A. M., on Sunday, from the 84th Psalm, 10th and 11th verses. The people were wonderfully pleased, and thought that the Bishop made an excellent discourse. He left no grounds for dissemblers or indolent professors. He pruned on every hand. At 3 o'clock, P. M., he took the 26th and 27th verses of the 26th chapter of Matthew; with which discourse our people were also extremely well pleased. He told the audience that the phrase, "drink ye all of it," did not mean that one should drink all the wine, but that the Saviour meant that all of his disciples should drink of the wine, which language was also applicable to all his followers. He attended our Chapel Relief Society on Tuesday evening, the 15th, and responded to Miss Mildred Newman, who had been appointed to address the society on that evening, and who did deliver a splendid address. The Bishop followed her in what is said to be an able fatherly address. On the next morning, he left on the 10½ o'clock train for St. Louis, Kansas. B STROTHER

Terre Haute, Ind

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM CINCINNATI

July 23d, 1862.

MR. EDITOR—Dear Sir: The Democratic leaven has been at work here most gloriously. The *Celts*, that most turbulent race, as usual, have been the exponents of modern Democracy as expounded by Brooks, Wickliffe, and others—and which should more properly be termed *Chivocracy*. Their first exercises consisted in pouncing on our men while at their work, and, meeting with but slight resistance to their first essay, they became more bold and daring, until at length no *colored* man could pass along the streets without being assaulted by from five to fifty most loyal citizens, armed with clubs and boulders, and shouting as they came, "Kill the *dom nogur!*" When complaint was made to the city authorities, we were told that they had more important business on hand.

When some of our young men armed themselves, they were arrested, imprisoned, and, in one instance, fined. These acts by the municipal authorities encouraged the "Dimékrats." They accordingly threatened to burn every *nagur's* house in the city. On Tuesday night, the 15th inst., they stoned several houses, breaking the windows and doors. Coming across Allen Chapel in their course, they broke the doors, smashed the windows, and, on the following night, actually set fire to and destroyed several houses in the neighborhood. Fortunately a rain-storm came on before the fire had spread any distance, and, by extinguishing the flames, probably saved the flow of *blood*, as *provisions were made* to teach the *Irish rebels* a lesson that many would have *died* in learning!

Is it not a fact worthy the attention of men in high places that the colored people are particularly hated by the rebels? The present great rebellion was inaugurated in the South by a raid on the free blacks. In many States it was proposed, and in some enacted, to expel or enslave the free blacks.

And now, when *neutral (?)* men of KENTUCKY invite the invasion of their State by the amiable cut-throat MORGAN, the red-mouthed VALLANDIGHAM-"Dimékrats," commence mob-violence throughout Ohio on the inoffensive free blacks, without cause or provocation. We call on Americans (not *Greeks*) to mark this—the men whose fathers fought in State Street, Boston, at Bunker Hill, on Lake Erie and at New Orleans—men of whose fighting qualities NAPIER, JACKSON and WASHINGTON spoke in the highest terms of praise, that these men, who fought for the liberty of this country, are now abused—abused by secession-sympathisers—now attacked by rebels? Mark the fact that, when the present raid against the UNION first broke out, colored men were among the first to offer their services to the country—and, even for that offer, this same class of Democrats threatened mob-violence—and our patriotic officials politely informed us that this was a *white man's war*, and that the *niggers* had nothing to do with it. That may have been *their* opinion, but every step in the progress of the war to put down the rebellion has developed the fact that there is a very respectable colored individual in the wood-pile, and but little can be done in moving the wood without letting him out. Indeed, slaveholders themselves acknowledge that the only true loyal men in the South are the blacks—and yet the government hesitates to pull down the *pile* and let them out.

Slavery is most evidently the bone and sinew of the rebellion. Remove it by proclamation—invest the slaves with their natural rights—take them in the army—*employ them* as other men, and soon the cotton lords of the lash will be compelled to yield to coercion—the only thing they will ever submit to. More anon. ALEPH.

For the Christian Recorder

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR:—We are moving on here as fast as the current of events can drift us along. Since the adjournment of Congress, the public appear to satiate their intellectual desires by coming over each other's sentiments, and comparing view with view

The removal of General Halleck to this department has given rise to considerable speculation among all classes—some approving of the plan, while others express their disapprobation in violent terms

The melancholy task devolves upon us of recording the death of Mr. John Brown, who died in Alexandria, on Thursday last. He was advised to visit that city as a means of recruiting his health—but how abortive often proves the advice of men. Mr. Brown was a man of immense size. He weighed nearly or quite *four hundred pounds*. His coffin could barely get in one of the largest hearses in the city. I counted seventeen men around his coffin when conveying him from the hearse to the grave; and I could but exclaim to a friend by my side, "There is the mammoth coffin, and here the giant grave." But, thank God, he died in the faith.

There was a grand charitable demonstration in Wesley Zion Church (which is under the pastoral care of Rev. John D. Brooks) on Sabbath afternoon, the 20th instant, under the auspices of a benevolent society of young men, entitled the "Sons of Levi," for the purpose of raising a collection for the benefit of the sick and afflicted contrabands in this city. The meeting was opened at half-past three o'clock, P. M., and after which the presiding officer, Dyer Shelvey, introduced to the audience the orators selected for the occasion, viz.: Mr. James L. N. Brown, Mr. George Newman, Cato Ward.

The addresses were very suitable and appropriate to the occasion, and showed very clearly the necessity and importance of extending the hand of charity to the poor and distressed people now residing in the city. After the addresses had been delivered, a collection of twenty-seven dollars was raised for the object above stated. I hear that this society is somewhat famous for its liberal gifts and charitable donations. I hope that other societies and associations in this city may imitate the worthy example set forth by this noble-hearted Society, for I know that a generous public will cheerfully respond.

There was a very interesting time at Israel Church on Monday night, the 21st instant. The pastor of said church had put some thirty-five subscription books into the hands of several members and friends of the church to solicit money from every one they could to aid in making certain repairs on the church, and a ten-dollar bill was the premium to the highest collector. The church was packed to overflowing by spectators to see who would get the prize, and to witness the presentation.

Rev J. M. Brown, being on a visit to the city to urge a stronger action in support of the *Repository*, was called upon to address the house—which he did in a most masterly manner. He very forcibly showed that the day for getting our people into dirty churches and dilapidated places of worship was gone by; and that if we ever expected to hold the rising generation and cluster them around the A. M. E. Church, we must first have respectable churches for the worship of God Secondly, Sabbath schools in which to train the minds of the children, with useful and efficient teachers. Thirdly, an educated and intelligent ministry that could meet the wants of our congregations, with many more useful and weighty remarks. He closed by appealing to our congregations everywhere to build parsonages, and to neatly furnish them.

By this time the several subscription books were brought in, and the moneys counted. Rev. A. W. Wayman then arose, with the fine Bible in his hand to present to the prize-taker. The entire church was spell-bound as to who had triumphed in the race. After a few preliminary remarks, he announced the name of THOMAS CEPHUS, which created loud shouts, hand-clapping, feet-stamping, &c. As soon as the house could be restored to order, Rev. A. W. Wayman proceeded with the presentation. Brother Cephus, after receiving the Bible, spent the balance of the evening in bowing to the audience and smiling. He collected $73!

The money brought into the church that night amounted to several hundred dollars.

I had the pleasure of visiting the Quarterly Conference of Rev. H. J. Rhodes on Wednesday evening last, and things were ordinarily encouraging. H. M. T.

Washington, July 26th, 1862

For the Christian Recorder

FROM PORT DEPOSIT.

July 25th, 1862.

REV. ELISHA WEAVER—Dear Brother: I take great pleasure in writing at this time to inform you how I am getting on here since my appointment. I found the circuit in tolerably good condition. The people seemed to be very glad to receive me, and I was much pleased to meet them.

After meeting the people here on Sabbath, I saw the need of some repairs being made on this house. I broached the subject while their hearts were warm, and they immediately responded to me and commenced the work—and by the time I returned from my tramp around the circuit, on my arrival, I found in front of our little church a good, nice and substantial pair of steps. This shows willingness and activity in the people. This being done, it seemed to have moved some of the good sisters about the church to turn their attention to the interior portion of the building, and truly they did so, and commenced the work in earnest—and, in a very short time, the interior portion of the church was completely renovated, being neatly white-washed and painted, and the aisle, altar and pulpit carpeted very neatly—and, to cap the climax, they purchased a neat little clock, and suspended it in a conspicuous position in the church.

My dear brother, I can truly say, were it not for the untiring zeal of the female portion of our Zion, in a financial point, I know not what would be the result.

The entire cost of the above work was $113 00. The balance due is $15.00. With a few people, Brother Weaver, and they very poor, that was quick and prompt work. But when such sisters as Mrs. Rachel Cornish, Mrs. Hester Gorsuch, Mrs. Eliza Poulson, and Miss Amelia Haynes get to work, what they intend to do must be done.

My Quarterly Meetings are closed. Spiritual affairs are going on very well. Let this suffice—I am not a man for display.

You have sent me your excellent paper, and I received it as a great compliment indeed. Notwithstanding, that does not pay you two dollars, but I expect to be in your city soon, and I will then pay for it; if not, I will send the money—for I love the Church, the Book Concern, and you and your prosperity

Farewell. D N. W.

NEW ENGLAND ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE A. M. E. ZION CHURCH.

CONTINUED.

Whereas, This Society having evinced their interest for the progress of God's cause in rendering us their aid, therefore

Resolved, That we return our sincere thanks for the same, with our prayers for their prosperity, and that the names of the officers be printed in the Minutes.

The Juvenile Missionary Daughters of Clinton presented $6,00 for the Missionary cause, for which the Conference gave their expression in the following resolution:

Resolved, That we return our sincere thanks to the Juvenile Missionary Daughters of Clinton for their liberality in contributing to our necessity at this time of need, and that for their prosperity we shall ever pray, and that the names of the officers be printed in the Minutes.

The Juvenile Missionary Fund of New Haven, by proxy, presented $6,00 for the Missionary cause. The following resolution passed unanimously:

Resolved, That inasmuch as the Missionary Fund of New Haven have evinced their sympathy with us in the Missionary cause, that we express our gratitude to them by a vote of thanks, praying for their prosperity, and insert the names of the officers in the Minutes.

Superintendent Bishop then addressed the Societies, applauding their benevolence, encouraging them in their efforts, thanking them for their sympathies, and wishing them success and prosperity through life, and a blessed inheritance beyond this vale of tears.

The Societies then withdrew with the usual preliminaries, and Conference adjourned.

Wednesday and Thursday afternoon was occupied in reading essays. Publicity having been given, a number of persons were present to hear them. They were as follows:

Geo. A. Spywood and Wm. B. Smith, on "Superannuated Preachers." J. Hicks, on "Advice to Young Preachers." Geo. H. Washington, on "Slavery." James A. Jones, on "Tobacco." Jos. O Smith, on "Chemistry." Gabriel Rice, on "Faith." S. M. Giles, on "Ministerial Biography." Abraham Roberson, on "Temperance." There were several others, but they were not prepared. Had I been a spectator, I might have given my opinion upon these essays as to their merit, but circumstances deny me that privilege Superintendent Bishop passed his opinion upon them; and though there was no prize given, the one on "Slavery" was pronounced as the best. I would have sent his decision on each one, but as I did not take notes of the exercises, I would not like to give the result of memory lest I should make a mistake.

Thursday evening, a Missionary meeting was held. In consequence of the inclemency of the weather, the audience was small; hence the exercises did not commence as soon as was intended, which shortened it and made it less interesting than it would have been. Rev. G. A. Spywood, President of the Mission Board, presided. The meeting was opened with singing, and prayer by the venerable Rev. Christopher Rush. The President then made a few remarks on the importance of the Mission cause, the interest which should be manifested in its behalf, the success of our effort since the organization of this Board, its great demand for laborers, and means to send them; concluding, he introduced the reading of the fifth annual Report

The Secretary, S. M. Giles, read the Report purporting as follows:

That the cause of religion is so appreciated by Christians, it becomes a source of gratification to them to hear of its progress, and such were the demands for laborers, that our limited advantages would be no apology for not doing what we could to save our fellow-creatures from ruin; that the Report of last year not being published, owing to some unavoidable hinderance, was much regretted, nevertheless, so far as the finance is concerned, it would be copied and published this year. It had been a matter of deep regret that no efforts were in progress in behalf of our mission in other Conference districts, but that this seeming indifference has been remedied by several of our sister Conferences, which have organized mission funds.

At the opening of the Conference the receipts were less than they had been, but, from the matter being made known, there was considerable assistance rendered. The receipts of the year ending June 19th, 1861, were $187,87; disbursements, $154,10; leaving a balance in favor of the fund, $33,27. The receipts of the year ending June 24th, 1862, were $228,94; brought forward from last year, $33,27; making a total of $258,21; disbursements, $254,94; leaving a balance in favor of the fund, $3,27. Of the amount disbursed through the last year, $172,00 was appropriated for the Missionaries' support, and $82,94 appropriated to send them to their fields of labor.

The prospects of the Missions were favorable. Through the indefatigable labors of Rev. J. W. Hood, with his associate, William H. Martin, in Nova Scotia, and Rev. J. G. Urling, Demerara, W. I., the cause of God was advancing, and the Missions were progressing. The Home Missions were not opened or commenced until last year, but, from the returns of the Missionaries, the prospect was encouraging. It was deemed essential to open a Mission in the South; though some brethren had been sent already, yet there was room for more. It was urged that some effort should be made as speedily as possible, so as to enable one of the Superintendents to visit the foreign Missions.

The Report being completed, the following resolution was proposed:

Whereas, The Missions of our Connexion are on the advance, and the gospel progressing among those who have long been deprived of its benefits, therefore

Resolved, That we shall pray for their prosperity, and do our endeavors to secure an interest in our congregations on its behalf, especially among our brethren who have been freed from the thraldom of slavery and permitted to enjoy all the advantages of the gospel.

This resolution was followed with some remarks by Rev. Wm. F. Butler and Jas. A. Jones, and finally put to the house and carried

Superintendent Bishop then made some remarks in behalf of the Missions, and solicited a collection for their support. Previous to taking up the collection, the following resolution was read:

Whereas, The Missionary cause is the cause of God, and all Christians are in duty bound to aid in sending the gospel to those who sit in the regions of darkness, and without the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, therefore

Resolved, That this congregation be requested to give a liberal contribution to aid in this cause, and for the support of our Home and Foreign Missionaries who may be sent out from this Annual Conference to those who were destitute of the word of God

Rev. J. W. Hood and G. H. Washington were to have made some remarks on this resolution, but declined, owing to the lateness of the hour, therefore it was put to vote and carried.

A collection was then taken up, amounting to $3,16. The exercises were closed with singing a doxology, and benediction by Superintendent Rees. The whole exercises were interspersed with singing by the Choir.

The two days following were occupied in discussing matters pertaining to the Conference, and the propriety of sending delegates to our sister Conferences, reviewing the Report of the Board of Missions, and electing officers of the Board for the ensuing year

The Board of officers were as follows:

G. A. Spywood, President; S. M Giles, Secretary; Wm. F. Butler, Corresponding Secretary; Geo. H. Washington, Treasurer; Jos G. Smith, John Williams, Dempsey Kennedy, Standing Committee; Jos. Hicks, Agent

ELEVENTH SESSION

Conference convened agreeable to adjournment Subsequent to the usual formalities, the house proceeded to business Rev Washington presented a collection of $25 00, from the Hartford Church, for the benefit of the Conference. The following resolution was offered and unanimously carried:

Resolved, That this Conference tender a vote of thanks to the trustees and congregation of this church for their generous contribution in aid of the Conference.

The subject of Camp Meeting was introduced After considerable discussion it was decided that there should be two Camp Meetings,—one to accommodate the eastern, and the other the western portion of the district.

Several hours were spent in discussing points of law of the Discipline, which was very interesting. Subsequently the appointments were read out as follows:

New Bedford, Mass., Joseph Hicks. Boston, Mass., Wm. F. Butler. Worcester, Mass., Jos O. Smith. Springfield, Mass., James A. Jones. Hartford, Conn., J. F. Lloyd. Middletown, Conn., S. M. Giles. New Haven, Conn., John Williams. Bridgeport, Conn., G. A. Spywood. Providence, R. I., G. H. Washington. Cranston, R. I., Wm. Smith; G. H. Washington, overnight. Halifax, N. S., Dempsey Kennedy. Nova Scotia Mission, J. W. Hood and Wm. H. Martin. Home Mission, Abraham Roberson, Wm. H. Mallory. Superannuaries, Gabriel Rice, Nathaniel Stubbs

The last question was asked, and answered by the following resolution:

Resolved, That the next Annual Conference be held in Zion Church, Boston, Mass., on Saturday, June 13th, 1863, at 4 o'clock, P. M.

The Finance Committee and Board of Missions not being prepared to make their appropriation, the session adjourned to Tuesday morning, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

TWELFTH SESSION

Conference assembled at the appointed hour. Superintendents resumed their seats. After the disposition of some sundry matters, the venerable Ex Superintendent C. Rush arose and addressed the Superintendents and Conference. In his remarks he alluded to his invalid situation from the loss of sight, which rendered him of little use to the Connexion, yet, while he lived, he desired to do what he could, whether little or much; that he had been enabled to do so from the kindness and sympathy of the Superintendents and brethren, who were always ready to lend him and have him go with them; while it gratified him, he felt grateful to God for giving him kind friends, and thanked the brethren for their love and sympathy toward him in his helpless condition; that his prayer to God should ever be for their prosperity and His blessing upon their labors, and should it be the last time he ever met with them, he hoped to meet them in heaven.

The remarks of this venerable father made a deep impression upon the Conference, and called forth expression from both Superintendents and Conference,—remarks in which they expressed the gratification it gave them to have him in their midst. They thanked him for the advice and exhortation he had given them, and would try to profit by it; that they desire that he would always attend this Conference while he had strength to come. In confirmation of their desire, the Conference, by a unanimous vote, gave him an invitation to attend the Conference as a delegate whenever, and as long as he was able to do so.

He then arose and took an affectionate leave of the brethren, shaking hands with them one by one, and as he did so, gave words of advice and exhortation to each one. It was a solemn and affecting scene that will not soon, if ever, be forgotten.

The Report of the Finance Committee was as follows:

Superintendents' salary, $70,00; balance due, $37,14. Collected for preachers' allowance, $910,61; balance due, $276,35. Collected for Conference purposes, $98,48; disbursed, $98,48.

Statistics of Membership.—Members, 435; probationers, 77, local preachers, 5; exhorters, 6 Total, 523.

Sabbath School Statistics.—Scholars, 408; teachers, 94; library of books, 1420.

NOTE.—This is not a full account of financial statistics, as several churches did not make returns.

The remainder of the session was occupied in discussing several theological questions, which I did not hear, being officially engaged.

Thus after a session of twelve days, the Conference closed. Although it was interesting, it was very tedious, and was the longest ever held in this district. GAMMA.

AN ECCENTRIC MINISTER.

Amusing stories are told of some men richly gifted with every kind of sense but common sense. But we have never seen any incidents of this sort quite equal to those told of an eminent Scotch minister and professor, Rev. Dr. Lawson. His biographer, Dr. McFarlane, is responsible for the following:

Dr. Lawson's most troublesome infirmity was "absence of mind," which was constantly leading him into comical perplexities. Some of the instances are laughable:

"He had been sent on one occasion by his father to Goldie's mill, about a mile from Hallmyre, with a sack of grain, to be ground into meal for the family, as was then customary. The sack was laid upon a horse, which George was instructed to lead by a halter He proceeded along the road, never doubting that the animal was following him, but all the while poring over the pages of a book, or pursuing some train of thought. The horse, however, had contrived to free himself from the halter, and George arrived at the mill without either horse or sack, to the astonishment of the worthy miller, who predicted that much good could never come of a youth so thoughtless alike of man or beast. The horse was found quietly grazing by the way-side, not far from his father's house."

"One very rainy day, as Dr. Lawson was trudging along a road, a friend, whose door he was passing, saw the plight in which he was, and shoved an umbrella in his hand. As he went along, the rain still falling, a person met him who noticed that the umbrella was buttoned up in his great coat. Thinking that the umbrella had given way, he said: 'Doctor, I am sorry that your umbrella has not served you in this heavy rain.' 'Oh!' replied he, 'I have a good umbrella, but I have concealed it here, lest it get wetted by the shower.'"

"Mrs Lawson and he were once returning from a sacrament in the country. As was the custom then, they rode upon the same horse—she on a pad behind him. At her request he made a *detour*, that she might call on a friend Having slipped off the horse, Mrs. Lawson went and made her call, he promising to wait upon her return. She was not long gone when the horse quietly walked away, and soon reached Selkirk. 'Here,' called the doctor to the servant, 'come and help your mistress off.' The servant looked surprised, and told him that Mrs. Lawson was not upon the horse. He immediately rode back and took up his wife, who was making the best of her way homeward

"Once the servant rushed into the study, crying out 'that the house was on fire' 'Go tell your mistress,' said he. 'I have no charge of household matters.'"

IT is not the quantity but the quality of knowledge which determines the mind's dignity

CHRIST WOUNDED IN THE HOUSE OF HIS FRIENDS.

"Well, I've done one stroke of business," said Mr. Worldly-wise, as he walked into the counting-room of his friend Smith one cold, sharp morning.

"What now, Deacon?" said Mr. Smith, looking up from his desk

"Oh," replied he, rubbing his hands vigorously as he seated himself comfortably before the fire, "we've made X., Q. & Co. pay five per cent. more than we expected."

"How is that?"

"You know they thought they might pay seventy cents on a dollar. We, as committee of the creditors, of which—ahem—I am chairman,—(the deacon was very apt to be chairman on such committees,) fixed upon eighty cents as what we would be willing to take; but I have just come from there, and by turning the screw once more I have got them to agree to eighty-five per cent. on nine months, with interest. That'll make quite a difference to us, who have quite a large claim upon them."

"Well, Deacon, you're a shrewd man; but this will make a difference to them, too, and I don't think they can afford it."

"Yes, I suppose it will; but then, if a man fails, he fails and expects to begin at the bottom of the ladder"

"And you wouldn't help him to the second round when you could as well as not?"

"I must do the best I can for the creditors I represent."

"But there's X. He is such a good fellow. I wish you could have favored him a little. He has a large family, and in times like these we must be merciful, for there's no knowing who will need it next."

The deacon sat rather uneasily. He could not forget the look of sorrow and disappointment with which X. had met his persistent refusal to take any less, so as to give him a chance to help himself. The pale, haggard, anxious face haunted him. Conscience, too, whispered, he might have been a little more kind in his manner towards the unfortunate man, who, at one stroke, had been deprived of the hard-earned accumulations of a life, for he was now well advanced in years. "All stuff," he said to himself; "sick wife,—good many children,—no rich friend to call upon,—same old story." Then, with an air of much sympathy,—a sympathy which says so comfortably, "don't touch my pocket,"—a sympathy which would not all the birds shivering in midsummer,—he added, "He is a truly good man, and I am really sorry for his misfortune; but 'the race is not always to the swift;' 'whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.'"

"So am I sorry," said his friend; "and to tell you the truth, I think it would have been just as well to let it go at their offer."

"Couldn't have done it; it would have been a bad precedent; and, besides, the creditors would never have consented."

"Now, look here, friend; I am one of the larger sufferers, you will acknowledge, and I don't make any professions of being governed by religious principle, but I do think it never hurt any body to make a sacrifice for an honest man. Such men are too scarce. Fact is, Deacon, to speak plainly, I never thought you did right with B. Brothers, when they failed"

The deacon looked disturbed. He tilted his chair, felt in his pockets, nervously, for his penknife, but asked, "Didn't I do the best I could?"

"Yes, for the creditors, and better, than you ought. You know B. better than I do, for he is a member of your church, but I know him to be a gentleman and an honest man too,—isn't he?"

"A better Christian don't walk this earth. I've known him in the church for more than a dozen years. He is generous and benevolent to the last degree,—even to his own discomfort."

"And he would have been glad to pay every cent he owed?"

"Yes; I do not doubt he would: and I believe he did pay to the very last day he had anything to pay with."

"And yet you recommended they should pay so high a percentage that they could not possibly go on in business?"

"It was my duty to get as much as I could."

"Well, Deacon, I confess I should not want to fall into your hands if I should be unfortunate. You acknowledge that B. might have gone on in business if you had only favored him; and you also own that he would have paid dollar for dollar as soon as able; and yet instead of helping, you give him a kick, which so prostrates him that he can neither save himself nor be in a way to help others again."

"The Lord helps those who help themselves."

"But B's. failure was not his fault. No human foresight could have foretold it. I would have trusted him for twenty thousand dollars the day he failed. It was all brought upon him by others in consequence of the panic, and therefore the greater the need of leniency."

"But it was time to make an example of some one. You know how many fail and make money."

"It is a pity you could not have chosen such a one for an 'example,' instead of taking such a straight-forward, honest, noble specimen of a man and a Christian as B."

"Well, it is better to go to the grave a poor man, than live in wealth that does not belong to one or is a disgrace to him."

"I don't see that you have anything to do with that. The Lord knows his own, whether in a hovel or a palace. If you had been generous, B. might still have been doing a good business, and you would have gained quite as much in the end. For my part I thought it was cruel, and sent back all over a reasonable percentage as a present to his wife, and I don't believe I shall ever be a cent the poorer for it."

Such was a conversation between two business men; the one a professed Christian, the other a theatre-going, pleasure-loving, but generous and—we had almost said—conscientious man of the world.

Of what good will all the exhortations of Deacon Worldly-wise be to his friend, given, though they may be, with great show of earnestness and fervency of spirit? Will he respect him for his charities, chronicled though they may be in public prints?—and think you he will strive for that religion in his own heart which does not restrain the deacon from oppressing his neighbor for love of gain?

Alas! *So is the Saviour "wounded in the house of his friends!"*

PERSECUTION FOR TRUTH'S SAKE.

"It is folly," said Addison, "for an eminent man to think of escaping censure, and a weakness to be affected by it All the illustrious persons of antiquity, and, indeed of every age in the world, have passed through this fiery persecution. There is no defence against reproach, but obscurity. It is a kind of concomitant to greatness, as satire and invective were an essential part of a Roman triumph."

Remember the saying: "It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude"

BIBLES AND PRIESTS.—The Rev. Mr. Blackford, a missionary of the Presbyterian Foreign Board, in making a report of an exploring visit to the interior of Brazil, says the priests positively prohibit the people from reading the Bible, and the copies of which have been distributed they collect and burn

GOD estimates us not by the position we are in, but the way in which we fill it

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, August 2, 1862.

DEDICATION

There will be a dedication of the A. M. E Church, at Marietta, Pa., on the 17th inst. Rev Thomas W. Henry is the pastor or elder in charge An invitation is extended to the brethren and friends

ATLANTIC CITY.

Mrs. S. Wailes has opened the Union Cottage for the accommodation of all who may desire to go to Atlantic City and spend a few days in recreation. We are informed that she has made quite extensive preparations. She will be pleased to have the pleasure of waiting on all who will favor her with their presence.

POSTPONEMENT.

The A. M. E. Mission School Walk, which was postponed, will take place on the 7th inst. As this is a mission school, it is to be hoped that they will be encouraged.

A BUSH MEETING.

The Rev. H. Young, Elder in charge of the Hordentown circuit, will have a bush meeting for that circuit, to commence on the 10th of August, Cookstown, N. J., and to continue to the 17th, at which time the public are invited to attend.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Of Rev. R. H. Cain, of Brooklyn, on act. for papers sold,	5 00
Of Rev. A. T. Hall, of Keokuk, Iowa,	3 00
Mr. Henry Depugh,	1 00
Rev. H. M. Turner of Washington, D. C.	7 00

GRAND HARVEST HOME.

The Ladies' C. McMullen Sewing Circle of the A. M. E. Mount Zion Church, Trenton, under the pastoral charge of Rev. William Moore, will hold a Harvest Home for the benefit of their organization, in Mosm' Woods, on Thursday, Aug. the 7th.

They propose to give a grand dinner on the ground, and also refreshments. They also expect to have several addresses delivered on the occasion by eminent speakers They also intend to hold a festival in the church at night As this is a laudable cause in which those ladies are engaged, we hope that they will have the presence of thousands upon the occasion. Now, what say you, my readers?

CORRECTION.

Again are we called upon to chronicle another of those errors which will creep into print despite all carefulness in guarding against them. In giving credit to Mr. John for the *Recorder*, it should have been *two* instead *of one* dollar.

PRAISEWORTHY.

Rev. H. M. Turner and Rev. R. H. Cain are trying the talents of our young men and our old men in the ministry, and especially those who profess to possess some degree of scholarship. That is right, brothers Cain and Turner—hit them again.

FROM THE CHURCHES.

Rev. A. T. Hall, of Keokuk, Iowa, who was appointed in charge of that mission, and whose services for the year are about up, is making preparations to meet his brethren at the Conference which sits in Indianapolis, Indiana, on the 15th of August. We are glad to hear that the mission is still prosperous. The Lord be with the dear people. We refer our readers to brother Hall's letter.

FROM SALEM, N. J.

Rev. James Holton seems quite encouraged with his circuit, so far, and is getting along very well. The blessed Lord was with them according to the report in his letter.

TRENTON, N. J.

Rev. Elder Moore, pastor of the Trenton Church, was in our book-room on Tuesday, and also at the preachers' meeting. He is getting along finely with his charge. The Lord bless him in his labors.

BETHEL CHURCH, PHILA.,

Under the pastoral charge of Rev. J. P. Campbell. The Quarterly Meeting of this church commenced on the 25th ultimo, with a general class, which was visited with the outpouring of the Spirit of the Lord. There was also preaching on Saturday night, and on Sabbath, at ten o'clock, we had the pleasure of sitting under the preaching of Rev. Henry Davis. It was good to be there—for we felt that the Lord was there. At three o'clock we preached for Elder Campbell, and at night Rev. J. E. V. Morgan. Love Feast on Monday night.

We were extremely sorry that we could not be present on this most interesting occasion. A severe attack of indisposition compelled us to remain at home.

OUR CINCINNATI CORRESPONDENCE.

Our readers will see, by reading a letter from Cincinnati, from our correspondence, that our loyal and civil citizens are annoyed with a certain kind of plague. The colored people and the Germans seem to suffer the most from the effects The Irish, in Cincinnati, seem to be the plague Do they rule the city of Cincinnati? and if not, cannot the authorities of the city suppress such disgraceful conduct? Send over to Philadelphia, and the Mayor of this city can soon settle the hash with them. We believe that they are urged on by a certain clique, but they all will get their reward.

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM SALEM.

Mr. Editor—Dear Brother: Permit me to tender to you a few lines in reference to our circuit. Brother Jay and myself are getting along quite as well as we can expect at the present. We have had good meetings all around the circuit. Our Quarterly term closed at Salem on the 13th and 14th inst. We had a glorious meeting—the good Lord was with us. We had visitors from Philadelphia, Old Chester and Wilmington, together with a considerable number from brother Woodlin's charge. The congregation was estimated at over five hundred. Our Sabbath Schools are getting along very well. We are making a strong effort to raise money to pay for our parsonage. The sum of $250 is to be paid on the 1st of September next. Oh, that the Lord would create an enterprising spirit in us all

Your humble servant and brother in Christ,

JAMES HOLTON,
Pastor of Salem Circuit

For the Christian Recorder.

THE NECESSITY FOR AN EDUCATED MINISTRY IN THE A. M E CHURCH.

Circumstances, experience, study, and examination are the most efficient means for instructing in every department of human relations. They qualify us to form correct opinions and judgment of all matters of interest to society, whether politically, morally, socially, or religiously. The attentive observer will not be at a loss to discern the causes which hasten the decline of power and strength in any association of men, while he traces all the measures employed to sustain them in their composts. Among all combinations of men, there is necessarily a weakness inseparable from mortality. To be perfect is godlike; which is more than can be claimed for mankind. Yet the great and numerous facilities which God in his providence has provided for our instruction deprives us of the many excuses which might be made for our continual neglect in qualifying ourselves to be wise in the things of vital interest to us and ours If it be true that the more light a people possess, the better they are qualified to make progress in the work of elevation, it must be equally true, the more thorough their education, the better. Then there is manifestly a great need of competent teachers, who are fully qualified to lead the masses to the fount of living truth, that they may there satiate their thirst with the pure waters of life

If there is any department of instruction that needs educated teachers and leaders, it is in the A. M. E. Church. Situated as she is, holding a central ruling position among the masses, she is capable of gathering in more to the temple of divine truth than any other organization in this country. Aggressive in her movements, republican in her polity and government, comprehending the wants of the people, and ever ready to fly at the cry of every new community who call to her; yea, more, before they call she is hastening to proclaim the glad news of redemption; gathering them into the sacred fold of Christ, The spirit of Him who went about doing good resting upon her, what may she not do, if properly supplied with men and means adequate to the work to be performed. It has, no doubt, been a source of humiliation and shame to the better informed to listen to the tirades entered into by certain ignorants, claiming to be the instructors of the church, against education, and with an air of triumph, asked, "*Who are the greatest rascals, robbers, and counterfeiters among us but your educated men.*" as if the wickedness and crime committed by these was the result of education rather than an evil and unregenerate soul. Such men are not competent to guide and instruct the people for their good. They may move their passions and excite their prejudices against learning, but not render them intelligent, and instruct them for their improvement. What the church needs is a class of teachers who are willing to suffer, and learn to suffer. We want, and must have, a ministry who will look to the interest of the rising generation, instructing them in the high and holy duties which pertain to this world as well as the future. One great mistake made by the old school preachers is, that they have always preached the people to heaven before they have qualified them by proper instruction for the duties of true Christians on the earth as God would have them perform them. Men should begin to live in heaven on earth. There is as much need that a people be instructed in their duties here, as well as a man should clear, plough, and harrow the ground before planting the seed and reaping the luxuriant harvest. The people are to be instructed in the duties of this life as well as of a future. The realization of the future joys are contingent on our conduct and life in this present state, "for every man shall receive according as his work shall be." The minister should be fully qualified for his high responsibilities. He should give himself wholly to this work of saving his fellow man. This duty is inculcated by the great Apostle of the Gentiles in his memorable charge to Timothy, where he commands study and research; nay, more, he impresses this as a duty which must be performed, in order to a correct understanding of the Word of God, "for it is sanctified by the Word of God and prayer; but if thou put the brethren in remembrance of these things, thou shalt be a good minister of Jesus Christ, nourished up in the words of faith and of good doctrine, whereunto thou hast attained" (1 Tim. v. 6.) These things command and *teach*. Let no man despise thy youth, but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity. Till I come, give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine. Neglect not the gift that is in thee, which was given thee by prophecy, with the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery. Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them, that thy profiting may appear to all. Take heed to thyself, and unto the doctrine; continue in them, for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee."

Who can read this passage, and then condemn an educated ministry? If there is to be a continual advance in religious sentiment, in moral, social, and intellectual culture, then we must have a class of teachers qualified for the great work. We do not despise the work of our fathers; nay, we love to recount their deeds of honor, of love, of Christian perseverance, and godly courage. They sowed the seed; we are reaping the fruits of their labors In all fields there are some tares, but there is much good substantial wheat, which proves the staff of life to the family and to hundreds of our neighbors. They eat and are thankful. So we, the happy recipients of the blessing flowing from the labors of Richard Allen, Daniel Coker, and a host of others who have labored and suffered in the cause of Christ. But they have died to a higher sphere of activity, and are achieving greater victories in knowledge in the heavenly region May their sons and successors be as faithful to the trust committed to their care, and prove worthy of their high calling in Christ Jesus. That our closing years may be as his who, when ready to be offered up, exclaimed "I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." Brethren, respond. So mote it be henceforth and forever. Amen.

R. H. C

Come One and All.—Senator Lane, of Kansas, has to day received authority from the President and Secretary of War to recruit troops under the late laws passed by Congress, and with this authority he will leave on Saturday for the West, where he will issue a public order, calling on all loyal men, irrespective of party or color, to join his army. He expects to have one white and two black regiments in the field in three weeks from the time of reaching his destination. He has full authority to draw on all quartermasters and commissaries for arms, clothing, and subsistence.

For the Christian Recorder.

Mr. Editor:—Our city is full of excitement. The recruiting officers are going round beating up for volunteers Last night there was a large meeting held in Monument Square in favor of the war. Many eminent speakers addressed the meeting; among them was the Governor of the State.

While this excitement is going on, death upon the pale horse is moving rapidly up one street, and down the other Many of your readers will regret to learn that Rev. Chas. Dunn, one of the oldest local preachers in Baltimore is no more He closed his earthly career on Monday night, [illegible] Brother Dunn had been complaining for several months, yet he was not considered dangerously ill by his friends; yet when the hour came for him to go, he was ready and willing. During a recent visit to him, in company with one or two other brethren, he said, after prayer, to one of them, "I want you to read two chapters for me—the 35th and 55th of Isaiah;" and while the reading was going on, the aged veteran raised up his hands and said that it—the last verse in the 35th chapter—was always a favorite passage of his when he was able to preach.

No man was better known and more universally loved than father Dunn. He was always looked for at church, and many a time before the hour for service arrived, he was there singing

"Come, brothers and sisters,
That love one another."

It may be said "he was a good man." Very few were ever heard to say anything about father Dunn. He was so exemplary in his life, that everybody regarded him as "an Israelite indeed." But his race is run, and his warfare is ended. He died at his post, with harness on. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." A. W. W.

Baltimore, July 28th, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

Bro. Weaver:—Another year almost closed; and whilst war has and still is opening large fields for missionary operations, it depopulates some of our missions: hence the work in Iowa is dull, whilst in Kansas, flourishing,—there they flock; it is not Canada now. There old river towns are not settling much, but everything is unsettled, and getting more so. We have a few things that I shall now notice. So many of the people of color are away in the summer season, that it is a very hard matter to say anything satisfactory; so as we are winding up, please notice:

Married by the Rev. A. T. Hall, July 22d, 1862, Mr. Henry Tebo to Miss Cornelia Kay, all of this city. I here pay up my paper bill, $2 00. Also, I send you a six months' subscriber,—Mr. Henry Depugh, $1.00,—for the *Recorder*. Living on the Rise, as we are, and the city asleep, whilst the guerillas are playing "Hide and go seek" about ten miles from us, you see that we are not settled down, but all the time fixed for running; so you see that there is a good deal of watching, and, sorry to say, not much prayer. But the good Lord is still with us. The dear sisters of the Sewing Circle, established by Sister Jackson, (Brother Jackson giving the Constitution,—as say the sisters here,) have held festivals and fairs. But most all of the men are out of town,—some following the soldiers for gain, others running on the rivers to make an honest living. But the good Lord will bring all things right. The dear sisters of the Circle held their fair for three nights, and realized the handsome sum of $40, which they have paid over to their Missionary for the support of his family. I also, by request, a few weeks ago, made a visit to Quincy, Ill., where once we had a flourishing little society; but the head winds of adversity had blown away the beautiful little church; the edifice had been sold and re-sold. The Lord put it into the heart of Bro. Simeon Clark to make the second purchase, and through the zeal of Bro. Matthew T. Newsome, he re-organized the society and elected new trustees, among which is Bro. Clark. The church is made over to the A. M. E. Church. A society of the friends of the church organized to raise the money and meet the instalments. The President of the society is my old friend, Mr. Martin, formerly a member of the Baptist persuasion. Well, I took the new organization under the Bethel flag, and the Lord blessed us, and a song was once more heard in Zion; so I left Bro. M. T. in charge, and returned to my mission, after renewing, in Quarterly Meeting, the license of Bro. H. H. Willson, who, I believe, was first licensed by yourself when in charge of the church at Chicago. The friends think that there are about two hundred persons of color in Quincy. Well, they now want a school teacher. They or the city pay out of the school fund $90 per quarter, and we want one here at the sum of $75 per quarter. Each school commences on the first of September. These schools are paid out of the school funds of the several States or each State. I must close. Pray for us. Amen. A. T. Hall.

Keokuk, Iowa, July 25th, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

BALTIMORE CITY CORRESPONDENCE

Baltimore City Correspondence—Churches—Bethel—Ebenezer—Union Bethel—Watter's Chapel and Lemmier Street—The Elder from Wilmington—Hard Times—Schools—Anglo-African Exhibition of Industry and Art—The Carlisle Shot—Repository—Recorder.

Mr. Editor:—Close and unremitting attention to my charge has caused me to be silent, and deprived me of the pleasant chit-chat I have been wont to hold with your readers

The condition of our churches here, in the main, is encouraging The mother church is still exhibiting her accustomed life and pouring her vigor into weaker points. Her power to nourish and build up her weaker sister churches under an energetic and skilful leadership must be unbounded.

Ebenezer church is fast shaking off the dust of twenty-five years, arousing to a sense of her responsibility, and, with unequalled courage, zeal and hope, dares to commence the erection of a new and commodious church edifice, with all the modern improvements. Marked improvement in every department of this church has been noticeable for a year past, showing the happy effect of close attention to duties, official and spiritual, as well as an adherence to the characteristics of true Methodism, order and system.

Union Bethel is improving. Harmony begins to reign, and the signs are propitious, promising a prosperous Conference year.

Watter's Chapel wags under a debt of a little over four thousand dollars. This church was obtained by our connexion from the A. M. E. Zion Wesleyan connexion, through their inability to pay the debt.

The present congregation, backed up by the A. M Church, agreed to pay five thousand for it. During the last four years about one thousand dollars have been paid. The last session of the Conference found the people despondent as they looked upon the hopeless aspect of their condition. The congregation dwindled almost to a Corporal's guard, the Sabbath-school scattered; but thank God there are unmistakable signs of returning life. Sail after sail is being unfurled, and we hope soon to see the little bark, with canvass "full to the breeze," unbosomed.

Moving on through penons and gale.

During four years this church has been favored with able pastors. The first, young and burning with zeal, caring more for the church than for himself. The late pastor was one of the most successful preachers in the District Conference, who for the last eighteen years has been everywhere successful; yet thus favored she has languished, and perhaps she is now about tired of trying to die, and for the sake of a change will try to live.

What is true of the last named church is true of Lessier St. The aspect is sufficiently hopeful to quicken the beat of the pastor's pulse.

The elder from Wilmington is visiting our city He reports a dark cloud resting over his field of labor. Since Conference it has not broken; therefore he seeks the sunshine of our city. We are glad to state that our people gave him both silver and paper pledges of sympathy. God grant

"The clouds be so much dreads,
Are big with mercies
And shall break—"

The day schools, with the exception of Bethel Church school, are somewhat thin, owing, no doubt, to the hardness of the times and the warmth of the weather. A highly enthusiastic meeting was held recently to prepare for the great Anglo-African Exhibition of Industry and Art, to be held in Brooklyn. Though the time is short, Baltimore will be up and doing, for her great heart beats in unison with every heart that throbs with ardent desire for the improvement of our race.

The shot from Chambersburgh by the Episcopal battery, falling so far short of the mark, fails to provoke an attack. The battery we trust will get in a more eligible position, load, ram and fire again. Boom! The circulation of, and interest in the Repository here, is great. The Recorder, too, has a good prospect, despite the little encouragement it has received, owing to a want of exertion. Your correspondent will leave this city for Indianapolis, *en route* to Galena, Ill., about the 15th proximo.

Hampshire.

President Benson, of Liberia.—The American Colonization Society, of this city, learns that President Benson left London, on the 5th inst., for Hamburg and the Continent, expecting to be absent some five or six weeks. It is therefore unlikely that he will visit the United States. Everywhere in England he has been treated with the greatest possible kindness, courtesy, and respect. The three last invitations he had before his departure from London were to breakfast with the Duchess of Argyle, to dine at the Lord Mayor's Banquet, where the Viceroy of Egypt was, and to a magnificent evening party at Miss Burdett Coutts'. "He had innumerable invitations," writes Gerard Ralston, Esq., "more than he physically could accept."

From the Lutheran and Missionary.

FALSEHOOD REFUTED.

One of the saddest things which have been brought out by the war, is the spirit of falsehood which seems to have been let loose over the land. The telegraph lies and the newspaper publishes its untruths, until no one knows what to believe concerning the army or its movements, or even the government itself. In the way of slander and downright lying, some leading Eastern and Western papers have a dreadful pre-eminence. The very fact of intelligence first appearing in their columns, is evidence of its falsehood. Prominent and prince among these, is the *New York Herald*, literally "the Satanic," for over its capacious columns "the father of lies" presides, and in its virulent and countless falsehoods holds high carnival. In that vile sheet, we expect nothing noble and look for nothing but untruth, sympathy with oppression, and the most bitter and unrelenting persecution of the poor and enslaved. From papers, however, which profess decency and appeal to the Church for patronage, we have a right to look for something very different. It is, therefore, with deep sorrow, that we call the attention of our pastors to the fact, that the "*Weltbote*" of Allentown, Pa., a German paper, for whose circulation many of them have done much, has of late lent itself to this miserable work of detraction, and by contrasts and appeals, based upon falsehoods, is using its influence to awaken the prejudices of its readers against those who have well been called "God's poor," and who cannot defend themselves.

The following extract is translated from a leader in the issue of July 9th, and is a sample of similar articles of the Vallandigham stamp, which have lately appeared in the columns of that paper.

"It is known that in those sections, of which our troops in the South have obtained possession, a large number of slaves have been found, who are augmented by almost daily arrivals. These so called 'contrabands' now live partly in the camps of our soldiers and partly in their immediate vicinity, and are fed and clothed by our government.

"In the neighborhood of Port Royal, S. C., their number has increased to some 10,000, about the half of whom are women, children and superannuated persons With these negroes, our Minister of Finance, Mr. Chase, desired to make a civilization experiment, and divided among them 13,795 acres of land, the former property of the rebels, giving them at the same time wages, in addition to clothing food, etc. The well known Abolitionist (?) Pierce, of Lowell, Mass., was appointed Superintendent, and 93 (??) male and female missionaries, supported by the government, and under the direction of Mr. Pierce, began their operations in Port Royal. *But the undertaking would not succeed! The grown-up negroes would not work, and proved stubborn. The customary hangings about since their transfer into freedom, pleased them much better.* General Hunter, likewise, got the idea into his head to organize a black brigade from among those who were capable of bearing arms, but this stupidity knocked the barrel from its bottom, and the powder and bullet fearing contrabands ran away! Thus this civilizations project came to nothing, *but the expenses occasioned thereby, the taxable people of the North have to pay.*"

In answer to this collection of low falsehoods, which are published in the *Weltbote* for the purpose of giving color to the charge of injustice by the government toward the widows of our soldiery, we have but little to say, for others, who speak by authority, will sufficiently refute the assertions that the negro will not work, that the project is a failure, and that the taxable population of the North must pay the cost, &c It is known that the government recently sent Brigadier General Saxton to Port Royal with instructions, also, to examine and report upon the result of the contraband labor. Our readers have seen what the Allentown editor wrote on the 9th of July on this subject, and what a plausible plea he makes for the continuance of slavery! The following was written by Gen. Saxton at Beaufort, S. C., on the 10th of July, on the same subject, only a day later, and is addressed to the Secretary of War.

"The negroes are working industriously. We have some 15,000 acres of corn and cotton under cultivation. It looks well. The system of voluntary labor works admirably. The people are contented and happy. When the crop is harvested they will cease to be a burden upon the Government. By adopting a judicious system of reward for labor, almost any amount can be obtained. Its proceeds will pay the expense."

Two leading facts are here brought out: *the negro will work faithfully for wages*, and secondly, *their labor is sufficiently remunerative to free the government of all expense on their account.* Besides this, "they are contented and happy," whereas, when in slavery, they were discontented and miserable, and on their arrival into our lines, were, in most instances covered with rags. We can speak from frequent and personal observation on the same subject. The present condition of the contrabands at Fortress Monroe is just the same. Their industry, good behaviour, and rapid improvement during the past twelve months, is so striking, that we could scarcely believe them to be the same ragged, dispirited and woe begone beings whom we had seen coming in from the swamps and hiding places in the vicinity.

But what about the Black Brigade which the editor of the *Weltbote* so graphically describes as running away at the very idea of powder and lead? It is quite immaterial, except to show that his prejudices so far get the better of his judgment, as to make him invent facts and publish things which have no foundation in truth A well known correspondent of the *New York Independent*, at Hilton Head, under date of July 2d, thus describes this *broken up colored regiment*

"I took a horseback ride Saturday afternoon for the purpose of seeing the *negro regiment drill.* The proficiency of these men in the manual of arms and in marching, after so short a practice, astonished me. No white recruits in service for the same length of time could do better. And here let me say, that whatever I write about negroes is written with a sincere desire to write nothing but truth

"Their improvement has been wonderful, and exceeds the expectations of their most sanguine friends. Yet I am convinced that had they been given liberty, and been left to their own guidance, no such encouraging elevation of their natures would have resulted. They must have teachers and governors to bring them out of the depths of degradation to which slavery has reduced them, before they can understand that freedom has duties and responsibilities as well as privileges.

"This experiment with them, then, has developed their aptitude for learning, and taught us that the time required for implanting within them the seeds of good citizenship will be shorter than most of us had hoped."

On the first page of the "*Weltbote*," we are told that the paper is "EDITED ON CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES." Let then the editor cease this unmanly work of detraction, and henceforth speak the truth. Instead of ridiculing the humble efforts of a long oppressed and degraded race towards self-elevation, let him "lift up his voice for the dumb" and lend the influence of his paper to the efforts of good men to qualify them for freedom. If this be not done, such an editorship "*on Christian principles*" is a humbug, and no Christian pastor should longer countenance such a publication.

TO MAKE A HAPPY HOME.

I heard a father the other day—a hale, happy man—praising his boys, four sturdy fellows, who had escaped the dissipation and excitement of a city life, and were now as fresh in heart and as ruddy in face as when they prattled about their mother's knee. I had seen so much of parental sorrow over sons gone astray, corrupted physically and morally, that I ventured to ask my friend, the happy father, how it was that he had been able to save his boys from the contamination of evil associations and bad habits.

"The way is simple enough," he said, "neither original nor in any way remarkable. I keep my boys at home evenings by making their home a pleasanter place than they can find elsewhere. I save them from the temptation of frequenting doubtful places of amusement by supplying them with better pleasure at home. Many things which I considered improper, or at least as frivolous, I encourage now, because I find my sons desire them, and I prefer that they may gratify their desire at home, and in their mother's presence where nothing that is wrong will come, and where amusements which under some circumstances may be objectionable lose all their venom, and become innocent, and even elevating. I have found that the danger is more in the concomitants of many amusements than in the amusements themselves; that many things which will injure a young man in a club, or among evil associates, are harmless when engaged in with the surroundings of a home. As long as children are children, they will crave amusement, and no reasoning can convince them that it is wrong to gratify their desire. When they hear certain things denounced as sinful by those whose opinion they hold in reverence, and are tempted, by the example of others who defend them, to disobey their parent's wish and participate in them, a long downward step is taken; parental authority and parental opinions are held in less reverence; the home that ostracises these amusements becomes a dull and tiresome place; and, in secret places, among companions, they seek for them until at length conscience is seared, filial feeling overcome, and parents are compelled to sigh over the lost affections and confidence of their children.

"I have endeavored," said his father, "to join with my boys, and be a boy with them in their pleasures. And I do believe there is no companion they are merrier with, and delight in, more than the old boy. If I think a place of amusement is innocent, and will please them, out we go some evening, mother, boys, girls, and father, and enjoy the world all the more because we are together, and do not go too often

"But we don't care to be out from home much We have a way among ourselves of keeping up a kind of reading society, and we are apt to get so engaged in the book we are reading, that we feel little like leaving it We take great care to find a readable book—useful books, works of travel, essays, good biographies of good men, and the like; then we read them aloud in the evening, when we are all at home from school, or store, each taking a turn at the reading. It always looks to me a pretty picture—mother and the girls sewing at the table, Tom reading aloud from 'Tom Brown's School Days,' a great book with us, and myself in dressing-gown and slippers at the fire, and Fred and Willie near at hand. We are all listening eagerly to the history of the sturdy Tom. Fred is feeling the muscles of his arm, wondering how it would compare with that of the young Rubian. And we are all, to my thinking, a happy, comfortable family.

"At half-past nine o'clock, I suggest that the time is up; but Tom begs to be allowed to finish his chapter, and, nothing loath myself, I assent. In a few minutes I have my big Bible on my knee, and my spectacles out, and am reading the fifteenth chapter of John: "I am the true vine, and my father is the husbandman." We sing our evening hymn; to-night I start the good old evening hymn, commencing—

"Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light"

"We kneel together in prayer to the Father of all; and then the children are off to bed, and two happy people, my wife and myself, are left to thank God for the many blessings he has granted us."

I left this man, with many thoughts and self-condemnation, determined that day to see what I could do to make another delighted family circle. I have begun, and so great has been my success, and so abundant my reward, in a joyous heart and a cheerful, trusting family, that I would some others might try the same.

ORATORY.

Oratory, like the Drama, abhors lengthiness; like the Drama, it must be kept doing. It avoids, as frigid, prolonged metaphysical soliloquy Beauties themselves, if they delay or distract the effort which should be produced on the audience, become blemishes.

BURKE'S DEFECTS.

Burke, from the very depth of his understanding, demands too great a tension of faculties little exercised by men of the world in general, not to create fatigue in an assembly which men of the world compose. And his ornaments, which do not seem redundant when read, would appear in speech too artificial for that spontaneous utterance which oratory, even when prepared, must condescend to simulate. Again, Burke wants that easy knowledge of every day life which is more or less essential to a popular public speaker. For each day upon each question there is a something which the party he represents wishes to have said —a something which it would have been rashness to say yesterday, will be a platitude said to-morrow—but said to day, has a pertinent wisdom that may turn the scales of debate. Now, the true orator, however aiming at immortality, must not neglect the moment; for he who speaks what the moment needs, is eloquent without effort. But Burke knew little of what was said at the clubs, and what it was all-important should be said in Parliament at the right time. And what he might know of such popular common-sense matters, and deign to repeat in his own way, he would so transform in the re-creating process of his glowing intellect, that not one man in a hundred would have muttered, "That's my thought —how clearly he puts it!"

BURKE'S POWER

Mr. Fox, in the last motion he ever made in the House of Commons, thus in words which have escaped the notice of those who have discussed the question of Burke's merits as an orator, refers to a speech of Burke's upon the abolition of negro slavery: "It was perhaps the most brilliant and convincing speech ever delivered in this or any other place by a consummate master of eloquence; and of which, I believe, there remains in some publications a report that will convey an adequate idea of the substance, though it would be impossible to represent the manner, the voice, the gesture, the manner, was not to be described—O, si illum audisse, si illum videisse!"

FOX AN ORATOR.

Fox studies far more diligently than is generally supposed—in the quiet of his bed-room, which he does not leave till noon. But he, then, has his levee of gossiping partisans; he hears all that this town says—all that his party thinks it would be useful to say; and the facts or reflections his mind has already stored are at prompt service for the immediate want. It is the triumph of an impassioned and earnest speaker to overcome all hostile impressions on eye and ear which at first interpose between his mind and his audience. Fox's gesticulation was extravagant and graceless; his articulation, in spite of lengthened practice, was so indistinct from rapidity, that he himself, in one of his latest speeches, observes, that no reporter could catch his words with sufficient accuracy for faithful report. Yet I doubt not that, though indistinct in the gallery, he contrived to make himself very intelligible to the House.

STYLE FOR SPEAKING AND READING.

Many famous works in didactic or moralising poetry, which a person of ordinary refinement will peruse, when alone, with pleasure, become wearisome when read aloud; where as other works akin to the drama, and therefore to oratory, may please and impress more when spoken than they do when perused in the closet. The *Death of Marmion* or *Lord Ullin's Daughter*, almost required to be recited in order to be fully appreciated. But who would wish to hear recited the *Excursion*, or the *Essay on Man?*

THE MOURNER A-LA-MODE

We insert the following lines by John G. Saxe to show the ladies how ignorant and illogical male human creatures are, when they plunge into subjects too deep for them. Saxe must have received some time or other, from a beautiful young widow, something with a name not unlike his owe, to prompt him to make such cruel insinuations.

I saw her last night at a party,
(The elegant party at Mead's)
And looking remarkably hearty
For a widow so young in her weeds;
Yet I knew she was suffering sorrow
Too deep for the tongue to express,
Or why had she chosen to borrow
So much from the language of dress?

Her shawl was as sable as night;
And her gloves were as dark as her shawl;
And her jewels that flashed in the light
Were as black as a funeral pall;
Her robe had the hue of the rest,
(How nicely it fitted her shape!)
And the grief that was heaving her breast
Boiled over in billows of crape!

What tears of vicarious woe,
That else might have sullied her face,
Were kindly permitted to flow
In ripples of ebony lace!
White even her fan, in its play,
Had quite a lugubrious swape,
And seemed to be waving away
The ghost of the angel of Hope!

Yet rich as the robes of a queen,
Was the sombre apparel she wore;
I'm certain I never had seen
Such a sumptuous sorrow before;
And I couldn't help thinking the beauty,
In mourning the loved and the lost,
Was long her conjugal duty
Altogether regardless of cost.

One surely would say a devotion
Performed at so vast an expense,
Betrayed an excess of emotion
That was really something immense
And yet as I viewed, at my leisure,
Those tokens of tender regard,
I thought:—It is scarce without measure—
The sorrow that goes by the yard!

Ah! grief is a curious passion;
And your's—I am sorely afraid
The very next phase of the fashion
Will find it beginning to fade
Though dark are the shadows of grief,
The morning will follow the night,
Half-tints will betoken relief,
Till joy shall be symboled in white!

Ah well!—It were idle to quarrel
With Fashion, or aught she may do;
And so I conclude with a moral
As I metaphor warranted new—
When *Measles* came handsomely out,
The patient is safest, they say;
And the *Sorrow* is mildest, no doubt,
That works in a similar way!

NOTICE.

TO THE DISTRICTS OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW ENGLAND, OHIO, INDIANA, AND MISSOURI, OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH MINISTERS.

Dear Brethren:—As we have a number of superannuated ministers on the list in said Districts, therefore it will be expected that the ministers and preachers on their circuits and stations, will do all they can to collect the *two cent money;* and we also recommend that the Class leaders be instructed to collect and set the amount on the Class book opposite each member's name, as also all the collections called, per Discipline, for the Annual Conference, and publish the same once every quarter, that it may be seen who they are that work for God and his cause. We think it is time to give credit to those of our people who do work, so that God's name may be glorified.

Half our dangers are unsuspected—and we are troubled and cast down with *imaginary* ones

Godly humiliation, in true penitents, proceeds from the love of God.

THE FLY

To be recited to a little child.

The letters to Scripps, if you'll artfully twist,
You will find the encouraging answer, 'Persist.'

BY THE POOR LITTLE

Baby By,
Here's a fly;
Let us watch him, you and I.
How he crawls
Up the wa[illegible]
Yet he never falls!
I declare, with [illegible]
You and I could walk on eggs!
[illegible]
On the [illegible]
Tickling baby's nose!

Spots on back
Dot his head,
Rainbows on his back are spread!
Five on each
Is his neck!
See him rest and look!
I can show you if you [illegible]
Where to look to find his elbow!
Three on each pair
Made of hair;—
These he always wears!

Black and brown
Is his gown;
He can wear it upside down.
It is laced
Round his waist;
I admire his taste.
Yet, though tight his clothes are made,
He will lose them, I'm afraid,
If to night
He gets right
On the window-light.

In the sun
Webs are spun;
What is he got into now!
When it rains,
He complains
On the window-panes
Tongues to talk have you and I;
God has given the little fly
No such things,
Save his wings
With his buzzing wings.

Catch him! No!
Let him go,
Never hurt an insect so,
For, no doubt,
He flies out
Just to gad about.
Now you see his wings of silk
Drabbled in the baby's milk!
Fie! oh fie!
Foolish fly,
How will he get dry!

Flies can see
More than we—
So how bright their eyes must be!
Little fly
Open your eye—
Spiders are near by!
For a change I can see,
Spiders never treat flies well!
Then away!
Do not stay—
Little fly, good day!

LOVE TO OUR NEIGHBOR.

But the precept of Christ not only prescribes comprehensively the degree of love we should bear to our fellow-men, it specifies with equal scope,—"Therefore, all things whatsoever men should do unto you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets." (Matt vii. 12) It is not love only, nor merely kindly feelings which religion exacts toward our brethren of the human family. That love, if it exists, is not to be buried in the bosom, it is to be exhibited in our lives, conversation, and conduct. We are not only to entertain and cultivate the tenderest affection for others, and thereby refine our own souls, but we are to make our own wishes and wants the measure of our kindness and promptness of action for their benefit. We are to practise those heavenly graces, which are the ornaments of the true disciples of Christ upon our neighbors and brethren whom we see, that we may by this cultivation be able to lift them up in full exercise towards Him that is invisible, whom we have not seen. The higher our attainment in that Christian obedience which constitutes manward piety, the greater will be our progress in that holiness and purity of heart, which is acceptable to God. By the side of our besetting sin, the love of self, Christ has planted the love of our neighbor, that our most powerful stimulant to action may have a purifying accompaniment; that whilst we study and labor to promote our own interests, our brother man may have a share in all our thoughts and efforts, and we in his to the same extent. So, also, our desires for advantage from others are to be moderated by the recollection, that we owe to them exactly what we might, just by the circumstances being reversed require of them.

When, therefore, men listen to the gospel in their own church, they must hasten to impart to others the same advantages they are enjoying. When they take their food, they must not forget others who may not have their daily bread. In the full enjoyment of raiment, of house and land, let them not forget that others may be without these blessings. When a Christian man goes to his labor, his daily business or calling, let him remember that many are idle all the day, or have neither labor, nor business, nor calling. In all his intercourse with men, he is not only to do them no harm, but to do them all the good in his power. The man who refuses place to these considerations, or refuses obedience to the precepts which apply to his demeanor toward other men, is as truly irreligious as he who neglects the worship of God profanes His name, and abstains from the services of the church. "For he who loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

We are to carry with us, then, into all the relations and positions of life the idea that our religious obligations follow us every moment, and in all our concerns with man; not only follow us, but with greater solemnity than the services of the church, for even there before we dare lift up our hearts to God, or place our gift upon the altar, we are enjoined to examine ourselves, and recall to mind if our brother hath aught against us, and if so, to leave our gift there before the altar and go and be first reconciled to our brother, and afterwards lay our gift upon the altar. Taking this injunction in connection with other commands we give it a wider signification than the duty of reconciliation in cases of quarrel or misunderstanding. It may cover the whole ground of our duty to our fellow men. Let him who takes his seat in the house of God recall to mind whether he has neglected any special duty to any of his fellow men, and if so let him first not merely repent of that, but, if possible, repair it before he can hope that his worship will be acceptable. What can be more clear, from the whole teachings of our Saviour, than that our obedience to these commands which enjoin love and kind services to our fellow men, are like the prescription of the prophet Elijah to Naaman ("Go wash seven times in the river Jordan,") if not an addition, an indispensable accompaniment, of our being made clean of our leprosy. God has given us something to do, as evidence of our devotion to Him,—something which we can do, and He exacts obedience to this, not as a work of merit by which we can deserve His favor and purchase salvation, but as an act of obedience, as an exercise of Christian grace, and as a means of carrying out His great design of blessing and exalting our fallen race. He not only makes the wrath of man to praise Him, but in working His great designs of benefit for the human family, He makes brotherly kindness one of the chief improvements for the accomplishment of his purposes. Man is thus chosen as the minister of God's goodness to man. It is made a part of his religion to do good to his fellow men, because the exercise of the faculties of the mind's soul in doing good is the best mode of exercising and developing those powers and affections, which are preparing him for the higher and purer enjoyments of that love which pervades the heavenly world. Whilst we are to worship God as a spirit in spirit and in truth, we are placed under equal religious obligations to love our neighbors as ourselves,—to do that to others which

we would have them do to us,—to be kindly affectioned to one another—to regard no one toward another and toward all men,—to follow ever that which is good among yourselves and to all men. Obedience to these and many like commands of the highest religious service, we can render to God, for "All the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren:" "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

In the doctrine involved in these Christian precepts, we shall find an inexhaustible mine of purifying and exalting motives and influences. Consider what must be his watchfulness over himself, what his faith and dependence upon Christ, who would love his neighbor as himself, and consult his happiness as he consults his own. Consider how self-denying, patient, and beneficent must he be, who would ask of others nothing but that which he would, for Christ's sake, be ready to give. Can anything be conceived better adapted to purify the mind and the heart, than an earnest effort to fulfil these religious duties to our fellow men? The mind and the affections are not lost nor bewildered in the immensity of the conceptions involved, as in the case of the contemplation of the love we owe to God Himself; the task before us is precisely that which we can grasp and understand; it is difficult enough to task all the powers of our intellects and all the strength of our affections, but it is plain enough to be understood, and not so difficult but that obedience is within our power. It is in view of this that the apostle exclaims: "For he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" And with what special emphasis these duties are enforced: "*For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this*—Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." (Gal. v. 14.) "Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them, *for this is the law and the prophets*" Matt. vii. 12.

The Social, Civil, and Statistical Association of The Colored People of Pennsylvania open a subscription list to aid the freed men at Port Royal and other points where they may be located, and respectfully ask the cooperation of the colored citizens and others in this city, or elsewhere, in money or clothing.

Any amount of value received will be acknowledged, with the name of the donor, in the *Recorder*, where a constant record will be kept.

Subscriptions may be sent to Jacob C. White, at the office of the Lebanon Cemetery, 711 Lombard Street, and also to William Still, 107 North Fifth Street, and to Rev. E. Weaver, 619 Pine Street.

	paid.
Statistical Society,	$50 00
Clayton Miller,	2 00
William Still,	5 00
Robert Adger,	2 00
Henry Minturn,	2 00
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James P. Clay,	1 00
Benjamin F. Hill,	2 00
S M. S.,	2 00
Elizabeth Gordon,	1 00
F. J. Dreer,	5 00

It affords us pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of ten dollars, the proceeds of Miss Anna E. Dickinson's lecture at Concert Hall for the contrabands, contributed to the S. C. and Statistical Association, to be applied as intended. Wm Still.

Cor. Sec. of S., C. and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Penna.

Domestic Items.

General Taylor's Sword Discovered.—The other day a detective was sent to search a stable where it was understood that arms belonging to a regiment on of ex-President Taylor, were concealed. Among a variety of weapons found under the floor of the stable was the elegant sword presented to "Old Rough and Ready" by the State of Kentucky. It will be sent to General Taylor, Commmary General of the United States Army, and brother of the gallant hero of the Mexican war. Commmary General Taylor is, I think, the only direct representative of "Old Zack," whose loyalty is unturnished.

Death of Ex President Van Buren.—Martin Van Buren, the eighth President of the United States, died at Kinderhook, New York, Thursday morning. The chief cause of the ex-President's death was the mildest form of asthma, which developed itself in a dangerous catarrhal affection of the lungs and throat. During the month of February, and until the month of May, Mr. Van Buren was in New York under the treatment of some eminent physicians, but he returned home without receiving any apparent benefit or relief. A correspondent of the Boston Journal wrote a few days since:

"For nearly a week his mind has been almost constantly wandering, although with one or two exceptions, until yesterday, he has been able to recognize and converse with his physician."

"Previous to the wandering of his mind, and once or twice since, when reason returned, Mr. Van Buren evinced the most lively and patriotic interest in the affairs of the country. No longer since than Tuesday, when the day before he was hardly expected to survive, he inquired of Dr. Pruyn how the good work of crushing the rebellion was going on, and was very particular to learn if the public confidence in the President and General McClellan was firm and yet unshaken, as he thought it should be. He appeared much gratified when answered in the affirmative. He has continually denounced the course of Buchanan's Administration, but has expressed the utmost confidence in that of Mr. Lincoln. The war, he thinks, is justly and as vigorously as possible carried on—the rebels brought it upon themselves, and they should be severely punished."

"He has all faith in the ultimate triumph of our arms and cause, but not without great expenditures of blood and treasure, as events have thus far demonstrated. He has the utmost confidence in the military ability of General McClellan, of whom he was an old and warm personal friend, and if he is sustained and aided by all loyal people, the flag of our country, the Constitution, and the great principles of American liberty will be thoroughly and permanently re-established throughout all the rebellious States

Life and Character of Mr. Van Buren.—In the history of the Republic, Mr. Van Buren has occupied more than an ordinary place. Few men have been so long before the people—few statesmen have been distinguished with so many high honors. He came into politics during the Burr and Hamilton times, and was an active participator in their political feuds. He ardently supported Mr. Jefferson, holding office as a Republican, and losing it by the Federalists. He was the rival of George Clinton, and the head of a schism in the early Democratic party. In 1821 he entered the Senate, and became the ardent advocate of General Jackson. Subsequently he was Governor of New York, Secretary of State under Jackson, Minister to England, Vice President of the United States and President. In 1840 he was for the second time a Presidential candidate, and defeated. In 1844 he was sacrificed by the pro-slavery men of the Democratic party, because of his opinions on the Texas question. In 1848 he ran as a Free-Soil candidate, and accomplished the defeat of Mr. Cass.

There is something in the career of Mr. Van Buren to excite our admiration, and, it may be our surprise. He was not a great man. He rose from position to position by the exercise of a wonderful sagacity and caution. He made but one mistake, and that was fatal, for it closed his career. He had the happy quality of doing everything well—he was never bold, nor original. He had a wonderful power of managing men and was so successful in his political manœuvres that he obtained the title of the "Little Magicians." He was a strict party man, and took with him into politics, that rigid system of almost military discipline which Aaron Burr was the first to introduce. He attached himself to General Jackson in the early part of that soldier's Presidential career, and followed his fortunes until he became President. His relations to General Jackson were those of an accomplished politician, who has fascinated a blunt and stern old soldier. He had the remarkable tact to keep out of General Jackson's most serious quarrels, and to make capital out of his most popular measures. The singular devotion of the American people to the old hero will be remembered. New Orleans, was skilfully managed by Mr. Van Buren, and on the swelling tide of the Tennessean's popularity he rode into power. He was a quiet Senator, an urbane Vice President, an ingenious Secretary of State, a polished Ambassador at a polished Court, and an unfortunate President. The influence of his name has long since passed away—and in the history of the country he made an other impression than that of a shrewd and affable politician. He made many friends and few enemies, those who opposed him [illegible] as the enemies of General Jackson.

The name of Mr. Van Buren will very soon be forgotten. He will be remembered as a man who possessed [illegible] abilities, which in troublous times might have never taken him beyond the county court of the State Legislature. He never originated a great measure, nor performed a bold act; and those who followed his fortunes can give him no other reputation than that of a kind quiet and pleasant old gentleman, who never neglected the last novel for a Presidential duty; who never uttered a harsh word or expressed a bitter thought; who never forgot that smiling, exquisite and genial bearing, which charmed his friends and disarmed his foes. He leaves no party to worship his name—no history which men can read with instruction—no example to excite the emulation of the young and ambitious. Thus, we think, will be the judgment of impartial history. That he was a good father, a [illegible] and a true friend, [illegible] courtesy, and skilled in everything pertaining to the management of men, all will admit—and for such qualities all will honor him.

We are living in other times than those marked by Mr. Van Buren's career. This revolution has called new actors upon the stage—and at the head of this Republic, we have earnest, bold, original and massive men. In our devotion to the practical, the stern and the true, let us not forget the old man, who quietly passed away on Thursday morning. Let us honor him for the possession of the best virtues of the citizen, the scholar and the gentleman.—*Press.*

Admission of Patients into the Insane Asylum.—To avoid trouble and difficulty which may arise from ignorance or misapprehension relative to the admission of patients into the Pennsylvania State Lunatic Hospital at Harrisburg, it has been deemed advisable to give the following extracts from the by-laws of the hospital

These provisions will be strictly enforced, and it is hoped that all who may have occasion to bring patients to the hospital will be prepared to comply fully with the spirit and letter of the regulations:

"Preparatory to the admission of a patient, (unless when committed by order of a court,) the Superintendent shall be furnished with the certificate of a physician that he has seen and examined the individual, and believes him or her to be insane, with a request from a near relative or friend that the patient may be received into the hospital, and a bond, with satisfactory security for the payment of board and other expenses while in the institution. All private patients thus received shall make a payment of thirteen weeks' board in advance when brought to the hospital, and if taken away uncured and against the advice and consent of the Superintendent within that period, no part of said payment shall be refunded.

"Whenever a patient is sent to the hospital by the order of any court, justice, judge, Directors of the Poor of a county, or the overseers of the poor of a township or poor district, the order or warrant or a copy thereof, by which such person is sent, shall be lodged with the Superintendent.

"Those who may bring a patient with any such order or warrant will be required to pay at the time of the admission of the patient, sixty-five dollars.

"A written history of the case should be sent with the patient, and, if possible, some one acquainted with the individual should accompany him to the hospital, from whom minute but often essential particulars may be learned."

Cases of recent occurrence will be received at any time on compliance with the regulations.

Mr. Singer, the manufacturer of sewing machines, has left this country with the intention of spending the rest of his life in the Holy Land.

A Council of Generals, it is decided, shall be called in Washington at the earliest practicable moment. What is now most wanted is reinforcements.

Vicksburg intelligence reports no change in operations there. Our mortars keep up a bombardment from above, the effect of which is a daily diminution in the number of dwellings in the city. The batteries have no chance to reply. It is not yet known whether the fleet has succeeded in re-opening the broken communication with New Orleans. The mails were entirely cut off for a week previous to last advices.

The fortifications about Memphis are being rapidly constructed. Several hundred negroes are at work on them, and a large force of soldiers are employed in the same manner. The earthworks are of the most stable character, and are intended to be of great strength. They will encircle the town from south to south.

Dr. Dignowitty, of San Antonio, Texas, has been in Washington for some time endeavoring to interest the Government in behalf of the Union population of Texas.

There is a prospect that his efforts may soon be crowned with success, and that a force will be sent to that State under the command of some general who will be satisfactory to the Germans. Dr. Dignowitty states that there are thirty thousand Germans who are now wandering in Mexico, having escaped the tyranny of the Southern Confederacy in Texas. Dr. D. is a very intelligent and reliable German, and was one of the leading men in San Antonio. He says that the Germans in Texas are, almost to a man, in favor of the Union, which they are willing to fight for if they can have an opportunity.

It is at last definitely settled that recruits are to be received in the State of Pennsylvania for nine months or a year.

General McClellan has issued another *order* about the newspaper correspondents—they are to be *expelled* from the army.

General Pope is doing the work in Eastern Virginia. His little campaign has been a cavalry campaign thus far, and we have accounts of skirmishes and forays, and dashes upon railroads and lines of communication. In the meantime his army is subsisting upon the people among whom they are encamped

John Morgan has gained an unenviable notoriety by a bold raid in Kentucky recently. Through cowardice and mismanagement, this outlaw captured, with a handful of daring men, an entire Federal brigade, miserably posted at the town of Murfreesboro', in Central Kentucky, together with their guns, small arms, ammunition, stores, as many generals, and nearly as many field, staff and line officers as were taken during the great Seven-Days Battle on the Peninsula, with a small loss on the side of the rebels.

United States Property Surrendered.—Brigadier General Nelson, on reaching Murfreesboro', on July 18th, issued an order, directing the disloyal citizens to surrender at once all the United States property which the rebel troops had distributed among them. The order brought the uniforms and equipments to the court-house by cart-loads.

A General Order of General Pope (July 25th, 1862,) states that, "Hereafter no guards will be placed over private houses or private property of any description whatever. Commanding officers are responsible for the conduct of the troops under their command, and the articles of war and regulations of the army provide ample means for restraining them to the full extent required for discipline and efficiency."

Executive Order.—War Department, July 22.—First. Ordered. That the military commanders within the States of Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas and Arkansas, in an orderly manner, seize and use any property real or personal, which may be necessary or convenient for their several commands, as supplies, or for other military purposes, and that while property may be destroyed for proper military objects, none shall be destroyed in wantonness and malice.

Second. That military and naval commanders shall employ as labourers, within and from the said States, so many persons of African descent, as can be advantageously used for military or naval purposes, giving them reasonable wages for their labor.

Third. That as to both property and persons of African descent, accounts shall be kept, sufficiently accurate and in detail, to show the quantities and amounts, and from whom both property and such persons shall have come, as a basis upon which compensation can be made in proper cases. The several Departments of the Government shall attend to and perform their appropriate parts towards the execution of these orders.

By order of the President,
(Signed) Edwin M. Stanton,
Secretary of War.

Federal Surgeons and Chaplains—The rebel authorities (the War Department learns through Gen. Dix) have ordered the unconditional discharge of all such taken prisoners in the discharge of their legitimate duties. This is in accordance with the example set them by the Government.

The Loss before Richmond—From accounts recently received from the headquarters of the army of the Potomac, the official report of the battles before Richmond states that the killed, wounded and missing approximate to 16 000

The Secession Councilmen Resigned—Baltimore, July 25. All the Secession members of the common branch of Councils have resigned, in consequence, with one exception, of General Wool having refused to recognize as members those elected to the vacancies occasioned by the resignations. A special election will soon take place to fill the vacancies with loyal men.

Halleck Notwithstanding the retirement of our new Commander-in-chief, General Halleck, there is every evidence among the people that faith in his abilities is increasing rapidly. Although quiet himself in words, he is moving about everywhere, and his columns are advancing slowly, but surely, in every direction. In this new and grand advance we want to see the most consummate strategy displayed by one man, of whom no sub-ordinate officer can be jealous or envious.

Sigel.—All eyes are now turned towards General Sigel, who commands the advance corps d'armee of the Army of Virginia, and upon whom devolved the task of driving "Stonewall" Jackson to [illegible] by the rebel Government, and, in consequence of which alone, some nervousness is evident among the people. It is, however, the earnest desire of a majority in the north to see how these so well known strategists will operate as antagonists commanding considerable armies. Franz Sigel was born a general; he has improved and cultivated his natural military mental faculties by scientific education; made practical use of his genius and talent in the wars waged by the Revolutionists of Prussia; and has all his life been a close and thorough student of the science of the art of war, occupying a professorship in a military academy in the West for more than eight years previous to the breaking out of the rebellion.

At Richmond the rebels are building three iron-clad gunboats. One, the "New Merrimac," is nearly completed, and ready for the guns to be put on board. Another, called the Lady Davis, is now being iron-clad, and the third one on the the stocks, not as far advanced.

Small Change.—The decline in the price of gold has been more rapid than was anticipated. Change is already easier, and small coin is again making its appearance. The banks generally have increased their deposits of specie.

The English Press on American Affairs.—The accounts of the fighting before Richmond were most eagerly canvassed by the English press and public, and various constructions were put upon them.

The *Morning Star* says: "It is now demonstrated that McClellan has sustained no serious disaster—has been forced into no ignominious retreat. He is virtually nearer to Richmond than when his outposts were within three or four miles of the city. McClellan may now congratulate his soldiers and his countrymen upon having accomplished the greatest and the most successful operations of the war."

Married.

In the A. M. E. Church, New Bedford, Mass., July 9th, by Rev. William W. Grimes, Mr. John Oliver, of Philadelphia, Pa., to Miss Elizabeth King, formerly of Washington, D. C.

The church was crowded to its utmost capacity. A breathless stillness prevailed. The ceremony being over, the happy couple retired to their beautiful mansion, where a great many friends followed them, and partook of the good things of life, which flowed in abundance.

May the Lord bless them with long life, health, wealth and prosperity

Died.

GALE—Mr. Anne Gale, the son of Mr. James and Mrs. Elizabeth Gale, formerly of Philadelphia, departed this life in the city of Boston on the 7th instant, in the bosome of his affectionate parents, aged 22 years and 2 months.

That slow but fatal disease, *consumption*, caused him to linger about five months, prostrating him after five weeks. The happy spirit took its flight to dwell amidst the sanctified in the kingdom of glory. We can but admire in this dear young brother the victory gained over death, hell and the grave, through the blood of the Lamb.

He satisfied his parents and friends around him that there is a divine reality in the religion of Jesus Christ, and that that only can give tranquility in the dying hour.

On Sabbath, prior to his death on the following morning, he said to his sister, "What shall I tell little Sis when I get home to heaven? I shall seen brothers. By the help of God, I'll be there soon." On Monday, while his mother was weeping, Anna said, "Weep not, mother, but pray. My Saviour will comfort you. I want you to help me sing." He sang by himself the hymn—

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,"

after which he said, "I want you all to meet me in heaven. I shall soon be there—glory be to God!" He then said, "Help me to sing"—

"There is rest for the weary," &c.

He then reclined in the arms of Mrs. Keim, and said, "Sweet Jesus, take me—sweet Jesus, take me." Jesus did.

He was buried on Wednesday, the 9th. Rev. Mr. Grimes and Rev. J. Mitchell, both of Boston, performed the services, and laid him in the cold grave.

Oh! my son! while we deplore our loss, we know that it is your infinite gain. We hope to meet you where no farewell tear is shed. Yes, my dear brother, I shall meet you in that glorified state.

"When shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever?
When shall love wreath her chain
Round us forever?

There joy will fill each heart,
And we shall never part
In that bright world of joy;
Never—no, never."

Boston, Mass., July 14, 1862.

Little Eddy Jackson, son of the late Rev. William Jackson, departed this life on the 20th ultimo, in Bensalem, Pa.

We received a note from his mother apprising us of the fact.—Ed

ADVERTISEMENTS.

"UNION COTTAGE,"

ATLANTIC CITY, NEAR THE INLET.

The subscriber will always be happy to welcome her numerous friends, and the public in general.

TERMS.

Board per week,	$6 00
" " day,	1 25
Single meals,	50

S. H. Wailes, *Proprietress*

NOTICE.

To the friends of Religious Literature and human progress of the City and County of Philadelphia:

This certifies that Miss Mary Still is a legally authorized agent for the City and County of Philadelphia, Penna., to solicit subscribers and donations for the Christian Recorder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

We, therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy, and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable that those to whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to this great cause

(Signed) Elisha Weaver,
Editor & General Book Steward.
No. 619 Pine St., Phila.

BOARDING
IN BROOKLYN.

MRS. S. PLANT (formerly Richardson) respectfully announces that she has opened a first-class BOARDING & LODGING HOUSE at No. 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn—where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city, and within five minutes' walk of Fulton Ferry, is made thus a very desirable and convenient place.

BOARDING.

Mrs. AMIA WILLIAM, of Cape May, will open the Bonaker House for the season, for the accommodation of all who wish to spend the season there, and she will spare no pains to make all comfortable. Those wishing to spend one, two, or three days, will find the Bonaker House the right spot. Prices very reasonable. Cape

COAL, STOVES, &c., &c.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the store,

NO. 107 NORTH FIFTH STREET,

formerly occupied as the Anti-Slavery Office, (where he has been engaged for the last fourteen years,) to occupy it henceforth as a place of business for the sale of

COAL, STOVES, &c

Having made arrangements with one of the first Coal Dealers in the city, to furnish the best qualities of Lehigh, respectfully, &c., at the lowest cash prices, he hopes to give [illegible] satisfaction in the branch of his business

He will also keep constantly on hand a general assortment of good NEW and SECOND-HAND STOVES, FURNACES, &c.

Persons wishing Stoves taken down, stored away, put up, repaired, can be promptly accommodated by applying as above.

He hopes by energy and strict attention to business to obtain a fair share of patronage.

WM STILL,
107 North Fifth Street, Philadelphia

REFERENCES.

J M M'Kim,	Dr Caspar Wistar,
Benjamin Coates,	James Mott,
Lucretia Pennell,	Thomas Wistar,
Prof C D Cleveland,	W H Furness.

PERRY & FITZGERALD'S

PROCESS FOR MAKING LIGHT, NUTRITIOUS, AND UNADULTERATED BREAD, WITHOUT FERMENTATION

The new process of breadmaking, patented by Perry & Fitzgerald, removes all the objections which have hitherto rendered it impossible to manufacture perfectly pure sweet and nutritious bread. The entire process is performed by mechanical means, and is eminently cleanly.

The persons employed in mixing the flour in a closed vessel, and the application of pure carbonic gas, under pressure, by which the dough is made thoroughly light, and ready to be discharged into pans, for baking, in the brief space of fifteen or twenty minutes. The "change" is merely the words, and easy machine requires the operation, in all its details, from the putting in of the flour to the discharging of the dough, in from twenty five to forty minutes.

The Invention of Perry & Fitzgerald effects a revolution in the preparation of bread, by establishing a system of bread-making that is not subject to the tribulations and evils of fermentation, but is sure and certain in its results. It is now, by the substitution of mechanical for manual labor, and by the superior quality of the article produced, in possession large profits upon the capital employed. It requires much less capital and much less employment of capital as well as the profits afforded by the patent, gives adequate security against competition. But whilst preventing undue competition in the business of the sale of a monopoly, because it leaves the consumer at all times in possession of his former means of supply, to be resorted to, should the monopoly become prejudicial.

The application of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure, to a mechanically kneaded dough-mass, as in the invention of Perry & Fitzgerald, did not occur to Dr. Ure; though he seems to have had a clear foreshadowing of the importance of the artificial use of the gas, since he stated, hypothetically, that "if water highly impregnated with carbonic acid gas, be used in kneading the dough the resulting bread will be somewhat spongy. Could a light article be manufactured, it would be very fine, as the sugar would remain undecomposed, the bread would be so much the sweeter and more nourishing."

What, in Dr. Ure, was evidently a clearly comprehended chemical truth, has been practically developed by the brilliant invention of Perry & Fitzgerald. Posterity will hold their names in grateful remembrance, as among the most eminent benefactors of mankind

ITS SUPERIORITY.—The superiority of unfermented bread is by no means new. Dr Cullen, who wrote more than seventy years ago, says:—

"In Scotland, nine tenths of the lower class of people, and that is the greater part of the whole, live upon unfermented bread; and in unfermented farinaceous in other forms; and there are not a more healthy people anywhere to be found. In the course of fifty years, that I have practised among them, I have had occasion to [illegible] this, and have hardly met with a disease of any consequence, that I could impute to the use of unfermented bread."

At a later period, Professor Thompson, of Glasgow, in his work on the "Food of Animals," after alluding to the facts referred to above by Dr. Cullen, and other kindred facts, observes:

"Such, then, being sufficient evidence in favor of the wholesome nature of unfermented bread, it becomes important to inquire in what respects it differs from fermented bread. The result produced by the latter period, Professor Thompson states, is to increase the expansion (fermentation) may be considered, to be merely the expansion of the particles of which the loaf is composed, so as to render the mass more readily divisible by the preparatory organs of digestion. But, as this object is gained in a certain degree by the introduction of the gas, it becomes a matter of interest to ascertain the amount of the loss sustained in the process."

The result of Professor Thompson's experiments showed a difference in favor of unfermented bread of nearly seven per cent over that made by the ordinary process. In other words, there was a loss of over one fifteenth of the nutritive properties of the flour, which by the process of fermentation, was driven into the air and lost.

We come now to a more particular consideration of the superiority of the bread made without fermentation, or the use of chemical agents, over the bread made by those processes. Although, as it appears, even the bread made by these processes, although, as it appears, even the bread made by these processes, although what has already been said, this superiority appears in most vivid contrast, yet the public will by better satisfied to have the points stated specifically, for it only needs that the advantages secured by this method be clearly understood in order to its universal introduction in the manufacture of Bread.

I. Its Cleanliness.—Instead of the dough being mixed by the naked hands or feet of the bread from the moment of the flour to the completion of the baking is not and scarcely can be touched by any one. "One desirable attribute in its manufacture," says Dr Willard Parker, "is its extreme cleanliness. Save De Worsbury, the process is not only purely scientific, but preeminently cleanly."

II. Its Preservative of all the Different Principles of the Flour.—As the raising of the dough is by the mechanical introduction of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure, in a closed vessel, it takes a perfect vehicle or sponge nature. All the constituents of the flour remain wholly unchanged while the process of raising bread by fermentation loss highly exercises some of them, as has been already shown.

III. Its Certain Character.—Bread made by the New Process is uniformly light, sweet, and nutritious. The conditions being simple, and not liable to variation, no failure can occur in always producing bread of the same quality. It retains its moisture proceeding bread of the same quality. It retains its moisture proceeding bread of the same quality. It retains its moisture much longer than fermented bread, and may be eaten warm with impunity. The process also insures a perfect freedom from all acidity, even in the hottest weather. Says the London Times:—

"The objectionable consequences of fermentation being avoided, the constituents of the flour are left both unchanged and unconcentrated, the resulting loaf being absolutely pure."

IV. Its Wholesomeness.—Being free from the deleterious substance which are the product of fermentation, or chemical operations, by the old method, the bread made by the New Process is easy of digestion, and agrees with the most delicate stomach. "To dyspeptics," says Dr Dick, late of the N. Y. Medical College, "it will be invaluable, as they will be able to eat it when the fermented manufactured bread has been found to have equally failed as an article of diet. Save the Loaf—Medical Times and Gazette.

"Since the introduction of the new unfermented bread, there have already been received from members of the medical profession, who have recommended it in their practice, as well as from those who have experienced its beneficial influences, accounts of the really astonishing results that have followed its use in cases of deranged digestion and constipation. Many cases have also been reported by medical men of phthisis, in which certain distressing forms of dyspepsia, which had remained intractable under every kind of treatment, have yielded as if by magic, almost immediately after adopting the use of the unfermented bread.

"The beneficial effects of the new bread are attributable to two causes. The one to the absence of the projectile matters imparted in ordinary bread by the presence of fermentation; and the other to the presence in the bread unchanged, of those elements which are the essential agents of digestion and assimilation."

The most eminent members of the medical profession, both in Great Britain and in the United States, not only speak in the highest terms of the use with which it is digested, and of its rich, nourishing qualities, but especially of its peculiar palatableness, and wonderful keeping properties. The absence of acidity and other strong flavors, which, in a greater or less degree, are characteristic of fermented bread, renders the new bread peculiarly delicate to the taste

V. Its Rapidity and Economy.—By the use of mechanical means, instead of manual labor, a barrel of flour is converted into baked loaves in forty five minutes; whereas, by the ordinary process, four or five hours are occupied in the formation of the "sponge," and a further time in kneading, rolling, and baking the dough.

"The steadiness of the consumption of bread," says a correspondent of the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, "renders it an article particularly suitable to be prepared and supplied by a public company; and since the new process reduces all the circumstances of manufacture, and the expense of the machinery given a comparative monopoly, the supply of bread in general as soon in the same category with gas, water, or other articles of prime necessity."

VAN RIPER & CAMP,
EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS,
Corner of Broad and Buttonwood Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.

THE FOLLOWING ENDORSEMENTS OF

SPALDING'S

CEPHALIC PILLS,

WILL CONVINCE ALL WHO SUFFER FROM

HEADACHE,

THAT A

SPEEDY AND SURE CURE IS

WITHIN THEIR REACH.

As these Testimonials were unsolicited by Mr Spalding, they afford unquestionable proof of the efficacy of this truly scientific discovery.

Madisville, Conn., Feb. 3, 1861.

Mr. Spalding
Sir:
I have tried your Cephalic Pills, and *I like them so well* that I want you to send me two dollars' worth more.
Part of these are for the neighbors, to whom I gave a few out of the first box I got from you.
Send the Pills by mail, and oblige
Your obt Servant,
JAMES KENNEDY.

Haverford, Pa., Feb. 6, 1861.

Mr. Spalding.
Sir:
I wish you to send me one more box of your Cephalic Pills. *I have received a great deal of benefit from them.*
Yours, respectfully,
MARY ANN STOKHOUSE.

Spruce Creek, Huntingdon Co., Pa., January 18, 1861.

H. C. Spalding
Sir:
You will please send me two boxes of your Cephalic Pills. Send them immediately.
Respectfully yours,
JNO. B. SIMONS.

P. S. *I have used one box of your Pills, and find them excellent.*

Belle Vernon, Ohio, Jan. 15, 1861.

Henry C. Spalding, Esq
Please find enclosed twenty-five cents, for which send me another box of your Cephalic Pills. *They are truly the best Pills I have ever tried.*
Direct A. STOVER, P. M.
Belle Vernon, Wyandot Co., O.

Beverly, Mass., Dec. 11, 1860.

H. C. Spalding, Esq
I wish for some circulars or large show bills, to bring your Cephalic Pills more particularly before my customers. If you have anything of the kind, please send to me.
One of my customers, who is subject to severe Sick Headache, (usually lasting two days,) *was cured of an attack in one hour by your Pills*, which I sent her.
Respectfully yours,
W. D. WILKES

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Advertisements.

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 10th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:

From Garnet Union No 4, D. of T.; from Phœnix Union, No. 5, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 16, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Dr Bias' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 19 D. of T.; from Vanbrunt Union, No. 15, D. of T., of Norristown, Pa

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows

Grand P., Sister Bennet; Grand Associate, Sister Berrus; Grand Treasurer, Sister Faucett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dukhart; Grand Chaplain Sister Hall

G. P. P.,	Sister K. Rogers,	G. P. P.	Sister Anderson,
"	" E. Bowen,	"	" J. F. Black,
"	" M. H. Burney,	"	" E. A. Clark,
"	" S. Newman,	"	" White,
"	" S. Davis,	"	" B. Hall.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY.

The Stated Quarterly Meetings of the Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August, and November.

The meetings of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the society.

Mrs. Sarah Carter,
President.
Mr. L. R. Seymour, Sec'y.

THE BOOK DEPOSITORY
OF THE
AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,
No. 619 Pine Street,
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We keep on hand, in connection with our other books Sabbath School books of various kinds. Question Books Catechisms, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. We have a good assortment of such books as are generally used in the Public Schools. Also, Stationery, Inks, Pens, Paper, Envelopes and Blank Books.

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Made in the Best Manner, expressly for RETAIL SALES Lowest Selling Prices marked in Plain Figures All [illegible] to cheer warranted satisfactory. Our One-Price System is strictly adhered to. All are thereby treated alike. JONES & CO.,
Dec23-1y 604 Market Street

GOOD NEWS

To Tailors, Dress makers, and to those wishing to be such. Also, to owners of sewing machines, stores—new, and large families—for in one day's printed directions which any Machine hawker can learn in and used 84 perfectly. Ladies' Dresses, Boys' and Men's Pants, Vests, Jackets, Sack and other coats.

Local and Travelling Agents Wanted.

Address Rev. W. M. Bradley,
Carversville, Bucks Co., Pa
(or, apply to Mrs Mary C. Weaver, wife of the Editor of this paper, 610 Pine St., Lancaster, Pa. June 1y

MRS. E. A. PALMER'S

DRY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS STORE.

NO. 105 NORTH FIFTH STREET.
PHILADELPHIA

A General Assortment of Hosiery, Trimmings, Dry Goods, &c

Dress, Shirt making, and Plain Sewing, promptly attended to. Jan12 1y

COAL! COAL!! COAL!!!

The subscriber is selling the best qualities of Lehigh and Schuylkill Coal at the following very low prices

Lehigh Pluto Coal, per ton,	$4 25
" Egg " "	4 25
" Broken and Screened, per ton,	4 25
" Nut " "	4 00
Schuylkill, Pluto, and Egg, and Broken, and Screened,	4 25
Nut,	3 50

Orders left at the Store, No. 107 North Fifth St., will be promptly attended to. WM STILL.
Jan15—1y 107 N. Fifth St., Philada.

MEELY'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY
N. W. corner Fifth and Coates.

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Strangers should not fail to call and examine.

Admission Free.

JAMES DOWNS,
DEALER IN
NEW AND SECOND HAND
CLOTHING,
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No. 17—3mo. PHILADELPHIA.

WILLIAM STILL'S
STOVE STORE,
107 NORTH FIFTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and all in want of good stoves, that he has now on hand a general variety of excellent PARLOR, COOK and CHAMBER STOVES, including Gas burning, as well as other patterns, which he is selling at very low rates. He buys entirely for cash, of the best wholesale founders, and of course can sell much cheaper than those buying on the usual credit system. At any rate his friends are invited to give him a call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere, as he feels that they would be convinced that it would be to their interest to give him their patronage. Coal orders constantly on hand. WM STILL

JOSEPH H. COLE,
CONTINENTAL RESTAURANT,
NO. 717 LOMBARD STREET, PHILA,
(Above Seventh St., under Philadelphia Institute,)

Where he continues to keep always on hand the very best assortment of OYSTERS and other refreshments—hoping that all his friends and the public in general will favor him with their patronage.

☞ Meals served at all hours. Families supplied with Oysters of the best quality and flavor at the shortest notice

☞ Also, public and private waiting done on the most reasonable terms. 1y

Mrs. S. Shorter Hawkins
HAS NOW OPENED
NEW SPRING GOODS,

consisting of Delaines, Brilliants, Calicoes, &c Hoop Skirts of all sizes, from 15 cents to $1 25. A large lot of linen Hdkfs., from 8 to 25 cents. Also, cheap Hosiery and Gloves.

N. B.—Mantuamakers are invited to examine my assortment of Dress trimmings of the latest styles; all will be sold cheap for cash at the Old Establishment,
615 Lombard Street

THOMAS CHARNOCK,
GENERAL FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,
No. 427 SOUTH 6TH ST.,
Second Door Below Bethel Church

Hearse and carriages, with every requisite for the business, furnished at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms

T. C. having purchased the right to Hood's patent coffin screw, is also prepared to furnish it in connection with the business. March 1

For the Christian Recorder

BUCKS COUNTY, SS. TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS MAY COME.

I, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace, in and for the county of Bucks, do hereby certify that I am acquainted and know Emily Johnson, formerly Rodney, who was married to Samuel Johnson, who was married before William Hawk, Esq., of Bristol, Bucks County, as appears by record on his docket; and after careful examination and mature reflection, I feel myself fully safe in saying that the said Johnson had a wife living at the time he married the said Emily Rodney; and I further say that I have the evidence of Daniel Simmons, (local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church) Charles Emmons, (Class leader) and Benjamin Cummings, (who is exhorter) that he had one or more wives living at the time he married the said Emily Johnson; and the evidence, on affirmation of the said Emily Johnson, that he had a wife

HOW ANCIENT BALLADS ARE MANUFACTURED

Of the way in which ancient ballads have come into existence, there is one sad example within my own knowledge. Some small young wags wishing to test the critical powers of an experienced collector, sent him a new made ballad which they had been enabled to secure only in a fragmentary form. To the surprise of its fabricator, it was duly printed; but what naturally raised his surprise to astonishment, and revealed to him a secret, was that it was no longer a fragment, but a complete ballad—the collector, in the course of his industrious inquiries among the peasantry, having been so fortunate as to recover the missing fragments. It was a case where neither could say anything to the other. The ballad has been printed in more than one collection, and admired as an instance of the inimitable simplicity of the genuine old versions.

The Book Hunter by John Hill Burton

LEARNING BY TRANSLATING.

Cicero acquired his wonderful command of the Latin language, his *copia verborum*, by translating Greek into Latin. William Pitt, with the same object in view, devoted ten years to the translation of Latin in English. He regarded words as his tools, the weapons with which he was to arm himself. Rufus Choate pursued his plan of translation through his whole life. For every Latin, Greek, French, or German word, he endeavored to find five or six corresponding English words. "This exercise," says his biographer, "he persevered in daily, even in the midst of the most arduous business. Five minutes a day, if no more, he would seize, in the morning, for his task. Tacitus was his favorite author for this purpose, and Plautus. 'Cicero,' he said, 'though noble, could be too easily rendered into cheap and common English; and it is a rich and rare English which one ought to command who is aiming to control a jury's ear.'"

ANIMAL REMAINS HARMLESS.

Most readers of Charlotte Bronte's works have probably felt that the Haworth churchyard, while it added to the melancholy tendencies of the family, had also a pernicious influence on their health. The conviction is a common one, that a residence in the vicinity of a graveyard is likely to be an unhealthy. But a writer in the Louisville *Journal*, who seems to have given large observation to the matter, says that putrescent animal matter never occasions sickness. We extract a few paragraphs:

All human experience teaches that accumulations of vegetable filth, if moist, under the domination of a daily mean temperature of 60 degrees Fahrenheit, will produce sickness. If the filth remains, and is moist, and the daily mean temperature increases, the pestilence widens and deepens its ravages. There never has been, and never will be a departure from these truths. Every spot on the earth, where the conditions which we have named existed, has produced severe sickness, and the conditions will always produce it.

There is no instance in human history where a pestilence has been produced by the decay of animal matter. Medical records are full of impressive and instructive facts on this point. Take, for example, the butchers of Louisville. They live in such close proximity to one another, that the locality is called Butchertown. Their slaughter-houses are near their dwellings; glue manufactories, and other disagreeable establishments abound in the locality, and the summer's breath is loaded with the offensive odours of putrid animal matter. The butchers live among those odours through the day, and sleep among them at night; yet there is not a more healthy class of people in this city.

An old graveyard in the heart of the city of Paris emitted such odours, that it was determined by the authorities to remove the dead bodies. This was done in hot weather, but, although twenty thousand bodies in all stages of putrefaction were thus removed, no fever or pestilence was produced. Some of the workmen were knocked down by the overpowering odour, but the effect was momentary.

During an epidemic fever in Spain, in 1800, there were buried in Seville ten thousand bodies in one burying ground, and twelve thousand in three others. In Cadiz, also, equally extensive burials occurred, and in the spring the earth cracked open, and emitted the most noisome odours. The churches were filled with these odours, but there was no epidemic in either city, nor any sickness traceable to this putrefaction.

GEOLOGICAL WONDER.

About thirty years ago, somebody made the discovery that the ice fields of Siberia contained immense numbers of fossils of elephants and mastodons. Where they came from, or how they got there, is a problem which perhaps may never be solved; their existence, however, was no chimera, and as ivory is one of the most valuable commodities of trade in all nations, some utilitarian Englishmen conceived the idea of turning these vestiges of a former epoch to a profitable account. Accordingly, about the year 1836, Thompson, Bonner & Co., a rich London firm, fitted out an expedition to seek for ivory in the Siberian ice Novel and incredible as it seemed, the expedition was crowned with complete success. The ships returned to England richly laden with the choicest ivory; and even to the present time, although the world knows little about it, the ivory market is mainly supplied from the ice fields of Siberia.

ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

He had become partially deaf in one ear, and felt impatient under the infliction. All the legitimate skill and science in London were called on to remove the infirmity, but without effect. At last, Mr. Stephenson, the celebrated aurist, was recommended to the Duke as one who had been eminently successful in similar cases. The Duke sent for him. After trying, to no purpose, a less energetic method of treatment, Mr. Stephenson had recourse to his great remedy, namely, the injection by a syringe into the ear of a strong solution of caustic. "I don't think," the Duke used to say, "that I ever suffered so much in my life. It was not pain; it is something far worse. The sense of hearing became so acute that I wished myself stone-deaf. The noise of a carriage passing along the street was like the loudest thunder, and everybody that spoke seemed to be shrieking at the very top of his voice." We are not prepared to assign a reason for this unlooked for result of an experiment which had succeeded in many other instances; we only know the fact, and that the Duke, as was his wont, bore it all without manifesting any token that he was uncomfortable. He went out and came in as usual, and when he retired to bed none of his household suspected that there was anything wrong with him.

By great good fortune, Dr. Hume, his friend and family physician, who happened to be in attendance for other reasons, called next morning about eleven o'clock. He was shown into the Duke's room, and found him sitting at the table, unshaved and unwashed, with blood-shot eyes and a flushed cheek, and observed that when he rose he staggered like a drunken man. His whole appearance, indeed, to use Dr. Hume's expression, "was that of one who had not yet recovered from a terrible debauch." Now as Hume knew perfectly well that his illustrious patient never committed such debauches, he became greatly alarmed, and expressed himself so. "I fancy there is something wrong with my ear," was the Duke's reply; "I wish you would look at it." Hume did look at it. A furious inflammation was going on, which, had it been permitted to run its course for another hour, must have reached the brain. Hume ordered his patient immediately to bed, and sent off for Sir Henry Halford and Sir Astley Cooper. Vigorous remedies were at once applied, and the inflammation was arrested. But the sense of hearing on that side of the head was destroyed for ever.

We must not omit the sequel of this little tale. The grief and mortification of Mr. Stephenson when he heard of the results of his practice, knew no bounds. He hastened to Apsley House, and being admitted to the Duke's presence, expressed himself as any right-minded person, under the circumstances, would have done. But he was instantly stopped, though in the kindest manner. "Don't say a word about it; you acted for the best; it has been unfortunate, no doubt, for both of us, but you are not at all to blame." Grateful for this reception, Mr. Stephenson went on to say: "But it will be the ruin of me. Nobody will employ me any more when they hear that I have been the cause of such suffering and danger to your Grace." "Why should they hear any thing about it?" replied the Duke; "keep your own counsel, and depend upon it I won't say a word to any one." "Then your Grace will allow me to attend you as usual, which will show them that you have not withdrawn your confidence from me?" "No," replied the Duke, still kindly but firmly; "I can't do that, for that would be a lie." So strong, even in a case which made so common appeal to his generosity, was the Duke's love of truth. He would not act a falsehood any more than he would speak one.

ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHN BROWN.

When John Brown, D. D, first settled in Haddington, Scotland, the people of the parish gave him a warm and enthusiastic reception; only one of the members of that large church and congregation stood out in opposition to him. The reverend Doctor tried all the means in his power to convert the solitary dissenter to the unity of feeling which pervaded the whole body, but all his efforts to obtain an interview proved abortive. As Providence directed, however, they happened one day to meet in the street, when the Doctor held out his hand, saying—

"My brother, I understand you are opposed to my settling at Haddington?"

"Yes, sir," replied the parishioner.

"Well, and if it be a fair question, on what grounds do you object to me?"

"Because, sir," quoth he, "I don't think you are qualified to fill so eminent a post."

"That is opinion," replied the Doctor; "but what, sir, is the use of you and me setting up our opinions in opposition to a whole parish?"

The brother smiled, and their friendship was sealed forever. How very true is it that "A soft answer turns away wrath."

PITT'S LAST SPEECH.

On the 9th of November, 1805, about three months before his death, (January 23d, 1806,) Pitt went to the Lord Mayor's banquet at Guildhall. On that day the Prime Minister's popularity shone forth with even more than its former splendor. As his carriage proceeded down Cheapside, the multitude took off the horses, and, amidst thunders of acclamation, drew him in triumph to the hall. At the banquet the Lord Mayor proposed his health, designating him "the Saviour of Europe." Rising with emotion, the gratified Minister said:—"I return you many thanks for the honor you have done me; but Europe is not to be saved by any single man. England has saved herself by her exertions, and will, as I trust, save Europe by her example." This was his entire reply; and it was the last speech he ever made in public. The Duke of Wellington, in relating this to Lord Stanhope, called it "one of the best and neatest speeches he ever heard; he was scarcely up two minutes, yet nothing could be more perfect."

SCHEELE, the chemist, discoverer of chlorine and manganese, was a native of Sweden; and when Gustavus III. was in Paris, a deputation of the learned waited upon him to congratulate him on having so illustrious a subject. The king had never heard of him: but, ashamed of his ignorance, he immediately sent off a courier to say that Scheele was to be made a noble! "All very fine," said his prime minister, on receiving the despatch, "but who is Scheele?" A clerk in the Foreign Office volunteered information: "Very good fellow—captain in the artillery—great friend of mine—plays billiards divinely." The puzzled minister turned the captain into a count, and the mistake was not discovered till the king's return.

A SCOTTISH XANTIPPE.—James Ferguson and his wife led a cat-and-dog-life, and she is not once alluded to in the philosopher's autobiography. About the year 1750, one evening while he was delivering to a London audience a lecture on astronomy, his wife entered the room in a passion, and maliciously overturned several pieces of the apparatus, when all the notice Ferguson took of the matter was the observation to the audience:—"Ladies and gentlemen, I have the misfortune to be married to this woman."

THE most wonderful stories are related of the bravery of Kearney, who literally bears the character of a salamander. In the late battle he was to be seen with his one arm, and holding his bridle in his teeth, everywhere during the hottest of the fight. At one time he came very near to being taken at White Oaks Swamp. He was surrounded by no fewer than thirty of the rebels, but fairly cut his way through them, and asking them if they thought "he looked the kind of man to fall into their hands?" The men all love him for his undaunted bravery, but complain a little of his forgetting that everybody is not made of cast-iron like himself.

MR. JEFFREY, of the Edinburgh Review, was a little disgusted on his visit to the United States, soon after the peace, with the national vanity of the Americans; and he took no small pleasure in mortifying it. To a question put to him by Mr. Madison, "What did you think of the war, Mr. Jeffrey?" he coolly replied, "Upon my word, sir, I did not hear of it!"

A VIRGINIA paper says that among the excuses offered for exemptions from service in the rebel army, some are extremely ludicrous. In Smyth county, one man, in enrolling himself, wrote opposite his name, "One leg too short." The next man that came in, noticing the excuse, and deeming it pretty good, thought he would make his better, and wrote opposite his name, "both legs too short."

A LAWYER in one of the Western courts lately threw a book at another's head. The court required him to apologize. He did so, and added:—"While I am about it, I may as well apologize beforehand for throwing another book at him the first chance I get."

A LADY, very fond of her husband, notwithstanding the ugliness of person, once said to Rogers, the poet, "What do you think—my husband has laid out fifty guineas for a labour on purpose to please me." "The dear little man," replied Rogers, "it's just like him."

A BUSINESS MAN'S MOTTO

The excavations at the buried cities of Pompeii, Herculaneum, Pozzeul and Capua, are going on with renewed vigor, under the stimulus of an appropriation of money for the purpose from the Italian Government. Heretofore Naples had the work under its exclusive care and control. At Pompeii new frescoes have been discovered, and there is an inscription on the wall of what was probably a work-shop of some kind, as follows: *'Otiosis hic locus non est. Discede, Morator.'* This may be translated, "This place is not for the lazy. Loafer depart." This inscription is as good for industrial establishments of modern times, as it was for those of ancient Pompeii. Its discovery is interesting from the fact that it shows that human nature was the same eighteen centuries ago in Italy as it is now in America; that there were lazy folks and loafers who would intrude into work-shops, and waste the time of divert the attention of the workmen; and that it became necessary to put up inscriptions, giving a general warning to all such to depart.

TALKS ABOUT HEALTH.

By Dio Lewis, M. D.

WHOLES NEAT THE SKIN, AND TOTAL ABSTINENCE IN HOT CLIMATES.

The other day I met an intelligent medical man, just returned from Port Royal. He had lived much in hot climates. The health of our army deeply interested him. Several persons on their way to the South had asked him, "How can we preserve our health during the summer?" I listened with the deepest interest to his reply, and believing it full of sound practical wisdom, and applicable to this latitude during the present heated term, I give it publicity.

The doctor said, I will give you a few rules, which, faithfully observed, will protect you against the fevers, dysentery, and other diseases of hot climates.

1st. Don't touch a drop of alcoholic stimulus, and avoid the excessive use of ice water.

2d. Eat very little or no meat, but use freely coarse bread and the fruits of the country. Tea and coffee may be drunk in small quantities, if made quite weak.

3d. Bathe all over, at least once a day; sleep in well-ventilated apartments; retire early, and sleep long. Straw makes the best bed. It is not well to sleep in the same garment, next the skin, which has been worn during the day

4th. And most important of all, *wear woolen next the skin!* It may be hard to learn; you may, at first, be obliged to provide yourself with very thin, soft flannel, but you must persevere. If symptoms of bowel disease appear, wrap an extra piece of flannel around the bowels.

5th. You must keep up your exercise. Although it may increase your discomfort for the moment, it will greatly enhance your power to resist the heat. The farmer in the harvest-field suffers much less than the fine lady in her parlor, although his temperature may be thirty degrees higher. Brisk exercise of the right kind and amount is a wonderful protector against the influence of heat. No one so surely falls a victim to a hot climate as he who lives high, drinks brandy, and sits constantly in the shade, fanning himself.

ADVANTAGES OF TEMPERANCE.

Solomon tells us that the glutton shall come to poverty; warns us not to be among riotous eaters of flesh, and even bids us to put a knife to our throats if we be men given to appetite. Is there no less desperate remedy?

Lord Byron once told a companion that if some demi-god would dictate to us how much we ought to eat it would put an end to half the miseries of the race

Jonathan Edwards we see noting in his diary: "I find that I cannot be convinced in the time of eating, that to eat more would be to exceed the bounds of temperance, though I have had two years' experience of the like, and yet, three minutes after I have done, I am convinced of it. But yet again I overeat, thinking I shall be somewhat faint if I leave off then; but when I have finished, I am convinced of excess, and so it is from time to time. I have observed the more it seems to be the truth, when it is according to my inclination, than when otherwise."

Jefferson says that "no man ever repents eating too little."

Sir Isaac Newton often dined on a penny's worth of bread

Abernethy cured his indigestion and regained his flesh by "going into the country, where he could get good milk and eggs, and living upon three ounces of baked custard taken three times a day, with no drink but ginger-water. On this quantity of food he regained his flesh, and uniformly got better.

Marion and his men waxed strong and valiant with no food but sweet potatoes, no drink but water, and no shelter but the sky

"Besides brown bread, the Greek boatmen subsist almost solely on their native fruits, figs, grapes, and raisins. They are the most nimble, active, graceful, cheerful even merry people in the world."

Grant Thornburn attributes his cheerful old age to the fact that he "never eats enough," and thousands of his countrymen are wearing out their bodies not so much by the excess of business or multiplicity of cares, as by the overwork they crowd upon themselves in digesting surplus and unnecessary food.

Family Circle.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

"Will you walk into my parlor?"
Said a spider to a fly;
"'Tis the prettiest little parlor
That ever you did spy.
The way into my parlor
Is up a winding stair,
And I have many pretty things
To show when you are there."
"Oh, no, no!" said the little fly,
"To ask me is in vain;
For who goes up your winding stairs
Can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary
With soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?"
Said the spider to the fly.
"There are pretty curtains drawn around,
The sheets are fine and thin;
And if you like to rest awhile,
I'll snugly tuck you in."
"Oh, no, no!" said the little fly,
"For I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again,
Who sleep upon your bed."

Said the cunning spider to the fly,
"Dear friend, what shall I do,
To prove the warm affection
I've always felt for you?
I have, within my pantry,
Good store of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome—
Will you please to take a slice?"
"Oh, no, no!" said the little fly,
"Kind sir, that cannot be;
I've heard what's in your pantry,
And I do not wish to see."

"Sweet creature," said the spider,
"You're witty and you're wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings,
How brilliant are your eyes.
I have a little looking-glass
Upon my parlor shelf;
If you'll step in one moment, dear,
You shall behold yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir," she said,
"For what you're pleased to say,
And bidding you good morning now,
I'll call another day."

The spider turned him round about,
And went into his den,
For well he knew the silly fly
Would soon be back again.
So he wove a subtle web,
In a little corner sly,
And set his table ready
To dine upon the fly.
He went out to his door again,
And merrily did sing,
"Come hither, hither, pretty fly,
With pearl and silver wing;
Your robes are green and purple,
There's a crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright,
But mine are dull as lead."

Alas! alas! how very soon
This silly little fly,
Hearing his wily flattering words,
Came slowly flitting by!
With buzzing wings she hung aloft,
Then near and nearer drew—
Thought only of her brilliant eyes,
And green and purple hue;
Thought only of her crested head—
Poor foolish thing! At last
Up jumped the cunning spider,
And fiercely held her fast.

He dragged her up his winding stair,
Into his dismal den,
Within his little parlor—but
She ne'er came out again!
And now, dear little children
Who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words,
I pray you, ne'er give heed:
Unto an evil counsellor
Close heart and ear and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale,
Of the spider and the fly.

Mary Howitt.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S CAPS.

A TRUE STORY

In a beautiful home in dear New England dwells the beloved Grandmother of whom I write. More than threescore years have passed over her head, and still her steps are followed by the blessings of those whose lives are made happier by her acts of charity and kindness. A model of thrift and tidiness, it is woe indeed to the insane fly that ventures to intrude upon her premises, and she takes, even now, a worthy pride in the whiteness of her household linen.

It was on a beautiful afternoon of June, many years ago, that my Grandmother said to me, "My child, take these bits of lace, and run out under the trees where the grass is clean and nice, and spread them out carefully, that they may be bleached by the heavy dew."

How like yesterday it seems to me—the soft air as it came in through the open window, the sweet voices of the birds that sang in the tall trees, and the beauty of the varied landscape, as it lay bathed in the warm sunset glow, on the threshold of summer!

"Don't drop any of the pieces," said my Grandmother, for I was a heedless child. I promised care, and took the lace. I remember each bit—the round pieces for the crowns, the straight pieces for the top of the caps, and the yards of soft delicate border, which shaded the dear face everybody loved so well.

Selecting a little out-of-the-way place, where no cat or dog would wantonly step upon it, I stretched each piece carefully on the soft grass, and went to my play.

Several days had passed when my Grandmother said to me one morning, "Now you may go out and bring in my caps—by this time they must be quite white."

I hastened to do her bidding, but on reaching the spot where I had laid them, what was my surprise to find them gone—not a trace of them left! I ran back to the house and told the fact, which to all the family seemed quite unaccountable. We had none but honest neighbors, and knew of no mischievous cat or dog about which was known to have a taste for such delicate finery. On the whole, it was a mystery; and, as the time passed, when anything was lost about the house, and could not be accounted for, a common expression with the family would be, "It has gone with mother's caps."

One afternoon, late in the autumn, I stood by the window with my brother, watching the trees as they swayed to and fro in the chilly wind The sweet birds had all sung their good-by songs, and taken themselves to a warmer climate, for the winter was fast coming. We children were talking of the nice fun we would have when the beautiful snow came again, and we could coast and skate. Suddenly my brother exclaimed, "What do I see upon that tree, no white, like a feather?" Following his eye, I saw what appeared like a white ribbon or strip of cloth, as it fluttered in the wind seeming to grow larger as we watched it.

At last we called the aunts and Grandmother to look, but no one could decide what it could be "Well," said Ned, "I'll climb the tree, and then we shall know." So out he ran, and slowly but surely he drew himself up the tall slender trunk, and reaching the branches, he carefully dislodged a white bunch to which the streamer seemed to be attached, and placing it inside his jacket he began his descent. It was but the work of a moment to slide to the ground, and in another moment he was surrounded by an eager group, all wondering what he had found—Grandmother with spectacles and knitting-work as interested as any one

One look explained a long mystery; and with united voices we exclaimed, "Tis Grandma's caps at last!"—and sure enough, there in the shape of the nicest of all robins' nests, was the lace so long missing. The crown pieces were just the things for the bottom, the top pieces were laid around the sides, while the bit of white which had attracted our notice was but an end of the border, which with great care and dexterity was woven in for a kind of finishing touch to the whole. Bleeder twigs and bits of straw were glued together with the lace—making a really elegant and fanciful home for some ambitious robin, who had spent the summer in happy possession, with no idea that his property would be seized and appropriated so soon after his departure.

With great care the lace border was detached from the nest, and though unfitted for use, it was distributed for relics, a piece to each, and it was the sight of the bit in my mother's possession which brought back the incident to my mind

TWO FLIES.

Professors of religion, who are called to be saints, and who seem to be pillars in the house of the Lord, often compel us to think of what Solomon says of the dead flies in the ointment of the apothecary. One of these members lives not a thousand miles from where I am now writing. This brother is highly esteemed in the church, and "has a good report of them which are without." He has the reputation of being a Christian gentleman, and he is a gentleman in appearance. He patronizes a good tailor, and dresses with excellent taste. His hat and coat are kept well brushed, and he allows his boots to lack no blacking. He is "graced with polished manners," and in all his intercourse with the world is a model of affability and politeness. He meets his clerks in the morning with a pleasant smile, and is courteous and gentlemanly to every caller during the day. None of the vexations of business disturb his equanimity, and he even listens with saintlike patience to the angular and hard-visaged females who infest his office to solicit subscriptions to objects of charity of which he knows nothing, and into the merits of which he has no time to inquire. He refuses a favor with such blandness that the disappointed applicants go away blessing him in their hearts. This accomplished *gentle*-man is such a pink of politeness when *from* home that it seems a pity that he cannot live in the streets, eat at a restaurant, and sleep in his office. There are few comparatively who know it, but he is a churl and a tyrant in his own house. He generally comes home (unless accompanied by a friend) with a cloud upon his face that casts a gloom over the whole family circle. If to his wife and children there is ever any "music in his step," it is when that step carries him to the front door and into the street. The essential meanness of his nature asserts itself as soon as he is seated under his own vine and fig-tree. He is a chronic grumbler, and frets and scolds incessantly about the "house expenses." And he is apt to speak with special unction on this subject after having paid as much for his dinner at Crook & Doff's, Delmonico's, as his wife expends in providing a dinner for the family at home, consisting of herself, five children and two servants. He asks a blessing over his meals, and is careful to tell the Lord how thankful he is for the "good creatures provided by his bounty;" but the concluding "Amen" is hardly uttered before he is growling at his wife because there is nothing on the table that is fit to eat. He is sure that half the comfort of a man's life consists in having things cooked to suit him; but he, dear long-suffering soul, has ceased to hope for any such gratification. His poor dear mother *was a housekeeper* in her day—he can never forget her habits of industry and economy, but such things are not now to be looked for among women. He upbraids, sneers at, and snubs his wife, till she feels that it were better to be a kitchen drudge than the wife of such a "Roman." The man may be ignorant of the fact, but certainly in his alabaster box of ointment there is a dead fly of the largest size, whose odor is most unsavory.

The parfumery of another brother is spoiled by a fly of a different kind. No one can accuse him of being unkind or boorish in his family. He is a most devoted husband, and a more affectionate and indulgent father does not live. His wife and children fare sumptuously every day, and have all that heart could wish. The house in which they live is built with all modern improvements, and is richly furnished. It abounds in articles of virtu, costly books, and choice works of art. The children are provided with the best teachers, and educated without regard to expense. To this princely home friends are made welcome, and within its walls an elegant hospitality is dispensed. The proprietor of this establishment is a generous supporter of the church, and of the benevolent and philanthropic operations of the day. He gives cheerfully, liberally, and frequently. There are many admirable traits in his character, and but for a single defect he would be an excellent citizen and a good Christian. The misfortune in his case is that *he is not strictly honest.* His ideas of *meum et tuum* are all in confusion. He never *steals* a dollar in his life, yet many a thief who "steals to satisfy his soul when he is hungry," can make a better excuse for his offences than this eminent Christian can offer for certain of his practices. He seems to have determined once for all that he and his family *must have* the enjoyments and luxuries of life, whoever pays for them. If he can make or honestly obtain the means of securing these luxuries, well and good; if not, they must come from somewhere. In following out this plan, he evinces great ability. He has a real genius for running in debt. Falstaff's alacrity at sinking was nothing in comparison to it. He is ready to buy anything from a mouse-trap to a picture by one of the old masters, if he can obtain it on credit. I think it is Ben Franklin who says, "He that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing," but the proverb does not apply to the present case It is the creditors of this brother who do the sorrowing; he evidently enjoys borrowing, and never troubles himself because his debts are not paid The cool assurance with which he will ask for credit, or solicit a loan of money, is so perfect as to be almost sublime. A story is told of a fellow who put up at a hotel and remained there for a whole year, without paying any board. At the expiration of that time the landlord said, "You must now pay or leave. I cannot afford to keep you any longer for nothing" With the air of an injured innocent, the guest replied, "You cannot *afford* to keep me any longer! and what kind of a man are you to be the proprietor of a hotel? I advise you to retire, and leave the business to some one who knows how to conduct it." I fancy this sponge must have been a near relative of the conspicuous brother whose case we are now considering. However this may be, it is evident that the dead flies have spoiled his vase of ointment.—*Rev. R. M. Hatfield in the Independent.*

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SCHOOL GIRLS.

Anthony Trollope, in his new book on America, thus speaks of our school-girls: "I do not know any contrast that would be more surprising to an Englishman, up to that moment ignorant of the matter, than that which he would find by visiting, first of all a free school in London and then a free school in New York. The female pupil at a free school in London is, as a rule, either a ragged pauper or a charity girl; if not degraded, at least stigmatized by the badges and dress of the charity. We Englishmen know well the type of each, and have a faintly correct idea of the amount of education which is imparted to them. We see the result afterwards, when the same girls become our servants, and the wives of our grooms and porters. The female pupil of a free school in New York is neither a pauper nor a charity girl. She is dressed with the utmost decency. She is perfectly cleanly. In speaking to her, you cannot, in any degree, guess whether her father has a dollar a day or three thousand dollars a year. Nor will you be enabled to guess by the manner in which her associates treat her. As regards her own manner to you, it is always the same as though her father were, in all respects, your equal."

WHAT IS YOUR AIM?

A STORY FOR BOYS.

What is the aim of the little boys and girls who read this paper? Is it to store your minds with useful knowledge, and make wise and good men and women; or, is it to be drones in this great bee-hive of life, where so many paths of usefulness are daily opened up? Set your mark high, and aim at reaching it, and you will accomplish more than if you set a low mark and reached the highest point of it. To illustrate what I mean, I will relate the history of two boys, one of whom set his mark very high

Harry B., for that was the name of the ambitious boy, aimed at reaching a high mark, even if it were at the expense of much time and labor. Charles N., the careless boy, never aimed at any thing higher than beating a playmate at playing ball or marbles. Both of these boys attended the same Sabbath School, and also the same day school, so both enjoyed the same advantages in that respect. They were, however, very differently situated in regard to worldly circumstances. Charles was the son of very wealthy parents, and had all the advantages of wealth and position, (if such we may call them.) Harry was the only child of a poor, but pious and worthy widow, who earned her living by toiling with her needle. She spent nearly all she made in educating her boy; but she indulged the hope, that at some future period she would be amply repaid for the many sacrifices she made for him. He was an ambitious and diligent boy; and by strict attention to his studies, and correct deportment, he won the approbation of his teachers, and gained many warm and steadfast friends. After leaving school, Harry, by getting a recommendation from his teacher, and by the influence of some friends who were deeply interested in his welfare, obtained a situation as book-keeper in one of our large wholesale establishments. He received a very good salary, for the situation he held was one of trust and responsibility. By living savingly, and denying himself some of the luxuries in which most of the youth at the present day indulge, he managed to save as much as would put him through College.

After entering College, his instructors soon found that he was a youth of unusual talent, and destined to make a high mark in the world—

"Lives of all great men remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time."

He always stood number one in his class, and was far in advance of many who enjoyed superior advantages. When he graduated he took the highest honors of the Institution, and was the object of envy and jealousy among some of his classmates, but "diligence and perseverance will have their reward."

Harry always had a preference for the study of theology, and after going through his theological course, he was licensed to preach the gospel. He seemed peculiarly adapted for the mission work, and had all the qualifications for that important field

He was in due time appointed as a missionary to a far-distant land, where he is now engaged in preaching the everlasting gospel to the benighted heathen, and many who, a short time ago, were bowing down to stocks and stones are now, through his instrumentality, worshipping the one only living and true God.

O, that all the little boys and girls who read the EVANGELIST would set their mark high, and aim at reaching it! How amply that Christian mother was repaid for the many sacrifices she made on account of her worthy son! How many heathen will trace their conversion to the time when this young ambassador of Christ first proclaimed to them the "good news and glad tidings of salvation!"

But let us take a glance at the history of Charles N. A short time after he left school, he lost his parents. When he arrived at the proper age, he received into his own hands the large fortune left him by his parents. He indulged in many injurious vices, spent all his money, and in a short time was reduced to poverty.

He made many efforts to make a living, but his character was such that he lost the confidence of all his friends. After many unsuccessful attempts to get a situation, he broke the eighth Commandment, was tried and found guilty of theft, and sentenced to spend a term of years in a prison. The confinement added to the disgrace and remorse incident to a life in prison brought on a consumption which ended his life before he reached the prime of manhood. But most of all, he died without giving evidence of a change of heart, and was ushered into the presence of God, there to be judged according to the deeds done in the body.

O, that all the youthful readers of this history would take warning from the end and of this young man! Set your mark high, and place your trust in God, and never rest satisfied until you have reached the goal and won the prize

MENNIE.

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Poetry.

OLD FOLKS

Ah, don't be sorrowful, darling,
And don't be sorrowful, pray;
Taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day.

'Tis rainy weather, my darling,
Time's waves they heavily run;
But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun!

We are old folks now, my darling,
Our heads they are growing gray;
But taking the year all round, my dear,
You will always find the May!

We have had our May, my darling,
And our roses long ago;
And the time of the year is coming, my dear,
For the silent night and the snow.

And God is God, my darling,
Of night as well as of day,
And we feel and know that we can go
Wherever he leads the way.

Ay, God of the night, my darling—
Of the night of death so grim,
The gate that leads out of life, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to Him

A LITTLE WHILE.

BY CH. ROMAN.

Beyond the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon,
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon
Love, rest and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon
Love, rest and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon
Love, rest and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Editor:—Through the goodness and mercy of a gracious Benefactor, it is my privilege to address you again, though I have nothing of such great importance to which I can call your attention. But I find since the Bishop question has been smothered up, there is quite a falling off among your contributors. I had not thought of the decrease in that respect, until my attention was called to it the other day by a distinguished gentleman of this city, who takes our paper. He remarked to me as follows:—"Mr. ———, I discover, since the Episcopal controversy has stopped in the *Recorder*, the literati of your people are lost for a subject; I wonder if controversy is not a peculiar forte among you?" I won't tell you how I felt, for I can't; but I faced it over as good as I could, and bid good evening.

I had the pleasure of attending the first Quarterly meeting of Rev. H. J. Rhoden, on last Sabbath, in Georgetown. Rev. James A. Handy delivered the 11 o'clock discourse, which was unquestionably one of the finest specimens of pulpit eloquence that we have had the honor of hearing for a long time.

It was announced on the previous Sabbath, that on Monday night last, 27th ult., the Rev. Amos G. Beman would lecture in Israel Church. The time appointed having arrived, Mr. Beman was on the spot; but there were not more than forty persons present. We were, of course, thrown into a great surprise as to where the people had gone, for Mr. Beman declared he could not lecture to so few. While waiting, with anxious hearts, for more to come in, a messenger arrived and spread the news like wild-fire, that at the Asbury M. E. Colored Church there was a great war meeting of the colored people. The house then adjourned, as no more were expected, and several of us went up to Asbury to see and hear. So on nearing up to the church, we found groups of colored people returning to their homes, and yet about a thousand appeared to be standing before the door. We soon learned that they had convened for the purpose of organizing a regiment of colored soldiers, and tendering them to the President, but that the Trustees had refused to open the church; and so determined were they to carry through their project, that they attempted to hold a mass-meeting on the steps, but the Trustees here seemed to rout them again, and finally the crowd dispersed. A great many of our people in the District think that the nation is forcing them and giving them their word is low equal to any person, white or colored, is a sufficient favor for them to return a corresponding compliment in aiding the Government in putting down its rebels. But who was the getter-up of this war meeting, is the great question. Our people certainly did it, but who they were, is the secret. Before leaving this subject, I would say that the stern refusal of the Asbury Trustees to open the church, came near resulting in the death of one of them. I was informed that he saved his life by the *logic of fleetness.*

The Hon. J. D Johnson, Commissioner of Liberia, who has been here some time urging the claims of that young republic, was most inhumanly mobbed on last Tuesday night, by the colored people of this city, or, I should have said, by a colored mob. Report says that Mr. Johnson endeavored to get Congress to transport, regardless of consent, all the contrabands who might possibly obtain their freedom, to Liberia within sixty days after the date of their freedom, and hence a committee of colored gentlemen waited upon him to ascertain if the rumor were true, and that he treated the committee contemptuously, which so angered them that they transformed themselves into a mob and let slip vengeance at him. I am informed that nothing saved his life but the intervention of some young ladies. I am sorry that our people acted so rudely in the matter, as I do not think it tends to their honor; and yet if Mr. Johnson thus acted, I am equally sorry that he wished to deprive us of that God-given right of choosing or refusing. I hope our people everywhere will soon begin to look upon mobs as the most contemptible, lowest, rottenest plan to all God's universe of carrying power. Let us come out and expose men's mean principles, but not injure their bodies, remembering that God made the latter, but never made the former; and it indicates an animal predominancy in its perpetrators.

Rev. David Smith has returned from Ohio, and is carrying on an extensive medical practice in Washington and Alexandria.

Rev. M. F. Sluby is in the city. He preached in Israel church on Thursday night, to a very respectable audience, and a higher state of Christian feeling is seldom seen than attended his discourse; he is peculiarly adapted to the practical ministry.

It is whispered about in Washington that Gen. McClellan sacrificed 100,000 men in the Peninsula, and that his removal is contemplated. Another sensation report says that the Rebels will attack Washington before another week.

The Republican paper of this city, notices a sermon preached by "the Rev. Mr. Turner, colored minister of the African Methodist Episcopal Church," in which it (the Republican,) while speaking very complimentary of Rev. Mr. Turner, sets him in a very singular aspect before the people. It says that Mr. Turner "urged the policy of the colored people taking up arms and sustaining the Government by crimsoning every battle-field with their blood." I was present and heard Mr. Turner's remarks, but did not hear all the Republican says, in a certain direction, though Mr. Turner did say that we should pray for this nation, which is groaning beneath the scathing judgments of a God who never falters his promises nor swerves his threats,—for him to hold indivisibly, unsullied, the integrity and honor of this country; for if she failed in this her hour of trial, farewell, oh, farewell, thou goddess of liberty; hope for the poor, prospect for the oppressed, adieu, adieu, adieu!

Rev. George A. Rue passed through the city on his way to Newbern, N. C. He preached in Israel church, and stated his mission, and the people voluntarily, without being asked, came up and put $18 in his hands. H. M. T.

For the Christian Recorder.

NEWS FROM WILMINGTON.

Wilmington, July 30th, 1862.

Mr. Editor:—Permit me, for the first time since I have been a subscriber to the Christian Recorder, to inform you of the condition of affairs in our midst in our city. According to the last census, taken in 1860, our city contains a colored population numbering over 2,200. They are, in general, an industrious, moral, religious and intelligent community. Many of them are the owners of from one to four houses, worth in the aggregate several thousand dollars. There are three day-schools, two of which are under the African School Association, situated in Orange St., near 10th, in one building—boys' department, 1st story, room to seat 58 scholars; average attendance, 50; teacher, Mr. Frisby J. Cooper. Girls' department, 2d story, room to seat 58 scholars; average attendance, 45; teacher, Mrs. Susanna Bostick. The other school is exclusively a pay school, situated in French St., near 9th—room to seat 40 scholars; teacher, Mr. Edmund H. Anderson. These schools are very much appreciated, and, according to the several examinations that have been recently, show a great mark of general improvement, which I assure you is very commendable. There are also several gentlemen who are in business for themselves, viz.: Michael Sterling, a blacksmith, who has done business for many years, and by his assiduity and gentlemanly deportment, has secured himself a handsome and comfortable home, with an addition of several houses beside. His residence is in 4th St., near Walnut; his shop is adjoining his residence. Caleb Milborn, a cabinet-maker and undertaker, does a very fair business, and has the entire patronage of our people, with a few rare exceptions. He has also a comfortable home, &c. His residence is in Orange St., near 10th. John W. Layton keeps a grocery store in Orange St., near 11th, and does a fair business, and has accumulated a handsome home, and several houses, &c. John Parnell keeps a grocery store in Tatnall St., near 8th, and has secured a very liberal patronage in that vicinity, and has also a very comfortable home, &c. Robert Graves keeps a very large clothing store in Market St., near 2d, and does a very fine business. He has also a very comfortable home and several houses besides. His residence is in French St., near 9th. Daniel P. Hamilton, a trucker, has several acres of land under culture, and does a very fair business. His fresh and nice vegetables find a ready market and quick sales for cash. He has also a very comfortable home, &c.

There are several Masonic, Odd Fellows and Samaritan Lodges, together with ten or twelve beneficial societies, which societies are constantly engaged in alleviating the affliction and distress of their poor brethren and sisters in their midst. They are worth in the aggregate several thousand dollars. There are five churches, viz.: "East Zion" M. E. Church, (under the whites) founded A. D. 1805, situated corner of Ninth and French Sts., membership over 300, minister in charge Rev. Wilmore S. Elsey, Sabbath school attached numbering more than 100 scholars, with a sufficient corps of teachers and a good library. Second African "Union Church, founded A. D 1813, situated in French St., between 8th and 9th, membership over two hundred, minister in charge Rev. Isaac Parker, Sabbath-school attached numbering over 100 scholars, with a corps of teachers and a very good library. 3d. "First Methodist Union," founded A. D. 1840, situated in Poplar St., between 5th and 6th, membership *incognito*, minister in charge Rev. Garrett Wilson.

4th. Bethel A. M. E. Church, founded A. D. 1846, removed to and rebuilt in Penn St., between Walnut and Poplar, and between 6th and 7th A D 1853, in the fall of the same year, it was dedicated to the worship of the Triune God, under the administration and general supervision of Rev. W. D. W. Schureman, who for his talents, piety, zeal and *equitable administration* of the gospel, and discipline of the church, is held in very high estimation in the community, and more particularly in the church. Since that time, our church has been in a very feeble state, the cause of which, I believe, is generally known; but, at present, things begin to loom up before us, and we now hope for a better state of things. Our membership is small, not over 50. Minister in charge, Rev. Michael F. Sluby, who, at present, is absent from the city. Our Sabbath-school numbers over 50 scholars, with an energetic and faithful corps of teachers and a small library

We also want the brethren to come over to "Macedonia" and help us. We will cordially receive you, and such as we have we will give unto you. We feel to do all that we can for the support of the gospel and spread of the Redeemer's kingdom. On Sunday, the 20th, Rev. William J. Fuller labored with us, and the Spirit of the Lord was in our midst. His text was, "There shall come a Star out of Jacob." Num. xxiv. 17.

On Sabbath, the 27th, our venerable father, Rev. Jeremiah G. Bulaugh, was with us, and delivered a discourse in his usual energetic style in the morning; text Rev. vii. 9, and we had a joyful time of the outpouring of the Spirit of the Lord, and were caused to say, "Surely the Lord is in this place." In the evening he gave a short exhortation. 5th. The Union Church of Wilmington, founded A. D. 1856, situated in French St., near 12th, membership over 100, minister in charge Rev. Edward Williams, sabbath-school attached numbering 60 scholars, with a corps of teachers and a small library.

I must now close my communication, which is longer than anticipated. If it be agreeable, you shall hear from me occasionally, if the Lord permit.

Friday J. Cooper.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE DUTIES OF THE HOUR.

When God created man in the world, he gave him a duty to perform, a work to accomplish, a mission to fulfil in life. He did not give him time to waste in idleness or a talent to bury. He created him a being of intelligence for future usefulness; nor does the flight of years take away that responsibility which rests upon us, and duty which we all owe to the Supreme Being and our fellow-men. Let our station in life be what it may, we can all do something that will add to the respectability and social improvement of our people; but the greatest duty, at the present hour, is to instill into the minds and hearts of the youth a moral principle, which is one of the greatest and surest foundations upon which we can build a character of purity. What is man without character? It is a pure character and principle that guides us safely over the stormy sea of life; then, if we wish to succeed and become useful in life, we should endeavor to preserve our character pure and above reproach, and to imitate the virtues rather than the vices of those who claim to be our superiors. Where is the young man or woman among us whose leisure moments could not be profitably employed? Many of the eminent men and women of this and other lands have arisen from the humble walks in life and been self-taught—what others have done and are doing, why cannot we? Then let our young men that now spend their leisure moments in drinking-saloons, or the theatre or ball-room, or other places that tend to destroy the mind and taint the character with those immoral principles and vices that corrupt the heart, turn their attention to higher objects, and store their minds with useful knowledge. Let them devote their leisure moments to proper study, on attending instructive lectures, literary associations and Sabbath-schools. Let us cultivate the mind and become intelligent and worthy of respect, and the world will be bound to respect us. Let our young women endeavor to preserve society in its purity, and exert their influence for good over a brother or a friend. Then, as our life draws to a close, we can look back over the wide field of the world, filled with teeming population, with churches, school-houses and colleges of learning, and see our people striving onward and upward to a higher state of Christian civilization, we can rest assured that we have done something to benefit our fellow-beings. D. J.

Newark, N. J.

For the Christian Recorder.

Trenton, July 31st, 1862

To the Editor of the Christian Recorder.—

Dear Sir:—I had the pleasure of hearing Prof. P. Houston Murray, last evening, deliver one of his lectures on Phrenology and Physiognomy, at the Mount Zion A. M. E. Church in this city.

Though not a believer in the science, (if it may be called so) yet I was struck with the ability and earnestness used by him in striving to prove its utility, especially in such arguments as the following: "Know thyself is a dictum of the Almighty. Though we ascend to the heavens, and count the myriads of stars and planets, though we exhaust the field of nature and beget a knowledge of beast, bird, insect and plant, though we descend to the bottom of the ocean and acquaint ourselves with the infinite multitudes which inhabit the briny deep, yet all such acquirements are but vain; but subservient, secondary in importance to the knowledge of man's own condition, temperaments, capabilities and aspirations. This grand, dignified and transcendent knowledge is what we claim for the science of Phrenology It is the teacher of man's natural condition; how it may, from a state of nature, use the best means to develop its latent or innate forces; how it may so modify or improve its temperaments that they may form the more perfect blending of the whole; how man may know to what end or aim to direct his capacities, that he may be most useful to himself and to the world."

This is a mere sample or outline of a lecture one hour long, including a delineation of the sciences of both Phrenology and Physiognomy; and all present, I believe, were constrained to acknowledge him to be an earnest promoter of the profession

The audience was neither large nor intellectual—a very common feature at scientific lectures among us.—Is it because we are not educated up to the point of appreciation yet?

Yours, &c., S. G. Gould

For the Christian Recorder

Mr. Editor,—I avail myself of this opportunity to transmit to you a few lines in reference to the present condition of Israel church. When Rev. H. M. Turner assumed the charge of this church, every thing was in disorder and confusion. The members were, to a very great extent, scattered, and the congregation thin or sparse. But since the church has been under his charge and direction, the state of affairs has changed, for out of confusion he has wrought order and concern, and has been successful in bringing both the members and congregation together again to their original and long accustomed places in the sanctuary of the Lord. Our church is progressing and improving with unprecedented rapidity, both spiritually and temporally.

Bro. Turner is a man of unsurpassed energy, and gifted with peculiar endowments. And this energetic and active spirit he has succeeded in disseminating and propagating throughout our whole church and people, and that to such an extent that they have come to the conclusion to repair their church edifice, remodel and renovate the basement, erect a new and commodious gallery, and decorate or fresco the main audience room, and such other improvements as may be necessary.

For this and many other things which he has introduced in and among our church and people, he merits and receives the thanks and commendations of a grateful people. And as a proof of this, he is winning golden opinions and gaining hosts of friends and admirers hereabouts. There is no reason why these things should not be, for he is a gentleman and a scholar, possessing rare intellectual and literary attainments. Several sabbaths ago, we had the pleasure of listening to him discourse on the great image which Nebuchadnezzar saw in his dream, and we must confess that we have never heard before any thing equal to it. He explained and expounded this great subject with his usual ease and affability; and he illustrated it with such clearness and precision, that the most simple and illiterate could understand it with incomparable ease and facility.

He has shown by this and every thing else that *he is* a thorough master of all he undertakes. It is no strange or uncommon thing to behold in his congregation honorable senators and representatives, and officers of every grade in the army, from the "stars" down to the "bars," listening carefully and attentively to the graphic illustrations, pathetic expostulations, and heart-stirring appeals of this distinguished pulpit orator; and very often causes the tear to steal down the cheek, and the heart of the most apathetic and obdurate to melt.

The choir of this church is jubilant over the idea that they are soon to have a new gallery, for they have suffered everything that mortals could suffer from the want of room and proper ventilation, which has endangered and jeopardised their health, and operated materially against their usefulness and utility in the church. This excellent choir has no *superior* hereabouts, as regards musical perfection and its attendants, and is under the skilful and efficient leadership of two of the most distinguished choristers of our city, viz., Professors Andrew B. Tinney, and John F. N. Wilkinson.

Rev. David Smith, late pastor of Israel church, who left this city several weeks ago for his home in Ohio, in consequence of the serious indisposition of his wife, has returned in fine health and spirits. This venerable and aged minister of God is now nearly four-score, and he continues to preach and teach the people the words of truth, and in this capacity he exhibits surprising zeal and avidity.

Mr. Editor, we are sorry that we are so lengthy in our remarks, for we know that we are taking up invaluable space in your columns. We have been considerably longer than we had the least anticipation of being. But we could not think of closing these remarks without having something to say for and about the *Recorder*. Although the *Recorder* has been a constant and frequent visitor to this city for some time, yet, prior to last May, its visits had been very seldom and irregular to us in this part of the town. But since the present administration has taken the charge of affairs, the *Recorder* has become a regular weekly visitor. And, Mr. Editor, how gladly it is welcomed here both in the church and in the home circle, and every one appears to be so eager to be the first to receive it, in order to feed on its precious contents, and peruse the choice specimens of poetry, and the rare selections culled from science and literature, which are dealt out in such rich abundance and profusion. And we do not think that we should be considered as committing a breach of veracity, or overstepping the bounds of truth, when we say that as a religious paper, it exceeds all that we have ever had in our church, and without doubt it is the very paragon of excellence and perfection. Bro. Charles D. Moore, the indefatigable agent of the *Recorder*, is doing a great work for it; and we must say that no better selection could have been made in this direction. Bro. Moore is a gentleman of fine abilities, and of indomitable energy, and all he undertakes is *certain* of proving successful. He is now using every effort, and bending and putting forth every exertion to promote its best interests, by increasing and extending its circulation. And in this respect and particular, he merits undoubtedly the hearty co-operation and support of the people. And we earnestly, prayerfully, and sincerely hope that the *Recorder*, the organ of our church, may continue to increase more and more, and its circulation extend to every point of the compass, even from the borders of Maine down to the extreme frontiers of Texas.

We have a great deal more to say on different topics which we have in view, or under consideration, but to do so might be at the risk of being deemed tedious, therefore we forbear; but we hope that ere long the columns of the *Recorder* may be again visited by a few fragmentary thoughts gathered from passing incidental events from the pen of Cerebus

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM LOUISVILLE, KY.

Mr. Editor:—Dear Brother:—Perhaps a few lines from me may be of interest. We are still alive in the church, thank God, and the times are still growing better here. Business is looking up. Things are moving along a little after the old style. The city is quiet at this time. Troops are passing through nearly every day, bearing the deadly weapons of warriors. This presents a solemn aspect, followed by the thought that many of these immortal souls no doubt will soon be hurried into the presence of their Judge yet unprepared. I am satisfied that the Judge of all the earth will do right. I have had a little tour out in the interior of the State. I went to Mumfordsville, by special invitation of some of our white friends, to preach the funeral sermons of two of their servants with whom I was acquainted. I went out on the 12th. I was met at the depot by a young man with a buggy, who took me to the place of destination, which was about a mile and a half; and there I met a faithful old member of Asbury Chapel in Louisville, Sister Eliza Barrett, after I rested and refreshed. I was escorted by Sister Eliza into the parlor to see the lady of the house, the widow Barrett. She received me very kindly. I had a long conversation with her on the subject of religion after dinner. I took a walk over to the battle-ground where the first battle was fought in Kentucky. It is a beautiful place on the south side of Green River. It is a beautiful gradual ascent. The north side is high and bluffy. Upon this bluff Gen. Rousseau had his battery. On the south side he now has a battery to guard the bridge, which is a most magnificent superstructure. It is said to be 60 feet in height, and I should suppose it to be a mile and a half from the top of the hill on the south to that on the north, and yet the parties on either side can hear each other talking distinctly. Near the river, on the south, there is some thick timber, but small and shrubby. In this the scouts were ambushed when they fell upon our men, but Gen. Rousseau's battery, from the summit on the north, soon put them to flight. On Saturday night I preached in the Presbyterian Church to our people, but the congregation was small in consequence of the excitement then existing, for Morgan's band of Guerillas had just passed up, a few miles east, the day previous, and at that time others were reported to be in the neighborhood, but I had no trouble. All was quiet. The town is well guarded. I tried to preach on Sabbath morning to a white congregation from the text: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up." The Lord was with us. At 3 o'clock I preached the funeral sermons of Sister Nancy Graddie, who departed this life in January, 1862, and her husband, who died in March, 1862. The subject was, "The Resurrection:" John xi. 25. I had a glorious time; and oh! how it relieves my soul to have the privilege of giving the bread of life to my people who have it not. I was a little surprised to find such a nice class of our people in the interior of the State. They are very kind in their manners. Their dress is plain and very neat. God grant that the standard of the A. M. E. Church may be planted there. Our people have had some more trouble by mobs in New Albany, Ind., and a great portion have left their comfortable homes and gone to the rocks and hills for protection. Brother Burch, the pastor, is now out in the subs

I learn that the cause of the mob was that some colored man shot into a crowd of white young men who had insulted the colored men as they passed along. They shot twice, killing one instantly, and wounding another. They then broke out. This happened on the 22d, and I learned yesterday that they had caught the guilty young man at Cairo on Sunday night. It seems to be a trait in the character of the people of New Albany, for every offence, to mob the colored people. It is not so here. Oh! thou God of mercy, when shall those things cease? I enclose $5 for papers sold.

N. B. We have permission to hold our Annual Conference here in Louisville, Ky.

B. L. Brooks.

Louisville, Ky, July 31st, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder

HARRISON'S LANDING.

July 27th, 1862.

Mr. Editor:—Brethren and Friends:—This Lord's day, the 27th inst., by the grace of God, I stand amid eight or nine hundred of the so-called contrabands, but my people in old Virginia come and preach to them Jesus. I had no fear in preaching the whole gospel. Though surrounded by many foes, I fear no danger. The captain who has charge of my people at this place gave me a written privilege, with the protection of soldiers, to preach the gospel as I understand it to my people; and, by the help of Jeshurun's God, I'll preach it if I should die in the attempt While I write to inform you of my whereabouts, this afternoon, while I was preaching, about two or three hundred slaves came on the ground from somewhere. Each man had a large tent on his head. We are about 17 miles from Richmond. Our people hailed me with streaming eyes and joyful hearts. Though a native of the South, I never saw such people in all my life. I will not describe them now. I have been at this place five days up to the above date. This last Sabbath, at 10½, A. M., I preached, for the first time, on the soil of Virginia. At 4, P. M., the same, only to double the number. My audience numbered about nine hundred white and colored. No disturbance whatever. The God of the Christian was with his unworthy servant, and gave me the sign of good success. I find among our people at this place some very religious, but many very ignorant; for which slavery is the sole cause. They are to be pitied. After the services in the afternoon, I, with the assistance of the clerk in our regiment, took the names of 2003, and we formed them into a Sabbath School. Out of this number we found only 3 who could spell the word soldier. I shall have help from the clerk and some of the soldiers. I find many who can and do pray, shout, and sing I stopped at Fortress Monroe on the boat. I had not time to go ashore. I could say much, but the mail is about to close. My health is good, thank God. My love to all. Pray for the poor missionary, and let not the connexion forget my dear family while I am working for the general good. If any of my friends wish to write to me, they will address me in the following manner:—

Elder George A. Rue,
Care of Captain C. Bowers,
Company G, 32d Regiment Mass. Vol.,
Washington, D. C.

Yours, for the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom on earth, George A. Rue.

For the Christian Recorder.

AMBITION, PERSEVERANCE, AND PATIENCE.

BY MARY MANLEY.

The person whose character is founded upon these three grand principles, and is crowned by the blessing of God, who or what can hinder their progress in life? Ambition is an earnest desire of performance; a feeling within us that prompts us to carry out our intention, and is often stronger than our thought, and larger developed in the disposition than our power of intellect. Ambition acts differently upon persons. It leads some to an ardent desire for fame. They wish to be very conspicuous; to stand second to none in society or in the world. They wish to be spoken of as superior to any one else. They are willing to study, to exercise their strength, and deny themselves of much that others think are necessary for health and comfort, and expend their ideas to the utmost to aim at their designed point in life. Ambition is good. It is an excellent trait of character. It is the greatest leading principle to prosperity, to riches, or any other noble station in the world. But few of us would stand where we are, or what we are, if it were not for the spirit within that urges us on to be equal with our fellow progressor, that says, "I will be a man; I will rise to a distinguished place in the world."

Perseverance is a disposition that presses us to continue in our earnest desires; to press on if we meet with discouragements and disappointments. The ambitious man meets with hinderances and difficulties as well as those that are not. Ambition often leads persons to engage in undertakings that they are not able to perform. Sometimes when they think they have but one more step to take before they will be at their desired point, something will happen, and their future prospects are dashed in pieces as it were a potter's vessel; but their perturbation does not last long; they think that it will only prove a more heroic spirit to make their way through a cloud of difficulties. In a short time you will see them in as prosperous circumstances as before; but patience is needed to complete an ambitious and persevering disposition. As we have already said, there are discouragements to encounter, so we need patience to pass through them.

Patience is a trait that enables us to bear and forbear; and if our present prospect is gloomy and unfavorable, we feel willing to wait without getting weary. It is a principle that is profitable in every circumstance in life, and where it is a ruling passion within, it will do as much in controlling the person as any other trait of character.

Woodbury, August 1st, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

Mr. Editor:—Permit me to say, that notwithstanding the distracted condition of our country, the good work of the Lord is still going on. We had quite a revival in our church (Connecticut Avenue) for the last week past. Last night we had our Quarterly Love Feast, and 18 accessions to our church; and more than that number inquiring for the blessing, and the work still going on, which is indeed encouraging to me and many others, in which my time and mind are particularly engaged.

A few very brief remarks in reference to my Brother H. M. T.'s apology for the insertion of July 5th. The misrepresentations that are so cordially conceded by him are also humbly and Christianly acknowledged by me. The Brother thinks I was a little excited, and used epithets, and the probable misapplication of some of the terms. As I was not at the church to hear what I remarked, and as he positively attests what he remarked, I will not contend I feel bound, upon the principle of equity, to concede whatever epithet or misapplication there may be, for it is not my intention undeservedly to discredit the veracity of a brother in the bonds of the gospel. One thing seems to be obvious to me, that a simple reply to a misrepresentation is not nonsensical humbuggery. It was a supposition from remarks that seem to be obvious. However, I will not doubt the veracity of my Brother, as we should all labour to effect the good of all. As for being puzzled to know what to call our connexion, the name is plain in the title of our discipline. Individual churches of the different connexions go by different appellations, (African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church) Our churches East, (many of them,) as well as West and South, have the name Zion attached to them, and some have not. Other connexions act similarly, or go by number. The word Episcopal, which the Brother says is so loudly and thunderingly assumed, is on the title page of the canons of our church. It is not loudly nor thunderingly assumed by me, for I as one am opposed to its being in our title, whether it be just or unjust. It is not carried out by us as other connexions. We are human, however, and liable to err as others, and I am perfectly satisfied that every one should serve God according to the dictates of his own conscience. The Brother says, mark the word Episcopal, (now mark the words as they call themselves.) Now it was not the name of the church that I took exception to, but I thought the words marked should have been excepted.

The controversy respecting Episcopacy commenced soon after the reformation. The contest has been warm between Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and others. It has been considered to be of great importance in England. It has been strenuously maintained by one party that the Episcopal order is essential to the constitution of the church; and, by the other, that it is a pernicious encroachment on the rights of men, for which there is no authority in Scripture It would be of no material benefit to us to discuss it.

J. P. W.

Washington City, July 30th, 1862.

CONSOLATION.

Ye cannot, ye must not, have a more pleasant or more easy condition here, than He had, who, through afflictions, was made perfect. We may indeed think, cannot God bring us to heaven with ease and prosperity? Who doubteth that he can? But his infinite wisdom thinketh and decreeth the contrary; and we cannot see a reason for it, yet he hath a most just reason. We never with our eyes saw our own soul, yet we have a soul, we see many rivers, but we know not their first spring and original fountain, yet they have a beginning. When ye are come to the other side the water, and have set down your foot on the shore of glorious eternity, and look back again to the waters, and to your wearisome journey, and shall see, in that clear glass of endless glory, nearer to the bottom of God's wisdom, ye shall, then, be forced to say: "If God had done otherwise with me than he hath done, I had never come to the enjoying of this crown of glory." It is your part now to believe, and suffer, and hope, and wait on; for I protest, in the presence of that all-discerning Eye, who knoweth what I write, and what I think, that I would not want the sweet experience of the consolations of God, for all the bitterness of afflictions; nay, whether God come to his children with a rod or a crown; if he come himself with it, it is well. Welcome, welcome Jesus, what way soever thou comest, if we can get a sight of thee. And sure I am that it is better to be sick, providing Christ come to the bedside, and draw by the curtains, and say: "Courage! I am thy salvation!" than to enjoy health, being lusty and strong, and never to be visited of God.

Ye have lost a child; nay, she is not lost to you, who is found to Christ, she is not cast away, but only sent before; like unto a star, which, going out of one sight, doth not die and vanish, but shineth in another hemisphere; ye see her not, yet she doth shine in another country. If her glass ran but a short hour, what she wanteth of time, that she hath gotten of eternity; and ye have to rejoice that ye have now some furniture up in heaven. Build your nest upon no tree here; for ye see God hath sold the forest to death; and every tree, whereupon we would rest, is ready to be cut down, to the end that we might flee and mount up, and build upon the Rock, and dwell in the holes of the Rock. What ye love besides Jesus, your husband, is an adulterous lover; now it is God's special blessing to Judah, that he will not let her find her paths in following her strange lovers. "Therefore, behold, I will hedge up thy way with thorns, and make a wall, that she shall not find her path." Oh! thrice happy Judah, when God buildeth a double stone wall betwixt her and the fire of hell! The world, and the things of the world, is the lover that ye naturally affect, beside your own husband, Christ. The hedge of thorns, and the wall which God buildeth in your way, to hinder you from this lover, is the thorny hedge of daily grief, loss of children, weakness of body, iniquity of the time, uncertainty of estate, lack of worldly comfort, fear of God's anger for old unrepented of sins. What lose ye, if God twist and plait the hedge daily thicker? God be blessed!

Oh what owe I to the file, to the hammer, to the furnace of my Lord Jesus? who hath now let me see how good the wheat of Christ is, that goeth through his mill, and his oven, to be made bread for his own table. Grace tried is better than grace, and it is more than grace, it is glory in its infancy. Who knoweth the truth of grace without a trial? Oh how little getteth Christ of us, but that which he winneth (to speak so) with much toil and pains! And how soon would faith freeze without a cross! When Christ breatheth his own crosses with a tongue, they breathe out Christ's love, wisdom, kindness, and care of us. Why should I start at the plough of my Lord, that maketh deep furrows on my soul? I know that he is no idle husbandman, he purposeth a crop. Oh, that this white withered log-ground were made fertile to bear a crop for Him, by whom it is so painfully dressed, and that this fallow ground were broken up! Why was I (a fool) grieved that he put his garland, and his rose upon my head—the glory and honor of his faithful witnesses? I desire now to make no more quarrels with Christ. Verily he hath not put me to a loss by what I suffer; he oweth me nothing; for in my hands how sweet and comfortable have the thoughts of him been to me, wherein I find a sufficient recompense of reward!

I know that his comforts are no dreams; he would not put his seal on blank paper, nor deceive his afflicted ones that trust in him.

Rutherford's Letters.

HOW TO BREAK A CHURCH DOWN.

A skeleton text, Micah ii. 13: "The breaker is come."

To do this effectually, you must

I. Discourage the pastor.

II. Discourage your fellow-members.

III. Destroy the confidence of the community

I. To discourage the pastor.

1. Absent yourself from one service every Sabbath, or miss at least one in three—if he is not very strong, once in four times may answer.

2. Neglect the prayer and class meetings.

3 Criticise your ministers freely—find fault plentifully—pray for him little or none.

4. If he proposes to hold extra meetings withhold your co-operation.

5. Give yourself no concern whether his salary is paid or not.

6. Never call on him socially, nor allow him to think that his comfort or that of his family is a matter of any importance in your eyes.

II. To discourage your fellow-members.

1. Observe the directions given above.

2. Complain about everything they do and don't do.

3. Contrive to make yourself the head of a clique, and by their assistance and your own industry keep the church in hot water generally

4. While doing this, lose no opportunity to complain of the bad treatment *you* are receiving

5. Be as much like Diotrephes and as little like Paul as you can.

6 Discard charity and candor, take distrust to your bosom, and make scheming your specialty.

III. To destroy the confidence of the community.

1. Observe the foregoing directions.

2. Tell the people that you are in the church by force of circumstances, but have no respect for the way in which business is conducted.

3. Publish the faults of your brethren, taking care to magnify them.

4 Make no effort to induce people to attend the church.

5 Take no part in the labors of the Sabbath school.

6. Publish it on all occasions that you have no confidence in the concern—predict that it must fail—go down—blow up—never can succeed—and then——"skedaddle."

By observing these directions faithfully, you may have the satisfaction, if the church is not unusually vigorous, of witnessing the fulfilment of your predictions.

Size of Dioceses.—The Episcopal papers, especially the *Church Journal*, are extensively discussing the question, whether large or small dioceses are most beneficial to the Church. At present each diocese embraces an entire state (whether it be large or small) except that in 1838 New York was divided into two—the New York and Western New York. There is now an urgent demand in some quarters for a still further division of the New York diocese, but the majority so far seem not to favor the movement

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, August 9, 1862.

NOTICE.

There will be a dinner given in the Fountain Woods, one mile from Burlington, on the 14th of August, 1862, for the benefit of the A. M. E. Church in Burlington. Tickets will be sold for 25 cents. We hope our friends will patronize us in this cause of trying to raise means for the benefit of our church. There will be carriages at the church in Pearl Street to take our friends to the ground.

J. H. SMITH, *Elder,*
J. H. LONG, *Minister.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Rev. W. Winder, of Freehold, N. J., on account for books, ... $10 00
Rev. M. W. Solsbury, per Rev. D. Cooper, of Richmond, Ohio, ... $1 00
Benjamin Reid, of Hayesville, Pa., . $1 00
Rev. J. P. Shreeve, per Rev. A. L. Stanford, of Philadelphia, Pa., ... $2 00
Rev. B. L. Brook, Louisville, Ky., on acct., $5 00
Rev. H. M. Turner, of Washington, D. C., 60 00
Mrs. Susan Shaw, of Media, Pa., per Rev. J. W. Stephenson, ... $1 00

HEAT.

Our thermometer—blood heat—stood 100 in the shade on Tuesday, the 5th inst., and till 8 o'clock at night, which we think is the warmest day we have had so far.

INDIANA CONFERENCE.

This Conference sits, on the 15th inst., in Indianapolis, Ind. The brethren may look for their papers to be sent there during Conference, and look for us to be with them by the 21st, if not prevented by Providence.

NOTICE.

There will be a church consecrated on the 17th of August, 1862, at the Lower Valley. The friends and the public are respectfully invited to attend.

J. BULAUGH, *Minister in Charge.*

SACRAMENT OF THE LORD.

At 11 o'clock, A. M., to-morrow, 10th inst., the pastor of Brick Wesley Church will preach. At 3 o'clock, P. M., the Rev. Elisha Weaver will preach a Sacramental discourse, after which the Sacrament of the Lord will be administered.

JOHN A. WILLIAMS, *Minister in Charge.*

NOTICE.

The A. M. E. Church of Marietta will be consecrated on the 17th of this month, under the pastoral care of Rev. Thomas Henry. Revs. Jos. Smith, Schureman, and S. Smith are expected to be present on the occasion.

A CHANGE.

The boarding house of Mrs. S. Plant is now known as the T. S. Wright House. Mrs. Plant is very accommodating, and ladies and gentlemen visiting New York and Brooklyn will find her house a comfortable home.

A WORD.

To Rev. Joseph Smith, of Burlington:—We have not as yet received the letter you referred to, nor the money. There is something very strange about this affair.

FROM NORRISTOWN.

Mr. Editor and Brother Readers: Permit me to tell you in a few lines, in reference to my own charge, how I am getting along. We have had good meetings, as also an increase of membership during the last quarter.

ISAIAH S. TAYLOR,
Pastor of the First F. M. P. Church.

NOTICE.

MR. EDITOR—Dear Sir: This is to inform you that the camp-meeting I spoke to you about will go on about the 27th. Please notice it through the columns of your paper. A general invitation is extended to the brethren and friends, and especially to yourself, if you can make it suit your convenience.

My health is still bad, and also that of my wife. The Right Rev. Bishop Payne paid us the long looked for visit on the Lewistown circuit. He preached us one of his genuine sermons in Lewistown. He also stopped in Huntingdon, but did not preach but on the Sabbath over in Hollidaysburg, which I suppose you will hear, as I was not with him myself.

Please notice that there will be excursion tickets issued on the camp-meeting occasion as far as Harrisburg. My kind respects to yourself and family. Yours respectfully,

A. JOHNSON.

Johnstown, July 29th, 1862.

NOTICE.

August 1st, 1862.

Mr. Editor and Brother: I sent by letter three dollars to you, on account for hymn-books, which I have no receipt for in the *Recorder*—it has been some two or three weeks ago, and yet no mention of it is made.

The grand celebration of the Sabbath Schools of Burlington circuit will take place on the 25th of August, at Snow Hill.

J. H. SMITH, Elder.
H. J. LONG, Pastor.

NOTICE

At a meeting of the teachers and scholars of Bethel Sunday School, the death of Henry Downing, our Librarian, was announced. It was, on motion, resolved, that Messrs. Joseph Brister, Daniel T. Masten, and Mrs. Armstrong should be a committee of three to draft resolutions of condolence to the family of the deceased.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God, in his all-wise providence, to remove from our midst our much beloved Librarian, Henry Downing, who was endeared to us by his many ties of friendship

Resolved, That in the death of Henry Downing, the Association has lost an efficient member, and the School an excellent Librarian.

Resolved, That the Association and School mourn the loss of our deceased brother, yet rejoice to know that our loss is his infinite gain.

Resolved, That the foregoing resolutions be forwarded to the family of deceased, and that we attend the funeral in a body.

Resolved, That the foregoing resolutions be published in the *Christian Recorder*.

DANIEL T. MASTEN, *Secretary Com.*

Philadelphia, August 2d, 1862.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER AND BOOK CONCERN OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH

Brethren, as your agent and general officer, we don't wish to have to ask you so often to support your own obligations. We have intimated, time and again, our wants, and it does seem really that some must be knocked down before they can take the hint. The brethren ought to have forethought enough to know that this war tends greatly towards impeding the operations of our Book Concern. The mere pittance of the Two cent money amounts to little or nothing, unless it was carried out according to Discipline, and the small amount that we have got from the Conferences annually, so far, would not pay the expenses which necessarily must accrue in three months' operations. Then how are we to live and carry on the Book Concern? Brethren, the truth is, that three-fourths of our brethren have given the Book Concern little or no support. Those of our readers of the *Recorder* can readily judge from our weekly reports, who it is that works for the operations of the Book Concern. Brethren may say, "It is hard times;" and if it is hard for you to live in your circuits and large stations, how do brethren expect us to live and carry on the operations of the Book Concern for this great and spreading Connexion, when we have to depend upon the brethren of those circuits and stations for our support? And if we had not resorted to some other source long since, we would have succumbed. We are satisfied, however, that much more could be done by our brethren than what they have done. Some of our stations have twelve or fifteen hundred of a membership, and we have good information from some of the most substantial and leading members of some of those stations, and they tell me that the pastor in charge has never laid before the members the duty of rallying to the Editor and General Book Steward—to give aid in support of the operations of the Book Concern. We have not said much about these matters, and the seeming negligence, on the part of some our brethren, do anything for this great and good cause; and if there is not more done in some directions, we shall have to talk out plainly, and call upon our Bishops to sustain us per Discipline. We hope this will be a sufficient warning to all of our brethren. If all of our cities would work, and come up like Washington, with a Turner at its head, and New York and Brooklyn, with a Cain and Hall at the head, we would not have to resort to this course.

WAR MOBS.

Much is said, and being said, about the war and the manner of suppressing the Rebellion. For a starting point, we will quote the language of one of the most talented and influential Senators of his school that ever graced the floor of the White House—Hon. Henry Clay: "I would rather be right than be President." This sentiment has immortalized his name. Now we want to be right, and we believe that we are. War is upon us, and of course there can be but two parties; and who are they? The Union and the Disunion—the Loyalists and Rebels. The Rebels are united and true to all in their lines under their Confederacy, whether they are black or white men. They use all the means in their power to conquer whom they consider their foes. The Union seems to be much divided in their views regarding the war. One of the seeming causes is supposed to be the negro, as they call it. Some are in favor of using all able bodied men among them, because they are born and reared on American soil, and have ever proved themselves loyal to the same, and also because they have a better right to this country than any foreigner. Their forefathers have helped to gain the Independence of America, and the first blood ever spilt for that cause was that of a colored man. Let our readers remember our quotation of Henry Clay, and we are free to say that there is no class of people in this country who have been treated half so meanly, and yet we have borne it all; not that we were not sensitive of the wrong, but were willing to endure it, for Christ's sake, until the good Lord should say it should be no longer. Remember the children of Israel in the land of Egypt. They suffered, but when God, the eternal, said it must cease, it did. Now we will say that the negroes have no inclination to want to lose their lives; to want to be shot down like bullocks. Not a bit of it. They would rather serve God, and provide for their families, than to shoulder the musket and go before the Confederate army, who have been making preparations for this struggle for years, and are now well fortified. But if the Union wants our aid, as citizens of the United States, and gives us the rights of men, there is not a colored man but what will readily shoulder his musket, and this Rebellion will soon cease—universal liberty proclaimed to all men, and the Union restored. Now, like our quotation, "I would rather be right than be President." If the Word of God is right, we are.

We hear of mobs mobbing the colored people in different places. What means all this? What have they done? We will venture to say, with all the Rebellion, that no such disgraceful conduct can be found under the Confederate flag. No, sir; no such low, cowardly, and disgraceful conduct is allowed under the Confederate flag. Why does the Governor, Mayor, and those in authority suffer it to be done? Why is it almost dangerous for a colored person, in some places, to walk the streets without being insulted; and for no cause under heaven? If the colored people have not conducted themselves consistently since the breaking out of this Rebellion, there is no other class that have done so. Can any one with common sense inform us why it is, that, in this country, if there is a dispute or misunderstanding between a colored and a white person, ninety nine times out of a hundred, and from two to twelve, and from that to fifty or a hundred, will all try to jump on the colored person? We can assign no other reason but cowardice. Not so with a colored person. We do sincerely hope the press, which is with the Union, will cry out against such conduct. We don't look for those who are opposed to the Union here in the North to do so.

For the Christian Recorder

CONTRABAND

This word, when used, is applied to things prohibited by proclamation or authority of Government. It is most frequently applied to things prohibited by Government in time of war—properly, to arms and munitions of war, but not to persons.

After the breaking out of the present rebellion, a number of slaves escaped to our army stationed at Fortress Monroe, and at the time commanded by General Butler. Some of the masters applied to the General for the return of their slaves, but he refused to return them, declaring them to be "*contraband*" of war. The conduct of General Butler in this behalf, was highly satisfactory to the public; and the new name which he gave the slaves, became popular, and at once, as by general consent, was adopted, and, by the writers of the day, generally used.

But notwithstanding its popularity and general use, this word is objectionable, because it is properly applicable to *things*, and not to *persons*. When used in reference to *persons*, it is disparaging to them, if not degrading. Such use ought, therefore, to be discontinued, especially by colored speakers and writers.

The [illegible] in this behalf, is "*Refugee*." This word [illegible] persons seeking shelter or protection from oppression or wrong, and not a *thing* prohibited from injurious use in time of war. REFUGEE is, moreover, an honorable word, sufficiently comprehensive, and strictly appropriate; let it, therefore, be adopted.

SENEX.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 4th, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder

FROM CARLISLE PA

July 30th 1862

MR. EDITOR:—Allow me through the columns of your worthy paper to say that we are alive, and that the good Lord seems to be blessing us wonderfully. We are getting along in our charge as well as we could expect. Our first quarterly meeting came off on the 29th and 30th of June, in Harrisburg. We had quite a good time. We were assisted on the Sabbath afternoon by the Rev. John A. Williams, pastor of Wesley Zion Church, of Philadelphia. He preached at three o'clock, P. M. It was a sermon very much admired by all that heard it. Brother Williams is a perfect Christian gentleman. Since we returned from Conference we have taken into the church nineteen persons—ten into the church in Harrisburg, and nine into the church in Carlisle, Penna. Since the Lord seems to be blessing our labors, we are able to exclaim, like one of old, "The winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

Also, permit me to say that we have had one of the most favorable visits by the Right Rev. Bishop Payne. He came to our city (Harrisburg) on July 19th, and he spent the following Sabbath with us at that point. The services of the Sabbath were as follows: at eleven o'clock, A. M., the writer tried to say something; at three o'clock, P. M., the Rev. Dr. Smith, of Hayti, preached a sermon, which was pronounced by Bishop Payne as hard to beat, and at half-past seven o'clock the Bishop, D. A. Payne, preached a sermon to men and children. It was a sermon that will long be remembered by the majority of those that were present. The church was crowded down stairs and up-stairs, and it was thought that there were enough in the yard to have filled one-third of the house.

The Bishop left on Monday, the 21st, for Chambersburg, but he returned to Carlisle on Wednesday, the 23d, and addressed our Sabbath School at that point, on the above-named date, at eight o'clock, P. M. The Bishop left on Thursday, the 24th, for the West.

Yours respectfully, R. P. G.

For the Christian Recorder.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN L. HERLEY.

JOHN L. HERLEY, son of Lewis and Matilda Herley, was born May the 16th, 1802, in Nicolas county, Kentucky, and was brought up by Christian parents—but, like the prodigal son, he departed from their instruction. But, in the 21st year of his age, the hand of affliction fell upon him, which caused him to return and repent, and he found peace by believing in the Saviour. When he recovered, he united with the Wesleyan Church, in which he lived seven or eight years—during which time he married an estimable lady, and lived in peace and happiness in the Lord until she died.

After the loss of his companion, he departed from the faith, and went into a backsliding state, in which he lived during health. At length the hand of affliction was once more laid upon him, and after enduring very much suffering for many months, the monster *Death* came and summoned him away from time.

During his illness he desired and received the prayers of the people of God—and though the sufferings of his body were great, he said that they were nothing to that of the mind. But he said, "I will put my trust in the Lord; in him I have found pardon, and I will pray while I live, though it were far better for me had I never known the Lord."

He expired on the 17th of April, 1862. His funeral sermon was preached July 20th, from the text, Job, 14th chapter and 14th verse.

☞ I send this to encourage our people here to write, so you will publish what you may think proper.

D. COOPER.

Death has been here and stole away
My only brother, John,
And I'm still mourning here below,
As one that's left alone.

He was my father's only son—
His [illegible] and gone;
His suffering time on earth is o'er;
He's had adieu to time.

We all remember what he said—
"I'm not a holy man;
But G-d can wash the crimson stain,
If we in faith do pray."

One thing I know—that he did pray;
I witnessed with my ears;
'Tis God alone can answer prayer—
And he can answer ours.

Once he professed to know the Lord—
But [illegible]
Like Adam, he partook of sin—
Like Peter, he [illegible]

"I've prayed like Lazarus," were his words;
"In prayer my life shall end."
The cheering hope consoles me now,
That Jesus Christ his prayer did hear.

The Lord says, "Let the sinner's [illegible]
For him I shed my blood
Backsliders, will you turn to me,
And [illegible]

Remember, friends, as we pass by
The grave of brother John,
As we [illegible]
But time with him is o'er.

My joy he was, I do confess;
He rests upon my mind—
The time has come that I do miss
My [illegible]

My sisters, don't you feel his loss?
Oh! father feels it more
My *mother*—she can count the cost,
Upon whose breast he leans.

She often offered him to God
In prayer, both night and day,
[illegible]
And [illegible]

Her prayer is answered by the Lord,
In mercy, I do trust;
And his poor soul, I hope, is saved,
[illegible]

Oh! guiding Father, of the sea
[illegible]
[illegible]
Remember the dear one.

Father not mother, he has none—
[illegible]
May he be saved in [illegible]
[illegible]

EMMA V. IARRA

Sardinia, Brown County, Ohio.

For the Christian Recorder.

COMMENCEMENT AT YALE COLLEGE.

New Haven, Conn., Aug. 1, 1862.

The importance which is ascribed by New Englanders to a commencement at Yale or at Harvard is hardly comprehensible to you of the Middle and Southern States. Here they are looked upon with a just and honest pride by nearly all classes; and universally by men of culture and members of the learned professions are the commencements hailed with eminent delight. These Universities (Yale and Harvard) have decidedly a higher stand than any other institutions of learning in America. In those respects which particularly distinguish a college, such as classical learning, theoretical learning, &c., Yale is confessedly ahead. The highest type of a college to be found this side the Atlantic is at Yale. Whatever, therefore, occurs at Yale in its peculiar sphere cannot but be regarded with a deep concern by all who are in any way interested in the cause of learning. It is sometimes profitable even for those who have no direct personal interest to contemplate that which is acknowledged as the highest type of excellence; and it is with this view that we ask for space to lay before your readers the doings of commencement week at Yale. The New York *Tribune*, in its issue of July 31st, took two columns, and on the following day another column of fine print with this record. We certainly cannot presume to give anything like a full report in half as much space.

Yale College has its buildings situated in the heart of this beautiful city. They occupy a full square, running one-fourth of a mile each way, beside the Medical College buildings and the Scientific Department—these two last-named departments having large, elegant and tasty buildings, one to the north, the other to the west of the College square. The Faculty or Board of Instruction consists of a President, twenty-eight professors, seven tutors, four instructors in optional studies, a librarian, a secretary and a treasurer—in all, forty-eight individuals. The number of students varies from six to seven hundred—young men from all parts of the world. During the past year the number has been six hundred—one hundred and thirty-seven in the different professional departments, and four hundred and sixty-three in the Academical or College departments proper. This gives a brief outline of the *caput et corpus* of this College.

The College was first established in 1700. The commencement just closed was, therefore, the one hundred and sixty-second. The first exercise of commencement 162d was the sermon addressed to the graduating class by the President, Rev. Theodore Dwight Woolsey, D. D., LL. D. This sermon is addressed to those who are about to receive the College Diploma, which confers the degree of B. A., and hence is called the Baccalaureate. The text of the learned gentleman was Proverbs xix 21, "There are many devices in a man's heart; nevertheless the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand." We shall not undertake to give you anything of a report of this discourse. There is nothing, ordinarily, in President Woolsey's sermons which particularly attracts the casual listener. His vast learning and immense activity of mind do not dote upon show. Sincerity, simplicity, goodness, deep Christianity and love of God mark all his discourses. But when the occasion and circumstances demand it, he can plough very deep. As we have listened to his modest words and looked upon his unassuming manner, we have been impressed with the idea that learning, true culture and worth only tend to make one modest and humble. Here, thought we, is a man born to wealth, who has enjoyed every desirable means and advantage of culture in refined society, travel and study, who has the learning of almost all—or, at least, of very many—languages at his command, and who stands at the head of the first college in the country, as humble, unpretending and unostentatious as a child! What a lesson to empty-headed, bombastic pretenders everywhere!

On Monday evening, the *concio ad clerum* was given by Rev. Mr. Atkinson, pastor of the Congregational church in Westport, Conn. This was a fine, vigorous anti-slavery discourse. The *concio ad clerum* is ostensibly an expounding of some doctrine of religious faith, which is assigned the speaker by the State Association of Congregational ministers. The theme assigned Mr. Atkinson was, "The Interpretation of God's providence is the world's calamities." He treated the subject in a very broad and general way, speaking of (1.) the cause, and (2.) the purpose of the calamities which come upon man. In such a discourse it were not easy to avoid allusions to our present national troubles. He said that slavery is the cause of all our present gigantic troubles, and that the nation cannot be delivered from them until it wipes out this terrible wrong.

Tuesday is usually set apart for the oration before the (Φ B K) Phi Beta Kappa—an extensive society confined to college disciples. But there were no public exercises to-day. It is known, however, that Francis Lieber, of New York, was appointed the orator for next year, with Rev. Edward Beecher, D. D., as substitute.

At "Alumni Hall," a large, airy, artistic building in the north corner of the college square, is a busy scene through every day of commencement week. Through the long hours of Monday and Tuesday one hundred and six young men were examined for admission to the college classes. We pitied the poor fellows as we occasionally took a peep into the room. Those applying for admission to the Freshmen or lowest class in college, were put to sweltering in a written examination over Cicero, (seven orations) the Bucolics, Georgics and first six books of the Æneid of Virgil, Sallust's Jugurtha and Catiline, Latin Grammar, Latin Prosody, Arnold's Latin Prose Composition to the Passive Voice, Greek Reader, Xenophon's Anabasis, Greek Grammar, Higher Arithmetic, (Thomson's,) Day's Algebra two Quadratics, two books of Euclid, English Grammar and Geography. You will see that this is quite a fine field to go over in a July day. Some of the poor fellows looked sorer than a hospital pie over the dish before them. One sorry-looking Puritan, as he was cracking his brain over a savage Greek root, seemed to be the impassioned words of the hero of the Ahdiel,

"Mortamur, in media arma ruamus."

On Wednesday morning occurs the most interesting meeting of commencement week—that of the Alumni. Men, eminent in every department of life, and from all parts of the country, usually attend. At 9 o'clock the body of the large hall was filled. Right directly back of and over the speakers' platform we noticed a little gallery full of ladies. The gallery was designed merely to hold a band of music, and will not accommodate over a dozen or fifteen females, as the fashion now runs among them. So you see we are not women's rights people hereaway. Ex-Governor Hoppin, of R. I., was voted President, Rev. S. W. S. Dutton, D. D., and F. A. Coe, Esq., Secretaries. Prayer was then offered by Rev. Edward Beecher, D. D., a brother of Henry Ward Beecher. As the prayer closed, a great clapping and cheering sprung up. Astonished, we looked for the cause, and saw approaching a man in full military uniform, on crutches, looking pale and careworn; his eyes and hair were jet black, his body full and well-proportioned; his face open and pleasing. Indeed, he must really have been a handsome man. That was Rear-Admiral Foote, the hero of Fort Donelson. The rather tall and slender gentleman sitting there by the desk, with heavy gold spectacles covering large, fiery, dark eyes, very stoop-shouldered, his head, which seems too large for his slender though vigorous body, extremely bent forward, is evidently a man of mark; it is Rev. Theodore D. Woolsey, D. D., LL. D. The old, very old, man to whom everybody seems to pay such profound reverence, looking the impersonation of piety and goodness, with dark eyes of the dull lustre peculiar to age, wearing a wig which is in exact keeping with his temperament; his garments evidently a quarter of a century behind the fashion, and seem to have grown one way while his body and limbs have grown the other; his tall form as slender as can be, his face pleasing; but to his under jaw a peculiar projection, which gives a sort of twist to his face—that man is Rev. Jeremiah Day, D. D., LL. D., formerly President of Yale College. On the right of the President sits as noble a looking man, physically, as we ever saw. He is evidently past his four score. His tall full frame, and round, large head, are admirably set off with a face of faultless symmetry. He is now on the shady side of eighty-five, yet he carries his noble form erect, his head aloft, as if in the consciousness of conceded superiority: his step is firm, and unsupported by a cane; his clear, sweeping, black eyes are not aided by "specs;" full six feet in height, and in weight not less than fourteen stone, (196 lbs.) he stands the impersonation of nobility and manliness; his heart and mind generous, powerful and manly in every impulse and throb, do no injustice to his physique. That is the venerable Prof. Benjamin Silliman, M. D., LL. D.

Did you ever see any of the "Beecher family?" If so, you will at once perceive that the close-knit, fine-muscled frame yonder, the large head and eye, open countenance, point out a Beecher—the Rev. Edward. The young man over there, with a large head and face, a small hazel eye, which constantly rolls as if in search of some lost friend, is surely not a reverend. He is about forty-five. He is a little inclined to corpulency, is very slightly stoop-shouldered, and moves about in a very decided and muscular manner, as if he cared very little about pleasing or being pleased. Judging from his physique entirely, he would be set down as one who can crack a joke or an oyster-shell, enjoy a glass of old Madeira, and keep our friends Winton and Dorsey posted on the delicacies of the season, or, if the occasion require, could put into play a fine intellect or a good heart. That is Prof. Benjamin Silliman, Jr. There goes a slim, thoughtful man with "specs" on, who reminds you very much of the Hon. Senator Trumbull, yet it is hard to tell in what respect he resembles the senator. He is Prof. Elias Loomis, LL. D. The man giving out college catalogues, looks like an improved and enlarged edition of our mutual friend, Benjamin Cooke. It is Rev. N. Porter, D. D.,—a heavy man at Yale.

But we must now stop this pastime, and attend to the speaking. Prof. Thos. A. Thatcher has the floor. He gives a very tasky analysis of character in a eulogy on Mr. E. C. Herrick, late treasurer. Thatcher is professor of the Latin language and literature; and it is a treat to listen to his finished periods and classical sentences. As we can do no sort of justice to his remarks, we will attempt no report. He is followed by Prof. N. Porter in some remarks commemorative of the late Prof. Wm. A. Larned. He talks right off, without note or script, as if he really has something to say, and affords considerable pleasure by quoting to his learned auditors from the Second Georgic the lines:

"*Illum non populi fasces, non purpura regum*
Flexit, et infidos agitans discordia fratres;
Aut conjurato descendens Dacus ab Ista"

The Hon. Ex-Gov. and Ex-Chief Justice Ellsworth now arose, and offered a resolution, urging upon Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet, "to use every means consistent with civilized warfare" to put down the rebellion. The honorable gentleman made a powerful and eloquent speech in favor of his resolution, giving utterance to very strong anti-slavery sentiments, and argued in favor of doing justice to the negro. Admiral (better known as Commodore) Foote was now called on, amid great cheering. The gallant soldier leaning upon his crutch, made a very smooth, easy, and graceful speech, in the course of which he called up Hon. J. J. Roberts, ex-President of Liberia. President Roberts came forward amid cheers and applause from all parts of the Hall. His original bearing, correctness of speech, and evident good sense could not fail to claim respect. In fact every body seemed to look at these, rather than at his tawny skin and almost woolly hair. We felt a glow of pride, as we saw a representative of our race holding forth on the platform of a Yale commencement. We heard none muttering "nigger;" no grumbling, nor any expression of disapprobation at having a "nigger" here. President Roberts showed himself quite equal to those around him; and every one seemed pleased. Rev. Dr. Bacon, Ex-Gov. Dutton, Rev. Dr. Gulliver, and other distinguished men made remarks of a strongly anti-slavery character. Dr. Bacon's was particularly fine. Everything in all these speeches seemed to squint towards [illegible] the negro his rights and arming him. It don't seem to occur to our friends or our enemies, who have been debating so long whether to let the negro have a chance to fight, dig trenches, and black officers' boots, that the negro himself may have something to say on all these points by and by. A few other remarks were made, when the Alumni of Yale adjourned their meeting to another year.

Numerous class meetings and re-unions were held throughout the afternoon. In the evening came the oration and the poem before the Phi Beta Kappa (Φ B K) the former by Chas. Tracey, Esq., of New York; the latter by Rev. C. D. Helmer, of Wisconsin. Both these productions struck me as very dull, dry, and insipid. The chief fault was, however, in the delivery. Both seemed to act as capital soporifics on an audience quite moderate in size.

But *the* day of commencement week is Thursday, which is devoted to the orations of the graduating class, conferring of degrees, &c. At seven o'clock the college and church bells rang, and the procession of students, professors, Alumni, and distinguished strangers, formed in the College yard and marched, led by a fine band to the Central Church (Rev. Dr. Bacon's) the largest in the city, in the open square in front of which the long line opened, and the president, professors, and other distinguished men filed into the church by twos, the band playing sweet national airs. Soon all were seated and quiet, when President Woolsey, robed in a long black gown, offered a fervent prayer, in such simple, impressive words and humble tones, as touched the hearts of the multitude. Here, as at Alumni Hall, silk flounces, crinoline, rosy cheeks and pretty bonnets, were set off by themselves, being admitted only by ticket to the galleries, and the few seats on either side of the pulpit. Take note again, that we have no Women's Rights humbuggery here. The prayer being over, President Woolsey calls out in his peculiar, shrill, piercing, crackling, though pleasant and agreeable voice: "*Vane accendat oratio, dic salutem scholarci Alling.*" Whereupon John W. Alling came forward and gave the Latin salutatory oration. The Latin of this oration was very pretty and simple. We, with ease, understood every word of it, so simple and straightforward were the sentences. This over, the President always sitting, said: "*Orationem proximam audiamus a Alexander.*" and Mr. Alexander gave rather a dull oration on the Virginia Convention of '88. "*Sua quisque fortuna faber,*" by a young man from Kailua, was a good, though not brilliant production. Everything went along smoothly now, until the oration on "American Statesmen," by Franklin McVeagh, of Westchester, Penna., was announced, when everybody bent forward to listen. And really we must say, it was the most stirring and thoroughly eloquent address we ever heard from a college platform. It was eloquent itself, and withal eminently anti-slavery. Ah! how we would like to hear him again! The exercises now went on, enlivened occasionally by the sweet music of the band. There were twenty-three exercises in the forenoon, sixteen of which were by the students. At 1 o'clock, the Alumni, professors, president, and distinguished strangers, (among whom was President Roberts,) marched to Alumni Hall, where to the number of six hundred they sat down to a fine dinner, which seemed to them all that could be desired. White and colored waiters served together in perfect harmony, and everything passed off much to the delight of Mr. Park, who was the *ἀρχιτρικλινος* of the day.

At two o'clock the procession re-formed and marched to the church, where twenty-two more exercises were gone through with, some of them very superior in merit; at the close of which President Woolsey conferred the degrees in Latin. And thus passed commencement week in Yale.

E. D. B.

THE FAITH OF ABRAHAM.

"He believed in the Lord, and he counted it to him for righteousness." It is very important for us to understand rightly what was the nature of that faith in Abraham which God "counted to him for righteousness." That faith does not belong to things that have passed away. Abraham exercised it, and it was counted to him for righteousness, before he was under the covenant of circumcision. Although there be different degrees of faith, they are but different measures of the same thing. The faith that justifies (which is what is meant by its being counted for righteousness) is that faith which saves; and saving faith has ever been of one nature, and has always had one object. This is placed beyond a doubt by the fact that Saint Paul more than once sets before Christians the faith of Abraham as the model for their own. In the patriarch, therefore, we have an example of that faith which is needful to ourselves, and it thus the more behooves us that this example should not be misapprehended.

The history of no man that has lived is known which shows stronger faith than that of Abraham. He is called to abandon his friends and country, and he obeys; he goes forth, "not knowing whither he went." God promises to him a son; and he believes, although he is already old, and the accomplishment is many long years delayed. God promises that his posterity shall be as the sand that is by the sea shore innumerable; and he believes, although he is childless. God tells him that the land in which he is a stranger shall be the heritage of his children; and he believes, although he sees not *how* so great an event can be brought to pass. The promised son is born, and grows up, when he is commanded to slay him in sacrifice; and he forthwith proceeds to obey that commandment, although he regarded that son as the medium of all the blessings promised to him and his. What more do we require than this? Is not this sufficient to constitute the faith which justified and saved his soul? Alas, no. Abraham himself knew this very well. All this does not constitute the faith which the Gospel requires of us, and which we are assured is the same faith that Abraham held. From all that appears in the stated facts, the faith of Abraham consisted in his belief that it was God who spoke to him, and that whatever that God had promised he was able to perform. His strong acts of obedience were proportioned to the strength of his belief. But is this saving faith? We find many who exhibit strong trust in God's providence and care, and who exhibit much energy in acts of obedience to his commandments, but who do not and cannot claim to have received the anointing from the Holy One. There are many such, not even nominally Christians. They are good men and true in their order, but their order is not in Christ, and they are none of his. Even the faith that can remove mountains is not in itself the faith that saves and justifies, and it is to be feared that many who have had *that* faith alone will utterly perish. We write these words with awe; for they form a sentence of condemnation against many from whom the heart cannot withhold its love.

Since, therefore, that Abraham had saving faith, and seeing that such faith is not inevitably connected with such acts as those which his history sets before us, why is not its real nature [illegible] more clearly pointed out to us? It is clearly pointed out, although not in the history. The sacred volume comes to us as a whole, and the information not given in one part of it is generally to be found in another. The gospels and the epistles clearly tell us wherein [illegible] Abraham's faith was counted to him for righteousness. If it be asked, why has it not set forth in the history itself? It may as well be asked, why the doctrine of redemption is not as clearly set forth in the Pentateuch as in the prophecies of Isaiah? It is indeed as fully set forth, now that we can read with anointed eyes the types and symbols under which it was at once veiled and expressed. It was not the purpose of God that the mysteries of his kingdom should be [illegible] until the fulness of time was come. He gave more and more, stronger and stronger light, dispersing gradually the morning shades, until we reached the noontide splendors of that day in which Christ rose from the dead. All was then known.

What, then, is this essential faith which, according to the testimony of Christ and his apostles, Abraham possessed, and through which alone he could be justified—justified, not as being righteous, but as being "*counted* righteous before God:" We will give the answer from the able but neglected book of a clear-minded writer. "Faith is a grace wrought in the soul of a sinner by the Holy Spirit, whereby being emptied of all opinionative thoughts of his own righteousness, strength and fulness he is enabled to look to Christ, to betake himself to him as his only Saviour, to receive him, to rest and rely upon him for the remission of his sins, for a righteousness to justify him in the sight of God, for strength to enable him to perform duty, to follow after holiness, and to encounter spiritual enemies; and for eternal life, when his work of faith and labor of love is ended, and when he comes to finish with joy his course. This is the Scripture notion of saving faith: and it has God for its fundamental and principal object, as he is a God of truth reconciled to sinners; but it has Christ for its immediate object, for it is only by his mediation that a sinner can come to God."

Had Abraham this faith? There can be no question of it. There can be no question that he was enabled to find in the Divine promises made to him, far more than met his ear. He had a spiritual perception of their purport, and apprehended through them a hope of heaven, and an interest in its blessedness. As this can be only realized through Christ, this alone would be evidence that his faith had reference to the promised Messiah. But we are not left to any conjecture in this matter. Our Lord himself says: "Abraham longed to see my day: and he saw it, and was glad." John viii. 56.

This means that Abraham earnestly desired to have a distinct conception, a clear representation, of the work of the Messiah—his promised seed in whom all the families of the earth were to be blessed; and that this privilege was in a special manner adorded to him, and filled his heart with gladness. In Christ, therefore, and in his great redeeming work, his faith centred. This was in his view the ultimate object of all the promises he received; and while he did look forward to a numerous posterity through Isaac, he was also permitted to behold in faith the far larger heritage which should accrue to him through that great Son—the heirs of his faith, the inheritors of the blessings belonging to his spiritual seed—numerous as the stars, and not less glorious.

These are not fancies. As the words of our Lord disclose to us the nature of Abraham's faith, so the words of the apostle indicate the sense we have given, as that in which our Lord's words are to be understood. Saint Paul, in the fourth chapter of Romans, treats largely of the nature of Abraham's faith, showing that the promises made to the patriarch had, besides their natural meaning, a spiritual one which he fully understood. He shows that Israel had no exclusive inheritance in the promises made to Abraham that he should be "the father of many nations," and the "heir of the world," and whether the large views which we are thus led to take of these promises and facts were opened to him or not, there is every reason, from the declaration of our Saviour, to conclude, that his faith did embrace these spiritual views, and that in the degree of light imparted to him, his faith was the same in its essence as our own.

In his epistle to the church in Galatia, the same apostle returns to a subject obviously full of interest to him. He declares plainly that the Gospel—nothing less than the Gospel—was preached to Abraham when it was declared to him that to him all nations should be blessed. "So, then," he adds, "they which be of faith are blessed with faithful Abraham."

It must be admitted that on the surface of the narrative, the expectation and the hopes of Abraham are temporal, and the promises also. It is refreshing to be enabled thus, by the aid of the later Scriptures, to penetrate to their inner meaning, and find that they were not such. Through faith, his views, like our own, extended beyond the grave, and rested not short of heaven. His portion was not in this world. He was thus well content to dwell in a strange country, without any abiding place, because, as the same apostle assures us, he looked not in this world, but in the world to come, "for a city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." Heb xi. 10. Truly and beautifully applicable to him, are, as intended to be, the lines of the poet:—

"No land of Israel do I possess;
No city call these wild moors mine;
A pastoral roving man,
I lodge awhile on brute below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.
Nothing on earth I call my own,
A stranger to the world, unknown,
[illegible]
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies."

DR. KITTO.

BAYARD TAYLOR AND THE COCKNEYS.

After the completion of his Eastern tour, Taylor went to London. He entered a shop to procure an article to cover his head. The purchase having been made, the shopman remarked:—

"Beg pard'n, sir; an Hamerican gent, I hobserve; been in Hingland long?"

"Why do you take me for an American?" asked Taylor, who rather prided himself upon being a cosmopolitan.

"Yes, sir, beg pard'n, sir. I hobserved that you said a *hat*; beg pard'n, sir, but in Lunnon we commonly say *han at*."

His speech betrayed the American; but he thought to be more careful when, the next day, he visited a famous clothing mart. At the entrance of the immense room, crowded with customers, he intimated to a "floor-walker" of the establishment, attired most gorgeously to behold, that he wished to purchase a vest.

"Ere, 'Ennery!" shouted the walker, at the top of his voice, to a shopman at the extremity of the room, "show this Hamerican geet the *flowery reskits!*"

One word had betrayed him as an American; and the shopmen, believing that all Americans were savages, and knowing that savages were fond of gay garments, jumped to the conclusion that "flowery reskits" must be adapted to the taste of his presumably savage customer.

WIFE VERSUS LADY.

It is certainly not in good taste for a gentleman to speak of his wife as his "lady," or to register their names upon the books of a hotel as "John Smith and *lady*," or to ask a friend "How is your lady?" This is all fashionable vulgarity, and unquestionably betrays a lack of cultivation. The term *wife* is far more beautiful, and appropriate, and refined, whatever may be said to the contrary. Suppose a lady were to say, instead of "my husband," "my [illegible]," or suppose we were to speak of Mrs. Fitz Maurice and her gentlemen." The thing would be absolutely ludicrous, and its absurdity is none the less, if faithfully considered. A man's wife is his wife, and not his lady; and we marvel this latter term is not absolutely tabooed in such a connexion, at least by intelligent and refined people. It ought to be left for the exclusive use of the public street-cry.

Providence Post.

God, who hath done singular things for our good, may indeed justly expect that we should do singular things for his glory.

Churches in New York.—From Trow's "New York Directory," lately published, we gather the following list of churches:—

[illegible] Congregational, 1; Dutch Reformed, 7; Friends', 3; Jewish Synagogues, 5; Lutheran, 7; Methodist Episcopal, 21; Methodist Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal, 4; Methodist Protestants, 1; Presbyterian (including two Mission chapels), 18; United Presbyterian, 6; Associate Reformed Presbyterian, 1; Reformed Presbyterian, 5; Protestant Episcopal (including seven Mission chapels,) 62; Roman Catholic, 31; Unitarian, 2; Universalist, 4; miscellaneous, 20; making a total of [illegible] Some half dozen Mission chapels are not enumerated; but as several of the foregoing churches will probably ere long be sold out and closed up, the number may stand as it is—305.

The following table shows how we compare with other cities:—

cities	pop	CHURCHES	to [illegible]
New York	805,651	305	1 to 2,641
Phila	565,529	274	1 to 2,063
Baltimore	212,418	171	1 to 1,242
Boston	177,718	112	1 to 1,586

Brooklyn, which has a population of 266,661, Newark, which has 71,941, and Elizabeth, which has 11,567, have each been represented as having a church for every thousand inhabitants; we have not the exact figures at hand, and therefore have not included them in our table.—*N. Y. World.*

Churches in Mass.—The Congregationalists, who are the first and leading people, have 485 churches, 580 ministers, and 77,000 members. Our impression is, though we have not the figures to verify the fact, that the Baptists, who are next in point of time, (1664,) are also the next in point of numbers and influence. The Episcopalians, who date from 1686, number 4,266. The Unitarians, though possessing wealth, learning, and social position, are numerically few, and are strong only in Boston and its vicinity. The Universalists are weaker than the Unitarians, and seem to have made no progress of late years.

"Religious Denominations" of Prisoners in Scotland.—A Parliamentary return has been issued, showing among other things, "the religious denominations to which the various prisoners in Scotland, on the 1st of January, 1862, belonged, as entered on their captions." It appears that the number of prisoners in all the Scotch prisons belonging to the Established Church was 870, Free Church, 114; Roman Catholic, 511; Episcopalians, 230; United Presbyterians, 39; Congregational, 2; Protestant Dissenters, 294; no religious denominations, 196

NOTICE.

TO THE DISTRICTS OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW ENGLAND, OHIO, INDIANA, AND MISSOURI, OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH MINISTERS.

Dear Brethren:—As we have a number of superannuated ministers on the list in said Districts, therefore it will be expected that the ministers and preachers, on their circuits and stations, will do all they can to collect the *two cent money;* and we also recommend that the Class leaders be instructed to collect and set the amount on the Class book opposite each member's name, as also all the collections called, per Discipline, for the Annual Conference, and publish the same once every quarter, that it may be seen who they are that work for God and his cause. We think it is time to give credit to those of our people who do work, so that God's name may be glorified.

The Social, Civil, and Statistical Association of The Colored People of Pennsylvania open a subscription list to aid the freed men at Port Royal and other points where they may be located, and respectfully ask the co-operation of the colored citizens and others in this city, or elsewhere, in money or clothing.

Any amount of value received will be acknowledged, with the name of the donor, in the *Recorder*, where a constant record will be kept.

Subscriptions may be sent to Jacob C. White, at the office of the Lebanon Cemetery, 711 Lombard Street, and also to William Still, 107 North Fifth Street, and to Rev. E. Weaver, 619 Pine Street.

	PAID.
Statistical Society,	$50 00
Clayton Miller,	2 00
William Still,	5 00
Robert Adger,	2 00
Henry Minturn,	2 00
Catherine Johnson,	2 00
Aunt Locke,	2 00
Wm. Warwicke,	2 00
Harriet Shorter,	1 00
Sarah S. Hawkins,	1 00
Rev. Jonathan C. Gibbs,	1 00
James P. Clay,	1 00
Benjamin F. Hill,	2 00
S. M. S.,	2 00
Elizabeth Gordon,	1 00
F. J. Dreer,	5 00

It affords us pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of ten dollars, the proceeds of Miss Anna E. Dickinson's lecture at Concert Hall for the contrabands, contributed to the S., C. and Statistical Association, to be applied as intended. Wm. Still.

Cor. Sec. of S., C. and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Penna.

Domestic Items.

The Burial of Deceased Soldiers.—*From the Richmond Examiner, July 28th.*—The manner in which the interment of deceased soldiers is carried on in this vicinity is a disgrace not only to those concerned, but those having authority in such matters. We have it on the authority of a gentleman, an officer of the army, who has visited Oakwood Cemetery, that the coffins are often piled in two or three deep in one excavation, and thus covered up, of course rendering it out of the question for an inquiring relative to recognise and reclaim a corpse.

Recently the gentleman above referred to passed the cemetery, and seeing the cruel work going on, asked: "Is that the way Virginia disposes of the soldiers of the Confederacy? Has she not got soil enough to furnish them each with separate, distinct burial?" The man in charge replied: "Is it any of your business?" You attend to your own business, and I will attend to mine." Surely the man who dies in defence of his country is entitled to an honorable grave beneath its soil. If the authorities will not look to the matter, the personal friends of the deceased should. We understand that the burial of deceased soldiers is in the hands of a parcel of German undertakers, instead of being vouchsafed to the respectable undertakers of the city, who from a regard for the cause, would discharge the duty at least with decency and humanity.

English Thanks to Gen Halleck.—Washington, July 31.—The following note has been received by Major General Halleck:

"St. Louis, (Mo) July 22, 1862.

"Sir:—I have been directed by the Hon. William Stuart, her Majesty's Charge d'Affaires at Washington, to express to you the expression of his best thanks for the very great courtesy and generosity which you manifested in ordering, in May last, the release of certain prisoners, British subjects, who represented that they had been impressed into the Confederate service.

"I have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient servant,

"Francis Williams,
"H. B. M. Acting Consul at Chicago, Ill."

Pacific Attitude of Foreign Powers.—Washington, July 31.—The despatches received at the State Department, by the last arrival, from our Ministers abroad, show that the tone of the foreign governments is uniformly of a pacific tone.

The attention of the Government has been called to the fitting out of two armed steamers in a port in New York, on the ground that they interfere with enlistments.

The New Postage stamps for Currency.—The Postmaster-General and the Commissioners of Internal Revenue have approved of the specimens for the postage stamp currency, which will be for five, ten, twenty-five and fifty cents. The designs embrace the present five and ten cent postage stamps, and the [illegible] in such a way that they cannot be separated and used for postage. They will bear on their face the following inscription: "Postage stamps, furnished by the assistant treasurers and designated depositories of the United States: receivable for postage stamps at any post office." Upon the back will be a large figure, denoting the denomination, with these words: "Exchangeable for United States notes by any assistant treasurer or designated United States depositary, in sums not less than five dollars; receivable in payment of all dues to the United States less than five dollars. Act approved July 17, 1862."

They will be printed on bank-note paper of different sizes, averaging about one-fifth the size of the United States notes, and will be made [illegible]

"Burleigh" writes to the Boston Journal. I saw a [illegible] Scott was in private life. He had all the humor and [illegible] unbiassed and impartial answer. He could give [illegible] all the information he needed, and he got what he wanted.

Who is She.—Miss Philip Phillips, the lady who [illegible] Jewess. She is [illegible] to Washington, and on the occasion [illegible] Hall Ron Bhunnister [illegible] concluded to take notice of her conduct. Mrs [illegible]

Baltimore.—Now that Baltimore is held against the [illegible] people themselves than by the presence of the Federal troops, great confidence is entertained in our strength in that quarter. Within three weeks a wonderful and healthy change has come over Baltimore. The secessionists are restrained, and their intrigues exposed in the sternest manner by the Unionists, and the latter, to full possession of the city, must upon the most [illegible] against the former. If we would [illegible] the authority of a [illegible] you should go to Baltimore, and mingle with the masses—[illegible] city, and [illegible] best might be profitably followed in Philadelphia.—*The Press.*

Drafting.—The President has [illegible] a draft of [illegible] for three years or during the war, for service of the United States, to serve for nine months, unless sooner discharged.

Morgan the Guerilla. Gen Morgan's force embraces men from Texas, Mississippi, Georgia and Kentucky, of desperate character, but obedient to his will, as the lion is to its master. A few of them are gentlemanly, but a majority of them would as soon cut a man's throat as take a chew of tobacco.

Gen. Morgan [illegible] He stands about six feet in height, is slightly round shouldered, and his dress is distinguished by nothing except a silver cross-sword, which holds commandant of the wide-brimmed, low-crowned, black felt hat.

He has a rather dark complexion, with features sharp. He wears a moustache, with whiskers on his chin, and never allows himself to be overcome by anger. He is adored by his men, who think he is Kentucky's Messiah.

He married a most amiable lady some years since, but she died eighteen months ago, of grief over the crimes of her husband. For two or three years she was an utterly broken-hearted woman, and finally sank into the grave, about six weeks before Morgan took the last step in the direction of infamy, by joining the Southern Confederacy.

The guerilla chief formerly had an interest in a faro bank in Cincinnati. He was engaged in picking up "aces," as verdent people who accompanied him to the gambling houses were familiarly called.

Rich Clergymen in Boston. The Clergymen of Boston are not all of them rigid observers of the Catholic vow of poverty, judging by the tax roll. Rev. N. Frothingham, D. D., is taxed on $218,000; Rev. Thomas Worcester, D. D., on $67,000; Right Rev. John D. Fitzpatrick, D. D., Bishop of Boston, on $121,700; Rt Rev. Manton Eastburn, D. D., $52,400, Rev. Cyrus A. Bartol, D. D., $30,000; Rev. George C. Beckwith, $32,000; Rev Thomas B. Thayer, $22,200. Several clergymen pay taxes on $10,000; and half a dozen on from $10,000 to $15,000 each. And it is believed that these persons are worth more than they are taxed for.

The Old South Church pays taxes on a valuation of $200,500. The Brattle Street Church (Dr. Lothrop's,) is taxed on real estate worth $25,000. There are several other churches that are taxed for from $10,000 to $12,000 each, such as the Central and Park Street Congregational, the Second Methodist church, &c.

There are but few millionaires left, and none are put down at two millions. The persons now taxed for about $1,000,000 and upward are Messrs. David Sears, John E. Thayer, Moses Williams, &c. There are scores of persons worth from $500,000 to $750,000 each.—*Exchange.*

Rev. Lewis Kellogg, late of Tremenesburg, has, after an absence of eight years, accepted a call to return to Whitehall, Washington county, N. Y., where he commenced his ministry, and continued to preach for seventeen years.

Hon. Addison C. Gibbs, the recently elected Governor of Oregon, is a worthy member of the Methodist Church. He has hitherto been a Douglas Democrat, but was chosen on the [illegible] ticket composed of Republicans and Douglas Democrats.

King Otho's reign of twenty years over Greece has been a stormy one. There were revolts in his kingdom in 1843 1844, 1845, 1841, 1843, 1847, 1848, 1852 and the French occupation of the Piræus in 1854; and now the insurrection of Nauplia, in 1862, has broken out.

What Congress Has Done—It is proper to enumerate briefly the chief items of the unprecedented mass of important action perfected by the First Session of the 37th Congress.

I. War.—This part of the work of the session embraces the laws raising and empowering the President to raise the several numbers of 75,000, 500,000 and 300,000 men for the army, and providing for the organization, arming and support, for the increase of our navy to its present vast force; and the laws defining and punishing treason, requiring stricter oaths of allegiance, confiscating the property and freeing the slaves of rebels, empowering the President to call out the militia and suspend the habeas corpus act.

2. *Finance.*—Includes the [illegible] the District of Columbia, prescribing freedom in all the territories, abolishing [illegible] slavery in them, adopting and putting in operation an honest efficient treaty to prevent the slave trade, recognising the commonwealths of Hayti and Liberia, forbidding army officers to return fugitive slaves, freeing such slaves of rebels as shall labor in the service of the United States, modifying the Fugitive Slave bill so as to confine its services to loyal claimants, and securing a trial by jury to those seized under it, and regulating the Supreme Court districts so as to provide against present very costly circuit system.

3. *Financial.*—Includes the Tax bill, the Treasury Note bills, the revised tariff, and the postage stamp small change regulation.

4. *Internal Administration.*—Includes the Free Homestead law, the Pacific Railroad law, the establishment of an Agricultural Department at Washington, and the endowment of agricultural colleges.

Among measures of importance defeated or delayed, should be named the national bankrupt law, the admission [illegible] State of West Virginia, the [illegible] the Land and Money [illegible] appropriating money to make the State Emancipation Act [illegible] and the bills to reform the prevailing practices as to franking and mileage.

The [illegible] army, and nearly $100,000,000 for the navy.

Such are the principal doings of this memorable session. We must, of course, omit a vast number of [illegible]

Judicial Reorganization. [illegible] enacted and passed a most important bill, creating the [illegible] Justices of the Supreme Court. These Districts will hereafter stand as follows:—

1. New England States.—Nathan Clifford.
2. New York and Vermont—Samuel Nelson.
3. Pennsylvania and New Jersey.—Robert C. Grier.
4. Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina—Ch. J. Roger B. Taney.
5. South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama and Mississippi—James M. Wayne.
6. Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Kentucky and Tennessee—John Catron.
7. Ohio and Indiana—Noah H. [illegible]
8. Michigan, Wisconsin, and Illinois—[illegible]
9. [illegible] Iowa, Kansas and Minnesota—David F. Miller.

It is understood that Senator Browning and Judge Daniel Davis, both of Illinois, are candidates for the Justiceship of the 8th District.

Property owners in Nashville have not gained by [illegible] rule. The valuation of property in the city subject to taxation in 1861 was $14,280,765. In 1862 [illegible] three million four hundred and twenty-six thousand one [illegible]

The valuation of property in New York, upon which taxes are to be collected this year is, in dollars; last year, five hundred and eighty one million [illegible] last year, $10,027,650

The exportation of butter is now immense. On [illegible] eight thousand three hundred firkins of butter, and in the *Ariel*, for California, there were two thousand one hundred and fifty firkins—making ten thousand four [illegible]

The Total Loss at the Richmond Battles.—[illegible] killed upon the [illegible] during the seven days' battle before Richmond:

				TOTAL.
Infantry,	[illegible]	1,916	[illegible]	[illegible]
Sumner,	120	1,000	800	2,000
Keyes,	[illegible]	[illegible]	200	[illegible]
Heintzelman,	180	1,000	[illegible]	[illegible]
Porter,	850	[illegible]	2,750	7,350
Cavalry,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	125
Long-pont,	[illegible]	[illegible]	50	75
Totals,	[illegible]	[illegible]	5,000	10,214

The Valley.—The rebel cavalry, under General [illegible] the Shenandoah valley, leaving that part of the country to the defenceless of the guerrillas above.

The South bank of the James River is again [illegible] The roads from Cabin Point to Petersburg are excellent—the land so high and somewhat undulating, very healthy, and well watered with pure, clear brooks and springs. Between [illegible] and Petersburg [illegible] and these are strong positions, and could easily be occupied. Newmarket Hill, Friends' Hill, and the Banked Heights overlook and command the city of Petersburg, the terminus of five important railroads leading South, West, East and North. At last accounts all this country was open and we could [illegible] without meeting a rebel, and it could be invaded with but small loss. Petersburg, once in our possession, could never be taken from us, and the fall of Richmond would be a foregone conclusion.

According to this letter a distinguished naval officer writes to a friend in this city: "The campaign on the Peninsula has only failed from unfortunate unforeseen and unbooked for circumstances, over which none of us could have control, but for this the consummation of the plan would have produced results as grand as the conception and design of the original scheme. History will do it justice hereafter."

On Friday last, a Norwegian vessel, having on board a large number of emigrants, passed through the Welland canal, en route for the upper lakes. The [illegible] was exceedingly handsome. She is probably the first vessel from any of the continental ports of Northern Europe that has navigated our inland waters.

Commodore Wilkes' James River [illegible] was about to engage the rebel iron-clads from Richmond—the New Merrimac, the Rebel, and the Curtis Peck—at last advices.

Dr. Breckenridge made an almost miraculous escape from a band of guerillas encamped upon his country-seat in Kentucky. The Doctor has another practical proof of the [illegible] of Divine Providence in caring for the body and estate as well as the soul.

The news from General Pope's Army of Virginia continues to be of the most gratifying character. All goes well in that army.

General Rousseau has declared that two of his cardinal principles of action shall be to make the supporters of the rebellion feel heavily the consequences of forfeiting the protection of the Government, and to suffer no man, with his consent, to lay the weight of his finger upon an escaping slave, without first taking the oath of allegiance.

Colonel Claseret, of the army of the Shenandoah, has sent to Paris a long letter, which appears in the *Siecle*, and eulogizes the American soldiers in the highest terms. He says that they possess every quality of the French soldier, and two other qualities besides—a patience and a resignation beyond all belief. He speaks of their long marches without food, and almost barefoot, as something unparalleled in military history.

Died.

On the morning of the 21, after a severe illness, Marine Chandler, infant son of Alexander and Catherine Derry, departed this life, aged 21 months and 3 days

Better to die in youth,
When age is green and bright,
Than when the heart has lost its truth
In age and sorrow's night.

Oh! had I died when young,
How many burning tears,
Am I wasted hopes, and severed ties,
Had spared my after years!

J. C. D.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

JOHN H. GLENN, Monmouth Illinois. CHAS. M. HARLOW, Galesburg, Illinois.

HARRIS & GLENN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Monmouth, Warren County, Illinois.

Special attention given to the collecting business, to paying taxes and Real Estate [illegible]

References.—D. A. Wallace, D. D., President of Knox College; Col. Hugh J. Clark, Atlas, Chicago; Hon. W. J. Morrison, Lawrence of Indiana.

"UNION COTTAGE,"
ATLANTIC CITY, NEAR THE INLET.

The subscriber will always be happy to welcome her numerous friends, and the public in general.

TERMS.

Board per week,	$6 00
" " day,	1 25
Single meals,	50

S. H. Wattes, Proprietress.

NOTICE

To the friends of Religious Literature and human progress of the City and County of Philadelphia

This certifies that Miss Mary Still is a legally authorized agent under the Cuba and Canada of Philadelphia Female [illegible] and obtain aid for the Christian Recorder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

We, therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy, and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable, that those to whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to this great cause

Signed, ELISHA WEAVER
Editor & General Book Steward.
No. 619 Pine St., Phila.

BOARDING
IN BROOKLYN.

MRS. S. PLANT (formerly Richardson) respectfully announces that she has opened a first class BOARDING & LODGING HOUSE at No. 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms

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COAL, STOVES, &c., &c.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the store,

NO. 107 NORTH FIFTH STREET,

formerly occupied as the Anti-Slavery Office, (where he [illegible] henceforth as a place of business for the sale of

COAL, STOVES, &c

Having made arrangements with one of the first Coal Dealers in the city, to furnish the best qualities of Lehigh, Schuylkill, &c., at the lowest Cash prices, he hopes to give full satisfaction in this branch of his business.

He will also keep constantly on hand a general assortment of good NEW and SECOND HAND STOVES, RANGES, &c

Special attention given to the [illegible] promptly attended to, and [illegible] up, or cleaned, can be promptly accommodated by applying [illegible]

He hopes by energy and strict attention to business to obtain a fair share of patronage.

WM STILL,
107 North Fifth Street, Philadelphia

REFERENCES.

J. M. M. Blaine, Dr. Cooper Wister,
Samuel Rhoads, James Mott,
Dillwyn Parrish, Thomas Williamson,
[illegible] [illegible] Wm. Evans.

PERRY & FITZGERALD'S

PROCESS FOR MAKING LIGHT NUTRITIOUS, AND UNADULTERATED BREAD, WITHOUT FERMENTATION

The [illegible] I have] making patented to Perry & Fitzgerald removes all the obstacles which have hitherto rendered it [illegible] The entire process is performed by mechanical means, and [illegible]

The process consists in mixing the flour in a closed vessel, and the [illegible] with the dough [illegible] and ready to be [illegible] the right degree of [illegible] in the brief space of *fifteen or twenty minutes.* The [illegible] is then [illegible] the operation, in all its details, from the putting in of the flour to the discharge of the dough, [illegible] from twenty five to forty minutes.

The Invention of Perry & Fitzgerald effects a revolution in the preparation of bread, by establishing a system of wholesale manufacture not subject to the vicissitudes and evils of fermentation, but exact and certain in its results.—1. Because, by the substitution of mechanical for manual labor, and in the superior value of the article produced, it promises large profits upon the capital employed. 2. Because such employment of capital as well as the protection offered by the patent, [illegible] adequate security against such profits. 3. Because the process permits a private purchase of the right of a [illegible] district, [illegible] the manufacturer, [illegible] to be carried on, should the demand [illegible] material

The application of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure, to a mechanically kneaded dough or mass, as in the invention of Perry & Fitzgerald, did not occur to Dr. Dyer, though he seems to have had a clear apprehending of the importance of the artificial use of the gas, since he states, hypothetically, that "if water, highly impregnated with carbonic acid gas, be used for kneading the dough, the [illegible] will be produced in the [illegible] and the [illegible] rendered [illegible] to be produced in this way, then, as the sugar would remain undecomposed, the bread would be no much the sweeter and more nourishing."

What, to Dr. Dyer, was evidently a merely apprehended chemical result, has been practically developed by the Chief Invention of Perry & Fitzgerald. Posterity will bind their names in grateful remembrance [illegible] benefactors of humankind.

IMPERFECTION. The [illegible] of bread [illegible] by no means new. Dr. Cullen, who wrote more than seventy years ago, says:

"In Scotland also [illegible] the lower class of people and that in the greater part of the whole, [illegible] unfermented bread, called [illegible] Unfermented [illegible] in other [illegible], and there are not a few healthy people anywhere to be found. In the course of fifty years, that I have practised among them, I have had occasion to know this, and have hardly met with a disease, of any consequence, that I could impute to the use of unfermented [illegible]

At a later period Professor Thompson, of Glasgow, in his work on the "Food of Animals," after alluding to the facts referred to above by Dr. Cullen, and other kindred facts, [illegible]

"Such, then, being well-ascertained facts, the use of the wholesome [illegible] unfermented bread, it becomes important to discover in what respects it differs from fermented bread. The result gained by this process, [illegible] to be merely the [illegible] of the particles of which the flour is composed, so as to render the [illegible] more digestible by the [illegible] organs of digestion. But, as this object is gained at a sacrifice of the [illegible] of the flour, it becomes a matter of interest to ascertain the amount of the loss sustained in the process."

The result of Professor Thompson's experiments she ved a difference in favor of unfermented bread of nearly seven per cent. over that made by the ordinary process. In other words, there was a loss of [illegible] of the nutritive proportion of the flour, which, by the process of fermentation, was driven into the air and lost.

We come now to a more particular consideration of the property of the Perry & Fitzgerald mode without fermentation, or the use of chemical agents, over the bread made by these processes. Although, from what has already been said, this superiority appears in most vivid contrast, yet the public will be better satisfied to have the points stated specifically; for it only needs that the advantages secured by this method be clearly understood in order to its universal introduction in the manufactory of bread.

I. Its Cleanliness.—Instead of the dough being mixed by the naked hands or feet of the bread, from the setting of the flour to the completion of the baking, is not, and scarcely can be, touched by any one. "One fastidious relished to its manufacture," says Dr Willard Parker, "is its entire cleanliness." Says Dr Wetherby: "The process is not only purely scientific, but preeminently cleanly."

II. Its Purifying of all the Nutrient Properties of the Flour.—As the raising of the dough is by the mechanical introduction of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure, in a closed vessel, no [illegible] is taken from the [illegible] of the flour, in all its details, from the putting in of the flour to the discharge of the dough, [illegible] from twenty five to forty minutes.

III. Its Uniform Character.—Bread made by the New Process is uniformly light, sweet, and nutritious. The condition being always the same, and not liable to variation, no failure can occur in always producing bread of the same quality. It retains its moisture much longer than fermented bread, and may be eaten warm with impunity. The process also insures a perfect freedom from all acidity, even in the hottest weather. Says the London Times:—

"The objectionable consequences of fermentation being avoided, the result seems of the first importance, both unchanged and unadulterated, the resulting loaf being absolutely pure."

IV. Its Wholesomeness.—Being free from the debris of the substances which are the product of fermentation, or chemical operation, by the old modes, the bread made by the New Process is easy of digestion in [illegible] and is, consequently, [illegible] To dyspeptics [illegible] it is [illegible] Medical College, it will be invaluable, as they will be able to use it when the fermented manufactured bread has been found to have signally failed or an article of diet." Says the London *Morning Times* and *Gazette*:—

"Since the introduction of the new [illegible] bread there have already been received from members of the medical profession, who have recommended it in their practice, as well as from non-professional sources, accounts of the really astonishing results that have followed its use in cases of deranged digestion and constipation. Many persons have regained their recovery to health, after years of suffering and misery, by the simple use of the bread as a diet. Many cases have also been reported by medical men of patients, in which certain alarming forms of dyspepsia, which had remained intractable under every kind of treatment, have yielded as if by magic, almost immediately after adopting the use of the unfermented bread.

"The beneficial effects of the new bread are attributable to two causes. The one to the absence of the prejudicial matters imparted to ordinary bread by the process of fermentation; and the other to the presence in the bread, unchanged, of the [illegible] elements which are the essential agents of digestion and assimilation."

The most eminent members of the medical profession, both in Great Britain and in the United States, not only speak in the highest terms of the ease with which it is digested, and of its rich, nourishing qualities, but especially of its peculiar laxative virtues, and wonderful keeping properties. The absence of acidity and other strong flavors, which, in a greater or less degree, are characteristic of fermented bread, renders the new bread peculiarly delicate to the taste.

V. Its Economy and Economy.—By the use of mechanical means, instead of manual labor, a barrel of flour is converted into baked loaves in forty-five minutes; whereas, by the ordinary process, [illegible] of five hours are occupied in the formation of the "sponge," and a further time in kneading, raising, and baking the dough.

The cleanliness [illegible] process [illegible] as a correspondent of the Journal of the Society of Arts [illegible] it particularly suitable to be prepared and supplied by a public company. And since the new process dispenses with the [illegible] manufacture and the other parts of the ordinary process, [illegible] monopoly, the supply of bread is placed to some extent on the same [illegible] with gas, water, or other articles of prime necessity."

VAN RIPER & CAMP,
EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS,
Corner of Broad and Buttonwood Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.

THE FOLLOWING ENDORSEMENTS OF

SPALDING'S

CEPHALIC PILLS,

WILL CONVINCE ALL WHO SUFFER FROM

HEADACHE,

THAT A

SPEEDY AND SURE CURE IS

WITHIN THEIR REACH.

As these Testimonials were [illegible] Mr. Spalding, they afford [illegible] the efficacy of this truly scientific discovery.

Masonville, Conn., Feb. 8, 1861.

Mr. Spalding.
Sir
I have tried your Cephalic Pills, and *I like them so well* that I want you to send me two dollars' worth more.
Part of those are for the neighbours, to whom I gave a few out of the first box I got from you.
Send the Pills by mail, and oblige
Yours [illegible]
JAMES KENNEDY.

Haverhill, Pa., Feb. 6, 1861.

Mr. Spalding.
Sir
I wish you to send me [illegible] Cephalic Pills. *I have derived a great [illegible]*
Yours respectfully,
MARY ANN STOKHOUSE.

Spruce Creek, Huntingdon Co., Pa., January 15, 1861.

H. C. Spalding
Dear
You will please send me two boxes of your Cephalic Pills. Send them immediately.
Respectfully yours,
JNO. H. SIMONS.

P. S. *I have used one box of your Pills, and find them excellent.*

Belle Vernon, Ohio, Jan. 15, 1861.

Henry C. Spalding, Esq.
Please find enclosed twenty-five cents, for which send me another box of your Cephalic Pills. *They are truly the best Pills I have ever tried.*
Direct
A. STOVER P. M.
Belle Vernon, Westmor. Co., O.

Bayerly, Mass., Dec. 11, 1860

H. C. Spalding, Esq.
I wish for some circulars or large show bills to bring your Cephalic Pills more particularly before my customers. If you have [illegible]
One of my customers, who is not yet to weave [illegible] ache, (usually lasting two days,) *was cured of an attack in one hour by your Pills,* which I sent her.
Respectfully,
W. B. WILKES

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Advertisements.

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance [illegible] in session at the [illegible] April 10th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

From Garnet Union No 4, D. of T., from Phœnix Union, No [illegible], D. of T., from Southern Union, No [illegible], D. of P. W. S., Union of Chapters [illegible] Pa. from Dr. Bias' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union No [illegible] D. of T., from Commander Union No 15, D. of T., of Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—

Sister E. Bonnel, Grand Associate Sister Matron, Grand Treasurer, Sister Lucretia Grand Conductress, [illegible] Sentinel A. L. Dukeson Grand Chaplain Sister Hall

G. P. P.,	Sister E. Roberts,	G. P. P.	Sister Anderson,
"	" R. Bowen,	"	" J. F. Rush,
"	" M. H. Evans,	"	" E. A. Crane,
"	" S. Newman,	"	" White,
"	" S. Davis,	"	" S. Hall.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY.

The Stated Quarterly Meetings of the Society are held [illegible] Tuesday, May August and November.

The meetings of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the society.

Mrs. Susan Carter,
President
Mr. L. R. Seymour, Sec'y.

THE BOOK DEPOSITORY
OF THE
AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,
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PHILADELPHIA.

We keep on hand in connection with our other books Sabbath School [illegible] Question Books, Catechisms, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. We have a good assortment of such books as are generally used in the Public Schools. Also, Stationery, Inks, Pens, Paper, Envelopes and Blank Books.

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Dec25-1y 604 Market Street

GOOD NEWS

To Tailors, Dress makers, and to those wishing to be such. Also to owners of sewing machines, shoe keepers, and large families. [illegible] can learn [illegible] in [illegible] days, and be perfect masters in [illegible] weeks, to cut and fit perfectly. Ladies' Dresses, Boys' and Men's Pants, Vests, Jackets, Sack and Over-coats

Local and Traveling Agents Wanted.

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Carversville, Bucks Co., Pa.

Or, apply to Mrs. Mary C. Weaver, wife of the Editor of this paper, [illegible] Pa. [illegible]

MRS. E. A. PALMER'S

DRY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS STORE,

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PHILADELPHIA

A General Assortment of Hosiery, Trimmings, Dry Goods, &c.

Dress, Shirt making, and Plain Sewing, promptly attended to. Jan18—1y

COAL! COAL!! COAL!!!

The subscriber is selling the best qualities of Lehigh and Schuylkill Coal at the following very low prices

Lehigh Store Coal, per ton,	$4 25
" Egg "	4 25
" Broken and Screened, per ton,	4 25
" Nut "	4 00
Schuylkill, Stove, and Egg and Broken, and S reened,	4 25
Nut,	4 00

Orders left at the Store Room, No 107 North Fifth St., will be promptly attended to. WM STILL.
107 N. Fifth St., Philada.

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DEALER IN
NEW AND SECOND HAND
CLOTHING,
No 225 South Second Street,
No 17—3mo. PHILADELPHIA

WILLIAM STILL'S
STOVE STORE,
107 NORTH FIFTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and all in want of [illegible] stoves, that he has now on hand a general variety of excellent PARLOR, COOK and CHAMBER STOVES, including Gas burning, as well as other patterns, which he is selling at very low rates. He have reduced for cash on the [illegible] Credit, and of course can sell much cheaper than those buying on the usual credit system. At any rate his friends are invited to give him a call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere, as he feels that they would be convinced that it would be to their interest to give him their patronage. Coal orders constantly on hand. WM STILL

JOSEPH H. COLE,
CONTINENTAL RESTAURANT,
NO. 717 LOMBARD STREET, PHILA.,
(Above Seventh St., under Philadelphia Institute,)

Where he continues to keep always on hand the very best assortment of OYSTERS and other refreshments—hoping that all his friends and the public in general will favor him with their patronage.

Ice Cream served at all hours. Families supplied with oysters of the best quality and flavor at the shortest notice.

Also, public and private waiting done on the [illegible]

Mrs. S. Shorter Hawkins
HAS JUST OPENED
NEW SPRING GOODS,

Consisting of Bonnet Ornaments, Caps, &c. Hoop Skirts of all sizes, from 75 cents to $1 25. A large lot of linen Collars, from 9 to 25 cents. Also, cheap Hosiery and Gloves.

N. B.—Mantuamakers are invited to examine my assortment of Dress trimmings of the latest styles: all will be sold cheap for cash at the [illegible] Establishment.

615 Lombard Street

THOMAS CHARNOCK,
GENERAL FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,
NO 427 SOUTH 6TH ST.,
Second Door Below Bethel Church.

Hearse and carriages with easy regulation for the business for [illegible] at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms

T. C. having purchased the right to [illegible] corner, is always prepared to furnish it in connection with his usual [illegible] May 16-1y

[illegible]
BUCKS COUNTY [illegible] TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS MAY COME.

I, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace in and for the county of Bucks, do hereby certify that I am acquainted and knew Emily Johnson—formerly Rodney, who was married to [illegible] Johnson—formerly Rodney, before William Hawk, Esq., of Bristol, Bucks County, as appears by record on his docket; and after careful examination and mature reflection, I feel myself fully safe in saying that the said Johnson had a wife living at the time he married the said Emily Rodney; and I further certify that I have the utmost confidence in [illegible] Conference preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church), Charles Summers, (Class leader) and Benjamin Cummings, (who is subscriber) that he had one or more wives living at the time he married the said Emily Johnson; and the evidence, on affirmation, of the said Emily Johnson, that he had a wife living at the time she married him, which, at the time she married him, she had no knowledge of.

Given under my hand and seal at [illegible] this [illegible] day of May, A. D. 1862.

Witness present, } her
Wm. Tabor, J. P. } Emily X Johnson,
mark.

REV. LEWIS S. LEWIS'
FAMILY LINIMENT
IS PREPARED WITH GREAT CARE,
EXPRESSLY FOR FAMILY USE

Its composition is very simple, containing nothing that is injurious in any form

LETTER FROM WALES.

BY MRS. PHOEBE PALMER.

Having spent about ten weeks in Wales, and witnessed the ... and the quickening of hundreds of believers into new spiritual life, we are now about taking our departure for Abergavenny, a town situated a little beyond the line separating Wales from England.

Dr. Johnson, when asked to write an account of his visit to Wales, excused himself by saying that it was so much like England that he had nothing particular to state. Had we finished our visit to Wales on leaving Carnarvon, the conclusion might not have been much at variance with Dr. Johnson; but it is only to look out at my window for a few moments and observe some of the ancient customs still in vogue among the old settlers, or to walk the streets of Merthyr, or go into more than half the chapels and hear a dialect so strongly diverse from the Anglo-Saxon, for one to feel as though they were in some far-off land. What would some of our American fashionables think to see a grave looking dame, a little over middle age and of the middle class of society, walking Broadway wearing a circular blue cloth cloak, with a neat little mantle, such as so gracefully enveloped the dignified form of our excellent Dr. B., surmounted by a beaver hat with a broad brim, and the crown tapering up about one foot and a half high?

Just such a figure I observed only a short time since as I came in from a little walk. Yet though I have seen many ancient dames coming in from the surrounding mountainous country with hats differing only from the men by the dimensions of the brim and the height of the sugar-loaf crown, I must not intimate that the appearance described furnishes a fair specimen of a modern Welsh lady, which does not differ from an English lady of the same class.

The English language is gradually, though slowly gaining the ascendancy over the Welsh, though the old Welsh population are, with their wonted tenacity, chiding the march of English encroachments. A recent writer says: "As far as I am able to form a calculation, the relative strength of the Welsh and English language is as follows: Allowing the present population of Wales to be about 900,000, about 400,000 of these speak Welsh only. There are about 500,000 who speak both Welsh and English, and about 100,000 who speak the English language only, and have no acquaintance with the Welsh."

With very few exceptions, all signs on shops and public houses are in English. But in far the greatest number of chapels the services are conducted in Welsh. Yet, though the Welsh language is so much spoken, and the sermons are far oftener preached in Welsh than in English, and the Welsh Bible is more in use than the English, there are few, if any, literary institutions where the Welsh language is taught.

The common classes, whether old or young, attend Sabbath-school; and if we may judge, these, above any other institution, are the nurseries for the religious perpetuation of the Welsh language. We are informed that legal documents must be written in English, and it is very seldom that bills or receipts are made in the Welsh language; but in religious services there seem to be a pious aptitude for the native dialect, which repels the English as new-fangled and less devotional.

The extempore method of preaching is peculiarly suited to the Welsh, and is generally adopted. Even ministers of the Established Church in many cases seem to have been constrained to yield to the wants of the people, and deliver extempore discourses, by the way of retaining their congregations. They are very fond of hearing sermons, and will sometimes sit and hear two or three discourses of nearly an hour long at one service.

The Calvinistic Methodists form far the most numerous body in Wales. They still have in full operation their School of the Prophets at Trevecca, which was founded in the days of Lady Huntingdon, and of which the devoted Fletcher was one of the first instructors. When we read in our childhood days the interesting details of the formation of the Trevecca College, and the trials of the excellent Fletcher in connexion with the Calvinistic question, which resulted in the dissolution of the parties, how little did we conceive whereunto this would grow.

From a tabular view of the state of the religious communities in Wales, I observe that the Calvinistic Methodists number 75,000, while the Wesleyan Methodists number 14,400. The Wesleyans are not recognized by the name Methodists, the Calvinists having monopolized the name. The Association of Calvinistic Methodist Ministers has just been held in this place. It was but slightly similar to one of our annual conferences.

The table before me gives the Methodist Calvinists 72,000 communicants, and the number of ministers as 410. The Calvinistic Methodists pay their ministers poorly, the salary of each seldom amounting to over £80 or £100.

Many of their ministers are engaged in secular callings during the week as a necessity for the support of their families. Their chapels, though often in size commodious, are generally exceedingly unexpensive and plain, and, as far as we have observed, are wanting in that studious neatness which bespeaks that earnest and self-sacrificing love so congenial to the wishes of the enlightened, pure-minded worshippers, and which David surely must have felt when he cried out, "Holiness becometh thy house, O Lord!"

While it does not accord with the genius of Methodism of the true Wesleyan order to vie with the Romanists in building costly churches, it certainly is unseemly and unscriptural to see people who dwell in their ceiled houses attend a place of worship whose uncarpeted and oft unswept floor is at a variance with the cleanliness and comfort of their own homes, and makes one feel that the reprovings of the prophet Malachi are quite in place in the nineteenth century of Christianity.

We are informed that the tenantry of Wales are generally poor, as nearly all the produce of their labor is absorbed in rent, taxes and the expenses of cultivation. In some parts of Wales the field laborer gets but one shilling, English currency, per day, out of which he supplies food for himself and family.

Many families in Wales (and the same may be said of England) seldom, if ever, have animal food, and these are not all of what are regarded as the poorest. I have known of more than one minister's family who were unable to have meat more than once a week. This may be oftener said of the families of poor Church of England curates than of ministers of other sects.

We have reason to be thankful that the extremes of poverty and wealth are as little known in America as in this country. Many an abode is made of turf, cemented with mud and thatched with straw; but these are, I presume, the homes of what is called the pauper population, consisting of worn-out laborers, widows, orphans, and persons unable to work.

The nobility and the great landed proprietors form the highest class. Their ancient halls are entered by a tasteful portico ... and are surrounded by beautiful and highly cultivated grounds and woodlands. The education and language, as well as the society in which the higher circles move, is generally English.

The different classes of artisans in Wales obtain from ten shillings to three and sixpence per day. The mechanics in Wales are not thought to be quite equal to those of England.

We spent a few hours at Newport, the place where the late Christmas Evans, of the Baptist persuasion, exercised his ministry. It is said that his printed sermons, though somewhat characteristic, are but poor specimens of what he delivered from the pulpit. Some of his discourses were so overpowering that the people were often unable to suppress their feelings, while he poured forth his animated and astonishing eloquence upon them in high-wrought metaphors and similes. He died several years since, but his memory is much honored.

But I am writing quite too long a story about our Welsh friends. The fact is that memory has daguerreotyped so many scenes on our hearts of the beautiful in nature and grace that we can see but little else in the reviewings of the past few weeks. Beautiful, indeed, have been the exemplifications of self-sacrificing Christian zeal in saving the perishing, and most refreshing to the soul when far away will be the recollections of the hallowing friendships and above all the scenes of God's wonder-working power here witnessed.

... April 1, 1865.

Christian Advocate and Journal.

I AM NOT OLD.

BY ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

I am not old, though years have cast
Their shadows on my way;
... spread
... sown
For in my heart a fountain flows;
And around it perennial freshness reposes;
And sympathies and feelings high
Spring like the stars on evening's sky.

I am not old—Time may have set
"His signet on my brow,"
And some faint furrows there have met,
Which care may do pen now;
Yet o'er, and o'er, a chaplet weaves
Of fresh young buds and verdant leaves,
And still in fancy I can twine
Thoughts sweet as flowers that once were mine.

BACK SOON.

We went to the office door of a friend, and found on it a card, with this inscription: "Gone to ——— Back soon."

So, we thought, men just step out of virtue's path to view temptation, intending to come *back soon*. Alas! they know not the charms and power of sin. Many a person tells his conscience: I will just look at a certain matter, but will be back soon. The world of despair contains many lost sinners, who intended to come back soon from a season of indulgence in sin. But soon hardly ever applies to the man yielding to temptation. Generally, it is a long way and a long time back to true repentance and peace.

How many brave and true-hearted soldiers have gone to the army, who told their friends that they would be back soon! God grant they may; but what chances are against them. "Back soon" from any place is what God only knows will be true in every case. Death regards no man's appointments.

Dis.

ABOUT POCKETS.

Pockets are a marked feature of civilized life. Their history is the history of humanity, and a catalogue of their successive contents would furnish a ... There were no pockets in the fig leaf aprons of Eden; our first parents had no need to hoard or appropriate, for the trees and herbage of the garden offered them freely all their simple wealth. There were no pockets in Adam's first blouse of skins, for as yet he had no knife wherewith to cut tobacco, and was innocently ignorant of the potency of the marvellous weed. But when life grew hard, and human interests conflicting, then the pocket became a developed institution, a receptacle for the means of daily solace, amenity, and convenience. It is a social, not selfish institution. It contains supplies, not hoards. The treasures of the miser are buried in a vault; while the subsidies of the pocket are appropriately known as change. From its warmest corner comes the penny for the street-sweeper, the toys for the pet of the fireside, and the weekly gratuity for charities of every kindly name.

But the most characteristic deposits are not in money. Children prefer the concrete to the abstract, the end to the means. While the little man wears the dress of his sisters, his pocket, like hers, is filled with cakes and candies. But very soon he sucks a wider range of activities, and the sweetmeats, not yet ignored, dispute possession inch by inch with jews-harps, fish-hooks, tops, kite-strings and knives. If he is mechanical, the knife gains a companion in an ivory rule; if studious, in pencils and paper. Then comes the belligerent period, when the country boy makes investments in powder and shot, and the young citizen in an amateur in pistols and percussion caps. And as war alternates with peace, the tomahawk with the calumet, so about this period, if at all, is developed a preference for cigars and "fine cut;" but these are noxious weeds that are liable to choke out all healthful growth. Just as rats leave a sinking ship, when these fragrant treasures find their way to the pocket, indignant moths leave the young man's wardrobe in disgust. It will be well if the odor does not serve to expel more desirable visitants than these. Then follows the youth's latest pocket companion, the watch, pointing with its golden finger the silent moral of the time.

For the girl, her early sugar plums give place to the closely locked purse, doll-full well by that familiar implement, the thimble. Hard upon this comes the scribbling stage, when the pocket finds room for pencil and paper, for notes of many pages duly crossed, and filled with the fancies and follies, the friendships and fashions of sixteen. It is but a slight change from these romantic missives to those of a warmer hue, the billet-doux of bookish admirers to be followed, we trust, by the firm lines that bear the frank avowal of a manly love. Yet these last will not long remain in the pocket; they are too precious guests for such familiar treatment, and shall retire to some inner sanctuary, set apart for the holiest of all. With love comes sorrow, with sorrow religion; so when our crowned woman has hidden away her heart's treasures, hallowed by kisses if not by tears, amid a shower of fallen rose-leaves, perhaps prophetic of their fate, she receives a new friend, a pocket-Bible, in their place. Consecrated to labor, love and duty, the pocket thus meets the whole round of human needs.—*Springfield Republican.*

NINE FOLLIES.

To think that the more a man eats the fatter and stronger he will become.

To believe that the more hours children study at school, the faster they learn.

To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

To act on the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.

To argue that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better, is "good for" the system, without regard to more ulterior effects.

To commit an act which is felt in itself to be prejudicial, hoping that somehow or other it may be done in your case with impunity.

To advise another to take a remedy which you have not tried yourself, or without making special inquiry whether all the conditions are alike.

To eat without an appetite, or continue to eat after it has been satisfied, merely to gratify the taste.

To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep and a weary waking in the morning.

CONSANGUINEOUS MARRIAGES.

The following statistics in regard to the effect, upon offspring, of marriages between blood relations, have been prepared with the hope of calling attention to and discouraging such marriages. There is a law of nature which forbids such a union of kindred, although the penalty falls more severely upon the children than upon the parents.

Dr. Mengeon, of Dublin, examined the condition of 154 families, the heads of which were related in the degrees of first, second and third cousins, and by which there were 100 children who were deaf and dumb. In 34 families there were two in each; in 14 families, three in each; in 3 families, four in each; in one family, six, and in one family of 13 children, 7 of them were deaf and dumb. He says nothing of other defects.

Dr. Buxton, of Liverpool, states that he found 170 cases where the parents were related as above. In 100 of them, there were in each family one child deaf and dumb; in 38, two children; in 17, three children; in 3, four children; in 1, six; in 1, seven; and in another, eight. He omits to state the whole number of children in these 100 families, or whether any other defects existed, but here are 200 who are deaf and dumb.

The first number of the *Social Science Review* contains a paper on the statistics of the birth of deaf and dumb children. According to M. Boudin, the result is a very considerable percentage of deaf mutes. M. Boudin finds that consanguineous marriages take place in France in the ... the issue of such marriages the proportion of deaf and dumb children is 2½ per cent. in Paris, 2½ at ... and 3 per cent. in ... In ... and dumb children is 2 per cent. in ... 2½ per cent. in ... and 3 per cent. in ... In ... 2½ per cent. in ... 3 per cent. in ... and 3½ per cent. in ... In ... 3 per cent. in ... 3½ per cent. in ... and 4 per cent. in ... In ... 3½ per cent. in ... 4 per cent. in ... and 4½ per cent. in ... In ... 4 per cent. in ... 4½ per cent. in ... and 5 per cent. in ... In ... 4½ per cent. in ... 5 per cent. in ... and 5½ per cent. in ... In ... 5 per cent. in ... 5½ per cent. in ... and 6 per cent. in ... In ... 5½ per cent. in ... 6 per cent. in ... and 6½ per cent. in ... 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Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder.

LINES ON THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

BY WM. H. BYRNE.

To God be the glory, for freedom's blessed story,
To Him be thanksgiving, rejoicing and praise—
Whose good-will and pleasure grants us this great treasure
Of freedom, sweet freedom! in these—our days.

Our fathers and mothers, our sisters and brothers
Have prayed for and long wished to see this glad day,
When freed from oppression,—from wrong and aggression,
Might hail with delight Liberty's first ray.

In God we confided, who long since decided
That liberty should be proclaimed through all lands,
And while men oppressed us, with freedom He blessed us,
And severed asunder vile Slavery's bands.

O may the wronged millions throughout these dominions
Soon seek and find shelter 'neath Liberty's tree!
And this land and nation, now with civil war raging,
May, in truth and in deed, be the land of the free!

Then, in the spirit of kindness, we'll dispel the gross blindness
Which envelope the heads and the hearts of our foes,
And show, by our actions, to all parties and factions,
We're worthy the confidence in us reposed.

O awake, ye sweet timbrels! O sound, ye loud cymbals!
In ecstasy sweet let the chorus now swell;
Over mountains go sounding, through valleys resounding
That freedom, sweet freedom! with us comes to dwell.

Now to God be all glory, for freedom's blest story;
To him ascribe honor, all power and might,
Who suffers to perish, and never will cherish
The "sum of all villanies" so just, good and right.

For the Christian Recorder.

BISHOP QUINN'S TOUR WEST. ON A VISIT TO THE CHURCHES. &c.

I left Richmond, Ind., on the 11th of July, stopped at Indianapolis, and arrived at Terre Haute on the 12th. I attended Quarterly Meeting and preached twice on Sabbath. We had quite an interesting meeting. I think the church at this point is in a good condition. Elder Strother seems to be doing well. I left Terre Haute on the 15th, and arrived in St. Louis on the 16th, and preached three times on Sabbath, the 20th, to a crowded house Though exceedingly warm, we had good meetings. I found the church in this city in a prosperous condition, having had the rise of fifty accessions during the past year. The Sabbath-school connected with the church here, is one of the most flourishing schools in the connexion, numbering some one hundred and thirty scholars. I left St. Louis on the 24th, in company with Elder Turner and lady, for Leavenworth city, Kansas,—a travel of some five hundred miles. I arrived at this point on the 25th, and found Brother Wilkerson and his flock doing well. During the two years of his labors with this people, they have built a neat frame church edifice, which I had the pleasure of dedicating I left Leavenworth on the 29th, in company with Elder Turner and Brother Wilkerson, for Lawrence, a flourishing town, situated on the Cain river, a beautiful stream, thirty-five miles from Leavenworth city. We held two meetings with the people. We have a membership of seventy at this point, and large day and Sabbath-schools, &c.

It is quite gratifying to know that our people in this place have the character of being sober, upright, industrious and enterprising. Persons of high standing told me that the population of our people in Lawrence was between four and six hundred, and of the entire population not one can be said to bear the character of a drunkard. This is something worthy of note.

On our return from Kansas, via the Hannibal, St. Joseph and H. M. R. R., we found the country in great excitement. Guerilla bands are formed in large numbers and are robbing, killing and plundering the Union men. We passed hundreds of them along the road, near Hudson—a station on the road. They hung three rebels the day before we arrived there, and buried them with the ropes around their necks. They had two more on hand, to be hung.

As we came on, at another station, the rebels were drawn up in line of battle and marching on the town, some five or six hundred strong. Had we been five or ten minutes later, they would have had us all; but thanks be to God, we were delivered, and arrived safe in St. Louis. Since writing, we have received information that the Union men met them promptly at the place alluded to above, and killed one hundred and seventy-three of them; but finally had to surrender, being inferior in numbers.

I shall leave this city for the camp-meeting near Alton, Ill., Thursday, the 7th.

W P Q

For the Christian Recorder.

SOCIETY AND MORALS.

"By their fruits ye shall know them" Such is the key handed down to us from the Master Builder, by which we can open all the doors in the great labyrinth of human character. Nations, communities, societies, churches and individuals are all known by the exhibitions they give of their true character. It requires circumstances to develop what is hidden in man's nature. We cannot form correct and just opinions of men by external appearance A man may appear to be a gentleman to all intents and purposes in demeanor, conversation, address, manners and dress; he may have a clear, vivacious mind, quick perception, wit and humor, and be withal a professor of religion, and yet, at heart, a deep scheming villain, as Richard the Third, who "laid inductions deep and dangerous," that he might destroy all who opposed his ambition in ascending the English throne

Or, like John A. Merrill, who frequently wore the garb of a clergyman and preached in certain places, taking collections for his support, while his real design was to find out the locality that he might rob the inhabitants the next week. A man may "smile and smile and be a devil still." But when proper opportunities present, then will they show who and what they are. It is impossible to hide a man's true character. It will show itself at some time in the affairs of life. Just give time, place and opportunity, and you will see what he is; if he be naturally good and noble, you will readily discover it. His actions and bearing will indicate greatness of character in his relations with his fellows. This great truth is as applicable to a community as to an individual. Men judge of a community's moral status by observing the habits and customs that prevail among them; because it is through these mediums we see the internal workings of the inner man; it is an index to all its contents A residence of one year, attending nearly all the gatherings of the people of various classes, the stranger will not be favorably impressed with the moral tone of society in this region. There is a want of high moral standing, of self esteem, which a community of refinement and pure morality should possess.

There is, as a general rule, a conglomeration of all characters in the social circle—but little selection. The lovely, pure, young daughter of the refined family is often, too often, ushered into the association of the rude, uncouth, vulgar, ill-mannered, unprincipled young man; or in the baleful influences of the foul-mouthed ruffians at a picnic, and are brought in contact with all their corrupting associations.

That lovely, virtuous girl, in her innocence and purity, whose young mind has not been poisoned by the serpentine infusions of this wicked world's allurements, is led for the first time to the "promenade," and initiated in the circle of the dance; her young imagination is excited to the highest point, her taste and habits vitiated, her morals corrupted, and the foundation of her future ruin laid deep and irremediable. Then there is a dancing mania in this section, especially in New York and Brooklyn; it is almost impossible to have a gathering of the people of any kind, without a "fandango" before they close or leave the groves where they resort. It is a source of pain and regret to witness the conduct of persons on such occasions, such utter disregard of due propriety in females—aye, lewdness and wantonness in the presence of all who disgrace their kind, shocking the sensibilities of every refined person, and meriting the condemnation of all the respectable of every class. Such sensual conduct of the would-be-gentlemen, married and single, indiscriminately. Young women beastly intoxicated! married women in the same state; members of church, in many respects, giving little better examples. These things are detrimental to the elevation of the young minds, which are thus brought into contact with them, and the old are not made better by these impressions. There is, it is true, a class who claim to be of a higher order, and form their little conclaves, and band together, having their select assemblages, such as "calico balls," for benevolent and charitable purposes, yet probably never thinking of the enormity of making a great duty subsidiary to the gratification of an unholy and demoralizing passion, thereby disqualifying themselves to be the guides of a lower class, if their fellows, by exalting charity, by a nobleness of soul, steadiness of purpose, and dignity of character, which is her true glory. The truly charitable never stoop to measures of wrong-doing. They never sacrifice principle and morality, and refuse the poison and seduction of the midnight *bacchanals*, to save the erring and glorify God—nay, they work for the good of the poor, and give cheerfully to a good cause, not wishing to gratify their evil desires thereby.

Then there is a disposition to make every public demonstration a source of personal profit to the parties engaged in originating them. Under the garb of patriotism, they seek to enrich themselves. Claiming to be public-spirited, they are *personally interested* for the general welfare, so that, in all departments of society, there is much room for improvement. Society must be revolutionized by a higher conception of the right, and the good of the masses. These things continued cannot forward the great cause of virtue, honesty and moral reform; they rather retard the onward march of truth and right actions; and, so long as these things remain, there is little hope of our accomplishing the high destiny which is attainable by a right direction of our energies. There must be reforms in the social, moral, civil and religious systems, or we will never arise to that equality with other people who are rapidly marching to honor, fame, greatness and power. We must keep pace with the advancing host. As intelligence advances, we should be moving with its rapid flight; be not sluggish, but be ready to bear our part in the great struggle for free *thought*, free speech, free men, free schools, and a free country. And when oppression shall cease its work of blood among our race, we shall be fully qualified with every means adequate to our new responsibility, entering on the high road to manifest DESTINY. R. H. C.

Brooklyn.

STATISTICS.—The Minutes of the New School General Assembly have been published, and exhibit the following facts: The number of synods is 22; presbyteries, 104: Churches, 1,466; ministers, 1,055; licentiates, 151; candidates for the ministry, 243; Church members, 135,454. The contributions for religious purposes were, for domestic missions, $91 911; foreign missions, $69, 408; education cause, $17,463; Board of Publication, $39,161; and for the General Assembly's fund, $5,138,06 The aggregate receipts this year, so far as reported, $252,148 17, which is a falling off of over forty thousand dollars from last year, and more than fifty thousand dollars from the year 1860

For the Christian Recorder.

HILLSBOROUGH, O.

August 1st, 1862.

DEAR BROTHER EDITOR:—I have had an intention for a long time to write something for the RECORDER, which might prove beneficial as an encouragement to your readers, and likewise to the mass of our people in this country. At the same time I am not using an intrusion of liberty I hope. But, however, I have started out with pen in hand. I hardly know what subject to pitch upon as a most interesting topic; for there are so many important subjects upon which we might write, that it is almost impossible for one unaccustomed to writing to decide. But as this is the first of August, I will pen a few thoughts for the meditation of our people. To-day, brother editor, is a great day of jollification and amusement with numbers of our people in the North, and I had like to have said mirth and fashion; and, indeed, the statement would not have been much amiss, from the fact the celebrating of the first of August with our people, is a great deal like the conduct of the Israelites. They sat down to eat, and rose up to play. They were thoughtless of the hand that provided the blessings, and may I not say, even to-day this is the case with the great majority of our people. While they are pretending to celebrate the first of August, in commemoration of the emancipation of our brethren in the West India islands, some have not yet thought of the great object of their celebration. Others never started from their homes for that special purpose; but their object is merely to show off in pomp and grandeur—while some of the speakers went only to display some of their oratorical eloquence—while others went for a speculation. But I must confess, while this is the case, dear brother editor, I remain at home in sadness; yet I am equally thankful to God for the liberty of my brethren in the West Indies.

But how can I go out and celebrate this day, when my brethren of the Ohio Conference have treated me with such apathy—with such an unbecoming spirit? Ah! have I not enough to stay home and ask God to remove the hinderances?—but while I remain at home, I remain in prayer and supplication. Not yet to-day brings to my remembrance the glorious year of eighteen thirty-three, when, through the wonderful providence of God, the shackles were loosed from eight thousand of our brethren in the West Indies—yea, when the triumphant shout of fathers, sons, brothers, and daughters went up to God in jubilant melodies. "Ah! ah!" I ask, "what father's heart did not leap for joy, when the white dove of liberty returned, pluming her wings and bearing in her mouth the olive branch of freedom; yea, universal freedom in the West Indies?" This is that liberty we attempt to celebrate, or commemorate in this country, even under these stirring times in America. Brother Editor, I know you will quite agree with me, when I say it would have been the duty of our people, under the circumstances of the present crisis, to have changed the manner of celebrating the 1st of August into an anniversary prayer meeting; and thus instead of cheers going up for oratorical displays of eloquence, the thousands of prayers in ejaculatory request would have been heard in heaven by the eternal God, for the removal of slavery from this country, which has cursed it, and filled it with the blackness of destruction and death

And again let us look to our condition in this country, and what can we count on for future peace and safety? Nothing but the strong arm of Jehovah. Therefore, let us return wholly in supplications and prayers, until he rends the heavens, and comes down and breaks the yoke of prejudice, as well as that of slavery Would not such a universal request as this, ascending up to God from pure hearts, bring him speedily to our relief? But the skeptical ask, "If I want God to work speedier than He is working for us?" No. But I want my people and myself to come nearer to God in prayer, that the blessings of liberty may be the sooner obtained.

Then while we celebrate the 1st of August in commemoration of the freedom of the West Indies let us ask the question, "When will the first day of our liberty come"—when our songs of gratitude and thanksgivings shall go up as theirs did?—when our triumphant shouts shall go up perfuming the air with the breath of freedom as theirs did?—when the golden bird of America shall soar to heaven with wings, bearing laurels of patriotic achievements, carrying forth in her mighty talons in telling letters, that freedom has triumphantly gained the day in America: yea, that the dark chain or spell of despotism is broken?" This is what we ought to do in celebrating the 1st of August, and that's not all. But such an act would be praiseworthy in the sight of God.

Notwithstanding the war, which has brought this great distress on the country, yet the Union party is standing discussing the subject, as to what we shall do with the negroes Shall we set them free, let them remain here with us—among us? "Oh no," says another, "we must send him away." As though there was not as much in the South for the slave after he is freed, as there was during his enslavement. Such is the inquiry now in reference to the colored race in this country, and the prejudice of the Anglo-Saxon is daily rising against us in this country. Therefore, for this I say, let us be the more faithful in prayer, that God will interpose for us in due time to overthrow the evil designs of wicked men

We have not time to celebrate other people's liberty, but it is our own we want to celebrate now. And prayer and faith are just the things that will enable us to celebrate it. That this is an indisputable fact, we need only look in the word of God for evidence of this truth. Then I hope we will in the future celebrate the 1st of August more to the honor and glory of God

Dear Editor—now, in conclusion, let me give you a brief statement as to the condition of our charge. The Rev Epps is still among us, striving, as I believe, to build up and enhance the cause of God; yet I must say, that the Hillsborough Circuit about holds its own, in a religious point of view—there are no great accessions to the church.

I still remain here where I fell, still bent and bound by the grace of God here to rise. Again, I might say a great deal, but time does not admit now. However I expect soon, as a subscriber, to send for your paper. Soon as I get a little more out of debt. May God grant you success. I am your friend in the cause of Christ.

JAMES. PAYNE.

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM GEORGETOWN, D C.

MR EDITOR:—There was a very sad accident occurred in Georgetown, D. C., on the 25th of July. There were several little boys playing at the Creek, and there being a small boat moored near the shore, two of the lads thoughtlessly got into it. After a short time one of the two boys got out of the boat, but before his companion could do so, one of the boys on shore gave the boat a sudden push, and, the rope breaking, the boat floated away from the shore out into the deeper parts of the stream, and the little boy that was in the boat became very much alarmed, and jumped out of the boat into the water, and was drowned before any assistance could be rendered to him. Several persons saw him at a distance, but could not prevent the sad calamity. This was about 12 o'clock, and they grappled for the body until 8 o'clock, A M. Several persons went in and dived for the body, but they did not get it until the next day at about noon.

The child went to the water without permission from his mother, and was not out of her sight more than half an hour, when the news came to her that her son was drowned. It was almost heart-rending to see the distress of the poor mother.

In the evening we called to see her, to try and give her a word of consolation and prayer. But she was almost inconsolable. Being a Christian, after prayer she seemed more composed—this was the evening of the day on which the child was drowned. Her greatest grief was that the body could not be found—but, thank God, the next day it was recovered about one hundred yards from the spot where it sank. The father of the child also takes it very hard. The child's name was Edward Norris, and was about seven years old at the time. H. C. R

Georgetown, D. C

For the Christian Recorder

FROM LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS

August 7th 1862.

MR EDITOR:—Permit me through the columns of the *Recorder* to inform your numerous readers of the state of things in Kansas, as it may be of some interest to them.

The Church *is* in a prosperous condition at this time, spiritually and temporally. Bishop Quinn and Rev. John Turner arrived safe and sound on the 27th of July. Their presence cheered the hearts of the people very much indeed. Our Quarterly Meeting commenced on the night of the 27th. Bishop Quinn preached a very awakening sermon from Revelation—third chapter and twentieth verse. We had a good time. Elder Turner preached on Saturday morning at eleven o'clock, from Mark—thirteenth chapter and thirty-seventh verse. It was a very able and profitable discourse, addressed as it was to the whole Church.

Our Quarterly Conference met at three o'clock, P. M., Bishop Quinn in the chair. It really reminded me of an annual Conference. We had a pleasant time of it—one that will not soon be forgotten by the brethren. Brother Pitts, a local preacher, preached at 8 o'clock, P. M. Subject, The Power of the Gospel. The effort was quite an able one indeed.

On Sabbath morning, at 11 o'clock, Bp Quinn preached from 1 Corinthians—1st chapter and 22d, 23d and 24th verses. At three o'clock, P. M., a large congregation assembled to witness the dedication of the church-edifice to God The ceremony was performed by Bishop Quinn, assisted by Elder Turner, brothers Pitts and Johnson, and myself.

Having gone through with the ceremony, Elder Turner preached a very appropriate discourse from the 20th Psalm, and a portion of the 5th verse. The words were as follows. "In the name of our God we will set up our banners." The house was densely crowded, and a great many persons had to remain outside of the doors—but notwithstanding the warmth of the day and uncomfortable situation of the people, the most breathless silence prevailed throughout the discourse.

We lifted a collection of $25 90. The collection was small, on account of its being on the day of Quarterly Meeting, and the Quarterly Meeting collection being lifted in the morning. On Sabbath evening, at 8 o'clock, the Sacrament was administered, and love feast on Monday evening, at 8 o'clock. It was truly a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. The brethren and sisters spoke with power and earnestness of intention. There were eighteen souls joined to the Church during the meeting, many of whom, I think, will prove a blessing to the Church. Our young station now numbers over one hundred members and probationers. May God continue to add to her numbers such as shall be eternally saved.

Bishop Quinn, Elder Turner and myself started on Tuesday morning by private conveyance to visit the city of Lawrence, a distance of thirty-five miles. Bishop Quinn was taken quite ill on the road, but we arrived safe by half-past 12 o'clock, and met with a warm reception among the people, and found the society there in good condition. Elder Turner and myself preached to the people on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings to a densely crowded house.

I regret very much that the Bishop was not able to preach or get out to the place of worship while there, but I think that the appearance of our worthy old chieftain in the West will be attended with signal good among the people of Kansas. May God bless the Church and the people.

P. S.—Brother Weaver, please direct my paper to Upper Alton, Ill., until further notice.

J. M. WILKERSON.

THE most wonderful stories are related of the bravery of Kearney, who literally bears the character of a salamander. In the late battle he was to be seen with his one arm, and holding his bridle in his teeth, everywhere during the hottest of the fight. At one time he came very near to being taken at White Oaks Swamp. He was surrounded by no fewer than thirty of the rebels, but fairly cut his way through them, and asking them if they thought "he looked the kind I were to fall into their hands!"

BRUTAL BARBARISM.

We copy the following from the *Union Herald*, It will be read with interest by our people. We also state that the daily *Press* of Philadelphia, of the 7th inst, has a strong article in it upon the same subject. It speaks fearlessly, and is one of the best papers as a daily in this city—if not the best:—

We learn with pain, that many of the Irish laboring classes in Cincinnati, Chicago, Peoria, and other places, have yielded to the snares of the tempter, and have believed, or pretended to believe his misrepresentations concerning the interference of negro labor with the rights and interests of the white men, which, it is affirmed, the competition of the negro is likely to disturb in a serious manner These misrepresentations have already produced serious collisions between the races, and it is impossible to tell where this insane strife may end if it is not checked in time

It is plain, that the more ignorant of the Irish laboring classes have been made the dupes of the secession enemy, while their more intelligent and heroic brothers are reaping immortal glory for themselves, their adopted country, as well as the country of their birth, in fighting in the Union army for the rights of man, the stars and stripes, and the union of the whole country.

The only apology we can offer for the cruelty and brutality of these Irish rioters is, their ignorance of the real facts of the case, and of the true principles of that government under which they themselves have found a refuge from British tyranny and persecution, as well as a home and an asylum for themselves and their families, long oppressed by their hereditary enemy

Had they known the true state of the case, we feel that they would have been too generous to add insult to injury, by oppressing the down trodden still more, and by inflicting injurious on a race of beings, who, like themselves, have ever been the butt, the sport, and the prey of cruel tyrants and oppressors.

Let us assure them, that while the war lasts, the negroes will find abundant employment in our armies and navies, so as to prevent them being competitors with the white laborer of the North; and when the rebellion is over, the enemy South will offer inducements to the dark race to settle there, which no inducements that the frozen North can offer could entice them to relinquish. These are facts which any one with half an eye may see at a glance.

But if it were not so, what right have men who themselves have been recently rescued from a slavery and a degradation worse than any which the South has yet inflicted on its servile race; what right, we ask, have such men, the moment they are put in possession of liberty, to turn around and abuse it, and violate the laws of their adopted country, by attempting to tyrannize over a race who have as good a right to the protection of the laws, to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," as they have?—Do they know that this government was made for the protection of the weak and helpless against the strong arm of oppression? Yes, they know it, and have felt it, and still experience it in their own case. Well, then, with what face dare they who have experienced this blessing in their own case, turn round and abuse it for the oppression of those whom they deem weaker and more helpless than themselves? Let them be assured that such abominable ingratitude and injustice will not be tolerated; nay, let us further assure them, that enlightened public opinion will condemn them, and may, perhaps, go so far as to say, that no man ought to exercise the right of a freeman, till he has learnt practically what that means, and concede that others as good as he, perhaps better, may be made partakers of it, as well as himself, without diminishing the rights, duties, and obligations of either

THE LOVE OF THE SPIRIT.

1. The Holy Spirit is the author of all saving conviction and sound conversion. "He shall convince the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment." Men may get a speculative knowledge of religion by reading and hearing the word, but without the special influences of the Spirit carrying the truth home with his own demonstration and power to the conscience and heart, they will obtain no realising sense of the teachings of either law or gospel The most persuasive eloquence will fall upon the ear powerless as infancy, till the Spirit gives it efficacy You may be startled and horrified, or pleased and captivated, you may be held spell-bound, you may be aroused to make and entertain resolutions to amend; you may break off bad habits, and begin duties;—but you can never be truly converted, and made to feel your guilt and woful condition as a sinner; you can have no true sense of your sin and misery, nor of your need of a Saviour, nor of the suitableness, grace, and sufficiency of Christ; much less can you put forth one act, or cast one look, of faith on the Lord Jesus Christ, or feel one pang of generous sorrow for sin, or one emotion of true love to God, or take one step in the way of loyal and affectionate obedience to Him as your God and Father, till you are renewed by the Holy Ghost. You are by nature dead in sin; and if there is spiritual life in you, or the power of spiritual action, it is because you have been quickened by the Holy Spirit as the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus. Your understanding is darkened, and you are alienated from the life of God, through the ignorance that is in you, because of the blindness of your heart; and if light has broken in, it is owing to this Spirit as the Spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of God. You are proud and self-righteous until you obtain that faith, which is of the operation of God and the fruit of the Spirit. Your carnal mind is enmity against God and not subject to His law, and never will submit in love, till the love of God is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost given unto you

Behold, then, here the love of the Spirit! He not only sends you the Gospel and the means of grace, but He comes along with them to you, even to you. He finds you blind, alienated from God, dead in sin, and wholly corrupt. Loathing your pollution, as He does, He still does not abandon you in disgust, but enters into you as the Spirit of life, and that, often, after long and bitter resistance on your part, and violent efforts to quench His benevolence and grieve Him away; He enters to, quickens your dead soul, fills your understanding with light and your heart with love, makes you a willing subject of grace, leads you to Christ and quickens you with His merits, so that you obtain forgiveness and peace with God, are brought into His family, and made an heir according to the hope of eternal life.

2. But the love of the Spirit is farther displayed in what He continues to do for us after our conversion. Having begun in us a good work, He carries it on till it is perfected He takes up his abode in us, and makes our bodies his temples; and condescends to sustain to us various relations of grace. He continues to be our *Illuminator*;—still taking the things which are Christ's and showing them to us; removing our ignorance, correcting our errors, overcoming our prejudices, and turning our speculative views into living realizations of truth. He bears with our dulness and waywardness, and leaves us not till we come, in the faith and knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.

He dwells in us also as our *Sanctifier*. By his influence accompanying the truth, we grow not only in knowledge, but in grace and holiness; we increase in faith, love, and obedience; our principles are confirmed; holy habits are formed; the power of sin is weakened, the force of temptation and the influence of the world more easily and successfully resisted; our inner man is renewed day by day, we become adorned with the graces and enriched with the fruits of the Spirit; and amidst the trials and afflictions which beset us, are cheered and sustained by the brightening prospects and the assured hope of heaven. The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus makes us free from the law of sin and death. The Spirit lusteth against the flesh, and through the Spirit we do mortify the deeds of the body Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities; and we are strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man. We live in the Spirit, and we walk in the Spirit; and love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, —all that assimilates us to God, and fits us for heaven,—is the fruit of the Spirit. It is He, who dwelling in us as the God of peace, purity, and love, searches out the hidden depths of our depravity, and sanctifies us wholly, and preserves our whole soul, body and spirit, till they are at last presented blameless in the day of Jesus Christ. How precious is this work of the Spirit! how important our sanctification! It is the very end for which the Saviour died;—He gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity and purify unto Himself a peculiar people zealous of good works. This is the will of God, even our sanctification. Sin debases and renders us wretched; its end—its wages—is death Holiness exalts and renders blessed. Without holiness no man shall see the Lord. We can never attain the blessedness of heaven without its purity. And then, with what long-suffering does the Spirit ply this work! What corruptions, what infirmities, what backslidings, what perverseness and obstinacy, what waywardness and negligence is He called to bear with? How often when we rebel and vex Him, might He turn against us and become our enemy, and give us over to our own ways; when, notwithstanding, He perseveres and carries on His good work in us till the day of Jesus Christ

He is also *the Spirit of adoption*; making in us a temper and disposition of mind, such as becomes the children of God, producing in us a [illegible] and familiarity in our access to God as our Father, assuring us of His care and pity, leading us to delight and rejoice in His presence, and enabling us in some measure, to anticipate that blessed state, when "the tabernacle of God shall be with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God" Yes, "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." What an idea! The Holy Spirit, then, serves as a kind conductor to lead the children of God to glory Again, "The Spirit beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God," and doing this, He gives us "Pisgah views" of our celestial inheritance; for, "if children, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ" While we suffer with Christ, this blessed Comforter assures us, that we shall also reign with Him; and enables us to realize, that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us, and under his inspiring power, the martyr spirit hears a voice as if proceeding from the Throne, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son" Thus the Holy Spirit is the "first fruits" of our eternal harvest, and the "earnest" and "seal" of our heavenly inheritance, and becomes the author of peace, and hope and joy in the hearts of the children of God—of a peace that passeth all understanding, a hope that maketh not ashamed, and a joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Once more, the Spirit displays His love by His agency in *leading us to the throne of grace*. While our access to the Father is only through the merit and intercession of Christ, it is also only by the influence of the Spirit "Through Him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father." The Holy Spirit is at once the Spirit of supplication and of grace He inspires the filial cry, "Abba, Father" He causes us to feel our wants, temptations, and woes, excites in us spiritual desires, enables us to plead the promises, to use importunity, and to watch unto prayer "Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered. And he that searcheth the heart knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, because He maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God." By his gracious aid, when temptations beset and troubles surround, and dangers press—when floods draw near and threaten to overflow—when the heart is overwhelmed and in perplexity,—we are enabled to look unto the Rock that is higher than we, to trust to the Lord and not be afraid, to cast our cares and our burdens upon Him, to make our requests known to Him; and doing so, to find that perfect peace, which passeth all understanding, and which keeps the heart and mind through Christ Jesus. Afflictions lose their bitterness, even death its sting, and the grave its gloom; the judgment comes to be anticipated with confidence, and eternity with hope and joy.

The Holy Spirit continues His kind agency till *death*; and in that solemn and trying hour, when all earthly supports fail, when even Christian friends can no longer render service, but we must tread the dark valley solitary and alone; even then, He proves Himself the Great Comforter By Him the Saviour vouchsafes His presence, and the believer is perfected in holiness, made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light, conducted to the New Jerusalem, and presented faultless before the throne of the heavenly glory with exceeding joy.

The same gracious Comforter will also *raise us from the dead*. While the body lies under the power of death and the grave, our salvation is incomplete. This corruption and dishonor must end; this vile body must be fashioned like unto that glorious body, which the spirits of the just made perfect continually behold with affection and hope, as it is seated on the throne at God's right hand—the pattern and pledge of what theirs shall be. This purchased possession must be redeemed. The Lord Jesus will accomplish this by the energy of His mighty power, but yet, that energy goes forth in the agency of this blessed Comforter. "If the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you."

Finally; This Spirit shall forever reign in the hearts of the saved, the efficient cause of all that light, and purity and glory and blessedness which they shall eternally enjoy in the presence of God and the Lamb: "The kingdom of God is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." His influences, proceeding as they do, from the fountain of the Divine perfections, through the atonement of Christ, are the waters of that "pure river of life which proceedeth out of the throne of God and the Lamb."

PROGRESS AN ESSENTIAL CHARACTERISTIC OF TRUE PIETY

Two things, then, with reference to Christian progress may be regarded as admitted; *its possibility, and its duty* Believers MAY advance in holiness: they have the capacity of spiritual progress. Believers OUGHT to advance in holiness: God solemnly commands it.

But can we stop here? Is this an exhaustive statement of our theme? Is Christian progress a possibility and a duty? Do we speak the whole truth when we say that a child of God MAY and OUGHT to grow in grace? We are bold to affirm the necessity of this statement. There is a *necessity* in Christian progress, as well as a possibility and a duty, and a *must* in the believer's advancement in holiness, as well as a *may* and an *ought*.

Progress is an essential characteristic of true piety. It belongs to its very essence. It is one of its inherent qualities. It is as inseparable from it as the capacity to burn is inseparable from fire, or as the tendency to throw out light is inseparable from a luminous object.

This is measurably true of all religions, even the false, which are truly believed. Towards the character of the object worshipped, that of the worshipper *must* constantly progress. Looking at his God as the standard of perfection, and, consequently, endeavoring and seeking to eradicate from his own character whatever is unlike that, every man is necessarily changed into his image: he becomes like his God. And as this process must go on in the soul just as long as the Deity remains the object of the man's supreme homage, so must he ever grow into conformity to Him.

Moreover, as every worshipper desires the favor of the object worshipped, and as reason dictates that this can be obtained only by conformity to the will and character of that object, it is obvious that *self-interest*, as well as the last just mentioned, is continually promoting in man an assimilation of character to his God

How full of sad evidence to this truth is the whole history of the idolatrous world! The ancient Egyptians were brute-worshippers, and bestiality —the lowest vice to which human nature can descend—was common among them. In bowing down to "birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things," they sank themselves to the lowest depths of vice. Odin and Thor—the divinities of the Scandinavians, were hero-kings, blood-thirsty and cruel; and hence in the bosoms of that fierce race of Northmen the milk of human kindness seemed to be turned into gall. Venus—the personification of lust—was the goddess of Corinth; and, as a necessary consequence, her inhabitants were proverbial for dissoluteness.

How exact these parallels! whole nations in moral character precisely like the divinities they worship! It is said that the Chinese have this truth as a kind of proverb: "Think of Buddha, and you will be transformed into Buddha. If men pray to Buddha and do not become Buddha, it is because the mouth prays and not the mind."

And what is thus true of all false religions, is it not equally true of Christianity? Poor, benighted pagans becoming assimilated in their moral character to the various objects which they worship, becoming like Odin and Thor and Venus and Buddha,—can it be otherwise with the Christian? Must not he become like the august object of his worship,—*like Jehovah?* "And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as He is pure."

But, again, that progress is an essential and inherent characteristic of true piety, is evident from the fact already frequently referred to—that Christianity is a life. When you take a *living* seed and cast it into the ground, you do not say that it *may* grow, or that it *ought* to grow, but that it *must* grow. It is its very nature not to remain as it is, but to unfold continually new forms of life and beauty; and nothing but the entire destruction of the living principle within it can prevent this result Even though some superincumbent mass may for awhile retard and hinder it in its growth, yet will it struggle for the light, and, sending out in every direction its roots, finally lifts itself above the earth

Precisely thus is it with religion. If the beginning of piety in the soul were like a stone cast into a well it might indeed be otherwise. We might then speak of the believer's progress in holiness as a possibility *only* As, however, that beginning finds its true type in the living seed, we cannot speak of the Christian's progress as any thing but an inherent necessity. And hence, in that beautiful parable of our Lord in which the commencement of true religion, either in the world or in the heart of the individual believer, is said to be likened to a grain of mustard seed, which a man took and sowed in his field," Christ immediately adds "which indeed is the least of all seeds: but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof."

But we have not yet concluded our argument on this point Between the various stages of progress that may be said to intervene from the commencement of the believer in the divine life, to his final and complete sanctification, there is a most *interesting* and *vital connexion*. None are isolated. None stand alone, but *all* are so intimately allied that they perpetually call each other into being. Their mutual relation are not unlike the various links of a chain, so that, taking hold of one, the others by a kind of natural sequence, follow. Just as we sometimes say in regard to an unregenerate man who has taken the first step in sin, that this leads on by a sort of moral necessity, to a long series of transgressions, so it with every advance made by the believer in the way to holiness. It draws him on towards, and almost certainly secures, other advances.

To illustrate this thought. A child of God increases in *knowledge*. He has obtained a fuller perception of the divine character than he has ever enjoyed; and, as a necessary consequence, his emotion of holy *love* is at once greatly inflamed. The better vision of his God perfects within him the grace of Christian love. But then, in return, this awakened and increased love brings God nearer to his soul; and thus does the process continually repeat itself. Knowledge and love perpetually call each other into new and brighter existence

And thus is it with all the graces of the new life. No one will walk alone and unattended in the soul. They are a sisterly choir, and delight too much in the fellowship of each other to be separated. If a man increase in his confidence towards God,—if his *faith* in him be strengthened, his affection for him will be correspondingly enlarged. If he love him more, his *hope* will be confirmed If he have a firmer conviction that there remains for him a crown hereafter, he will be more *patient* to bear present trial. If he truly love God, he will love his brother also

Should any planet in our solar system suddenly lose its centrifugal force and be wholly given up to the influence of the centripetal, it would commence a direct movement towards the sun; but this movement, every advance however small, would accelerate, both by the increased momentum that the body has thus required, and by the increased attraction to which it would be subjected. Not unlike this is the movement towards God of a soul in which that power of sin which would lead it to fly away from Him, has been effectually destroyed. It carries over from every stage in its progress an acquired momentum that prepares it for the next; while at the same time, advancing by every progression nearer and nearer to God, the attraction of His love is augmented.

In thus speaking of progress as an essential characteristic of true piety, we do not, of course, mean to say that it is spontaneous, something that comes of itself and hence does not need attention and culture. This is seldom true of any life, and never of the divine. "Giving all diligence, add to your faith," is the Scriptural injunction. Because this tolerate exists needs, in order to its growth, the most careful cultivation,—must be shielded from the rough wind and cold, and supplied with abundant sunshine and moisture,—men do not conclude that it is any less a living plant, nor suppose that growth is not one of its inherent qualities. Yet precisely this would we do in religion, if from the acknowledged fact that Christian progress requires the part of every believer, in order to secure it, the most diligent labor, we should infer that growth was not of all true piety an essential feature.

We repeat, then, our

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, August 16, 1862.

NOTICE.

Our letter from Bishop Quinn, of his Western tour, will be found interesting.

NOTICE.

The Indiana Conference met yesterday at 9 o'clock, A. M., per arrangement, in the city of Indianapolis. At the rise of this Conference, the Missouri Conference meets in Louisville, Ky., on the 28th inst. Bishop Quinn presided over them both, assisted by Bishop Nazrey and Payne.

NOTICE.

The weather has been very oppressive during the last week.

NOTICE.

At Bordentown, July 15th, 1862, notice was given of a Bush Meeting at Cookstown, N. J., to commence on 14th of August and continue till the 17th. Rev. JEREMIAH YOUNG,
Elder in Charge.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

There will be a Missionary Camp Meeting, commencing on Saturday, August 16th, and continuing until Thursday, August 21st, at Little Pond Grove, Plymouth, to be conducted by the Revs. Wm. Johnson, Jacob Mitchell, W. W. Grimes, Wm. Demond, Elisha Chase, Joseph P. Shreeves, and others. The public are respectfully invited to attend. All persons intending to have tents are requested to have them on the ground by Friday or Saturday. No intoxicating liquors will be sold within the encampment.

Boston, July 9th, 1862.

NOTICE.

If no preventing cause, we intend to hold a Bush Meeting for a few days at Haineville, Camden, N. J., commencing on Thursday next, 21st inst., at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. It is expected that Revs. J. F. Campbell, A. L. Stanford, H. Davis, E. Weaver, and other able ministers will assist. The religious public and the friends of the Gospel are invited.

PETER GARDINER,
Preacher in charge of Camden Circuit.

N. B. No stands or tents will be allowed on the ground to sell anything except two boarding tents. Messrs. J. F. Derrickson, H. Mackey, J. Wright, H. H. Harrison, and Elihu Jefferson, Committee.

August 14th, 1862.

NOTICE.

Our much esteemed brother, Rev. W. D. W Schureman, met with the sad misfortune of rupturing one of the blood vessels in his abdomen This was probably the result of excessive labor on Thursday night, the 7th inst., at Horntown, but the first effects he observed on Friday, the 8th inst. On Tuesday, the 11th inst., he endured the painful process of a surgical operation. On Wednesday, the 12th inst., he was supposed to be better. His recovery is prayerfully desired by us and his many friends.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Received of Rev. H. J. Rhodes on account,	$2 00
Mr. Isaac Evans, of Darby, Pa.,	1 00
Of Rev. H. M. Turner, on account,	2 00
Mr. Jeremiah Merry, of Reading,	4 00
Mr. Samuel Golden, of Pittsburg,	2 00
Mrs. Lydia S. Billows,	1 00

PERSONAL.

Ex-President Roberts, the distinguished personage of Liberia, who is on a short visit to this country, and his good lady, put up at the Continental. On Saturday, the 9th inst., we paid him a call, and found him to be very agreeable. We were much disappointed in relation to his stature. His appearance would strike one at once as that of a scholar and gentleman of refinement. He has sharp keen eyes, with a broad full forehead, denoting intelligence. His face is round, resembling that of a Frenchman. He carries with him a smile upon his face. He is of medium size, and looks to be every way capable of filling the position of a President. Our interview with him made us feel proud to have the honor of calling on the first President that Liberia ever acknowledged.

THE WAR.

Another severe battle has been fought between Stonewall Jackson and General Banks, aided by General Pope, all under the command of General Halleck, commander-in-chief of the Union forces. The contest was very warm between them. Stonewall Jackson, by his deeds, proves himself to be a thorough tactician and adequate for the times. Just think of the number of poor souls who were severely wounded, what pain they must suffer! Then, again, think of the many hundreds of souls who must necessarily go, prepared or unprepared, into eternity! Awful thought!

My friends, taking these things into consideration, ought it not to be the true policy of this Government to wipe away the unjustifiable prejudice which has been shown to exist against what God has seen fit to make for his own glory—the black and white races? He has made a variety of species, kind, and color, which is due alone to his infinite power and wisdom. The War Department of the Government, and about one-third of the Union men, stop to talk about the colored people, and that they will not do this or that, if the colored people—native born citizens—are to be formed into regiments, brigades, &c.; that they will throw down their arms; and others say they will not enlist if the colored people do. Now, while the Union men, as they call themselves, are standing still, harping on nothing, the Rebel Confederacy—officers, privates and subjects—seem to be a unit, irrespective of color or grade, and use every means in their power to destroy the Union men at all points, asking or giving no quarter. They work by day and night, and use every stratagem to conquer.

We understand that there are movements on foot to have the colored people enlist to form regiments, and send them out of this State to Rhode Island, under Governor Sprague, also to Kansas, under General Lane. We do not favor the policy at all. As it is with Governor Curtin to say whether he will take colored men to help to make up his quota, we know not whether they will be accepted here or not. If we had anything to say about the matter, we would advise all colored men to stay in their own State, and let the whites battle away at their pleasure. The good Lord will make all things right.

For the Christian Recorder.

MY EASTERN TOUR.

MR. EDITOR:—Having promised to give, through your valuable paper, an account of my visit among those whom, I may say, are favored with the sublime appearance of a bright morning's sun at least 180 seconds earlier than we who reside in the city of Brotherly Love. Ever since my return, I have felt this a duty which I owe both to you and other friends—many; but a multiplicity of duties, arising from my pastoral relation to the Wesley A. M. E. Church in this city, has caused my delay to this late period.

On Friday, the 11th ultimo, in company with Miss Morris, of Providence, R. I., I took exit from Philadelphia by way of the Camden and Amboy R. R., *en route* for N. Y. The conductors on this road are somewhat destitute of good manners and honesty; hence, have long observed the cruel practice of demanding from colored persons the full price of a first class ticket, and then ordering them to what is called a second class car, along with those who have paid a little more than half price, and who pass for white persons. Permit me here to remark, that should a colored man happen, in England, to indulge ill-manners or dishonesty in a single instance, and should some persons in America hear it, they, through newspapers, will tauntingly ask, "What does England think of the nigger?" I wish some one would ask America what she thinks of this class of conductors in her midst.

We, after a tedious ride of four to five hours, arrived in New York. From thence, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, we took the large and commodious steamer Plymouth Rock, *en route* for Providence, R. I., arriving at 5 o'clock, A. M., on Saturday, the 12th. After delivering Miss Morris to the care and protection of her parents, I made my way to the residence of brother and sister Henson's, where I was received and entertained with all that kindness and hospitality which can only be possessed by Christian characters. Soon after my arrival, I learned that the Rev J. P. Shreeves, minister in charge, had gone to Newport, for the purpose of assisting the Rev. Wm. Demond in a quarterly meeting. I immediately resolved to go thither and participate with them; but the multiplied persuasions of many friends crowded on me so as to hinder this resolve from being carried into effect. I remained on the Sabbath, and talked, both in the afternoon and evening, to a large and apparently interested audience. Truly, the greetings of my friends brought to my mind vivid recollections of the past, and compelled me to feel as though I had once more arrived at home.

I also had the pleasure of once more seeing my faithful friend, Rev. L. S. Lewis. He is looking as well as can be expected. Brother Lewis, because of bodily infirmity, has become a superannuated minister, yet he continues now and then to blow the gospel trump successfully in Zion. He is also making himself useful in healing certain diseases. (See notice in another column of this paper, Rev "Lewis S. Lewis' Family Liniment.")

On Friday, the 18th, I left Providence, R. I., for Lynn, Mass., where I found my highly esteemed brother, Rev. Wm. H. Chase, the minister in charge, preparing to hold a quarterly meeting on the ensuing Sabbath. There I enjoyed a gracious season of the outpouring of Divine influence. Revs Mitchell, of Boston, and Grimes, of New Bedford, were present. There are about three hundred colored persons in Lynn, of which the greater part of the church members are connected with white churches, only seventeen belong to the A. M. E. Church The church is a splendid building, the dimensions of which are about 42 feet in length, and 28 in breadth. It is well attended; and, from present prospects, I would judge that brother Chase will be instrumental in bringing about a rapid increase to the membership of this particular society. He is highly appreciated by many persons, both white and colored, who gather to his church, and I know of no one who has made greater improvement in pulpit delivery within the space of one year than he. I found that during his hours for study, he was diligently employed in perusing his Bible, Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, &c., which increased in me a greater resolve that should I live to return home, my studies shall continue to demand much of my presence.

If we notice colored persons in Lynn from a pecuniary stand-point, they really seem to be doing well, generally owning their houses Brothers Quinton, Ringall, Beckett, Allen and Young, are estimated to be worth from twelve hundred to twenty-five hundred dollars in real estate. I never was entertained better than in the houses of brothers Beckett, Young and others. Among the aged I visited mother Mary Jane Hood, who has experienced 98 full years, a greater part of which she claims to have spent in the service of God, and I found her stronger in faith and more active in body than many who have not yet seen fifty. The Rev. Chase, though unsolicited, bore my expenses from and to Providence.

Sunday, the 27th, by the Revs. Grimes, Chase and myself, was spent in Boston with Elder Mitchell, at his quarterly meeting, which, I think, will, by each of us, long be remembered The King of Saints was in our midst, making the place of his feet glorious. On Tuesday, the 29th, we took a parting hand. On leaving Boston, I returned to Providence, where, by the assistance of Rev. J. P. Shreeves, at 8 o'clock in the evening, I joined Mr. William Hopp and Miss Maria Williams in holy matrimony, at the residence of Mr. Jared Morris, No. 9 Angle St. On Wednesday, the 30th, at 8 o'clock in the evening, by the arrangement of Brother Shreeves, I endeavored to talk with his people about the Heavenly Merchant, after which the congregation bade me farewell.

During these solemn, parting moments, the continued love and friendship of that dear people was, by the request of their pastor, expressed to me in actual deeds, by the presentation of $11.25, to defray my expenses from and to my field of labor. Their philanthropic kindness demands so much gratitude and remembrance that language fails in enabling me to express. Oh! let the poet assist:

"Jesus, the Corner Stone,
Did first our hearts unite;
And still he keeps our spirits one,
Who walk with him in white."

It may be said of the church in Providence, that the Rev Shreeves found it in very adverse circumstances The Bible class for adults and the Sabbath-school organization had perished And the membership of the church, being under the painful necessity of seeking another place for Divine worship, scarcely knowing what plans to adopt, they were much divided in sentiment and feeling. But, in this season of trial, brother Shreeves seems to be just the proper minister. He has succeeded in reorganizing the Sabbath-school, and, by Divine assistance, has been successful in bringing about a unity, both of feeling and sentiment, in the church, and is making rapid progress for the erection of a new edifice in which to worship. The clouds of adversity are dispersing, and the sunlight of prosperity has beamed again upon the A. M. E. Church in Providence. I took departure on Thursday, the 31st, for Philadelphia, and, after 19 hours' riding over land and water, I arrived safely at home. And now, feeling refreshed and strengthened for the duties of my charge, I am your humble servant, for Christ,

A. L. STANFORD.

For the Christian Recorder

LETTER FROM BALTIMORE

Baltimore, Aug. 9, 1862.

REV. E. WEAVER.—Dear Brother.—Being a stranger to you, but a sincere friend of the A. M. E. Church, I thought that a letter from me might not be unacceptable; I therefore write you a few lines, promising, if agreeable to you, to write frequently for your ably-conducted and widely circulated RECORDER.

And first I would say, that I consider your paper the *ne plus ultra* edited by a colored man in this country, and equal, in every respect, to any of which I have any knowledge emanating from our down-trodden race, here or anywhere else; and well worthy to be styled, "The Organ of the A. M. E. Church of the United States of America."

The same remarks are also applicable to the "Repository" of your church, published in this city. Its editorials are excellent, its selections admirable, and its Editor, J. M. Brown, a gentleman of much ability.

Matters here, generally, are dull, nothing scarcely doing, save by those engaged by the Government. Small change being a very scarce article, (the new currency not being in circulation as yet) people are thereby subjected to much inconvenience War matters are all the go. The most intense excitement has prevailed in this city, this week, in consequence of the President's call for 300,000 more troops, and the probability of a draft for a large number of the same. An order, emanating from the War Department yesterday, materially enhanced the excitement forbidding all persons leaving the United States for foreign countries, (in order to evade being drafted) great numbers having left, and much greater preparations for the same, consequently the order. The gigantic rebellion now raging over the country is certainly one of the most causeless, the most iniquitous, of which history gives us any information, the dire effects of which will be seen long after this generation shall have passed away.

As with individuals, so with nations; as the former incline wherever their interest lies, so also of nations. There seems to be a persistent determination on the part of certain foreign governments to interfere with the affairs of this government. These remarks are applicable particularly to England. She long since would have done so, had she any show of consistency for such a course; but public sentiment being against her, she dare not. England is jealous, not only jealous, she hates—not only hates, she fears the United States. Nothing would gratify the *mother country* more than the overthrow of our Republican form of government, and she would indirectly give every encouragement to such an object; but she is doomed to disappointment This unholy rebellion will be crushed, cost what it may. The people have ever been ahead of the government in the vigorous prosecution of this rebellion. While the latter have been playing, the people have been acting war concillatory measures. Having failed, the government seems suddenly to have awakened from her lethargy, and determined to prosecute the war to the bitter end.

The colored schools here are almost wholly suspended. I notice, however, "Bethel Church Academy" still in operation, under the management of those well-known instructors of youth, Rev. George T. and John L. Watkins, the former an able divine of the "A. M. E." Church—the latter the most distinguished artist of color in this country, and a poet of the first order. Their Academy stands No. 1, and the marked proficiency of their pupils is a subject of general remark. These gentlemen teach all the branches of our vernacular tongue, also several of the foreign languages, and, as it should be, they are liberally patronized.

The churches generally are prosperous. Ebenezer Church, under the pastorate of Rev. J. M Brown, is about to erect a most splendid edifice, one that will be a credit to himself and the congregation over which he presides, as also an ornament to the connexion.

Bethel Church, as ever, progresses finely This must be the case wherever its loved pastor is stationed. Rev. A. W. Wayman is confessedly the oldest minister of whom the Conference of this district can boast, and is highly esteemed not only by the members of his own church, but by the community generally

Walter's Chapel, under Rev. James Lynch, and Union Bethel, under Rev. R. F. Wayman, are both in a flourishing condition

Of the churches not of the A. M. E. Church, none stand more prominent, nor exert a greater amount of influence than the "Madison Street First Colored Presbyterian Church." The pastor of this church, Rev. H. R Revels, is evidently a Christian and a gentleman. As a minister, it is universally conceded that he has no equal in the city. This church, unfortunately, has labored under many difficulties for the past few years, but apparently at present is enjoying a comparative quiet, harmony having been fully restored thereto; its minister has labored most assiduously since his instalment as pastor for the benefit of the same the fruits of which are clearly discernible, despite the almost superhuman amount of opposition brought to bear against him. He has, however, seemingly acted upon the principle—*do right, and bear the consequences with him who rides upon the whirlwind, and directs the storm*, hence his success.

The weather here, at present, is excessively warm. To use an expression of the "Baltimore Clipper," (an uncompromising Union journal) "It is as hot as Cayenne pepper." Several have died the past few days from sunstroke. Out-door work, to a considerable extent, is suspended more or less every day

As I may be in Philadelphia shortly for a few days, I shall be happy, if agreeable to you, to call on you. Until then believe me to be

Yours, very respectfully,
ALPHA

For the Christian Recorder.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR:—Wednesday was a day which will be lastingly remembered by every grade of humanity in this city. It had been previously announced through the papers, there would be a grand war meeting held on the east side of the capitol, when and where there would be several distinguished orators who would deliver addresses.

At four o'clock, congruently to announcement, the bells of all the principal places in the city begun to ring. The drums irregularly arraigned through the streets to beat the war notes; and cannons from surrounding summits, to base with iron lungs and powder tongues so terribly loud, that the atmospheres vibrations numbed the drum of every ear, as we listened to their dreadful roar, muttering in tones of desperate vengeance, imaginarily like awe echoing to awe, or that fear, dread, terror, and alarm had shivered the shaft which dared their wrath, and were contestably dialoguing the plans of their desperation, we could but remember that thus speaking stanza:

"When shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And louder yet, and yet more dread
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead."

But notwithstanding this threatening din, every imaginable glade of humanity was soon seen wending their way to the east of the capitol, which, when assembled, constituted such a dense multitude of human beings, that any one interested in the future transpiration of things could hardly hold his lips from uttering:

"When man to judgment wakes from clay,
How great will be the throng that day!"

But on the broad portico and steps on the east part of the capitol building, a large platform had been erected, which was appropriately decorated with the American flag. In view to a display, gas burners had been extended over the arch in front of the platform, and one set of jets consistently taking the form of a star.

The platform was occupied by the President and several of his cabinet, the city council of Washington, invited civil and military guests, speakers and reporters for the press.

The ladies occupied the portico, and the great mass stood in front below the platform, and Mr. colored lady and gentleman mingled in the crowd.

The speakers were generally very eloquent; but the Hon. O. S. Boutwell was the only one out of all, who dared to take a bold stand in favor of the colored man. He took the ground that the states of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida should be dedicated to the black race, and all along the gulf stream, if necessary; and that the mild power of persuasion should be used to get the intelligent colored people from the north to emigrate there and establish a nationality. Shortly after, some man rose up, who apparently worked his upper jaw instead of his lower, and began a raid of intimations upon the abolitionists.

Last Sabbath was quarterly meeting at Israel church, and I noticed when the reports of the trustees, stewards, and Sabbath school was being read to the congregation, that the following class leaders collected from their classes as follows:

Benjamin Newton,	$18.96
Rev. Chas. Hicks,	18.18
Rev. James Reed,	8 37
Thomas Cyphus,	8 10
James Hames,	10.70
John Hawkins,	9.13
Thomas Bell,	6 24
Lewis Hillary,	8.37
Total amount,	$87.35

Rev. H. J. Rhodes preached the 11 o'clock sermon, which was received with many external demonstrations.

Rev. M. F. Shuly preached in the afternoon, and brought up the rear in triumphant pomp. And the minister who preached at 8 o'clock made a most grand and sublime failure.

Rev. James Lynch is on a visit to this city, and looks remarkably well. It is surmised in very credible circles, that he is soon to confer upon some distinguished miss the title of Mrs Lynch H. M. T

Washington, August 8th, 1862

For the Christian Recorder

ON CHRISTIAN SOCIETY.

First. Influence of Christian society in the world.

There is nothing aside from the gospel itself, that exerts such an influence over the mind, as good society Satan had formed his society in the world long before Christian society was formed. His Satanic influence, therefore, had run through the entire world, spreading devastation and carnage wherever he went.

Now Christian society exerts an influence in an opposite direction. It has, for its object, the happiness of the whole human family. The Saviour said of it, that it was "The light of the world." "Yea," he said, "that it is the salt of the earth" With these illustrations before us, we see the benefit of this society to the world. What would be the state of our own world without light. Think for a moment to be enveloped in thick darkness, without a cheering beam of light. Again, remove all salt from the earth, and you destroy all the savor: yea, you destroy the alkali of all bodies on earth This is one of the principles that preserve the body from the power of nitrogen, which would soon destroy it, were it not for this and other elements of a preserving character.

Thus we represent Christian society, as the health and preservation of the world Drive all these Christians from the world, and we will soon see what the result will be. This is what the matter is now. In our fallen world there are few Christians; therefore, bloodshed and carnage sweep like a flood over our land Had there been ten righteous persons found in four ancient cities, they would have been preserved Thus you see the value of Christian society

But we pass to notice its reciprocal value Great blessings are received, one from another, in this society The whole is mutual; they unite into one spirit, drink all from the same fountain (that is Christ) from whom they derive their name. Therefore, their communion is sweet; 'tis all their business here to love their God, and their fellow-men; and, therefore, they continually labor for the happiness of each other. Oh, what a pleasure it is to live with intelligent and pious Christians! Oh, how sweet to join in the solemn assembly to give praise to Jesus our head. David said of such, "That they were all his delight." Yes, David, in the temple of the Lord, delighted to praise His name upon his harp.

Not only so, but their doing good to each other is another balm to the soul. How sweet, in the hour of trouble, to have a kind brother bind up the broken heart! How sweet, when sick and afflicted, to have kind, Christian friends to administer to our wants! How sweet, when departing this life, to have Christians in the room and around the bed, singing with the angels that have come to bear the spirit home!

B. L. BROOKS.

Louisville, Aug. 9th, 1862.

NOTICE.

TO THE DISTRICTS OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW ENGLAND, OHIO, INDIANA, AND MISSOURI, OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH MINISTERS.

Dear Brethren:—As we have a number of superannuated ministers on the list in said Districts, therefore it will be expected that the ministers and preachers, on their circuits and stations, will do all they can to collect the *two cent money*; and we also recommend that the Class leaders be instructed to collect and set the amount on the Class book opposite each member's name, as also all the collections called, per Discipline, for the Annual Conference, and publish the same once every quarter, that it may be seen who they are that work for God and his cause. We think it is time to give credit to those of our people who do work, so that God's name may be glorified.

GLEANINGS AND THOUGHTS ON CHURCH MUSIC.

"Tastes are various, but the question about church music is, or ought to be, whether it is properly a matter of taste at all. Is it not rather a matter of duty? There are many good people who go to church for the sake of a good sermon, and many who go for good music, and as a means of attraction the latter may have its utility, whatever is sacrificed to it. But the question is somewhat serious when we consider music as a part of the praise of God. There is a Chinese custom of prayer-wheels, where one does his praying by machinery, each turn of the wheel exhibiting a prayer, and reiterating it. This would hardly accord with our civilized ideas of prayer, but in what respect does it really differ from doing our praise by machinery, or by proxy, and grinding it out at so much a year or a Sunday?"

A Quaker congratulated a clergyman, saying he was pleased to learn that his congregation had got a fine new organ. The clergyman expressed surprise that he should feel an interest in the matter, as Friends never allowed such instruments in their meeting houses.

"Why, no," said the Quaker, "*we* never use them, but if *thy* people choose to worship God by machinery, I should like them to have a *good machine*."

Let it not be imagined that we object to good music in churches. The objection lies to the practice which some churches have of doing all their music by machine, or by a choir which is a machine, and excluding the congregation from any part in that certainly most important portion of the daily or weekly worship. It is, perhaps, desirable to make a judicious compromise, and have some portion of the music such as the entire church can unite in, and another portion such as will be not only an attraction of outsiders into the sacred influences, but also an elevated style of worship, resembling that of the ancient church, and the temple service. But where this is impracticable and the choice is between music done to order by paid singers and performers, and music done by the hearts and voices of the whole people, there can be no question as to the propriety and duty of adopting the latter.

We are inclined to think that the origin of much difference of opinion and practice in this matter has been in the introduction of a false rule into the interpretation of music. This consists in the commonly received idea among educated musicians that the perfection of music is in the higher orders of musical literature and performance. Hence it is argued that church music, being of the utmost importance, should be of the highest order. But the error is radical. The best music is the most effective, and the effect depends on various contingencies, such as time, place, and the education of the listeners, or the state of their minds. A simple ballad may have more of the real power of music than the finest operatic performance, if the occasion serves; and the sound of the church bell may be infinitely more effective than the best effort of the organist. In nine cases out of ten the musical effect of a hymn, sung by the united voices of a great congregation, will be greater on all who hear and join it than the most elaborate and thorough effort of the best drilled choir of educated singers, aided by all the instrumental skill of an orchestra. There is something in the union of voice and thought, and more in the very idea of the union. We recall an illustration of this. On the same Sunday at two different churches, the one depending on a choir and organ, the other on a precentor and congregational singing. In the former, the services concluded with a superb anthem, given in gorgeous style, and the congregation separated with perfect satisfaction that the worship had been well and effectively done. A few hearts were, doubtless, elevated,—a few musically-educated persons were deeply moved, almost if not quite, to tears. The other congregation separated, after singing with united voice and heart, till the old church shook with the thunder of their shout:—

"One army of the Living God,
At his command we law,
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now."

These went away with bowed heads and solemn yet joyful hearts, and they said few words to each other as they went out of the church doors On the whole, as a matter of religion, we incline to think the latter congregation were most edified, and as to the effect on strangers, or those uninterested in the worship, there can be no doubt that the appearance and the sound of that congregation praising God with such a song was more effective than would possibly be any music of choir or orchestra.—New York "Journal of Commerce."

If it be a question whether church music "is properly a matter of taste," we all know that of late years it has become quite a matter of *fashion*. "It will scarcely be believed in coming generations," says a late writer, "that many Christians in the United States, in the middle of the nineteenth century, transferred much of the public singing of the praises of God in their houses of worship to choirs, while the members of churches sat quietly in their pews, or, as a good old man in Boston expressed it, thanking God that they could hear singing though public opinion prohibited them from joining in it. Some few congregations in large cities went even beyond this and, at an expense which exceeded the combined average salary of four pastors, employed four persons in their singing gallery: general performers at the opera houses. To praise God for them! For purely musical instruments were rigidly excluded from the churches of the Presbyterians and Methodists. When John Wesley was asked if he had any objection to them in places of worship, he replied, "None at all, provided they are neither seen nor heard."

A good story is told of the late distinguished Dr. Emmons, who was a great lover of sweet sounds,—that is, the sound of the human voice,—and religiously excluded from his meeting house all instrumental music, except a mahogany colored wooden pitch-pipe, about five inches by three. A member of his choir had learned to play the bass-viol, and an itinerant to exhibit his skill, early one Sunday must inadvisedly introduced his big fiddle into the singing gallery After the first prayer was ended, and the doctor began to handle his "Watts," the "bass-violist" lifted up his profanation, and, tying his strings, instantly attracted the doctor's attention He paused, laid down his hymn book, took his sermon from the cushion, and proceeded with his discourse as if singing were no part of public worship, and finally dismissed the congregation "without note or comment." The whole choir were indignant. They staid after "meeting," and all the girls and young men resolved not to go into "the singing seats" at all in the afternoon; and the others who did go there bore the visages of men "whose minds were made up." Services in the afternoon began as usual. The doctor took his psalm-book in his hand, looked over his spectacles at the gallery, and saw only a few there, but, nothing daunted, read a psalm and sat down. No sound followed; no one stirred; and the "leader" looked up in utter unconsciousness. After a long and most uneasy silence, the good man, his face somewhat overflushed, his manner rather stern, read the psalm again, paused, then re-read the first verse, and pushing up his spectacles, looked interrogatively into the gallery The leader could bear it no longer, and, half rising, said, decidedly, "There won't be any singing here this afternoon." Quick as thought, the doctor replied, "Then there won't be any preaching;" and, taking his cocked hat from its peg, he marched down the pulpit stairs, through the broad aisle, and out of the house, leaving the congregation utterly astounded. We need not inform our readers that "the big fiddle" did not appear in "the singing-seats" afterwards.

Something very much like this happened to the Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke at Plymouth Dock in the early period of his ministry. There was a *choir*, and, he says, "There were some among them who understood music as well as most in the nation." They wished to have a particular seat in the church with which the trustees could not conveniently accommodate them; and when they found they could not have the place they wished, they came to a private resolution not to sing in the church Dr C. knowing nothing of this resolution, gave out, as usual, the page and measure of the hymn. All was silent. He looked to see if the singers were in their place; and behold, the choir was full; even unusually so. He, thinking that they could not find the page, or did not know the measure, gave out both again; and then looked them all full in the face, which they returned with great steadiness of countenance! He then raised the tune himself, and the congregation continued the singing. Not knowing what the matter was, he gave out the next hymn as he had given out the former,—again and again,—still they were *silent*. He then raised the tune, and the congregation sang as before. They continued this ungodly farce, hoping to reduce the trustees to the necessity of capitulating at discretion; but the besieged, by appointing a man to be always present to raise the tunes, cut off the whole choir at a stroke. "From this time," he says, "the liveliness and piety of the singing were considerably improved; for now the *congregation* instead of *listening to the warblings of the choir*, all joined in the singing; and God had hearty praise from every mouth." Upon this subject the Doctor observes: "Though I never had a personal quarrel with the singers in any place, yet I have never known one case where there was a choir of singers, that did not make disturbance in the societies. And it would be much better, in every case and every respect, to employ a *precentor*, or a person to raise the tunes, and then the congregation would learn to sing,—the purpose of singing would be accomplished,—every mouth would confess to God,—and a horrible evil would be prevented,—the bringing together into the house of God, and making them the almost only instruments of celebrating His praises, such a company of gay, airy, giddy, and ungodly men and women, as are generally grouped in such choirs—for *voice* and *skill* must be had, let decency of behaviour and morality be where they will. Everything must be sacrificed to a *good voice*, in order to make the choir complete and respectable. Many scandals have been brought into the church of God by choirs and their accompaniments." The testimony of many eminent clergymen of all denominations is to the same effect with regard to choirs; and some of them as strongly object to the use of an organ.

Plain congregational singing has had its advocates outside of the body of the clergy. "Lady Mary Wortley Montague, in a letter to Dr Beattie, thus gives her opinion of its influence on a worshipping assembly: "I think psalms written with great and noble simplicity, and sung in the same manner, friendly to devotion; and it is almost an offence to call in the aid of insensible and inanimate things to praise the Giver of life and reason. A psalm decently sung by the congregation always excites my devotion more than the organ. I would employ musical instruments in a pagan temple, but only the voice of man in a Christian church."

Certainly nothing can be more grand and solemn than the good singing of a large congregation, even unaided by musical instruments. Think of the sublime effect which must have been produced by the singing of "Before Jehovah's awful throne," to the tune of "Old Hundred," by eight to ten thousand people in the Music Hall in Surrey Gardens, London, where Mr. Spurgeon preached. The singing in the African congregations has been admired by eminent musical critics, and it has been stated that much of our popular music can be traced to negro origin. The Rev. Dr. Kirkland writes, "You know how sweetly a congregation of plantation negroes can sing the songs of Zion. Tell me not of city choirs. I would rather hear, 'I am passing away,' or 'Give me Jesus,' sung as we sometimes hear them, out of full hearts, by hundreds of these poor people, than their best performances. It is spirit-stirring, there is life and soul in it."

There is majesty and sublimity in "the sound of many waters;"—the sound of many voices, harmoniously united in singing praise to God, where we can say of the singers,

"Melody with their hearts they make,
Melody with their voices,"

is still more sublime and majestic. No musical instrument invented by man can for a moment compare with a finely cultivated musical voice; and no sounds of praise can be more acceptable to the Creator than those produced by instruments of his own workmanship. "O come let us sing unto the Lord; let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation."

"Head of the Church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee!
Till thou appear,
Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices
In holy transport
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praise of our salvation."

But admitting that an organ may be a useful assistant in leading and sustaining the singing of a congregation, some but plain and simple tunes, in which all can take a part, should be allowed; and the introduction of fancy symphonies, and light opera airs or voluntaries before or after the services, should be absolutely prohibited Dr Burney, the musician in speaking of Bach's, a celebrated French organist, says, "When the [illegible] was sung by the congregation between each verse several minuets, fugues, and airs, and every species of music, even to hunting pieces and jigs without surprising or offending the congregation, as far as I was able to discover." This was at the beginning of the present century. We have returned thus in some degree since then; and the introduction of an organ a display of secular music between the verses of the magnificat would now probably both surprise and flood a congregation even in France; but it is no uncommon thing at this day, in the Protestant churches of our own good city of brotherly love, for an organist to enliven the congregation, after the benediction, with an air from "Robert le Diable," "Don Giovanni," or some other favorite opera. This serves to dissipate their serious reflections and to destroy the effect of even the most solemn and impressive discourse: it shocks the feelings of all right minded worshippers; it is sacrilegious,—blasphemous;—"Reform it all together." J. J.

DISAGREEABLE RELIGIOUS PEOPLE.

It must be admitted, with great regret, that some people who make a considerable profession of religion have succeeded in making themselves more thoroughly disagreeable than almost any other human beings have ever made themselves. You will find people, who claim not merely to be pious and Christian people, but to be very much more pious and Christian than others, who are extremely uncharitable, unamiable, repulsive, stupid, and narrow minded, and intensely opinionated and self-satisfied. We know, from a very high authority, that a Christian ought to be an epistle in commendation of the blessed faith he holds. But it is beyond question that many people who profess to be Christians are like grim Gorgons' heads, warning people off from having anything to do with Christianity Why should a middle-aged clergyman walk about the streets with a sullen and malignant scowl always on his face, which at the best would be a very ugly one? Why should another walk with his nose in the air, and his eyes rolled up till they seem likely to roll out? And why should a third be always dabbled over with a clammy perspiration, and prolong all his vowels to twice the usual length? It is, indeed, a most woful thing, that people who evince a spirit in every respect the direct contrary of that of our Blessed Redeemer should fancy that they are Christians of singular attainments; and it is more woful still, that many young people should be scared away into irreligion or unbelief by the wretched delusion, that these creatures, wickedly caricaturing Christianity, are fairly representing it. I have beheld more deliberate malice, more lying and cheating, more backbiting and slandering, denser stupidity, and greater self-sufficiency, among bad-hearted and wrong-headed religionists, than among any other order of human beings. I have known more malignity and slander conveyed in the form of a prayer than should have consigned any ordinary libeller to the pillory. I have known a person who made evening prayer a means of infuriating and stabbing the servants, under the pretext of confessing their sins. "Thou knowest, Lord, how my servants have been occupied this day:" with these words did the blasphemous mockery of prayer begin one Sunday evening in a house I could easily indicate: and then the man, under the pretext of addressing the Almighty, raked up all the misdoings of the servants (they being present, of course) in a fashion which, if he had ventured on at any other time, would probably have led some of them to commit him. "I went to Edinburgh," said a Highland elder, "and was there a Sabbath. It was an awful sight! There on the Sabbath-day, you would see people walking along the street, smiling AS IF THEY WERE PERFECTLY HAPPY!" There was the *gravamen* of the poor Highlander's charge. To think of people being or looking happy on the Lord's day! And, indeed, to think of a Christian man ever venturing to be happy at all! "Yes, this parish was highly favored in the days of Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown," said a spiteful and venomous old woman,—with a glance of deadly malice at a young lad who was present. That young lad was the son of a clergyman of the parish,—one of the most diligent and exemplary clergymen in Britain. Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown were the clergymen who preceded him. And the spiteful old woman adopted this means of sticking a pin in the young lad,—conveying the idea that there was a sad falling off now. I saw and heard her, my reader. Now, when an ordinary spiteful person says a malicious thing, being quite aware that she is saying a malicious thing, and that her motive is pure malice, you are disgusted. But when a spiteful person says a malicious thing, all the while fancying herself a very pious person, and fancying that in gratifying her spite she is acting from Christian principle,—I say the sight is to me one of the most disgusting, perplexing, and miserable, that ever human eye beheld. I have no fear of the attacks of enemies on the blessed faith in which I live, and hope to die; but it is dismal to see how our holy religion is misrepresented before the world by the vile impostors who pretend to be its friends.

Among the disagreeable people who make a profession of religion, probably many are purely hypocrites. But we willingly believe that there are people, in whom Christianity appears in a wretchedly stunted and distorted form, who yet are right at the root. It does not follow that a man is a Christian, because he turns up his eyes and drawls out his words, and, when asked to say grace, offers a prayer of twenty minutes' duration. But, again, it does not follow that he is not a Christian, though he may do all these things. The bitter sectary, who distinctly says that an humble, pious man, just dead, has "gone to hell," because he died in the bosom of the National Church, however abhorrent that sectary may be in some respects, may be, in the main, within the Good Shepherd's fold, wherein he fancies there are very few but himself. The dissenting teacher, who declared from his pulpit that the parish clergyman (newly come, and an entire stranger to him) was "a servant of Satan," may possibly have been a good man, after all. Grievous defects and errors may exist in Christian character, which is a Christian character still. And the Christian, horribly disagreeable and repulsive now, will some day, we trust, have all that purged away. But I do not hesitate to say that any Christian, by so far as he is disagreeable and repulsive, deviates from the right thing. Oh, my reader, when my heart is sometimes sore through what I see of disagreeable traits in Christian character, what a blessed relief there is in turning to the simple pages, and seeing for the thousandth time The True Christian Character,—so different! Yes, thank God, we know where to look, to find what every professor should be humbly aiming to be: and when we see That Face, and hear That Voice, there is something that soothes and cheers among the wretched imperfections (in one's self as in others) of the present,—something that warms the heart, and that brings a man to his knees!

The present writer has a relative who is a Professor of Theology in a certain famous University. With that theologian I recently had a conversation on the matter of which we have just been thinking The Professor lamented the unchristian features of character which may be found in many people making a great parade of their Christianity. He mentioned various facts, which had recently come to his own knowledge, which would sustain stronger expressions of opinion than any which I have given. But he went on to say, that it would be a sad thing, if no fools could get to heaven,—nor any unamiable, narrow-minded, sour, and stupid people. Now, said he, with great force of reason, religion does not alter idiosyncrasy. When a fool becomes a Christian, he will be a foolish Christian; a narrow minded man will be a narrow-minded Christian; a stupid man, a stupid Christian. And though a malignant man will have his malignity much diminished, it by no means follows that it will be completely rooted out. "When I do good, evil is present with me." "I find a law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and enslaving me to the law of sin." But you are not to blame Christianity for the stupidity and unamiability of Christians If they be disagreeable, it is not the measure of true religion they have got that makes them so. In so far as they are disagreeable, they depart from the standard. You know, you may make water sweet or sour,—you may make it red, blue, black; and it will be water still though its purity and pleasantness is much interfered with. In like manner, Christianity may exist with a good deal of acid—with great many features of character very inconsistent with itself. The

The Social, Civil and Statistical Association of The Colored People of Pennsylvania upon a subscription list to aid the freed men at Port Royal and other points where they may be located, and to [illegible] the [illegible] of Philadelphia.

Any Amount of [illegible] will be thankfully lodged, with the name of the donor, in the *Recorder*, where a constant record will be kept.

Subscriptions may be sent to Jacob C. White, at the office of the Laborer Cemetery, 711 Lombard Street, and also to William Still, 107 North Fifth Street, and to [illegible] Street.

[illegible]

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F. J. Greer,	5 00

It affords us pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of ten dollars, the proceeds of Miss Anna E. Dickinson's lecture at Concert Hall for the contrabands, contributed to the S., C. and Statistical Association, to be applied as intended. WM. STILL.

Cor. Sec. of S., C. and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Penna.

Domestic Items.

A Draft.—Washington, Aug. 4.—The following order has just been issued:—

War Department, Washington, D. C., August 4th, 1862.—Order calling for militia from the several States:

Ordered—1st. That a draft of 300,000 militia be immediately called into the service of the United States, to serve for nine months, unless sooner discharged. The Secretary of War will assign the quotas to the States, and establish regulations for the draft.

2d. That, if any State shall not, by the 15th of August, furnish its quota of the additional 300,000 volunteers authorized by law, the deficiency of volunteers in that State will also be made by special draft from the militia. The Secretary of War will establish regulations for the purpose.

3d. Regulations will be prepared by the War Department and presented to the President, with the object of securing the promotion of officers of the army and volunteers, for meritorious and distinguished services, and of preventing the nomination or appointment to the military service of incompetent or unworthy officers. The regulations will also provide for relieving the service of such incompetent persons as now hold commissions.

By order of the President.

(Signed) EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

From General Pope's Army.

Headquarters of the Army of Virginia, August 3—9 A. M.

Major General H. W. Halleck:

No. 4.—The reconnoitring column under General Crawford crossed the Rapidan and pushed forward to Orangetown, which was occupied by two regiments of the enemy's cavalry, under General Robertson.

Eleven of the enemy were killed and fifty-two taken prisoners. Among the latter were one major, two captains, and two lieutenants. Our loss was two killed and three wounded.

The enemy retired in such haste as to leave the wounded in our hands.

The railroad and the telegraph line between Orange Court House and Gordonsville were destroyed.

(Signed) JOHN POPE, Major-Gen.

Richmond Evacuated.

Gen Pope's Headquarters, Little Washington, Va., Aug. 4, 1862.

Information from various sources tend to confirm the belief that the enemy have really evacuated Richmond and taken up the south bank of the James river as the line of their defence.

The rebel cavalry, under General Robertson, are believed to have been withdrawn from the Shenandoah Valley, leaving that portion of the country to the defence of the guerillas alone.

Pestilence at Richmond.—It has been believed in some quarters of Washington for several days that the enemy have been evacuating Richmond, there being a reasonable suspicion that a pestilence has broken out in that city.

The Report on the sanitary condition of the City and County of Philadelphia sets forth the following deaths during the past year.

Apoplexy	102
Casualties	122
Congestion of brain	275
Dropsy of brain	222
Disease of brain	112
Inflammation of brain	305
Convulsions	690
Consumption of lungs	1847
Croup	304
Cholera infantum	616
Diphtheria	502
Debility	826
Dysentery	157
Diarrhœa	183
Dropsy	284
Heart disease	204
Scarlet fever	1100
Typhoid fever	381
Bronchitis	134
Inflammation of lungs	684
Inflammation of stomach and bowels	231
Marasmus	583
Old age	203
Palsy	130
Small-pox	756
Total—10,083	

The report states that the atmosphere of Philadelphia is naturally very salubrious, and is deteriorated by the contaminations incident to domestic life. This impurity can only be prevented by hygienic measures, and by removing the offal as it accumulates in the streets.

The increase in the number of deaths, in some of the diseases, is owing to soldiers contracting them in camp, and returning partially cured. Regarding the great mortality resulting from consumption of the lungs, it is stated that, from the observations of medical writers, one-sixth of the human family die of the disease.

Rev. Dr. Storrs, in his address at the anniversary exercises of Mount Holyoke Seminary, said that a returned prisoner lately remarked that while at the South he could easily endure the taunts of the men—but that he had never before realized what and how terrible was the stinging hate of woman, so intense, bitter, and beyond all belief, and he had come back with one additional mercy for which to thank God—*that the Devil was not a woman.*

Col. Scott, the confidential agent of the Post Office Department, sent to New Orleans in May, returned here last evening, via Fortress Monroe. He states that General Butler is just the man for the place, and that but for the stringent measures adopted by Butler, New Orleans could not have been held at all. Recordy Johnson will not return, probably, for some weeks to come.

Drafting.—The call of the War Department for a draft of 300,000 men from the militia of the United States, which call we publish to-day, has caused considerable excitement among a portion of the citizens, but the majority of the people approve of the act as a necessary measure for the maintaining of that Government which has protected them in their civil and political rights, and they are willing that it should exercise that power which they have given it for the common defence. Every man physically capable owes to the Government service in the field when danger threatens the national existence. None are exempt on account of their political or religious opinions. The laws of the United States state that each and every free, able-bodied white male citizen who is or shall be of the age of eighteen years, and under the age of forty-five years, shall be enrolled in the militia by the captain or commanding officer of the company within whose bounds such citizens may reside. If any person, whether officer or soldier, belonging to the militia of any State, and called out into the service of the United States, be wounded or disabled while in actual service, he shall be taken care of and provided for at the public expense. The militia employed in the service of the United States shall be subject to the same rules and articles of war as the troops of the United States. Court martials for the trial of militia can only be composed of militia officers. The allowance for clothing to each non-commissioned officer, musician, and private of volunteers shall be three dollars and fifty cents per month during the time he shall be in the service of the United States.

When the draft required to be made shall be a number equal to one or more companies in each brigade, such draft shall be made by companies, to be determined by lot, to be drawn by the commandant of the brigade, or his proxy, of the commanding officers of the regiments composing such brigade, from the rosters of the State in their gubernatorial, or general [illegible]

[illegible]

In case such draft shall require a larger number than the whole number composing the military force of any brigade, such additional draft shall be made of an equal number from the military roll of the uniformed militia of such town or ward, filled with the city, village, or town [illegible]

[illegible] the enrollment to them to be filed (in charge) in the [illegible] Office. [illegible] the Mayor or supervisor of the ward, in presence of the regimental commander of the district, drawn by lot from the [illegible] The persons [illegible] called for by the draft. Any male [illegible] drawn may be taken in his stead. No persons of the required age, [illegible] from [illegible] those incapacitated by reason of bodily infirmity.

Physical disability is a good ground of exemption, and should, in all cases of doubt, be established to the satisfaction of the [illegible] by a physician's certificate, as well as the affidavit of the party.

[illegible] applicants [illegible] proper causes of disability.

Wounds of the head, which impair the faculties, or cause [illegible] [illegible] of hearing, speech, or vision; anchylosis, or active disease of any of the larger joints; the presence of pulmonary disease, or organic disease of the heart, [illegible] ruptures, or any large and painful varicocele or varicose veins which extend above the knee; the loss of a limb, or the thumb and forefinger on the right hand, or of any two fingers on the right hand, the loss of the great toe, any marked physical imperfections which would unfit for active service.

The War to be made Aggressive.—The following, from the Richmond *Whig* of July 19, will pass with our readers for what it is worth.

Movements in Kentucky and Tennessee augur well. The panic in Nashville and Louisville shows the terror with which the enemy always contemplate aggressive action by our armies. We accept the demonstrations in the West as a promise that the war is to be pushed with vigor at all points. The late assurance of the President that our standards are to be borne beyond the confines of the Confederacy sent a thrill through the country. We expect to hear soon that one of the most energetic, intrepid and successful leaders has made good the promise of the Commander-in-Chief. The summer heat, which has driven us [illegible] and made [illegible] has carry and [illegible] to [illegible] our opponents. It will not do for us to sit still because the enemy makes no movement. This is precisely what would suit him best. Time to him may [illegible] thing. We must [illegible] him no rest, prevent concentrations and reinforcements, break up his combinations, and, by carrying the war where we please, instead of where he pleases, strike at his very vitals. Our troops have shown that all they require is to be shown the foe and properly led against him. They know their strength, they appreciate the stake for which they fight, they have measured the peril, and are prepared for it. Opportunity and competent leaders are all they ask. It will be unpardonable as it will be irremediable, if our authorities deny that which they ask.

Successful Reconnoissance to Malvern Hill.—Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, Wednesday, Aug. 6th.—The army of the Potomac has again assumed the offensive. The reconnoissance made yesterday, under General Hooker, to Malvern Hill, White Oak Swamp Bridge, and in the direction of New Market and Richmond, was, in every respect, a complete success. The troops left camp about dark, night before last, arriving at Malvern Hill at 4 o'clock, yesterday morning, travelling a distance of ten miles. Here they encountered two regiments of infantry and a battery, posted behind earthworks. Fire was immediately opened on them by Captain Benson's battery, and a section of Captain Robinson's. The infantry was not engaged. The firing lasted for about three hours, when the rebels ingloriously fled by the river road towards Richmond, hotly pursued by our troops, who succeeded in taking one hundred of them prisoners. The loss on our side at this point was three killed and eleven wounded. Captain Benson had his thigh broken by a piece of shell. The doctors think the leg can be saved. Lieutenant-Colonel Gamble, of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, was severely wounded in the breast while driving in the enemy's pickets.

Colonel Averill, with five hundred cavalry, took the Quaker road to White Oak Swamp Bridge. There they found the Tenth Virginia Cavalry drawn up to receive them. A charge was immediately ordered, which broke the rebel lines, when they fled.

Averill followed them three miles, taking 28 prisoners, without losing a man.

Negro Regiment in Rhode Island—Important Order of Governor Sprague—State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, Providence, Aug. 4, 1862.

[*General Order No. 36.*]

The Sixth Regiment, authorized by the Secretary of War under date October 25th, 1861, and ordered mustered therefor from this department, No. 103, Dec. 28, 1861, will consist entirely of colored citizens. Enlistments will commence immediately. Camp will be established under direction of General Robbins, who is directed to organize the regiment.

The Quartermaster-General will furnish rations and equipments on requisition.

Our colored fellow-citizens are reminded that the regiment from this State in the Revolution, consisting entirely of colored persons, was pronounced by Washington equal, if not superior, to any in the service. They constitute a part of the quota from this State, and it is expected they will respond with zeal and spirit to the call.

The commander-in-chief will lead them into the field, and will share with them, in common with the patriotic soldiers of the army of the Republic, their trials and dangers, and will participate in the glories of their successes.

By order of the commander-in-chief.

EDWARD C. MADRAN, Adjt. Gen.

The Subscriptions to aid exiles ments by the citizens of Philadelphia, up till Thursday morning last, amounted to $147,202.

Burning of the Steamer Golden Gate.—The steamer *Golden Gate*, which left San Francisco, July 21st, for Panama, with 250 passengers, $1,014,000 for New York, and $270,000 for England, was burned at sea, July 20th, and *one hundred and eighty lives lost!* All the treasure was lost.

Nashville, Aug. 7.—Gen. McCook was shot by a party of guerillas near Salem, Ala., yesterday, while he was riding towards Winchester, Tenn., sick, in an ambulance. His remains reached here this evening. Captain Brooks, who was with the General, was captured. Our forces burned the house of the rebel who led them into the ambuscade.

Pittsburgh Subsistence Committee.—Since its organization, August 3d, 1861, the Subsistence Committee has furnished meals for over 50,000 troops passing through the city. Of this number, about 350 were sick and wounded. These were provided with medical attendance and all comforts which their situation demanded. One sick soldier, from Illinois, died while in the care of the Committee, and was buried by them. During the 9 months, ending July 14th, the following articles were sent to the hospitals at Yorktown, Fortress Monroe, Richmond, St. Louis, Pittsburg Landing, Washington, and other places.

471 comforts, 70 blankets, 100 bed ticks, 1,003 pillows, 1,378 pillow-cases, 870 sheets, 806 pairs drawers, 1,950 shirts, 434 under shirts, 64 dressing gowns, 134 pairs mittens, 1,455 pairs socks, 412 neck scarfs, 247 pairs slippers, 215 finger-stalls, 1,825 handkerchiefs, 240 combs, 754 cans of fruit, 8 bbls. crackers, 111 bottles wine, 846 doz eggs, 1,148 pounds butter, 1,502 pads and rings for wounded, 2,426 rolls of bandages, 1,607 towels, 3,667 books, 575 packages of sundries—making a total of 21,271 articles contributed by the loyal citizens of Allegheny, Lawrence, Mercer, Beaver, Butler, Fayette and Washington counties. At least one half of the articles of clothing were made by the ladies of the Committee.

The receipts and expenditures of cash have been as follows:

Amount of collections in churches,	$7231 10
Amount from societies and individuals,	5760 65
	$12,991 75
Cash paid for materials, muslin, flannel, etc.,	$4992 87
Cash paid for freights,	180 34
" postage stationary,	7 50
" barrels,	10 00
" express,	9 00
" to sick soldiers,	78 00
	$5277 71

Leaving a balance of one dollar and seventy-three cents in the Treasury.

America in the Orient.—The Eastern correspondent of the Philadelphia *News* writes thus:

The Sultan here passed down the line, addressing a few words to each Minister. When he came to the Representative of the United States of America, his first inquiry was to enquire if Lincoln's proclamation [illegible] Mr. Morris replied that it was not, but that it would terminate with the preservation of the national unions and the Government of the Union; that, calamitous as was the war, all its sacrifices were cheerfully borne for the sake of the great object at stake. The Sultan signified that [illegible] Mr. Morris [illegible] the history of that [illegible] and [illegible] Mr. Morris [illegible] with [illegible]

Republic. This expression of good will was presented with an earnestness of manner indicative not only of great sincerity, but also of unusual warmth [illegible]

On the 4th of July the Americans had their fete, at Hay-ket-keetown, or the Valley of the Sultan, on the American [illegible] Bosporus, nearly opposite to Buyukdere. The scene of the festival of the many nations on the Bosporus, running for several miles, in a fortuous course among the mountains, and shaded by lofty sycamores and chestnuts, and with a sparkling stream of water coursing through it. It is a favorite place of resort with the Turkish women, who pass the entire day on its cool shores, beneath its umbrageous groves, with their children and slaves. Here the little American colony, at Constantinople, of about fifty persons [illegible] and their patriotic presence [illegible] Castle, spread on the grass, were covered with a beautiful display of meats, and the Stars and Stripes overhung the feast from the boughs of old sycamores, which had probably stood here when the Turks first crossed into Europe a few miles below. Some reports of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

EVENING REVERIE

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The summer day has closed; the sun is set;
Well have the dew-fall o'er the pleasant hours.
The winds that through the deep woods flow,
Have died away, and in the western sky
The purple light is fading. Through the trees
Flowers of the garden and the wood have blown
And withered, as do hearts which throb and break
For a beating cells, and in their graves await
Their longer return. Insects from the pools
Have filled the air awhile with humming wings
That now are still for ever; painted moths,
Have wandered the blue sky, and died again;
The mice are in their graves. The bee has lost
Their green shade, or shriveled them from the nest.
Pleased them for a summer night. In the tall grass
In woodland cottages with barky walls,
In numerous cells of the tree-burrowing bees,
Mothers have slept with the young in the new-born babe
Gravers, by the lonely forest, by the shore
Of rivers and of ocean, by the wave
Of the thronged city, have been hollowed out
And filled and closed. This day has parted friends
That meet to-day were parted, it may be
New friendships; it hath seen the maiden plight
Her faith and troth, her peace to him who long
Hath wooed; and it hath heard from lips which late
Were cold and mute for love, the first fond word
That told the wedded one her peace was flown.

Farewell to the sweet sunshine! One glad day
Is added now to childhood's many days,
And one gray day to the sad years of quiet age,
Both the first-born and the last. I can
Amid the thickening darkness, lamps are lit
By those who watch the dead, and those who twine
Flowers for the bride. The mother sees the eyes
Of her sick infant shadow the pale light,
And sadly listens to his quick-drawn breath.
O thou great movement of the universe,
Or change or life, of life or time—for ye are one—
That hearest all into the visible scene
Into night's shadow and the streaming rays
Of starlight—which her art thou bearing me?
I feel the mighty current sweep me on,
Yet know not whither. Men foretell afar
The courses of the stars; the very hour
He knows when they shall darken or grow bright;
Yet does the eclipse of sorrow or of death
Come unforewarned. When next of those I love
Shall pass from life, or sudder yet, shall fall
Its curtain? Strife with foes, or bitter strife
With friends, or shame, and general scorn of men—
Which, who can bear? or the fierce rack of pain?
Lie they within my path? Or shall the years
Push me with soft and noiseless pace
Into the stilly twilight of my age?
Or do the portals of another life,
Even now, while I am glowing in my strength,
Inspired around me? O! beyond that bourne,
In the vast cycle of being which begins
At the broad threshold, with what glory for me
Shall the great law of change and progress clothe
Its workings? Gently—as have years of mine taught—
Gently, and without grief, the old shall glide
Into the new; the eternal flow of things,
Like a fair river of the fields of heaven,
Shall journey onward in perpetual peace.

GOOD NIGHT.

Day is past!
Stars have set their watch at last,
Pearls that through the deep woods flow,
Make sweet sounds, unheard till now,
Flowers have shut with tinge light—
Good night!

Go to rest!
Sleep sit, Caroline, on thy breast!
If within thy secret cell
One dark form of memory dwell,
Be it mantled from thy sight—
Quiet night!

Joy be mine!
Kind looks on a sunny shine!
Go, and in the spirit land
Meet thy heart's long parted band,
Be their eyes all love and light—
Good night!

Peace to all!
Dreams of heaven on us unseen fall
Exiles o'er thy couch may gleams
Pass from those own mansion streams;
Heard away to worlds more bright—
Good night!

HOW WORDS ARE ABUSED.

A contemporary complains that some of the noblest words in the English tongue are daily prostituted to ignoble use, and says that "the constant application of great words to small things is gradually undermining the native strength of the language, inasmuch that, in order to make an impressive statement, it is necessary to pile a Pelion of adverbs on an Ossa of adjectives." The complaint is certainly well founded; but whether the nuisance can be materially abated by any force or frequency of rebuke, is questionable. The evil is widely spread, but it may be seen in its most malignant type among half-educated people and—young ladies. The latter class are especially addicted to adjectives of the strong kind; and even these are generally too weak for their use until they have been "raised to the third power" (as a mathematician would say) by being put in the superlative degree. In the intense vocabulary of these excitable damsels, a simply pleasing thing, is "charming," and a disagreeable one "shocking." Whatever is fine is "splendid," at the very least; and nothing that is deemed in bad taste is ever otherwise than "horrid," "awful," "abominable."

In this same hyperbolical strain they speak of a pretty bonnet as "delicious," and describe an agreeable gentleman as "fascinating." But it is not the adjectives alone that suffer; the verbs are tortured quite as mercilessly as their adjuncts. The commonest things are "dosed on and adored," or "abominated" and "detested;" while "love" is lavished alike on objects of taste, appetite, and affection. The same person secures you that she "loves" her mother, her lap-dog, and raw oysters! What more could she say of her Redeemer? We once heard this indiscriminate use of superlatives, which was nearly as follows: 'Don't you think Miss Seaman to perfectly beautiful?' said a young lady to Judge B., apropos of a good looking school-girl whose name had been mentioned. "She is pretty," said the Judge. His fair interlocutor looked puzzled and repeated. "I appreciate your admiration of your friend," said the Judge, "but *perfect beauty*, my dear girl, is somewhat rarer than you seem to imagine. I do not know that I have ever seen an example of it in man or woman. Pretty girls are plenty enough; good-looking women are not uncommon; decidedly handsome ones are occasionally met with. I have seen (in forty years) half a dozen who were beautiful; but a 'perfectly beautiful' woman is what I have not seen hitherto." The young lady looked a little astonished at first; but having reflected a moment it occurred to her that the judge might be in the right, and that she did not mean anything like the panegyric which she had pronounced—and she said so. "Why judge, you are so awfully critical; I only meant to say she was *pretty*." "I thought so," said the judge; "but how could I *know* that your idea was not as extravagant as your epithets? You must excuse me for the mistake, since it was not wholly my fault." And so ended the discourse.

GEOLOGICAL WONDER

About thirty years ago, somebody made the discovery that the ice fields of Siberia contained immense numbers of fossils of elephants and mastodons. Where they came from, or how they got there, is a problem which perhaps may never be solved; their existence, however, was no drawback, and as ivory is one of the most valuable commodities of trade in all nations, some utilitarian Englishmen conceived the idea of turning these vestiges of a former epoch to a profitable account. Accordingly, about the year 1835, Thompson, Benner & Co., a rich London firm, fitted out an expedition to seek for ivory in the Siberian ice Natural and incredible as it seemed, the expedition was crowned with complete success. The ships returned to England richly laden with the choicest ivory; and even to the present time, although the world knows little about it, the ivory market is mainly supplied from the ice fields of Siberia.

THE AMERICAN RIFLE

The famous Springfield rifled muskets most used in the United States army, which are now manufactured in the Government armories at Springfield, Massachusetts from Government patterns, are thus described.—The gun has a barrel forty inches long, and the entire length of the piece, bayonet included, is 73 85 inches. Weight 9 90 pounds. There are three grooves in the barrel, with a twist of one turn in six feet. The bore, coming up from breech to muzzle. This makes the cartridge a little stiff to leave the muzzle, but its shooting is more accurate on that account. The ball has three grooves around it, the cylindrical part and two wedge shaped parts or cones inside. The ball weighs 7 10 grains; the charge of powder 70 grains. Armed with these pieces our soldiers will have had a few months' discipline since any foe, and will always where the enemy is found, more than three times as fast as them.

VAIN REPETITIONS.

At four or five successive Sabbath-school concerts, we have heard the hymn (it we must call it a hymn) sung with great enthusiasm, commencing "We love to sing together." The tune is even more silly than the words, which is saying much. In each stanza, the words "we love," are repeated three times, almost in succession. First the girls sing, then the boys and girls; then again the girls, and after them the boys and girls, then follows the full chorus. The grand, climacteric concluding stanza closes, on a high key, with "We love, we love, we love, we love, we love to be together; we love, we love, we love, we love, we love to be together" Undoubtedly they do. And the hearers have had ample time and hints to think of things which they love. No one can hear the performance without being reminded of the dramas which are played by undertook to "raise the tune," but such time could get on no farther than "I love to steal."

PRESBYTERIANS IN HUNGARY

There are nearly *four millions* of Protestants in Hungary, and these protestants are Presbyterians, being equal in numbers to all the Presbyterians of Scotland, England and Ireland combined.

In the year 1567, three years after the death of Calvin the Protestants of Hungary became two bands,"—the *Lutherans* and the *Reformed* or Calvinistic. The former preferred the *Augsburg Confession*, compiled by Melancthon, as their standard, and the latter adopted the *Second Helvetic Confession* and the *Heidelberg Catechism* as their symbolical books. In their constitution and administration both bodies are Presbyterian; each being composed of four *Superintendencies*, corresponding to our Synods; each superintendency embracing several *Seniorities* or Presbyteries; each Seniority containing a number of *Congregations*, and each congregation being ruled by *Presbyters* with their presidents, who form a court like our kirk-session.

Each of the ecclesiastical courts has two Presidents and Moderators, the one a clergyman, the other a layman, who are equal in rank and authority, to whom is committed the *executive* power, but for the proper exercise of which they are accountable to the assembly over which they preside. The General Synod of each denomination is supreme legislative authority, and is composed of delegates, not from the individual congregations, but from the four superintendencies of each body. One half of these delegates are clergymen, and the other half are laymen. This highest ecclesiastical court, like the subordinate courts, has two moderators. No undue proportion of either the clerical or lay element can therefore exist in the Hungarian Protestant Church.

Constitutionally the General Synods or Assemblies cannot act without the sanction of the sovereign and their decrees do not obtain the force of law, nor do they rank among the canons of the Church till they have received his majesty's approval. This he may either grant or refuse, but the resolutions of the General Assembly can neither initiate nor modify, and the ecclesiastical constitution he cannot remodel. The last General Assemblies were held in the year 1792—the Reformed at Buda, and the Lutheran at Pesth. To this day their decrees have not received the Royal approval. They are now, however, out of date. Liberty to convene a General Synod is the great desire of both denominations; but till the present it has been refused.

The Protestant Church of Hungary is, in one sense of the word, a *voluntary* Church. She supports her own pastors and schools, and provides for all the necessary expenses of her various appliances. Her clergy are chosen by the stipend-payers, whose choice the Superintendency may either affirm or annul. Her professors and teachers are nominated to their respective offices in the colleges and schools by the ecclesiastical corporation which maintains and directs the institution. The Church has thus complete control over all her seminaries, from the highest to the lowest. The only right which the State possesses is that of general surveillance, that nothing be taught prejudicial to her own political interests. And in the election of the pastors her only demand is simply to be informed as to the result. On the other hand, the Church's only claim upon the State is that of protection against the violence of her persecutors. In her own spiritual domain, the Church is almost, if not altogether, free.

But this freedom has not been maintained and secured without many a struggle. Often and nobly has the Hungarian Church, like her Scottish sister, contended for the royal rights of the Redeemer, for the inalienable prerogative to frame and execute her own peculiar laws. In the seventeenth century Protestantism in Hungary was well nigh extirpated, Pope Clement VIII. and the Jesuits and priests encouraging and aiding the harassing persecutions. The people were deprived of their churches and schools. Several of their pastors and teachers were transported to Naples, and sold as galley-slaves for a ducat per head, and many of their nobles were executed on the scaffold. Not till the reign of Leopold II. and the Diet of 1790-91 did the long persecuted Protestants, aided by the laity of the Roman Catholic Church, in opposition to their priests obtain once more the full enjoyment of their legal and chartered rights. From that date till 1849 the Church enjoyed peace and prosperity. During the past thirteen years her trials and sufferings have been repeated. The year after the memorable revolution of 1848 a ministerial ordinance was published, abrogating the Church's control over the education of her own youth, and placing the schools under the sole superintendence of the state and Church. Against this she protested, but in vain. Many of the schools were closed, or deprived of the privileges of public examinations, and some were organized in accordance with the ministerial decree. But a heavier blow was about to be inflicted. In 1850, the commander-in-chief in Hungary issued an ordinance abolishing the entire constitution of the Church, and aiming at the erection of a phobic prelacy in its stead. He introduced the pope's ecclesiastical supremacy, and made the lay presidents and other authority subordinate only to the civil government. Not one of the Reformed, and only a few of the Lutheran pastors complied with the terms of this ordinance.

To harass the Protestants still more, Francis Joseph, the Emperor, published, at the instigation of the Minister of Worship, his Patent of 1st September, 1850. This was little else than a second edition of the obnoxious project which had already been unanimously rejected.

On the 12th of December, 1850, the Cisdanubian Reformed Superintendency had resolved to assemble at Pesth. The Government resolved to prevent this, and threatened all who would take part in the meeting. The garrison was ordered to be in readiness. The day came. All the delegates assembled, and proceeded, in the presence of no immense congregation of every class and creed, to draw up a unanimous protest. Commissioners having been appointed to lay it before the Emperor at Vienna, the Superintendency closed in peace. Their example was followed by the other Superintendencies. Very soon, however, all the members of these interdicted assemblies, along with all the avowed opponents of the patent were summoned before the tribunals as disturbers of the public tranquility. The accused had no difficulty in proving the constitutionality of their proceedings.

In the first month of the following year (1851) Bishop Vay appeared in the capital of Austria, at the head of a large deputation representing the entire Protestant Church of Hungary. They demanded at the hands of the Ministry deliverance from the obnoxious Patent. Their complaints and protestations were reiterated, but in vain; and they had to leave without obtaining a personal interview with the Emperor.

"As regards the present organization of the Church, all the ancient Superintendencies have been restored; the Administrators nominated by the Government have been replaced by Superintendents and High Curators legally selected; the double presidency has been re-established; the self-government of the Church, with regard to the management of her schools, is again what it was of old; but she has not yet obtained the power of convening a *general Synod*."

The Gospel of Hungary has been, and still is, greatly crippled in its progress by more than ministerial ordinances and Imperial patents. For many years Rationalism blighted its energies and diminished its fruits. Its ministers are few when compared with the population. Only two pastors are found in several instances attending to the spiritual interests of a congregation composed of 20 000 souls. This paucity of pastors is the result of the people's poverty, which may be traced to the undeveloped resources of the country.

THE EVERGREEN MOUNTAINS OF LIFE.

BY JAMES O. CLARK.

There's a land far away 'mid the stars, we are told,
Where they know not the sorrows of time,
Where the pure waters wander through the valleys of gold
And life is a treasure sublime;
'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul,
Where ages of splendor eternally roll—
Where the way-weary traveller reaches his goal,
On the evergreen mountains of life.

Our gaze cannot soar to that beautiful land,
But our visions have told of its bliss,
And our souls by the gale from its gardens are fanned,
When we faint in the deserts of this.
And we sometimes have longed for its holy repose,
When our spirits were torn with temptations and woes,
And we've drank from the tide of the river that flows
From the evergreen mountains of life.

Oh, the stars now tread the blue mountains at night,
But we think where the redeemed have trod,
And the day never smiles from its palace of light,
But we feel the bright smile of our God.
We are travelling homeward, through changes and gloom,
To a kingdom where pleasures unchangingly bloom,
And our guide is the glory that shines through the tomb,
From the evergreen mountains of life.

NATURALLY HARD TO TELL THE TRUTH.

"Timothy Titcomb" has a keen scalpel, and he thus dissects men on the subject of truth-telling:—"I have known eminent men who had not the power to state a fact, in its whole volume and in due measure, first, they could not comprehend it precisely, and, second because their power of expression was limited. The lenses by which they apprehend their facts were not adjusted properly, so that they saw everything with a blur. Definite outline, clearly cut edges, exact apprehension of volume and weight, nice measurement of relations were matters outside of their observation and experience. They had broad minds, but hanging; and their language was no better than their apprehensions—usually it was worse, because language is rarely as definite as apprehension. Men rarely do their work to suit them, because their tools are imperfect. There are men in all communities who are believed to be honest, yet whose word is never authority upon any subject. There is a flaw or a warp somewhere in their perceptions, which prevents them from receiving truthful impressions. Every thing comes to them distorted as natural objects are distorted by reading the eye through wrinkled window glass. Some are able to apprehend a fact and state it correctly, if it have no direct relation to themselves; but the moment their personality, or their personal interests, is involved the fact assumes false proportions and false colors. I know a physician whose patients are always alarmingly sick when he is first called to them. As they usually get well, I am bound to believe that he is a good physician; but I am not bound to believe that they are all as sick at the beginning as he supposes them to be. The first violent symptoms operate upon his imagination and excite his fears, and his opinion as to the degree of danger attaching to the diseases of his patients is not worth half so much as that of any sensible old nurse. In fact, nobody thinks of taking it all; and those who know him, and who hear his sad representations of the condition of his patients, show equal distrust of his word and faith in his skill, by taking it for granted that they are in a fair way to get well."

HABITS OF THE SHAD

The habits of our fish have been very little attended to in this country. Our scientific men, it is true, have been very precise in their accurate classification, and in the use of their ponderous nomenclature; they have described our fishes even to the shape of a scale or the number of thorns in the dorsal fin, but they have not condescended to note their habits, their food, their length of life, with all such particulars as would interest common readers and be of use to mankind.

No fish is more valued or more valuable than the shad; yet but few of its habits of life are known. The books are silent, and angling gives no information. It was for a long time a commonly received opinion that the shad spent the winter in the Gulf of Mexico, and then as spring advanced and the snow ceased running, came along the coast and entered the rivers in succession. If this were true, there would be no uniformity, year after year, in the run of shad in each river. The very distinct varieties would all become intermingled. But each river has its own variety. Those of Connecticut River have long been known as possessing superior size and flavor to any others. The variety that seeks the Hudson as a spawning ground is easily distinguished from ours. The fact of the distinctness of the varieties in each river tends to the belief that shad go no farther than the mouth of the stream in which they are hatched.

The habits of the shad are unlike those of other fish. As soon as the snow water has ceased running they press up the river as far as they can reach, in order to deposit their spawn. In following this instinct they never stop for refreshment or food. Whoever found anything in the maw or stomach of a shad that would indicate the nature of its food? Whoever knew them to bite a baited hook? They do not feed from the time they enter the stream until they sink down, thin and exhausted, into the deep pools at the mouth. For this purpose of nature the shad has been preparing itself during the quiet luxuries of a winter, and has become fattened for the use of man, or, if it escape his net, for the reproduction of its species. The shad lives but a single year. It is hatched in the early summer; descends the streams as soon as large enough; feeds and fattens in the winter at the mouth of the stream; ascends in the spring to deposit its spawn, and descends to die at the bottom of the ocean. The fact accounts for the uniformity in the size of the fish. A Connecticut River shad seldom goes beyond seven pounds, and the variation in size is comparatively slight. The bass, on the other hand, which is known to live many years, varies from half a pound in weight to fifty, even in our own river. It has a longer time to grow, and shows a much greater diversity of size. These considerations have led to the conclusion that one year was the duration of the shad's life. What was only a matter of conjecture and inference has been lately proved by the artificial fish-breeders. Somewhere in the state of New York one of these rivers of fish from spawn which he fed in early life with crumbled crackers strewn upon the pond where they were kept, has proved their short hold on existence. He raised them for the purpose of supplying the very large fish he had in his tanks and ponds with food. As the science of breeding fish is known more, the habits of the different species will be more easily described.—*Hartford Courant.*

An *Indianapolis* Dr. Cleiburne once asked a woman what could be done to induce her husband to attend the kirk. "I don't know," she replied "unless you were to put a pipe and a pot of porter a the pew."

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS IN THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

The Exhibition building is unfavorable for *all* pianos, but it is not equally bad for all. The French know best how to locate their pianos, namely, in the gallery; also the Englishmen and the Americans have found out more enclosed and covered places in the hall. Thereby they stand at great advantage, especially compared with the Austrian instruments. It was with difficulty that we recognised pianos here, which had sounded very finely to us in the *ateliers* of their makers in Vienna. The jury tried all the instruments just where they found them. The Paris jury (in 1855) had every instrument carried from the exhibition to the same hall in the Conservatoire, and there tried them. They carried impartiality so far, as to have the names of the makers covered up beforehand, and then they had the different pianos played by the same virtuosos, who played the same piece on them all. Then it was that the fearful event occurred, which Berlioz has described so humorously. Chopin's *Etude in F minor* was tried on 200 pianos, one after another. In the course of this proceeding several jurors fainted, and some virtuosos were carried off for dead. When the small surviving remnant approached the three hundredth piano, the instrument, to the general dismay, began to play the piece of its own accord. Nothing could be found to silence it. Finally they called in the priesthood, who operated on the clairvoyant piano with incense and holy water, until the F minor fiend was happily exorcised. "On that day we played no more."—*Dwight's Journal.*

TRUTH.

The American Tract Society have recently issued a little work, "The Children's Picture Book," of which we find a short criticism in the *Chronicle*. It says: "The Society which has a holy horror of publishing the most innocent fiction, does not hesitate to issue books disfigured by the grossest falsehoods conveyed in engravings. In this book, not an animal, plant, or flower is correctly drawn; the little girls and boys are hideous dwarfs, with monstrous heads and disproportioned limbs and bodies; and the rules of perspective are disregarded in the landscapes, with a frequency which makes wrong the rule, and correctness the exception. The reading matter is of that dull goodness which little folks find such a weariness to the flesh."

Not having seen the book, we know not how just these strictures are. But the subject deserves careful attention. The Tract Society first set the example of executing beautifully the engravings for juvenile books. Now let it add to this the highest attainable mark in correctness of drawing. Little eyes should not be taught untruths of form. All our publications societies should give especial heed to this matter.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

A FICTITIOUS THIEF.

A philosopher has said, "Take away interest and vanity from the heart of man, and humanity is perfect."

M. Charles Edmund, author of "Le Florentine," relates apropos of this vanity of our age, a little story of Heinrich Heine.

Heinrich Heine, when very young, set out one fine morning from Hamburg, and started for Germany.

He arrived one evening at Manheim, entered the faubourg of the Golden Lion, and finds, in the dining hall, a man with white hair and a respectable appearance, digesting his dinner by reading a newspaper. From time to time he sighed heavily.

Heinrich Heine moved (remember he was very young) put asked of the unknown the cause of his grief.

"Ah, monsieur!" he groaned, in reply, and ordered a bottle of Johannisberg.

Our two Germans drank together; Heinrich Heine renewed his question, and the unknown, who was always sighing, suddenly yielding to the desire of removing from his heart an enormous weight, said to him:

"Listen to me. My name is Muller; I am a very rich merchant of Nuremberg; I have two hundred thousand livres income, an admirable wife and charming children; my health is excellent, and I am the most unfortunate of men!"

"How is that?"

"Ah! (another sigh.) How to make you so terrible an avowal! I have committed a crime in my life—I have stolen!"

"Rich as you are, what hinders you from restoring the sum you have taken?"

"There does not pass a month that I do not give, in charities, in pious works, the double, the triple, the quadruple of what I have purloined; but the claw of the vulture does not leave me a moment of sweet repose."

"And how has a man like you been able to yield to the temptation of theft?"

"A vertigo. I had the honour of dining with the Duke of Nassau, at his chateau at Biberich; the prince, who has a very particular consideration for me placed me on his right, and we talked during the dinner of one thing and another. 'Monsieur Muller,' said the duke to me, 'how is Madame Muller?' 'Your highness is too good.' 'And the little Mullers?' 'Very well. But your highness does me too much honor.' The Duke de Nassau places me on the footing of a flattering familiarity."

"Suddenly I saw shining before my eyes a little silver gilt spoon. What passed in my brain I know not, but the moment when the duke turned his head, I stretched my hand slyly along the cloth, took the spoon and put it in my pocket.

"This, sir, is what I did at the house of the Duke de Nassau."

And Mr. Muller, who had just finished his third bottle, tumbled off to sleep, and, spite of his remorse, snored like a bass viol.

Some days after this conversation, Heinrich Heine made inquiries in regard to this man. He was truly Mr. Muller, a merchant of Nurnberg, possessed of two hundred thousand francs income, he was surrounded by a large family, but—he had never dined at the house of the Duke de Nassau. He had only invented the fable of the spoon to persuade the people that he was the friend of the duke.

THE BARBER'S RAZOR.

Mr. Dickson, a colored barber in a New England town, was shaving one of his customers, a respectable citizen, one morning, when a conversation occurred between them respecting Mr. Dickson's former connexion with a colored church in that place.

"I believe you are connected with the church in Elm street, are you not, Mr Dickson?" said the customer.

"No, sah, not at all."

"What, are you not a member of the African Church?"

"No sir, sah."

"Why did you leave connexion, Mr. Dickson, if I may be permitted to ask?"

"Well, I'll tell you, sah," said Mr. Dickson, sharpening a concave razor on the palm of his hand, "it was just like dis: I jined de church in good faith; I gave ten dollars toward de stated Gospel de fus' year, and the church people call me '*Brudder* Dickson;' de second year my business was not so good, and I put only five dollars. Dat year people call me, '*Mr.* Dickson.' Dis razor hurt you, sah?"

"No, the razor goes literably well."

"Well, sah, the third year I feel berry poor; had sickness in my family; and didn't gib nothin' for preachin.' Well, sah, actor dat dey call me 'dat ole nigger Dickson'—and I left 'em."—*New York Album.*

"Why, Mr Swedenborg, what are you chattering about?" asked one of the party. "Silence, woman! I am holding converse with my spirits." The lady was not to be shut up in that manner. "Spirits, why how many have you on board the boat?" "Twelve, madam, who never have more," and he angrily turned his back on the inquirer. The Dalkullas exchanged glances. On arriving, Swedenborg preferred a certain payment. "Fifteen marks, if you please, sir—not one stiver less." "And why, pray?" remonstrated he. "Did you not say, sir, you had twelve spirits on board? Are we poor girls to pull them over the lakes for nothing?" The great spiritualist, who feared neither ghost nor devil, paid down the fare demanded, another time encounter the clatter of two women's tongues.—*Horace Marcent's One Year in Sweden.*

The discovery of the disappearance of one or two nebulæ in the heavens has excited the liveliest interest among astronomers. So unlooked for a phenomenon fairly startles the hardest understanding. Objects hitherto regarded as firm, enduring and fixed as the pillars of the universe, have been found as unstable as an autumnal meteor. What great revolution in astronomy is about to be made, no one can conjecture. The awful mystery only brightens on reflection; and vague, shadowy forebodings of the "rottenness of the starred firmament" crowd upon the imagination.

After the first performance of *Judas Maccabæus*, the Duke of Chandos said to the composer: "Handel, you ought to have armies for your chorus, artillery for your orchestra, and Salisbury Plain for your concert-room."

When a Spaniard eats a peach or pear by the road-side, wherever he is, he digs a hole in the ground with his foot, and covers the seed. Consequently, all over Spain, by the road sides and everywhere, fruit in great abundance tempts the taste.

Dr. M'Clintock, in the *Methodist* says: The only other thing in Strasbourg which one need care much to see is the monument of Guttenburg the inventor of printing; and it is a pleasant surprise to an American to find that one side of the block which supports the statue is taken up with a bas relief, in bronze, representing the signing of the Declaration of Independence. All the figures are there, and those of Franklin, Hancock, Jefferson, and the other great chiefs of the Revolution are distinctly recognizable.

THE ROBBER'S CASTLE

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF H. CLAUREN,

BY B. U. R. LATROBE, ESQ., APRIL, 1849.

This story is said by the author to be "literally true. Combinations, indeed, as unexpected and improbable, have not unfrequently occurred. The tale contains a useful lesson on the folly, indeed wickedness of nurses, who fill the minds of children with stories of ghosts and witches, and thus prepare for them much misery during that period of their lives in which ripening reason and better information is struggling with the habitual belief of childhood." TRANSLATOR.

I was ordered upon service into the neighborhood of the Carpathian Mountains, that lofty, snow-crested ridge which, separating Silesia from Bohemia, proclaims both countries, and has received from superstition,—perhaps from admiration, the name of the Giant's Mountains. In my early youth I had spent a happy year in the house of my aunt, at their seat, and resolved to pay her on this occasion, a visit. I wished also to renew my acquaintance with her two daughters, whom I had seen only as children of two or three years old and who had since attained the bloom of their youth. My uncle was dead, and my aunt lived upon her large fortune and extensive estate in the most enchanting part of the interior chain of these mountains.

At the inn of a little town near my aunt's estate, I inquired more particularly after the present situation of the family; and, to my great sorrow I learned that she had, a few weeks before lost her youngest daughter, Cecilia, by a scarlet fever; and that she was most heavily afflicted at this irreparable misfortune. Nothing could be more just, it was said, than her sorrow. Cecilia was sixteen, beautiful, wise and good, and loved by the whole country round.

The pleasure which my visit, after fourteen years' absence, had promised me, was thus greatly damped; but, on the other hand, I was glad that it had been so timed, as that I might share the sorrows, and, if possible, administer consolation to the bosom of my beloved aunt.

To prevent distressing explanations by apprising her at once that I was acquainted with her loss, I bought some crape, and wound it round the left arm of my uniform. It was noon when I drove out of town. The sun shone fiercely from the zenith, a hot, South wind swept over the waving corn, and dark thunder clouds rested upon the fore-sun of the gigantic mountains before me.

In a few hours I was upon the limits of my aunt's domain. I had long before discovered the majestic ruins that was thrown upon a hill above the mansion, and was known in the whole neighborhood by the name of *The Robber's Castle*. As I drove along, I saluted, with the most friendly feelings of old affection, all the little recesses and sequestered places which, as a boy, I had so often visited. My aunt had not expected me. Full of the recollection of the sweetest days of my infancy, softened by the melancholy news of her distress, and overwhelmed with unutterable feelings, I received her in my arms, and we mingled our silent tears. She was in the deepest mourning. The crape on my arm told her that I knew her distress. She pressed me to her tortured bosom, and sobbed aloud. "Why, alas!" she cried, "did you not come one month sooner?" Then I was happy and rich; then I stood in the mid-t of both my children. Alas! my friend, God has deprived me of half my worldly happiness. I have murmured, I have complained. Cecilia was an angel! Why was she not spared to me? What crime have I committed? O Almighty Being, if a mother, on the grave of her child, should for a moment doubt thy goodness and thy mercy, oh be not angry! What has a mother but her children?"

At that moment the eldest daughter, Julia, entered. She had heard of my arrival, and coming in, she heard the last words of her mother. With the cordiality of near relationship, and the warmth of ancient friendship, she folded me in her arms, and kissed away the tears from the pale cheeks of her mother. The tears stood in her own large and beautiful eyes.

Words are such as on such occasions. A studied speech cannot touch a broken heart. I suffered them to dwell on everything relating to the departed and thus to pour forth and lighten their grief by sharing it with a sympathetic friend. It gave them a melancholy pleasure to speak of Cecilia, and to dwell on her last moments in their saddest circumstances.

Cecilia had died with full consciousness of her approaching end. She had a horror of being put into the earth, and had begged her mother not to permit her to be buried in the church-yard. It was possible to be buried alive. From the grave there could be no deliverance. Under the Robber's Castle there was a deep, half ruined cellar. She begged her mother to have it repaired and consecrated to herself. In that there would no object of terror to her; she should still appear to be among the living. The unhappy mother had complied with the last request of her child. She and Julia accompanied me to the silent resting place of the departed.

The ruin lay a few hundred paces from the house. It occupied the precipitous termination of a huge rock. The way to it wound through a grove of ancient oaks, which had been drawn into the grounds of the mansion. The immediate neighborhood of the Castle had been converted, by the former possessor into a Park, that bore the character of the ruin that formed its centre, first, a gloomy depth of Pine and Hemlocks gradually sliding into soft lawns shaded by weeping willows. Next to the black precipice, dotted with purple and yellow moss, the birch waved its slender twigs. Lilac, wild Roses, Jessamine, Ivy and a thousand other shrubs, clustered round the ancient towers, to which a narrow and winding foot-path gradually ascended. But a new path, narrow and clean, led off on the left around the rock to the vault, the gate of which, of bronze tastefully designed, was open at a distance.

The distress of my companions had become more moderate during our walk, and I wished not to renew it by a visit to the vault. I therefore turned to the right, into the path that climbed the hill of the Castle, from which I had often gazed over the out lines prospect with pastoral. I was surprised by the alterations which my aunt had made during my long absence. She had availed herself of the walls which were still sound, to fit up several habitable chambers within. A bold staircase, with an iron railing, led up along the wall of an old watch-tower, into a Hall and from thence into two Gothic apartments furnished in the same taste. I opened the window, and it commanded a prospect of the same kind as that from the source of the Elbe, both the snow pits, the whole ridge of this venerable mountain, and a part of the fruitful Silesia bounded the prospect. Immediately before me, a still vale, shut out from all the world; below me, the grated entrance of the rock-vault of Cecilia.

In the chamber hung the portrait of my uncle; and by his side, that of Cecilia, who slept beneath our feet. Fair, beautiful, and blooming as the goddess of health, her smiling cheeks were dimpled to youthful innocence, her silken hair rolled in soft tresses round her head, and a white rose graced her swelling bosom. "That is she!" I said, struck with wonder at the beauty of the withered. "That was she!" said the mother, in a mournful voice. Julia turned away her head to hide the tears that gushed from her very heart. I observed a strong likeness between the sisters; but Cecilia was fair—Julia, a brunette.

The mother and daughter seemed to mourn afresh the loss of their beloved; and I therefore endeavored to lead the conversation away from the subject of their sorrows, and remarked upon the extremely tasteful arrangement of the apartments. In the adjoining chamber stood three beds. The mother had slept here the whole of last summer, with her two daughters. They told how happily they had spent their time here—how, every evening and every morning, new beauties had unveiled themselves in the enchanting prospect; and they gave me so glowing a picture of the pleasure they had enjoyed, that I begged permission, during the few days of my stay, to occupy these apartments, and to sleep in them.

The mother readily consented, but Julia asked whether I should not be afraid to sleep alone in these dreary ruins, and so near to the mansion of the dead? She said, that as often, and as willingly, as she visited the resting place of her sister, still she should find it impossible to spend a night

I answered that I had no fears; that there was nothing terrible to me in the neighborhood of her sister, and that against any living being my sword would protect me.

"Of that kind," said the mother, "you have nothing to dread. The wall extends, as you know, round the whole garden, and the door that leads into the public highway, is bolted in the inside. You have not seen the new road that has been cut through the mountain during your absence?" She opened the window, and pointed out the beautiful road that, issuing from the enormous rock masses above, wound close to the garden wall, and twining through the enchanting valley beneath, was lost in the distance among the deep green of the mountains.

From the bed-chamber a door opened into a long corridor that ran along the back of the Hall of the ancient Castle. In this corridor was the entrance into the Hall. It was yet in perfect preservation. I remembered it well from my youth, though it then appeared much more decayed. The large bow-window had been repaired, it had been now floored, and was furnished in the Gothic style. The enormous, old iron stoves still stood in their places, the four paintings on the wall were there, but had been re-touched, and looked fresher—a wolf hunt, two great battle pieces of feudal times, and a single combat for life or death. In the latter, especially, the character of ancient times was admirably preserved, and the effect was astonishingly grand.

The story told in this picture, has been thus described by the chaplain of the Castle, whose chronicle, written in monastic Latin, still exists: Sir Bruno lay, mortally wounded, by Sir Guithard, on the sand. The helmet was fallen from his head, and the blood flowed in broad streams from the veins in his neck, over his breast-plate. The dying Knight, struggling with the pains of death, raised his clenched fist towards heaven, his left hand grasped the earth, soaked with his life-blood.

The longer this picture was contemplated, the more the terror of the scene featured upon the imagination. The convulsions of the gradually dying limbs seemed visible; the rattling of the throat was almost heard. I stood long before the picture, and remarked its effect to my aunt and to John. They said that such was the impression it made upon them, that they seldom entered this Hall. "Alas!" said the mother, "so did not my Cecilia die. I still hear her dying moans, but they were the moans, the convulsions of a body which the soul had already left. She died a soft, a pious, and a happy death, and felt not the separation of her spirit from its habitation. Come away from this picture. It has never impressed me as it does to-day."

She went back into the corridor. At the end of it I observed a large door of iron. It was fastened with a strong staple and a bar across it, with a hasp, to which hung a large padlock. I observed that I had never seen that before. "In your time," said my aunt, "it was not here; it was put here by my late husband. It leads into an old square tower, formerly the Castle prison. The upper part of it is now a lumber room, in which all manner of furniture and rubbish is kept, which otherwise stood in our way." "But why guard it with an iron door, and such a heavy iron bar and lock? It looks as if my aunt had some treasure hid within." "So I have," replied my aunt, smiling; "it was my husband's idea, that when my daughters were grown up, we should spend the winter in Prague, and, when absent, we might secure our most valuable effects here, because this is the only place which is vaulted, and where they would be secure from fire."

Above this black door hung the portrait of the *pallid man*, which I had known of old. "And is old Leah still in existence?" said I, looking at the pious face, wan with incurable grief. As a child I had attached myself to this "bride of heaven," and had felt a secret sympathy with her sufferings, the history of which was then a riddle to me.

"Leah was," so says the old chronicler, "the daughter of a rich Count of the mountain. She was secretly betrothed to Sir Guithard, the former possessor of this Castle. Her father had destined her to another. As soon as he discovered this clandestine connexion, sanctioned only by love and by nature, he confined his daughter to a convent, and forced her to take the veil among the sisters of Saint Clara, at Breslau. Guithard enticed her away, and brought her to his Castle, but he could not prevail upon any priest to give her the nuptial blessing before the altar of that God to whom all secrets are known. Leah fell under the torture of a troubled conscience. She strangled her child at its birth, and died of self-administered poison." The story of her suffering and of her despair was written upon her features. It is said by the pain of the picture, and the tortures of hell in her bosom, she raises her murderous hands to the holy Virgin, and prays for mercy. The fruit of her love, a beautiful boy, lies dead at her feet. Bruno, the convulsed knight, in the picture on the wall of the Hall, was her father, the knight who had slain him was Guithard, thus terribly avenging the death of his child, and of his beloved. Ah, it was reported and believed in the whole neighborhood that Leah would not rest in her grave, and that the ghost of Bruno still walked. Persons were found who had heard at still midnight the pious song of the nun; and the groans and the death rattle of Bruno, who had destroyed his daughter, his grand child, and the happiness of Sir Guithard, had often terrified the [illegible]. I [illegible] were always guarded by the clang of arms, and it was the more concluded that Sir Guithard was still busy, and renewed the fatal combat which ended the life of the hard hearted father.

The Imperial Library at Paris, is about to open a [illegible] than the best heated one at the British Museum

No. 34

first sheet missing.

The Social, Civil, and Statistical Association of The Colored People of Pennsylvania open a subscription list to aid the freed men at Port Royal and other points where they may be located, and respectfully ask the co-operation of the colored citizens and others in this city, or elsewhere, in money or clothing.

Any amount of value received will be acknowledged, with the name of the donor, in the *Recorder*, where a constant record will be kept.

Subscriptions may be sent to Jacob C. White, at the office of the Lebanon Cemetery, 711 Lombard Street, and also to William Still, 107 North Fifth street, and to Rev. E. Weaver, 519 Pine Street.

PAID.

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It affords us pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of ten dollars, the proceeds of Miss Anna E Dickinson's lecture at Concert Hall for the contrabands, contributed to the S., C. and Statistical Association, to be applied as intended. Wm Still

Cor. Sec. of S., C. and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Penna.

Domestic Items.

The Scheme of Colonization—Interview between the President and a Committee of Colored Men—Remarks of the President.

WASHINGTON, August 14th.—This afternoon the President of the United States gave audience to a committee of colored men at the White House. They were introduced by the Rev. J. Mitchell, Commissioner of Emigration.

E. M. Thomas, the chairman of the delegation, remarked that they were there by invitation to hear what the Executive had to say to them.

Having all been seated, the President, after a few preliminary observations, informed them that a sum of money had been appropriated by Congress, and placed at his discretion, for the purpose of aiding the colonization in some country of the people, or a portion of them, of African descent—thereby making it his duty, as it had for a long time been his inclination, to favor that cause.

"And why," he asked, "should the people of your race be ostracised anywhere? Why should they leave this country? This is, perhaps, the first question for consideration.

"You and we are different races. We have between us a broader difference than exists between almost any other two races. Whether it is right or wrong, I need not discuss; but this physical difference is a great disadvantage to us both, as I think your race suffer very greatly, many of them, by living among us, while ours suffer from your presence. In a word, we suffer from each other.

"If this is admitted, it affords a reason, at least why we should be separated. You here are freemen, I suppose. (A voice—yes, sir!) Perhaps you have long been free, or all your lives. Your race are suffering, in my judgment, the greatest wrong inflicted on any people, but even when you cease to be slaves, you are yet far removed from being placed on an equality with the white race. You are cut off from many of the advantages which the other race enjoy. The separation of men is to enjoy equality with the best, when free, but on the broad continent not a single man of your race is made the equal of a single man of ours. Go where you are treated the best, and the ban is still upon you.

"I do not propose to discuss this, but present it as a fact which we have to deal with. I cannot alter it if I would. It is a fact about which we all think and feel alike, you and I. We look to our condition, owing to the existence of the two races on the continent. I need not recount to you the effects upon white men growing out of the institution of slavery. I believe in its general evil effects on the white race. See our present condition!—the country engaged in war—our white men cutting each other's throats, none knowing how far it will extend—and then consider what we know to be the truth. But for your race among us there could not be war. Although many men engaged on either side do not care for you one way or the other, nevertheless, I repeat, without the institution of slavery and the colored race as a base, the war could not have an existence. It is better for us both, therefore, to be separated."

I know that there are free men among you who, even if they could better their condition, are not as much inclined to go out of the country as those who, being slaves, could obtain their freedom on this condition. I suppose one of the principal difficulties in the way of colonization is, the free colored man cannot see that his comfort would be advanced by it. You may believe you can live in Washington or elsewhere in the United States, the remainder of your life, perhaps more so than you can in any foreign country, and hence you may come to the conclusion that you have nothing to do with the idea of going to a foreign country. This is, I speak in no unkind sense a extremely selfish view of the case. But you ought to do something to help those who are not so fortunate as yourselves.

There is an unwillingness on the part of our people, harsh as it may be for your free colored people to remain with us. Now, if you could give a start to the white people, you would open a wide door for many to be made free. If we deal with those who are not free at the beginning, and whose intellects are clouded by slavery, we have very poor material to start with. If intelligent colored men, such as I have before me, would move in this matter, much might be accomplished. It is exceedingly important we have men at the beginning, capable of thinking as white men, and not those who have been systematically oppressed.

There is much to encourage you. For the sake of your race you should sacrifice something of your present comfort, for the purpose of being as grand as that respect as the white people. It is a cheering thought throughout life something can be done to ameliorate the condition of those who have been subject to the hard usage of the world. It is difficult to make a man miserable while he feels he is worthy of himself, and claims kindred to the great God who made him. In the American revolutionary war sacrifices were made by men engaged in it. But they were cheered by the future. General Washington himself endured greater physical hardships than if he had remained a British subject. Yet he was a happy man, because he was engaged in benefitting his race—something for the children of his neighbors, having none of his own.

The colony of Liberia has been in existence a long time. In a certain sense, it is a success. The old President of Liberia (Roberts) has just been with me the first time I ever saw him. He says they have within the bounds of that colony between three and four hundred thousand people, or more than in some of our old States, such as Rhode Island or Delaware, or in some of our newer States, and less than in some of the larger ones. They are not all American colonists, nor their descendants. Something less than twelve thousand have been sent hither from this country. Many of the original settlers have died; yet, like people elsewhere, their offspring outnumber their deceased. The question is, if the colored people are persuaded to go anywhere, why not there? One reason for an unwillingness to do so is, that some of you would rather remain within reach of the country of your nativity. I do not know how much attachment you may have toward your race. It does not strike me that you have the greatest reason to love them. But still you are attached to them. At all events, the place I am thinking about having for a colony is Central America. It is nearer to us than Liberia. Not much more than one fourth as far as Liberia; and within seven days' run by steamers. Unlike Liberia, it is on a great line of travel, it is a high way. The country is a very excellent one for any people, and with great natural resources and advantages, and especially because of the similarity of the climate with your native land; thus being suited to your physical condition. The particular place I have in view is to be a great highway from the Atlantic or Caribbean Sea to the Pacific ocean; and the particular place has all the advantages for a colony. On both sides there are harbors, among the finest in the world. Again, there is evidence of very rich coal mines. A certain amount of coal is valuable in any country, and there may be more than enough for the wants of the country. Why I attach so much importance to coal is, it will afford an opportunity to the inhabitants for immediate employment till they get ready to settle permanently in their homes. If you take colonists where there is no good landing, there is a bad show, and so where there is nothing to cultivate and of which to make a farm. But if something is started, so that you can get your daily bread as soon as you reach there, it as a great advantage. Coal land is the best thing I know of with which to commence an enterprise.

To return: you have been talked to on this subject, and told that a speculation has been intended by gentlemen who have an interest in the country, including the coal mines. We have been mistaken in all our lives if we do not know that whites as well as blacks look to their self interests, unless among those who are entirely beyond the reach of any temptation. Everybody on earth has self interest to serve. You meet with these things here and elsewhere. If such persons have what will be made of advantage to them, the question is, whether it cannot be made of advantage to you. You are intelligent and know that such a one does not so much depend on external help as on self-reliance. Much, therefore, depends upon yourselves. As to the coal mines, I think I see the way made available for your self-reliance. I shall, if I get a sufficient number of you engaged, have provisions made that you shall not be wronged. If you engage in the enterprise, I will spend some of the money intrusted to me. I am not sure you will succeed. The Government may lose the money, but we cannot succeed unless we try. But we think, with care we can succeed. The political affairs of Central America are and in quite as satisfactory condition as I have known them to be in the country for the last year or two. There are contentions in that quarter, but it is true all factions are agreed alike on the subject of colonization, and want it, and are more generous than we are here. To your colored race they have no objection. Besides, I would endeavor to have you made equals, and have the best assurance you should have the equals of the best. The practical thing I want to ascertain is whether I can get a number of able-bodied men with their wives and children, who are willing to go when I present evidence of encouragement and protection. Could I get a hundred tolerably intelligent men, with their wives and children, "to cut their own fodder," as to speak? Can I have fifty? If I could find twenty-five able-bodied men, with a mixture of women and children—good things in the family relation—I think I could make a successful commencement. I want you to let me know whether this can be done or not. This is the practical part of my wish to see you.

These are subjects of very great importance—worthy of a month's study of a speech delivered in an hour. I ask you, then, to consider seriously, and pertaining to yourselves, not merely for your race and ours for the present time, but as one of the things if successfully managed, for the good of mankind, not confined to the present generation, but as

"From age to age descends the lay,
To millions yet to be.
Till far its echoes roll away
Into eternity."

The chairman of the delegation briefly replied that they would hold a consultation, and in a short time give an answer.

The President said, "Take your full time—no hurry at all."

The delegation then withdrew.

The Calm before the Storm.—The reticence of the rebels is attracting much attention, and many are endeavoring to interpret to the cause. With the exception of an occasional reconnoissance on the part of the Federal troops, and a few guerilla raids by the rebels, all is reported quiet along the entire line of the armies, North and South. Whilst we are on the eve of highly-important movements, distrust of the enemy's craft and real strength seems to hold our troops at bay. The rebels are looked for, but are not found. The enemy is making a grand movement, of which our Government is not fully apprised, but is using every endeavor to penetrate the rebs designs. Information from General Pope's headquarters, and that obtained by the recent reconnoissance of General Hooker to within ten miles of Richmond, would seem to indicate the stealthy withdrawal of troops from the front of that city. Evidently aware of the landing of a large force from the Army of the Potomac on the south bank of the James river, and the proximity and strength of the Army of Virginia, the rebels are concentrating upon the peninsula formed by the James and Appomattox rivers, with a view of making these rivers a second line of defence in front and rear, while Richmond and Petersburg are both being placed in a better state of defence, and the enemy is keeping the lines of retreat by railroad to Lynchburg and Danville open and protected. On either hand we hear of continual preparation, but no apparent desire to bring on renewed hostilities on a large scale.

Maryland.—The City Councils of Baltimore have passed resolutions requesting General Wool to administer the oath of allegiance to the residents of that city at as early a moment as possible.

Jefferson Davis and Gen. Pope.—Jefferson Davis has written thus to Gen. Lee:

The general order issued by Major General Pope on the 23d of July, the day after the signing of the cartel, directs the murder of our peaceful inhabitants as spies if found quietly tilling the farms in his rear, even outside of his lines, and one of his brigadier generals, Steinwehr, has seized upon innocent and peaceful inhabitants to be held as hostages, to the end that they may be murdered in cold blood if any of his soldiers are killed by some unknown persons, whom he designates as "bushwhackers."

Under this state of facts this Government has issued the enclosed general order recognizing General Pope and his commissioned officers to be in the position which they have chosen for themselves, that of robbers and of murderers, and not that of public enemies, entitled, if captured, to be considered as prisoners of war.

While these facts would justify our refusal to execute the generous cartel, by which we have consented to liberate an excess of thousands of prisoners held by us, beyond the number held by the enemy, a sacred regard to plighted faith, shrinking from the mere semblance of breaking a promise, prevents our resort in this extremity. Nor do we desire to extend to any other officers of the enemy the punishment merited alone by Gen. Pope, and such commissioned officers as choose to participate in the execution of his infamous orders.

The Rebel Steamer Sumter.—The steamer Sumter, captured at Memphis, is now being repaired at Cairo, and is said to be the fleetest vessel on the Western waters. One of her officers says she is a perfect monster, and, for speed, exceeds anything in the mud-scow line. She is over two hundred feet long—has two heavy guns and splendid quarters. The bulwarks are from thirty inches to four and a half feet thick, all covered with two thicknesses of railroad iron. She has two of the most powerful engines on the river—the cylinders being forty inches in diameter, and eight and a half feet stroke. Her cabins are fitted out in fine style, with carpets, oil-cloths, lounges bath-rooms, etc. The beautiful work about her gives evidences that Northern skill and mechanism have been chiefly employed in her construction. She was built in New Orleans.—*Scientific American.*

The New Tax Law.—The 1st of September is determined upon as the day on which the Internal Tax bill shall go into practical operation. The collectors and assessors will be appointed,—and whatever other business may be necessary will be done before the date fixed on by this notice, which is officially proclaimed.

Iron Cars.—The New York Central Railroad Company have now in use several iron freight cars, and have under construction an iron passenger car. Should the experiment prove a success, no more wooden cars will be constructed.

Death of an Eminent Divine.—The Rev. J. H. Thornwell, D. D., of Columbia, S. C., breathed his last at Charlotte, N. C., on Friday last, after a brief illness of typhoid pneumonia.

Drafting.—By order of the Secretary of War, drafting will begin on September 1st.

No escape from the Draft.—By the direction of the President of the United States, it is ordered that, until further ordered, no citizen liable to be drafted into the militia shall be allowed to go to a foreign country, and all Marshals, Deputy Marshals and military officers of the United States, are directed, and all police authorities, especially at the ports of the United States on the sea-board and on the frontier, are requested to see that this order is faithfully carried into effect.

The *Press* remarks:

The order of the War Department, that no citizen liable to military service shall attempt to evade such service by leaving the country, is designed to prevent no merely possible consequence. The evil which it proposes to remedy was, we are sorry to confess, not merely protective of contingent upon the ill-success of voluntary enlistments in any of the States. It is a disgraceful fact, which it would be useless to attempt to deny, that for weeks past—even before the order to draft had been promulgated—scores of wealthy citizens of the United States have been engaging passage to Canada, to avoid the most sacred obligations that can be due any government from its citizens—the duty of defending its assailed integrity.

Distressing Calamity—An Army Hospital Vessel Sunk on the Potomac.—The *Herald* has received the following despatch from the Potomac

AQUIA CREEK, VA., August 14th.—A collision occurred on the Potomac, last night, off Ragged Point, between the steamers Peabody and West Point, involving a loss of 72 lives.

The West Point was bound to this place from Newport News, with convalescent troops of General Burnside's army. She sank in ten minutes after the collision.

The Peabody brought the rescued soldiers and passengers to this point—and Brig. Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, of the Sixth New Hampshire Regiment, who was on board the ill-fated vessel, and in charge of the troops, I have obtained the following account of the disaster. He says:

We left Newport News on the 11th inst., with two hundred and fifty-four soldiers, four officers, three ladies, and one child. At Fortress Monroe we took on board seventeen men—making, in all, two hundred and seventy-nine souls. On Wednesday evening, the 13th instant, about 8 o'clock, when off Ragged Point, we were startled by a shock, and soon discovered that a [illegible] taken place between our steamer and another named the George Peabody, bound down the river.

The West Point began to leak very fast—and it was ascertained that she would sink in less than ten minutes.

The Peabody, which had been partially disabled by the collision, could render no assistance, except with her small boats.

Valuable assistance was rendered by Captains Biggs and Hall, and their assistants, quartermasters of Burnside, who were passing in the steamer John F. Ames, and by Acting Master Jaslyn, of the gunboat Reliance.

An unknown bark also rendered valuable assistance, and, by their combined efforts, 293 persons were rescued.

The West Point went down in four fathoms water, about one mile and a half from the Maryland shore, and nothing can be seen of her but her smoke-stack, masts, and some wrenched-up planks on her deck.

All her crew were saved, except one fireman, named John Russell.

The brief period during which the West Point remained afloat after striking, and the consternation which prevailed, prevented efforts to save all from being entirely successful.

Capt. Doyle and Lieut. Scott were the last to leave the vessel.

The number missing is 73, of whom a portion may be saved, as a number were picked up by small boats and schooners in the vicinity.

Colonels Corcoran and Wilcox Released at Last

WASHINGTON, August 16.—Colonels Corcoran, of the New York "Sixty-Ninth" Regiment and Wilcox, of the First Michigan Regiment, together with Lieutenant Colonel Brown and Major Rigers, reached Fortress Monroe this afternoon and were expected to start at once for Washington.

From the Army of Virginia—Another Mysterious Disappearance of Jackson.

IN CAMP, NEAR CEDAR RUN, August 18th.

Scouts report that there is no heavy force of rebels within ten miles of this point.

It is believed that Jackson has gone in some other direction, and may appear where he is least expected.

Evacuation of Harrison's Landing McClellan's Advance at Williamsburg.

FORTRESS MONROE, August 16th.—Harrison's Landing was evacuated by the Union troops this morning, and at about the same hour Gen. McClellan's advance arrived at Williamsburg.

All was quiet, and all the public property had been safely removed.

Hon Edward McPherson, of Gettysburg, has been re-nominated as the Union candidate for Congress.

Dr F A Muhlenberg, who presided at the great war meeting in Lancaster, is the only surviving brother of the late lamented Henry A Muhlenberg, of Berks county. It is interesting to note that all the members of the great Muhlenberg family, for many years leaders of the Democratic party, are among the most active and determined advocates of a vigorous prosecution of the war, and among the most determined opponents of Secession sympathizers.

A Severe Rejoinder.—Dr. F. A. Ross, who figured so conspicuously as the advocate of secession from the Constitutional Presbyterian Church, has recently turned up in the presence of General Rousseau, of our forces, as the defender of treason and rebellion. The charge having been sustained, he was leaving the General's tent under guard, when he remarked:

"Well, General, we must each do as we think best, and I hope we shall both meet in heaven."

The General, with a mixture of sternness and pleasantry, replied:

"Your getting to heaven, sir, will depend altogether upon your future conduct before we can reasonably hope to meet in that region, you and I must both become better men."

The effect of this brief rejoinder was irresistible—scarcely any of the spectators could refrain from laughter, and even the face of the reverend rebel relaxed into a smile.

United States Army Hospital at West Philadelphia.—The United States Army General Hospital at West Philadelphia is, in all respects, the most complete and extensive in the Union. Its location is close to the intersection of Forty-fourth and Pine streets—being the very highest position in the city. It is upon an eminence, thereby affording a fine view of the surrounding country, and, at the same time, possessing all that could be wished for it in a sanitary point of view.

There are 28 wards, 167 feet long by 24 wide—each of which will accommodate seventy patients. These wards are in two rows of fourteen each, twenty feet apart, and communicating with each other, and with the central or medical building by means of two corridors parallel to each other, 775 feet long, which are used for dining halls. Connected with each corridor, at the eastern end, are large buildings for kitchens, store-rooms, laundry, &c. There are also separate buildings for baggage, knapsacks, &c., and for guard barracks, besides numerous other out-buildings. There are one hundred and fifty hospital tents on the ground, which will accommodate nine hundred additional patients—also separate buildings for the cooking, laundry, dining-rooms, &c., of those occupying the tents.

The whole establishment covers a space of twelve acres, and will be enclosed with a fence fourteen feet high.

The wards are all on the first floor, being, in fact, a series of one-story buildings, ventilated in the most approved manner. The number of patients that can be conveniently accommodated at present is two thousand eight hundred and sixty.

The hospital is under the charge of Dr. Isaac I. Hayes, commander of the late Arctic Expedition, assisted by Dr. E. C. Iddings. The officers and attendants of each ward are a non-resident or consulting surgeon, who makes his visits every morning at half-past 10 o'clock, a resident assistant-surgeon, a medical cadet, a Sister of Charity, (matron,) a ward master, and a sufficient number of nurses.

The special advantages which constitute the superiority of this hospital may be summed up in a few words:

It has been built for the specific purposes to which it is applied, and is well adapted for such purposes. It is removed from the close air and constant tumult of the crowded city, and is located in a pleasant and salubrious place. It belongs to the Government, and is not merely rented, like other hospitals. It is intended to be a permanent institution. It is capable of being very greatly enlarged—indeed, it will speedily be extended. It is only one story high, all through, thereby having the chances of fire greatly reduced, with the certainty, in the event of such a calamity, of having the invalids readily removable. Its ventilation is of the very first order. Lastly, its situation removes the patients from the temptations of the city, which, in many cases, have been found most injurious to those who have lately risen from a sick bed.—*Press.*

Conciliating Rebels.—And how do you suppose the people of Virginia look upon the policy of conciliation? They despise it. They have said, in my hearing, that our government does not dare to treat them otherwise. And what course do they pursue in relation to this policy when they have it in their power to act? Let me state a characteristic fact. When in Middletown, in the valley, not many weeks ago, I passed near the residence of William Strother Jones, a major in General Ashby's rebel cavalry. While our forces held the valley, prior to Jackson's raid, a soldier was detached to guard the house and family of this Major Jones.

On the retreat of Banks, Major Jones had an opportunity of visiting his home. He found this soldier there on guard.

"What are you doing here?" demanded the major (with an oath) of the young man who had been defending his wife and chattels for him while he was off engaged in making war upon that Government which protected him.

"I am here as a guard to this property," answered the soldier.

"You are my prisoner," replied the rebel, and so he delivered the young Northerner a prisoner to the rebel soldiers accompanying him. The young man was a prisoner on parole the day I met him in the streets of Middletown, and I saw and read his papers, which corroborated the account given me as above of this transaction. That is just all the thanks we get for these acts of conciliation.—DR. TAPP.

Progress of the War.—There are indications that government is about to infuse new vigor into our military operations—that they are aware that the country is engaged in a real war, one that must be carried on in the usual way of conducting wars, if it is to be brought to a successful issue. The rebels are to be regarded as enemies, and the principle that those who are not for us are against us, is to be applied to all persons in the territory that is within our lines. Hitherto, even within the jurisdiction of our armies, it has been safer for the inhabitants to be sympathizers with the rebels than to be open Union men. But this thing is now to cease. The enforcement of the Confiscation and Emancipation law has been commenced with vigor. General Halleck has ordered General McClellan to impress and use as many negroes as he could get in any military duty for which they could be employed. He instructed him to make no inquiry as to whether they were slaves or free—or, if slaves, whether of disloyal or Union masters. He further directs him to seize every article of rebel property that can be made useful for the purposes of our army.

The government has an eye on the equivocal proceedings of Magoffin, the traitorous Governor of Kentucky. Summary measures will be taken should he make any attempt to "juggle" that State out of the Union.

Measures are being taken to organize a brigade for the defence of Washington from among the employees of the departments there. It is said that thousands of clerks there can be enrolled for that purpose without difficulty.

Beauregard is at Chattanooga, co-operating with Bragg. Their combined force is not less than seventy thousand

Obituary.

A EULOGY ON THE LIFE, CHARACTER AND DEATH OF HANNAH VANDYKE,

Late consort of Henry Vandyke, residing near Norristown, was delivered in the Norristown A. M. E. Church, by Rev. Henry Davis, from Revelations—14th chapter and 13th verse.

Sister Hannah was born in New Jersey, in the year 1810, and lived there ten years, and then she removed with her parents to Berks County, and from thence to Plymouth, Montgomery County. In the year 1826 she was married to Henry Vandyke, and in the year 1850 she embraced religion and joined the A. M. E. Church in Norristown, where she continued an honorable and worthy member until her death. She was an industrious, affectionate and an obedient wife. She was a loving and indulgent mother. She was a kind neighbor, a civil citizen, and much beloved by all who knew her—she was an exemplary Christian while she lived.

She was taken with her last illness in December, 1861, and lingered until May the 11th, 1862, when she expired.

She bore her affliction with great Christian fortitude, and then closed the mortal scene in the triumph of faith, in full hopes of a better resurrection and a blessed immortality beyond the grave.

"Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," &c.

HENRY DAVIS.

In Buffalo, August 8th, Mrs. ANN B. BRUCE, wife of the Rev. Charles Bruce, after a short illness, which she bore with patience, and, meeting death with a smile, she fell asleep in Jesus. D. D

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 18, 1862.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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ATLANTIC CITY, NEAR THE INLET

The subscriber will always be happy to welcome her numerous friends, and the public in general.

TERMS:

Board per week,	$6 00
" a day,	1 25
Single meals,	50

S. H. WAILES, *Proprietress.*

NOTICE.

To the friends of Religious Literature and human progress of the City and County of Philadelphia

This certifies that Miss Mary Still is a legally authorized agent for the City and County of Philadelphia, Penna., to solicit subscribers and donations for the Christian Recorder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

We, therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy, and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable, that those to whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to the great cause.

(Signed) ELISHA WEAVER.
Editor & General Book Steward.
No. 619 Pine St., Phila

BOARDING
IN BROOKLYN

MRS. S PLANT, (formerly Richardson,) respectfully announces that she has opened a first-class BOARDING & LODGING HOUSE at No. 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn—where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city, and within five minutes' walk of Fulton Ferry, is made thus a very desirable and convenient place.

BOARDING.

Mrs. AMIA WILLIAM, of Cape May, will open the Banker House for the season, for the accommodation of all who wish to spend the season there, and she will spare no pains to make all comfortable. Those wishing to spend one, two, or three days, will find the Banker House the right spot. Prices very reasonable. 1-sept

COAL, STOVES, &c., &c.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the store,

NO. 107 NORTH FIFTH STREET,

formerly occupied as the Anti-Slavery Office, (where he has been engaged for the last fourteen years,) to occupy it henceforth as a place of business for the sale of

COAL, STOVES, &c

Having made arrangements with one of the first Coal Dealers in the city, to furnish the best qualities of Lehigh, Schuylkill, &c., at the lowest Cash prices, he hopes to give full satisfaction in this branch of his business.

He will also keep constantly on hand a general assortment of good NEW and SECOND-HAND STOVES, FURNACES, &c.

Persons wishing Stoves taken down, stored away, put up, or cleaned, can be promptly accommodated by applying as above.

He hopes by energy and strict attention to business to obtain a fair share of patronage.

WM. STILL,
107 North Fifth Street, Philadelphia

REFERENCES.

J M McKim,	Dr Caspar Wistar,
Samuel Rhoads,	James Mott,
Dillwyn Parrish,	Thomas Williamson,
Prof. C D Cleveland	W H. Furness.

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Blacksmiths', Braziers', Dentists', and Foundry Bellows and Brushes of every description, always on hand.

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SEWING & GIBBS WILCOX & MACHINES.

Price with Hemmer and Feller,

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THIS MACHINE HAS POINTS OF SUPERIORITY PECULIARLY ITS OWN.

Stitching, Hemming, and Felling with a Single Thread

It forms a fast, even, and elastic seam, which is unsurpassed not to rip in wear, even if the seam is cut at frequent intervals, and also under all circumstances "possesses the seaming."

A Patented device of great utility to hemmers, prevents the possibility of the machine being run in the wrong direction, or the balance wheel running a lady's dress.

Another feature which deserves particular attention is the Thread Retainer Spring, causing no set trouble.

Two thousand stitches per minute, can be done on the same minute without dropping a stitch.

These machines are simple and accurate in their construction, as parcels the use of the shuttle; and with one thread perform the most beautiful results of the two thread machines and unite the elastic stitch, making it impossible for the seam to rip unless both the parts of the fabric sewed together rip. These machines they will accomplish double the sewing in a given time.

"It is emphatically the good, low priced Family Sewing Machine that the public have long been waiting for."—Boston Transcript.

"It is indeed a wonderful production, and its family use especially, no other will bear any comparison with it."—Philadelphia Sewing Journal.

"A mechanical wonder"—Scientific American.

"Among the best and most nervous the sewing machines. Light and elegantly finished, and so simple in its construction that it seems almost impossible for it to get out of repair."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

"It is entitled with its own peculiar merits all the really valuable improvements of the higher priced machines."—Pennsylvanian.

"It is no boy's toy, but a practical machine."—The Pilot.

"It is the most simple of all the machines we have seen, and the range of work it will perform is truly astonishing."—Saturday Evening Post.

"Taking into consideration simplicity, compactness, durability and doing all work, the committee were unanimously in favor of the Wilcox & Gibbs as a single thread machine."—Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society's Report.

"We can not, in justice, express our preference to the merits of the Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine. We consider that age at double reform has been compelled by it, to prove beyond doubt, that two threads are not, as was supposed necessary to a good fastening."—Christian Advocate and Journal Jan 2, 1862.

"We have one of these machines in use, and think more highly of it than any [illegible]."—Saturday Evening Post.

The undersigned having purchased the entire right of the above machine for the State of Pennsylvania, and a part of New Jersey, is now prepared to supply the trade with machines of the best quality, and warrant them to be perfect in every respect. Those wishing to purchase machines for their own use, or to sell again, will find it to their advantage to call at the office, No. 505 Broadway, New York, where they will be shown the machine in operation, and the terms made known. Any machine sold by us, if not entirely satisfactory to the purchaser, can be returned within ten days from the time of purchase, and the money will be refunded.

JAMES WILCOX, Manufacturer
No. 505 Broadway, New York,
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.

Advertisements.

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 10th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

From Garnet Union No 4, D. of T.; from Phœnix Union, No. 8, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 16, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Dr Bias' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 19, D. of T.; from Vanbrackle Union, No. 15, D. of T., of Norristown, Pa

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows.—

Gr and P., Sister Bennet, Grand Associate, Sister Harris, Grand Treasurer, Sister Fawcett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson. Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dunbar. Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall

G. P. P.,	Sister E. Rogers,	G. P. P.	Sister Anderson,
"	" E. Bowles,	"	" J. F. Black,
"	" M. H. Bundy,	"	" E. A. Clark,
"	" S. Newman,	"	" C. White,
"	" S. Davis,	"	" S. Hall.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY

THE STATED QUARTERLY MEETINGS of the Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August, and November.

The meetings of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the society.

Mrs. SARAH CARTER,
President.
Mr. L. R. SEYMOUR, Sec'y.

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T. C. having purchased the right to Reed's patent corpse preserver, he also prepared to furnish it to undertakers with the best room. May16 1y.

For the Christian Recorder

BUCKS COUNTY SS.—TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS MAY COME

I, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace, in and for the county of Bucks, do hereby certify that I am acquainted and know Emily Johnson (formerly Rodney, who was married to Samuel Johnson, who was married before William Hawk, Esq., of Bristol, Bucks County, as appears by record on his docket; and after careful examination and mature reflection, I feel myself fully safe in saying that the said Johnson had a wife living at the time he married the said Emily Rodney; and I further say that I have the evidence of Daniel Kemmons, (local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church) Charles Emmons, (Class leader) and Benjamin Cummings, (who is exhorter) that he had one or more wives living at the time he married the said Emily Johnson; and the evidence, on affirmation, of the said Emily Johnson, that he had a wife living at the time she married him, which, at the time she married him, she had no knowledge of

Affirmed and subscribed before me, May 5th, 1862. Wm Blakey J P } her Emily X Johnson, mark.

REV. LEWIS S. LEWIS'
FAMILY LINIMENT
IS PREPARED WITH GREAT CARE,
EXPRESSLY FOR FAMILY USE.

In composition is very simple, containing nothing that is injurious in any form, and there is no danger in its use from exposure to the weather. No family should be without it. Having a wish to benefit mankind in general, and those afflicted in particular—and having had recourse to the article in several cases of rheumatism, bunions, chilblains, and other lameness, is proving to be a remedy in every case—I therefore recommend it to the public.

CERTIFICATES.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov 27, 1861.

Rev. L. S. LEWIS—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with the rheumatism eleven years, during which time I tried almost everything, but received no sure relief. For the last four months my limbs and joints were so swollen, that at times I could not walk or use my slippers. I procured a bottle of your Liniment,

THE MOWING MACHINE AND THE BOBOLINK

As I write the birds are holding forth in musical babble, the children are chirping about, and various sounds of labor are giving base to those lighter sounds. There goes Mr. Turner, on his mowing-machine, riding like a prince in his chariot. It is one of Allen's best, and good enough. Two great white horses walk off with it. Rode like a prince, did I say? Why not? Every blade of grass bows down to him as he comes. The daisies fall before him. Red-top, timothy, blue grass, red clover, eurospsis, and other chance weeds make obeisance to him, as round and round the lot he rides in state, king of grass and grain! It is a strange victory over the meadow that is wrought out by mowing-machines! The poetry of the mower is all dashed. The musical whetting of his scythe is over. He is turned off into corners where the machine cannot go, and whacks up the tangled and lodged spots. Once, haying-time was the agony of the year. The farmer was held at the mercy of men and weather. Now, what cares he for men? His machine epitomizes ten men at the wages of one and a pair of horses. He holds ten acres in the palm of his hand.

I follow with quick steps the rattling, clattering machine. The long scissors-knife is hidden in the grass. The swath is cut apparently without an instrument. The grass rolls over toward the machine as if it were a fluid, and followed the wake of the machine as waves roll astern of steamboats. The air is cool and bright. The grass is wet with yesterday's rain and night dew. It sparkles with million drops of water winking at the sun. I like labor! Haying especially is very pleasant! It does not tire me to walk on this smooth-cut path, nor to look at the nimbly upset grass, nor to rejoice to see that villanous stalk of dock and that old torment of a thistle snapped up in a twinkling and pitched into the swath without a root. Alas! I fear that it *is* a root. If the stalk shall never find it again, I fear that I shall! These insidious, burrowing, creeping, ramifying, spreading, climbing, propagating and immortal thistle roots!—oh, why were they not put on the gladiolus, or the larkspur, or on some tender flower of much glory, whose hold on life we anxiously watch and nurse! What tough roots evil has in this world, while goodness can hardly be made to hold on to the soil.

Here is a Mrs. Bobolink, who has sailed around me for the last ten minutes, alighting on the ground with nervous tilting of tail and half flutter of wings. Now she springs into the air and sails to yonder apple-tree. Her black and white draped husband sits waiting for her. There is evidently a nest hidden in this grass, and younglings! Poor thing, your wiles and arts are now all against you. You would draw me away from the right spot, when you should show it to me. I would protect it. A stake and a little grove of grass should remain to hide your young till they can fly. But, now, I cannot imagine where the little brood hides, and all your running and flying, and jumping from one blade of grass to another, and trillings and exclamations, serve only to make the doom inevitable! See, the inexorable machine is coming! It spares nothing. Tell me, is the nest along the edge? It will clear a yard's depth close. Fool! to sit on that twig singing "pit-e-e," "pit-e-e!" I know it is a pity, but it can't be helped, if you will not show me! You think I have a prejudice against your husband because he wears a black coat! None in the world! It is because he changes his coat that I blame him! Here he comes to the North, in May, with a black coat faced with white, a great friend of both races, and famous in his public professions. To hear him discourse you would think him a very enthusiast for liberty! He sings on the wing. Few birds do that. That may be called improvisation. He cannot hold his peace. Out of the abundance of his heart he singeth, and can lose no time.

And yet, no sooner has he reared his little family of bobolinks, amid northern institutions, than off he goes to the rice swamps of Carolina and the reeds and fens of the south west, and changes his coat—not a feather of black left, but a russet brown—changes his voice, and his very name—and as a sober rice bird, conforms to the society of southern latitudes. Where are all your high-flown speeches now?—for shame on you! But, my dear Mrs. Bobolink, I don't blame *you*. You stick to your colors North and South. I believe that you are a dutiful, faithful, and affectionate wife, and I would take hold and help you out of his danger, and all the little future turnoouts in your nest, if you will stop your deluding ways, and come right to the point. For the last time, I ask you, where *are* they?

It is too late! Even while I was expostulating to you, the blade had cut sheer across the nest, and left you desolate. You know it, I see. Your flutter has stopped. You are mute. I am sorry for you.

But you are not alone in your misery. Just so are we poor wretches cut down every day by inexorable laws that come driving right along over hidden nests. The great globe itself is but a huge rolling machine that shears off to the very roots myriads of plans and hopes. Time carries an unwhetted beam of knives, that seem never to grow dull by shearing all things. Men and cities and nations and generations go down before it, and there is no escape. And did you expect, O poor birdie, to escape? Men have no advantage over you. They, too, are made desolate as in a moment. Nay; you will forget your trouble by to-morrow. Your troubles are only for a day. One sleep will brood on you and you will be well. Alas! men's sorrows will not cure so easily. Time curse some. Some it nourishes and increases. There is but one hospital, in which all can get well. It is the grave. All are healed there of whatever ill they had.—*Beecher.*

THE ROBBER'S CASTLE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF H. CLAUREN,

BY D. M. B. LATROBE, ESQ., APRIL, 1819.

CONTINUED.

All these stories, often repeated to me when a child by the villagers, were revived, not without some of their former effect upon my imagination.

"Poor Leah!" said my aunt, "after all, she was less miserable than I am: she lost her child before she knew his value, and she followed him in death!"

I was shocked at this expression of maternal anguish. "Aunt," I answered, "envy not the fate of this pitiable object. Murmur not against God! To you there remains one other lovely child; to *her*, no relief but a horrible death! Look at that pallid face! At the convulsive wringing of the hands of that kneeling figure. See the burning tears in those eyes, not daring to raise themselves to the sky; see the unutterable anguish painted upon those lips, upon which the last *ave Maria* seems to tremble, and the heave of that breast bursting with the remembrance of her father's curse! Let us go, let us go; I can not bear it; that miserable woman seems to stand before me, bearing the load of her incurable, eternal distress. Even in the features of the holy Virgin, there is no mercy, no pardon for her."

At that moment a heavy burst of thunder rolled over the ruins, and died away in the echoes of the deep glens of the Black Giant's Mountains. The storm that was collecting at my arrival, had now covered the heavens; the wind rose, and heavy drops of rain began to fall singly. We were obliged to hasten to the house, or we must have awaited the end of the storm in the Castle; and thus our visit to the vault of Cecilia was for this time deferred.

We had scarcely reached the house, before a heavy rain refreshed the parched earth, and cooled the atmosphere. In the court a thousand bubbles played upon the waters and burst as they arose. Broad lightnings flashed athwart the black clouds and glittered in the narrow dale, and an unceasing roll of thunder re-echoed by every rock, filled the air. The mountaineers are accused to this magnificent display of the powers of nature, that they hardly perceive it. To me it was again new: it filled me with an indescribable awe, for every new burst of thunder seemed to tear these eternal rocks from their very foundations. As soon as the rain ceased, my aunt ordered my baggage to be carried up to the ruins. I would now have given much, that I had never expressed a wish to spend the night, during my stay, among those decayed walls. Under me, the vault of Cecilia, next to me, the hall of the knight, the narrow corridor, the pale and miserable Leah, and the heavy barred iron door leading to the dungeons, in which many a tear of despair might have been shed. All this formed so appalling a neighborhood and such a contrast to the neat, cheerful, and friendly arrangements of the morning, that I would willingly have recalled my request. But I had once made it, and my aunt had taken it so kindly, that I proposed to fix my abode near the resting place of her Cecilia, that I could not retract.

"And so you intend to sleep in the ruins," said the old huntsman, as he took up the last articles of my baggage, my light cloak my pistols, and my sword.

"Yes, my good old Nicolas," said I.

"Well! I only had my thoughts, my dear Master. You must have more courage than I. Not that I am a coward, either. A hundred times have I watched alone, in a pitch dark night on the mountain, and have heard the fairies, and the elves, and the mountain spirits at work, and nothing could move me, for I am a good old man, and fear God, but yet I could not venture to sleep up there."

"Why not, old gentleman? Did not my aunt and her daughters sleep there all last summer?"

"Yes, indeed, and I, and George, and Henry, were also obliged to sleep there. But, now! I would not give you any uneasiness, not I, but since Miss Cecilia has been put in there, folks say that they have heard all sorts of things. And, indeed, I don't think all right with that Leah, neither, that murdered her child. And in the convent at Breslau, the convent of St. Clara, they know something about her, too. They say she is busy there, also."

The old man went away. I had attended to every word he said, but, a soldier, and desire my things to be brought back! I should have passed for the most arrant poltroon in the world.

Supper was announced. The steward and two clerks sat down with us: three powerful young fellows. I hoped to persuade at least one of them to give me his company at my quarters in the castle, and, therefore, endeavored to form an acquaintance with them. I led the conversation to the only subject to which their knowledge extended, to agriculture. We communicated to each other our ideas, and I obtained so far my end as to establish a feeling of interest in each other. After supper, while the ladies were for a moment absent, I hinted that it might be time to retire. I told them that I should sleep in the Castle, that beds were there ready, if they would favor me with their company; and that we might talk away an hour or two over a glass of Hungarian wine very agreeably.

But all three excused themselves with the most humble obeisances. The steward had still a good deal to write. One of the clerks always slept close to the strong box, and the other was obliged to be very early upon the farm to set the people to work. It was evident enough that these excuses were invented only to avoid the night's lodging in the ruins, and I was obliged to go up alone.

Then, indeed, I began to feel some degree of timidity. I felt an anxiety that I could not well explain. I abused myself as a fool; but I could not get over a secret dread that had seized me. The clock struck three-quarters past ten, and at last I was obliged to go.

My aunt ordered me a lantern. She said I should find two candles in my chamber, she had also taken care that wine and water were provided me, and in the morning, she and Julia would come up and breakfast with me. I went. The storm was passed. The heavens were overcast, and the moon wandering behind ragged clouds, seldom unveiled herself above the silent mountains whose summits were lost in the dark firmament. In the deep distance played occasionally the faint blaze of lightning. The branches of the trees hung low, weighed down by heavy rain drops, and the night breeze sighed in their tops. I took my way among the dark oaks, through the less dismal shrubbery, left Cecilia's vault on the left hand, and climbed the hill of the ruin, and the winding stairs half hanging in the air, with the lantern in my hand. I opened the small antechamber, stepped into the parlor, and from thence into my chamber. In haste I lighted my two candles, and bolted the door that led into the corridor. I also locked the door that led into the small ante chamber behind me, and now I thought myself safe. I could not sleep. I undressed myself, however, and opened the book case of my late uncle, that stood in the chamber. I hoped to draw off my attention from the anxious dread that had seized me, by reading. The first book I took up was a hymn book. I opened it and read:

"Why shudder'st thou, my anxious soul,
When thought of death assails thee?
O'er thee the grave has no control,
The clay, alone, that veils thee
Is cold corruption's prey; and must
From dust aris'n, return to dust."

I did not choose to read about death, put the book by, took another. It was "Elpinus von Sintenia." In them every book in the case devoted to recollections of mortality I said, and took up a third? It was a small pocket volume: a very curious account of the order of Knights Templars of the 14th century. The first page that I opened contained a description of the ceremonies performed at the sepulture of the brother of the order: a story which many of my readers who are acquainted with the history of Germany in those ancient times, must recollect. While living, the author had obtained the admiration of his contemporaries, as well by his writings as by his virtues and his rigid honor. I have the honor to be a member of the same family, but I never before knew that he was a Knight Templar. In the silence of this anxious night I had little expected that he would be called to my recollection, I therefore read with the deepest interest:

"The temple was hung with black: in the middle stood the coffin that contained the body of the brother that slept in death. Nine skeletons stood by the coffin, and held the lamps that faintly lighted the temple, with grimmering rays. On the coffin, near the head, lay a wreath of white roses, then the decorations of the order of Templars, and the naked sword of the departed. On the table was a death's head, and seven candlesticks in the form of sphinxes.

"The knights stepped forward silently clothed in black and wearing the crape of deep mourning. The Grand Master announced the object of the meeting,—to judge the dead that lay in the midst of them.

"'It is midnight,' he said, 'the grave is ready. Our brother has completed the course of his probation: let us see how he has performed it! Is there any among you who steps forward as his accuser?'

"A deep silence prevailed in the assembly. After a long pause, the oldest Brother stepped up to the head of the departed, prayed leave to speak, and began thus:

"'Brother Grand Master—Brother Knights! To man belongeth not the judgment of the dead! Give God the honor! He alone can reward; he alone can punish! He alone sees into the bottom of our souls, and knows our most secret deeds. If, therefore, Brother Grand Master, you call three times, Who will arise and accuse our Brother,—no Templar,—the column alone will answer your call, for we are all brothers in Christ our Lord.'

"'It is my duty, said the Grand Master, once more to ask, Brother Templars! ye are free members of our order. Speak, if you have aught to speak! Again a long silence, for no one spoke. Then the youngest of the templars stepped forward, and stood at the foot of the coffin, and said with a soft voice to the brothers:

He is gone from us, gone! and forever
Those halls he will never more tread,
He he crown'd with the wreaths that fade never,
Our brother, while here, our brother tho' dead.

"'Then,' said the Grand Master aloud; 'where there is no accuser, there is no judge! Doth none accuse him?' And the brothers bowed their knees, and said one and all, 'God is our Judge!' Then the Grand Master took up a heavy hammer of iron, and struck therewith three heavy blows upon a cross of iron and called to the assembly, 'Open the gates of death!'"

I had read thus far, and, hark! three blows were struck on the outside of my chamber. I started, and involuntarily shut the book. I listened a long time—all was silent. All illusion, said my reason. I had in imagination stood in the ranks of the templars; my fancy was excited, and I had internally heard a knocking which had not reached my external organs. I forced myself to be satisfied with this explanation of the case, and took up again the old book, which had exceedingly interested me, in order to read further.

"And the Brother apprentices rolled away the cap from the left side of the coffin, and behold there was an Ian upon grave. The three youngest brethren then descended the edge of the grave with fresh leaves of white and red roses. While they were thus employed the Grand Master said 'Brother Masters! Answer what I ask you. When will God pronounce judgment upon the dead?'

First Master.—At the last judgment.

Grand Master.—Who will have to be the accuser?

Second Master.—His conscience!

Grand Master.—Who his advocate?

Third Master.—None!

Grand Master.—Who will have mercy?

Fourth Master.—None!

Grand Master.—None?

Fifth Master.—God is our Judge.

Grand Master.—Is not God, almighty?

Sixth Master.—And He is just!

Grand Master.—Hear it, Brother Templars! God is just. Bow down then your will to His law.

Seventh Master.—The grave is prepared. Lay your brother upon the lap of his mother!

Then struck the Grand Master with his iron hammer upon the iron cross. The Brothers kneeled in silence around the grave, and kissed the earth."

Again I heard three knocks, plainer than before, and a low sobbing followed this ominous knocking. I heard both distinctly. It sounded as if iron struck upon iron. I stared wildly at the door leading to the corridor, for the sound had proceeded from thence. At that moment I heard a strong, long drawn, rattling, as if proceeding from the throat of the dying. I became immovable; all my blood seemed to fly to my heart; my breast felt as if ready to burst. Unconsciously I had seized the light, I wanted to rush into the corridor, but a nameless panic held me back.

How can I in this manner lose all self-possession? said I to myself, half aloud. I collected myself and endeavored to compose my thoughts. The knocking, and the sobbing, and the rattling, what is it, after all? It is absolutely nothing. I again took up the book bound in black velvet. I resolved to read through the account of the funeral, and then to go to bed. A cold feeling crawled over my skin, but I pretended to myself not to feel it. I took my book, opened it where I had left off, and read further.

"Then the apprentices lifted the lid from the coffin. There lay the dead wrapped in his white shroud. His hands and feet were bound. His temples were crowned with laurel and with vine leaves, upon his breast lay a golden cross richly studded with diamonds, upon his heart a bunch of fresh violets.

"'Brother Apprentices,' said the Grand Master, 'do as I command you, and answer what I ask. What means that wreath of laurel and of vine leaves?'

First Apprentice.—'Man is created to honor and to joy.'

Grand Master.—'A higher destiny awaits him above the stars. The laurel and the vine leaf fade. Take away the wreath.'

And the Apprentices took the wreath from the temples of the dead.

Grand Master.—'What means the golden cross?'

Second Apprentice.—'Man struggles to obtain riches and splendor.'

Grand Master.—'In what state was man born?'

Third Apprentice.—'Without any metal.'

Grand Master.—'So let him also return to the dark grave, without splendor, as poor as he came hither. Take away the gem.'

And the Apprentices took away the golden, richly studded cross, from the breast of the dead.

Grand Master.—'Why are his hands and his feet bound?'

Fourth Apprentice.—'To signify that none here below is free from the chains of his senses.'

Grand Master.—'Death has broken the chains of his senses. Unbind the dead.'

And the Apprentices unbound him.

Grand Master.—'What mean those violets on his breast?'

Fifth Apprentice.—'The love of his brethren has thus bedecked him. In life he was humble and modest. Such only are rewarded in heaven.'

Grand Master.—'Are ye certain that our Brother is dead and prepared to sleep the sleep of the grave?'

Then the sixth apprentice took him by the hand and said, 'The flesh leaves the bone, the skin slips from the flesh; he is dead!'

Grand Master.—'How is his grave prepared?'

And the seventh apprentice stood on its edge, looked down into the grave and said, 'Dark! deep! narrow! and cold!'

Grand Master.—'Brothers, Companions, pay the last duties to your Brother, give him the fraternal blessing, for he stood in the midst of you!'

Then the first Companion laid his right hand upon his head and said, 'Brother Companion! Fare thee well. If to the best of thy power thou hast collected the fruits of wisdom, rest with God!' The second laid his right hand upon his eyes, and said, 'Fare thee well, if thou hast seen with indulgent eyes the weaknesses of thy fellow creatures.' The third laid his hand upon his face, and said, 'God wrote good upon thy features! Blessed are thou if thy face has never deceived thy brothers.' The fourth laid his hand upon his mouth, and said, 'Silent in the grave! Closed are thy lips! light lie the earth upon thee, if thou hast never injured thy brother with thy tongue.' The fifth folded both his hands upon his heart,—'Alas, this pious heart has ceased to beat. My friend, my brother, fare thee well. We live only to die; to those only who have lived like thee, is death welcome. This is the reward of virtue; to the virtuous, death has no terrors.' The sixth laid his right hand upon his feet, and said, 'He who here walks upon the path of virtue, passes through the night of terrors, safely to the kingdom of grace.' Lastly, the seventh laid hold of the right hand of the dead, and said, 'Painful and toilsome has been thy labor on the rough ashlar. God calls thee to labor in a higher sphere. For the last time thy Brothers grasp thy hand. Sleep softly thy long sleep. Above, in the splendid courts of the temple of God, we shall be again united.'

Then the apprentices put the lid upon the coffin and closed it with seven nails. The Masters in the meantime sing to solemn music, '*se recordare Domine, per tua illius dum venerit judex sæculum per ignem.*'* Then the assembly struck up the *de profundis*, while each in his turn stepped forward and sprinkled the coffin with holy water, and said, 'Dead Brother to this world, thou now livest unto God.'

An invisible choir struck up the *Libera*. All lights were extinguished but that of the Grand Master. The brethren, masters and companions, laid themselves in the form of a cross upon the earth, and prayed silently. The brothers apprentices in the meantime let down the coffin, slowly, and silently into the grave, and the Grand Master lifted three times the iron hammer and let it fall three times upon the cross of iron, and said, 'I bless thee, to the name of the Triune God, in the name of the ancient and venerable order of Templars; in the name of this Lodge of Masters, Companions and Apprentices.'"

At that moment again, three knocks were heard with out, so loud and distinctly, that I shrunk together with terror, and could scarce move a limb. It sounded like iron upon iron: and this time it could be no illusion, I had heard it too plainly. I lost my breath, my hair stood on end, and a chill ran through all my bones. Hark! another sob, but weaker than before! My eyes became fixed, and my hands were clenched together convulsively. My reason was now overcome. I began to admit the belief that it was possible that the spirits of the dead might appear. I struggled against the opinion, but terror forced me to yield.

* The same ceremonies were performed by the "Pothers of Death," at the funeral of a member of their terrible order.

A SINGULAR DEFENCE.

A gentleman followed by a servant in livery, rode into an inn in the west of England one evening a little before dusk. He told the landlord that he should be detained by business in that part of the country for a few days, and wished to know if there were any amusements going on in the town to fill up the intervals of time. The landlord replied that it was their race and assize week, and that he would, therefore, be at no loss to pass away his leisure hours. On the gentleman's making answer that this was fortunate, for that he was fond of hearing trials, the other said that a very interesting trial for robbery would come on the next day, on which people's opinions were much divided, the evidence being very strong against the prisoner; but the man himself persisted resolutely in declaring that he was in a distant part of the kingdom at the time the robbery was committed.

The guest manifested considerable anxiety to hear the trial; but as the court would probably be crowded, expressed some doubt of getting a place. The landlord told him that there could be no difficulty in a gentleman of his appearance getting a seat; but that to prevent any accident, he would himself go with him, and speak to one of the beadles. Accordingly, they went into court the next morning, and through the landlord's interest with the officers of the court, the gentleman was shown to a seat on the bench. Presently after the trial began.

While the evidence was proceeding against him, the prisoner had remained with his eyes fixed on the ground seemingly very much depressed; till on being called on for his defence, he looked up, and seeing the stranger, he suddenly fainted. This excited some surprise, and it seemed, at first, like a trick to gain time. As soon as he came to himself, being asked by the Judge the cause of his behaviour, he said:

"Oh, my lord, I see a person who can save my life; that gentleman," pointing to the stranger, "can prove I am innocent, might I only have leave to put a few questions to him."

The eyes of the whole court were now turned upon the gentleman, who said he felt in a very awkward situation to be called upon, as he did not remember ever to have seen the man before, but that he would answer any question that was asked him.

"Well, then," said the man, "don't you remember landing at Dover at such a time?"

To this the gentleman answered that he had landed at Dover not long before, but that he could not tell whether it was on the day he mentioned, or not.

"Well," said he, "but don't you recollect that a person, in a blue jacket and trousers, carried your trunk to the inn?"

To this he answered that of course some person had carried his trunk for him, but that he did not know what dress he wore.

"But," said the prisoner, "don't you remember that the person who went with you from the inn had told you a story of his being in the service, that he thought himself an ill-used man, and that he showed you a scar he had on one side of his forehead?"

During the last question, the countenance of the stranger underwent a considerable change. He said he certainly did recollect such a circumstance, and on the man's putting his hair aside, and showing the scar, he became quite sure that he saw the same person. A buzz of satisfaction now rang through the court; for the day on which, according to the prisoner's account, the gentleman had met with him at Dover, was the same on which he was charged with the robbery in a distant part of the country. The stranger, however, could not be certain of the time, but said that he sometimes made a memorandum of dates in his pocket book, and might possibly have done so on this occasion. On turning to his pocket-book, he found a memorandum of the time he landed, which corresponded with the prisoner's assertion. This being the only circumstance necessary to prove the *alibi*, the prisoner was immediately acquitted, amidst the applause and congratulations of the whole court. Within less than a month after this, the gentleman who came to the inn attended by a servant in livery, the servant who followed him, and the prisoner who had been acquitted, *were all three brought back together to the same jail for robbing the mail.* It turned out that this clever defence at the trial was a scheme skilfully arranged by the thief's confederates to obtain the release of their accomplice.

THE TIMES ON OUR TARIFF.

Monday's *Times* contains an article which you will doubtless have seen before this reaches you, on the new American Tariff. After flinging its usual quantity of filth upon the American Government, it depicts the sad condition to which American households, workshops, and farms will be reduced by the want of English implements, in the most lugubrious terms. We are to have knives that will not cut, guns that will not go off, ploughs and harrows that will go to pieces in the first furrow, steam-engines that will burst every day, and locomotives always running off the track. If the *Times*' capacity for lying were not so well known that we are sure the writer of this article is only seeking to throw dust in the eyes of his English readers, we should laugh at his stupidity and ignorance. The very press on which this diatribe is printed is an American press. The reaping-machines which got in the British harvests are of American invention. The sewing-machines in use in the Queen's apartments and in the tailor shops are American machines. The list might be indefinitely extended; but the British people generally, will nevertheless believe the *Times*, and imagine that neither cutlery nor cloth can be made in America. Some time since I stepped into a cutler's shop in Liverpool to buy a pen-knife. The knives he showed me had ugly and awkward handles. I took out my own American made pocket-knife, which had a handle of vulcanized India-rubber, beautiful in form, and solid as ebony. "Have you any like that?" "Sir," said he, "that is made of bone; I have gone like it." "It is not bone, but India rubber." The man looked at me, and smiled as though I were cheating him. "It is an American knife," said I, "and the handle is certainly of rubber." "Hah!" said he, "that is no American knife; it was made in Sheffield." I showed him the maker's mark, but it was no use. He stuck to it that no such knife could be made in America, that the American mark was put upon it to order by the Sheffield maker; and that it was a bone handle. Argument was useless; the man knew his own trade, and that was enough.—*Dr. M'Clintock, in the Methodist.*

CAUSE OF HEALTH AND VIGOR.

The following from the Manchester (England) *Alliance News*, describes the habits of a distinguished literary veteran, William Howitt, who has maintained remarkable health and vigor, both of mind and body:

"I am temperate, because I have seen and felt the good policy of it. As a literary man, if I had fallen in with ordinary literary habits, I should not have been sitting here to write about the advantages of temperance. If I had lived as a majority of literary men of this age, as "a man about town;" if I had lived in town, and kept the usual late hours, and passed evening after evening in hot, crowded rooms, breathing the deadly poison of physical effluvia, gas and air deprived of its ozone; if I had eat over the bottle at late suppers, fashionably called dinners; and, in short, had "jollified," as my literary contemporaries call it, I should have been gone 30 years ago.

As it is, I have seen numbers of literary men, much younger than myself, dying off like rotten sheep—some of them in their early youth, few of them becoming old. They have acquired great reputations; for, if you take notice, they who collect about the press, and jollify with one another, and cry up one another as prodigies, are the men who become most popular, and "verily they have their reward."

They reap much money and much temporary fame, but at what price do they purchase it? At the cost of bodily as well as mental comfort; at the cost of life itself. For my part, seeing the victims of "fast life" daily falling around me, I have willingly abandoned the temporary advantages of such a life, and preferred less popularity, less gains; the enjoyment of a sound mind in a sound body; the blessings of a quiet domestic life, and a more restricted but not less enjoyable circle of society.

And now a word on work. Those who imagine that I only wag a goose-quill mistake a little. In that department indeed, I have perhaps done as much work as any man living. Often in early years, I labored assiduously sixteen hours a day. I never must walking three or four miles or more, in all weather. I work hard in my garden, and could hire a tolerable man at that sort of thing. During my two years' travel in Australia, when about 60, I walked often under a burning sun of 120 or 130 deg. at noon my twenty miles a day for days and weeks together, worked at digging gold in great heat, and against young active men, my twelve hours a day, sometimes standing in a brook. I waded through rivers—for neither man nor nature had made bridges—and let my clothes dry upon my back; washed my own linen, and made and baked my own bread before I ate it; slept occasionally under the forest tree; and through it all was as hearty as a roach!"

"IVORY BUST.—Louis Philippe. (Executed by Machinery.") "Dear me!" exclaimed a country visitor to the International Exhibition, on reading the above description in the Official Catalogue of the Fine Arts Department, "dear me! I had no idea he was guillotined."—*Punch.*

Family Circle.

CAPTAIN CHARLIE.

"Mother, mother!" called an earnest voice, "May I drill my company on the lawn out here?" and Charlie Aymar sprang across the piazza to the window where his mother sat at work, impatiently tapping his wooden gun on the floor, as he stood awaiting her answer. Mrs. Aymar looked up; a group of ten or twelve boys, resplendent in paper hats and scarlet-striped trowsers, and bristling with tin swords and bayonets, stood by the gate, anxiously awaiting the desired permission.

It was cordially granted, and Captain Charlie, distinguished by a bright-colored flannel patch on each shoulder, in lieu of epaulettes, sprang lightly down the steps, and placed himself at the head of his company. "Right-about-face—forward—march,"—and in a few moments the "American Guards," as they called themselves, stood on the lawn, drawn up in grand array, the lieutenants indicated by yellow stripes on the shoulder, and the corporal by a flaunting peacock's feather in his hat.

The American Guards performed their evolutions in a wonderful manner, a style peculiar to themselves, Charlie ringing out his orders in a clear, distinct voice: "Shoulder arms—present arms—charge bayonets!" This last movement was to have been executed in a very effective manner; but, unfortunately, the second lieutenant was so carried away with excitement that he mistook the right for the left, a mistake that occasioned some confusion in the ranks. Again and again the charge was given, but every time the little lieutenant went in the wrong direction, followed by two or three others, who thought they were bound to attend him.

Charlie scolded very hard, and at last quite lost his temper, and if his mother had not been within hearing, I fear that he would have given vent to his anger in some very hard words. The soldiers looked quite cross at being spoken to in such a harsh way, and affairs between captain and command were getting doubtful, when Mrs. Aymar's interference restored order and good humor.

"Well," said Charlie, "we will give up the old bayonet charge. Can you execute a grand advance and flank movement?" The boys all cried, Yes. So Captain Charlie formed his plans accordingly, the enemy being represented by a clump of rose bushes. The cry of "Forward," was given, and on dashed the American Guards, threatening destruction to every thing that came in their way; but, from some unknown cause, a panic seized two boys in the rear, and the advance proved a failure.

Captain Charlie's brow looked rather dark, as he formed his company for a new trial; and after repeated directions, again the order to advance was given. He had miscalculated the ground, however, and seeing that they were nearing the fence rather fast, ordered a halt; but the American Guards were dashing on at too rapid a rate to heed the order at once, and, being suddenly brought up by the fence, tumbled one over the other in a most unsoldier-like manner.

The captain's temper got the better of him, then. He scolded right and left, threw his gun at the corporal's head, and there is no knowing how far he might have gone, had it not been for the timely appearance of his mother, who, in a few pleasant words, dismissed the disorganized soldiers, and sent the unfortunate captain to the house to be court-martialled for unofficer like conduct. Charlie followed him in their to the parlor, and flinging his hat and sword in the corner, sat down looking very cross. "My son," said Mrs. Aymar, brushing back the curls from his heated brow "did you know that you are not fitted to command others, until you can command yourself? A little patience would have obviated all your trouble. Do you know this text, 'He that ruleth his spirit, is better than he that taketh a city?' Did you ever read that our Lord was famed for military prowess, for conquered cities, or vanquished countries? Yet how infinitely higher he stands than all the conquerors of the earth, because he obeyed the higher law; he ruled his spirit."

Charlie sat still for a long while, thinking of his mother's words, and I think that they made a deep impression on him.

N. Y. Chronicle.

KEEP THE BRAIN FALLOW IN CHILD HOOD

When we are considering the health of children, it is imperative not to omit the importance of keeping the brain fallow, as it were, for several of the first years of their existence. The mischief perpetrated by a contrary course, in the shape of bad health, peevish temper, and developed vanity is incurable. Some infant prodigy, which is a standard of mischief throughout the neighborhood, misleads them. But parents may be assured that this early work is not, by any means, all gain even in the way of work. I suspect it is a loss; and that children who begin their education late, as it would be called, will rapidly overtake those who have been in harness long before them. And what advantage can it be that a child knows more at six years old than its compeers, especially if this is to be gained by a sacrifice of health, which may never be regained? There may be some excuse for this early book-work in the case of those children who are to live by manual labor. It is worth while perhaps to run the risk of some physical injury to them, having only their early years in which we can teach them book knowledge. The chance of mischief, too, will be less, being more likely to be counteracted by their after life. But for a child who is to be at book-work for the first twenty-one years of its life, what folly it is to exhaust in the least its mental energy, which, after all, is its surest implement!

Pittsburg Markets.

APPLES.—From 75@1.25

ASHES.—Pots, 4@4½; Pearls, 5½@5¾; Soda-ash, 2@2½.

BREAD.—Water crackers, ₱ pound, 6c.; Butter do. 7c.; Sugar do. 8c.

BEANS.—Small white, 1.25@1.50 ₱ bus.

BROOMS.—Common to fancy, 1.25@2.50 ₱ dozen.

BUCKETS, &c.—Buckets, per dozen, 1.50@1.75; Tubs, per do. 2.50.

BUTTER.—Fresh roll, 8@9c. ₱ pound; packed, 7½@8c.

BACON.—Plain hams, 6@7c.; sugar cured, 7½@8c.; sides, sugar cured, shoulders, 4½@5, country 4c less.

CHEESE.—Western Reserve, 6@7. Goshen, 10.

CANDLES & SOAP.—Dipped, 10c.; Mould, —; Adamantine, 18c.; Rosin Soap, 4½c.; fancy, 10c.

COTTON YARNS, &c.—Cotton Yarn, ₱ pound, from Nos. 5 to 10, —— and one cent advance each No.; cotton chain, —— colored do. —— cotton wick, batting, fancy do. ——.

CORDAGE.—Rope, per ton, 150@160.

DRIED FRUIT.—Apples, ₱ bushel, 1.50@2.00. Peaches, 2.50@3.00.

DRIED BEEF.—10@12½ ₱ pound.

EGGS.—Barrel or box, 8c.@c. ₱ doz.

FLOUR.—Superfine, (from store), 4.10@4.15; Extra, 4.00@4.10, Extra family, 4.25@4.37½. Rye, 2.87½.

FEATHERS.—Fresh, 35c@40c. ₱ pound.

FISH.—Large No. 3 Mackerel, 8.00@8.50, Baltimore Herring, 6.00; Lake Fish, ——@——; Codfish, 4c@6c.

FEED.—Sales of feed at 55c@70 ₱ 100 pounds.

GRAIN.—Wheat, Red, 90c@1.00; White, 1.00@1.15. Rye, 45c@46. Oats, 27c@28. Corn, 35c@40.

GLASS.—City brands, sales 2.75 prices 3.00@3.12½. Country brands, sales, 2.25, hold 2.75.

GROCERIES.—Sugar by the barrel, 8c@9; hhd. —@——. N. O. Molasses, 45c@47. Golden Syrup, 75c@——. Coffee, 20c@21. Rice, 7@8c.

HOMINY.—3.00 ₱ barrel.

HAY.—Sales at Scales, $12@15 ₱ ton.

IRON.—Common bar, 2½@2½c; Blooms, ——; Pig Metal, $22@26.

LARD.—No. 1, 7@8c.

LEAD, &c.—Bar, 6c.; Pig, 7c. Shot, ₱ bag, 2.25@2.50.

LEATHER.—Sole, 23@24c.; Upper, per dozen, $28@——.

LIME.—Louisville, ₱ barrel, 1.25@——.

NAILS, &c.—10d. ₱ keg, 3.25, with pro rata advancement. Cut spikes, 4.50 ₱ keg, for 3 to 4½ inch.

NAVAL STORES.—Turpentine, ₱ gallon, 1.50. Rosin, ₱ barrel, ——@——; Tar, ₱ barrel, ——.

OILS.—Linseed, 75 ₱ gallon; Tanners', ——; Lard, ——.

POTATOES.—40@50.

POWDER.—Rifle, 7.25 ₱ keg; Rock, 4.50.

RAGS.—Mixed, 3c.

SALT.—No. 1, 1.75 ₱ barrel; Extra, ——@——.

SHEETINGS.—Nos. 1 and 2, ——@9½ ₱ yard.

SKINS.—Flaxseed, 1.60@——₱ bushel; Timothy, 4.75@2.00; Clover, 2.75@4.50.

TALLOW.—Rough, 5c.; rendered, 6@7.

WHITE LEAD.—No. 1, 2.50 per keg.

WOOL.—Coarse, 42c.

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Poetry.

SABBATH HYMN.

Glory to the glorious One,
God and great, our God alone,
Who thus day hath glorified,
First and best of all heads,
Making it for every clime,
Of all times the sweetest time.
From the beginning, day of days,
Set apart for holy praise;
When he bade the willing earth
All its hidden stores bring forth,
When he gave the shining heaven,
Then to man this day was given.
On this day the Son of God
Left his three days' dark abode;
In the greatness of his might,
Rising to the upper light.
On this day the church puts on
Glory, beauty, robe, and crown.
On this day of days the Lord,
Faithful to his ancient word,
On his burning chariot borne,
Shall his majesty return.
King of kings, he comes in might,
From his heavenly home of light.
To his own Jerusalem,
Old Judea's brightest gem,
To the hill of Jebus, see,
King Messiah, cometh he;
With his cross to bless and save,
With his cross to spoil the grave.
He shall speak, and earth shall hear;
Reeding rocks shall quake with fear.
And the waking dead shall come
From the silence of the tomb,
Shaking heavens and shattered earth
Then shall rise to second birth.
To the kingdom promised long,
With his shining angel-throng,
Righteous vengeance to fulfil,
Recompense for good and ill,
Adam's race from dust to call,
Lo, he cometh, Judge of all!
Then the glory to his crown!
Then the kingdom and the crown!
Then the sinner's hope shall close,
Then begin his endless woes;
Then he knocks, but knocks in vain;
Who shall break his iron chain;
Earth is fleeing, fleeing fast,
And its beauty fades at last;
O beloved, then, awake,
Bonds of carnal slumber break;
Wake, beloved, watch and pray,
While remains us one hour of day!
Death is cometh—oh beware!
Judgment cometh—oh prepare!
Steadfast, steadfast let us stand,
For the judge is nigh at hand;
Steadfast let us rest each night,
Steadfast wake at morning light.

From the Syriac of Ephraem.

For the Christian Recorder.

A VISIT TO THE SOLDIERS' CAMP.

Last Sunday, two ladies and myself took a walk to the soldiers' camp in Woodbury. It is pleasantly situated at about a quarter of a mile from the A. M. E. Church, fronting the road. The Camden and Bridgeton cars pass near by them. Their regiment was nearly, if not quite, full. A very large number came to see them. There were a number of tents, and all that I could see in the most of them was a bundle of straw for their bed and a small stand in the middle. Some few looked to be more comfortably furnished. The volunteers appeared to be very civil. Some of them were marching around, and others standing and sitting, while some were engaged in preparing their supper. We had not been there long before a great many of them started towards a grove where they were to have a meeting. We thought we would go and hear the sermon. They were addressed by a Methodist minister. He had his text from Proverbs iv. 5. They commenced by singing the hymn,—

"Come, thou fount of every blessing."

After singing they had prayer, and then the sermon, which was very interesting. The soldiers formed a circle, and seated themselves on the ground, seeming very attentive. It reminded me more of Christ preaching to the multitude than anything else that I could compare it to. It is a serious thought to think that these men have left their happy homes and families. Many of them have left to meet with them no more, and came to endure the hardships of a soldier. They have enlisted to fight under the flag of the Union till they fall a bleeding victim of death. They must feel a great deal more bound to the honor of their country than they are to the commands of God.

MARY MANLEY.

Woodbury, August 21st, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

HARRISON'S LANDING.

MR. EDITOR:—Brethren and Friends:—The army on the James River received orders to march. Their destination is unknown to me, as I am about leaving this part of Dixie's Land, and am now resting in the General Hospital, Charlestown city, opposite Prince George county, with a sick officer of our camp, waiting for the day when we shall move towards home. I thought it would gladden the hearts of my dear brethren to know my whereabouts. As I am writing, I am informed that the steamer on which the officer and myself are to embark, is going to Fortress Monroe, and not to Boston as was expected. Furthermore, all the Union troops are now starting up the road. This being a fact, I will pause awhile.

On Friday, at 6 o'clock, P. M., I am at Norfolk, Va. I find many contrabands at this place, but they are unsettled. They are like the ancient Israelites, having no continuing city. The poor people are much distressed about it. Some sing and pray, while others dance and swear; some laugh, others cry. As they are thus unsettled, it would profit nothing for me to remain at Norfolk. After passing the night in this beautiful city, I left for Fortress Monroe, which is about 50 miles, or a travel of an hour and a half on the boat from Norfolk. Arriving at Fortress Monroe about half past 6 o'clock, A. M., I find the same state of things with our people. Though they have much religious instruction by our white friends, I am glad to know, from good authority, that the benighted slaves are as much susceptible of education and art as any other race. Many of the head winked slaves have demonstrated one fact; that is, color has nothing to do with intelligence. Amen! praise God.

Our people at this place cannot long remain in such a state, because they have no domestic facilities, and there must be an outlet.

Leaving Fortress Monroe at about 11 o'clock, A. M., we steamed away for Point Lookout, a distance of about 90 miles; arriving at 7 P. M., laying off at anchor in the stream all night. Sabbath morning, 10 A. M., I went on land, where I found many sick and wounded soldiers, and a few contrabands. I could say much about this point, but anon. However, I remained at this place until the following Thursday, 21st inst., when I left by obtaining a pass from Quartermaster Edwards, who is a very fractious man, and arrived in the Monumental City, Baltimore, and in the friendly bosom of the Rev. Alexander W. Wayman, whom I always esteemed as a gentleman and a Christian.

When I left Point Lookout, I was attacked with the camp fever, but reaching the Monumental City in time, I was soon cured of the malady. On Sabbath, the 24th inst., by the assistance of God, I was able to fill one appointment for Rev. A. W. Wayman in Bethel at night. After a good gospel sweat, I think it facilitated my feelings, and I am strengthened again to go on the other part of my field of labour, which is North Carolina. It is very difficult in procuring a pass in these times, but, by the grace of God, I must go through.

While I am thus persevering for God and the conversion of mankind, I hope my brethren in the East will no longer neglect my family. If you do not remember them enough to keep them under shelter, you do not love me as you pretend. Kind words never satisfy the stomach. Those who have done their part towards me are exempt from these latter remarks. Will the brethren awake to duty? I tarried in Virginia as long as it was profitable to myself and the contrabands, they being unsettled in locality. They are a class of people who gladly receive the words of truth; and, were they settled at some spot, much good would be effected. At present they are so closely packed in these small tents that they breed diseases; hence mortality is occasioned. The Lord willing, I shall leave the city of Baltimore this week for North Carolina, hoping at that point to give something more encouraging. I have much to say about Virginia—I mean our people. In my next letter I hope to say what I have never said. After Richmond is taken, it will be well for our people in that vicinity.

I am, dear brethren, your fellow laborer in the gospel field, for the spread of the dear Redeemer's kingdom.

GEORGE A. REE.

Harrison's Landing, Va., August 14th, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE WORLD ENLIGHTENED BY CHRISTIANITY.

From the earliest period of man's existence there has been a continual advancement in his acquisitions of knowledge. In his rudimental state he was more simple in habit of thought and action, but as he advanced in life he gradually acquired a better understanding of his own nature and wants. Necessity becoming the genius of invention, his accumulating wants suggested the means to be employed surpassing those ends. Nature, with her thousand beauties, was the great book out of which he learned his various relations to the surrounding world. As the child creeps from place to place, wondering at every effort it makes to move—astonished at its own progress—startled at every new discovery—delighted at every new acquisition, yet not knowing why, or for what purpose, these things were created; so man, in his primeval state, beheld the wonders of Almighty power, but could not understand them. But it is the mission of mind to develop all its noble powers, so lavishly bestowed by a beneficent Creator, that man may ascend the scale of high moral, social, political, and religious attainment. He is destined for a lofty station in the economy of God. Without the light which Revelation sheds on his mind, he would wander without certainty, without a helm to guide his tempest-tossed bark amid the surging waves of time.

While the ancients did much to enlighten their fellow men—while they were ardently seeking the means by which to alleviate man's wants, and bring him into the possession of happiness, there was no stone left unturned, nor system unemployed, to accomplish this desire. Some of their wise men had concluded that they had found the long sought means—they had solved the problem which had challenged the mightiest efforts of their predecessors. Egypt, renowned among the nations of the earth, claims priority in her efforts to benefit the world by her lofty attainments. Her energies were exerted to forward man's deliverance from darkness and superstition. First among the nations, she was ever considered the most renowned school of learning in the world, and bestowed its noblest labors and finest arts on the improvement of mankind. Her achievements were great, her progress wonderful; sages were wont to assemble at her academies, and learn from her wisdom and politics. Her laws, the most perfect and equitable, were administered for the good of all, guarding with vigilance the interests of the poor no less than those of the wealthy. Science was made to subserve the good of every class of the inhabitants. No means which tended to elevate and restore humanity were unemployed. With her architecture, literature, and arts, both of sculpture and war, she could not satisfy the immortal mind of man. Though her priests were ever ministering around their altars; though her babbling multitudes made the hills and vales vocal with their songs of joy at finding their long sought god, Apis; though they worshipped multitudinous gods, these were inadequate to the great work of meeting humanity's wants. Egypt's efforts were not crowned with complete success. Greece vied with the world in her glorious attainments, casting a radiance over the Republic of letters, whose genial rays of light are still blessing mankind. The beauty and harmony of her language, the delicate shades of thought, the strength and power of her philosophy, remain as lasting monuments of her greatness; yet, with all these, Greece could not give to the world that for which it longed, and sighed, and waited. Rome, the mighty warrior, enters upon the stage, and with her invincible legions, sought to "conquer a peace" for mankind, but signally failed in the attempt. Turning her attention to religion, she collected the gods of all nations and temples them in her metropolis. Not satisfied with this, she threw around them her shields and swords, accompanied with mandates and seals. Her orators and statesmen, councils and emperors, all gladly lent their aid to sustain the fading glory of the fabled deities, judging that by so doing they would confer lasting blessings on the world.

While humanity groaned for deliverance, man had exhausted his energies in attempts to find a panacea to heal his wounds, the frail bark of human genius was about foundering on the fearful breakers of human reason. Prophetic fire had lit a flame which had been burning for ages, but hid amid the clouds of smoke which arose from the forges of human invention. The arms of the forgers and smiths becoming paralyzed, dropped the sledges with which they had long contended, exclaiming, "Our craft is gone!" Their gods and oracles gave uncertain augaries, their priests were dumbfounded, their temples deserted, their joanses closed, each wandering in his own way. When the eastern Magi directed their gaze toward the rising of the sun, and lo! a star more brilliant than ever mortal ken before descried, attracted their attention, and to it they took their mysterious, but heaven-directed way; bearing with them precious gifts befitting so wonderful a personage as "King Emmanuel," until the shining meteor poised over the dwelling where the young child was. Shepherds watering their flocks reposed in the plains of Bethlehem. The midnight clear and calm, the silence of the hour is broken by angelic salutations, and the heavenly visitant, proclaiming the advent of the mightiest Prince ever born of woman. The world awakes as from a long dream to behold God manifest in the flesh.

R. H. C.

Brooklyn.

(To be continued.)

For the Christian Recorder

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

August 25th, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—Things in this city have all changed into new activity. Thousands of soldiers are pouring into the city, and thronging the streets,—drums are heard in every direction, and tents are being pitched upon every hill-top and low dale. Seventy-five or a hundred wagons all in a row, can frequently be seen, either loaded with soldiers, tents, or muskets. One would imagine that treason, with all its abominable forms, would necessarily soon have to be crushed out, and that to an eternal non-existence.

But many of us have now concluded, that the judgment of God will never cease its plagues upon this nation, till slavery and oppression shall be foiled, and right, equity, and justice shall be seen in all its grand regalia, leading on in triumphant conquest the victories of humanity.

This has been one of the most excitable weeks with our people, I suppose, ever known in their history.

The desire of the President of the United States to have an interview with a committee of colored men, and a compliance with that desire on the part of our people, very nearly made some of our citizens frantic with excitement. Many seemed to have thought that it was in the voluntary power of the President to transport at his option all the colored people out of the country. And in this state of excitement every imaginable idea, however absurd to common reason it might be, seemed to have gained a respectable idea of currency in the mind of some class of thinkers.

But the great excitement appears to have grown out of a neglect upon the part of many to sit down and properly read the papers in a spirit of characteristic soberness, and then ascertaining to what extent the President's power goes to enable him to put in force what he has proposed.

There is no need of such wild excitements arising from a mere suggestion, unless the parties have an absolute power to effectuate their repugnant schemes and plans. And that the President of the United States has not, and I don't believe that he would use it if he had.

Somehow a report gained currency, that Rev. H. M. Turner was the prime mover of this whole affair, and that he had waited upon the President, in reference to this Central American project, which brought down in the midst of the upstir a heavy tirade of denunciations upon him in every direction. Though none seemed to vent themselves in his presence, yet many seem to be conscientiously persuaded to credit the report. But Mr. Turner has now corrected the false statement, and gave them to understand that he hated the infamous scheme of compulsory colonization as much as they could. Things took a change immediately, and now the great drift of objections appears to be running in another direction.

Last Thursday was the day on which the committee, sent to wait upon the President, was to make their report to the parties who sent them. At 4 o'clock, as had been agreed upon, the committee of five from each of the colored churches in the city, met at Union Bethel church to hear the report of the five who waited on the President. But through some means, the majority of the committee did not appear, for what reason I cannot tell. However, Mr. John T. Costin, one of the committee being present, offered, I am told by several present, to give a minority report, but it was judged best to adjourn, until they could receive information as to the committee's whereabouts, at which time they will again convene to hear the report of the committee, dismiss them if necessary, and I judge lay the contents of the interview with the President before the colored people of the United States, for their consideration and action. I think there never was a time when a better opportunity offered itself to our people to speak to the civilized world than the present. And I believe so soon as this committee will be able to lay the question before our people in an official manner, (as I hope they will take no action before) that the nation will have a chance to hear from the black man in every direction. I suppose no colored man in the nation would have any objection to going any where, if this government pay them for their two hundred and forty years' work.

Rev. Mr. French, formerly of Wilberforce college, Ohio, but now of Hilton Head, S. C., and the distinguished Robert Small, the colored man, who came out of Charleston, S. C., with a war ship, guns, cannons, &c., and a large number of other colored people, paid a visit to Israel church on last Sabbath evening. After the sermon, the pastor introduced the Rev. Mr. French, who spoke of his labors South, and gave great satisfaction about that colored regiment which has been so contemptuously spoken of by so many papers, or pro-slavery sheets. After many interesting remarks, Mr. Robert Small was introduced, and told the history of his escape, which was mixed with some very sensible details, and created some laughter, and raised any quantity of smiles. It was the first attempt of Mr. Small to speak in public, and taking into consideration his unnatural situation, being placed before an intelligent audience of white and colored, numbering twelve hundred, his effort was a great success, notwithstanding his timidity was discernible.

He will accompany Mr. French through the principal cities north, as a living specimen of unquestionable African heroism. This war seems to be destined by Providence to coin out the rare qualities of the depressed humanity of every nation. The German, the Irishman, the Frenchman, and the negro have excited wonder; and though the negro is the last starting out, look out if he does not come out first.

H. M. T.

PLYMOUTH CAMP MEETING

New Bedford, Mass., Aug. 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—Your humble servant was appointed by the committee reporter for the Plymouth Camp Meeting. This Camp Meeting commenced on the 16th day of August, and closed on the 21st inst. This Camp Meeting was conducted by Rev. Wm. Johnson, of Boston, missionary for New England district, assisted by Revs. Mitchell, Chase, Shneeves and Grimes.

The grove was one of the best places for a Camp Meeting that I ever saw, bounded on the south, east and north by a beautiful woods, on the west by a beautiful pond of fresh water five miles around—30 miles from New Bedford on a beautiful turnpike, 40 miles from Boston by railroad, one mile distant from the ancient town of Plymouth. The congregation was principally white. Some of the friends were from Boston and some from New Bedford. We had a good time. The Lord was there to bless.

This was conducted on the old plan. There were no hucksters or shops for trafficking. There were six board tents on the ground to accommodate the friends. Notwithstanding the great rush on Sabbath and every afternoon and night, there was no quarrel or fight or anything else to disturb the meeting. The best order I ever saw on such occasions was observed. The preaching was good. Every speaker spoke with that zeal that characterizes the ministers of the gospel. There were three souls who professed to be happily converted to God, and three more were left wounded, but inquiring of the watchman, "Saw ye him whom my soul desires to love?"

We closed with a love feast, and the God of love was there. There were over three thousand persons present to witness the closing scene. Some three hundred white citizens of Plymouth took great interest in the meeting. They spoke, sung and prayed with us; all distinctions on account of color were lost, and we were all one in Christ Jesus.

The closing scene was very affecting. Many were brought to tears while we took the parting hand. The general cry from the multitude was, Brethren, come next year to see us again. Others cried, Carry on your meeting over another Sabbath, and we will ensure you $50 on Sabbath. Elders Mitchell and Johnson consulted with the brethren. Your humble servant said, No; leave them hungry or with a good appetite, and they will enjoy the next meal that we or somebody else will set before them next year. The majority said close.

May the good Lord bless the citizens of Plymouth Rock and Plymouth Hall, of which Rev. Wm. H. Chase has promised to notice in his epistle to the RECORDER.

Respectfully yours, for Christ,
WM. W. GRIMES,
District Book Steward.

THE "MEAN WHITES" OF THE SOUTH.

Agriculture, when carried on by slaves, being by a sure law restricted to the most fertile portions of the land, and no other form of systematic industry being possible where slavery is established, it happens that there are in all slave countries vast districts becoming, under the deteriorating effects of slave industry, constantly larger, which are wholly surrendered to nature, and remain forever as wildernesses. This is a characteristic feature in the political economy of the slave states of the South, and is attended with social consequences of the most important kind. For the tracts thus left, or made desolate, become in time the resort of a numerous horde of people, who, too poor to keep slaves and too proud to work, prefer a vagrant and precarious life spent in the desert to engaging in occupations which would associate them with the slaves whom they despise.

In the Southern states no less than five millions of human beings are now said to exist in this manner, in a condition little removed from savage life, eking out a wretched subsistence by hunting, fishing, or hiring themselves out for occasional jobs, by plunder. Combining the restlessness and contempt for regular industry peculiar to the savage with the vices of the *proletaire* of civilized communities, these people make up a class at once degraded and dangerous, and, constantly reinforced as they are by all that is idle, worthless, and lawless among the population of the neighboring states, form an inexhaustible reserve of ruffianism, ready at hand for all the worst purposes of Southern ambition.

The planters complain of these people for their idleness, for corrupting their slaves, for their thievish propensities, but they cannot dispense with them; for in truth they perform an indispensable function in the economy of slave societies, of which they are at once the victims and the principal supports. It is from their ranks that those filibustering expeditions are recruited which have been found so effective an instrument in extending the domain of the slave power; they furnish the border ruffians who, in the colonization struggle with the Northern states, contend with freesoilers in the territories; and it is their antipathy to the negroes that the planters securely trust for repressing every attempt at servile insurrection. Such are the "mean whites," or "white trash," of the Southern states. They comprise several local subdivisions; the "crackers," the "sand-hillers," the "clay-eaters," and many more. The class is not peculiar to any one locality, but is the invariable outgrowth of negro slavery wherever it has raised its head in modern times. It may be seen in the new state of Texas as well as the old settled districts of Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia; in the West India Islands no less than on the continent. In the states of the Confederacy it comprises, as I have said, five millions of human beings—about seven tenths of the whole white population.—*Prof. Cairns.*

GUIZOT ON THE BIBLE.

M. Guizot has lately delivered an address on taking the chair at the annual meeting of the Protestant Bible Society of Paris. He said:—"Historically, the Old Testament and the Gospel contain a fact—a spectacle without parallel. It is the history—if I may be pardoned such an expression—it is the history of God himself in his relations with souls and human societies. It is the spectacle of the one, real, personal God, incessantly present and acting in the world. No other national and religious history presents anything resembling it. Everywhere else, in the traditions and monuments of States, you only meet with gods evidently of human invention. You find the work of human imagination, the recitals of human adventures, attributed to persons pretending to be divine. The Old Testament and the Gospel bear an entirely different character; it is the presence and the action of God who made man and the world, and who governs them. And that great spectacle, that unique spectacle, is first unfolded among a small people shut up and ignored in a little corner of the world. The religion of the Old Testament commenced in isolation and obscurity. Then all at once on a given day, at a determined hour, that religion passes from obscurity to an immense ambition—from isolation to the conquest of the world. It announces that conquest, and advances to it through the most unexpected enterprises, and by contests sometimes the most sanguinary, sometimes the most skilful. And it is evidently attaining its purpose; evidently our earth is belonging to the Christian nations; they are conquering it by mind and strength, and will possess it entirely. Who would not be struck with such a fact accomplished by the Bible? Who would not see in it a proof of their mission and a source of their power? I pass from the historical to the moral order. Since it has existed, and everywhere where it exists, humanity is in the presence of great problems which concern it and which preoccupy it passionately. What are we? Whence do we come? Where are we going? What do our nature and destiny signify? These are questions which naturally and invincibly arise in the human mind. Our sacred books have for these questions precise, positive, and striking solutions; alone they explain to man his present state, and reveal to him that of the future. On the one hand, the presence and constant action of God in the world; and, on the other, the satisfaction of the moral and imperious requirements of humanity. That is what the Bible is, and what it effects—that is why it is only necessary to be spread abroad, and to be kept constantly before the eyes of man to assure its complete empire."

LEND YOUR PAPER.

We commend the remarks below to our readers, reminding them that the plan proposed is one of the cheapest and most effective ways of doing good. If each of our patrons would thus employ their papers after having read them, hundreds of new subscribers could be obtained without difficulty, besides doing incalculable good:

A good instrument should not be lost any more than a good opportunity. A religious newspaper containing impressive paragraphs, admonitions, affecting narratives, showing the power and excellence of religion, cautions against the snares of a wicked world, rousing exhibitions of the value of the soul, and hearty recommendation of the Saviour, is an instrument which should not be thrown away. Do not let each a paper be torn up as soon as your family have read it. You have neighbors who never see a religious paper, and probably never will if left to themselves. These paragraphs will be fresh and attractive to them, and will be read. Mark some of the most striking pieces with your pen, and hand the paper round among your neighbors. See that it goes to a good number of families. This may cost you a little time and attention, but it is one of the most ready ways of doing good. The children in your neighbor's family, the apprentice in his shop, and boarders in his house, may there read that which they never will forget; and the scrap which you throw away might save many souls if it was put in circulation. There are secular papers enough which you can tear up and burn without compunction. But when the press has sent out, in any form, a message of salvation, do not stop it. Send it forward.

WITH CHRIST.

How uniform and majestic the testimony that rises from all the lands and ages of faith to this simple truth—that it is not rules of conduct, not systems of ethics, not patterns of propriety, not eloquent expositions, that inspire the believing and faithful heart with its immortal energy and peace—but the simple, secret, assurance of being as one with the Lord Jesus, and resting in his almighty friendship! Where is the fiery furnace deep enough to burn despair into our souls, if we can see walking with us through the fire the form of the Son of God? What, then, is the tribulation, or famine or sword, or nakedness that shall separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord? The mystery of that unity where he who is one with God yet cried, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt," is not for us to understand. Yet the prayer of promise, "They shall be with me where I am," is for us to lay hold of and breathe again and again, when we are aching and alone and troubled. So the believers have found. When the brilliant, amiable and accomplished young Italian woman, Olympia Morata, whose learning and loveliness graced the splendid epoch of Leo X. had become the persecuted victim of Romish tyranny for honoring Christ above a polluted priesthood, then poverty, sickness, desolation, exile, tried their worst upon her constancy. After she who had been the delicate nursling of court and letters had fled across the stony fields of Bavaria, with literally bare and bleeding feet, the strength of the frail body failing, she bent under the roughness of fortune, and quietly laid down to die. To one of her noble friends in Italy she wrote: "Let the word of God be the rule of the life, the lamp upon thy path, and thou wilt not stumble." As the purple flood of life ebbed in her thin, white frame, she said: I desire to die because I know the *secret* of death. The cunning mechanism is near its dissolution. I desire to die, that I may be with Jesus Christ, and find in him eternal life. Do not be disturbed at my death, for I shall conquer in the end; I desire to depart and be with Christ! *With Christ!* So, the world over, and through all ages, in the first century or the last, the true heart of faith answers, in its final and glorified hour, to the prayer of Jesus: "With me, where I am."—*Dr. Huntington.*

MISSIONARIES COMPARATIVELY SAFE.—God's providence is the surest protection of his servants. Rev. Dr. Turner, author of *Nineteen Years in Polynesia*, said, when speaking in a lecture at Glasgow, Scotland, of the few violent deaths connected with the missions in the South Sea Islands compared with others, that two hundred persons in search of sandal wood had been killed during the last thirty years, while of one hundred and twenty missionaries, who had labored there the last twenty years, only Williams, and Harris, and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon had been killed. The missionaries had rescued 1,250,000 from savagism, and would rescue 500,000 more. How small a sacrifice to secure such results.

HOW DOES GOD GIVE SUCCESS IN BATTLE?—OR A PLEA FOR PRAYER IN BEHALF OF OUR COUNTRY.

Some time ago, we called the attention of the readers of our periodical to the question, "Has God anything to do with success or defeat in war?" and showed that He had much to do with it, viz.: that He gave,

1st. Success in battle to those who rely upon His aid.

2d. That He sometimes produces a panic, in the army of those who disregard His authority, or refuse His assistance.

3d. That He sometimes gives the victory to the few and the weak.

4th. That He gives wisdom to plan an attack to those who ask Him.

And now our inquiry is, "How does He do these things?" Does He work a miracle in behalf of those who trust in Him, or can He accomplish the work without resorting to a miracle? If He can, then the objections generally brought against the agency of God in such matters will at once fall to the ground, and the reasonableness of the Christian's faith in God's providence be at once vindicated.

Pious people, ever since the destruction of the "Spanish Armada," have believed that it was done by God to preserve the liberties of England, and save Protestantism on the continent of Europe. But such belief has been met with sneers similar to that in the well known lines of Pope:

"Think we like some weak Prince the Eternal Cause
Prone for his favorites to reverse his laws!
Shall burning Etna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or sea new motions be imprest,
Oh, blameless Bethel, to relieve thy breast!
When the fair fleet in mountain billows foam so high,
Shall gravitation cease if you go by?"

Even Macaulay, the historian, ridicules the idea that God would interfere with the ordinary laws of nature to destroy the Spanish fleet.

But was it necessary thus to interfere in order to secure its destruction? Could God not influence the minds of its conductors, so that they would set sail at precisely the time necessary to meet the storm when they did meet it, and so the result would be all the same, whether the storm was produced by the fiat of God, or came in the ordinary course of nature? And is not the same true of every battle, whether on land or sea? Cannot God, by influencing the mind of a commander or commanders, bring about the same result that interference and miracle would produce? Let us see!

Some twenty-seven hundred years ago, the kings of Moab, Ammon, and Edom conspired against the king of Judah. The king of Judah was sore afraid of their great army—he sought help of God—his prayer was heard, and help was promised. He was required to go forth, and meet the immense host of the three kings, but not to fight; he must "stand still, and see the salvation of God." How will God destroy the host of his enemies? Will He resort to a miracle, and cause lightnings and hailstones to fall upon them? or shall an angel be sent from heaven with whetted sword to destroy them? Nay; it can be done without this, or by influencing the mind of part of the host. Accordingly, God influenced the minds of the men of Mount Seir, who were lying in ambush, so that they fell upon their own camp, instead of the camp of Judah, and the entire army was destroyed, every one fighting against his fellow.

Yes; God can work out all His purposes, first by influencing the minds of men, and now, at least, we think He does so. Thus it is declared in the book of Revelation, in reference to those kings who should assist to build up the Roman Catholic Hierarchy: "God *hath put it into their hearts to fulfil* His will, and to agree and give their kingdom to the beast."

Indeed, even the Old Testament Scriptures are full of illustrations of this truth. Take, for example the case of Joseph—sold by his brother—brought into Egypt by the Ishmaelites—cast into prison by the accusation of a wicked woman. How without a miracle can he be taken out of his prison-house, and exalted to the second place in the kingdom? Easy enough. God has the hearts of all men in His hand. He inclines the heart of the jailer to Joseph; he is made the keeper of the prison, and, consequently, comes into contact with two of Pharaoh's court prisoners, and is afterward remembered to Pharaoh by one of them, as one able to interpret his dream. Thus God can and will work out all His purposes concerning individuals and nations.

To apply the principle to our own case as a nation. How easy it is for God to influence the mind of our generals, that we would be successful in every battle. Take, as an illustration, our defeat at Bull Run.

I presume the positions taken in Senator Chandler's late speech will, in reference to that battle, generally be admitted, viz: we would have won the battle,

1st. If Patterson had done his duty.

2d. If McDowell had attacked on Friday instead of Sabbath.

3d. If Keyes' brigade had not blocked the way for the passage of troops three hours on Sabbath morning.

4. If our commanders had not made a mistake in reference to a rebel regiment, supposing it one of our own, until too late to save a battery.

5. If the reserves had been brought up at the proper time.

Now, what was necessary to secure any one or all of these things being the opposite of what they were? Simply such a change in the minds of these commanders, as would secure different action. And how easy for God to have produced this change! Is it not true, that "the king's heart is in the hand of the Lord?" He did not do so, doubtless because we were not then (and I fear are not yet) sufficiently humbled as a nation for our sins, and so the rod must be continued.

But that God could have helped us, no one can doubt, and that, too, without interfering with the ordinary course of any of the laws of nature. And if this be true, the conclusion is inevitable.

1st. It is both the privilege and duty of Christians to pray daily to God, that he would thus influence the mind of rulers and generals to take proper measures for the suppression of rebellion, and for the restoration of peace and prosperity to the land.

The wisdom of men is foolish, and if we trust to it, we are trusting to a broken reed. Indeed, God has been teaching us this very lesson. At the commencement of the rebellion, the great mass of our people thought they were safe with Scott as a commander—after his removal, they put their trust in McClellan's wisdom. How easily have they been disappointed! Yes, and they will be disappointed, until they *put their trust in God.* He can give wisdom. Yes, and He has promised to give it. If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not. Let us, then, have more prayer to God, that He may bestow upon us this much needed gift.

A. R.

AN INCENDIARY SHEET.—CHARLESTON, S. C.

In the Southern Lutheran, published in Charleston, S. C., we find the following sentiment by Rev. Dr. Bachman, author of a Book on the Unity of the human race, in which he maintained that negroes are human beings, and descended from Adam:

"You may fetter the arms and bind a freeman in chains,—you may lay him in a dungeon, and place a gag in his mouth, *but the moment he breaks his shackles, he will rise up a man,* AND TELL NO TO HIS OPPRESSORS."

Circumstances alter cases. While the practical force of this sentiment is, that when Secessionists get strong enough, they should murder the patriotic men who are loyal to their country, it is considered the very thing in the Confederate States; but this identical sentiment, in these identical words, if they were used in Charleston, on the broad principles of our general humanity, *would send a man to the gallows.* The fact seems to be that the great Naturalist being a Northerner by birth, and occasionally renewing the old impressions by visits, falls unconsciously into the "wretched cant" about freedom which is current in our section. If the negroes in South Carolina agree with the theory of Dr. B.'s book, and really imagine themselves to be men, the "SOUTHERN LUTHERAN" will be a most dangerous and incendiary document to circulate among them. It will be as mischievous as Uncle Tom's Cabin or Wendell Phillips' speeches. They, poor creatures, not feeling the guilt of their skin, as they should, will understand Dr B. as preaching insurrection, and charge their uprising to his incitement. In that case his superlative devotion to the Southern Confederacy may not save him from the "chains," "dungeons," and "shackles" which figure in his eloquent outburst. The Doctor will, perhaps, find that R would have been safest to stick to "the Quadrupeds of North America." The bipeds of that Continent, black, white, and mixed assorted, are dangerous subjects.

Lutheran and Missionary.

A SURPRISING phenomenon in nature is this that the soul of man, which ranges abroad through the heaven and the earth and the deep waters, and unfolds a thousand mysteries in nature, which penetrates the systems of stars and suns, worlds upon worlds, should be so unhappy a stranger at home and should not be able to tell what itself is, or what it is made of.

WOUNDS FROM BULLETS.

The terrible experiences of the battle-field give our thoughts and inquiries at present a war like direction; and it is well for us to know somewhat of the chances of life which our wounded soldiers may have, after being once hurt. A recent volume on military surgery, by Dr. Appis, informs us that "bullets are sometimes found in the body of the wounded person quite flattened out; sometimes they split in equal halves; and sometimes they will strike against a stone, and be scattered in all directions like a shell. In Algeria, a ball broke into five fragments on a rock five or six paces from a grenadier; the first fragment struck and broke his right ankle, two others pierced further down, the fourth wounded his right thigh, and the fifth lodged in the skin at the back of his head.' During the revolution of 1848, Dr. Appis made many curious observations upon gunshot wounds. The lower limbs, he says, are struck in the proportion of about five to four with respect to the upper. The principal cause of this difference is evidently the greater bulk of the lower extremities, while the movements of the arms presenting a foreshortened appearance to the ball, also probably contribute to it. The following is the relative frequency with which different parts of the body are struck by the bullet: leg, 100; thigh, 97; face, 61; arm, 60; hand, 57; chest, 53; abdomen, 52; shoulder, 42; skull, 37; forearm, 36; knee-joint, 34; foot, 29; elbow-joint, 22; neck, 22; ankle-joint, 25; hip, 6; vertebræ, 10; wrist, 2. The treatment of a gunshot wound is often much complicated by the foreign bodies which the bullet carries in with it—pieces of wadding, of cloth, of shoe-leather, of worsted, of hair, of linen, and of wood. A citizen of Lyon in 1835 had twenty Napoleons in his pocket, which, struck by the ball, were driven into his stomach, and, adds, the practical Laroche, 'all more or less spoiled.'

PRAISE FOR SUCCESS.

Is not the hand of God in this?
Is not this end divine?
Lord of Success, Thee will I bless,
Who on my paths dost shine.
I reap the fruit of God's design,
By Him it was foreseen:
He thought of this as well as I,
Or it had never been.
I blindly guessed; but He foreknew:
I served, He did command;
Wherefore I praise His careful eye,
And His unerring hand.
The bow is drawn by feeble arms,
Aim taken in the dark;
A providential Hand both guide
The arrow to the mark.
As Thou hast crowned my actions, Lord,
With good success to-day,
The crown, together with myself,
At Thy blest feet I lay.
Lord, who art pleased to prosper me,
To bless me in my ways;
Pervade my weak endeavoring heart,
Which smiteth at Thy praise.

JOHN MASON.

LINT.

Fibre by fibre, shred by shred,
It falls from her delicate hand
In feathery flims, as soft and slow
As fall the flakes of a vanishing snow
In the lap of a summer land.

There are jewels of price in her rosette ears,
And gold round her white wrist coils,
There are costly trifles on every hand,
And gems of art from many a land
In the chamber where she toils.

A rare bird sings in a gilded cage
At the open casement near;
A sun-ray glints through a swaying bough,
And lights with a diamond radiance now
The dew of a falling tear!

A sob floats out to the summer air
With the song-bird's latest trill;
The gossamer folds of the drapery
Are waved by the swell of a long, low sigh,
And the delicate hands are still.

"Ah, beauty of earth is naught, is naught!
And a girlish youth is vain!
I have seen a sister's scarred face shine
With a youth and beauty all divine
By the soldier's couch of pain!"

"I have read of another whose passing shade
On their pillows the mangled kissed
In the far Crimea!" There are no more tears,
But she plucks the gems from her delicate ears,
And the gold from her slender wrist.

The bird still sings in his gilded cage;
But the Angel in her heart
Hath stung her soul with a noble pain
And beauty is naught, and youth is vain,
While the patriot's wounds still smart.

* * * * * *

Fibre by fibre, shred by shred
Still fall from her delicate hand
The feathery flims, as soft and slow
As fall the flakes of a vanishing snow
In the lap of a summer land.

There are crimson stains on breasts and brows,
And filets in ghastly coils,
The wails are lofty, and white, and bare,
And moaning echoes roll over there
Through the chamber where she toils.

No glitter of gold on her slender wrist,
Nor gem in her rosette ears,
But a youth and a beauty all divine
In the face of the Christian maiden shine,
And her gems are the soldier's tears.

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, August 30, 1862.

NOTICE.

TO THE DISTRICTS OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW ENGLAND, OHIO, INDIANA, AND MISSOURI, OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH MINISTERS

Dear Brethren:—As we have a number of superannuated ministers on the list in said Districts therefore it will be expected that the ministers and preachers, on their circuits and stations, will do all they can to collect the *necessary money*, and we also recommend that the Class leaders be instructed to collect and set the amount on the Class book opposite each member's name, as also all the collections called, per Discipline, for the Annual Conference, and publish the same once every quarter, that it may be seen who they are that work for God and his cause. We think it is time to give credit to those of our people who do work, so that God's name may be glorified

Our friend and brother, Rev. W. D. W Schureman, is recovering as fast as the circumstances of his case will allow. It is hoped that he will soon be restored to active service in the itinerant field.

NOTICE.

Mrs. Jane Johnson's card in our advertising columns, giving notice of her business of laying out and shrouding the dead, to her numerous friends and the public, should not go unheeded. She has claims, at least on the members of Bethel Church, of which she has for many years been an active member, and her husband, brother Limas Johnson, was the first colored man that taught singing-school in Philadelphia, and was President and Leader of Bethel Choir till the day of his death. His widow should not be forgotten.

NOTICE.

The twenty-second Anniversary of the A. M. E. Wesley Sabbath School, under the pastoral direction of Rev. A. L. Stanford, and superintendency of Mr. J. H. Hughes, will be celebrated on Thursday, the 4th of September, 1862, at that well-known place of resort, the Washington Retreat. Several distinguished ministers are expected, on the occasion, to favor the audience with their presence and addresses.

All persons leaving Philadelphia to participate with this social gathering, will find it convenient to take the cars from Fifteenth and Willow Sts., at the hours of 8, 10, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30, A. M.; 2, 3.15, 4.15, P. M. Excursion Tickets may be obtained of the Superintendent, 805 Monterey Street, or of Mrs. E Nixon, 742 Lombard Street, or at the Pastorate, No. 247 Currant Alley, above Spruce St., at the following prices:

Adults, 20 cents—Children, 15 cents.

NOTICE.

If there be no preventing Providence, the Rev. Jabez B. Campbell will deliver an address to the members of the United Benevolent Daughters of Rev. Henry Davis' Society, in the A. M. E. Church, in Frankford, Pa., on the evening of the 4th of September, 1862. The doors will be opened at half-past seven o'clock. Admittance ten cents. The proceeds for the above named Society. There will be refreshments to be disposed of, and the profits arising therefrom for the above named Society.

LETITIA BOWSER, President.
ELIZABETH MORRIS, Secretary.

NOTICE.

Several Sabbath schools of the Norristown circuit will celebrate their Sabbath school anniversary, on Wednesday, September 3d, 1862, about one mile and a half from Horstown, Pa., in Mr. Asher's Woods.

The friends of Sabbath schools are invited, and expected to attend, as eminent speakers are expected on the occasion.

W. D. W. SCHUREMAN, Elder in charge
T. H. COOPER, Subordinate.

The A. M. E. Church, in Marietta, was dedicated to the service of Almighty God, Elder J. H. Smith, of Burlington Circuit, officiating. After the reading services were concluded, the name of the church was announced by Rev. Thomas Henry, as follows: The Daughter of Bethel; after which the consecration song was sung, and when concluded the following text was announced by Elder J. H. Smith, Revelation, first chapter and last clause of the twelfth verse. And when this great service was concluded, we proceeded to take up a collection for the benefit of the church, and raised the sum of thirty dollars.

T. H. HENRY,
Elder in charge of Lancaster Circuit.

For the Christian Recorder

A SAD COMMUNICATION.

MR. EDITOR:—I write to inform you and your readers of one of the most horrid accidents incident to life. Our old friend, Thomas A. Brown, late of Pittsburgh, but now of Canada, met with a misfortune, on the night of June 5th, 1862, to lose what he had been for years accumulating. Brother Brown removed to Canada a few years ago, and succeeded in purchasing for himself and family, a piece of ground on which he erected a comfortable dwelling. Brother Brown had now supposed himself secure; but suddenly his hopes were blasted. This once happy family were made miserable, distressed; and in peril of life by the devouring element of fire. Had it not been or the report of a loaded gun which the flames had reached, they must all have perished; but by the report of this gun the inmates were aroused, and to their surprise found that their only escape was through the first window or outlet that they could find. When they had succeeded in making their escape, and, as they thought, the escape of their children, said one of the little ones to the distressed and already maggie-hearted father: "Father, where is Mary?" "Oh, my child!" was the reply. It was with much difficulty that he was restrained from rushing through the flames to the darling child, whose merry voice had so often gladdened his heart. But alas! it was too late. When he had advanced as near as he could to the burning flames, he could not as much as hear her scream amid the devouring elements Finding himself unable to rescue his loved one, he was compelled to be content as best he could, gathering the next day from the ruins some of the ashes of his dear little Mary. I say "dear little Mary"—and truly may she be so called—for none knew her but to love her. In all my extensive travels, I have not met a child with a more amiable disposition than she possessed. She was about fourteen years of age, and was a delight to the family. She, as if guided by some unknown impulse, was often speaking of death, as though looking for its approach.

There is a striking peculiarity connected with the death of this child. She was aroused and got out of bed with the other children, but it is unknown how it was that she did not escape It is, however, cheering to know that the rest of the family came off with but little personal damage. We hope that little Mary has gone to be associated with a purer and higher order of beings than those that can be surrounded with devouring flames. Impressed with this truth, I think that brother and sister Brown should weep no more—sigh not again, but submit to the Lord in whom they have long trusted. Ere long they shall be rewarded for all of their afflictions. Let them remember the language of Job: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord

Brother Brown has long been a servant of Christ and the church, which service he faithfully performed with his means, as well as with his heart and lips. His house be made the itinerant preacher's happy home, in which they were welcome at all times and under all reasonable circumstances. This is known to the preachers now living, who were present at the conferences of 1844 and 1860, held in Pittsburgh

Now I would recommend the itinerant preachers especially, and Christian friends in general, if they have a word of consolation to administer to these bereaved Christians, or means of any kind to assist them in again erecting and furnishing the minister's home, that they do it cheerfully, and I take the liberty to say that it will be gladly received. They have lost all their furniture, wearing apparel, and everything except such as they had on when aroused from sleep, amid the confusion of smoke and fire. I shall wait to see who will be the second to do what they preach to others.

Direct to Thomas A. Brown, Chatham, C. W., and if desired you will hear of it again.

WILLIS NAZRET

For the Christian Recorder.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

MR EDITOR:—Since my last letter to the *Recorder*, the peace and quietude which pervaded and prevailed in our city for some months has become somewhat ruffled and disturbed. Several weeks and months ago, the only things we could see, in a military point of view, were the various squads of the Provost Guard on our different streets arresting straggling soldiers, disloyal and disorderly persons, who infest our city, and breaking up rum mills and whisky-shops, wherein is dispensed the worst and most poisonous kinds of "Jersey lightning" and "Tanglefoot" imaginable, and very often the soft strains of solemn music and the sound of muffled drums sounding a solemn dirge or a sorrowful requiem over the last remains of some officer who has given up his life and his all as a sacrifice and free-will offering on the sacred altar of his country. Our city is all excitement and confusion, incidental to the continual arrival of soldiers; and we could very appropriately at the present time join in with the poet and say:

"The bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave music pour;
We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more."

The Baltimore Depot is constantly crowded with all kinds and classes of people—from the highly-scented and exquisitely-dressed fop, down to the dirty, ragged, little urchin, the white and black, the "grizzly and the gray," whilst, all combined, present to the eye a very mixed and motley multitude.

When we look upon the newly-arrived men as they file through our city, and watch their steady and measured tramp, and skilful evolutions, and see how every face seems to beam with joy and gladness, and every heart swelling and pulsating with animation, as if they were going to participate in a holiday parade or in a grand review, and not in the stern realities of an awful fratricidal war—when we look on these things, it fills our hearts with sorrow and sadness; and when we think of the dangers which they are subjected to, and how many will see their wives and little ones no more forever, it causes us, notwithstanding all the infamous State laws, unrighteous Congressional edicts and God-hating ordinances which have been enacted to oppress us, we find ourselves offering voluntarily a prayer and a willing ejaculation to God to bless this nation, sustain its defenders—and let defeat, discomfiture and destruction be the lot of the traitors who seek its overthrow

There was held in Union Bethel, on the 9th instant, a meeting of the several pastors of the city, which was presided over by Rev. James Mitchell, who styles himself (per advertisement) as the "Commissioner of Emigration" It was resolved at the mid meeting that a delegation of five members of each church, headed by their pastor, be requested to meet in U. B. Church on the 14th instant, at 2 o'clock, P. M., to have a consultation with President LINCOLN. The President failing to appear, a committee of five were appointed to wait on him at the Presidential mansion, at 4 o'clock. The most ludicrous part of the meeting was that the principal and originator of the meeting happened (we suppose unwillingly) to be *non est*; (a fact, it was rumored, to use a cant phrase, that he had *smelt the rat*, and had vamoosed or *skedaddled* in true scotch style!

The greater portion of the most intelligent and influential men of the city are highly incensed and greatly exasperated with the pastors and the delegations for the manner in which they acted The point of dimension is, that it is considered under-handed work—because, they did not consult nor let the *people* know anything about it but a few selected ones, (assembled, we suppose, at the request of Rev. Mitchell,) and chose a *bogus* committee to wait on the President. We, for one, should like to know *who gave that committee* authority to act for us, the *fifteen thousand* residents of color in this District—and who requested them to represent the interests of the *two hundred and ten thousand* inhabitants of color in the Free States! Was it because we were possessed of no intelligence, or incapable of acting for ourselves? or was it too great a condescension for the *distinguished* committee to consult our views relative to the all-important proposition which they had under consideration? And, what makes their doings in a strong sense to be condemned, as well as regretted, was that, *this bogus party were ready to give the President an answer for the two hundred and twenty-five thousand Anglo-Africans in the District and to the States*—in fact, had written their reply to him *before* they started for the mansion. But the President *refused* to receive it, and told them he was in no hurry for an answer, but to take their time and consider the matter. Such actions, by an intelligent body of gentlemen, are decidedly reprehensible, and are almost unanimously reprobated, and loudly and emphatically denounced as acts of usurpation or assumptions of authority

And, as the sequel to this indiscreet act, it is reported that a colony is raising in this city, with every prospect of success, to settle in that cheerless wilderness of Central America—and, to make sure of their *transportation*, have signed and sealed the following agreement, viz.:

"The undersigned, persons of color, residing in the District of Columbia, hereby agree to emigrate to the settlement in Central America about to be founded by the President of the United States, through the agency of such company as he may select, under the pledges and guarantees uttered by him in his speech to the people of color on Thursday, 14th day of August, 1862 Confiding in the generosity and the power of the government to negotiate with the authorities of Central America, we thus enroll ourselves as candidates for places among the first settlers."

Thus you see by what means our own color are indirectly driving us from the land of our nativity. Colonization will come soon enough, without our hastening its advent. Congress has already made an appropriation for voluntary emigration. We did and do still consider voluntary emigration as simply the stepping stone to *compulsory* expatriation!

The fact was well known to Congress that we were, as a general thing, anti-emigrationist; and it was unnatural to suppose—unreasonable to think that we would voluntarily leave the land that hath "birthed and reared us," and go and live in the desolate wastes of Central America, or under the scorching rays of Liberia's sun, or with the bigoted and prejudiced Haytiens. The idea is actually absurd and ridiculous; and we know when the subject was before Congress, that it was only a legislative dodge or a Congressional scheme, fraught with the "most contemptible, lowest, cottonest" craftiness and chicanery susceptible of contemplation.

The subject under consideration is one of vital importance, and directly applicable to every person of African descent in these United States. And it is high time for us to arise from this criminal lethargy and suicidal enervation which enthralls us, for ostracism and expatriation under the new name of colonization as just ahead. Let us therefore, then, use every effort to defeat, contravene and oppose this most unreasonable edict that would forcibly eject us from the country for which our ancestors fought, bled and died.

More anon. CERBERUS.

INDIANA CONFERENCE.

The twenty-third annual conference for the Indiana district, met in the city of Indianapolis, Indiana, August 15th, 1862

Bishop Wm. Paul Quinn, the Bishop of that district, opened the conference in the general mode, and the conference proceeded to business in the following consecutive order, viz:

1st. The finances were paid in by the various ministers having charge of the circuits and stations of the district, which resulted in the aggregate to the sum of $423.96 This aggregate sum was appropriated during the year, to the objects following:

1st.	Contingent expenses, which means the support of the annual conference	$40,00
2d.	For the support of missions	29,00
3d.	" " " Sabbath schools	189,38
4th.	" " " Book concern	.63,51
5th.	" " " Bishop	140,24
		$412,13
6th.	" " " Widows	11,83
	Total	$423,96

The conference continued in its business in the order of the discipline, and for particulars of the minute proceedings of the session, we refer all to the published minutes of the Conference, which will be found highly interesting.

On the third day of the session, Bishop Nazrey, from the Philadelphia and New England districts, was introduced to the conference by Bishop Quinn, and he took his seat with the presiding Bishop

Rev. Turner Roberts, of the Ohio conference, and Rev. John M. Brown, from the Baltimore conference, were the visiting members to the Indiana conference, and took a fraternal part in the proceedings—voting excepted.

The general book steward, and editor of the RECORDER, the Rev. Elisha Weaver, arrived at the Conference on the seventh day of its session, and was introduced by Bishop Quinn, and took his seat among the members He brought out a number of useful and instructive books, such as the Disciplines, Schmucker's Popular Theology, Pilgrim's Progress, &c., &c—to the purchase of which, the western community is particularly directed. The usual peace and harmony here prevailed in all the sittings of the conference; and there seems to be a oneness of feeling among the members on all general subjects which have come before them for consideration. One or two subjects of somewhat exciting character have claimed the attention of Conference, but they have been disposed of to the general satisfaction of all.

The subject of the war—the state of the country, and probable future of the colored people of this country, was referred to a committee, the report of whom will be seen in the next number of the RECORDER, as expressive of the sense of the conference in reference to these subjects.

THE ANCIENT ISRAELITE.

ISAAC TAYLOR, in his recent work upon "Hebrew Poetry"—a work full of originality and characterized by force and beauty of style, clearly shows that the Israelites of the Exodus and the Theocracy were people of high culture, more than ordinary intelligence, and far advanced in the scale of civilization. This he infers from their literature, which may be regarded "as the mirror of the national mind." His views on this interesting subject are so striking and novel that we feel that it would be an advantage to our readers to present them even in a condensed form. The Jew, in his estimation, while an Oriental by birth, country, climate, customs and physiognomy, was still more European than Asiatic. Though ever maintaining "a sullen antagonism" to the races of Europe; "by his sympathies, by his intellectual range, by his moral intensity, by his religious depth, and even by his tastes, the Jew has made good his claim to be remembered with those that constitute the commonwealth of western civilization.' Several of the features of his moral and mental character are thus forcibly portrayed. The Israelite of earlier and later ages, was free from that passivism, that inertness which so marks the most of Orientals. He ever made a persistent resistance to his oppressors. "Always and notoriously has he been a dangerous and turbulent subject." In the earliest period, the Israelite was "the genuine representative of constitutional social order." He had no taste for anarchy.

He was not the turbulent brawling citizen, machinating revolution;—he was the sturdy yeoman, and the true conservative." Moreover, the Israelite of that time was one who could hear with intelligence "the sublime theology and the rightful and truthful ethics of the Book of Deuteronomy." Mr. Taylor establishes this position in the following way. He starts with the proposition that this book is either "from Heaven" in its own sense; or it is from men. If the former, then a "great controversy" is settled by the admission of the opponent; if from men, then the people who listened to its momentous teachings, and against whom its threatenings are directed, were "far advanced beyond any other, even of later times, in their religious conceptions, in their moral consciousness, in their openness to remonstrance, and their sensibility toward some of the most refined emotions of domestic and social life. It is a canon open to no valid exceptive instance, that the spoken-to are as the speaker and his speech." It is then shown that this historic canon is true in the case of the generation which had reached maturity when the last songs and warnings of Deuteronomy were first uttered. *It was the "product* of the religious and social training" developed by the sojourn in Egypt, the wandering in the desert, and the varied influence of the Sinaitic law, of the religious ceremonies of the Tabernacle, and the wise and just administration of the civil power, in connection with the priesthood. The Israelite was not a slave, but a freeman, and had the feelings of a freeman. He was a man of intelligence, and had the capacity to appreciate the sublime and beautiful in his mental and moral lineaments has been kept in the back-ground. But the Israelites with all their faults were a strong, an admirable race of people—full of reverence for religious things, lovers of nature, simple in their habits, capable of deep and tender emotions, sagacious, progressive and enterprising. Mr. Taylor has accomplished a real good for Christianity in undermining the false and unjust notions in regard to their character which have too long prevailed in certain quarters.—*Banner of the Covenant.*

GOD'S CONDESCENSION

"Who is like unto the Lord our God who dwelleth on high, who humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven and in the earth?"—Ps cxiii. 5, 6.

It hath often and very justly been observed, that it is one great recommendation of the Holy Scriptures that they express more justness of thought concerning the nature of God, than any other compositions whatever. They particularly resolve all events into his will and providence, which is the truest philosophy as well as the best divinity. They inform us that God is our Creator and Preserver; that the state and circumstances of every creature, and all events relating to them, are ordered and determined by him. Consequently, it becomes us to entertain just ideas of him, to make those ideas familiar to our minds, and to set the Lord always before us. We have in the text one of the most grand, and, at the same time amiable, representations of the blessed God, which is to be found in Scripture. And I would entreat, my brethren, that you would pay a most serious attention to it, and manifest, even while I am discoursing upon it, how much your minds are affected with it. I shall,

I. Consider the view here given of the unequalled majesty and glory of God. And,

II Of his great and amazing condescension in his regards to his creatures. And then make some natural and useful reflections upon the subject.

I. *I am to consider the view here given of the unequalled majesty and glory of God*

Now here are two thoughts suggested to us—that he dwelleth on high, and that there is none like him.

1 He dwelleth on high. The margin renders it, "He exalteth himself to dwell," or maketh himself high and sublime in his dwelling. We naturally annex the ideas of grandeur, magnificence, and excellency to what is high above us. Hence princes are called "high," and addressed by the title of "highness." When they appear on their thrones, they are raised above others to denote their dignity, state, and precedence. Hence God is spoken of as "the high God," "the Most High," "the Highest," and the like He is described as "seated on a throne, high and lifted up." Isa vi. 1. As the heavens are high above us, he is said to have prepared his throne in the heavens; to have fixed his seat on high, quite above this earth and all created glory. So in the verse before the text, "the Lord is high above all nations, and his glory above the heavens;" above these visible heavens; beyond the sun, moon, and stars, and higher than the thrones of angels, principalities, and powers. The residence of his glory is in the heavenly world There he appears by some peculiar displays of his presence, clothed with honor and majesty; "thousands of thousands stand before him; ten thousand times ten thousand minister unto him." From thence he beholds the whole universe, reigneth over it; and all creatures and all worlds are under his government and control. In short, we have the noblest description of this, in words admirably sublime and plain, yet not fully to be comprehended even by an angelic mind: "He dwelleth in the high and holy place, and is the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity." Isa. lvii 15. The other thought suggested in the text is,

2. There is none like him. "Who is like to the Lord our God?" which may be either an expression of the Psalmist's great admiration, or a challenge to the whole world to name any being equally great, glorious, wise, and good. There is none like him among the human race; none of the wise men, the nobles and princes of the earth. They are called "gods," but they are but "children of the Most High." They are derived, dependent, dying creatures; owe all their power and authority to him who is "King of kings and Lord of lords, the blessed and only potentate." There is none like him among the gods of the earth. Not their idols, for they are not equal to men. None of those beings or objects of worship which have a real existence, for they are all produced, and can at any time be destroyed by him. "Who, then, is so great a God as our God, the true God, the living God, the everlasting King?" Among the saints in heaven there is none like him. Glorious things are spoken of them; but all their lustre is derived from him and they shine by his rays The angels, though the top of the creation, and though they bear the nearest resemblance to the Father of lights, are not equal to him. They are all formed and supported by him, and derive all their knowledge, power, zeal, and happiness from him. "Who in the heavens can be compared to the Lord? who among the children of the mighty can be likened unto the Lord?" Ps. lxxxix. 6. Such is the nature of the divine Being, that it is impossible any other being should be equal to him. It is impossible, in the nature of things, that there should be any more than one eternal, self existent being. We are likewise taught by Scripture, as well as reason, to argue from his works that there is none like him. No other being can produce such stupendous effects. So Moses addresseth him: "Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods? who is like thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?" Ex xv. 11. So David saith: "Among the gods there is none like unto thee, O Lord, neither are there any works like unto thy works" Ps. lxxxvi 8. The operations of his providence, and especially his appearances for his church and people, prove his unequalled glory. "Thou hast done great things, O God; who is like unto thee?" Ps. lxxi. 19. Nay, the Lord himself appeals to his works as a proof of his supreme, unequalled deity "To whom, then, will ye liken me, or shall I be equal? saith the Holy One. Lift up your eyes on high and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number: he calleth them all by their names by the greatness of his might." Isa. xl. 25, 26 So that, upon the whole, we may adopt the words of Moses, and say, "There is none like unto the God of Jeshurun, (or Israel,) who rideth upon the heaven in thy help, and in his excellency on the sky." Deut. xxxiii. 26. But we are chiefly to direct our thoughts to his kindness and goodness, in which, as well as his greatness, there is none like him. Let us, therefore, proceed to consider,

II. *The condescension and amazing condescension.* After we have been surveying his unequalled majesty and glory, nothing can be more delightful than to view him as stooping to regard his creatures, and manifesting the greatest kindness to them. "He beholdeth the things that are in heaven and in the earth." Here let us observe, what the Psalmist intimates, that it is great condescension in God to behold the things that are in heaven—but greater and more wonderful condescension to behold the things that are in earth.

1. It is great condescension in God to behold the things that are in heaven. By "the things that are in heaven," is to be understood the inhabitants thereof, the saints and angels. And beholding them signifies, not only taking notice of them, but kindly regarding their services, and manifesting himself and his favor to them. He taketh notice of them—is not so wrapt up in his own essential perfections, glory, and happiness, as to overlook them. They dwell in his immediate presence and he doth them the honor to employ them in his service; sends forth his angels to minister to the heirs of salvation, though he could guide, defend, and prosper them by his own immediate power. He likewise graciously regards their services. He beholds them with an eye of approbation, complacency, and delight: he is pleased to see them happy. His presence and love fill them with joy, and constitute their chief felicity. Now it is great condescension in God thus to behold them, for they are creatures, and fall infinitely short of him in perfection. They cannot by searching find out God, nor have they minds capacious enough to receive him. Besides, their best services, though not sinful and polluted, are yet imperfect. They are not equal to his glory; for "he is exalted above all blessing and praise." Were their services more excellent, they could not profit him. He is not worshipped, even by these glorious spirits, as if he needed any thing, or they could make any addition to his happiness. His infinite perfection, sufficiency, and bliss, raise him above them. "Behold he putteth no trust in his servants, and his angels he chargeth with folly;" Job iv. 18; or he maketh no boast of them. It is, therefore a great stoop of condescension and goodness in God to behold the things that are in heaven.

2. It is greater and more wonderful condescension to behold the things on earth. "His eyes run to and fro through the earth, and he beholds all nations." He takes notice of all they say and do Nor is he an unconcerned spectator, for he ruleth over all. His providence continually works for the support and comfort of his creatures. His constant energy holdeth human souls in life; nor can the wisest or greatest of men speak a word or move a finger without him. He "leaveth not himself without witness" of his being and providence in any nation, in that "he doeth good, giveth rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling their hearts with food and gladness." Yea, his care stoops so low that "not a sparrow falls to the ground without him, but the hairs of our head are numbered." He manageth the affairs of his creatures, and performeth all things for them. And his care extends to the meanest as well as the greatest of men. He beholds those things which men commonly overlook and despise, and doeth kind and wonderful things for the poor and the helpless. This the Psalmist had immediately in his eye, as a proof of the divine condescension. Therefore he adds, after the text, "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill;" From the lowest and most contemptible circumstances; "that he may set him with princes, even the princes of the people" He interposeth "to make the barren woman to keep house, and to be a joyful mother of children." But he views his saints and servants with peculiar complacency and delight. His countenance beholdeth the upright, and he withdraweth not his eyes from the righteous." He regards their poor services; and though they fall so short of the services of angels, and are not only imperfect, but polluted and mingled with sin, yet he taketh notice of them and is pleased with them. He doth not despise the cry of the destitute, but heareth it; and esteems himself glorified when his people offer praise to him. Ps l. 23. He loveth the gates of Zion, where they meet to worship him; and their prayers and praises come up as grateful incense, perfumed with the merits and intercession of Jesus, their High Priest. Yea, farther, this high and lofty Being "dwelleth with him that is of a contrite spirit." He taketh pleasure in his people, delights over them to do them good, and rejoiceth in the prosperity of his servants Some of the heathen philosophers thought it beneath the dignity of God to stoop to such mean affairs; but the great God doth not think it beneath his own dignity to behold the things on earth. This will appear to be great and wonderful condescension and grace, if we consider what mean creatures men are. They derive their being from the dust; dwell in houses of clay; at their best estate they are altogether vanity; will soon be laid in the grave and turned to corruption. And will the great God set his eyes upon such creatures as these, when there are infinite orders of beings above them, much nobler than they; and when all the nations of the earth are in his sight but as the drop of the bucket, and lighter than vanity? In order to enhance this condescension, let it be considered that men are sinners against God, depraved and defiled creatures. They have lost their innocence, and are become unclean; have lost their order, and are become irregular. They often desire, judge, and act wrong, and there is not one that perfectly doeth good, no, not one. By the generality of men God is affronted, neglected, or forgotten. Even the worship and obedience of his saints, of the best of his saints, are imperfect and polluted. Who, then, is like to the Lord our God, that stoops to regard such creatures, and to be so good to a world so full of vanity, sin, and pollution? Let us consider, once more, what his condescension and grace have done. He hath sent his own Son to be a propitiation for sin, and he, in Christ, reconciling this guilty world to himself. He pardoneth the numerous sins of those who repent. And "who is a God like to thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and retaineth not his anger forever, because he delighteth in mercy?" Micah vii 18. He maketh those of the sinful children of men who are penitent and humble, his children and the heirs of glory. He taketh poor sinners out of the dust of death, and sets them among the princes of heaven. He stoops so low, to raise us to the highest dignity and happiness. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the children of God!" Let us, with the Psalmist, "consider the heavens, the work of God's fingers, the moon and the stars which he hath ordained" Ps. viii. 3. Let us think of those moving worlds, filled with intelligent beings; otherwise, as the prophet argues, had they not been formed to be inhabited, he would have created them in vain. Isaiah xlv. 18. The inhabitants of some of them are, perhaps, of a superior order to man. Reflect how many nobler beings he hath under his government and care, whom it is, nevertheless, a stoop of condescension in him to regard: then we shall be disposed to say, with high admiration and humble gratitude, "Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou shouldst thus graciously visit him?"

Rev J Orton

SALVATION NOT AN ACCIDENT.—It is the signal error of many that they treat salvation as an accident. I repeat it, they treat salvation as an accident—an expedient brought in to remedy evils which turn up in the stream of chance The propitiation of the incarnate Son of God, is not a mere refuge from inevitable necessity, but a glorious mystery foreseen long before the fall, before the world, before creation, and declared in due time as beyond all expressible modes the brightest display of the Godhead.

J. W. Alexander.

LETTER OF BISHOP PHILANDER CHASE

We publish below a most touching and beautiful letter from the pen of the late Bishop Chase It was written to a lady on the death of her first-born child. At the time when so many mothers all over the country are afflicted by the disasters of war, the publication of this consolatory letter may be a comfort to some wounded spirit.

It has never appeared in print, and we doubt whether any epistle of condolence could be more happily expressed:—*N. W Church.*

Robin's Nest, Nov. 9th, 1839.

VERY DEAR LADY:—Very seldom has my heart been pierced with more pungent grief than when reading the account you gave me of the death of your dear first-born. The whole distressing scene is at once before me. I see you, and all the dear relatives, from the beginning to the end of this struggle of affection, and as I follow in each act of agonizing effort to preserve the loved one from the grasp of death, my whole soul seems to feel as you did; and as you closed his eyes and followed him to the grave, and bent over the coffin and took your last look of that dear countenance, whose smiles had been the source of much comfort to you all, it was and is at this period of reflection, that my tears betray the sympathies of my bosom in your behalf. Yes, dear, best of friends; like the mingling of waters in one river, my feelings become one with yours, and flow on in one channel

But though I am conscious of the most sincere condolence with you all, in your sorrows, I must confess I am by no means satisfied that I have done all which becomes me to do for you in this providential visitation. Were I to leave you here, I should be but following the *world;* for they have natural feelings and sympathies as well as Christians. They can relate the sad story of human sufferings, and, in the most beautiful language, say with the poet:

"Oh, my sad heart, long abandon'd by pleasure,
Why didst thou dote on so frail losing treasure;
Tears like rain drops, may fall without measure.
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall."

And here the world leaves us; leaves us to mourn without hope or consolation. Cloudy days and weeping skies, without a ray of light are our only portion in this world, and in the grave eternal despair.

But not so the Christian. By the *resurrection* of the Son of God from the tomb, a brighter prospect is opened. Through the dark valley of the shadow of death, a *pathway* is made to immortality. Illumed by the Sun of Righteousness, this to the eye of faith "shineth even more and more to the *perfect day*"

To this *pathway*, dear lady, I would point you in this hour of affliction. Although your dear son cannot come to you, yet you can go to him. You and I, and all professing Christians, are on the road whither he has gone. Even now time is carrying us onward. There is no stopping, and we shall soon be there, where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.

This is indeed consolation Who would mourn that his dear relative had passed from one room of the house into another? The door suddenly opened for dear W., and he passed quickly through. It closed quickly while you were yet holding fast his loved garments, and you are thrown back on the world again with many tears in your eyes. And what can we say? Let the hand of faith wipe them all away; for you will see him again—you will—and that soon.

Look then to yourself, that you also be ready Let worldly enjoyments grow less and less valuable in your eyes; regard them only as comforts *by the wayside* of a hasty traveller, while his eye and his heart are fixed on the home of his fathers. "Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth." Be assured that our Heavenly Father chasteneth us in love, to make us more like his Son, whose image of *submission* we must have before we can be fit for his presence. Bless, then, the rod which makes you feel that the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

Nothing will certify you of the salutary effects of God's visitations on your moral frame more than a deep consciousness of your sins, and of the necessity of the atoning blood of the Son of God to remove them. He that believeth in this, shall never die; "he hath passed from death into life."

That God may have you, and all yours, in His holy keeping, in this world, and make you all a happy family in heaven, is the sincere and constant prayer of, very dear lady, your faithful friend and servant in Christ,

PHILANDER CHASE

DARKNESS NO REASON FOR DOUBTING

Darkness is a reason for doubting everything but Christ, but a reason for trusting in him, drawing near to him, and keeping close at his side. Darkness is a reason for distrusting one's self, and walking warily in prayer, and crying out for Christ's help, but certainly not a reason for unbelief. When Peter was in darkness—nothing but darkness around him, darkness within him, and the waves opening to swallow him up Christ was shining, and the only light that could be seen that night was in him. It is always so. We may seem to have light in ourselves, but it may be mere ignorance and pride; or if there is real light, it is only because Christ is shining within us and upon us, and some reflection is seen of his own light. Darkness in ourselves, and darkness around us, is no reason for doubting the light, but for believing in it, loving it, and pressing forward to it. "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. While ye have the light, believe in the light, that ye may be the children of the light. Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you; for he that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth" All the real light of the world is in him, and he that followeth him shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Hope thou in God."—*Dr. Chaney.*

In a hot summer, when there is most thirst, there are fewest brooks. So of many people's charities—they are rarest when most needed.

PERSECUTION FOR TRUTH'S SAKE.—"It is folly," said Addison, "for an eminent man to think of escaping censure, and a weakness to be affected by it. All the illustrious persons of antiquity, and, indeed, of every age in the world, have passed through this fiery persecution. There is no defence against reproach, but obscurity. It is a kind of concomitant to greatness, as satire and invective were an essential part of a Roman triumph."

Remember the saying: "It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

CHRIST'S AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

He knelt—the Saviour knelt and prayed,
When not his Father's eye
Looked through the lonely garden's shade,
On that dread agony!
The Lord of all, alone, beneath,
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.

The sun set in a fearful hour,
The skies might well grow dim,
When thus mortality had power
[illegible]
That He who gave man's breath might know
The very depths of human woe.

He knew them all—the doubt, the strife,
The sins to pray for, and,
The cares that hang o'er parting life,
[illegible]
And the dark grave knelt to pray—
Yet passed if not, that cup, away.

It passed not—though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath his tread;
It passed not—though to him the grave
[illegible]
A gift of strength, for man to die?
And was his mortal hour lower
[illegible]
—How may we meet our conflict yet,
In the dark, narrow way!
How, but through Him, that path who trod!
Save, or we perish, Son of God!

[illegible] strength
[illegible]

MINNESOTA.

Red Wing, Minnesota.

Although jaunting from place to place is absolutely necessary to enable one to report progress in business matters, or, to furnish a description of places and affairs, still the very effort made to this end unfits one, for a time at least, to discharge those duties. The whirl of travelling day and night, the irregular hours of dining and sleeping is, to me at least, a considerable nervous exercises.

How distance dwindles away before the heavy built and well fed "iron horse." Despite the jolting and rocking incident to car travelling, tired nature demands her hours of sleep, and ere our eyes awake hundreds of miles have been left behind, and the morning hour opens upon new sights and scenery. Many things of interest claim the traveller's attention. Leaving Altoona we begin to climb the Alleghany mountains at an ascending grade of 90 feet to the mile As the road winds up the side of the mountain a beautiful view of the magnificent scenery is obtained. Engineering skill of the highest possible talent combined with indomitable labor seems to have found in this locality a foeman worthy to meet in conflict, and skill and labor triumphed.

Connected with this work is the GREAT TUNNEL. Its total length is 3,612 feet, its width 24 feet, its height above the rails 21½ feet, the depth below the summit of the mountain 203 feet. It is necessary to illuminate the cars while passing through, although the time consumed is limited, still a general relief is experienced when one has emerged from the sulphurous atmosphere of the TUNNEL.

Leaving the smoky atmosphere of Pittsburg, we soon enter upon a country teeming with agricultural wealth. Judging from what is noticed along the route to Chicago, the yield of grain this season will be immense. Nearing Chicago, immense surfaces of country open to the sight. We here first notice the "prairie country." Here and there along the road the rude hut of the settler appears, and for miles you see not even these. Chicago is the city of Railroads and lumber. Its streets present a life and activity refreshing to one from the dull atmosphere of Philadelphia. Passing on our journey we come to Milwaukee, a city of considerable dimensions, and possessing buildings quite equal to our own Philadelphia. Entering the territory (state) of Wisconsin, from one end to the other, three facts press upon the mind. The immense fields of wheat, its need of harvesting, and the scarcity of laborers; a gentleman assured me that one farmer, alone, tilled 3,000 acres, all of wheat. Fields of 300 and 400 acres are by no means rare. Many hands, it is said, make work light, but were it not for the labor-saving machines, the farmer would be defeated in his enterprise The most approved reaping and threshing machines are always in demand, and find ready buyers. Either the land in this region is better adapted to wheat growing, or it pays better, for naught but wheat: wheat is seen interspersed, however, with a field of barley. This region is largely occupied by Germans, and I rather suspect that the barley is doomed to the "Lager vat." My suspicions were somewhat confirmed in this, by seeing upon a sign, in not very diminutive letters, "LAGER BEER." To make assurance doubly sure, I hastened from the cars, but just as I placed my foot upon the doorway of the cabin, the shrill whistle of the engine sounded the recall, and going through the double quick movement, I reached the cars in time; so as regards my experience, I am unable to say whether this sign was a dead sea apple or not. It will not do to form an estimate of the comfort and refreshments of the west by the distance from the luxurious east.

Kilborn City, for instance, as well as at Lisbon. The latter is 127 miles or so, west of Milwaukee. The weary traveller is ushered into a splendid dining room, the table fairly groaning under the weight of delicacies—yes, delicacies. And full twenty minutes' time is given to discuss the merits of the various dishes. Those who are fond of fish must come here and partake of the "white fish." They surpass any fish which I have met with—not excepting the bivalves and other fish at "Lood's Landing"

But what about Red Wing? It is a pleasant and a thriving town of 200 or 250 houses, situated upon a rising shore of the Mississippi. It has amongst other fine buildings a very fine county building, built of brick with considerable architectural finish. It cost $25,000. Adjoining the town is a most formidable bluff, or what we would term a hill. Desiring to have a view of the surrounding country, induced me to attempt to reach its summit by a direct course. After advancing or rather ascending some 300 steps, and at an angle consid

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE

We are coming, Father Abraham three hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream and from New England's shore.
We leave our ploughs and workshops, our wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear;
We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly before—
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more!

If you look across the hill tops that meet the northern sky,
Long marching lines of rising dust your vision may descry,
And now the wind, an instant, tears the cloudy veil aside,
And flash aloft our spangled flag in glory and in pride,
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave music pour—
We are coming Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more!

If you look up all our valleys, where the growing harvests shine,
You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast filing into line;
And children from their mother's knees are pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow, against their country's needs;
And a farewell group stands weeping at every cottage door—
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more.

You have called us, and we're coming, by Richmond's bloody tide.
To lay us down for freedom's sake, our brothers' bones beside;
Or from foul treason's savage grasp to wrench the murderous blade
And in the face of foreign foes its fragments to parade.
Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone before—
We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more!

N Y Evening Post

THE AFRICAN CHARACTER.

The African character has its own marked and distinctive peculiarities. It is tropical. It has passion deep and pervasive, slumbering within a rounded form, and in deep dreamy eyes. It is ductile and plastic, ready to receive impressions and to be shapen by them. It does not possess the hard, aggressive features of the character of the tribes of Northern Europe; it does not seek by conquest to extend its power, or to mould other people to its form. It is adapted to receive rather than to give. It is, therefore, essentially imitative. From this comes the rapidity with which, under favorable influences, the African advances in civilization. Wherever these influences are numerous and powerful enough to be the most prominent, the negro yields to them with marvellous rapidity.

There is, perhaps, no race that gives up so readily and fully old habits and associations. We find no granite formations of character underlying the race, such as are met with in the tribes and peoples of Asia. Compare, for instance, the plastic mobility of the Pangwee Bakwain with the rigidity of the Hindu or Chinese. Or where the case may be seen in even a more striking way, compare the African negro with the American Indian; take the one from his tropical wild, the other from his forest home, and place them both under the same civilizing influences, and where at the end of a fixed period will you find them? In a single generation the one is nearly at your side, the other is simply a savage still.

The rapid rise of the negro race in the West India Islands, Jamaica, for example, when made free by the British Government, is a very striking illustration, though the time has been too short to bring it out to the full. Taking all the facts as they are given us, we find the people rising almost at once, (for thirty years are usually as nothing in the life of a people) out of the barbarism of slavery, into a nation self-supporting, self-governing to a considerable extent, moral and religious, not, indeed, in the highest degree, but still wonderfully advanced.* We believe that it is without a parallel.

Together with this plastic ductility, the African has another, which at first sight seems in flagrant contradiction;—the race has a peculiar power of resistance and permanence. It is said, probably truthfully, that no race has ever been able to abide a close contact with the Anglo-Saxon. One of two results has always followed:—either it has been swallowed up and lost as a river is as ocean, or it has gone down and been swept away. But this race has neither been absorbed nor destroyed. It has grown under the most adverse influences, and asserts itself in all its peculiar characteristics under foreign skies, and after the lapse of two centuries. The negro of America is a true African still.

This race has not greatly mingled with other races. It is, we are inclined to believe, rather a characteristic of it not to seek an amalgamation with another people; its tendency is to remain apart. We are well aware, indeed, that this is exactly contrary to the views of many, who have built their opinions on popular assertions and prejudice rather than on observed facts. The assumption is, that the negro desires to mingle his blood with that of the white races. The reverse is the fact. There is, though it may seem to some unaccountable, a certain pride of race, which leads the negro to exult in the purity of his blood, and to regard a foreign element in it as not only not desirable, but even objectionable. This feeling does not belong simply to the negro on his own continent; it perpetuates, perhaps magnifies itself, when surrounded by another people. Among them in this country a pure-blooded negro will, with biting sarcasm, taunt the mulatto with the fact that the blood of another race is in his veins.

This feeling, which must have been noticed by any one whose observation has been extensive or intelligent enough to collect the facts, leads the race to remain by itself; and when left to its natural course, such is the result. The statistics of this country show that the free black does not and cannot mingle with the white race. No elevation of freedom can produce such an intermixture. Here and there, but so seldom as to present but perhaps a single case only in widely-separated communities, there is an intermarriage. This seeming want of inclination, coupled with a natural and insuperable repugnance on the part of the white, must ever keep the two races apart when they stand on an equal footing of freedom.—*Presbyterian Quarterly Review.*

WISDOM, WIT, AND HUMOR.

A good man, who has seen much of the world and is not tired of it, says: "The grand essentials to happiness in this life are *something to do, something to love, and something to hope for.*"

Some men live in their good deeds, and like a beautiful insect, or a delicate moss preserved in a mass of golden aromatic amber, they seem to lie embalmed in the memory of their worth.

Many a man has missed being a great man by splitting into two middling ones. Concentrate your energies in one direction, if you would make a figure to the world.

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom: he that thinks himself the happiest man really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool.

Those are most valuable that are most serviceable; and those are greatest, not that have the most tal-nts, but that use th they possess most usefully.

*See Sewell's "West Indies, or, the Ordeal of Free Labor in the British West India Islands," an eminently dispassionate and disinterested view of the condition of these islands. An attentive consideration of his statements would go far to relieve the matter of emancipation of some of the difficulties with which to many it seems environed. "These people," he remarks, "who live comfortably and independently, own houses and stock, pay taxes and poll votes, and pay their money to build churches, are the same people whom we have heard represented as idle, worthless fellows, abstaining by oppression to work, and ready to live on an orange or banana, rather than earn the[ir] [bread]."

The Social, Civil, and Statistical Association of Philadelphia, Pa. By vote have opened a subscription list to aid the freed men at Port Royal and other points where they may be located, and respectfully ask the co-operation of the colored citizens and others in this city, or elsewhere, in money or clothing.

Any amount of value received will be acknowledged, with the name of the donor, in the *Recorder*, where a constant record will be kept.

Subscriptions may be sent to Jacob C. White, at the office of the Underground Railway, 711 Lombard Street, and also to William Still, 107 North Fifth Street, and to Rev E. Weaver, 619 Pine Street.

PAID

Statistical Society,	$ 5 00
Clinton Miller,	2 00
William Still,	5 00
Robert Alger	2 00
Henry Minton	2 00
Catherine Johnson,	2 00
Youti Locke,	2 00
Wm Watrous,	1 00
Harriet Shorter,	1 00
Sarah S. Hawkins,	1 00
Rev. Jonathan C. Gibbs,	1 00
James P. Clay,	1 00
Benjamin F Hill,	2 00
S M. S.,	2 00
Elisabeth Gordon,	1 00
P. J. Dreer,	5 00

It affords us pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of ten dollars, the proceeds of Miss Anna E. Dickenson's lecture at Concert Hall for the contrabands, contributed to the S., C. and Statistical Association, to be applied as intended. WM. STILL.

Our Sec. of S., C. and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Penna

Domestic Items.

Cumberland, Md—The Hospitals—Soldiers' Aid Society—Ingratitude.

We enjoyed camping with the "87th," and pronounced their soups and delicacies (mild bisaup, &c.) *hot!*

'Tis true, the heat was rather oppressive, and mosquitoes, and bugs, and spiders, more numerous than we thought necessary, but then all these things belong to the life of a soldier, and "are nothing when you get used to them." We could not appreciate the sentimentalism of the young men of the Irish Brigade, who went "to shout mark by moonlight," and thereby caused the signal of alarm to be given, which placed the entire division under arms, and brought before some of us beautiful visions of Richmond prison life, wounds and death.

The alarm, however, was not without its good effects as the conduct of the men under it demonstrated clearly. Every man was at his post, and that, too, in a very few minutes after the call. We had some little idea of how men feel "just before the battle," and can assure our friends that the state of mind is not of the most pleasant character. We were glad to find

THE HOSPITALS

clean and well-ventilated, and the sick as comfortable as they could well be made without pillows, or bedding, or delicacies. From the great abundance which the "Soldiers' Aid Society of Wheeling" placed at our disposal, we were soon permitted to supply the wants of all, and to see them provided in clean clothing, and good beds and pillows, together with jellies and fruits prepared by kind hands for the feverest lip and burning tongue. Whilst visiting the Hospitals here and in Georgetown, we have had pleasant as well as sad times. It is not always a place of darkness and gloom, for the light of faith is *bright* in the hearts of many of the inmates. Said a young man very near the grave, "Did I tell you I had a mother in heaven who taught me of Jesus? I did not listen to her *then*. I became a careless sinner, but since I am in the Hospital, I can see her face and hear her voice, so lovely, as plainly as though she stood before me. Her teaching has not been in vain, for I am seeking Jesus, and hope soon to be his by a living faith." In a few days that dear young man found the Saviour and rejoiced in the hope of meeting his faithful mother in glory. Mother, are you discouraged? Do you sometimes feel as though your teachings and prayers were all in vain? Be encouraged by the young man in the Hospital, this is your sowing time, your harvest is yet to come. Said one of the attendants, "Do not speak to that man to the right. He will curse you to the earth. He is a Universalist." What a miserable condition for a man who is soon to stand in the presence of God, cursing while the minister of Christ is asking for a blessing upon his soul—mocking while the chariot wheels of damnation are rolling beneath him, and a loving Saviour waits to be gracious! Passing along one of the wards, we noticed an interesting but dejected countenance, and a skeleton of what once was a fine, manly form. We said to the young man, "Are you getting better?" when, to our great surprise, he answered, "*I am not sick*—I am only resting." His mind was gone—the fever had left him a maniac. We met *Christians* in the Hospitals, suffering pains that would drive the worldly mad. We saw them patient in sickness, and calm in death! A middle-aged convalescent, handing us an ambrotype of his wife and children, said, "These are the dear ones I left at home in the care of Christ and God's people. I know they are safe—for their heavenly Father has said, 'I will never leave you nor forsake you.' I pray for them, and they pray for me." Happy family!

"Though sundered far—by faith they meet
Around one common Mercy-seat."

"Will you pray with us to-day?" said a young man who heretofore seemed to care but little for religious things. His question and request reminded us of our duty, and the promise that "God's word will not return to Him void." We had intended to pass by that room, but the voice and earnestness of the young man rebuked us, and taught us a lesson we shall not soon forget. We had as often been with him, without any apparent good results, that it seemed useless to visit him again. But to act now utterly, and administered us to do our duty and leave the result with him. May He bless all our labors among the sick and needy of the noble Union army

CUMBERLAND, MD.

We were delighted with this city and the pleasant acquaintances we made, and friends we met, whilst in it. We had the pleasure of mounting a "camel-back" at New Creek, and had, therefore, a full view of the beautiful scenery from that place to this. The route is along the valley of the Potomac, which, at the former place, is narrowed to a little stream, and can be crossed by a single leap. Here the road winds around the base of mountain spurs, and though the scenery does not present that sublimity of grandeur which we have in the "Cheat river region," yet it is a happy relief, and adds diversity and beauty to the route. Gladly would we have lingered longer among the pleasant friends at Cumberland, had not an unprepared sermon admonished us to return to Wheeling. Could we have remained in Cumberland a few weeks, we are very certain our health would have been much improved under the prescriptions there administered—plenty of *exercise*, and plenty of *rest from study*. One dear, kind family furnished us with delicacies for the sick, and sent encouraging words to those who are absent from home, and mothers and sisters. The mother of Bro. B., of Washington, tendered us an invitation to "spend a week," which we would gladly accept if circumstances permitted. The members of the Synod of Maryland made quite a favorable impression upon the people of Cumberland, as they seem anxious to have them come soon again. Drs. Morris and McCron will not soon be forgotten, as the persons with whom they sojourned are anxiously looking for the time to return when Cumberland will be the place of meeting for the Synod to which they belong. It is gratifying to know that amid all the troubles, and convulsions, and excitements of the times and the place,

OUR CHURCH

holds its own—and though it may not be growing as rapidly as the pastor may desire, yet the fact that it is not retrograding should be encouraging to him and his noble flock. We are sorry we could not remain long er with Bro. W., but hope soon to have the pleasure of another visit to Cumberland—more *lengthy*, but not more *satisfactory* and *pleasant*, as that would be *impossible*. Our friends, Major Boehler and lady of Gettysburg, being here, added much to the pleasure of our visit. Years may pass, and many changes take place, but never will we forget our short visit to Cumberland.

SOLDIERS' AID SOCIETY OF WHEELING, VA.

This noble institution is now in active operation and has its ministers of mercy in almost every camp and hospital in the State. Nearly five thousand dollars have been contributed in *money*, while benevolent minds have been devising, and tender hands preparing all [illegible] and self-denying laborers in this blessed work will perhaps never be personally known to those whose sufferings they alleviate, but *their acts* will be written [illegible] a grateful dying prayer. This is not inconsistent for the sake of pay, our praise, not boasting—but such as will be remembered by Him who has said, "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, *in the name of a disciple*, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." Could the bright eyes now fixed upon garments for the afflicted follow those garments to the hospitals, and see the smile produced upon the face burning with fever, their possessors would feel amply repaid for all their labor and toil. Could those ministering angels see the [illegible] they would take even more delight in their labor of love.

The liberality of the people of Wheeling in this contest for the maintenance of government has eclipsed by that of any other city in the Union—and we feel glad to-day to be a member of a community so *truly loyal, liberal and benevolent.*

CONSTITUTION.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company are in the habit of charging soldiers *full fare* for almost every mile [illegible] they travel. Were [illegible] they charge *double fare for every rumpus passing over their line!* The soldiers of the Union have opened and are keeping open this entire route—and when they die, guarding bridges and track, the Company shows its gratitude by charging double fare to transport their bodies to parents or friends. Is the right? Is the grateful?

HYPOCRITE.

Revelation of the Census.—Some chapters from the Report of the Superintendent of the Census have been published. They present in a general view a magnificent picture of the progress of the country up to 1860.

MANUFACTURES

which, with the products of the mines and fisheries, amounted to something over one thousand millions of dollars in 1859 are computed at nineteen hundred millions in 1860. The gain in ten years being *Sixty* per cent. The product per head was over $60; required the labor of over a million of men and two hundred and eighty five thousand women, and gave direct support to near five millions of persons. Of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

there were manufactured in 1850 an aggregate valued at $60,-42,000. In 1860 that value had increased to $17,-85,000, or 100 per cent. This increase was most marked in the Western States, where the value rose in the ten years from two to eight millions. Of

PIG IRON.

there was produced in 1860, 884,000 tons, worth nineteen millions of dollars, being an increase of over 44 per cent. The bar and other rolled iron of that year was over 400,000 tons, valued at over twenty-two millions of dollars, an increase of nearly 40 per cent. Of

LINEN GOODS

there are a few coarse kinds made in Massachusetts, but the manufacture as a whole, is not worthy of being named among the general statistics of the national industry

There are some

SEWING SILKS

made in the country; a few ribbons and ladies' and coach trimmings of silk. New York and Philadelphia produce two millions' worth of the last named.

Manufactures of

LEATHER

increased from $17,700,000 to $93,000,000—increase 37 per cent. New England produced $10,000,000, the Middle States $18,000,000, and the West $6,000,000. Of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

there were made in 1860 fifty-four millions of dollars' worth, while New England alone made more than this in 1860. The great boot and shoe cities are Philadelphia over five millions; Lynn near that amount; Haverhill over four millions, and New York near four millions. Some shoe manufacturers made in North Brookfield $750,000 worth, and this was one of five establishments belonging to the same proprietors, who turned out over a million of pairs worth $1,300,000.

The increase in

INDIA RUBBER GOODS

is 90 per cent., being, in 1860, near $6,000,000.

The amount of

GAS

made in 1860 is set down at 500,000,000 feet. Of salt there was in 1850 produced $2,000,000 worth, while in 1860, New York, Virginia, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, which are in the order named, the principal salt producing States, made over $2,000,000 worth, at a cost of $1 18 a bushel. The

TOTAL VALUE

of the real and personal estate in the country was estimated to be, in 1850, $16,000,000,000, representing an increase of 126 per cent. in ten years.

Jefferson Davis' Message.—We give the most interesting and important points of this Message, sent in Aug. 18, to the Rebel Congress, now in session in Richmond, Va

TO THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.—It is again our fortune to meet for devising measures necessary to the public welfare, whilst our country is involved in a desolating war. The sufferings endured by some portions of the people excite the deepest solicitude of the Government, and the sympathy thus evoked has been heightened by the patriotic devotion with which these sufferings have been borne. The gallantry and good conduct of our troops—always claiming the gratitude of the country—have been further illustrated on hard fought fields, marked by exhibitions of individual prowess which can find but few parallels in ancient or modern history. Our army has not faltered in any of the various trials to which it has been subjected, and the great body of the people have continued to manifest a zeal and unanimity which not only cheer the battle-stained soldier, but gives assurance to the friends of constitutional liberty of our final triumph in the pending struggle against despotic usurpation.

The vast army which threatened the overthrow of the Confederacy has been defeated and driven from the lines of investment and that enemy, repeatedly foiled in his efforts to fix its capture, is now seeking to raise new armies on a scale such as modern history does not record, to effect that subjugation of the South so often proclaimed as on the eve of accomplishment.

Retaliation in kind, for many of them, is impracticable, for I have had occasion to remark in a former message, that under the excuse of provocation could our humane-hearted defenders be driven to wreak vengeance on unarmed men, on women or on children. But stern and exemplary punishment can and must be meted out to the murderers and felons, who, disgracing the profession of arms, seek to make of public war the occasion for the commission of the most monstrous crimes.

In connexion with this subject I am of opinion that provision [illegible] for the increase of our army, in the event of emergencies not now anticipated. The very large increase of forces recently called into the field by the President of the United States may render it necessary hereafter to extend the provisions of the conscription, so as to embrace persons between the ages of thirty-five and forty-five years. The vigor and efficiency of our present forces, their condition, and the skill and ability which distinguish their leaders, inspire the belief that no further enrollment will be necessary; but a wise foresight requires that if necessity should be suddenly developed during the recess of Congress requiring increased forces for such defensive measures should not be calling regiments into the field without awaiting the Government.

The report of the Secretary of the Navy embraces a statement of the operations and present condition of this branch of the public service, both afloat and ashore; the construction and equipment of armed vessels at home and abroad, the manufacture of ordnance and ordnance stores, the establishment of workshops, and the development of our resources of coal and iron.

We have never-ceasing cause to be grateful for the favor with which God has protected our infant Confederacy. And it becomes us reverently to return our thanks and humbly to ask of his beneficence that wisdom which is needed for the performance of the high trusts with which we are charged.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Richmond, August 15, 1862.

Movements in Virginia.—Tuesday, August 26.—There are indications that the rebels, having failed in their designs of destroying Pope's army and entering Maryland, are contemplating a retreat, which, from the strong and threatening position of our forces, will be, at least, a dangerous experiment. In the meantime General McClellan's army is reinforcing the Army of Virginia, and every avenue of advance is held in considerable force, so that our troops may be ready to move forward at any time, if it be deemed expedient by the Commander-in-Chief.

The rebels have been unable to keep a very large army on the banks of the Rappahannock from a want of means of transportation and supply, and especially as the source of the latter would be threatened from two points probably. Some attempt will now be directed to the valley of the Shenandoah, as it is understood that a considerable force of rebels passed through Manassasville Gap, with a view of entering and making raids in the valley.

From New Orleans—Rebels Preparing to Attack Baton Rouge Again

An intelligent young gentleman, who left Baton Rouge on Sunday evening, informs us that the Confederate army was stationed ten miles distant from that place, hourly expecting large reinforcements. On being [illegible] of all, it was their intention to renew the attack on Baton Rouge. The United States forces had called in all their pickets, and notified all noncombatants to leave, with such movable property as they chose to take with them, as the [illegible] would shell the city the moment the Confederates renewed the conflict.

Governor Thomas O. Moore, the Chief Magistrate of the State of Louisiana, made his appearance in The Indicator last week on horseback. The moment the fact became known, the people turned out in mob and murder him. Many people were armed. He begged for mercy—cut still, but for hair women who surrounded him he would have been shot. The people dotted him [illegible] strapped him [illegible] strapped him [illegible]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

"UNION COTTAGE,"
ATLANTIC CITY NEAR THE INLET

The subscriber will always be happy to welcome her numerous friends, and the public in general.

TERMS

Board per week,	$6 00
" " day,	1 25
Single meals,	50

S. H. WAITE, *Proprietress*

NOTICE

To the friends of Religious Literature and human progress of the City and County of Philadelphia

This certifies that Miss Mary Still is a legally authorized agent for the City and County of Philadelphia Penna., to collect subscribers and donations for the Christian Recorder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

We, therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy, and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable, that those to whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to the great cause.

Signed) ELISHA WEAVER.
Editor & General Book Steward.
No. 619 Pine St., Phila

BOARDING
IN BROOKLYN

MRS S PLANT formerly Richardson) respectfully announces that she has opened a first-class BOARDING & LODGING HOUSE at No. 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn—where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city, and within five minutes' walk of Fulton Ferry, is made thus a very desirable and convenient place.

BOARDING.

Mrs. AMIA WILLIAM, of Cape May, will open the Bonaker House for the season, for the accommodation of all who wish to spend the summer there, and she will spare no pains to make all comfortable. Those wishing to spend one, two or three days, will find the Bonaker House the right spot. Prices very reasonable. 1sept

COAL, STOVES, &c., &c.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the store,

NO. 107 NORTH FIFTH STREET,

formerly occupied as the Anti-Slavery Office, (where he has been engaged for the last fourteen years,) in occupy it henceforth as a place of business for the sale of

COAL, STOVES, &C.

Having made arrangements with one of the first Coal Dealers in the city, to furnish the best qualities of Lehigh, Schuylkill, &c., at the lowest Cash prices, he hopes to give full satisfaction in this branch of his business

He will also keep constantly on hand a general assortment of good NEW and SECOND-HAND STOVES, FURNACES, &c.

Persons wishing Stoves taken down, stored away, put up, or cleaned, can be promptly accommodated by applying as above.

He hopes by energy and strict attention to business to obtain a fair share of patronage.

WM. STILL.
107 North Fifth Street, Philadelphia

REFERENCES.

J. M. M'Kim,	Dr Caspar Wistar,
Samuel Rhoads,	James Mott,
Dillwyn Parrish,	Thomas Williamson,
Prof. C. D. Cleveland,	W H. Furness.

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☞ Particular attention given to Brushes for machine work Mr 26—1y.

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TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT.

This valuable and popular medicine has universally received the most favorable commendations of the Medical Profession as the best and most reliable remedy for Sick Headache, Nausea, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Acidity of the Stomach, Torpidity of the Liver, Costiveness, Rheumatic Affections, Hysterics, Piles, and all complaints where a gentle and cooling aperient or purgative is required.

It is particularly adapted to the wants of Travellers by Sea and Land, Residents of Hot Climates, Persons of Sedentary Habits, Delicate and Nervous Females, Children of Tender and Feeble Constitutions, and will find it a valuable addition to their medicine chest.

It is in the form of a powder, carefully put up in bottles, to keep in any climate, and merely requires a tea spoonful mixed with water to give a delightful effervescing draught.

Numerous testimonials from professional and other gentlemen, of the highest standing throughout the country, who have thoroughly tested its properties, can be seen at the Depot, and the [illegible] of an unimpeachable character.

TARRANT'S CORDIAL ELIXIR OF THE KEY RHUBARB

This beautiful preparation from the true Turkey Rhubarb has the aperient and stomachic properties of Senna, Jalap, &c., without their griping effects, and may be given to Infants with perfect safety. It is a most delightful preparation for Children, it being in a concentrated form, to enable it to occupy less space than any similar preparation.

TARRANT'S IMPROVED INDELIBLE INK,

for marking Linen, Muslin, Silk, etc., has been proved, by many years' experience, to be the best most permanent and reliable preparation ever offered to the public

The expert wife of this art is to be superseded by all and purchasers and dealers will find it to their interest to give it a preference over all similar preparations.

Manufactured only by

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SEWING MACHINES.
WILCOX & GIBBS

Price with Hemmer and Feller,
$35 00.

THIS MACHINE HAS POINTS OF SUPERIORITY PECULIARLY ITS OWN.

Stitching, Hemming, and Felling with a Single Thread

It forms a flat, even, and elastic seam, which is WARRANTED not to rip in wear, even if the seam is cut at frequent intervals, and also under all circumstances "to receive the same tension."

A Pictorial drawing of great interest, however, presents the possibility of the machine being run to the wrong direction, or the balance wheel running backwards.

Another feature which deserves particular attention is the THE WILCOX PATENT NEEDLE GUARD OR KEY HOOK.

You [illegible] stitches [illegible] needle [illegible] can be used in the same [illegible] without [illegible] the needle.

These Machines are simple and [illegible] in their construction, and seem to do the work of the shuttle [illegible] with [illegible] threads [illegible] stitch.

Although at about half the price of the other first class machines they will [illegible] and [illegible] as long as any.

"It is conceded by the general public that the Sewing Machine that the public have long been waiting for." Boston Transcript

"It is indeed a wonderful production, and for family use especially, no other will bear any comparison with it."—Philadelphia Evening Journal

"A most valuable acquisition." Scientific American

"Among the best and most serviceable Sewing machines. Light and simple, it is [illegible] and not liable in its construction that it seems almost impossible for it to get out of repair." Philadelphia Chronicle.

"Has combined with its own peculiar merits all the really valuable improvements of the highest priced machines." Penny Journal

"There can have, in the whole list of the Exhibition, few more nearly the requirements of a perfect family machine than as per exhibition."—Franklin Institute Exhibition Report of 1858

"Having [illegible] to exhibit a machine [illegible] we [illegible] and doing all work [illegible] more pleasing and better [illegible] the Wilcox & Gibbs as a single thread machine."—Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society's Report

"We must, in justice, express our conviction on the merits of the Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine. We consider that a great desideratum has been supplied by it in proving beyond doubt, that for threads are not, as was supposed, necessary to a good instrument." Christian Advocate and Journal, June 21, 1860

"We have one of these machines in use, and think more highly of it than of any of the number we have tried."—Richmond Whig

The undersigned, Missionary to Constantinople, has examined more than twenty different kinds of Sewing Machines, and also six weeks' experience with Wilcox & Gibbs' Patent, he not per-chased one of them, as the best adapted to the wants of his family and as the least liable to require repair. OLIVER CRANE.

Constantinople, July 3, 1860.

The undersigned, during thirteen months, has had in almost constant use, in his family a Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine, upon which has been made the clothing of his large family—from muslin to [illegible] cloth—including the clothing required by his several boys; and he does not know the seams failed, although in hard service. The machine now in use in his family has required no repair, and is, in all respects, well appointed and [illegible] JACOB CHICKERING Boston

☞ Send for a Circular ☜

JAMES WILCOX, Manufacturer
No 505 Broadway, New York.
Opposite St Nicholas Hotel

Advertisements.

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 10th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows—

From Garnet Union No. 4, D. of T.; from Phœnix Union, No. 8, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 16, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Mr Bae' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 19, D. of T.; from Vanbrackle Union, No. 15, D. of T., of Norristown, Pa

Officers installed in their several positions are as follows—

Grand P., Sister Bennett; Grand Associate, Sister Burris; Grand Treasurer, Sister Fausett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. M. Durhart; Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall

G. P. P., Sister R. Roberts, G. P. P. Sister Anderson,
" " E. Bowen, " " J. P. Black,
" " M. H. Bundy, " " E. A. Clark,
" " S Newman, " " White,
" " S. Davis, " " S Hall.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY.

THE STATED QUARTERLY MEETINGS of the Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August, and November.

The meetings of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the society.

Mrs SARAH CARTER, President
Mr L. R SPENCER, Sec'y

THE BOOK DEPOSITORY
OF THE
AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,
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We keep on hand, in connexion with our other books, Sabbath school books of various kinds; Question Books; Catechisms, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. We have a good assortment of such books as are generally used in the Public Schools. Also, Stationery, Inks, Pens, Paper, Envelopes and Blank Books.

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Dec16-1y 604 MARKET STREET

GOOD NEWS

To Tailors, Dress-makers, and to those wishing to be such. Also, to owners of sewing machines that have not large machines for to sell or to rent and fit perfectly, La'ies' Dresses, Boys' and Men's Pants, Vests, Jackets, Sack and Over-coats

Local and Travelling Agents Wanted.

Address REV WM BRADLEY,
Carversville, Bucks Co., Pa

Or, apply to Mrs Mary C Wester wife of the Editor of this paper, at No Pine St, Phila. Pa. Jan12—1y

MRS. E A. PALMER'S
DRY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS STORE.
NO. 105 NORTH FIFTH STREET.
PHILADELPHIA

A General Assortment of Hosiery, Trimmings, Dry Goods, &c

Dress, Shirt-making, and Plain Sewing, promptly attended to Jan12—1y

COAL! COAL!! COAL!!!

The subscriber is selling the best qualities of Lehigh and Schuylkill at the following very low prices

Lehigh Store Coal, per ton,	$4 50
" Egg "	4 25
" Broken and Screened, per ton,	4 25
" Nut "	4 00
Schuylkill, Stove, and Egg and Broken, and Screened,	4 25
" Nut,	4 00

Orders left at the Store Store, No. 107 North Fifth St., will be promptly attended to. WM. STILL.
Jan1—1y 107 North Fifth St. Philada.

KEELY'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY
N W. corner Fifth and Coates.
PICTURE GALLERY AND FRAMES ON THE FIRST FLOOR.
Strangers should not fail to call and examine.
Admission Free

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DEALER IN
NEW AND SECOND HAND
CLOTHING,
No 225 South Second Street.
No 17—3mo PHILADELPHIA

WILLIAM STILL'S
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107 NORTH FIFTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA

The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and all in want of good stoves, that he has now on hand a general variety of excellent PARLOR, COOK and CHAMBER STOVES, including the burning, as well as other patterns, which he is selling at very low rates. He buys entirely for cash, of the best wholesale houses, and of course can sell much cheaper than those buying on the usual credit system. At any rate his friends are invited to give him a call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere, as he feels that they would be convinced that it would be to their interest to give him their patronage. Coal orders constantly on hand. WM. STILL.

JOSEPH H. COLE,
CONTINENTAL RESTAURANT,
NO. 717 LOMBARD STREET, PHILA,
(Above Seventh St., under Philadelphia Institute,)

Where he continues to keep always on hand the very best assortment of OYSTERS and other refreshments—hoping that all his friends and the public in general will favor him with their patronage.

☞ Meals served at all hours. Families supplied with Oysters of the best quality and flavor at the shortest notice.

☞ Also, public and private waiting done on the most reasonable terms 1y

Mrs. S. Shorter Hawkins
HAS NOW OPENED
NEW SPRING GOODS,

consisting of Dresses, Brilliants, Calicoes, &c. Hoop Skirts of all sizes, from 15 cents to $1 25. A large lot of linen Habits, from 8 to 25 cents. Also, cheap Hosiery and Gloves.

N B.—Mantuamakers are invited to examine my assortment of Dress trimmings of the latest styles: all will be sold cheap for cash at the Old Establishment,
615 Lombard Street.

For the Christian Recorder

BUCKS COUNTY SS.—TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS MAY COME.

I, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace, in and for the county of Bucks, do hereby certify that I am acquainted and have Emily Johnson, formerly Rodney, who was married to Samuel Johnson, who was married before William Hawk, Esq., of Bristol, Bucks County, as appears by record on his docket; and after careful examination and mature reflection, I feel myself fully safe in saying that the said Johnson had a wife living at the time he married the said Emily Rodney; and I further say that I have the evidence of [illegible] (then preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church) Charles Rowsome, (Class leader) and Benjamin Cummings, (who is exhorter) that he had one or more wives living at the time he married the said Emily Johnson; and the evidence, on affirmation, of the said Emily Johnson, that he had a wife living at the time she married him, which, at the time she married him, she had an knowledge of

Affirmed and subscribed before me this March 5th, 1862 Wm Rickey J P.

her
Emily + Johnson.
mark

THOMAS CHARNOCK,
GENERAL FURNISHING UNDERTAKER
NO 427 SOUTH 6TH ST.,
Second Door Below Bethel Church

REV. LEWIS S. LEWIS'
FAMILY LINIMENT
IS PREPARED WITH GREAT CARE,
EXPRESSLY FOR FAMILY USE.

Its composition is very simple, containing nothing that is injurious in any form, and there is no danger in its use from exposure to the weather. No family should be without it. Having a wish to benefit mankind in general, and those afflicted in particular—and having had recourse to the article in several cases of rheumatism, bunions, chilblains, and other lameness, it proving to be a remedy in every case—I therefore recommend it to the public

CERTIFICATES.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov 27, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with the rheumatism eleven years during which time I tried almost everything, but received no sure relief. For the last four months my limbs and joints were so swollen, that at times I could not walk or use my slippers. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and at the first application was instantly relieved. After using one or two bottles, I was enabled to enjoy the free use of my limbs. Rev. GEORGE A. RUE.

NEWPORT, R. I., October 29, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been affected for a number of years, more or less, with a pain and weakness in my chest, arising from some cause unknown to me. I made two applications of your Liniment, and was relieved. I was attacked with the diphtheria, and was cured by using your Liniment. Its worth has proved itself ten times its cost. ANTHONY RANDOLPH.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 19, 1861

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been cured of stiffening in my joints by using your Liniment. I recommend it to all who are thus troubled. RICHARD WHITE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov 17, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—Your Liniment is, truly, all that it is recommended to be. I have tried it, and it has successfully cured my bunions. SOPHIA TAYLOR.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct 7, 1861.

Mr Lewis—Dear Sir: I have had a pain and stiffness in my neck and back for some time. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and applied it twice, which effected a cure I recommend it to the public
Mrs EVELINA DEMOND

PROVIDENCE, Dec 10, 1861.

Rev. L. S Lewis—Dear Sir: For upwards of three years I have been very lame at times, arising from a sprain I have tried a great many things, without any definite results. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and was effectually relieved. Mrs. PHEBE A MORSE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Dec. 18, 1861.

...ION BRIDGE—CENTRAL PARK AND THE NEW RESERVOIR.

Until December last, the supply of water for this city was brought over the High Bridge at Harlem River, in two cast iron pipes, each 3 feet in diameter; since then, the new wrought iron pipe has been in use. It is a wonderful piece of mechanism. The material is wrought iron plates, each 8 feet by 6, and one half inch in thickness: its interior diameter being 7½ feet. This pipe is sufficient to meet the capacity of the new reservoir, without the aid of the two cast iron ones; should it ever need repairs, the city can depend on the two 8 feet pipes for a sufficient supply.

The new reservoir in Central Park is nearly completed; it is one of the largest in the world, covering a space of 100 acres, and varying in depth from 32 to 38 feet. This reservoir is estimated to hold 1,000,000,000 gallons of water, enough at the present rate of consumption, to supply the city for one month. It is divided into two equal portions by an artificial bank, which is 33 feet high, 411 feet wide at the bottom, and 15 feet wide at the top, being designedly 3 feet below the water line, so that when both parts are full, the surface will present the appearance of an unbroken lake.

The south gate house of this reservoir at Eighty-sixth street, was thrown open for the inspection of the public last week. It is divided into three compartments, known as the "fore bays," "back bays," and pipe vault; the masonry and earth work of each, weigh over 10,000 pounds. These compartments, with the complicated machinery, and ponderous piles of masonry, were necessary to resist the immense sheet of water which presses on each gate-house, with a force of at least 11,600 tons.

The "fore bays" are portions on either side of the reservoir, through which the water first passes to the distribution pipes; there are sixteen entrances for the water into this bay, each provided with an iron gate capable of being raised or lowered by one man. From this bay the water passes into the back bay, and from theses into six pipes, each four feet in diameter; through these it is distributed to all parts of the city below Eighty-sixth street. From a distance of about 30 feet from each distributing pipe, is the pipe vault; here, are six immense stop cocks connecting with the distributing pipes, from either of which, the water may be shut off for repairs, while distribution goes on through the others. This vault is lighted with gas.

Screens of copper wire are placed in grooves in the "fore bays" to prevent the passage of impure substances. To prevent the lake from ever flowing its banks, should the reservoir and the distributing pipes be foiled, there is in each gate house a well hole connecting with the sewer, so that when the water reaches a specified height, the surplus is carried off by a self-acting process. This sewer is 46 feet below the top bank of the reservoir, and 6 feet below the bottom of the reservoir, so that the water can all be drained off. The distance around the outer banks of the reservoir is over one mile and half.

The north gate-house is situated at the north end of the dividing bank of the reservoir, and serves the purpose of an inlet and outlet gate house; from it the water is discharged into the reservoir, and also distributed to all parts of the city above Ninety-Sixth street. The machinery here is more complicated, and the masonry more ponderous than at the south gate house. The ground for the reservoir was first broken in April, 1858; since then, 800 men have annually been employed on it. The entire cost of the reservoir including the land, will be about $7,000,000. Such is a brief sketch of the grand reservoir in Central Park. The Commissioners of the latter are constantly making improvements in it, but the limits of a letter forbid allusion to them; the Park is over 13-000 feet in length, its area 843 acres, furnishing recreation for the poor and the rich, the young and the old. In the heat of summer its arbors and shady rambles, are a relief from the confinement of houses and streets. Amid the fronts of winter, its skating ponds are equally attractive. Central Park should be visited by all sojourners in New York.

THE JAPANESE AT HOME.

Japan is a feudal empire, governed by a military aristocracy. There are nine classes of Japanese; with very rare exceptions no one can rise above the class in which he was born. Every attempt of the kind is unfavorably regarded, and is adverse to public opinion. The absence of ambition and of luxury is the probable cause of the quiet air, the complete satisfaction, the expansive gaiety, which mark the Japanese character. Nowhere else do you meet with people so contented, and so devoid of anxious thought.

The princes or daimio, the nobles, the priests, and the military constitute the four first classes of the nation, and enjoy the privilege of wearing two sabres. The subaltern officials and the medical men form the fifth class, and may wear one sabre. The merchants and wholesale dealers, the retail dealers and artisans, the peasants and coolies, the tanners and the leather curriers, make the four last classes of the population, and may not, in any case, wear any sword. All who deal in skins are reckoned impure; they are not allowed to reside in towns, but dwell in villages especially allotted to them in the open country. They supply the state with executioners, who do not lead an idle life; for the penal laws of Japan are exceedingly rigorous, and inflict the punishment of death for very trifling offences. Whosoever causes his neighbor's death through imprudence, or conceals a criminal, is immediately beheaded. It is to be hoped that further intercourse with Europe may temper the severity of Japanese legislation.

The only sciences cultivated in the empire are medicine and astronomy. There are two observatories in the island of Niphon; one at Yeddo, the other at Meako. The great comet of October, 1858, did not cause the slightest signs of astonishment or uneasiness in the natives countenances. At Shanghai, during an eclipse of the moon, very different manifestations were made. The military mandarins shot their arrows, to kill the dragon who was devouring the moon; from every junk and every pagoda there sounded a deafening din of gongs, intended to frighten the monster away. The Japanese physicians read Dutch medical books and seriously studied their art. Two of them assiduously frequented the embassy, for the sake of consulting the navy surgeons respecting the cholera.

In religious matters the Japanese are tolerant, or rather very indifferent. In the Archipelago, for ages past, several worships have co-existed in peace; Buddhism and the religion of Confucius, foreign importations, share the public favor with the Sinto or worship of the Kamis, the primitive religion of the country. Thanks to this tolerance, the Spanish and Portuguese missionaries had not been many years in Japan before two hundred thousand natives of the highest classes had received baptism and became Christian converts. Such a religious movement was unexampled. But times are changed. For the last two hundred years there has not been a single Christian in Japan. They were all exterminated by the Emperors, Taiko and Yeyes.

There is no standing army in Japan. All the two sabred gentry, who form the suite of the princes and governors in time of peace, act as soldiers in time of war. Individually, they are very brave; but their swords and spears will hardly enable them to resist European tactics. It is asserted, however, that, conscious of their weakness, they carefully read strategetical works. Japan feels that Europe has made the first breach in her exclusiveness, and is tormented just now by a touch of anxious uncertainty respecting the future. She understands fully that with bows and arrows, she can make no head against Minie rifles, and she endeavors to acquire the knowledge of the actual state of naval sciences and military art. To have soldiers worthy of the name, she must at once renounce sandals, puffy trowsers, and long robes trailing behind; but she is ready to make the sacrifice. The Japanese have not, like the Chinese, the stupid prejudice to believe and to boast themselves superior to every other people. They set themselves above the Chinese and the Coreans, but they estimate the Western powers at their real value.—*All the Year Round.*

SUGGESTIONS FOR HEALTH PRESERVATION

The season is now upon us when, owing to the summer heats and atmospheric influences, fevers prostrate, and diseases exhaust mankind—who, during less debilitating seasons of the year, are comparatively exempt from disease. Yet the class of complaints may generally be avoided. The reader should be well enough acquainted with the subject of Health-Preservation to know that it does not depend upon medicines. These would rarely be necessary, if we were as anxious to take care of our own health, as a thrifty farmer is to take care of that of his sheep and hogs. Men are apt to employ less common sense in their own behalf, in this regard, than in behalf of their swine. They will carefully study and profit by information relative to the ailments of their herd, and how to avoid them, while the preservation of their own health, and that of their children is neglected rarely thought of. Water still sparing, rather pains not expensive to procure the most wholesome food for their animals they debilitate their own stomachs with that which they *know* to be unwholesome. The general rules and requirements of health are simple and easily learned. In fact, one has but to watch the sensations of his olfactories, skin, and stomach, and *heed* them, to keep clear of all danger from ordinary diseases. The sense of smell warns him against inhaling impure air; the skin by dryness, feverishness, or irritation, indicates a want of that frequent bathing, which is so essential to health; and the stomach calls for food when needed, repels it when enough has been eaten, and in a natural state, betokes generally that which is unwholesome. A little extra pains to notice these indications will greatly sharpen the perceptions.

It may be set down as a general rule that ordinary diseases cannot obtain a foothold where only pure air is inhaled, the skin is clean and healthy, and the stomach kept in good condition. The latter involves the most difficulty, owing to the depraved habits of diet in "civilized" society. But a few rules, well lived up to, will rarely fail, viz: Be regular as to time of eating; do not exercise violently either immediately before or immediately after meals; and let the last meal of the day be light and easy of digestion, so that sleep may be undisturbed and refreshing. In the morning, any bilious disturbance of the stomach is known by the bitter taste in the mouth. *Heed this warning*, by restricting diet to plain bread, vegetables, and ripe fruits; and if it increases, go without supper, and take a thorough warm water bath—rinsing off in cool water—just before retiring to bed. As a general direction rule for Summer, persons in any degree delicate should use plenty of ripe, raw, and cooked fruits at meals, and but little, if any, fat meats. Let all dietetic changes be gradual, and for the most part use food that requires chewing, *and chew it well*, in order to give the stomach the full benefit of the assistance of the saliva in digestion.

Avoid sudden changes in quantity of clothing, cooling off suddenly when heated and perspiring, and all sudden changes. In keeping the skin clean, do not neglect that most important part, the scalp.—*American Agriculturist.*

THE EAGLE'S FLIGHT

Great as are the distances which these birds sometimes fly, it becomes comprehensible when we know that an eagle, as he sweeps freely through the air, traverses a space of sixty feet in a second of time. To be able thus rapidly to move along is undoubtedly an attribute of power; but there is something far more imposing, far more majestic, in that calm, onward motion when, with wings outspread and quite still, the mighty bird float, buoyantly in the atmosphere, upheld and borne along by the mere act of volition. The length of time he can thus remain suspended without a single beat of his broad, shadowy pinions, is, to me, still an inexplicable fact. He will sail forward in a perfectly horizontal direction for a distance of more than a mile without the slightest quiver of a feather giving sign that the wings are moved. Not less extraordinary is the power the bird possesses of arresting himself instantaneously at a certain spot in dropping through the air with folded wings from a height of three or four thousand feet. When circling so high up that he shows but as a dot, he will suddenly close both wings, and, falling like an aerolite, pass through the intervening space in a few seconds of time. With a burst his broad pinions are again unfolded, his downward progress is arrested, and he sweeps away horizontally, smoothly, and without effort. He has been seen to do this when carrying a sheep of twenty pounds' weight in his talons, and from so giddy a height that both the eagle and his booty were not larger than a sparrow. It was directly over a wall of rock in which the eyrie was built, and while the speck in the clouds was being examined, and doubts entertained as to the possibility of its being the eagle, down he came headlong, every instant increasing in size, when, in passing the precipice, out flew his mighty wings; the sheep was flung into the nest, and on the magnificent creature moved, calmly and unhurried as a bark sails gently down the stream of a river.—*Bonner's Forest Creatures.*

WONDERFUL INVENTION

We recently witnessed says the *New York Express*, the type setting and type-distributing machine, invented by Timothy Alden, once a New York printer, but a native of Massachusetts. The invention cost twenty years of labour, the life of the inventor, and $10,000 in money. It is impossible to convey to the uninitiated the utility and genius of this remarkable invention. It is perhaps enough to say that one machine is capable of producing the work of six or eight men, and with its cost placed at the high price of $1500, it will reduce the price of ordinary type-setting, at present rates from one half to two-thirds. Its great simplicity is one of its most interesting qualities. The fruits it produces are as near to thinking and reading as one can imagine. One directing mind, with ordinary care, can produce the most extraordinary results. It may be worked by hand or steam. The printer will comprehend what such a discovery is, when we say that it picks up the type, spells the words, places them properly, amorts the types again after they have been used, into their appropriate channels, and from these again they are drawn out and set up, when needed for a second use. There are one hundred and fifty four types and characters, including capitals, italics, figures, spaces, points of punctuation, and all at once under the control of one person, which has but to touch the keys of this circular machine to produce all these combinations.

A MARVELLOUS MACHINE

The most curious instrument in the great exhibition is that exhibited by Mr. Peters for microscopic writing, that is infinitely more wonderful than Mr Whitworth's machine for measuring the millionth part of an inch, which excited such great astonishment in 1851. With this machine Mr. Peters, it is stated the words "Matthew Marshall, Bank of England," can be written in two and a half millionth of an inch in length; and it is actually said that calculations made on this data show that the whole Bible can be written *twenty two times* in the space of a square inch. We must leave a detailed description of this most extraordinary instrument to another occasion, and content ourselves with simply saying that the words to be written microscopically are written in pencil, in ordinary characters, on a sheet of paper, at the bottom of the instrument. But the pencil with which this is done communicates, by a series of levers and gimbals, with another minute pencil and tablet at the top, by means of which the ordinary writing of the pencil, and the pencil for the microscopic writing, both move in unison, though the motion of the latter is so graduated that a stroke of a quarter of a millionth of an inch at the top of the shape and character of both marks being nevertheless precisely alike in outline. As a matter of course, the microscopic writing at the top is only visible under powerful magnifiers, and the object of the machine is chiefly to mark bank notes with certain minute signatures for the prevention of forgery. Such a precaution, no doubt, would prove an effectual stoppage to a number of tradesmen supplied themselves with microscopes to examine [illegible] would now detect any forgery.—*Liverpool Paper.*

SUNDAY DINNERS.

Many a man has the courage to march to the cannon's mouth, and yet fails to resist over-indulgence in eating. He who has an intellect peerless among the generation in which he lives, becomes an imbecile at the dinner table. The great Jonathan Edwards confined for two years to not only as much as would meet the waste of his system, but day after day he found himself conquered; day after day he made the same record of three attempts—"failure!" For two years he went to his meals each day, resolving he would not eat too much; for two years he came away from the table forced to confess his convictions that he had "exceeded." When he had eaten a decent dinner he could resume work in a moderate, but there is an uncommon sense would stop to say, "I shall be somewhat faint if I leave off now." So he would not leave off and "in three minutes afterwards I am convinced of excess." If such great minds have so little control over their appetites, it cannot be wondered at that the less gifted, that the masses should abandon themselves to over indulgence in all their propensities. Excess in eating may be avoided by taking three regular meals a day (nothing between) in a private room—having such an amount sent as observation shows can be eaten, and still leave a desire for more. For fifteen years that was the practice of that beautiful character and eminent philanthropist, Amos Lawrence, of Boston. There is wisdom and health in the practice of some who habitually avoid eating meat of any kind every Friday. A better plan still, quite as sure of religious profit as of physical advantage, is to take nothing for breakfast or supper on the Sabbath-day but a piece of cold bread and butter, with a single cup of weak coffee or tea, or other hot drink, taking at one P. M. a single bowl of any kind of soup, with the crust of cold bread broken into it. This can be taken to the utmost amount desired, for the nutritious material in it is so small that the sense of oppression induced by an equal bulk of a proper dinner meal is not experienced, or if so, it is slight, momentary and harmless. If such a system of eating were adopted in families on the Sabbath, taking not an atom of any thing between meals, an amount of human suffering and sickness would be prevented which to the multitude would be absolutely incredible, could it be expressed in numbers. Let the reader try it for a single day on himself, and see if he will not have a feeling of wellness on that and on the succeeding day, which is delicious in its physical results, and prevents the sickness and weary waiting, sleepiness which is so antagonistic of the profitable and enjoyable service which is proper to the sanctuary. It was an expressive saying of that gifted and model minister and man, the Rev. Dr. James W. Alexander, that "too many of us, by reason of 'Sunday dinners,' were more like gorged anacondas than any thing else, and thus became totally unfit for the afternoon service." He who deprives the body of one day's rest in seven, a Divinity has ordained in wisdom and mercy, will always suffer for it sooner or later, and it is better for that man who cares for himself to rest more and work less for a protracted time, and work to accomplish while he does live.

Dr. Hall.

GOOD ADVICE.

Cold water is used and prescribed much more than formerly, though many would think a physician not worth sending for who should prescribe so simple a remedy. Abernethy's advice to one of his wealthy patients was, "Let your servants bring to you three or four pailsfull of water, and put it into a washtub; take off your clothes, get into it, and you'll recover." "This advice of yours seems very much like telling me to wash myself," said the patient. "Well," said Abernethy, "it is open to that objection."

THE CARE OF HARNESS.

Harness is seldom injured by being wet if hung up to dry instead of being left in a mass on the floor or in a corner, where the drying is so slow as to create mould. For general use, harness should be fairly oiled, and for this purpose either neat's foot oil should be used or the article known by carriers as *Lenders*, and this should be applied to while the leather is moist, but not wet. The harness should be wrapped up in a wet cloth one day before the applicant of *Lenders* or neat's foot oil, and should be rubbed in smartly with a brush for a sufficient length of time to insure its entrance into the leather rather than leave it upon its immediate surface. If the leather be positively dry, this substance cannot enter, and therefore the necessity of its being moist and pliant at the time of application. Varnish should never be applied, as this the pores and prevents the necessary access of air, causing the leather to become crisp and rigid, and in a short space of time it is rendered tender, causing it to crack, break, etc. Before applying any oily substance to leather, all dirt should be thoroughly removed from its surface, and no other material than limp black should ever be mixed with oil where it is necessary to blacken the leather. Shoe blacking is sometimes used, and always with injurious effects, it frequently contains sulphuric acid, which when brought in contact with leather rapidly destroys it. When the leather is very dry, as with boots and shoes, the injury from this cause is not so great. Vegetable oils should never be applied to harness of any kind, for after a while they harden the leather and destroy its usefulness. Leather curtains should be varnished, but always kept perfectly pliant by very moderate and frequent application of the oils.—*Working Farmer.*

Family Circle.

THE ROBBER'S CASTLE

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF H. CLAUREN, BY B. H. B. LATROBE, ESQ., APRIL, 1819.

CONCLUDED.

I was well convinced that no living being but myself was in the ruin. A robber would not thus have announced himself. No one could have prepared me a trick of this kind by way of a joke; for, excepting the household of my aunt, not a soul knew of my arrival. My aunt and Julia were in no disposition for a jest, and the rest of the household were in that relative situation to me that they would not have dared to practise one upon me. Neither did the sounds I had heard, the soft sobbing and the dreadful rattle of death, seem to be such as would be the subject of mirth. It was the sound of the last agony of life.

But whence came the sounds? From the sepulchre of the lately departed Cecilia? Was it the last groan of the vanquished Bruno? Was it the last sigh of agony of the miserable Leah? Or was it the repeated moan of a buried Knight Templar? Or were not rather all these conjectures absurd? But not these sounds proceed from some benighted traveller, who coming along the road that would close to the ruins had observed the light in my windows and had knocked at the garden-door in hopes of relief and admittance? That is natural. I spoke to the unknown the explanation. I threw my summer cloak about me, put a light in my lantern, snatched my sword, and I prepared to go out into the yard. A cold stream of air then flowed into my secret chamber. It seemed as the whisper of the lips of an angel. Astonished, I stood still in the midst of the room. The cooler current died away. Nothing moved but they echoed through my inmost soul, and a cold tremor seized me. This could be no terrestrial harp. The sounds seemed to descend from the light fleecy clouds. I tried to persuade myself that this too was illusion, but I had heard the harmonious tones distinctly. I could have repeated the melody upon a harp, so lively was its impression upon my memory. No, it could be an illusion. The heavenly notes now again were heard, and then followed the well known hymn: "*Wie sie so sanft ruhen.*" Two female voices, softly restrained, accompanied the invisible music. I heard the words distinctly:

"How sweetly rest,
In earth's cold breast
Who in the grave, so cold, so deep,
[illegible]
I too haste to that calm bourne
From whence no traveller returns."

I understood every word, as if the invisible choir had stood by my side. These are no spirits, thought I, they are human beings, said I, joyfully to myself, and opened the windows to look whether any one was below. A faint light beamed from the vault of Cecilia, and its rays fell upon the flower garden that was before it. The moon was sunk behind the mountain. Black midnight covered the valley. Feeble lightning played upon the opposite rocks. The clock of the village church struck twelve.

I called, Who is there? No answer, but the echoing converse of the Grand's Mountain, when repeated three times, who is there,—is there—there. Immediately the second verse of the hymn was struck up.

"In their soft bed, no tears are shed,
No short lived joys deceive, no care
Corrodes the heart that harbors there
Where no woeful cypress waves around,
They sleep, till th' angel's trump shall sound."

I will go down, said I to myself: there, below are human beings: and I shut the window. But I could not conquer a secret fear, and I took up my pistols. I trembled. In this state, thought I, I can neither take aim nor hit the mark. I laid them down, and immediately another verse of the hymn of the nuns of Clara, began:

"When by their side,
My youthful pride
Soon withered, like the blushing dye,
Of vernal roses, there shall lie,
Shall tears of love, or friendship shed
Freshen the sod that decks my head?"

Shall they, indeed, said I, slowly, and moved forward. I grasped my sword with force as if some one would wrench it from me, unlocked the door of my chamber, and, wrapped in my light cloak, the lantern in my hand, I descended the staircase. The funeral song accompanied me, but I could no longer distinguish the words. It sounded as if the singers with their invisible harp had moved to a greater distance. When at the foot of the stairs, I turned to the right down the hall, approached the vault on tip toe and stood at the iron grate. The vault was only half illuminated. The music had ceased. In the middle of the vault upon an elevation, in which there were several steps, stood a closed marble coffin. By the coffin knelt a female. Her slender hands covered her face, and her head leaned against the coffin. She was of a clear, fair complexion, but pale as the shadow of beauty. Her silken hair was twisted in soft curls around her small head. A white rose rested upon her swelling bosom. It was Cecilia, just as she was painted in the hall above. I was out of myself with fear. The sullenness of death was around me. The faint, glimmering light in the vault; the chilly air of midnight that breathed upon me through the grate; Cecilia believed to be dead, kneeling by her coffin, and the low rustling of the wind among the trees behind me, appalled me. My blood curdled in my veins. I seized a bar of the iron gate of death, shook it with violence, and called with the voice of despair: Cecilia!

"Lord Jesus!" My Saviour!" cried the figure, wringing her hands against the damp vault, and at once. In the next moment the light vanished, a [illegible] crash shook the interior of the dreary vault. I started back from the dreadful gate and hasted, secure knowing what I did, up the staircase, and was in my chamber again. I flew to the window to see if the vault were again illuminated. All was dark, but in the shrubbery appeared a white form, and vanished. I shut the window.

Now, indeed, all rest, all self-command were gone. I hesitated whether I should spend the remainder of this terrible night in this horrible dwelling of ghosts, or go down to the mansion of my aunt and there solicit admittance. While I stood in doubt, three distinct knocks were again heard without, as if the Grand Master called the brethren to order, and the dull sobbing, and the death rattle again followed. I listened immoveable. But how describe my horror, when I immediately afterwards heard the clang of arms at a distance, followed by a laugh of contempt. I distinctly heard the clash of two swords that struck against each other. I heard them distinctly strike helmet, breastplate and shield, and none but a fiend could laugh such a laugh. The clang of arms seemed to come from the Hall of Knights. I was near fainting. Have all the powers of hell conspired against me, said I, half aloud? Are there secrets in nature by which the dead can be called from their graves? If there are, I will see them. This dreadful night shall solve the riddles of the other world, riddles over which I have long hung in doubt.

More to despair than from resolution, I took a second time my lantern in my hand, and grasped my sword. I opened slowly and tremblingly the door that led to the corridor. I stared down the long, narrow passage and saw nothing. All was silent. I was in a cold sweat. I could hardly hold the lantern. But I seized firm hold of my sharp sword and stepped slowly down the corridor. My teeth would have chattered but I clenched them firmly together. I was determined to solve the mystery had it cost me my life. The door leading into the Hall of the Knights was unlocked and the heavy iron bar, which that afternoon was not as the door, hung down. Here was what my aunt called her lumber room, and I remembered that from it, a winding staircase went to the bottom of the tower to the dungeons. I opened with trembling hand the iron door a little. The vaulted room was slightly lighted. The figures of two tall knights, armed from head to foot, stood before me. Bruno the slain and Gotthard his murderer. They fixed their eyes upon me and one of them dropped his sword. I started back; my breath left me. I had no moisture in my throat; I clapped the door to behind me and made the castle ring again as if a thunderbolt had struck it. The picture of Leah fell down at my heels. The armed knights roared ha! ha! ha! ho! and rattled their black armor close after me. I would have proceeded to my chamber, but something behind grasped and held me fast. In despair I turned my sword and stabbed backwards. I struck it. I pushed the murderous blow a foot deep. At this terrible moment I collected courage enough to turn my head, and woe to me! I saw what I had stabbed.

SECOND PART.

I had stabbed! What had I stabbed? I had stabbed my light summer cloak. The hem had caught and hung in the door of one of the immense iron stoves that stood in the Hall of the Knights.* As I opened the door to release my cloak it creaked and then fell to again. That creaking was the soft sobbing and the rattle of death, and as the door fell to again the latch struck against the hook made to receive it. This was the knocking of the Grand Master. The draft in the stove had opened and shut the door occasionally. The hinges had not been oiled for many years and they creaked and whined in so very peculiar a manner, that on trying it many times, the illusion was such that I could hardly undeceive myself. The door and the latch were iron, the hook was iron, therefore the blow was exactly like that of an iron hammer striking upon iron. The last stroke was strong, strongly, two others followed that were quieter and weaker, as it bounded backwards and forwards. Many of my readers there are, will readily conceive why I believed the mysterious ceremonies to be most solemn.

Bruno and Gotthard had followed me into the Hall in order to see who it was that had disturbed their conduct in the lumber room. They now had pushed up their visors and showed two chubby, rosy cheeked faces of living men. They were at least as much frightened as myself, but we soon understood one another.

They were, in fact, the two under gardeners, George and Henry. It was a regular rule with my aunt that some one should always sleep in the castle, as she did not choose to leave the valuable furniture, which since its repair she had placed there, entirely unguarded. But as no one liked to sleep alone in the ruins, they had agreed to sleep together. They knew nothing of my being there also. It happened on the occasion of my evening that the two clowns took it into their heads to play knights. Old armors, helmets, swords, shields, and coats of mail, hung in plenty on the walls. Whenever one of them had given the other a blow, he burst into a horse-laugh. As their visors were down, this clownish laugh, enclosed in the cavity of the helmet, had a hollow, horrible sound, as if it burst from the throat of a demon. When I broke in between them, one of them dropped his sword for fear, but seeing that I fled, they plucked up courage and followed me. As in my flight I passed by the door of the stove, the draft of the air opened it a little. The hem of my cloak slipped in between and the door shut again. I believed that a monster had seized me, turned my sword and pushed it through my thin cloak.

So far every thing was explained. But the song of the nuns, the light in the vault, the dreadful crash that followed my call to Cecilia, who kneeled by her own coffin, the white figure that vanished in the wood, all this was still a mystery. I asked the gardeners whether they had not heard singing. Oh said one of them, "that often happens," and he lifted up Leah that lay on the ground. "As long as she hangs here it won't be otherwise in this old castle. Since Miss Cecilia's death, the nuns of St. Clara of Breslau, that are dead, come here two or three times a week, and sing sometimes till midnight, masses for the soul of poor Leah." I held the picture nearer to me. It made me shudder, for I fancied that I saw the unhappy murderer of her child before me. The art of the painter had produced a wonderful effect. She looked as if she had prayed to the holy mother of God unceasingly, and found no mercy. For her there appeared to be no hope during the endless course of eternity. I put down the picture and desired the men to go down with me and see whether we could see anything about the vault. They accompanied me. We went without a lantern, which we left burning in my chamber. We saw nothing; all was still and dark in the vault. The nuns, the masses, the light, all had vanished. Cecilia slept again quietly in her coffin.

We went back into the ruin. The gardeners returned to their lumber room, and I was now again alone.

I threw myself on the sofa, listened for two tedious hours, fell at last asleep and waked late in the morning. My aunt and Julia now came to breakfast with me.

"I had almost paid you a visit yesterday evening," said Julia, "but I had no breath or strength to ascend the staircase."

"How so?" I asked in astonishment.

"I have had such a night!" she replied. "I have not been able to close my eyes."

"You, Julia?"

"Only imagine. Yesterday, as you had left us, and just as I was about to undress, in comes Harriet."

"Who is Harriet?"

"Have you forgotten Harriet, the daughter of the steward at Eichberg. She came with a lantern, accompanied by her lover, Albert, as soon as the storm was over. He had received a letter from Prague and was under the necessity of going thither to-morrow, that is, this very morning. He has been here these two months, and has been every day in our house, and I will come and take tea with us. My mother was already in bed. I chatted with them a little while and then accompanied them through the garden in order to let them out at the back door, which would save them a considerable distance. As the path led us near to the ruins, unfortunately the idea struck Albert (the lover) to visit, for the last time the grave of Cecilia. We had often, we three, come hither in the evening; had entered the vault and had sung a pious hymn by her grave. I was pleased with the fancy of this enthusiast to take leave of my sister, and had still the key of the vault in my pocket. We entered without any fear, the still chamber of her rest. We conversed on the state of the departed; on the separation of friends and on their meeting in a happier world. Albert folded his beloved in his arms, and both vowed to be true to each other to the last moment of their lives, and to love each other with the purity and truth of Cecilia. Harriet sank, overcome by the solemnity of the place and of the vow she had uttered, upon her knees by the side of Cecilia's coffin, and prayed softly to the Father of Love, that she might resemble the beloved friend of her youth, her Cecilia. Albert withdrew with me into the small apartment he found which our mother has fitted up, he to play my harp and played a fine old hymn, 'Wie so sanft ruhen.' I sat down by his side and sung the pious words of the hymn. Harriet heard us and joined her silver voice to mine as she kneeled at the coffin. We had sung as far as to the third verse. We could sing no more, tears, burning tears drowned our voices. Suddenly a loud and wild voice called out 'Cecilia.' 'Lord Jesus, my Saviour,' cried Harriet, and rose and flew to us in the small apartment. Closing violently the iron door behind her, she called out Away, Away, and took up the lantern so hastily that the light was extinguished. We found our way out of the chamber, and flew rather than ran, through this shrubbery to the house. Here we recovered a little from our fright, and I then sent a guide with them for it was necessary to be in Eichberg that very night."

Now it was my turn to take up the story. The reader knows it already, and can easily explain the mystery of this extraordinary night.

My aunt presented me with the picture of the unfortunate Leah, and my cousin Julia busied with her needle the cruel wounds I had inflicted upon my cloak.

FINIS.

"I'M TOO LITTLE"

These words reached the ears of Mrs. Wilson, as she came into the parlor, one afternoon. She found her three children seated on the sofa; Anna, the eldest, trying to amuse her younger brother and sister. She had been telling them a story in her own wise way, of some good little girl, who was a great help to her mother, and was showing the example of the excellent child, for the benefit of Ella, when their mother came in.

"Too little for what, Ella?" asked Mrs. Wilson, pausing before the children.

"I was telling her," said Anna, "the story of Katie Lee, and when I said she must be good, and do as Katie did, she told me she was too little."

"Little girls of four years are rather small," said Mrs. Wilson, "but my Ella isn't too little to be good, I hope."

"But Katie was older than I, I'm sure," said Ella; "I can't do such things as she can."

"What things?" asked mamma.

"Why bringing in the milk-pitcher; I'm afraid I'd spill the milk, and then Susan would say, 'Oh, you are a plague.'"

Mrs. Wilson smiled, for poor little Ella was called a "plague" very often.

"If you wouldn't bring the milk-pitcher, darling, you could be useful in other ways," she said.

"Oh, no, I can't, I'm too little," persisted Ella.

Mrs. Wilson sat down and took the child up to her lap. "Now listen to me, you can pick up my ball which is on the carpet, and get paper to chop peas, and fetch me a book or my work basket can't you?"

"Yes, I can do *those*," said Ella.

"Well, then, are you too little to be useful?"

"Why, is *that* being useful?" I thought it meant real great things," said Ella, opening her eyes very wide in astonishment.

"It means that older girls are to do great things, and little girls are to do little things," said her mother. "You are a little girl now, and are your Heavenly Father only wishes you to do little things; but then, my darling must try and do them willingly and pleasantly. You should always be ready to do what mamma asks, *at once*, not say, 'I'm tired,' or 'I don't want to,' because, though you are only four years old, you are not *too little* to be useful.—*Children's Friend.*

HARD BEGINNING TO.—Some one was telling an Irishman that a fellow had eaten ten glasses of ice cream, whereupon Pat shook his head. "So you don't believe it?" With a nod, Pat answered, "I believe in the creame, but not in the glasses." "How cold it is," said Pat, as he trudged along on foot one bitter cold day, "that a man niver needs a team going the same way he is."

Pittsburg Markets.

REVIEW FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUG 23D, 1862

[NOTE.—The quotations given in the following Review are the wholesale prices, in the filling of orders to the retailers, of the city and country trade; and the rates paid for country produce, at the wharf, railroad depots, wagons and canes.]

APPLES.—None in market.
ASHES.—Pots, [illegible] Pearls, 5[illegible] Soda ash 3 [illegible].
BREAD.—Water crackers, ₱ pound, 6c., Butter [illegible] Sugar do.
BEANS.—Small white, 1.25@1.50 ₱ bus.
BROOMS.—Common to fancy, 1.25@2.50 ₱ dozen.
BUCKETS, &c.—Buckets, per dozen, 1.50@1.75; Tubs [illegible].
BUTTER.—Fresh roll, [illegible] ₱ pound; packed, 7[illegible].
BACON.—Plain hams, [illegible] sugar-cured, 7[illegible].
CHEESE.—Western Reserve [illegible] Eastern 10.
CANDLES & SOAP.—Tallow dips, 9[illegible]; Adamantine, 18c.; Rosin Soap, 4½c.; fancy, 10c.
COTTON YARNS.—Assorted Nos. [illegible] Yarn ₱ pound, from Nos. 5 to 10, [illegible] and one cent advance each No; cotton chain, [illegible] do. [illegible] cotton wick, [illegible].
CORD AGE.—[illegible].
DRIED FRUIT.—Apples, ₱ bushel, 75@1 00; Peaches, 1.75@2.00.
DRIED BEEF.—10c@10c. ₱ pound.
EGGS.—Barrel or less, 8@9c. ₱ doz.
FLOUR.—Superfine, from store, 3.75@[illegible]; Extra [illegible] Extra family, 5.00@5.25; Rye [illegible].
FEATHERS.—Fresh, 35@40c. ₱ pound.
FISH.—Large No. 3 Mackerel, 8.00@8.50; Baltimore Herring, 5.00; Lake Fish, [illegible]; Codfish, 5@6c.
FEED.—Selected feed [illegible] ₱ 100 pounds.
GRAIN.—Wheat, Red [illegible] White 1.00@1.15. Rye, 45@46. Oats, 29@30. Corn, 35@40.
GLASS.—Assorted sizes [illegible] 10x12, 4.00; Country brands, 8x10, 3.25; 10x12, 3.75.
GROCERIES.—Sugar by the barrel, 10[illegible] hhd. [illegible] N. O. Molasses, 47c@48, Golden Syrup, 75. [illegible] Rice, 7[illegible].
HOMINY.—[illegible].
HAY.—Sales at Scales 8.00@12 ₱ ton.
IRON.—Common bar, 2½@2½c; Blooms, [illegible]; Pig Metal, [illegible].
LEAD, &c.—Bar, 8c., Pig, 7c. Shot, ₱ bag, 2.25.
LEATHER.—Sole, 23@24c; Upper, per dozen, $2[illegible].
LIME.—Louisville, ₱ barrel, 1.20@[illegible].
LARD.—No. 1, 7@8c.
NAILS, &c.—100, ₱ keg, 3.25, with pro rata advancement [illegible].
NAVAL STORES.—Turpentine ₱ gallon, 1.50; Rosin, ₱ barrel, [illegible]; Tar, ₱ barrel, [illegible].
OILS.—Linseed, 75 ₱ gallon; Tanners', [illegible]; Lard, 65.
POTATOES.—50@60.
PORK.—Rifle 7.25 ₱ keg, Rock, 4.50.
RAGS.—Mixed, 3.
SALT.—No. 1, 1.75 ₱ barrel, Extra [illegible].
SHEETINGS.—No. 1 and 2, [illegible] ₱ yard.
SEEDS.—Flaxseed, 1.10@[illegible] ₱ bushel; Timothy, 2.00@2.10; Clover, 3.75@4.00.
TALLOW.—Rough, 5 c.; rendered, 6@7.
WHITE LEAD.—No. 1, 2.50 per keg.
WOOL.—Coarse, 42 c.

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Poetry.

BABY ROSE.

See! the night is drawing on.
Evening's purple car
Slowly driveth up the East;
Lo! the sunset star!
Twilight sings her lullaby;
Daylight's curtains close;
Twilight gathers on thy face,
Little Baby Rose!

All the little playful wiles
Half imprisoned lie,
Playing bo-peep round the mouth,
In the half-closed eye.
Bring the lights, stir up the fire;
While it cheerful glows,
We must dress thee for the bed,
Little Baby Rose!

See the little outspread hands,
The tiny dimpled feet,
Fashioned by Almighty skill,
Perfect and complete.
Ah! the warm, the living form!
Here all art must close:
Art could never fashion thee,
Little Baby Rose!

Ah! what art thou gazing at
With those open eyes!
Art thou reading in the flames
Of life's mysteries!
Solemn problems, flickering joys,
Wavering into view!
Time enough for thoughts like those,
Little Baby Rose!

Time enough; yet this we know,
Thine the common lot—
Joy and suffering—earth hath none
Sorrow findeth not.
He who ruleth earth and heaven,
All thy pathway knows;
He must mark it out for thee,
Little Baby Rose!

Lullaby—sweet lullaby—
He who never sleeps
Guards the children of his love,
Israel ever keeps.
Lullaby—sweet lullaby—
Soft the eyelids close;
God be with thee—bless my child—
Little Baby Rose!

—*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

In the still air the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble, beauty hides unseen;
To wake the music and the beauty, needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, teach us with thy skilful hand;
Let not the music that is in us die;
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let
Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie.

Spare not the stroke; do with us as Thou wilt;
Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred
Complete Thy purpose, that we may become
Thy perfect image, O our God and Lord!

—*Rev. H. Bonar.*

For the Christian Recorder.

ILLINOIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Editor:—It affords us great pleasure to drop a few lines from this spot, made sacred to your correspondent on account of its being the first place where we took charge of a flock of Christ, and found a helpmate to cheer life's gloomy pilgrimage.

The crops from Illinois, we find from observation and reliable reports, are abundant, and promise to successfully defeat war in producing a dearth of provisions.

From the lower part of the state of Illinois, "Egypt," where civilization has hard work to shine, to the northern part where its brightness breaks forth in blazing glory, the people are all aglow with enthusiasm for the crushing out of the rebellion.

Strange to say, the bitter prejudice which the attempt to pass the black laws by the recent legislature indicated, does not exist; and a colored man travelling through Illinois is struck with astonishment by the friendly treatment of the whites, and the absence of that bitter hatred he anticipated. Prejudice exists, it is true, but not to the extent that politicians would have us believe. Truly, indeed, politicians and legislation are not always fair exponents of the opinions of the people: the former may appeal to prejudice—wilfully misrepresent—excite fearful apprehensions of future prosperity, resulting from the residence of Anglo-Africans on the soil; but it only lasts for a time—it comes like the storm, frowning on innocence—threatening with destruction the weak—causing men's hearts to fail within them. But it *also* goes like the storm; and the Anglo-Africans having felt a shock here and there, lift up their panic-stricken heads in the light of a sunny calm, and thank God that reason is still potent—sympathy still has a dwelling-place in the human heart, and more than all, Divine Providence is still in motion.

So far, we find the people unfavorable to emigration at present. They seem to prefer holding the matter under advisement, until the war is over.

The city of Galena, from whence we write, is a wealthy city built along the base, and on the top of rugged cliffs overlooking the Galena river, about twelve miles from the Mississippi. Behind these cliffs is an undulating country—here and there are hills walled with rugged rocks. Lead abounds in this region, and mining is extensively carried on; bars of lead in large quantities may be seen at any time awaiting shipment on the levee. There is much wealth in Galena among the whites, and an average amount of religion and intelligence. The Sabbath is greatly respected, and there is a strong effort made to make the city a model city by the municipal authorities.

The colored people are doing very well; they are generally employed on the river and in mining—some are wealthy—none are destitute. Their numbers, however, experience an annual decrease—families go farther west—and but few settle here. The only church here of color is the A. M. E. Church. Time was when all our people concentrated upon it, and it was as near to each one as his own house. There they all assembled as one family. Many a time has your correspondent's heart been lifted up at the sight, as the people would move slowly from the sanctuary, wet with the heavenly dew of divine blessings. Changed now is the scene! Zion languisheth—disloyalty to the connexion is manifested, and a cloud rests upon the people. This text was suggested to the mind, when going to the church on last Sabbath,—"How is the mighty fallen!"

There is much intelligence among our people here. There are two highly efficient local preachers, Brothers J. Garrett Johnson and James Embries. These brethren have a liberal education and fine talents. Brother Garrett Johnson is the moderator of this region; his warmth of heart—unflinching boldness—solid integrity, and devotion to Christ, in addition to which he possesses an enormous frame, being over six feet, gives him the position of a leader and umpire.

A class of ten or more was formed from the congregation of our church here, under the tutorship of a highly talented white lady; they have been prosecuting their studies nearly two years—they graduate next Friday night. Each will receive a diploma. The distinguished Mr. Whipple, minister of M. E. Church, will deliver the address to the graduates. A pleasant time is expected, as the matter has created much interest in both white and colored circles. More anon. Hampshire.

Galena, Ill., Aug. 12th, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

POWER OF CHRISTIANITY.

(CONTINUED.)

The youth of twelve years confounds the wisest doctors of the law. The carpenter's Son astonishes his parents, and hushes to silence the wisdom of this world. After the lapse of eighteen years, from the date of his first visit to the Holy City, the River Jordan is hal'owed by the baptism of the Mediator; and the land that is overshadowed by darkness and death beheld a great light. Repentance is demanded and salvation offered without money and without price to a bankrupt world. Now, as never before, humanity sees its wants, and looks to the source of all good. And now begins a new era in man's existence. Christianity looms up amid the sea of human contention, casting forth the anchor of hope to desponding and helpless mortals. From this epoch we date the onward march of mind; for it is the office of the Christian system to enlighten and unfold mind, raising it to that exaltation which assimilates it to its Divine Author.

In the proclamation of its doctrines, the world received a legacy which shall fully meet all its wants to the latest generations. The historic page transmits to us what it has done in the past, and the present we know. The magic wand of Christianity has been thrown over all sciences, and each has received a new impetus.

Philosophy has received additions from the Christian which it never could boast of before, so pure, so holy, that the world wondered, and the multitude exclaimed, "We never saw it on this wise before!" The ancient philosophers taught that men should be virtuous, but did not practise it themselves; that men should be kind, but they were cruel; that men should be just, yet they were most unjust; their crimes, notwithstanding their high pretensions to morality, would make virtue hide her face for very shame. Through their sophistry they chained the world to their chariots as conquered slaves, and rushed away on their mad career. The priests with all their cunning and craft pretended to elevate the standard of morality; but their unholy rites only confounded their votaries, and merged them into denser darkness. But, contrasting this state of things with the benefits accruing to mankind by the general diffusion of Christianity, we behold benefits of which the profoundest thinkers among the ancients never dreamed. Modern infidels have sought to invalidate the truth of this system, not comprehending its sublime truths, not realising its vast importance to the world, not knowing that they themselves had been the recipients of its blessings; and, moved by selfishness, pride and arrogance, challenged its Author to continue its propagation, marshalling their champions on the field, they defied the Almighty to combat.

Among the most prominent in the contest are Thomas Paine, Hobbes, Hume, Voltaire, Gibbon, Bolingbroke and Rousseau. A galaxy of noble lords, counts and knights, skilled, indeed, in the use of arms, and victorious in many well-fought battles with men; but when they assayed to measure swords with the despised Galilean, the first onset resulted in their discomfiture and disgrace. Swords broken, shields pierced, and their chariots and horses overthrown forever.

France has realized the benefits of their wisdom. The abolition of the holy Sabbath, the inauguration of the decade, the crowning of the Goddess of Liberty, the destruction of all moral restraint and personal safety, are among the legitimate consequences of their teachings. During the reign of terror in France, when no one was secure of his head for a single hour, it is said that a company of nobility were sitting together in trembling and breathless anxiety, not knowing the minute when they might be summoned to the guillotine, an accomplished lady who had been drawn into the prevailing Atheism by one present, approached him and broke the sombre silence that pervaded the assembly with these emphatic words: "Monsieur, give me back my God!"

But Christianity counteracts these evils. Wherever it is predominant the banner of peace waves: it is destined to bless the world to the remotest generations.

The predictions of God's word being the ground upon which to stand, their consummation is certain. It was the saying of an ancient conqueror, "that while there was a nation to be subdued, he would still rush to the battle-field, that his empire might be the world." Dynasties which he created have long since faded into nothing. His throne has crumbled into dust, and the language which he spake has ceased to be a living language; but it shall not be so under the reign of Christianity. You will never have to record the doctrine of its principles, the fall of its empire, the extinction of its armies, or the destruction of its dominion.

Its principles are eternal, and the language which its people speak is of a heavenly origin, and shall never pass away. To this consummation we are fast hastening. In the natural world all is progression. The sun no sooner begins to pour forth its rays from the chambers of the East than it progresses, until it shines forth on our world in all the splendor of its magnificence and glory. The rill that oozes from the mountain-side progresses in its course until it swells itself into a river, and rolls its waters into the ocean. The acorn that puts forth its stem progresses until it rears its huge trunk, and spreads its lofty branches to the heavens, and bids defiance to the tempestuous elements.

The seasons progress until the landscape swells with its variegated beauties; the hustle of the harvest arrives, and the husbandman thrusts in the sickle to reap the precious grain; the hills and valleys ring with joy as he raises his gladsome song to shout the harvest home. In the spiritual world all is progression; everything is advancing towards its completion, both within and without the believer. Within him no sooner does he enter upon his Christian career than he passes from an infantile state to that of a young man, and from thence to a father in Christ. Without him also everything is progressing in regard to the spread of the truth of Christianity. This is manifest in every country. In this we see the finger of God assuring us of the near approach of Christ's reign. Already the streaming glory of his approach has shot across the deep darkness of our world. Already the thunder of his chariot-wheels is echoing over the distant fields of light. Then the first-born sons of light shall burst forth into songs of joy and praise over a world restored to more than the loveliness of Eden, as they read in the moral regeneration of our species in fairer lines than they have hitherto read, even in the church—"The manifold wisdom of God." Its progress is the pledge of its ultimate realization, as the root is the pledge of the tree, the bud the pledge of the flower. This pledge shall be fulfilled, for the promise has been made to the Son, that "the uttermost parts of the earth shall be his, and the heathen his inheritance, and he shall possess them all."

In its progress it shall triumph over all opposition, as Dagon before the ark, as every obstruction is removed by the pressure of a mountain avalanche in its course; and as the waves of the sea roll back before the blast of the tempest, so will every obstacle that opposes the progress of Divine truth be borne down. And what shall hinder it or arrest it? Any form or species of oppression? No: it cannot, however sanctioned by antiquity; however intrenched in human depravity and prejudice, or supported by human literature or secular power. You cannot arrest it; it is impossible to stay the progress of Christianity in its course; in its progress let us cherish the deepest interest, and taking our stand upon the predictions of God's word, in dependence upon the Spirit for help, according to our ability, help on the cause of Christ. R. H. C.

Brooklyn.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

Mr. Editor:—Our city is full of excitement. A report has gained considerable circulation, that Jackson and his rebel army are within nine miles of Washington, which has thrown the populace upon the heels of excitement. Many are of the opinion that they hear the thunder chattering of war implements convening most destructively between the defenders of right and the perpetrators of wrong. Every little piece of information coming from across the Potomac is seized by some newsbungry creature, masticated in the jaws of his own opinion, and devoured world without end. Every available vehicle is packed to overflowing with persons in search of the battle-field, while all the boats engaged between here and Alexandria are incompetent to the task of transporting the eager souls who are desirous of going to the scene of the conflict. But the most sad spectacle upon which I have looked is the thousands of wounded soldiers who are being brought into the hospitals of the city. Severed arms and shattered legs are no unfrequent sights, and holes perforated by bullets through hands, ears, shoulders, and calf of the legs, are as common as they are horrible.

From all accounts, the battle is raging most furiously on the other side of the river. About six hundred thousand men are supposed to be engaged—three hundred thousand on each side. Many who have been in the battle pay the highest encomiums to rebel bravery. Contrabands are pouring in from all quarters, and some bring the most enormous burdens on their backs that were certainly ever conveyed by human muscles. One of the contrabands told me that, beyond Manassas Junction, there was a large body of our people located at a certain place, and that an infamous gang of rebel devils came upon them and shot every one of them, and shortly afterwards two companies of some of the Pennsylvania volunteers surrounded ninety of the secession assassins, and the poor fellows wanted to surrender, but no surrender for such mortal feuds until the Union boys gave death the privilege of a hug at each one. But a synopsis of the inhuman atrocities—the diabolical flagitiousness of the villainous perpetrations done by the snake-hearted squatter-sovereigns of that hydrophobic dropsy-headed oligarchy—is sufficient to shudder a nervous being, but such vile imps of creation God will judge and reward.

The improvements which have been going on in Israel Church for some three months are now complete except frescoing it. They now have one of the largest and finest lecture rooms that is attached to any church in the city, white or colored, besides a most handsome set of portable class rooms, which they can move at their option. Thus, when occasion requires it, turn the entire hall into one, and then in a few moments convert it into several. Last Monday night, several of our distinguished ladies, viz: Mrs Frances Lee, Cassandra Dent, Catherine Hutchison, Catherine Henson, Elisabeth Davis, and others, whose names are not just with me, gave one of the grandest entertainments of the season in the new hall, and cleared something near a hundred dollars.

There is a glorious revival going on at Wesley Zion Chapel every night. The altar is crowded with mourners seeking for that pearl of great price. Rev. J. D. Brooks, the pastor, is regarded as a very eccentric but an able minister, and one who will hold to position though the heavens fall.

Mr. G. F. Cook, a very talented and efficient school teacher, who teaches in Israel school room, resumed his school again this morning, vacation being out.

I see that some *inconsiderable piece of humiliation*, entitling himself Cerebus, whom you have honored as a Washington correspondent, has been endeavoring to give the details, and exegetically treat the acts and doings of the committee who waited upon the President. Mr. Cerebus is a very easy and fluent writer, and I wish he would take my place, as I have so much upon my mind, that when I sit down to write for the *Recorder*, I have to do it so hurriedly very often, that what little literary tact I possess is marred for the want of time to revise and correct. But when a writer sits down to scrape up absurdities and brand everybody, I think he should hunt for a different occupation. I know that every one is liable to make misrepresentations now and then, but everything this *piece of humiliation* referred to is touched with his venom. He allows that the "originator of the meeting smelt the rat and was now out." The President of the United States was the man who originated the meeting, but he has reference to a man that him and all the rest of rats could not have made non est if he had desired otherwise. He makes a great bugbear over the bogus committee representing the fifteen thousand colored persons in the District of Columbia, and then wishes to know who made them the representatives of the two hundred and ten thousand colored inhabitants of the Free States? Now this is the silliest part of the whole. Will Mr Cerebus tell me if he ever knew a colored representative? When did you see one? Who was he? What was he doing? From whence did he hail? What did he say? Of course, I know Mr. Cerebus will not refer to the ministers, for he and his party are generally ready, I presume, to flirt up and ram silence down his throat if he speaks of anything besides heaven and hell. Ministers these days don't know what to talk, preach, or think. I want Mr. Cerebus to remember that colored people have no representative yet in a political point of view; and, while the bogus committee was not authorized to represent the 15,000 of the District, or the 200,000 North, neither was one of those vast numbers authorized to represent the views and sentiments of the committee. And as representation is an individual thing, every man and woman is his or her own representative, and has the right of representing themselves. So let the 15,000 of the District, and the 200,000 North, all go to the President and represent themselves individually, and then they will be satisfied. Besides, the President did not call for colored representation, but truthfully speaking, he called for a committee of ministers, or a committee of intelligent colored gentlemen, and not for a representative. For heaven's sake, see the place, and stop your nonsense. I cannot say that I justify the committee's proceedings in every respect, but then let the clamoring party go and better it. I don't reckon any one will care. Neither am I favorable to Central America, (if I have any proclivities, they are for Hayti,) but should that deter us from hearing what the President has to say? Mr. Cerebus talks as though the President had called a congress of colored representatives, and that they had been in session, and had cast the destinies of the colored man and the 225,000 of whom he speaks, and is endeavoring to assume the representation had no voice nor hearing, and that there was a certain prime mover, or "originator," who had with almost omnipotent power united two of the most antagonistic elements in the world, and then smelt a rat and skedaddled. I have never seen a man who feared the representation of others in my life, that could properly represent himself. Such persons strain at gnats and swallow camels. H. M. T.

Washington, Sep. 1, 1862.

WILL THIS NATION REPENT?

"Return unto me, and I will return unto you, saith the Lord of hosts. But ye say, Wherein shall we return? Such was the remonstrance of Jehovah with his rebellious people of old, as recorded by the last of the prophets. Malachi iii. 7. And in similar language did he often address them, in times of public immorality and impiety, as the pens of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel have repeatedly recorded. And when Israel persisted in disregarding his repeated calls to national repentance, he let loose upon her agencies that resulted in her utter overthrow and desolation. And such has always been the economy of his providence. "The nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish, yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted." Isa lx. 12. And in regard to the work of chastisement, whether individual or national, he has explicitly declared, "When I begin, I will also make an end!" If there be any value in the lessons of history, whether sacred or secular, we ought to heed them; and no lesson is more explicitly taught than this, that God has a controversy with every sinful nation, and that in such controversies HE IS ALWAYS TRIUMPHANT!

That he has a controversy with our nation, is mournfully evident. That he will accomplish by it one of two results—*reformation* or *destruction*—no wise patriot will doubt. Does it not become us, then, to look into this matter, and inquire into the *grounds* of his controversy with us; and also whether the nation is giving any signs of repentance?

That Sabbath-breaking, covenant-breaking, gross profanity of the name and ordinances of God, and other flagrant violations of the divine law, are so rife and wide-spread as to become *national* sins, no man, familiar with the great centres of population and influence, and with the habits of representative men on the civil, military, and naval lists, can doubt or deny. Whilst there are many honorable exceptions, it is sadly true that great numbers of our public men—in the halls of Congress, in various civil positions, and in the army and navy disregard God and his day and ordinances, and profane his name. From testimony that we cannot disbelieve, as well as from some unpleasant personal observation, we are constrained to fear that these things are so. Christian gentlemen in the navy confess, with sorrow, that to that service, to use the language of one of them, lately uttered in our hearing, "Things are so arranged, needlessly, that there is always more to do on Sabbath than any other day of the week." The same is true in many parts of the army. Dress-parades and reviews are unnecessarily held on that holy day. Whilst profane swearing of the most shocking character seems to be upon the increase through-out the land—when the people choose notoriously profane men to represent them in civil stations, they take the responsibility of their wickedness.

We say these things in deep sorrow; and would not say them, did not faithfulness require it. We are prosecuting a terrible appeal to the God of battles, in the present righteous war: is it wise to insult the great ARBITER? Can we expect the God of battles to decide in our favor, if, IN OUR PUBLIC MEASURES, and by our PUBLIC MEN, we fling contempt upon his laws? With our eyes fixed upon the righteousness of our cause, have we not been too blind to the crimes associated with its maintenance? Has not the pulpit, whilst doing a noble work in stimulating the patriotism of our people, too much neglected to show the people their sins—the probable causes of God's controversy with us? Can we expect victory, union, and peace, without God's help—and can we expect his help, whilst waging direct war upon the constitution and laws of his kingdom? We are profoundly convinced that our brethren of the ministry can render no more efficient aid to the cause of the Union and the government in their official capacity, than by bravely and earnestly following the direction given in Isaiah lviii. 1, and striving to bring the nation to cease from her multifarious controversy with God. Upon his own avowed principles of action we cannot expect the "Lord of hosts" to return unto us until we return unto him.—*Presbyterian.*

EMANCIPATION IN RUSSIA.

But the most gigantic undertaking of Alexander II. has been the liberation of the many millions of serfs of the Empire. Of the origin of this portion of the population of Russia, it would be foreign to the nature of the present article to attempt to speak: it is a complicated and difficult subject to treat. Respecting their *number* in 1857, when the question of their emancipation began to be discussed, as well as their present number, very different accounts are given by the foreign reviews and newspapers. During our second visit to Russia, made in 1840, the Minister of the Interior, Count Stroganoff, and the Minister of the Public Domains, Count Kisseleff, assured us that the serfs of the Crown, (Crown-peasants as they called them,) were in round numbers 20,000 000; those belonging to the members of the Imperial family, as *appanages*, were 1 000,000; and those who belonged to the nobles were 26 500 000; making a total of a little more than 47,000,000 souls. It is the last named class, the serfs of the nobles and other landed proprietors, whose liberation the Emperor has been aiming to effect. As to the others, their condition has been far better than that of the serfs of the nobles, and in fact they are unwilling to be called *serfs*, calling themselves *freemen*, because they belong to the Emperor! Their turn will come by and by.

The Emperor Alexander I., nearly sixty years ago, by a ukase ordained that the serfs in the Baltic Provinces should be set free in three periods of ten years each. The last of these decades ended in the earlier part of the reign of the late Emperor Nicholas. There are, therefore, no serfs in the Baltic Provinces; neither are there any in Finland, nor in the modern kingdom of Poland, the part of old Poland which Russia obtained at the Congress of Vienna, in 1815,—with its 5,000,000 of inhabitants. Thus there have been no serfs on the Western side of Russia, comprising the countries just named, which are the most civilized portions of the Empire, for many years.

The Emperor Nicholas had a heart, at one period of his reign, to free the serfs, and took some steps in that direction; but he was deterred from going farther than *recommending* to the nobles to set their serfs free, selling them the lands, or a portion of them, which they cultivated, and requiring payment at fixed but reasonable intervals of time. And many complied with the Imperial recommendation. We knew well a nobleman who liberated 7,000 serfs, selling them at a fair price as much land as they could cultivate. His revenue from them, whilst they were serfs, was about $20,000.

After much deliberation in the Imperial Council, and consultation with Governors of Provinces and leading nobles, who were requested to act in committee in relation to the matter, the present Emperor entered in 1857, upon the great but hazardous measure of the liberation of the serfs of the nobles. Of course, it was from the nobles that the chief opposition was to be expected. Some favored the scheme, especially in those western provinces, or "governments," as they are called, in which *serfage* still existed, but the great majority of the nobles bitterly opposed as much as they dared.

At first, it was proposed to accomplish the measure in twelve years, but it was soon found necessary to reduce the term to six, the last year of which is now passing away. During the first four years, the condition of the serfs was not essentially changed. At the end of that period, they were declared *free*, but they must remain two years more where they were, and during that period come to an agreement with their former masters with regard to the houses and lands which they occupied. It was provided by ukase that the intervention of the Government should take place, where needed, in the second of these two years, or the sixth of the term, to reconcile the parties where an agreement had not been reached. *It is just here that the greatest difficulty has occurred.* Some of the nobles are averse to selling their lands to the serfs; in many cases the serfs refuse to give the price demanded; and in many cases also refuse to give anything at all, maintaining that the land is theirs by right of long occupancy and cultivation! In some cases the "communities" of the serfs—for the serfs have extensive communities, or organizations, that have large municipal powers, such as looking after the roads and bridges, caring for their own poor and sick people, and many other objects, and have their *saving banks* and charitable institutions—have taken up the matter, and lay a claim to the land! The whole object is complicated enough. The nobles have not the power to enforce their views and make the people work for them, and on their terms. When they attempt any thing like this they are soon compelled to fly for safety to the great cities or the military posts; and the serfs resort in such cases to their old practice of *burning* the houses and other buildings of the proprietors.

Certainly Russia is passing through a fearful process. Great wisdom, and prudence and patience on the part of the Emperor and his ministers are needed, and much time to bring the country through it. There are probably no two men in all the world whose position is more trying than that of Alexander II., Emperor of all the Russias, and Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States. Their positions are even very much alike; for although civil war has not yet actually commenced in Russia, no one can assure us that it may not on any day burst forth. In both cases slavery lies at the bottom of the trouble; in Russia that of 23,000,000 or 25,000,000, less or more, of white people; in the United States that of 4,000,000, or thereabouts, of black or colored people.

PRAYER.

He that would be little in temptation, let him be much in prayer.

Praying only for carnal things shows a carnal heart, and leaves it carnal.

Prayer is a key in the hand of faith to unlock God's treasures.

A family without prayer is like a house without a roof—exposed to every wind that blows, and every storm that rages.

Prayer will compel a man to leave off sinning; or sinning will make him leave off praying.

The greatest and hardest preparation for heaven, is *watching*, but the spirit of prayer carries that thro.

Do you profess to love any one for whom you have never prayed?

Prayer is heart work. *Rhetoric* cannot pray, *with all his words*: but *Faith* can pray, *even when she has no words.*

In prayer it is better to have a heart without words, than words without a heart.

Pray not only in the *name* of Christ, but in the *faith* of Christ.

The *gift of prayer* may have praise from men, but the *grace* of prayer has power with God.—*Churchman's Almanac.*

WALKING WITH GOD.

Men are proud of the opportunity of walking with those whom they consider *above* themselves, whether that elevation arises from birth, or intellect, or attainments, or office. A peasant feels honored by being permitted to walk with his lord, and much more to be allowed to walk with his sovereign. We should all feel gratified if we could relate that our father or grandfather once walked with General Washington. Do you suppose that Manoah and his wife were ever tired of relating their angel-visit? And those two disciples who walked with Christ as they were going to Emmaus, do you suppose they ever forgot the gratification which that walk afforded them? If men feel honored by walking with great men or with angels, how much more should they feel honored by being allowed to walk with God.

But have men ever enjoyed that honor? So say the Scriptures; "Enoch walked with God;" "Noah walked with God." They were highly favored, and the record of it is a monument to their honor.

If they could walk with God, what hinders others doing it? Nothing but what may be overcome. Enoch and Noah were men of like passions as other men. And if they were enabled to bring them-elves into subjection so as to walk with God, others may go and do likewise.

Since Christ has died to reconcile us to God, and has become our Mediator and Advocate, the way is now prepared for all to walk with God who are disposed so to do.

But men do not naturally walk *with* God, but are *far from* him. Some draw nigh to him with their mouth, and honor him with their lips, whose heart is far from him. There must, therefore, be a change either in God or man, or they cannot walk together. "How can two walk together except they be agreed?" But God is perfect, and cannot change. Man must, therefore, change in order to walk with God. Hence we read, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of heaven." "Ye *must* be born again."

To walk with God, we must be *holy*, for without holiness "no man can see the Lord." We are polluted by sin, and must be washed in atoning blood.

To walk with God we must be his friends. But we are by nature the enemies of God, and possess a carnal mind, which is at enmity with him. We must therefore become reconciled to him through the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, or we cannot walk with him.

To walk with God is to be familiar with him, and to have filial feelings towards him, so that we can honestly say, "Abba, Father." To commune with him is to walk with him.

Those who walk with God feel as he does on moral subjects. They *love* what is right, and what is in accordance with the moral law. They hate what is wrong and what is forbidden in the moral law. They also endeavor to have their conduct agree with their feelings on moral subjects. While they feel that the law "is holy and just and good," they take it for the rule of their lives.

They who walk with God will be careful not to do any thing to offend him. They watch and pray against temptation, and guard their lives and lips and hearts against anything offensive in the sight of a holy God.

The longer men walk with God, the more they become assimilated to him. God's image, which was lost by the fall, is gradually replaced. As in their unconverted state, they bore the image of *fallen* Adam, now in their renovated nature they bear the image of the *second* Adam, the Lord from heaven.

Again, those who walk with God will strive to co-operate with him in carrying forward the work of saving a lost and ruined world. They will labor to convert sinners around them, in every practicable way, and do what they can to carry the blessings of redemption to those afar off. Whatever be the sphere in which they move, they seek to glorify God with their bodies and spirits. If they are ministers of the gospel, they will preach the Word publicly and from house to house, warning every man night and day with tears. If they are private members of the Church, they will co-operate with their minister, and make personal efforts in their own families, and among their neighbors, to win souls to Christ. They will invite people to the house of God, and children to the Sabbath-school, and try *to gather with Christ.*

If we thus walk with God in this world, he will allow us to walk with him through the valley of the shadow of death, and also to walk with Christ, clothed with white robes, in the upper world. The motives which should induce us to walk with God, are such as ought to lead all men to strive for it at once. Let us often sing,

"O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb."

Boston Recorder.

JESU DULCIS MEMORIA.

This fine old Latin hymn of St. Bernard, written in 1158, has become widely known and admired, through various renderings. The following is the translation in the "Salisbury Breviary":—

Jesus! the very thought is sweet;
In that dear name all heart joys meet;
But sweeter than the honey far,
The glimpses of his presence are.

No word is sung more sweet than this,
No name is heard more full of bliss,
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
Than Jesus, Son of God most high!

Jesus, the hope of souls forlorn!
How good to them for sin that mourn!
To them that seek thee, O how kind!
But what art thou to them that find!

No tongue of mortal can express,
No mortal write its blessedness;
Alone, who hath thee in his heart,
Knows, love of Jesus, what thou art!

O Jesus! king of wondrous might;
O Victor! glorious from the fight:
Sweetness that may not be expressed,
And altogether loveliest!

THE LAND OF REST

There is a land where beauty will not fade,
Nor sorrow dim the eye;
Where true hearts will not sink nor be dismayed,
And love will never die.

Tell me, I fain would go,
For I am burdened with a heavy woe;
The beautiful have left me all alone;
The true, the tender from my path have gone,
And I am weak and fainting with despair:
Where is it? Tell me, where!

Friend, thou must trust to Him who trod before
This lonely path of sighs,
Must bear in meekness, as He meekly bore,
Sorrow, and toil, and strife.
Think how the Son of God
These thorny paths has trod,
Think how he longed to go,
Yet turned not for woe, the appointed woe;
Think of his loneliness in place dim,
When no man comforted nor cared for Him;
Think how He prayed, sweated and alone,
In that dread agony, "Thy will be done!"
Friend, do not thus despair,
Christ, in His heaven of heavens, will hear thy prayer. (*From the German of Uhland.*)

POPULARITY.—"I was de most lebular Governor that New York ever had," said the amiable old Dutchman, Governor Yates. "How was that?" asked his friend. "Why, I came in unanimously, and den I went out unanimously, was not dat de popularity?"

TEA BRANDS AND THEIR MEANING.

The following will interest housekeepers: "Hyson" means "before the rains," or "flourishing spring," that is early in the spring; hence it is often called "Young Hyson." "Hyson skin" is composed of the refuse of other kinds, the native term for which is "tea skins." Refuse of still coarser description, containing many stems, is called "tea bones." "Bohea" is the name of the hills in the region where it is collected. "Pekoe," or "Pecco," means "white hairs," the down of tender leaves. "Powchong," "fodder plant;" "Souchong," "small plant." "Twankay" is the name of a small river in the region where it is bought. "Congo" is from a term signifying "labor," from the care required in its preparation.

FARMERS' BOYS.

In the wide world there is no more important thing than farmers' boys. They are not so important for what they are as for what they will be. At present they are of little consequence too often. But farmers' boys always have been, and we presume always will be, the material out of which the noblest men are made. They have health and strength; they have bone and muscle; they have heart and will; they have ambition and endurance, and these are the materials that make men. Not buckram and broadcloth, and patent leather and beaver fur, and kid gloves and watch seals, are the materials of which men are made. It takes better stuff to make a man. It is not fat and flesh, and swagger and self-conceit; nor yet smartness, nor flippancy, nor foppery, nor fast ness. These make fools, not men; not men such as the world wants, nor such as it will honor and bless. Not long hair, nor much beard, nor a cane, nor a pipe, nor a segar, nor a quid of tobacco, nor an oath, nor a glass of beer or brandy, nor a dog or gun, nor a pack of cards, nor a novel, nor a vulgar book of love and murder, nor a tale of adventures, that makes a man, or has anything to do with making a man. Farmers' boys ought to keep clear of all these idle, foolish things. They should be employed with nobler objects. They have yet to be men of the clear grit—honest, intelligent, industrious men.—*Valley Spirit.*

A FINE BARN.

The flourishing community of Shakers at Canterbury, N. H., have recently completed a barn which is probably the largest and most completely furnished in the state. It is two hundred feet long, exclusive of covered drive ways at either end, through which teams are driven to the second floor. There is a wing to the main barn which is thirty feet long, and another of the same size is in process of construction. Over two hundred tons of hay can be stowed in the barn, which has accommodations for a large number of cattle, including separate rooms for cows with calf, and for weaning calves. The arrangements for tying up the cows are perfect. By a single motion of a lever all the cows in one row are fastened or released at once. Grain is fed to the cows from a truck which can be run before each animal. The barn is a model of neatness, like everything else about the premises of the Shakers.

A SETTLER.

Some years since, a black man called on a clergyman in Western New York, and avowed himself a fugitive slave, and asked for food and shelter, which were freely accorded. Two or three persons being cognizant of the fact, called to see the "runaway nigger," when the following interesting dialogue took place:

"S'pose you had plenty of hard times down South; looking a plenty?"

"No—never was whipped."

"Wa'n't! Well, you had to work most awful hard?"

"My work was very light."

"I guess your clothes were not very nice?"

"I was well clothed—a good servant."

"I reckon your victuals were not uncommon fine?"

"As good as I desired."

"Well, I should give it as my opinion, that you were a mighty big fool for running away from such a place as that, just for the sake of shirking for yourself."

"Gentlemen, my place down South is vacant. Any of you can have it by applying for it."

That remark settled the question.

A CURIOUS HOG STORY.

The correspondent of the Cincinnati *Times*, with General Mitchell's command, is responsible for the following yarn

The hogs in this part of the country are musically inclined, and all come up to breakfast to the tune of Dixie. On every plantation, the oldest "darkey" has the honor of playing music to the hogs for about an hour every morning, and from the very moment when he first commences, till the end of the piece, the shrill, piercing notes of the hogs are heard coming from all directions, and blending with the music of the darkey, from the very full grown sow to the smallest of the litter; these notes are audible a mile distant. I can never forget when I first witnessed the scene, and for the life of me I could not tell or make out what it meant.

I was on my way from Shelbyville, Tennessee, to Huntsville, Alabama, and being alone, I started very early, so as to overtake the army, who were a day in advance of me. Riding up a very steep hill I heard a shrill sharp sound, and thought it must be a locomotive. At this time I was surrounded by trees on either side—sound continued. Finally I heard such a terrible rumbling in the woods among the trees, that I put spur to my horse, and started off as fast as I could go, and the farther and more swiftly I sped, the greater the rumbling. At last I came to the serious conclusion that I was "played out," and must surely fall into the hands of the rebels.

I halted, and in less than five minutes, I saw hogs of every grade, color and species, making the tallest kind of tracks down the hills toward where the music came from. There were black hogs, white hogs, yellow hogs, speckled hogs, and gray hogs—all running in one direction. I paused for a moment, and surveyed the scene, and, finally, I followed in the train, and as I descended, there stood before me a nigger, as black as ebony, blowing away on an old horn, surrounded by at least five hundred listeners, in the shape of hogs. As I approached, the old darkey saluted me with a "Good morning, Massa."

"Well, my friend," I remarked, "what in creation are you blowing that old horn for?"

Ebony opened his wide mouth, displaying at the same time as fine a set of white teeth as I ever looked at, and laughed as loudly as he could, and then said:

"Massa, you'se bein' from the Norf, where none of these things is gwine on."

I answered, "Yes, but what does it all mean?"

"You see, Massa," responded the old man, 'all dese hogs ther; before I commenced playin', dar wasn't one hog here, but when I first blowed this horn, they all started from every part of the woods, and come up here. Ise been at dis business for many years, and I has brought in millions of hogs with dis music. I set to play every morning at daylight, alongside dis fence, and den stop for one hour, and at de end ob de hour all massa's hogs are in from de woods. Ise a good music man, massa, I is."

I then asked him what tune he liked best, and played most to rally the hogs? he responded, "Dixie." Well, I thought to myself, can it be possible that the Southern chivalry and Southern hogs march to the same tune?

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, September 6, 1862.

NOTICE.

TO THE DISTRICTS OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW ENGLAND, OHIO, INDIANA, AND MISSOURI, OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH MINISTERS.

Dear Brethren:—As we have a number of superannuated ministers on the list in said Districts, therefore it will be expected that the ministers and preachers, on their circuits and stations, will do all they can to collect the *two cent money;* and we also recommend that the Class leaders be instructed to collect and set the amount on the Class book opposite each member's name, as also all the collections called, per Discipline, for the Annual Conference, and publish the same once every quarter, that it may be seen who they are that work for God and his cause. We think it is time to give credit to those of our people who do work, so that God's name may be glorified.

NOTICE

Arrangement of the Burlington Quarterly Meetings:—Snow Hill, 3d Sabbath in September; Burlington, 4th Sabbath in September; Mount Holly, 1st Sabbath in October; Evesham, 2d Sabbath in October; Milford, 3d Sabbath in October; Jordantown, 4th Sabbath in October.

J. H. SMITH, *Elder.*
J. H. LONG, *Assistant.*

NOTICE.

Arrangement of the Bordentown Circuit Quarterly meetings:—Allentown, September 20th and 21st; Bordentown, September 27th and 28th; Cranberry, October 4th and 5th; Cookstown, October 11th and 12th. On the Freehold Circuit the Quarterly Conference will be at Rioeville, October 19th, 1862.

REV. JER. YOUNG, *Elder in Charge.*

NOTICE.

Arrangement of the Quarterly Meetings of the Reading Circuit:—Quarterly Conference at Reading, Sept. 13th; Quarterly Meeting at Pottsville, Sept. 21st; Birdsborough, Sept. 28th; Downingtown, Oct. 5th; Valley Hill, Oct. 12th; Centreville or Lower Valley, Oct 19th

J. G. BULAUGH, *Elder in Charge*
R. NORRIS, *Assistant.*

CAMP MEETING.

The camp meeting of the Zion M. E. Church, (Big Wesley) now being held at Judge Peters' Farm, will be continued until next Tuesday, the 9th inst. Revs. A. L. Stanford; J. P. Campbell; Rev. Bishop Ross, and others, will preach on Sabbath, the 7th inst. Cars leave 15th and Willow streets at 8 o'clock, A. M., and continue to go and return every hour during the day. Excursion tickets reduced to 12 cents.

JOHN A. WILLIAMS,
Minister in Charge.

OUR WESTERN TOUR.

Indianapolis, Ind.

We left home on the 20th day of August, and can say that we had a very pleasant trip. The night we left, we met with the best treatment from Mr. Green, the conductor, and instead of being forced in the way passenger and smoking car, we were put into a car in common with other through passengers.

We arrived in Indianapolis, the seat of Conference, on Friday morning at half past 8, A. M. On approaching the inner court of the church our eyes were attracted to Bishop Quinn, the President of the Conference, who appeared as well as we ever saw him, and by his side sat Bishop Nazrey. All eyes were directed toward us, and a pleasant smile could be discovered upon the countenances of all the brethren and others. After shaking hands with the Bishops, Bishop Quinn arose and introduced the brethren and friends to us. The Conference passed off very well. A motion was passed for the Conference to meet in Chicago in 1863. Two brethren were received into the itinerant field on probation. We were very glad the Conference appointed a reporter for the *Recorder* in the person of Rev. M. M. Clark, which has saved us a great deal of writing we would have had to do. After the adjournment of the Conference, Bishops Quinn and Nazrey left the next day for St. Louis, to meet the Conference which is to assemble on the 28th day of August. Indianapolis is a perfect thoroughfare; soldiers are encamped nearly around the city, and some of them are very unruly and very overbearing.

APPROPRIATIONS.

INDIANA PREACHERS

Rev. James Bass,	$1 00
Rev. J. B. Dawson,	1 00
Rev. W. C. Treven,	1 00
Rev. Richard Bridges,	1 00
Rev. H. B Smith,	1 00
Rev. Wm. J. Davis,	1 00
Rev. Thomas Strother,	1 00

INDIANAPOLIS—NEW SUBSCRIBERS

Geo. H. W. Steward,	1 00
J. W. Pettiford	1 00
William Franklin,	1 00
J. W. Steward, formerly of Vincennes, Ind.,	1 00
Mrs. Ann Spencer,	1 00
Mrs. Julia Colesby,	1 00
Mrs. Amanda D. Hill,	1 00
John W. Brown,	1 00
Mrs. Elizabeth M. Steward,	1 00
Mrs. Mary F. Harrison,	1 00
Miss Mary E. Gavle,	1 00

NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA.

Archibald Freeman,	1 00

MADISON, INDIANA.

Miss Sarah E. Gray,	1 00

JACKSONVILLE, ILLINOIS

Miss Minerva Redd,	1 00

VERMONT STATE.

Ex Gov Ryland Fletcher,	1 00

ADDITIONAL MONEY.

Mr. Reading B. Johns,	1 00
Mr. Geo. Y. Watkins,	1 00
Rev. H. M. Turner,	4 00
Mr. Redmon Fawcett,	1 00
Mr Jacob Haslett,	1 00
Mr. Joseph Banks,	1 00
Mrs. Margaret Bornet, paid,	$1 00
Mr. A. J. Bellows, paid,	1 00
Rev. R. H. Hall, paid,	5 00

MRS JANE JOHNSON, No. 618 South Eighth Street, desires to inform her friends and the public that she continues the business of laying out and shrouding the dead. She hopes, by strict and careful attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage. All orders promptly attended to

CAMP MEETING

The camp meeting of the Zion Wesleyan M E church, Rev. John A Williams, Pastor, which commenced on Friday last, 29th ult., is now in progress and will be continued till Tuesday, Sept. 9th. A most interesting and attentive audience on Sabbath listened to the able and eloquent sermons delivered by men who showed that they had followed the injunction of the apostle, "Study to show thyself approved unto God." The exercises of the day were opened by a sermon from Rev. H. A Gibson. Text:—Matt 9th and 12th, under three leading propositions

1. Christ as the sovereign Physician of souls

2. All men need an acquaintance with God through the healing power of this great Physician

3. Men must confess their spiritual maladies in order to be healed.

In the afternoon, the Rt. Rev. John Ross delivered a most able and forcible sermon from Mark viii. 22. Proposition 1. All sinners are ashamed of Christ. 2. The folly and madness of men being ashamed of Christ. 3. The awful consequences of a persistence in such a course; and the condition of those who do nothing for their redemption

At night, Rev. T. J. Biddle preached from Exodus xxxiii. 14. Treating principally upon the nature and character of the rest to be obtained, &c., 1. Rest from perplexity. 2 Rest from oppression. 3. Rest from anxiety, sorrow and affliction. 4. The place of rest, heaven. All these sermons were delivered in the most logical style of reasoning and with a masterly zeal and eloquence which took hold of the auditory with irresistible power.

An efficient police force were on the ground during the day and evening; but we have to acknowledge (much to the credit of our citizens) that although many of our people apprehended difficulty and bloodshed in abundance because of the meeting being held so near the city; and though many even acted so as to positively invite interference from some of the less considerate of our white population; yet not the slightest disorder was manifested during the day or evening. Better order never prevailed at a camp meeting; several prominent ministers will preach during the remaining exercises of the meeting.

ST. CYPRIAN.

For the Christian Recorder

At a called meeting of the male members and congregation of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, held in the Bethel meeting-house, Rev. Jabez P. Campbell was called to the chair, and Lewis R. Seymour was appointed Secretary. The President, on taking the chair, stated the object of the meeting, which was to state our own position in the present crisis upon the country, when the following preamble and resolutions were read and, on motion, adopted:

Whereas, The position assumed by the people of the United States with respect to the employment of colored men as soldiers, to assist in the suppression of the present rebellion, is, that it will degrade the whites to fight by the side of the negro; and

Whereas, We have been made to understand that in no case, at the present, will the negroes be armed or employed as soldiers in defence of the Government; and

Whereas, Certain restless spirits among our people in this city, who compose part of the floating population, and are therefore turning up in every community without any apparent means of living, except by quartering on the benevolence and forbearance of the citizens; and

Whereas, Among those are persons who press themselves on the patience of the authorities as being representatives of the sentiment and wish of the colored people of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, with the assumption that they desire to thrust themselves on the Government as soldiers, unasked or unsolicited; therefore

Resolved, That while we feel—keenly feel the unfortunate troubles that are upon the country, yet the better class of colored people have too much self-respect to intrude themselves where they are not wanted.

Resolved, That any person, or persons, representing otherwise, do not represent the colored people, but act solely on their own responsibility and without any authority whatever.

Resolved, That the colored people, no more than any other class, are exempt from the restless and mischievous, who, having nothing to lose and seeking nothing to do, are constantly fermenting difficulties and invariably escape responsibility.

Resolved, That as a loyal and a peace-loving community, the colored people of Philadelphia desire by no act of theirs to increase disorder or intensify evil feelings; but if by order and quiet they can assist in restoring peace to the country, they desire to practise that.

Resolved, That the foregoing preamble and resolutions be published in several of the daily and weekly papers, and that Rev. J. P. Campbell, L. R. Seymour, and Abraham Field, be a committee to publish the same.

REV J. P. CAMPBELL, *President*
L. R SEYMOUR, *Secretary.*

For the Christian Recorder

ANNIVERSARY.

The Union Sons and Daughters of Henson Society, located in Bensalem, Bucks county, Pennsylvania, held their second anniversary, August, 21st, which was considered to be one of the noblest and grandest displays that ever was witnessed from any benevolent society in a country village.

The members all formed themselves into a procession, in their full uniform of "Red, White and Blue," and marched from their place of meeting to the renowned and commodious woods of Mr. George Pickering's, where there was a large concourse collected, waiting to view the grand spectacle approach.

On their arrival, the Society was most ably and eloquently addressed by the very Rev. H. Davis, of Frankford

The Society is now in the fifth year of its existence, wherein they formed themselves into a body to assist each other in distress, such as in cases of sickness and death. It is now in a very prosperous way, and the Society is conducted by managers that endeavor to see the rules and laws faithfully carried out in reference to each member according to their well-planned Constitution Their motto is, "Justice to all that join the Sons and Daughters of Temperance"

And the more that join us,
With a free good-will,
Will make our bands
Grow stronger still

PHILADELPHIA.—Dr. Turner, from Samoa, reports that in seven years 7,000 copies of the Old Testament, and 20,000 of the New, have been sold in the Samoan [illegible]

(Reported for the Christian Recorder)

INDIANA CONFERENCE

Monday Morning, Aug 25, 1862.

Among the appointments for Sabbath, August 24th, three of the white congregations of this city were supplied with preaching from our Conference

The business of the Conference is now coming rapidly to a close, in great harmony and peace, and the Bishop has just announced the time of holding the Missouri Conference, on the 28th of August, in the city of St. Louis, Mo.,—the place of holding its sessions having been changed from Louisville, Ky., to that city, for prudential reasons

The General Book Steward Rev E. Weaver, is now reading a report of his business in Philadelphia to the Conference.

The Bishops gave their opinion of that section of our Discipline relating to the admittance of serious persons, and strangers, into our class-meetings and love feasts. Discip. p. 119. They explained this section to mean, that all persons belonging to the Methodist family, in good standing, may be admitted indefinitely; and, that members of orthodox churches may be admitted, in accordance with the usage of the church, on credible evidence of their good standing. All others are excluded by our discipline, after the twice and thrice admittance, till membership.

A resolution has just passed by which the Conference pledge themselves to patronize and encourage the circulation, among our people, of the *Christian Recorder* and the *Repository*.

The Rev. J. M. Brown, from the Baltimore Conference, is now making an eloquent speech in favor of the *Repository*, of which he is the editor If that publication is not patronized by the preachers and people, it will not be for the want of an eloquent appeal.

The following was adopted, approving of the publication of the *Recorder*, and *Repository:*

That since universal attention is intensely directed to our community, those times, and especially to the doings of our Annual Conferences, respecting the encouragement we give to intelligence among our ministry and people—therefore,

Resolved, That we, the ministers of this Conference, will pledge ourselves anew to encourage the publication of our church organ, the *Christian Recorder*, subscribe for it ourselves, according to our abilities, even at the sacrifice of some worldly comforts—and also patronize the *Repository*.

M. M CLARK

Bishop Nazrey made a statement of his episcopal difficulties, and the Conference referred the subject to the coming General Conference

The Conference Financial Committee reported $75.88, collected during the session of the Conference, for its contingent expenses, such as Bishop's salary—to the preachers, &c.

After some concluding exercises, the Bishop proceeded to read out the appointments, as follows:

APPOINTMENTS.

Indianapolis.—W B. Revels.
Springfield.—B. Bridges.
Chicago.—E M'Intosh, Bethel; Quinn's, W. A. Dove.
Richmond.—Wm. Trevan.
Keokuk.—A. T. Hall
Terrehaute.—T. Strother.
New Albany.—F Myers
Salem.—J. D Bass.
Quincy.
Muscatine.—E. C. Joiner.
Newport Circuit.—D. Wendslow
Bloomington.—W. J Davis
Evansville Circuit.—G. N Black
Galena.—H. Brown.
Grant Co. Circuit
Blue River Circuit.—Wm Jackson.
Lafayette Circuit.—W. S. Lankford.
Vincennes.—H B Smith
Charleston Circuit.—L. W. Bass
Shawneetown Miss
Jacksonville.—H. Green
M. M Clark transferred to the Missouri Conference

The following report was received and adopted:

TO THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE ASSEMBLED.

We, your committee, to whom was referred the important duty of drawing up a declaration expressing the sentiment of this Conference on the "present war," the "state of the country," and the "probable future of our people in this country," would respectfully report, that we have given to the important subject as much time as the opportunity would allow, and have unanimously come to the following conclusions; to wit:

1st. That the present war was undoubtedly brought about, on the part of the South, by disaffected and designing politicians, not for the purpose of conquering the North, but for the purpose of separation from the North, and establishing a Southern Confederacy, the corner stone of which should be human slavery.

2d. That entertaining, as we do, a tolerably fair conception of the attributes of the Almighty, we are not prepared to say that it meets His approbation, He being not a God of "confusion but of peace." Yet, at the same time, we believe that in the order of His providence He often causes the wrath of man to praise Him, and we have full faith that, in the present crisis, He will overrule all things to the glory of His name, and the ultimate good of all.

3d Claiming, as we do, to be a part of the vast number that compose the citizens of the great North, we are free to declare, that in the present struggle for the maintenance of the constitution and laws, our sympathies good wishes, and prayers, are with them. And we earnestly hope, that when the last gun shall be fired for the Union, with it may fall the shackle from the last slave.

4. We are now, as ever, unalterably, inflexibly, and determinedly opposed to all and every plan and scheme of colonization, and think it is due to us, as it is to others, to live where we please, so long as we sustain the character of law-abiding, industrious, and peaceable citizens.

5. That one of two things, we think, will be our probable destiny in this country. We will, from a just appreciation of our worth, as moral, intelligent, and law abiding citizens, be put in possession of those rights that are now withheld from us; or, we will by the further enactment of cruel, unjust, and oppressive laws, be compelled to seek shelter in a more congenial clime.

6th And lastly, we recommend to our people, everywhere, to continue to educate themselves and their children, possess themselves of property, "live soberly, and righteously, and godly, in this present evil world," and with unfaltering devotion, trust in the Judge of all the earth who will assuredly do right

Conference adjourned hence to Chicago, 1863.

REV WM PAUL QUINN, District Bishop, and
REV WILLIS NAZREY, Visiting Bishop

E. M'INTOSH, Secretary

M. M CLARK, Reporter

Our Editor and General Book Steward, is company with the Bishop, and probably some of the brethren of Indiana Conference, left Indianapolis, August the 27th, for St Louis, Missouri, to attend another Conference

LONDON PREACHERS.

If the national can boast of the best buildings, the independent bodies can boast of the most famous preachers. After especial and frequent inquiry, I could not hear of unexceptionable preacher in all these exclusive churches. I ought to except Dr. M'Neil, who was spoken well of by one or two of the officers of the Tower. But his church was close beside them, and I could not learn that his fame had got beyond that neighborhood. Mr. Melville is very feeble, and preaches but seldom. All the live, drawing working men seem to have long freed themselves from this state church, which, in its effects on its clergy, is but a state prison. I judged from the many handbills announcing special sermons by incumbents of these Established Churches that they were not idle; but I could not hear that any stood out marked and powerful as a preacher of the Word.

Dean Trench, the dean of Westminster Abbey, frequently preaches there. This elegant scholar has but little appearance of elegance in his address He is a large framed man, above the middle height, with large features, and a bushy head of hair like Choate His voice is harsh, and his manners boisterous—the very opposite of what one would have expected from his writings. But he was intensely in earnest. He seemed tied down by his notes, and struggled as a lion in a net between his parchment and his gown. His subject was Ezekiel's vision, having reference to Whit Sunday, or the day of Pentecost. His language had his usual force, finish, and sincerity. He impressed me as being greatly burdened for souls. He is said to be an indefatigable worker, and the crowds who are drawn to the abbey could not be more faithfully dealt with.

By an odd coincidence I heard Dr. Cumming that same evening on the same text; there the similitude ends. In matter, manner, everything except the unity of the Spirit, they are totally unlike. The doctor is tallish, slim, very genteel, nice to softness in voice and manner—saying exquisite, exquenessets, and such like Miss Nancy-isms. Yet the dandy glove hides a grip of steel. He, more than any one I have heard here, discussed doctrinal questions. This was probably owing to his Scotch training and ancestry. He referred to the "Essays and Reviews," denouncing them for their laxity on the question of inspiration. His subject was the universal triumph of Christ. His millenary views were dwelt upon, and prophecies repeated.

The conduct of France and Russia, in refusing to aid the Sultan in restoring the Holy Sepulchre, showed that they intended to wrest it from him. He had some neat and novel thoughts, and some fine touches of eloquence. He is one of the sort whom it is very easy to hear. It was the most purely conversational of any I have heard. No note or paper, but full and fervid talk. I was not surprised at his popularity. Even that very *tendre* would increase his attractiveness

Messrs. Landell and Brock, Baptist preachers, are very unlike in themselves, and probably in the sphere of their popularity. Mr. Brock is a thorough-going Englishman; stout, sturdy, honest, simple-hearted, striking, easy, and instantly at the conscience of his hearers. He is just the man for a mass meeting with no assumption, no fine *phrases*, yet easy, off-hand, apparently inexhaustible; he is made for the crowd, and knows it. His sermon on "Behold my elect whom I have chosen," was earnest and affectionate.

Mr Landell is of the upper-ten class—a sort of aristocratic preacher of an aristocratic church. His chapel looks like a dwelling-house outside, but is tasty and even elegant within; though being built, as most are, in a semicircle, with enormous galleries covering half the house, it is far from being a gem of architecture. He is very British in his pronunciation, the most so of any one I have heard. His sermon was "Be ye steadfast," etc Like nearly all that I have heard, it was purely textual. Each word and thought was a theme for plain and often elegant comment and vigorous application The successive steps of a Christian life were set forth, and the incentives to faithfulness.

Newman Hall, the successor of Rowland Hill, is the most zealous one that I have seen, except Spurgeon. He is about forty, dark, with dark eyes, very pleasant voice, and a very impassioned manner. Like Mr. Brock, he evidently feels "Tis all his business here below to cry, Behold the Lamb." He leans over the pulpit in the most entreating manner, and sets forth the richness of the Gospel promises and the necessity of embracing them. There was a total absence of formal sermonizing, though he had his manuscript before him. It was only an easy, eloquent, intense exhortation

Richard Weaver I heard in the Tottenham Court Chapel, built by Whitefield. He is an oddity, a ministerial vagrant. The house was crowded almost after the Whitefield fashion. He is much like the eccentricities which fly off from every church, and feel themselves greater than all their brethren. Men and boys were round the doors hawking his sermons, songs, and portrait, while he was busy within in describing, with great vigor of gesture and but little vigor of thought, his experience and his labors. I should judge him to be well meaning, but unregulated. He has power with the masses, as out of them he has just come, being a converted and still uneducated collier. It is not impossible that he may be at his appointed work, for a great multitude of poor people hang upon his lips that night with the most intense interest. The Lord has a great many kinds of works to be done in his vineyard, and it is not for us to criticise the out-of-the-way services to which some are put

After all, London fame settles on two men, Punshon and Spurgeon. Arthur would divide the honors with Punshon were he well. I have heard no sermon more tender and fervent in spirit, more neat, concise, yet rich in thought, than one I had the pleasure of hearing from him on "I behold, and lopa Lamb in the midst of the throne, as it had been slain." From these words with great skill he led us step by step along the highway of the Gospel. He seemed feeble, but showed what power was his in his better days I trust that strength may again be his

Punshon and Spurgeon are very different sort of men. Punshon reminded me of Bascom. He reads fast, has but few gestures, is no orator, at least in the pulpit, and carries his crowds by the splendor of his language more than by all other gifts At least, so I judged from hearing one sermon. He rushes with such impetuosity, that you are swept along as in an express train. His subject was Jeremiah's complaint against the Jews for abandoning the living fountains, and hewing out to themselves cisterns, broken cisterns that can hold no water. Like the others, it was textual, seizing each word, and showing its force and application; addressed to unconverted persons of a Christian nation—here he enlarged on the difference between the work Jeremiah and Paul had to do—one to warn, entreat and lament a falling church—the other to build up the church out of the ruins of heathendom. His description of the Jews was masterly. So was his portrayal of the labor of man to save himself. Hewing out to themselves cisterns, broken cisterns—that can hold no water. His sermons are exegetical orations. His house was full, and were it known where he preached, his crowds would be enormous. He ought to be advertised, unless he could have a stated place, which the Wesleyan policy forbids. He is a large, full-faced man, of about forty, I should judge. His voice is pleasant, but not striking His forte is in those rushing tides of gorgeous rhetoric, not overdone, but full to the brim Reading his sermon spoils it for oratory, but does not seem to conflict with his style, which might not be helped but marred by abandoning the manuscript. He may break away from these leaky letters on the platform; if so, his sweep must be grand

But the pulpit orator of London is Spurgeon I confess to a previous prejudice against him; but he disarmed me. I heard him twice; and though I dislike to admit any one into the circle where my three greatest preachers—Olin, Durbin, and Beecher—dwell, yet I have to acknowledge he has a seat beside if not above them. He has none of the purely rhetorical manners of Punshon, and yet he has its results He is a very remarkable man; the greatest preacher, I think, that I have ever heard. Let me try to give you some idea of him. First, his building. This is a handsome theatre—two galleries going clear round. In front of the first gallery, in a line with it, projects a platform, railed in by common altar railing. Below, and half way between the pulpit and the lower floor, is a platform, in the front of the pulpit, full of singers Beside the pulpit rails is a table. He stands on this table to read his Scripture lessons. He opens the meeting with animating singing, then makes running, witty, and spiritual comments on his Scripture readings. He begins his sermon by imploring the presence of the Holy Spirit, and through every word and moment this seems uppermost in his thoughts. He is very dramatic, delighting to hold imaginary conversations with persons in the house. The night I heard him he imagined himself preaching one of Paul's sermons in the streets of Corinth, to show what the apostolic preaching was. He refers to the current heresies of the day, and annihilates them with a bayonet charge. His subject was the Gospel He took off the books on divinity in fine style Then he answered objectors. This is a good specimen of the quickness of his wit. A class objects to the atonement, because it is so bloody It smells of the shambles. "Of course it does," he exclaimed. "He shall be led as an ox to the slaughter." These words give no idea of the dramatic manner in which he leaps on his antagonists. He was very positive in his Calvinism. Yet, holding an animated dialogue with an inquirer in the gallery, he makes him ask: "How do I know that I may be saved?" "Do you trust him?" he exclaims. "If you do, you are one of those who are bought with his blood." A nice dodge, but not Scripture.

He glories in the simplicity of his preaching, and seems to think that he is nothing remarkable, but only an earnest, straightforward evangelist, who speaks before sinners

> With cries, entreaties, groans to save,
> And pluck them from a burning grave."

He differs from all great preachers that I have ever heard in his singleness of aim. His every sermon is a battle begun with a charge of bayonets. His voice is strong and pleasant, except it breaks on the high notes. He is the perfection of English preaching, embodying in their finest expression all the leading peculiarities of that school. They are less disputatious than in the Scotch or American. They are averse to mere rhetoric, or anything which seems to savor of it. I think they would condemn some of Beecher's gorgeous word-paintings for this reason. Punshon comes nearest to us, and yet is pure English; his rushing language being only enforcements of the lessons of the text.

I cannot call this style superior or equal to the American. Ours recognises intellectual activities in the minds of our auditors; skepticisms, discussions, difficulties, which we as their spiritual guides must discourse upon. This preaching does not seem to know that there is any conflict of mind in England. It is evident from its character that the mass of hearers are orthodox, and their aim almost entirely is to make them reduce their orthodoxy to right bounds. The skeptical fever has reached the upper classes here. It will reach the masses when they shall become intelligent and thoughtful. Meantime the preachers and preaching in both England and America are wisely adapted to the peculiar needs of each region. Each shall bring forth their appointed work with shoutings, and Christ be all in all.

Christian Advocate and Journal

A STARTLING RECORD.

The *Boston Transcript* quotes from the *Harvard Magazine* a statement in regard to the last class graduated at Harvard College, to the effect that of the number composing the class, "fifty-one smoke, sixty-five drink, fifty-seven do both, and twenty neither" We must confess our surprise that such a statement could be made concerning a class of but ninety members, more than two thirds of the whole number are known to use intoxicating drinks! This is stated on the authority of a magazine which could command the knowledge of the fact

What would the founders of Harvard College, could they again appear on the scene, say to such a statement? When, from their limited resources, they generously, and at the cost of no little self-denial, contributed the means to establish the institution, and with prayers to Heaven for its benediction on the enterprise, consecrated it "to Christ and the church," it was assuredly in the fond hope that through a long succession of generations, it should be a "school of the prophets," and that they who gathered there to enjoy its privileges, should be not only early trained in sound learning, but educated to pure morals, and imbued with a true devotion to the work of Christ

Yet, in the most venerable educational institution of the venerable commonwealth of Massachusetts, we are told out of the ninety composing the class just graduated, sixty-five "drink." They will go forth unquestionably to show their influence in years to come against the cause of temperance. In the high places of the land, in positions of power and authority in the courts, on the rostrum, on the bench, in their varied professional pursuits, they may be found on the side of those who are at best indifferent to the evils manifold occasioned by the use of intoxicating drinks.

Such facts are of ill omen for our country's future. Drunken politicians have been the curse of the land. Repeatedly have they brought upon us national disgrace. No true patriot can be indifferent to the character of the candidates for political eminence, and yet we may discern beforehand what that character must be, if two thirds of our college graduates give promise by present habits of the profligacy that is usually allied with a free use of the intoxicating cup.

Is it not time that the alarm were sounded? Our literary and collegiate institutions are, to a large extent, the hope of the land. Let them become the scenes of dissipated habits, and the very fountains of national influence and character are poisoned. As their streams flow forth over the land, carrying a curse with them, public calamity will be added to private grief. While parents mourn over the blighted morals of their sons, the community will struggle vainly against tides of influence which come upon it with the prestige of learning, education and high position. Surely it is time for us to know the moral character and social influences of the institutions that educate our children. If they are becoming schools of dissipation rather than sobriety, if they are to be crowded with those who "drink," till temperance, in the vast majority, shall become disreputable—the question will not be difficult whether it is safe to patronize them. The common sense of the community will be apt to settle down to the conclusion that they are rather a nuisance to be abated, than institutions to be patronized

THE CLERGY AND "THE DRAFT."—We learn from the Cincinnati Inquirer, that Governor Tod has decided that in the draft for troops about to take place in Ohio, clergymen are not exempt

By the State laws of Indiana, Quakers are exempted from draft while ministers are not. In New York, the Shakers and all preachers are exempted. We see statements that many of the young rioters of New York city are shunning the Shaker uniform, with hope of being successful in [illegible] they are [illegible]

BOSTON.

The first point to which a stranger is taken on "drawing" in Boston Common. We confess to have failed to anticipate all the merits of the famous Yankee "institution" The very name is poorly calculated to give any just idea of its real character. It is not a "common" in the familiar sense of that word, but a "grand old park" rather, resembling what we imagine the parks of Europe and England to be. It has an undulating surface, hills and valleys, gentle slopes and broad level plains, all thickly studded with trees, noble elms, of more than a half century's growth, and last, but not least, the famous pond and fountain

We marvel no more that the "Common" is the pride and boast of Bostonians. It is utterly unlike anything observable in any other city in this country. Lying but a few moments' walk from the commercial heart of the city, it is accessible to all, and a place of daily resort for multitudes of old and young. It is a great breathing-place for the citizens of Boston—immense lungs for this solid, substantial city

Whether because of this most efficient inhaling apparatus, or of the undulating surface of the city, or yet because of the better sanitary relations, we are not prepared to say, but certain it is, Boston is the cleanliest city we ever visited. A walk through what was affirmed to be the worst portion of the city revealed nothing but good order, pure air, and cleanly homes. Some tenant-houses were densely packed, but, to all appearances, neat and comfortable. Squalid wretchedness and filth, such as meets one at every turn in New York, are not to be found in Boston. What a monument to the enterprise and faithfulness of the city fathers are the wholesome streets and cleanly homes of the city!

The pond in the Common is a famous resort for children and dogs, the former playing about the margin, the latter plunging boldly in. We gave Boston dogs credit for intelligence as well as agility, after watching their afternoon manœuvres for half an hour. But as we turned away we were [illegible] we had [illegible] their acquirements, on observing a printed placard—posted rather high for small dogs to read—giving notice, "Dogs not allowed in the pond on Sabbath."

Another local institution, modern, not ancient, of which Bostonians have reason to be proud, is the Free Library. An immense collection of books, rare and standard, with periodicals and late publications arranged in an elegant and spacious building just opposite the Common, to which every resident of the city has free access, and from which he may draw books at any time by simply recording his name. A large and commodious public reading room for ladies and gentlemen is attached.

To this library did Theodore Parker bequeath the most of his large collection, and here we saw his old writing-table—a noble relic of the olden time, once the property of his grandfather, and handed down from generation to generation.

THE WEALTH OF BOSTON

One cannot fail to be strongly impressed with a sense of the solid wealth of Boston. A visit to the business streets more recently built up, conveys an idea of solidity, permanence, and strength, scarcely found in any portion of New York. Take one circle embracing Franklin street, and we believe Winthrop square, comprising blocks erected since the crash of '57, and we have a collection of massive, magnificent architectural piles, solid, capacious, and costly, unsurpassed, we dare say, in magnitude and real evidence of wealth, by any similar area in any city of the world

The difference between New York and Boston appeared to us something like this: New York has wider commercial strength, greater acquired and delegated power: Boston vaster inherent resources. New York builds on her prospective trade; Boston from wealth already accumulated. New York depends on the world; Boston on herself! We know not if this be true, but such impressions flowed irresistibly upon us as we gazed upon her new business streets on that quiet Sabbath morning, and measured the extent of those monuments to New England's wealth

Room is left us for expended gratification in the future, in exploring the many delightful resorts surrounding Boston. It was our privilege, however, to ascend to the top of the State House and map out the objects of interest visible at all points, and afterward some of the charming parks on Boston Neck, and to view the harbor, city, and surrounding country from the famous Dorchester Heights—a point commanding an unrivalled city and country view.

The peculiarly close proximity of pleasant country towns, and, indeed, the semi-rural character of a large part of the city itself, renders Boston more a city of homes than New York can possibly be. It is an important, perhaps inevitable objection to this metropolis, that little, comfortable houses, for men of moderate salaries, easy of access from place of business, are very rare.

When progressive architects and social reformers shall have devised a plan for affording cheap rents to comfortable rooms, and at the same time a fair income on invested capital, New York may be made tenfold more attractive to its multitude of clerks, mechanics, and laborers, and the cause of intelligence and good morals receive a much needed impetus. Now we wait with all possible patience the experiments of inventive reformers, who are surely at work, and whose labors are destined to greatly bless mankind.

DISSOLUTION IMPOSSIBLE

It is easy to write the word "separation." But we no longer have an Alexander VI to trace the boundaries of empires upon the map of the world. Who shall claim Washington, situated as it is in a slave-holding district? Who shall fix the frontiers? Will Tennessee, Virginia, North Carolina, compel the portions of their territories which have declared for the North to come with them into the Southern Confederacy? Will free Kansas be given up as a bloody offering into the hands of the surrounding states, all eager to pounce upon it? Will the inhabitants of the West, of those States which form the basin of the Mississippi, the Missouri, and the Ohio, be told that they must give up the navigation of three rivers, that New Orleans and Texas must belong to another, a hostile country, a country, perhaps, soon to be under the protection of Europe? Imagine this great American Republic divided, deprived of its Southern frontiers, and of its ports in the Mexican Gulf, of Louisiana, which she bought from France, of Florida, which she bought from the Spaniards and Indians, of Texas, whose debts she paid, and settling as best she could all these accounts with an insolvent neighbor, establishing the rate of damages due for Federal property, for repudiated debts, and for reciprocal requestrations. North, South, are words easily uttered; but where begins the North, and where ends the South? Does the North end at the Chesapeake which runs in two the loyal State of Maryland? Does the South stop at Tennessee, beyond which the slave-holding insurrection has found supporters? The fact is, that from the Gulf of Mexico to the Canadian lakes we find but *one nation*. To separate North and South it were necessary to draw I know not what indelible line through the loyal States, through the insurgent States, through the slave States, across rivers and mountains, an endless line, every point of which would have to be guarded by a custom house officer and a soldier And do not tell me that the two sections would be at peace, that absolute liberty of commerce would be proclaimed, that custom house officers and soldiers would therefore be useless, and the natural weakness of the frontiers of no importance? Who does not see that such a division would be war; war everywhere and forever! And at last the South, miserable, ruined, dependant, forced to rest on some other power, would seek and find a protector It will be a great misfortune to America, and, I fear not to say, as great a one for Europe.—*Count De Gasparin.*

ANDOVER PROFESSORSHIPS.—The Trustees of Andover Theological Seminary, made choice of Prof. J. H. Seelye of Amherst College, to fill the Professorship of Ecclesiastical History, recently made vacant by the resignation of Prof. Shedd. Prof. Seelye graduated at Amherst College, and studied theology at Auburn and in Europe

PRESENT STATE OF THE CHURCH OF ROME

The organs of the Roman Catholic Church point with high gratification at the large increase of episcopal sees, of monastic orders, and of foreign missions during the pontificate of Pius IX. They find in this fact some consolation for the loss of temporal power and of privileges, which the Church is just now suffering much against her own will, though undoubtedly to her own great spiritual advantage.

A full account of the present number of episcopal sees in the Roman Catholic Church, and of their increase since the accession of Pius IX., is given in the Statistical Year Book for 1862 The new volume, which has been compiled by Professor Ciccolini, the editor of the official *Giornale di Roma*, is much more complete than any previous one, and the only official source of information of this kind. At the time the Year Book was published, the College of Cardinals, which is styled the "Sacred College," consisted of sixty-one members, one cardinal had been reserved *in petto*, (not yet publicly announced,) and eight seats were vacant. The oldest member of the college, Tosti, was 86 years old; the youngest, Ferretti, 45. Of the members made cardinals by Leo XII., only one, Barberini, survives; from the time of Gregory XVI, 18; and 42 have received the "red hat" from the present Pope. No less than 50 cardinals have died during the pontificate of Pius IX. As to the nativity of the cardinals, it is well known that the great majority of them are Italians. France has 6, Austria, (exclusive of its Italian provinces,) 5, Spain, 2, Belgium, Prussia, England, Portugal, each, one

The episcopal sees consist of 12 patriarchates, 145 archbishoprics, and 677 bishoprics Of these, 80 have been erected by Pius IX., and at the time of the compilation of the Year Book, 85 (3 patriarchates, 7 archbishoprics, and 75 bishoprics) were vacant. Beside the actual bishops, there are 236 merely titular archbishops and bishops, called in *partibus infidelium*, because some diocese, now extinct, is assigned to them. They are mostly members of ecclesiastical and civil boards in Rome, and coadjutors of bishops whose health is impaired, and who have very extensive dioceses. The total number of men having received the episcopal ordination was therefore 985, which number would be raised to 1070 if all the vacant seats were filled

Many of the missionary districts have not yet been organized into bishoprics, but are placed under superiors bearing different names. There were in 1861 thirty-nine apostolical vicars, three apostolical delegates, and eighteen apostolical prefects. Eighteen of these offices have been created by Pius IX., and seventeen were vacant.

The monastic orders have for many centuries not prospered as much as since the beginning of the pontificate of Pius IX, who, like many laymen and priests of the Church, is a member of the so-called "Third Order," which binds its members, though not living in convents, to the observance of the order of prayers, special festivals, etc., of the order to which they are attached. Pius proclaimed it, at the beginning of his pontificate, as one of his greatest wishes, to effect a reformation of the monastic orders, many of which were still generally known to be in a state of great degeneracy and corruption. Considerable results seem to have been achieved in some countries, as France and Germany, although the numerous legal proceedings in the former country and Belgium against monks and nuns indicate that in many instances upon corruption has been succeeded by a secret one. Yet it cannot be denied that the number of monks and nuns is rapidly increasing, and their services in behalf of their Church are very effective. The completest account of the present number of monastic institutions is given in a "Statistical Year Book of the Church," published by a German monk. It gives an alphabetical list of all the orders now extant, and under each order, likewise in alphabetical order, a complete list of all the houses which the careful and extensive research of the editor could ascertain. According to his account, there were in 1860: male orders and congregations, 83, with 7,065 establishments and 100,000 members; female orders and congregations, 94, with 9,247 houses and a little

The Statistical Association of the Colored People of Philadelphia, and other points where they may be located, and respectfully ask the co-operation of the colored citizens and others in this city, or elsewhere, in money [illegible]

All [illegible] will be thankfully acknowledged, with the name of the donor, in the *Recorder*, where a constant record will be kept.

Subscriptions may be sent to Jacob C. White, at the Rev. [illegible] Corner of Lombard Street, and also to William Still, 107 North Fifth Street, and to Rev. E. Weaver, 619 Pine Street.

Paid.

Statistical Society,	$[illegible]
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It affords us pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of ten dollars, the proceeds of Miss Anna E. Dickinson's lecture at Concert Hall for the contrabands, contributed to the S. C. and Statistical Association to be applied as intended. WM. STILL.

Cor. Sec. of S. C. and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Penna.

Domestic Items.

The Recent Battle in Virginia

MANASSAS JUNCTION, August 29th—10 o'clock, P. M.

To Major General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:

As soon as I discovered that a large force of the enemy was turning our right toward Manassas, and that the diversion I had ordered to take post there two days before had not yet arrived there from Alexandria, I immediately broke up my camps at Warrenton Junction and Warrenton, and marched rapidly back in three columns.

I directed McDowell, with his own and Sumner's corps, and Reno's division, to march [illegible] by the Warrenton and Alexandria pike—Reno and one division of Heintzelman to march on Greenwich; and, with Porter's corps and Hooker's division, I marched back to Manassas Junction. McDowell was ordered to interpose between the forces of the enemy, which had passed down to Manassas through Gainesville, and his main body, which was moving down from White Plains through Thoroughfare Gap. This was completely accomplished, Longstreet, with [illegible] passed through the Gap, being driven back to the west side. The forces sent to Greenwich were designed to support McDowell, in case he met too large a force of the enemy.

The division of Hooker, marching towards Manassas, came upon the enemy near Kettle Run, on the afternoon of the 27th, and, after a sharp action, routed them completely, killing and wounding three hundred, and capturing their camps and baggage, and many stand of arms.

This morning the command pushed rapidly to Manassas Junction, which Jackson had evacuated three hours in advance.

He retreated by way of Centreville, and took the turnpike towards Warrenton.

He was met when six miles west of Centreville by McDowell and Sigel.

Late this afternoon a severe fight took place, which has been terminated by the darkness.

The enemy was driven back at all points, and thus the affair rests.

Heintzelman's corps will move on him, at daylight, from Centreville, and I do not see how he is to escape without heavy loss.

We have captured a thousand prisoners, many arms, and one piece of artillery. [illegible]

Major-General.

HEADQUARTERS FIELD OF BATTLE, Groveton, near Gainesville, Aug. 30th, 5 A. M.—Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief:—We fought a terrific battle here yesterday, with the combined forces of the enemy, which lasted with continuous fury from daylight until after dark, by which time the enemy was driven from the field, which we now occupy. Our troops are too much exhausted yet to push matters, but I shall do so in the course of the morning, as soon as Fitz-John Porter's corps comes up from Manassas.

The enemy is still in our front, but badly used up.

We have lost not less than eight thousand men killed and wounded, and, from the appearance of the field, the enemy lost at least two to one. He stood strictly on the defensive—and every assault was made by our forces.

Our troops behaved splendidly. The battle was fought on the identical battle field of Bull Run, which greatly increased the enthusiasm of our men.

The news just reaches me from the front that the enemy is retreating towards the mountains. I go forward at once to see.

We have made great captures, but I am not able yet to form an idea of their extent.

John Pope,

Major-General Commanding.

WASHINGTON, Aug 31.—The rebels were heavily reinforced yesterday, and attacked Pope's army before the arrival of Generals Franklin and Sumner. The attack was boldly met, and a severe battle followed. The advantage, on the whole, was on the side of the enemy, and Pope fell back to Centreville with the whole army in good order.

He has now been joined at Centreville by General Franklin, and Sumner was upon the march to him last night.

He occupies the strongest position in the neighborhood of Washington, and is expected promptly to renew the contest and the successes of Friday.

Every effort should be used to hasten the forwarding of our troops.

WASHINGTON, August 31, 1862.—According to all accounts, Gen. Jackson yesterday succeeded in forcing his way through the Federal troops surrounding him, and effected a junction with the remainder of the Confederate forces. This result was not attained without fearful loss on both sides, and the most desperate fighting occurred.

From all that can be learned, in the absence of any regular report, the corps of McDowell, Porter, Heintzelman and Sigel were engaged—the former having the left, the latter the right, and the others operating about the centre. The principal fighting seems to have been on the left and centre. The left was thrown up from Manassas Junction towards Thoroughfare Gap, the right at and about Centreville, and the centre on the old Bull Run battle-field not from Manassas.

The action was commenced by the enemy opening his batteries upon our left, between one and two o'clock. Their guns were strongly and advantageously posted upon a ridge, while our batteries had to fire from the open plain. Morell's division supported the batteries at the point. After some severe cannonading, General Butler's brigade of cavalry, comprising the First Michigan, First Virginia, and First Vermont, were ordered to our extreme left, to reconnoitre and guard against any attempt to turn the left flank, which movement was threatened by the enemy.

Riding beyond our left, where the infantry were formed close behind on batteries which were playing with great precision upon the enemy, while our troops were cheering vociferously, the cavalry reached a slight eminence, and were about to send out a detachment to explore, when the enemy were seen coming up in force along the line of the adjacent woods. A battery was observed to wheel into position, and then came shell, thrown into their midst, followed by canister and grape.

Time was discovered the intention of the enemy to attempt a flank movement. Long lines of infantry could plainly be seen hurrying up to take position, and soon other batteries were brought up and opened upon our left. The cavalry, forced to retire, retreated behind a low ridge, but the clouds of dust revealing their place of retreat the rebels continued shelling them—and another change of position was made. Here a body of cavalry were observed riding towards them, and sabres were drawn to meet the charge.

The advancing squadron proved to be friends—the Fourth New York Cavalry, attached to Sigel's corps. Where they had come from, as Sigel was on the right, was and is a mystery. They reported Stuart's cavalry as about making a charge. The New York cavalry fell in behind Buford's brigade, the bugles sounded, and over the hill galloped our horsemen to meet the advancing foe.

As our men approached, the rebel cavalry discharged double-barrel-d shot-guns, and then met in full charge. Our men broke the enemy's line and pursued them. The foe rallied in splendid style, and dashed forward again to meet the charge. Again their line was broken, and the cavalry [illegible] Centreville and with musketry, compelling them to retire. Meanwhile, the left had given way, and was on the retreat, passing our cavalry.

A battery which had run short of ammunition was on the point of being captured, but under the determined resistance of the cavalry, was safely brought off. The troops fell back upon Franklin's division, which had just come up, and were formed in line to prevent straggling and anything like a panic. Had General Franklin's corps arrived two hours earlier upon the field, the result of the day's fighting would have been different.

The Adjutant-General's office is receiving reports with the names of the killed and wounded in the late battles. Among the killed are Brig.-Gen. [illegible] Brig.-Gen. Mahlon D. Manson was wounded and taken prisoner. Lieutenant [illegible] Morrison was wounded and taken prisoner. Lieutenant [illegible] Morrison was wounded and taken prisoner. Lieutenant [illegible] Morrison

HUGH MILLER'S DESCRIPTION OF CHALMERS' FUNERAL

Never before did we witness such a funeral, nor, never before, in at least the memory of man, did Scotland witness such a funeral. It was a solemn tribute spontaneously paid to departed goodness and greatness by the public mind. In the Cemetery the procession was at once seen for the first time, and the appearance was that of an army. The figures decided in the distance, in receding toward the open grave along the long, winding walks seen in those magnificent pictures of Martin, in which even the littleness of men is made to enhance the greatness of their works, and the array of their aggregated numbers. And still the open gateway continued to give ingress to the dingy, living tide, that seemed to flow unceasingly inwards, like some perennial stream that disemboguies its waters into a lake.

"The party-colored thousands on the eminence above, all in silence, and many of them in tears—the far-stretching line of the mourners below—the effect, amid the general black, of the scarlet cloaks of the Magistracy of Edinburgh, who had come, with much good taste and feeling, in their robes of office, and attended by its officials and insignia, to manifest their spontaneous respect for the memory of the *greatest* of their countrymen—the slow, measured tramp, that, with the rustle of the breeze, formed the only sounds audible in so vast an assemblage—all conspired to compose a scene solemn and impressive in the highest degree.

There was a moral sublimity in the spectacle. It spoke more emphatically than by words, of the dignity of intrinsic excellence, and of the height to which a true man may attain. It was the dust of a Presbyterian minister which the coffin contained; and yet they were burying him amid the tears of a nation with more than kingly honors.

JEFFREY.

There was a noble simplicity as well as transparency of mind and character about Jeffrey, his conversational powers were marvellous, his vivacity, and also his musical, clear, ringing voice, were charming (*once* I listened to its cadences;) while as a judge he was impartial, honest and able. In stature he was small, but both in figure and features, handsome, and almost *spirituelle*.

"The mind, the music, breathing from the face,"

were emphatically his own. He lived long years, probably a stranger to vital personal religion. His literary associates had no sympathy with the doctrines of the Cross, and in the pages of the "Edinburgh," Christian missions to the heathen were treated as fanatical enterprises—at least in its early days. But if Jeffrey ever was a skeptic or a latitudinarian, there is reason to believe that he was a lover of Christ in his closing days. When at Edinburgh, I had a statement made to me, the authenticity of which, from the source whence it came, seems undoubted. Probably it has not appeared in print before. It was to the following effect; namely, that Lord Jeffrey, in his last days, in relating to an intimate friend how he nightly had a warm bath in his own house, which he found very soothing and salutary, added: "That is to me a time of the greatest enjoyment; for some one, I know not who he is, sends me, every week or month, beautiful little publications, and when alone in the city bath, at night, I read them with the greatest profit and pleasure." I believe it to be more than probable that the publications referred to were those of the "Monthly Tract Society," of London, which sends by post to persons of the upper and middle classes, both at home and on the Continent, little books with colored paper covers, and bearing evident traces of talent and taste, as well as rich in evangelical truth.

BOOKS.

Books may be divided into four kinds:—

1. Of the Hand,
2. Of the Table,
3. Of the Shelf,
4. Of Desolate Islands, (see Mr. Lowell.)

The first sort is for reading, the second for reference and study, and the third for show. The first should be borrowed, if possible, from your accommodating friend, or the circulating library, or the book-club. The second should be owned and used. The third stands behind handsome glass doors, and looks fine. We know of really good books condemned to that imprisonment; poets, artists, philosophers, in prison dresses of morocco and gold, magnificent to see, caged in silent uselessness in gay dungeons of plate glass and mahogany. Libraries for such owners should be of blocks, backed with shiny bindings and fine names. Then let the happy possessor lose the key of his book-case, and all will be well. The fourth includes poor poetry, printed at the urgent request of partial friends; the novels of the late G. P. R. James, Esq., and of Mr. W. Gilmore Simms, and, in fact, at least nine-tenths of all the novels ever printed; *ex-parte ante-mortem* inquisitions, known as "campaign biographies;" the Koran and the Book of Mormon, (considered as books for reading,) and many more,—too tedious to mention.

In the second class, Books of the Table, belong dictionaries, encyclopedias, Biographical collections, a few histories, a set of the American Almanac, 1830–62, (which reminds us that it is an actual disobliging of students, for the editor of that annual compend to delay its coming as he does this year; a thing not merely inconvenient to us, but positively unfair in the editor, unless he has some good reason for it;) a gazetteer, a universal atlas. We would be glad to bargain with some eminent capitalist in this wise: We to name a collection of books of reference satisfactory to us, and he to buy them and give them to us. Does any capitalist bid? First, we should name the names of a set of books for the *Chronology of the History of Literature*, to enable us—so far as the work has been done—to ascertain when, where, and by whom, all books have been written, edited, and published, from 1455, when the preternatural splendors of the great Mentz Bible appalled all the doctors of all the faculties, down to this present. A sufficiently complete bibliographical library might reach 7,000 or 8,000 volumes But we, in our moderation, would let the capitalist off for half so many.

Independent.

BOOKS AND READING.

Read not to contradict and refute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not attentively; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not

Lord Bacon.

WAR SONG.

Hurrah! hurrah! a glorious strife
And freedom be the word:
Come, brothers! hand in hand,
Fight for your father land.

Quit the counter,
Go where your sires have gone;
Their pulse is in our veins.

Rest will be sweet anon!
The slave may yield, may fly,
We conquer, or we die.

O Liberty! thy form
Shall
Away with fear, away!
Let justice win the day

SNAILS

We [illegible] are informed by the Baltimore [illegible] that they are there fast going to decay. As a crop of [illegible] is reported to be about to [illegible] we extract the following account of the [illegible] from a very old belief. Borlase asserted it in his "Natural History of Cornwall," a hundred years ago Mr. Jeffries gives the passage:—

"The sweetest mutton is reckoned to be that of the smallest sheep, which usually feed on the commons, where the sands are scarce covered with the green sod, and the grass is exceedingly short such are the downs of Sand Hall [illegible] Sand, Gwithian, Phillis, Senan Green near the Land's End, and elsewhere in like situations From these sands come forth annils of the turbinated kind, out of distinct species [illegible] from the adult to the smallest just from the egg. These spread themselves over the plains early in the morning, and whilst they are in quest of their own food among the dews, yield a most fattening nourishment to the sheep."

SNAILS AS FOOD

But it is not only sheep to whom snails are palatable. Every one knows that they formed a very common dish with the Romans, who fed them up to an enormous size in their snail preserves —cochlearia—and that they are still eaten in many parts of the Continent. We have heard a story of some shipwrecked Frenchman clearing the spa side gardens in Devonshire Even in England they are still considered a remedy for consumption; but perhaps few are aware that they may be bought at any time in Covent Garden Market; we were of forced some the other day at sixpence a quart—very excellent snails, we were assured, not professing ourselves to be judges of the quality The glass men at Newcastle indulge themselves in a snail-feast once a year, and collect them from the fields and hedgerows on the Sunday previous. If any reader wishes for a receipt for their cookery, there is one to be found, says Mr Jeffreys, in old Martin Lister's book, "*Historiæ Animalium*;" and it may be useful to add that, in the opinion of connoisseurs, *Helix nitidula* is "the most tender and delicate; the best tasted and most digestible." But the species which is to be seen in the restaurant windows in France is the *Helix Pomatia*

DRIED SNAILS COMING TO LIFE

But the poor snail has been the victim, from time to time, of other besides culinary experiments He has—fortunately or unfortunately for himself—extraordinary powers of vitality "Some of them," says Mr. Jeffreys, "have been known to live many years shut up in boxes and drawers, and even affixed to tablets as specimens." Dr Johnston in his most interesting "Introduction," which professor Kingsley has not unaptly characterized as a "collection of true fairy tales," speaks [illegible] belonging to a Mr. Simon of Dublin, which revived when placed in the water, after having been dried for a period of certainly fifteen years—probably much longer; but another account, which he quotes from Silliman's *American Journal* sounds like a fairy tale indeed. The men employed in cutting the Erie Canal, "near Rome village, sixteen miles west of Utica," found several hundred live mollusks forty-two feet deep, in a diluvial deposit. How many thousand years they have been there, it is not easy to say They might be alive now, but that "the workmen took the animals, fried, and ate them." The same tenacity of life is shown under circumstances even more abnormal—Mueller relates "that some snails, from which he had cut off their heads, lived more than a year in this state without food, crawling about, and at the usual time forming their winter epiphragms" In the case of Mueller's unfortunate pets, the power of reproducing the mutilated parts, which this class of animals has been proved to possess, does not appear to have been exercised. But that they have been known to reproduce feet, tentacles, eyes, and even the whole head, after amputation, seems an established fact, thanks to the unscrupulous experiments of science

Blackwood.

PETROLEUM.

EXPERIMENTS TO DETERMINE ITS COMPARATIVE ILLUMINATING POWER WITH GAS AND CANDLES

It is not the difference in price per gallon between two burning fluids, or other agents employed in artificial illumination, that determines their respective cost for use. One burning fluid such as a mixture of alcohol and turpentine, that costs only sixty cents per gallon, may be more expensive than sperm oil, costing one dollar and a quarter; because the latter possesses three times the illuminating power of the former. It is well known that refined petroleum has lately driven all other burning fluids out of use, and one reason for this is its very low price. But, as we have already stated, this cannot determine its economy—its comparative illuminating power must also be known to form a just estimate of its cost. Heretofore this has been unknown, but now we have a most valuable contribution to science in the record of a series of experiments conducted by Professor James C. Booth and Mr Thomas H. Garrett, of Philadelphia, and published in the last number of the Journal of the Franklin Institute.

Their experiments were chiefly instituted to test the comparative illuminating power of petroleum and the common coal gas used in Philadelphia. The gas was measured by a water meter, and the jet used was a Suttail burner attached to the top of the meter, and fixed at the uniform distance of six feet from the photometer. The lamp for burning the fluid and giving equal light to the gas jet, was measured on the opposite side of the photometer. Messrs Booth and Garrett first determined by experiment the relative economy of several coal and mineral oils, and common burning fluid, (alcohol and turpentine.) Of four kinds of mineral oils, or refined petroleum, there was but little difference in their illuminating power. It was found that 2,380 gallons gave a light equal to 1,000 cubic feet of gas, and it required no less than 11,000 gallons of burning fluid to produce an equal amount of light; thus proving that one gallon of petroleum is equal to four of burning fluid for giving light. Various experiments were also made with flames of different shape in the petroleum lamp, to determine which form gave the most intense light with the least quantity of oil. It was found that a clear straight cut of the wick gave the best results The most common way of trimming such lamp wicks is with an arched cut, to produce a flame shaped like a bow. With a flame from a wick cut straight across, 2,570 gallons of oil gave a light equal to 1,000 cubic feet of gas, while with an arched flame, 2,846 gallons of oil were required. Very great care must be observed in trimming the wicks of oil lamps, so as not to leave them ragged at the edges. A loss, varying from four to twenty per cent was observed with different trimmed wicks. Messrs Booth and Garrett say on this head: The best method of obtaining the fullest amount of light is to trim the wick straight across, and test the shape of the flame until it present as even a top as practicable —*Scientific American*.

FAMILY COURTESY

Family intimacy should never make brothers and sisters forget to be polite and sympathizing to each other. Those who contract thoughtless and rude habits toward the members of their own family will be rude and thoughtless to all the world But let the family intercourse be true, tender, and affectionate, and the manners of all uniformly gen[illegible]

[illegible]ly thus trained will carry into the world and [illegible] spire in their associates similar qualities; they will not be satisfied without mutual esteem and the cultivation of the best affections; and their own character will be sustained by that faith in [illegible]

Dr. Alexander on Mor.

COMPLEXION OF THE HUMAN RACE

Mr. [illegible] states the complexion of the human race is entirely dependent on the mode of [illegible] who, from the entire un[illegible]

as fine a carnation as the inhabitants of Europe. In Algeria it has long been the subject of remark that butchers, generally negroes of Kalo, are as fair in complexion as the European settlers, although still preserving their woolly hair.

A CLERGYMAN'S JOKE

I was spending the night in a hotel in Freeport, Illinois After breakfast I came into the sitting-room, where I met a pleasant, chatty, gentlemanly traveller, who, like myself, was waiting for the morning train from Galena. We conversed freely and pleasantly on several topics, until seeing two young ladies meet and kiss each other on the street, the conversation turned on *kissing*, just about the time the train was approaching. "Come," said he, taking up his carpet bag, "since we are on so sweet a subject, let us have a practical application I'll make a proposition to you. I'll agree to kiss the most beautiful lady in the cars from Galena, you being the judge, if you will kiss the next prettiest, I being the judge." The proposition staggered me a little and I could hardly tell whether he was in earnest or in fun; but as he would be as deep in it as I could possibly be, I agreed provided he would do the first kissing, though my heart failed somewhat as I saw his black eye sparkle with daring. "Yes," said he, "I'll try it first. You take the back car and go in from the front end, where you can see the faces of the ladies, and you stand by the one you think the handsomest, and I'll come in from behind and kiss her."

I had hardly stepped inside the car when I saw at the first glance one of the loveliest-looking women my eyes fell on. A beautiful blonde, with auburn hair, and a bright sunny face, full of love and sweetness, and as radiant and glowing as the morning. Any farther search was totally unnecessary. I immediately took my stand in the aisle of the car by her side. She was looking out of the window earnestly, as if expecting some one. The back door of the car opened, and in stepped my fellow-traveller. I pointed my finger slyly to her, never dreaming that he would dare to carry out his pledge; and you may imagine my horror and amazement when he stepped up quickly behind her, and stooping over, kissed her with a relish that made "my mouth water" from end to end. I expected of course a shriek of terror, and then a row generally, and a knock-down; but astonishment succeeded astonishment when I saw her return the kisses with compound interest

Quick as a flash he turned to me and said, "Now, sir, it is your turn;" pointing to a hideously ugly wrinkled old woman who sat in the seat behind. "Oh, you must excuse me! you must excuse me!" I exclaimed. "I'm sold this time I gave it up. [illegible] me why you have been kissing" "Well," said he, "since you are a man of so much taste and quick perception, I'll let you off" And we all burst into a general peal of laughter as he said, "I knew my wife I have been waiting here for her I knew that was a safe proposition." He told the story to his wife, who received her cold sweetest as she heard it

Before we reached Chicago we were introduced and I discovered that my companion was a popular Episcopal preacher of Chicago, whose name I had frequently heard. When I got to Chicago I always got to hear him, and a better more natural, and more eloquent preacher it is hard to find. He was then but a young man, he is now well known as one of the ablest divines of the Episcopal denomination in the West.—*Harper's Monthly.*

GREASE SPOTS.

A grease spot on many delicate fabrics is a difficult thing to remove, on others it comes away very easily. When first made, before the fibres have thoroughly absorbed the grease, soap of almost any kind will often quickly remove it; after a few days, a soap of peculiar quality is required The hardest and whitest is commonly best, and soft-soap is the most powerful, but liable to change the color or weaken the texture of the goods. Turpentine, kerosene, and other carbonaceous liquids, have a great affinity for grease, and dissolve it, but are themselves so difficult to remove from cloth that by their use we are apt to only diffuse the grease over a larger surface. Ether, chloroform, and to a limited extent alcohol, dissolves grease, and though they do not remove it any better than turpentine, yet they bring it into a condition to be easily washed away by soap and water. On fabrics not injured by alkalies, ammonia water used to wet the spots, renders them easy of removal [illegible] a soapy solution, and then [illegible] ter It will sometimes remove grease, and other spots from silks, and other delicate fabrics, without injury to the colors, when everything else fails; it is itself easily washed off. Almost any very fine soft substance will absorb grease. The articles most in use and very effective are, potter's clay, [illegible] pipe-clay, powdered [illegible] wet up to a paste and laid upon it, and then by application of a hot iron in close proximity, the grease, even though it may be wax or spermaceti, is absorbed by the [illegible] may be washed away and [illegible] after a few patient applications. In the absence of clay or French chalk, or on fabrics likely to be injured by them, any bibulous paper (such as will quickly absorb water, like blotting paper) may be laid upon the spot, and a hot iron being applied, a great part of the grease will be taken up by the paper, and the rest chiefly diffused so as not to be seen.

CHARACTER OF THE GENTLEMAN.

I have stated already that the forbearing use of power in a sure attribute of a gentleman; indeed, as we may say that power—physical, moral, purely social or political is one of the touchstones of gentlemanship. The power which the husband has over his wife, in which we must include the impunity with which he may be unkind to her; the father over his children; the old over the young, and the young over the aged; the strong over the weak; the officer over his men; the master of a vessel over his hands; the magistrate over the citizens; the employer over the employed; the rich over the poor; the educated over the unlettered; the experienced over the confiding; the keeper of a secret over him whom it touches, the gifted over the ordinary man; even the clever over the silly—the forbearing and inoffensive use of all this power or authority, or a total abstinence from it where the case admits it, will show the gentleman in a plain light.

Every traveller knows at once whether a gentleman or rude officer is searching his trunk But the use of power does not only form a touchstone; even the manner in which an individual enjoys certain advantages over the others, is a test. No gentleman can boast of the delights of superior health in the presence of a languid patient, or speak of great good luck in hearing of a man beset by habitual misfortune. Let the man who happily enjoys the advantages of a pure and honest life, speak of it to a fallen fellow being, and you will soon see whether he be, in addition to his honesty, a gentleman or not. The gentleman does not needlessly and unnecessarily remind an offender of a wrong he may have committed against him. He can not only forgive, but he can forget; and he strives for that nobleness of soul and manliness of character which impart sufficient strength to let the past be truly past He will never use the [illegible] step, or an unfortunate exponent of weakness gives him, merely to enjoy the power of humiliating his neighbor. A true man of honor feels humbled [illegible]

Dr. Lieber.

A FEW WORDS TO A FATHER

Take your son for a companion whenever you conveniently can

1st It will relieve the already over burdened, and anxious mother of so much care

2d It will gratify the boy; it will please the mother, it certainly *ought* to be a pleasure to [illegible] bosom when her child is kindly cared for? And when his father," does she not share her little boy's happiness, and is not her love deepened by her husband's consideration, so *just*, and yet too often so *exceptional*

3d It will keep *him* and *you* out of places and [illegible] not sleep any more that night, and all day he felt [illegible] was more exalted afterwards than he had been the day before What could he do? He believed he would certainly could never leave a But Vienna was a long way off—many a hundred miles—and poor Christopher would have to work hard for three months to get money enough to take him there and back He was in great anxiety all day. But he resolved that if he dreamed again about the enchanted pocket-knife being in Vienna, he would certainly begin to save money to pay his travelling expenses

Sure enough, that very night he dreamed the same thing that he had done two nights before Now his mind was fully made up. He would go to Vienna cost what it might, just as soon as he got money enough But he said nothing to his wife about his dreams or his resolution. He worked hard afterwards. His children asked him why he made toys so late at night; and some of his sheep had caught severe colds because he sheared the wool off so close. But Christopher knew what he was about. He was going to Vienna to bring home the enchanted pocket-knife Then the great and noble would honor him, and he would be a prince in the land.

Night and day he toiled on, until at last he examined a traveller's guide-book, and found he had enough money to pay his expenses to Vienna He told his wife one beautiful spring morning, that as he had never been to the great city of Vienna, he thought he would take a journey there.

"Why, Christopher, what is the matter?" she asked him. "You have no friends there, and you could not reap enough profit from such a long and expensive journey to pay for the trouble and cost."

"True, Martha, I have no friends in Vienna; but I hope to find success there, and come home in a better state of mind, and with more wealth than when I started. I think I shall, for I have good reason to believe that I shall be prospered in my enterprise. Do not ask me what I am going to Vienna for. I trust that the sequel will prove my good judgment."

"You can do as you please, of course, Christopher. But I fear your continual travelling in foreign lands after the enchanted pocket-knife, will come to nothing. I wish you could feel contented to stay at home, and toil in an humble way. But if you will go, farewell, and may God's blessing attend you."

Some Christopher was on his long journey to Vienna. Days and weeks passed by before he got there. At last he reached the beautiful city But he did not care for the lovely gardens and great palaces and fine shops. He stopped in a plain, cheap little hotel, and took supper. After he had finished it, he went out to the great bridge that crosses the wide Danube, and walked up and down. The dream said he must be in the middle of it, as the great city clock struck twelve What was the middle of the bridge? Was it just equally distant from the two sides, or was it as equal distance from the two ends? In order to be sure, however, he found the middle between the ends, and then between the sides. There he stood. It was only ten o'clock; but better too soon than too late. By and by it was eleven.

Christopher's heart began to beat as it came near twelve. Many people were still passing, and he began to look out for the little boy who would come along with the enchanted pocket knife wrapped up in a blacksmith's leather apron The great clock struck twelve Christopher was standing right in the middle of the bridge The stars were shining bright, and he could see very badly but alas! there was no little boy that came up and handed him anything. He stood till two o'clock But no enchanted pocket knife dazzled his eyes.

The next night he did the same thing, but he was subjected to the same sore disappointment Now he began to be almost despairing, and knew not what to do. He had a half-mind to cast himself down in the river and drown himself. But that would not mend the matter any. He thought he would stay another night. He did so; but no little boy handed him the enchanted pocket-knife wrapped up in a blacksmith's leather apron.

He started home with a heavy heart Days and weeks passed, and at last he reached his little affectionate family in the mountains. His wife met him kindly, but she could read in his countenance that he had been disappointed

"Don't say anything," said he to her, "about the enchanted pocket knife I feel very badly to think I have trusted in dreams and spent my money in searching for what I have been deceived about so many times. I have formed a resolution never to go from home for wealth and enjoyment I have been teaching my children a bad lesson Here in the bosom of my little family, and trusting in God, will I spend the rest of my life"

Christopher was cured of his evil propensity.

Now, children, I am going to tell the sequel Open wide your eyes and ears my closing words. [illegible] Christopher split off a piece of soft wood from his log in the garret, and took it away into the grazing field to make it up into toys through the day When the log was getting small, he split the balance of it into two pieces.

What should roll out as the pieces fell apart but the shining enchanted pocket-knife! It had a gold handle and bright silver blades! He picked it up, and made a little horse and wagon in two strokes! Here he had been for many years seeking in foreign lands, digging in cellars, walking on bridges [illegible] in steeples on the one hand, boats—all to find what was all the time at his own little home.

He called his little children to him, and taught them a lesson. He said: "Seek for enjoyment and success at home, not in the street, or in other lands, far away from your friends. You may search all over the world for success, but remember that almost always the enchanted knife can be found at home."

Henceforth Christopher and his family were honored, prosperous, and happy.

Methodist

SABBATH SCHOOL CHILDREN.

On Sabbath morn how sweet to see
A group of children bright and free,
To the Sabbath School repair
To learn of God and Jesus there

Their teachers with a smile they greet—
With joy and pride they run to meet
Those who lead them on the way
To realms of everlasting day.

O! how pleasant to behold
Those little lambs of Christ's own fold
Ask of the Saviour who did give
His life that sinners all might live

Those little flowers—so young and fair—
Should all be trained with tender care.
To fit them for that home above,
Where nought can dwell but peace and love

How pleasant, then, it is to think
Those little ones will form a link
In that bright chain of saints who've been
Washed in Christ's blood from all their sin.

If we to Him are faithful here,
They'll shine as stars in yonder sphere,
Forever round the throne of God,
In that bright world, and blest at last.

Messiah

Philadelphia Markets.

APPLES —Green, 62½@1 50, dried, 3@6.
ASHES —Pots, —(a —; Pearls, —@—
Soda Ash, 2½@3¼
BARK.—Quercitron, first quality, 32,50@33 00; second quality, 30,50@31 00; third quality, 24,00@[illegible]
[illegible] Oak, 17@19
BERY —Moss, barrel, 12 00@15 00; Prime, 6@7
dried berl, 9@10.
BEESWAX —Yellow, 25@26,50
BEANS —[illegible]
Ball, 11@14; Goshen, 14@15.
CANDLES —[illegible]
17; Tallow moulds, 11½@12; dipped, 10@11
COAL —[illegible]
CRANBERRIES.—(a —
DRIED BEEF.—9@10.
FEATHERS.—American, 37@40
FISH —Mackerel, No. 1, 8 00@10 00, No. 2, 6 00 —, No. 3, 4 75@6 00; No. 4, 3,50@4 00. Herring, pickled, barrel, 2 00@4,50; box, 12@14.
[illegible]
FLOUR.—Penna, 5 00@5 12, extra, 5,25@5 75; [illegible]
meal, 4,87½@5 00
FRUIT.—Raisins, box, 3 10@3 37, quarter boxes, 60, Oranges, 2 25@4 00, Lemons 4 00@[illegible]
rants, 10@11 Figs, 18@20, Almonds, [illegible]
@25, hard, 12

GRAIN —Wheat, Penna red, 1,[illegible]@1 32 white, 1,35@1,45; Southern red, 1,20@1,35; Southern white, 1,40@1,50. Rye, Penna, 75@78 Southern, 63@64; Corn, yellow, 70@73, white, 68@68; Oats, Penna., 54@56; Southern, 38@39. Beans, white 2,75@3 00

GUANO.—Nothing doing. Season over

HOPS —16@20

LARD —Jersey, 8@8¾; Western, 8@9.

LUMBER.—White Pine, Susq., 14@15; Yellow Pine, Virg., 13@14; Hemlock, Lehigh, 9 00@9 50; Albany White Pine, 25@28. Shingles, cedar, M., 2,[illegible]

MOLASSES —Cuba [illegible], Port Rico, [illegible] 40; New Orleans, 43@46, Sugar House, 25@35

OILS —Olive, gallon, 1,50@1,55, Linseed 90@95; [illegible]
Sperm, winter, 1,50@1,60; spring and fall, 1,35@1,40, Lard oil, spring, 70@75, winter, 75@76; petroleum, 28@30.

PEACHES.—Dried 6@7. Pared, 11@20.

PLASTER —Ste ft, 3,25@3,37

PORK.—Mess, 12 00@[illegible], Hams, smoked, 7@9, in pickle, 5@6; Sides, 6@6½, in salt, 5@5½

POTATOES —[illegible]

RICE —[illegible]

SALT.—Liverpool in sacks, 1 10@1,15; sacks, fine, 1 60@1,92, St. Martin's, 2,25@2,31, Turk's Island, 31@32

SEEDS.—Clovereed, 4,75@5 12, Flaxseed, 1,85@2,06; Timothy, 1,70@1,75; Herd Grass, 80@90; Canary Seed [illegible]

SUGARS.—Havana, white, 10 50@11 75; yellow, 9,00@[illegible]; Manila, [illegible]; Cuba [illegible] 9 00; D. R. loaf, 11½; crushed, 12½; pulverized, 12½

WOOL.—Prime or Saxony, 55@60; American, No. 1, pulled, 56@61, Merino, 50@53.

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In our Ready Made Sales Rooms you always be found every variety and style of well made fashionable clothing. Spring stock now ready. [illegible]
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Harrisburg Accommodation leaves Philadelphia at [illegible] 5.40 P M
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Lancaster " " " [illegible] 10.00 P M
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Poetry.

WATCH, MOTHER, WATCH!

Mother, watch the little feet
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Ranging cellar, shed, and hall.
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it costs
Little feet will go astray;
Guide them, mother, while you may

Mother, watch the little hand
Picking berries by the way,
Making bonnets in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay.
Never rise to question ask,
"Why to me the weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother, watch the little tongue
Prattling eloquent and wild,
What is said and what is sung
By the happy, joyous child;
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Simple lore before the broken
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Mother, watch the little heart
Beating out and warm for sin;
Wholesome lessons now impart.
Keep, Oh, keep that young heart true:
Extirpating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed,
Harvest rich then you may see
Ripening for eternity.

THE FUTURE OF THE COLORED RACE IN AMERICA.

At the request of a highly esteemed friend, we give below an extract from an article on the above subject in the Presb. Quarterly Review. The argument is, that by the attractions of the just developing resources of Africa, we may look for emigration as marked as that to California or Australia.

Taking it for granted, then, that a great change is about to take place in the social state of the South, and taking it for granted that slavery on which it is based must, under the pressure of the forces which are bearing upon it, pass sooner or later away, a point which we are not disposed just now to consider even debatable, a great question comes up, *What shall be the future condition of the colored race in this land?* How shall the problem be solved? What shall be done with the slave? Hasty and inconsiderate persons may find ready answers, but it seems to us that just now there is no question of so great intricacy, and certainly no one of equal moment to which an American can address himself. We propose in the remainder of this article to discuss it. It is not a subject on which it is well to dogmatize; we have learned that there is room for a very wide diversity of opinion; the most that any one can hope to do is by discussion to endeavour to elicit light. After all, the Providence of God will do the work; it is for us to be abreast of that Providence, ready to accept the trust and do the work which it assigns us.

We have dwelt thus long on the causes, and what we consider to be the true meaning of the war, because only by a right apprehension of them can we be prepared to deal with this great question. Those who are at the head of the government appreciate it most fully, and the President in his message frankly intimates that the only true hope of a lasting settlement of our national difficulties must be found in the ultimate emancipation of the blacks. But aware of the objections which must arise to the setting free of four millions of slaves and their remaining in the country, he proposes that a system of colonization shall be inaugurated by which they may be removed. Emancipation with colonization in lands provided for the freed slaves, is the scheme.

Without dealing with this proposition of the President in detail, let us look at the state of the case, and ask, Is colonization possible; and if possible, is it necessary, or even desirable? By colonization we mean, of course, the removal or deportation of the blacks to another country. We do not mean emigration; that is an entirely different thing.

We may ask at the outset, Have we a right to send out of the country the emancipated slaves? However it may have failed to be his country, this is his home, and by what law of morality shall you compel him to abandon not only his, but his father's and his ancestors' home? It is his by a line of descent stretching, in most cases, far back of theirs who talk so glibly of his colonization: and after, by a great act of justice, you have raised him from chattelhood into citizenship, and have given him a country, by what rule of right do you propose at the same time to banish him from it? A right-minded man will hesitate before he leaves the feelings of four millions of hearts out of his calculations. It is, we think, an element somewhat to be considered, and yet one utterly ignored by the most of those who talk on this subject. If it be answered, the colonization is to be voluntary, they only going who choose to go, we have only to say that that is not the true meaning of the term, nor what is by common consent understood by it. If merely emigration is intended, and it is made no part of the scheme of emancipation, the case is altered radically. But of this more by and by.

On the passage of the slaves out of the freedmen, a thoughtful man will have many doubts. The shipment of the natural increase for one year of our present slave population, sixty thousand, (60,000,) would tax the energies and resources of the nation to an extent which they who talk of it have not very fully measured. And then the original 4,000,000 to advocate the removal of the colored race from this country, we recommend a matter-of-fact calculation in ships and money and time. It will be both interesting and profitable; possibly it will impart some new ideas on the matter. For ourselves, we may say that we deem the proposition for the deportation of a race of four millions with a yearly increase of [illegible] of the emptiest that a sane man cares to entertain. The history of the race has never known [illegible] tion of millions, but the *sending* of them, never.

But passing this, is the colonization of the [illegible] necessary? For the entering upon a work so gigantic, even were it possible, there ought to be [illegible] and pressing. Mere opinions, theories, or prejudices, will not be sufficient; the demand for it must be made to appear with sunlight clearness.

What are these reasons? To us it does not seem easy to exhibit them. It is easy to declaim about the inferiority of the race, the impossibility of their ever living on an equality with the white race, their lack of ability to support themselves, and the like, but in the end it is very difficult to perceive the logical consecutiveness of the argument. The inferiority of a race can hardly be shown to be a valid reason for its banishment from the presence of the superior, and by its power; the inability of a people to care for or to elevate themselves, does not seem a precisely good argument for sending them to a new land, and to a naked dependence on their own resources; the invincible prejudice of the white does not at once give a very potent, at least a very just reason why the black should be expatriated.

We will not assert it, but there is good cause to suspect that while in the minds of perhaps the majority of those who for a few years past have been active supporters of the colonization scheme, the good of the black and of Africa have been prominent motives, yet it had its birth and its chief support in the way in which it bore upon the interests of slavery. The presence of free blacks among slaves is an element of weakness in the system, and though it may not have been openly avowed, yet there is too much reason to suspect that colonization was intended vastly more for them than for freed slaves. It was a scheme to strengthen slavery, and it ceased to elicit sympathy or generous support as soon as it appeared to give no promise of that result.

Asking the reasons for colonization, we apprehend that when the argument is pressed, it will be found to terminate, if on any thing substantial, upon the benefit which it will confer on the black race. Without volunteering the details of that argument, which, indeed, we do not profess to see clearly, we may say that there is at least a preliminary question, whether or not that end cannot be better attained without colonization than with it? Is it not possible better to elevate and do good to the colored race in this than in any other land to which they may be sent?

But we are writing coolly, as if this were an open question whether the four millions of blacks are to remain for many years to come in this country or not. It is no open question. They are here, and here they must remain for a period which no man is competent to limit, even in his argument. They cannot, or to speak mildly, they will not be transported across the sea or to any foreign land. They may eventually, as we shall endeavour to suggest, go, but they cannot be sent away. In this assertion, we leave the inclinations and the will of the black man out of the question. There are reasons which must operate on the side of the white to make it impossible. The colored race is necessary, and will be so for a period indefinitely long, to the southern country. It constitutes its labor; it is the productive force of that land; it has been for the past two hundred years. It is the foundation element of the whole social state. Now by what power shall there be a speedy removal of the whole labor of a country? How shall the entire producing element be suddenly abstracted? Were that possible to be done, the whole state would plunge at once into poverty and ruin. Once or twice the experiment has been tried, in historic times, of banishing or destroying a producing element of a state, and though done on a comparatively small scale, the results are sufficiently marked to teach all after time. Spain did it when she drove the Moors from her Castilian lands. France did it when she murdered and banished the Huguenots, and they both have scarcely, after two and three centuries, recovered from the shock and the ruin.

But we need not spend our space in discussing the point. However any one may deem the colonization of the whole colored race desirable, still it will remain an impossibility; there are natural and economic forces which would be omnipotent to prevent it. They are needed here, and where a race is needed, there, in this age of the world, it will abide. There is work to be done; they can do it, they have done it; there is no one else at present to take their place, and so a power above wishes, prejudice, or argument, holds them here—the power of an economic necessity.

The colored race is here, here for a long time it will remain; it will not—the events bewildering us by their rapid march all point one way—it will not remain in slavery; it will and must by-and-by be free. We, as an American people, must accept this double truth with all its difficulties and perplexities; we must like men, in God's fear and with many a cry for his help, bravely deal with it. We need not now go back and stand sighing over the past, and mourning that we did not a century ago meet it and escape the mighty work and sorrow of to-day; we cannot put it away any longer; the great questions rise up before us with a menace upon their brow; they demand and they will have an answer now, to-day. No scheme of deportation or colonization shall open any easy door of escape; let no man console himself that the question of emancipation is to be solved by any such short and simple process; here on this continent, within the borders of these States, slavery has done its work, and just here freedom is to have her greatest and most glorious triumph. This American State has given some examples to history, it has given some demonstrations of the power of free institutions for the white, it is giving to-day its [illegible] that it will yet give to the world a more glorious, because more difficult, demonstration of the same power in the black race? What if it should remain, for it, after having completed its work for the one, it should crown it in the other, by lifting it from deepest slavery, and by self-sacrifice and toil make it a bl[illegible] ing to the world! So we believe it will yet be. The way is not clear now, the people do not see their work: but by-and-by it will of itself be before them, and they will address themselves to it, bringing every quickened power which marks them among the nations, and, under God, they will complete it.

How it shall be done we do not feel competent to intimate, and it was not the purpose of this paper to attempt to indicate. No man, perhaps, is sufficient for that. The Providence of God we believe will mark the path, and events will hurry us if we be ready to follow them in the right line of the work.

There are some things, however, which may be said that may possibly cast some light upon the supposed difficulties of the matter of emancipation without colonization. These difficulties, we think, arise in many cases from a mistaken estimate of the negro character and capabilities.

It is not our design to enter upon the question of the inferiority of the race or the impossibility of its ever living on an equality with the white; while we are not ready to grant the first, certainly not to the extent to which it is pushed, we are disposed to believe the latter. It is doubtful, we are inclined to believe it impossible, that the two races can ever on this continent abide on terms of social equality. We are, too, inclined to believe that this country is not to be the ultimate home of the colored race. It will go out from it. We think that there is that in the character of the African race which makes this probable, perhaps certain. In the strange workings of Divine Providence this race has in a marvellous manner been brought to this land, and put under a tutelage for a great future, and that Africa, its home, may become the recipient of blessings, the foundation and preparation for which were made in this country. The bondage of the Israelites in Egypt was not an accident, but a divinely ordered procedure, which had a striking bearing upon the character of the Jew and shaped his whole after history. It was a work of preparation, and it was not done in a short time, but took two or three centuries to be brought to perfection. American slavery, like this Egyptian bondage, will have its results on the future of Africa.

In saying this, of course no reader will suppose that there is in the thought a justification of slavery, any more than when speaking of the great benefits which flowed from the bondage in Egypt to the Jew, we justify the selling of Joseph, or the tyranny of Pharaoh. It is God's wonderful work to bring the greatest good out of the deepest evils; the Fall to issue in Redemption.

It is impossible to foresee the future of the black people in this country without immediately tracing it back into connection with the future of Africa. The one is closely connected with the other. The [illegible] Providences are synchronous. How wonderfully events are prepared in distant places, that they may be brought together at the appointed moment! The fact that at just the time when the great and absorbing questions which relate to this people in our own land are forcing themselves upon our attention, the continent of Africa is presenting more of interest in the way of discovery and travel than any other portion of the earth, has, we think, a meaning.

Geographical research has almost exhausted other lands, while here almost a continent, at least till within a few years, has remained unexplored. This has not been because no efforts have been made to break through the thick veil that has always hung over it. Travellers have been unceasing in their attempts to penetrate into the interior, and have failed, not from want of energy, but because of the insuperable difficulties in the way. If they have escaped this death, and pressed towards the interior, it has been only to fall victims to savage beasts or more savage men. So that African exploration has been, until perhaps within the last fifteen years, a history of melancholy disaster and sacrifice of valuable life.

Of late, new and marked success has crowned the efforts made to lay open this continent to the knowledge of the world. What has been accomplished will strike with surprise any one whose attention has not before been called to the facts of the case. Let the reader take a well prepared map of to-day and compare it with that from which he studied his lessons a score of years ago. He will remember how simple and easy to be remembered was the information to be conveyed by that wide and lightly-colored track which bore the words, "*Unexplored Regions.*" It embraced the largest portion of the whole continent. But this has been encroached upon year after year, on the South by Livingstone and Cumming, on the North by Barth, on the East by Barton, and on the West by Wilson and Du Chaillu, until the discoveries have almost touched each other. Wide stretches of thousands of miles, given up hitherto in the thoughts of men to perpetual desolation and drought, have been shown to hold vast inland seas, deep navigable rivers, and to be teeming with animal life, populous with men and fruitful of all the products of tropical luxuriance. So Africa begins to be known; by-and-by it will be opened up, made ready, we think, to link its history with a people on the other side of the ocean.

Leaving the point as proved, that the blacks are to remain, at least for an indefinite period in this country, we do not say that it will be forever, but of this we shall speak in another place,) we naturally ask whether there is any thing in the African character that is possible of future progress and elevation. We answer unhesitatingly, there are natural characteristics which will in a very marked and peculiar way be a means of their speedier rise.

It has been the misfortune, if so we may call it, of the African continent and the African people, to present their worst and most repulsive aspects first. This is the case with the country. The coast to which the voyager comes, for the most part lies low, and everywhere in its teeming bottoms disease and death are lurking. If he escapes the one he never avoids the other. The "African Fever" on the West Coast is the certain welcome of the new comer, the only question is whether he will survive it. The incidental mention which the missionary traveller, Livingstone, makes of his thirty-seventh attack of fever, and Du Chaillu of his fiftieth, and the exhaustion of the last of fourteen ounces of quinine which he had taken on his journey, are omnions of the inhospitable reception which the country gives. But as soon as the traveller passes inland he comes into an entirely different region. Towering mountains, snow-capped and forest-crowned rise before him, and down through their passes healthful and bracing winds are blowing, wide champaigns already full of uncultivated fruitfulness, grass and [illegible] tracts, which nature seems to exult in filling with animal life, in its most beautiful, as well as gigantic and ferocious forms, everywhere appear. While at first it would seem as if here were a continent capable of doing little or nothing for the world, fit only to give, as in the past, a little indigo, ivory, and palm oil, borne on the backs of degraded natives to the coast, we find that it is in reality a continent already producing unassisted harvests of cotton and sugar, and some of the products most necessary to man, and only needing that development which Christian civilization can give, but has never given, to bring it into the closest sympathy, and for good, with the rest of the world.

What is true of the African continent has been emphatically true of the people. The world has always seen the African race in its lowest form. This seems true as far back as Egyptian monumental times. One is struck, when looking at copies of ancient hieroglyphics, with the degraded type of negro features which always appears when these captive people are delineated. The African race seems to have been fated to be always represented by a slave, and, as was inevitable, it has been judged by the example seen. But the researches of travellers have, of late, compelled us to reverse many, if not all these conceptions. Africa, gives us, indeed, perhaps the lowest types of humanity in the Bushman* or Hottentot, yet the explorations of travellers have also shown these are not the true and normal examples of the African stock.

It can readily be seen that wherever the African character is measured by the standard of an African slave, the judgment must necessarily be an erroneous one. The best tribes are not, in the nature of things, those out of which slaves are made. The bolder, more energetic and intelligent are those who make slaves. War and conquest are the fruitful sources of slavery; they have been in all ages, and in every country, and are so to-day in Africa. But the abler tribes are the warriors and the conquerors, while the weaker and the lower are the captives. Thus at the outset the slave declares by the fact of his servitude his inferiority of lineage.

To this we are also to add the pretty well-known fact that the poorest of these captives are those who come into the hands of the slave-dealer on the coast, while the better made and the more intelligent are reserved for the service of their captors. Thus, with this further reduction, you have in the African as he comes to the slave-ship, the lowest specimen of the [illegible] people. But even these have been [illegible] of the African coast and country, [illegible] but even a cursory view that a [illegible] should be [illegible] [illegible] which [illegible] negro family.

What we would infer, the explorations of recent travellers show to be actually the case. Within the limits of a single article such as this, it is of course impossible to traverse the whole ground. We might, however, refer to the Caffres in the south, close upon the regions where the Hottentot is found, a race of stalwart and noble men, who have had skill and bravery enough to resist the power of the Dutch, and even to wage a determined war with the English power itself. To the east of these, Dr. Lindley, one of the missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, found tribes among whom he lived for a quarter of a century, and whom he describes as being physically inferior to no race, the men in some districts averaging nearly six feet in height. "They might be called stupid," says Livingstone, (page 21,) speaking of Bakwains, a people with whom he was much associated in South Africa, in "matters which had not come within the sphere of their own observation, but in other things they showed more intelligence than is to be met with in our own uneducated peasantry." Two of the missionaries of the American Board, Messrs. Preston and Adams, speaking (*Missionary Herald*, 1858,) of a visit to the Pangwees, a very extensive tribe of people living just under the Equator and back from the coast, and who are described by other writers as an every way superior race, tell us of natives whom they saw from places still farther inland "which we had heard of, but as yet had been unable to reach." "The variety," say they, "of complexion presented to us was quite an object of curiosity. Some were of a jet black, others with their braids of soft, black hair, one and a half, or two feet in length, might be easily mistaken for quadroons." The New American *Encyclopedia* treating of the Mandingoes, a West African race, says: "They are remarkable for their industry and energy. They are mostly Mohammedans. The principal trade of that part of West Africa which lies between the equator and the great desert is in their hands. They are not only active and shrewd merchants, but industrious agriculturists, and breeders of good stock of cattle, sheep and goats. They are black in color, tall, well-shaped, with regular features and wooly hair. In character they are amiable, hospitable, imaginative, credulous, truthful, fond of music, dancing and poetry. They are adventurous travellers, extending their commercial journeys over a greater part of Africa. The Mandingoes are the most numerous race of West Africa, and have spread themselves to a great distance from their original seat, being found all over the valleys of the Gambia, Senegal and Niger." Such quotations and testimonies might be multiplied, were it necessary, but enough have been exhibited to demonstrate the fact that there are superior races of men in Africa, that these are even the characteristic races of the continent. Every new discovery exhibits this more clearly. The negro as he has been seen in the slave transported to other countries is no true type of the African man, but the continent is peopled by races capable of high attainments and indefinite civilization.

Though the negro of this country may not be of the best races of Africa, yet he is not of the worst, and as we shall have occasion to remark, he has had influences exerted, both as to race and character which much more than compensate for any possible inferiority of descent. We may fairly take the estimate of the native African as we find him at his best estate at home, and build a promise of the future of the African here upon it.

The African character has its own marked and distinctive peculiarities. It is tropical. It has passion deep and pervasive, slumbering within a rounded form and in deep dreamy eyes. It is ductile and plastic, ready to receive impressions and to be shaped by them. It does not possess the hard, aggressive features of the character of the tribes of Northern Europe; it does not seek by conquest to extend its power, or to mould other people to its form. It is adapted to receive rather than to give. It is therefore essentially imitative. From this comes the rapidity with which it [illegible] favorable influences, the African advances in civilization. Wherever these influences are numerous and powerful enough to be the most prominent, the negro yields to them with marvellous rapidity.

There is, perhaps, no race that gives up so readily and fully old habits and associations. We find no granite formations of character underlying the race, such as are met with in the tribes and peoples of Asia. Compare, for instance the plastic mobility of the Pangwee and Bakwain with the rigidity of the Hindu or Chinese. Or where the case may be seen in even a more striking way, compare the African negro with the American Indian; take the one from his tropical wilds, the other from his forest home, and place them both under the same civilizing influences, and where at the end of a fixed period will you find them? In a single generation the one is nearly at your side, the other is simply a savage still.

The rapid rise of the negro race in the West India Islands, Jamaica, for example, when made free by the British Government, is a very striking illustration, though the time has been too short to bring it out to the full. Taking all the facts as they are given us, we find the people rising almost at once, (for thirty years are usually as nothing in the life of a people,) out of the barbarism of slavery, into a nation self-supporting, self-governing to a considerable extent, moral and religious, not, indeed, in the highest degree, but still wonderfully advanced. We believe that it is without a parallel.

Together with this plastic facility the African has another which at first sight seems in flagrant contradiction:—the race has a peculiar power of resistance and permanence. It is said, probably truthfully, that no race has ever been able to abide a close contact with the Anglo-Saxon. One of two results has always followed;—either it has been swallowed up and lost as a river in an ocean, or it has gone down and been swept away. But this race has neither been absorbed nor destroyed. It has grown under the most adverse influences, and asserts itself in all its peculiar characteristics under foreign skies, and after the lapse of two centuries. The negro of America is a true African still.

This race has not greatly mingled with other races. It is, we are inclined to believe, rather a characteristic of it not to seek an amalgamation with another people, its tendency is to remain apart. We are well aware, indeed, that this is exactly contrary to the views of many who have built their opinions on popular assertions and prejudice rather than on observed facts. The assumption is that the negro desires to mingle his blood with that of the white race. The reverse is the fact. There is [illegible] which leads the negro to revolt in the [illegible] of his blood, and to regard a foreign element in it as not only not desirable, but even objectionable. This feeling does not belong simply to the negro on his own continent; it perpetuates, perhaps magnifies itself when surrounded by another people. Among them in this country a pure-blooded negro will, with lofty sarcasm, taunt the mulatto with the fact that the blood of another race is in his veins.

This feeling, which must have been noticed by any one whose observation has been extensive or intelligent enough to collect the facts, leads the race to remain by itself; and when left to its natural course, such is the result. The statistics of this country show that the free black does not and cannot mingle with the white race. No elevation or freedom can produce such an intermixture. Here and there, but so seldom as to present but perhaps a single case only in widely separated communities, there is an inter-marriage. This seeming want of inclination, coupled with a natural and insuperable repugnance on the part of the white, must ever keep the two races apart when they stand on an equal footing of freedom.

The often repeated argument against emancipation, founded on the notion that it would be necessarily followed by amalgamation, is the product of the grossest ignorance and thoughtlessness, while at the same time it betrays a shameful want of confidence in the white race itself. It surely argues no great power or stability in a people when they are not able to keep themselves from being mixed up with a confessedly inferior race. But facts point in a wholly different direction: so far from freedom promoting this intermixture, the only condition in which these two races are found mingling is where the negro is in a state of servitude. Here the process goes on freely and under the working of natural causes. The influences which on either side under other circumstances make it impossible, here become inoperative, and are overborne by other and more powerful ones. The close intimacies, beginning with infancy and extending over the whole life, destroying what under other circumstances might seem to be a natural separation; a servile desire to please on the part of the slave, lust and cupidity on the part of the master, all combine to make the blood of the two races flow in the same veins. Slavery is the source of amalgamation. The mulatto and the quadroon tell you unerringly of a present or a former servitude.

With this pliant ductility and this permanence of race, there is another striking characteristic:—the negro's attachment to place. It is probably a natural trait, but from easily perceived causes it is perhaps intensified in the case of the American negro. He loves his home and seldom goes willingly away from it, whether slave or free. The number of fugitives from bondage would be prodigiously multiplied were this feeling more easily overcome. Many a poor bondman has turned back to slavery when the hard alternative has been forced upon him to remain in it or go forever away from the familiar and dear scenes of his childhood's home. It is a necessity scarcely less powerful than death that compels him to leave them behind. The efforts which philanthropy has made to promote their colonization have met with an insuperable obstacle here, and will be compelled to contend, more or less unsuccessfully with it, till there shall be strength and education enough given the black to rise above it.

Among the many objections which have been urged against emancipation, this has been a very common one, and has had great force in the popular mind;—it will flood the Northern States with free blacks. The objection is vulgar and thoughtless. If the simple economic law of supply and demand, as powerful over men as materials, were not sufficient to keep this people where they are needed, and to prevent them from going where they are not, the love of home would be strong enough to bar such a result. The slave needs all the mighty stimulus of a prospective deliverance from slavery to induce him to leave the place of his birth, and that even is often not enough: why, then, when he has that boon in his hand, and walks the old haunts a freeman, with work requited and enough, why should he now go away to strangers and a strange land? No, the States which have meanly and disgracefully passed their laws excluding the freed black from a home within their borders, might have spared themselves the dishonor. The dreaded calamity would never have occurred. The enactments were the assumption of a gratuitous infamy.

The effect of emancipation will be the reverse of this fear. Instead of the freed slaves flocking northward, the free blacks of the North will gradually go South; in place of Northern States being overrun with the one, they will, in process of time, be stripped of the other. With slavery out of the way, the black will naturally bend his steps to the region where climate, congenial employments, habits, associations, all welcome him; he will go away from a people who do not understand him, and whose prejudices keep him down, to [illegible] a people who have grown up with him, who know him, and are better able to do him good. This consolidation of the race in one part of the land will have an important bearing on its future. Emancipation only will fully accomplish it.

MISQUOTATION.

They are the following kinds: Those which resemble Holy Writ—mere imitations; those which have additions—falsely called emendations; and [illegible] Scripture misapplied.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," is a smooth line of Sterne's. The nearest approach to it in Scripture is Isa. xxvii 8, "He stayeth his rough wind in the day of the east wind."

"In the midst of life we are in death." Common Prayer. Yet it is said the celebrated Robert Hall chose it as a text for a funeral sermon.

"Not to be wise above what is written." Used to express no low anxiety to comprehend the higher mysteries of Christianity. Has no place in the Word.

The oft-quoted phrase, "Seals to his ministry, and seals for his hire." A metaphor; whether approved or otherwise it is not Scripture.

An objectionable form is often used in prayer, "That the Spirit of the Lord would go from heart to heart, as oil from vessel to vessel." This phrase, if properly considered, would tend to lower our conceptions of the omnipresence of God, and does not convey a correct idea of the influences of Divine grace in the hearts and minds of men. It is not Scripture.

Kindness to animals is often enforced by—"The merciful man is merciful to his beast." Something like this may be found in Prov. xii 10. "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast."

A curious [illegible] is often met with in the Old Testament Now. The [illegible] passage [illegible] "Shall a man be born [illegible]

"Iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." Prov. xvii 17; is by no means improved by the common version, "As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend."

"That he who runs may read," conveys a notion that the writing is so distinct that a man sees it by the wayside while he is running. That is not the lesson Scripture teaches. Hab. ii. ii. 2: "Write the vision and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth." You perceive that the reading is to be deliberate—previous to running, and in order to it.

"Owe no man any thing but love," is a mangled quotation of Rom. xiii 8: "Owe no man anything, but to love one another."

Matt. xviii 20: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them," is often used with the addition, "and that to bless them." This is a superfluous addition, and is out in harmony with the Redeemer's promise, and when attributed to him is incorrect. It may have its origin—Exodus xx 24: "In all places where I record my name, will I come unto thee, and I will bless thee."

2 Thess iii 1: "That the Word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified," is often quoted with the addition of "run" after the words "free course."

Eph. iii. 20: God "is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think," has often appended to it "or are at all worthy to receive," which, in this connexion, is without sense and unscriptural.

Psalm cxxx. 7, "With the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption," has often appended to it, "that he may be sought unto."

As to the liberties taken with the Lord's Prayer and the Apostolic Benediction, 2 Cor. xiii. 14, their name is legion, and all persons who, up to the time of reading this article, have been in the habit of digressing from the authorized version would do wisely by making sure of a better, before they do so, and not tack on the conceits their own vanity may suggest. It may be well to remember in regard to all the works of Deity—Prov. xxx 6, "Add thou not unto his words, lest he reprove thee."—*Biblical Review.*

THE FIRST ENGLISH BIBLE.

A copy of the first complete English version of the Holy Scriptures, of extreme rarity, was sold lately by Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson, in dispersing of the effects of the late Miss Richardson Curzon, of Ashton Hall, Yorkshire. It is entitled, "The Bible; that is the Holy Scriptures of the Olde and New Testament, faithfully and truly translated out of Douche and Latyn into Englyshe, MDXXXV. Angular Gothic letter; folio, printed in the year of our Lorde MDXXXV., and fynished the fourth daye of October." The entire volume was superintended by Miles Coverdale, but portions of it had previously undergone revision by William Tyndall and others. The present is regarded as one of the best copies extant, being quite perfect from the first chapter of Genesis to the last of Revelation, the only portions supplied being the title, address of the translator to King Henry VII., the prologue, table of the books, and the map, all of which have been admirably facsimiled by Harris; blue morocco, extra, gilt edges, by C. Lewis. A fac-simile of a letter from Miles Coverdale to Thomas, Lord Cromwell, respecting his translation, and a portrait of William Tyndall are also inserted. It was bought by Mr. Willis for £280!

COLERIDGE

"Mr. Wilson mentioned a report that Coleridge was engaged on a translation of the *Faust*. 'I hope it is so,' said Scott. 'Coleridge made Schiller's *Wallenstein* far finer than he found it, and as he will do by this. No man has all the resources of poetry in such profusion; but he cannot manage them so as to bring out any [illegible] He [illegible] with gas, which [illegible] expending itself in puffs and gleams, unless some shrewd body will clap it into a cast iron box and compel the compressed element to do itself justice. His fancy above all his contemporaries, had they been under the direction of a sound judgment and a steady will. I don't now expect a great original poem from Coleridge but he might easily make a sort of fame for himself as a poetical translator. That would be a thing completely unique and our [illegible]

Lockhart's Scott.

THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH

Of all the estimates which have been written of the genius and character of the Rev Sydney Smith, none exceeds in truthful illustration that which Earl Russell has given to the *Memoirs, &c., of Thomas Moore*: "(His Sydney Smith's) great delight was to produce a succession of ludicrous images: these followed each other with a rapidity that scarcely left time to laugh; he himself laughing louder, and with more enjoyment than any one. This electric contact of mirth came and went with the occasion; it cannot be repeated or reproduced. Anything would give occasion to it. For instance, having seen in the newspapers that Sir Kenne Mackintosh was come to town, he drew such a ludicrous caricature of Sir Kenne and Lady Dido, for the amusement of their namesake, that Sir James Mackintosh rolled on the floor in fits of laughter, and Sydney Smith, striding across him, exclaimed: 'Rust Justicia.' His powers of fun were, at the same time, united with the strongest and most practical common sense. So that, while he laughed away seriousness at one minute, he destroyed in the next some rooted prejudice which had braved for a thousand years the battle of reason and the breese of ridicule. The *Letters of Peter Plymley* bear the greatest likeness to his conversation, the description of Mr. Isaac Hawkins Brown dancing at the court of Naples, in a volcano coat, with lava buttons, and the comparison of Mr. Canning to a large blue-bottle fly, with its parasites, must resemble the pictures he raised up in social conversation. It may be averred for certain, that in this style he has never been equalled, and I do not suppose he will ever be surpassed.

Sydney, says Moore, "is, in his way, inimitable, and as a conversational wit, beats all the men I have ever met. Curran's fancy went much higher and also much lower. Sydney, in his [illegible] is unobtainable, is never vulgar."

It was for the first time learned from his daughter's book, in what poverty Sydney Smith spent many years of his life, first in London, afterwards at a Yorkshire parsonage. It was not, however, that painful kind of poverty which struggles to keep up appearances. He wholly repudiated appearances, confessed poverty, and only strove, by self-denial, frugality, and every active and economic device, to secure as much comfort for his family as could be legitimately theirs. In perfect conformity with this conduct, was that most amusing anecdote of his preparations to receive a great lady—paper lanterns on the evergreens, and wooden pegs with notices tied on to represent deer in the adjacent paddock. He delighted thus to mock pretensions. The writer has heard the following incidental anecdote of him, with regard to an over-flourishing family *nouveau* in a newspaper, which would have made him out to be a man of high grade in society. "We are not great people at all," said he, "we are common honest people—people that pay our bills." In the like spirit was his answer to a proposing county historian, who inquired for the Smythe arms. "The Smythes never had any arms but have always sealed their letters with their thumbs." Even with a little gleam of proper conceit, from at last to think that his family went to a carriage, observe the philosophy of his pretensions. After diligent search, I discovered in the back settlements of a York coachmaker, an ancient green chariot, supposed to have been the earliest invention of the kind. I brought it home in triumph to my admiring family. Being somewhat dilapidated, the village tailor lined it, the village blacksmith repaired it; nay, (but for Mrs. Sydney's earnest entreaties,) we believe the village painter would have exercised his genius upon the exterior; it escaped this danger, however, and the result was wonderful. Each year added to its charms, it grew younger and younger; a new wheel, a new spring; I christened it the 'Unexpected;' it was known all over the neighborhood; the village boys cheered it, and the village dogs barked at it; but '*Fiducit meæ fortunæ*' was my motto, and we had no false shame."

Book of Days.

THE POWER OF SHORT WORDS

The late Professor Addison Alexander, D. D., is the author of this remarkable composition, which appeared in the *Princeton Magazine*:

MONOSYLLABICS

Think not that strength lies in the big round word,
Or that the loud and plain must needs be weak,
To whom can this be true who once has heard
The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak,
When want, or woe, or fear is in the throat,
So that each word gasped out is like a shriek
Pressed from the core heart, or a strange wild note,
Sung by some fay or fiend. There is a strength
Which lies in simplest tone so far, or span too fine,
Which has more height than breadth, more depth than length—
Let but the force of thought and speech be mine,
And he that will may take the sleek, fat phrase,
Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and shine—
Light, but no heat—a flash, but not a blaze!

Nor is it mere strength that the short word hints
It serves of more than fight or storm to tell,
The roar of waves that clash on rock-bound coasts,
The crash of tall trees when the wild wind's swell,
The roar of guns, the groans of men that die
On blood-stained fields. It has a voice as well
For them that far off on their sick beds lie;
For them that weep, for them to that mourn the dead;
For them that laugh, and dance, and clap the hand;
To joy's quick step, as well as grief's slow tread,
The sweet, plain words we learnt at first, keep time,
[illegible] in sad, or gay, or grand,
With each, with all, these may be made to chime,
In thought, or speech, or song, in prose or rhyme.

"MULLER'S LIFE OF TRUST."

And now as to the effect of the book. There are those who can separate the true from the false, and to such the book may be quickening and profitable. It suggests the need and the beauty of a more positive trust in God. Though the author's fancy often runs away with his reason, his heart is childlike and pure; and any one who, avoiding his errors, can catch the flow of [illegible] and feel kindled anew. But the book has fallen, and will yet fall into the hands of many whom it will seriously injure. They will not sift the little good wheat from the mass of chaff. We do not speak merely of those who seem always ready to receive any novel proposition in religion, especially if it seem devout. But there are multitudes of earnest souls that are yearning for a deeper trust in God, who, as they read this book, will fancy they may gain it in the way here laid down. They may, perhaps, conclude that they ought to live in this way. And yet they will not—partly because it is so new and strange a theory, and partly from a half conviction that it is all wrong. Such persons will be much perplexed and much hindered in their Christian course. There is nothing more damaging to Christian character than for men to resist their convictions of duty. It matters not if these con[illegible] is wounded and [illegible] it is obeyed. And of the great number who are now pointing to Muller's as an [illegible] of the life of faith we have not yet heard of one who has followed his example. All such are refusing to obey their convictions of duty. And it is because we believe that these convictions which many have formed upon reading the book, are [illegible] that we must heartily wish [illegible] the press. We have good books among [illegible] of the good this [illegible]

Boston Recorder.

Professor SEELYE, of Amherst College, has declined the professorship tendered him by the Trustees of Andover Theological Seminary, and will retain that of Mental Philosophy at Amherst

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, September 13, 1862.

NOTICE

TO THE DISTRICTS OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW ENGLAND, OHIO, INDIANA, AND MISSOURI, OF THE A. M. E CHURCH MINISTERS

Dear Brethren:—As we have a number of superannuated ministers on the list in said Districts, therefore it will be expected that the ministers and preachers on their circuits and stations will do all they can to collect the *two cent money*, and we also recommend that the Class leaders be instructed to collect and set the amount on the Class book opposite each member's name, as also all the collections called, per Discipline, for the Annual Conference, and publish the same once every quarter, that it may be seen who they are that work for God and his cause. We think it is time to give credit to those of our people who do work, so that God's name may be glorified.

NOTICE.

On next Sunday morning, the 14th inst., at 10½ o'clock, in the Wesley A. M E Church, Hurst St., the Pastor's 11th lecture of the course, namely, "The Christian in the Grave," will be delivered.

QUARTERLY MEETING.

My Second Quarterly Meeting will be held, on Saturday and Sunday, the 20th and 21st insts., at the Macedonia Church, Camden, N. J., and the following Saturday and Sunday, the 27th and 28th insts., at Woodbury.

PETER GARDINER, Preacher in charge

QUARTERLY MEETINGS OF THE FREEHOLD CIRCUIT.

September 27th and 28th, at Fairhaven.
October 11th and 12th, at Manalapan.
October 18th and 19th, at Ricesville.
October 25th and 26th, at Freehold.
November 8th and 9th, at Englishtown.

WM. H. WINDER, Minister in charge.

A WORD.

We call the attention of our numerous readers to an article to be found in this number, under the caption of, "The Black Men in the Revolution and the War of 1812." It is a piece fraught with interest, and speaks loudly for the bravery and loyalty of black men. Let every reflecting person read this article.

THE HAYTIEN SCHEME.

We learn from our Boston correspondent that the Haytien Bureau is to be closed forthwith, and the paper stopped

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS FOR NEW AND OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

Rev. Wm. P. Quinn,	$2 00
Rev Page Tyler,	1 00
Rev. Liberty Ross,	1 00
Rev. John M. Wilkerson,	1 00
Rev. J W. Earley,	1 00
Rev. John Turner,	1 00
Rev. Wm. Winder,	5 00
Mr. Rhemus Adams,	1 00
ST. LOUIS, MO., CONTINUED	
Mrs. M. D. Petiford,	1 50
Mrs. Clarinda Butler, No. 95 Ninth St.,	1 00
Mrs. Melia Chavious,	1 00
John G. Prather, No. 29 Orange St., successor to D. G. Taylor, No. 65 Lovee to John Sexton,	1 00
Geo. B. Wedley, No. 25 Sixth St.,	1 00
Rev. Wm. H. Grey,	1 00
Mrs. Mary Thomas, No. 104 Eleventh St.,	1 00
Mrs. M. E Dickson, No. 104 Eleventh St., care of Thos Boyd,	1 00
Mrs. Charlotte Rhidout, No 56 Tenth St.,	1 00
Mr. H. Turner, No. 111 Thirteenth St,	
Mrs. Esther Smither, 106 North Fourth St	1 00
Mrs. Mary Jones,	1 00
John Petiford, No 68 Orange St	1 00
Mrs. Isaiah Gordon, No 111 North Thirteenth St.,	1 00
Mrs. Ellen Cole, No. 60 Orange St,	1 00
IOWA STATE.	
Mrs. Deborah Pritchard,	2 00
ILLINOIS STATE.	
Mrs. Letitia Johnson, to Upper Alton,	
Stephen Walden, to Sparta,	1 00
Rev. M. T. Newsome, to Quincy,	75
Rev. Charles Burch, of the Indiana Conferences,	

It will be seen that Bishop Quinn has paid his two dollars for the *Recorder*, and it is due to him to my that he is in love with the *Recorder*, and recommends it, wherever he goes now, as being just the paper for us; and the Conferences out West, over which he presides, take high ground in behalf of the *Recorder*, which this letter will show,—that not only the Bishop and members of Conference feel interested in the work, but the members and friends are, too.

Bishop Nazrey also commends the *Recorder*. So we are in great hopes now of the *Recorder's* living, since the Bishops are at work. The Lord be praised. WEAVER

THE MISSOURI ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

This Conference met Aug 28th, at 9 o'clock, P. M., in St. Paul's Chapel, St. Louis, Missouri. Bishop William Paul Quinn opened the Conference by singing the verse of the Hymn commencing,—

"Father, I dare believe thee merciful and true"

He then addressed the throne of grace. On motion of B. L. Brooks, Rev. John Turner was elected Secretary of the Conference. On motion, Conference decided to sit with open doors, and to have two sessions per day. A motion prevailed that the Bishop appoint all committees. Bishop Quinn then arose and made some remarks to the Conference, and also of the very pleasant session of the Indiana Annual Conference, &c. Conference then adjourned to meet at 9 o'clock, A. M.

Friday morning, Conference met per adjournment. Bishop Quinn in the chair. Conference was opened by singing and prayer by Bishop Nazrey. The minutes were read and approved. The Bishop took up the Discipline page 69, in relation to the financial affairs. At 12 o'clock, M., Conference adjourned to meet at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Conference met pursuant to adjournment, and proceeded to business. Nothing of much importance transpired. Conference adjourned to meet on Saturday morning at 9 o'clock, A M.

Bishop Quinn in the chair, assisted by Bishop Nazrey Conference was opened by singing and prayer by E. Weaver Minutes read and approved Conference proceeded to the unfinished business It now being 11 o'clock, Bishop Nazrey arose and gave some brief remarks in relation to the church, and his connexion with it, &c. Bishop Quinn also arose and made some remarks. Conference adjourned to meet at 2 o'clock, P M

At 2 o'clock, P M, Conference met per adjournment, and took up unfinished business The Bishop caused the transfer of Rev. M. M Clark. After the reports of the Sabbath School, the appointments were read for the Sabbath as follows:—At 10½ o'clock, A. M, Rev. Bishop Willis Nazrey, at 3 o'clock P M Rev Liberty Ross; and at 7½ o'clock in the evening, Elisha Weaver Brethren were sent to some of the other churches Conference adjourned to meet on Monday morning at 9 o'clock, A. M

Monday, September 1st, Conference met per adjournment, Bishop Quinn presiding, assisted by Rev. Bishop Nazrey. Roll called. Minutes read and approved. After the Conference had despatched some of the business, adjourned to give committees an opportunity to prepare matters for the Conference; after which Conference adjourned to meet at 2 o'clock, P M

Conference met. Bishop Quinn in the chair, assisted by Rev. Willis Nazrey. Nothing of much importance transpired. Bishop Quinn arose and made some statements in relation to the affairs of the Canadian Church and Brother Green's position, those who ordained him, &c The Bishop spoke of the deception palmed upon the church, and warned the brethren to be wide awake and guard against all such After the Bishop had made his statement, Conference adjourned to meet on Tuesday, the 2d inst

Tuesday morning, Sept. 2d, Conference met Bishop Quinn in the chair, assisted by Bishop Nazrey Conference was opened by singing and prayer. Minutes read and approved. Conference proceeded to unfinished business. The District Book Steward made his Annual Report. Several committees made their reports on Bishop Nazrey's Episcopal relation, &c The Sabbath School Report was read, which was quite encouraging. There was much peace and harmony. The General Book Steward and Editor read his report, which was received very cordially; when on motion by B. L. Brooks, the Report be received and printed in the minutes of the Conference

Wednesday morning, Sept. 3d, 1862. Conference met per adjournment. Bishop Quinn in the chair, assisted by Bishop Nazrey. Conference was opened by singing and prayer. The previous minutes were read and approved. Some several committees made their report. The Financial Committee reported the amount paid to Bishop Quinn—$110 15 cash. The Rev. John Turner offered the following preamble and resolutions, which were received and unanimously adopted:—

That, *whereas*, we have listened with interest and satisfaction to remarks, and the General Book Steward, therefore,

1 *Resolved*, That the success which has crowned the labors and efforts of our Editor and General Book Steward is impressively gratifying to us

2. *Resolved*, That we have the most implicit confidence in his abilities, honesty, and moral courage, believing that if he receives the assistance and encouragement due him, we will continue to have the pleasure of reading the *Recorder*

3. *Resolved*, That it shall be the duty of each preacher in his charge in this District to urge our members to pay the two-cent money; and in lieu of old members who are not able to pay, that a public collection be taken up and added to the two-cent money.

On a motion, the Conference resolved itself into the Paul Quinn Missionary Society. There were several interesting reports read to the society.

The motion for the Conference to be held in Louisville, Ky., was rescinded, and appointed to meet in St. Louis, Mo. The Conference resolved itself into the Preachers' Aid Society, and performed the business of the society, &c after which the Conference adjourned to meet Thursday morning, Sept. 4th.

Thursday morning, Sept. 4th, 1862. Conference met per adjournment. Bishop Quinn in the chair. Conference was opened by singing and prayer. Minutes read and approved. Conference attended to all the unfinished business, and at 12 o'clock, M., Bishop Quinn arose to read the appointments. After making some very interesting remarks to the brethren, congregation, &c, he caused the appointments to be read, which were as follows:—

St. Paul's Chapel, St. Louis, Mo., Rev M M Clark

Asbury Chapel, Louisville, Ky., Rev L. Ross

Quinn's Chapel, Louisville, Ky, Rev. A Woodfork

Leavenworth Station, Kansas, Rev. John Turner.

Alton Circuit, Ills., Rev. Page Tyler.
Chester Circuit, Rev B. L. Brooks
Shawneetown Circuit to be supplied
New Orleans' Stations to be supplied
Louisville Missions, Ky., to be supplied
Kentucky Mission to be supplied
Lawrence Mission, Kansas, Rev. J. M Wilkerson.
Jefferson Mission, Mo., Rev. J M Wilkerson.
Wabash " " "

Conference then adjourned to meet in 1863, by singing the Hymn,—

"Father, I dare believe thee merciful and true."

We must not forget to speak of the very excellent arrangement made by Brother Turner and Church, which was to have all the ministers and visiters, and many of the members, to take dinner and supper in the basement story of the church. The table was furnished with everything that could be desired, and equal to any of our hotels. In connexion with this, we wish to say, that a committee of ladies, with Sister Turner (the wife of Rev John Turner) at its head, set a table on the evening of the 3d inst., which reflects great honor upon them. We will mention some of the delicious things, viz.: a variety of pound cakes, sweet meats, peaches and cream, watermelons, canteloupes, mushmelons, &c. Our readers may imagine for a moment that they can just see the luxuries and the taste that the people of St Louis have for the cause of Christ and his ministers The Rev J. P. Campbell, when at Trenton, prompted his people to do likewise during the sitting of the Philadelphia Annual Conference The Missouri Conference is not so large in number, but it should be known that it is largely augmented by their actions I have not been at a more pleasant Conference anywhere. The Lord be praised for his mercies and goodness

MR. EDITOR.—Somehow the hordes of Secesh have made their way so near as to menace this city, and infest Maryland, and the probability is, that before this shall have reached you, they may be in the city of Baltimore. How this can be in the providence of God, I know not, unless, as the Rev. James Lynch once very eloquently, and I now think, appropriately remarked, "That the head of this rebellion was in the South, and its tail in the North, and that God intended to punish the whole as due to its unnumbered crimes," for the contest has been attended with a circumvolution of retreats and re-retreats ever since it commenced

The whole affair appears to be nothing more nor less than a national scourge. To-day we are gaining great victories, to-morrow we are losing, to-day we are taking prisoners, to morrow we are being taken prisoners. To-day we are before Richmond, to-morrow the rebels are before Washington. And thus it is so good a man, and so good a boy, all the time, and the war is no nearer to an end now than when it first began; indeed, the South is stronger now than ever; more disciplined, and more cemented together, in the diabolical traffic

I was noticing yesterday the goddess of Liberty standing at the foot of the Capitol of the United States, with her face directed toward Virginia, as though she were looking at the progress of freedom. Her features appeared to be enlivened with hope, but bearing a physiognomy held by a peculiar anxiety that borders on sadness itself One could hardly but feel, when viewing this noble statue, that the great ensign of this and every other nation's pride, was vacillating between the hope of victory and the fear of despair. But when looking at how all great achievements have been wrought for the elevation of mankind, at any period in the world's history, it seems to be the economy of Providence to disenthrall every perverted principle and violated law of nature, slowly, tediously, and at great length.

For in whatever part of this stupendous universe any violation, in harmony, or abnormity, exists the discordancy and conflicting action of its native operations will grate harshly in her onward career until they shall have been resuscitated by the gradual, but sure process of those immutable ordinary and reactionary forces which are constitutionally warped in its primeval nature, and freedom is one of these grand principles, yea, the chief itself, which shall soon assert its original claims and bid defiance to the hand of oppression.

The people in Washington do not seem to be excited. Almost all believe that the city would be secure though ten hundred thousand rebels harass her suburbs.

Contrabands are coming into the city in great droves, and of all the horrible reports that ever was told, they tell. It appears that many of the contrabands in making their escape, (I speak from what they say) threw their little children into the river and drowned them, to facilitate their flight. And there are two intelligent contrabands sitting down now in my house, who tell me that somewhere near Richmond, Va., there is a large coal mine, where several hundred colored people are at work, very low under ground, and a quantity of combustible materials are prepared and placed in it, and that a cannon is situated at a respectable distance, so that should the Union forces take Richmond, this cannon is to be fired, which will ignite these combustibles and destroy every one in the coal pit. They further believe that it was God's mercy that prevented Gen. McClellan from taking Richmond, for had he taken it, the lives of thousands of colored people would have been instantly destroyed. But it is needless to try to particularise the horrid, hideous, shocking and inconceivable scenes of suffering which are reported by some of these poor dejected sons of humanity Oh God, were I not confident that thy mercy endureth forever, I would despair for my people, but still we ask Thee, O thou Prince of peace, in wrath remember mercy! A few weeks ago, there was a great excitement in this city, which arose from a false apprehension that certain parties were trying to expatriate the contrabands from the country It is to be hoped that equally as high a feeling for these homeless human beings, will animate them to give of their substance, and divide their comforts, and open their doors, so that these almost friendless souls may find shelter, "Let thy love speak through thy works," was an ancient maxim.

Rev Henry Taite, for many years a venerable preacher in the A. M E. Israel Church, and is said to have been one of the most zealous Christians of the age, died on Saturday morning, at 4 o'clock, and was buried Sabbath afternoon, at 3 o'clock. Rev. Jno. Reed speaks of him as being a man whose power of faith was beyond all human conception, and he was among the *very best in the world*—a man that believed he talked with God word for word: he would speak of what God told him, in the same manner as I would of what the Bishop told me; and the probability is, that there are none or but few who now live, that can remember when father Taite did one wicked act. It was remarked by Rev. Jas Reed, when speaking about his funeral services, "that brother Taite preached his funeral sermon as he lived, and all that was then required, was for angels to chant the requiem." Yet father Taite was an old and afflicted man, and had some previous ways, that persons not acquainted with human nature, might have regarded, at times, as a fretful disposition; but no man was readier more resigned to Providence than he. If his church brothers visited him, well; if not, well; always looked to God for His aid and support. Israel church has lost a bright star

The protracted meeting still progresses gloriously in Zion Wesley Church. Many converts are being made and added to the church—such, I trust, as shall find eternal life.

Rev J P. Hamer, pastor of the John Wesley Church, has also been carrying on a gracious revival ever since the 25th of July. God has blessed his efforts with near fifty converts. He is a minister whose character stands clear before the world, and takes a prominent position on the side of intelligence

Last Thursday night, a society of ladies and gentlemen gave a festival at the Presbyterian Church, for the benefit of the contrabands, which was presided over by Mrs. Elizabeth Trekly, a lady distinguished both by beauty and intelligence. The [illegible] were Mrs. [illegible] Cook, Miss Margaret Cokely, Mr Jas Wormly, [illegible] and Wm Stahl. There were others whose names I do not recollect. Though they had the disadvantage of a city somewhat excited in consequence of the army's retreat, to contend with, they nevertheless did remarkably well. Such manifestations of our sympathies as this, for the contrabands, are worth a thousand galliders, in whose sight a quarter looks as big as a wagon-wheel. H. M. T.

Washington, Sept 8, 1862.

FROM LYNN

Lynn, Sept. 4th, 1862

MR. EDITOR:—Dear Sir,—I have been a long time trying to compose my mind to write a letter to the *Recorder*, but in consequence of the press of business I have been hindered till this time; and now, I cannot do justice to you nor my letter, for want of a well regulated mind, and should I fail to accomplish my design, you must take the will for the deed

I was at the camp meeting which the Rev. W W. Grimes spoke of in his letter, and I can bear testimony to the truth of his statements in reference to the God of love being in our midst, for it did seem that the King himself was there, and feasted with his saints, making the place of his feet glorious. And I bless the Lord my own heart was refreshed and made strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might

Now to the scenes of Plymouth Rock, the landing of the pilgrim fathers, and place of renown I have long heard of it by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eyes have seen it. I visited that venerable spot, in company with Revs. Shreeves, Grimes, and twelve ladies, all of whom desired to take something for a token of remembrance, and as they were not allowed to take any of the rock, the most of them took some of the sand that was on the rock, and thus they satisfied themselves with this. The rock is covered with a board box, with a heavy weight on the top, to prevent any one from getting any of the stone. The box is about six feet square, making it about twenty-four feet around. There is a hole in the top of the box; so you can stand on the bare stone with your feet, if you wish, which we all did, and then bade it adieu.

We then proceeded to a hall, which was about a quarter of a mile distant, which we found to be a neat, plain building, the dimensions of which I am not able to give, but should judge it to be about 45 by 65 feet. There is an iron fence in front, and inside of the fence is an enclosure with the names of all the fathers, a list of which I will now give you. It is as follows:

J Tilley	English
Fletcher	Chilton.
Cook	J Allerton.
Billington.	Morton
Lester.	Priest
Doty	Ridgedale
Goodman.	Brewster.
Standish	Fuller
Carver.	Warren
Bradford	White
E Winslow.	Clark.
Olden	Crackston
Hopkins.	Gardner.
Turner.	Margeson
Mullins	Buttrage
Tinker	Soule
Eaton	E Tilley.

Having now finished the list, we enter the hall, and notice in the first room a desk with a large book open—that's for visitors to put their names, ages, and places of residence. Next is a large case with a lot of old Plymouth rock stone inside, and a few other things. We pass on into the larger hall. Here is presented to our view large paintings of all the fathers and families, and a card with their names and numbers as they are on the paintings. On each side of the hall stands a large case with different things that were brought over from England by the fathers. In another corner stands an old English clock, going her regular rounds with the sun. The clock was brought by the fathers. We leave the large hall and go into a small room at the west-end of the building, in the east corner of which there is a large library for persons to read and pass away the time. Next we go up stairs, and here we see many attractions to divert the attention, and a matter of curiosity to visitors. We have now given you a synopsis of this interesting scene, so we will close this part of our letter.

Mr Robert Brown and Miss Susan Harris, of Lynn, were, by me, joined together in holy matrimony on Thursday evening, Sept. 4, 1862, at my residence in Hacker St

Yours in Christ,
W H CHASE

(For the Christian Recorder)

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GENTLEMAN

Woodbury, Sept 5th, 1862

We often hear and use the word Gentleman. I saw Mr. G., sitting out on the verandah to-day, and his children playing around him. I think that he is a perfect gentleman. Why do you inquire, my friend? Well, because he is very rich and lives luxuriously, his house is handsomely and conveniently furnished, and he studies the comforts of all the inmates of his dwelling, and has such a graceful appearance in the street, his independent style of walking reminds me of a prince Your outward description of Mr. G., is very good, says my friend, but you have not said much to constitute him a perfect gentleman? I am well aware that it takes internal qualities, as well as outward accomplishments, to make a gentleman. Mr. G. possesses these qualities: his polite manners are exemplary. What is his character? says my friend. Some people think that money and manners are all that are required to complete the gentleman; I think those acquirements are necessary, but they are not all that are requisite. It takes an unspotted character, good principles, an intelligent mind, and educated manners, a dignified disposition, politeness to all at home or abroad, a life governed by truth, honesty, and equity. And are such as Mr. G. the only ones that possess this conspicuous character? I don't think they are. There are numbers who do possess it, both rich and poor. I do not believe that these amiable qualities are excluded from any, or that they have any bounds. I think that every one of Adam's race can possess them. The sable sons of Africa can be elevated upon those qualities, and they will stand ever; and if our European friends will not take them as fellow partners, they cannot help admiring their character, and thinking that the time is fast approaching when Ethiopia shall stretch forth her hand, and kings and princes shall come out of Egypt

I do not see anything to prohibit many of the present generation from being perfect, genteel men. There are colleges and schools of every [illegible] for the instruction and improvement of the mind and character, and many are benefited by these advantages—and those who have originally inherited a good character and good principles, and have these improving opportunities afforded them, can graduate, and demand respect, and they will receive it

MARY MANLY

Woodbury, New Jersey

For the Christian Recorder.

THE DRAFT IN MASSACHUSETTS

It is not yet certain whether or not there will be a draft in Massachusetts. The Governor of that State has postponed the time until the 17th inst. Most of the small towns have filled both quotas, but the cities are generally behind Boston lacks 500 on the first quota. It is generally believed that if a draft is made, colored men will have to take their chances with the rest, except in the city of Boston, where the Mayor (who does not agree with the Governor) has intimated that the draft will be made in accordance with the militia laws of Massachusetts which are the only laws in that State that proscribe men on account of their color To ascertain whether or not colored men will be drafted, John S. Rock, Esq., has addressed a letter to the Mayor of Boston, the concluding portion of which is as follows:—

"We are willing to bear our proportion of the National burden; and though debarred the privilege of being soldiers, I learn from some of the assessors we are not behind others in the proportion of men we have contributed to the war; some of whom have gone as servants, but the greater portion have enlisted in the navy We are not surprised that when there were large bounties, and provisions made for the families of the soldiers, we were not permitted to volunteer; but when it is universally known, that, up to this time, the National Government has not recognised us as soldiers, and the State has declined to accept us as volunteers, we do not understand why it is that we are prohibited from going out of the State, unless we make oath that we are not leaving to *avoid the draft!* If we are to be drafted in this city, your Honor will please inform us, so that if any desire it, they may avail themselves of the legal privileges granted to others."

It seems that our brethren in Boston are awake. They do not think it right to force them by a draft when more than double their proportion have signified their willingness to volunteer

For the Christian Recorder

FROM ELLICOTT'S MILLS, MD

MR. EDITOR—Rev. and Dear Brother: I must confess that I am more than ever pleased with your respectable sheet—and it is my desire to do all that I can for its continuation. I did think that I would be able to get some subscribers on this circuit, but the people have learned the old song, and that is, "Hard Times."

Now, dear brother, I will give you a specimen of what they are pleased to denominate "Hard Times:"

I called the officers of the church together, and I told them that if they would stop singing that old, unwelcome song, "Hard Times," we would try to collect some money for the churches, and they agreed to stop. I appointed a day's meeting at Mount Gilboa, on the 15th of June. Brother H Brown preached at eleven o'clock, A. M., and Brother A. Wheeler at three o'clock, P. M, and we collected at the two appointments seventy-five dollars; and I made an appointment from that day four weeks for another day's meeting at the Mission Chapel, distant one mile and a half from Mount Gilboa

Rev G T. Watkins preached at eleven o'clock, A. M., and at three o'clock, P. M. Two very able sermons they were. At this time we collected one hundred and thirty-six dollars. I then made another appointment at Mount Gilboa on the tenth day of August, at which time the Rev H G Brown preached two very interesting sermons, and we collected on that day seventy-two dollars and thirty-seven cents.

So, dear brother, you can tell to your people what they call hard times on this circuit, at least so far

Now, Brother Weaver, I send you one six months' subscriber, and one dollar. You will please send the paper to Mr. Rhemus Adams, Catonsville, Baltimore county, Md

Dear Brother, do not think, because I have not written to you, that I have forgotten you. Please write soon

I am still your friend and brother in the bond of Christian love,

JOHN G. HERBERT

Ellicott's Mills, Maryland

For the Christian Recorder

NEW BEDFORD, MASS

MR EDITOR—Sir: I read a letter in the 35th number of the *Recorder*, headed from Harrison's Landing, but written in Baltimore, Maryland, in which the missionary charges the brethren in the East with neglecting his dear family. The brethren have done their duty According to the resolution of the Conference they collected in days for the support of the missionary's family. The brother has been to Providence, Boston, Newport, and New Haven, and received all the moneys collected to support his family, besides the twenty-six dollars he received in this city, put the same in his pocket, and started for the mission *without paying up his rent!* and knowing that he had received the last dollar collected for that purpose—then writes to the Trustees for money for his family; there was none there, nor had there been; it could not get there—for the missionary had his *hand under the table* to get it as soon as it was laid down!

Dear brother, when we are doing the best we can for you and your family, don't lay your sins on us, for we have enough of our own to answer for. Yours for the truth always,

WM W GRIMES.

New Bedford Mass, Sept. 7, 1862.

CORRECTION IN MY LETTER

Mark: Plymouth Comp; the closing sentence should be as follows: May the good Lord bless the citizens of Plymouth. The Rev. William H Chase has promised to notice our visit to Plymouth Hall

THE BLACK MEN IN THE REVOLUTION AND THE WAR OF 1812

We copy the following from the Delaware County American of August 9th, 1862

Of the services and sufferings of the colored soldiers of the Revolution, no attempt has, to our knowledge, been made to preserve a record. They have had no historian. With here and there an exception, they have all passed away, and only some faint tradition of their campaigns under Washington, and Greene, and Lafayette, and of their cruisings under Decatur and Barry, lingers among their descendants. Yet enough is known to show that the free colored men of the United States bore their full proportion of the sacrifices and trials of the Revolutionary War

The late Gov Eustis of Mass, the pride and boast of the Democracy of the East, himself an active participant in the war, and therefore a most competent witness; Gov. Morrill of N. H., Judge Hemphill of Pa., and other members of Congress, [illegible] the speech of admitting Missouri as a slave State into the Union, bore emphatic testimony to the efficiency and heroism of the black troops. Hon Calvin Goddard of Conn, states that in a little circle of his residence, he was instrumental in securing, under the act of 1818, the pensions of nineteen colored soldiers. "I cannot," he says, "refrain from mentioning one aged black man, Primus Babcock, who proudly presented to me an honorable discharge from service during the war dated at the close of it, wholly in the hand writing of George Washington; nor can I forget the expression of his feelings when informed, after his discharge had been sent to the War Department, that it could not be returned. At his request it was written for, as he seemed inclined to spurn the pension and reclaim the discharge." There is a touching anecdote related of Baron Steuben, on the occasion of the disbandment of the American army. A black soldier, with his wounds unhealed, utterly destitute, stood on the wharf just as a vessel bound for his distant home was getting under way

The poor fellow gazed at the vessel with tears in his eyes, and gave himself up to despair. The warm-hearted foreigner witnessed his emotion, and inquiring into the cause of it, took his last dollar from his purse and gave it to him, with tears of sympathy trickling down his cheeks. Overwhelmed with gratitude, the poor wounded soldier hailed the sloop and was received on board. As it moved out from the wharf, he cried back to his noble friend on shore, "God Almighty bless you Master Baron!"

"In Rhode Island," says Gov Eustis, in his able speech against slavery in Missouri, 12th of Twelfth Month, 1820, "the blacks formed an entire regiment, and they discharged their duty with zeal and fidelity. The gallant defence of Red Bank, in which the black regiment bore a part, is among the proofs of their valor." In this contest it will be recollected that four hundred men met and repulsed, after a terrible and sanguinary struggle, fifteen hundred Hessian troops, headed by Count Donop The glory of the defence of Red Bank, which has been pronounced one of the most heroic actions of the war, belongs in reality to black men; yet who now hears them spoken of in connection with it? Among the traits which distinguished the black regiment was devotion to their officers. In the attack made upon the American lines near Croton River, on the 13th of the Fifth Month, 1781, Col. Greene, the commander of the regiment, was cut down and mortally wounded; but the sabre of the enemy only reached him through the bodies of his faithful guard of blacks, who hovered over him to protect him, *every one of whom was killed*. The late Dr Harris of Dearborn, New Hampshire, a Revolutionary veteran, stated in a speech at Francestown, New Hampshire, some years ago, that on one occasion the regiment to which he was attached was commanded to defend an important position, which the enemy thrice assailed, and from which they were as often repulsed. "There was," said the venerable speaker, "a regiment of blacks in the same situation—a regiment of negroes fighting for our liberty and independence, not a white man among them but the officers—in the same dangerous and responsible position. Had they been unfaithful, or given way before the enemy, all would have been lost. Three times in succession were they attacked with most desperate fury by well disciplined and veteran troops, and three times did they successfully repel the assault, and thus preserve an army. They fought thus through the war. They were brave and hardy troops"

In the debate in the New York Convention of 1821 for amending the constitution of the State, on the question of extending the right of suffrage to the black, Dr. Clarke, he delegate from Delaware County, and other members, made honorable mention of the services of the colored troops of the Revolutionary army.

The late James Forten of Philadelphia, well known as a colored man of wealth, intelligence, and philanthropy, enlisted in the American Navy under Capt. Decatur, of the Royal Louis; was taken prisoner during the second cruise, and, with nineteen other colored men, confined on board the horrible Jersey prison ship. All the vessels to the American service at that period were partly manned by blacks The old citizens of Philadelphia to this day remember the fact that when the troops of the North marched through the city, one or more colored companies were attached to nearly all the regiments

Gov. Eustis, in the speech above quoted, states that the free colored soldiers entered the ranks with the whites. The time of those who were slaves was purchased of their masters, and they were induced to enter the service in consequence of a law of Congress, by which, on condition of their serving in the ranks during the war, they were made freemen This hope of liberty nerved them with courage to oppose their breasts to the Hessian bayonet at Red Bank, and enabled them to endure with fortitude the cold and famine of Valley Forge.—The anecdote of the slave of Gen Sullivan of New Hampshire is well known When his master told him that they were on the point of starting for the army to fight for liberty, he shrewdly suggested that it would be a great satisfaction to know that he was indeed going to fight for his liberty. Struck with the reasonableness and justice of his suggestion, General S. at once gave him his freedom

The late Ira Stram Burges of Rhode Island, in a speech in Congress, First month, 1828, said. "At the commencement of the Revolutionary War, Rhode Island had a number of slaves. A requirement of them were enlisted in the Continental service, and no braver men met the enemy in battle; but not one of them was permitted to be a soldier until he had first been made a freeman"

The celebrated Charles Pinckney of South Carolina, in his speech on the Missouri question, and in defence of the slave representatives of the South, made the following admissions:

They (the colored people) were in numerous instances the pioneers, and in all, the laborers of our armies. To their hands was owing the greatest part of the fortifications raised for the protection of the country. Fort Moultrie gave, at an early period of the inexperienced and untried valor of our citizens, immortality to the American arms; and in the Northern States, numerous bodies of them were enrolled, and fought side by side with the whites at the battles of the Revolution.

Let us now look forward thirty or forty years, to the last war of Great Britain, and see whether the whites enjoyed a monopoly of patriotism at that time.

Martindale of New York in Congress, 22d of First Month, 1828, said, "Slaves, or negroes who had been slaves, were enlisted as soldiers in the war of the Revolution; and I myself saw a battalion of them, as fine martial-looking men as I ever saw, attached to the Northern army in the last war on its march from Plattsburg to Sackett's Harbor."

The Hon Charles Miner of Pennsylvania., in Congress, Second Month, 7th, 1828, said, "The African race made excellent soldiers. Large numbers of them were with Perry, and helped to gain the brilliant victory of Lake Erie A whole battalion of them were distinguished for their orderly appearance."

Dr. Clarke, in the convention which revised the Constitution, of New York, in 1821, speaking of the colored inhabitants of the State, said—

"In the late war they contributed largely toward some of your most splendid victories. On Lakes Erie and Champlain, where your fleets triumphed over a far superior number and engines of death, they were manned in a large proportion with men of color. And in this very house, on the [illegible] passed unanimously the act of probation of all the branches of your Government, authorizing the Governor to accept the services of a corps of two thousand free people of color. Sir these were times which tried men's souls. In those times it was no sparing matter to bear arms.

These were times when a man who shouldered his musket did not know that he bared his breast to receive a death wound from the enemy or he laid it aside; and in these times these people were found as ready and as willing to volunteer in your service as any other, They were not compelled to go: they were not drafted. No! your pride had placed them beyond your compulsory power. But there was no necessity for its exercise; they were volunteers; yes, Sir, volunteers to defend that very country from the inroads and ravages of a ruthless and ruthless foe, which had treated them with insult, degradation and slavery."

On the capture of Washington by the British forces, it was judged expedient to fortify, without delay, the principal towns and cities exposed to similar attacks. The Vigilance Committee of Philadelphia waited upon three of the principal colored citizens, viz., James Forten, Bishop Allen, and Absalom Jones, soliciting the aid of the people of color in erecting suitable defences for the city.—Accordingly, 2,000 colored men assembled in the State House Yard, and from thence marched to Gray's Ferry, where they labored for two days almost without intermission. Their labors were so faithful and efficient that a vote of thanks was tendered them by the Committee. A battalion of colored troops was at the same time organized in the city under an officer of the United States Army, and they were on the point of marching to the [illegible] when peace was proclaimed.

Gen Jackson's proclamations to the free colored inhabitants of Louisiana are well known In his first, inviting them to take up arms, he said: "As sons of Freedom, you now called upon to defend our most inestimable blessings; as *Americans* your country looks with confidence to her adopted children for a valorous support; as fathers, husbands, and brothers, you are summoned to rally round the standard of the Eagle, to defend all which is dear in existence"

The second proclamation is one of the highest compliments ever paid by a military chief to his soldiers:

"TO THE PEOPLE OF COLOR.

"Soldiers! When on the banks of the Mobile I called you to take up arms, inviting you to partake the perils and glory of your *white fellow-citizens*, I expected much from you; for I was not ignorant that you possess qualities most formidable to an invading enemy I knew will, what fortitude you can endure hunger and thirst and all the fatigues of a campaign. I knew well how you loved your native country, and that you, as well as ourselves, had to defend what man holds most dear—his parents, wife, children and property. You have done more than I expected. In addition to the previous qualities I before knew you to possess, I found among you a noble enthusiasm which leads to the performance of great things

"Soldiers! The President of the United States shall hear how praiseworthy was your conduct in the hour of danger, and the representatives of the American people will give you the praise your exploits entitle you to. Your General anticipates them in applauding your noble order"

It will thus be seen that whatever honor belongs to "the heroes of the Revolution" and the volunteers in "the second war for Independence," is to be divided between the white and the colored man

"What right, I demand," said an American orator some years ago, "have the children of Africa to a homestead in the white man's country?" The answer will, in part, be found in the facts which we have presented. Their rights, like that of their white fellow-citizens, dates back to the dread arbitrament of battle. Their bones whiten every stricken field of the Revolution; their feet tracked with blood the snows of Jersey; their toil built up every fortification south of the Potomac; they shared the famine and nakedness of Valley Forge, and the pestilential horrors of the Jersey prison-ship. Have they, then, no claim to an equal participation in the blessings which have grown out of the national independence for which they fought? Is it just, is it magnanimous, is it safe, even, to starve the patriotism of such a people, to cast their hearts out of the treasury of the republic, and to convert them, by political disfranchisement and social apprehension, into enemies?

Whittier's Works.

CHARITY AMONG OURSELVES.

In times of excitement, when men's feelings are aroused, it is but natural that their language should be strong and earnest; and this is right, provided wisdom and justice are not unheeded. Harsh and bitter denunciations are never admissible, for they spring from unkind and malevolent feelings. It becomes the duty of all, and especially Christians, under the terrible pressure of present troubles, to guard well their tongues, and to try as far as possible to cherish a spirit of confidence and brotherly love; to be charitably disposed towards others, and to judge only as we would wish to be judged It is not possible that all men should see alike or think alike; and because others should differ with us in the exercise of the same independence of judgment which we claim, is no reason why we should suspect their motives, and denounce them as false or wicked. In reference to the policy and management of such a huge and unparalleled rebellion as we have upon our hands, there must be great difference of honest opinion, and any attempt to suppress this difference by denunciation and brow-beating, will not only fail, but must inevitably engender alienation and strife among those who ought to be, and under wiser treatment would be, brethren

No good, but immense harm, has been done within the past year all over our country by forgetting that charity which thinketh no evil. If a newspaper editor should criticise sharply any act of those in authority, he is denounced as an enemy, without first having the truth and justice of his strictures even thought of for a moment, when in reality it was pure love for his country that moved his pen; and in not a few instances the future vindicated his judgment. Two individuals, in discussing the policy of some civil or military movement, may differ, and the party that first runs out of arguments will resort to denunciation and call the other a traitor, when there is not a particle of evidence of treason, unless it be a superiority of logic or of facts A military leader fails to accomplish some very desirable object, and at once, without knowing anything of his ability or his difficulties, he is denounced as being disloyal, when in truth he simply failed to perform an impossibility. Now, what good has been done by all this? Simply none. While, on the other hand, great evil has resulted. Friends have been alienated, communities have been divided, positive opposition to the administration has been produced, a spirit of rancor has been engendered, confidence is able and loyal officers has been shaken, and that unity of feeling and concert of action which ought to exist have been prevented.

We can easily understand how a difference of opinion as to the policy of government can exist in the North, but we are utterly at a loss to know how any difference of loyalty could possibly exist. We all have the same interests at stake; and if the government should fail, then we all lose alike our everything. If pure patriotism and sacred love for country will not make the whole North loyal, surely self-interest must, for the government is freighted with the fortunes of all, and survive or perish, we must make or lose alike. Instead of cherishing bitter feelings and hurling taunting epithets, let us try to keep our own conscience void of offence, and remember that of faith, hope, and charity,

PRESIDENT BENSON IN ENGLAND

The two months' sojourn of this eminent man in Great Britain appears to have been a complete ovation. Of course, Africans lionized every place, Mr. Benson has shown himself equal to the emergency of every social position, displaying talents and virtues. Taken by his parents, in 1822, when but six years of age, from Cambridge, Dorchester Co., Maryland, he rapidly became a merchant, Senator, Judge, General and President of Liberia during the last six years.

The following interesting and gratifying account of President Benson's reception abroad is from the pen of Edward Roberts, Esq., formerly an esteemed citizen of Philadelphia, but for some years past an honored resident of England.

"LONDON, JUNE 2, 1862.

"MY DEAR SIR:—You have no idea with what courtesy and kindness President Benson has been received by the high and low, and all grades of the community in this country. Dinner and evening parties, public meetings, and invitations into the country, and all kinds of hospitable attentions have been showered upon him. He is treated with the greatest respect and regard as a negro gentleman of distinction. The President and I walked in the procession for the opening of the International Exhibition. We each had a silver star upon the left breast of our black coats, which is the Liberia uniform. Mr Benson was the observed of all observers, "the cynosure of all eyes," he being a fine man of upwards of six feet, and a negro; the only one of that color in an assembly of forty thousand persons. He was treated with great consideration as President of Liberia."

LONDON, JUNE 21, 1862.

"The most extraordinary kindness and courtesy is shown to President Benson by the highest and lowest of society. I accompanied him in the procession on the grand ceremony of opening the International Exhibition. Indeed, he was the observed of all observers, 'the cynosure of all eyes'—the only black man present in the vast assembly of forty thousand persons of the best dressed people that could be assembled. So, also, at Lady Charlotte Denman's 'reception' at the residence, in the Parliament House, of her husband—the Speaker of the House of Commons—where eight magnificent rooms were filled by some twelve hundred ladies and gentlemen, the elite of Society of England. So, also, at Lord Granville's 'fete champetre,' at Chiswick House, in the country, where all the principal nobility and gentry, and distinguished foreigners were present. Also, the convocation of the Royal Society, evening party and concert at the Lord Mayor's,) and numerous other public meetings, as well as private dinner parties and evening parties, where such men as the Bishop of London, Sir John Bowring, Sir Rowland Hill, and the first ladies of the land, come up and shake hands with the President, and address some suitable conversation to him. In taking him to church to listen to the most eminent preachers, I find that ladies and other respectable persons come up and shake hands with him, and say something complimentary to him. In the United States, when Mr Benson goes to our country, he will be a 'nigger,' while here he is the black 'gentleman,' received everywhere with the distinction he deserves from being the chief of a nation of respectable people on the coast of Africa. I hope I may be disappointed in regard to our country's reception of Mr. Benson.

I am happy to say that the address to him, of which I enclose a copy, which is already signed by several hundred most worthy Englishmen, and will be further signed by many Scotchmen and Irishmen, will be presented to him at a public banquet, to be presided over by that eminent *homme des soirs*, Lord Brougham. This address is beautifully engrossed on vellum. The banquet will be given at Willis' rooms, on Friday, the 27th of June, 1862, at 9½ o'clock, P. M. Tickets for gentlemen twenty-five shillings; for ladies ten and a half shillings. There will probably be one hundred ladies, and two hundred gentlemen present at this meeting, many coming from Leeds, Halifax, Bradford, Liverpool, Manchester, and other remote places in the country. It will be altogether a most complimentary occasion for the President of Liberia.

"President Benson, ex-President Roberts, Secretary Johnson, and I, have just returned from the Admiralty, where, in an interview with Admiral Washington, we have been settling the Liberian boundaries contemminous with British possessions. Everything most satisfactory. What a kind people the British are to little Liberia!"

LONDON, JUNE 28, 1862.

"Last evening, the magnificent banquet to President Benson, came off at Willis' rooms, presided over by Lord Brougham, and assisted by Samuel Gurney, Dr. Hodgkin, and a number of other kind friends of Liberia. Nothing could exceed the success, and the entire triumph of this festive occasion, and its utility to Africa will be great, as it will show to Americans that the first people of England are forward in doing honor and paying respect to the first *real* negro President of Liberia—for Mr. Roberts, his predecessor, has much more of white man's blood in his veins than of black man's. The friendly feeling manifested to President Benson and his black nation are certainly of the most gratifying kind, and all of us any way connected with Liberia ought to be grateful. How rejoiced I would be if my countrymen, laying aside the prejudices—in which they have been born, and therefore, I fear, invincible—against color, could treat Mr Roberts and Mr Benson with a tenth part of the consideration and respect to which they are entitled, and which they receive everywhere they move in England. Mr. Roberts goes to America in the Great Eastern on the 2d July, and President Benson will probably follow in a few days—say five or six days—later.

LONDON, JULY 10, 1862.

"President Benson left London on the 5th inst. for Hamburg and the Continent—expecting to be absent some five or six weeks. It is therefore unlikely that he will visit the United States. Everywhere in England he has been treated with the greatest possible kindness, courtesy, and respect. The last three invitations he had before his departure from London were, to breakfast with the Duchess of Argyle—to dine at the Lord Mayor's Banquet, where the Viceroy of Egypt was, and to a magnificent evening party at Miss Burdett Coutts. He had innumerable invitations, more than he physically could accept."

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE IN SWITZERLAND

In many respects Switzerland is the happiest and freest country of Europe, but, by a singular inconsistency, it has been more slow than almost any other in making concessions to the spirit of religious liberty. It has at its universities and colleges many professors who are avowed atheists, and even in the ranks of the clergy of the National Church there is a numerous party which rejects the belief in the personality of God and the immortality of the soul. But few cantons as yet have granted absolute freedom of religion, and even evangelical denominations, like the Methodists and Baptists, are still being subjected to persecution in a number of places. The most intolerant spirit is in particular displayed toward the Jews. So rigorous were the laws against them in most of the cantons, that up to the present most of them have no Jewish population at all, and the majority are living in two communities of the canton of Aargau.

This canton, in political matters a standard-bearer of liberalism, resolved a few years ago to place the native Jews of the canton not wholly, yet partly, on an equality with the Christians. On the whole, the liberal press of Switzerland seems to have applauded this measure. The Jews of Aargau have in every respect shown themselves worthy of this final recognition of their right. They are as intelligent and as orderly citizens as the Christians. One of their rabbis, Mr. Keyserling, is a respected historian, and undoubtedly one of the most prominent scholars the canton can at present boast of,—yet, notwithstanding all this, a fanatical leader of the Liberal party, Professor Schleuninger, has stirred up an agitation for repealing the laws of emancipation, and for re-establishing the oppressive legislation of former centuries, and from present appearances it would seem that he will be successful.

There is a law in the canton of Aargau that if a certain number of voters demand the revocation of the Grand Council, (the House of Representatives,) the question of dissolution must be submitted to a direct vote of the people. Some Schleuninger agitators succeeded in causing a sufficient number of votes to be given, and the question is now directly before the people. The leaders of the intolerant party had recourse to every means they could devise to stir up the prejudices and hatred of the populace against the few hundred Jews in their midst. In a proclamation of Schleuninger, which was distributed among the people on the day of voting, he says: "He who will vote against the revocation of the Grand Council votes against himself and his posterity by admitting to citizenship Judeism, which hates Christianity, and is irreconcilable with the dignity and honor of the banner of a Christian confederacy, bearing the glorious sign of a white cross." The fanatical appeal to the passions of the populace has been unfortunately successful. On Sabbath, July 27, the people of the canton decided, by a vote of 25,000 yeas against 16,237 nays, in favor of a dissolution of the present, and an election of a new, Grand Council. Aargau is a predominantly Protestant canton, having, in 1850, a population of 107,194 Protestants, and 91,096 Catholics. No canton has hitherto more steadfastly opposed the schemes of the Ultramontane party, whose success, on this occasion, is therefore all the more deplorable. The vote of the majority embraces, of course, a large portion of the Protestant population, probably mostly the congregations of ministers of the Evangelical party, who, in Switzerland as well as in Germany, are generally using their influence for maintaining or restoring the privileges of the state churches.

CHURCH MEMBERS AND THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

The second resolution of the Pennsylvania State Convention touches upon a subject of vital importance. Has a church member, as such, any necessary relation to the Sabbath-school? In this cause, one which a professing Christian may, or may not, at his option, support? Is it, in short, in the present state of the church and the world, something which affects the question of *personal duty* of every professed follower of Jesus? No one can fail to see that this question goes to the very quick. On the answer which the church shall give depends mainly the success of the Sabbath school cause. The resolution of the Convention in these words:

Resolved, That as the consecration of all Christians to God requires them to be ready to every good work, they are therefore under obligation either to engage personally in the religious instruction of children, or to encourage and support those who are thus actively engaged.

The true child of God cannot feel entire indifference to any effort of benevolence affecting the welfare of man. There are some enterprises, however, which touch him only remotely and indirectly, and in common with others who are not Christians. It would be difficult, for instance, to establish a claim of universal obligation upon every Christian, as such, to join in the establishment and supervision of a Soup Society, or a Prison Discipline Society, or of very many other things which affect mainly mere temporal wants, and the interests of society. It might be difficult to establish such a claim even for the Sabbath-school, taking it to be merely such an institution as was in the mind of its benevolent founder, Robert Raikes. But in the providence of God, the Sabbath-school has become one of the leading agencies of the church in carrying forward the work of evangelizing the world. It is no longer a mere plan for keeping poor neglected children out of the street, and teaching them to read and spell on the Sabbath day. It aims indeed to do this, but it aims also to do a hundredfold more. Temporal benefits undoubtedly flow from the Sabbath-school, especially to the poorer classes. Wherever it flourishes, there order prevails, manners are improved, decorum, industry, economy, thrift, a desire to become respectable, a love of reading, and a general thirst for knowledge, gain ground. But these are the incidental results of the Sabbath school teacher's work. They are not his chief aim. What he mainly and primarily seeks is the conversion of his scholars. He seeks to make them true Christians, knowing that if this point be gained, all other needed things "will be added." Conversion is the need of every soul, of the rich as well as of the poor. Here is a want which includes all. Hence the Sabbath-school seeks to gather into its fold the children of all classes. No children are too high, none too low, to be beyond its benefits. As a matter of fact, a large part of those now converted to God and brought into the church on profession of their faith, come from the Sabbath-school. At the late Convention in Lawrence, Mass., the question being moved, with a view to bring out this significant fact, all those persons were requested to rise who had been converted while attending Sabbath school. Almost the entire assembly rose. At least nine-tenths of the Convention were on their feet.

It is not claimed, from such facts as these, that the Sabbath school by itself, as an independent agency, apart from the church and the ministry, is an institution to be relied upon for the conversion of the world. What indeed makes the Sabbath-school, what gives it life and being, but the church and the ministry working in that particular way? Christ's ministers and his people find that a given amount of labor in the larger country, when put forth among the young than when put forth among the old. The young are more tender hearted; they are more easily influenced; they have fewer evil habits to be broken up; their habits are not so stubborn; the world has not yet such a controlling influence over them; appeals to conscience, exhibitions of the love of Christ, arguments from the glories or the terrors of the world to come, have more hold upon them. Hence labor for their conversion is more hopeful. The minister does not indeed despair of the aged. He labors and he prays for the old as well as for the young. But he finds his chief encouragement among the latter. Here too, more than elsewhere, he can have the co-operation of his people. Almost every godly man and woman in his flock can help him to his labor among the little ones. But among the adults, among the parents of those very children, he must work almost alone. Scarce may he be found in every church, able and willing to preach Christ to the child of the hardened worldling. But who shall be found with the courage and discretion to go with the same message to the father himself, to the ungodly lawyer, physician, or merchant?

If such, then, be the aim and object of the Sabbath-school, if it be in fact, not some outside, philanthropic association, but the church itself working in a peculiar way, for the better husbanding of its resources, there can be no doubt of the duty of every professing Christian to give it his support. As a member of Christ's church, he is consecrated to its service, and here is that particular service in which the church finds her labors towards the conversion of the world most efficient. There are undoubtedly some professing Christians who are not required to engage personally as Sabbath-school teachers. Bodily infirmity, more imperative duties in the family or elsewhere, and other causes, may forbid such a service. But the cause of the Sabbath-school, because of its magnitude and proportions, in the grand aggressive movements of the church, that the fact of entering the church should be considered *prima facie* evidence of an intention to enter the Sabbath-school, if one is not already there. Every one proposing to join the church, should distinctly propose to himself the question, what shall I do for the Sabbath-school? Ministers and sessions, in admitting persons to the church, should ask the candidate, what are you going to do for the Lord in this part of his vineyard? The question of personal duty in the matter should be presented and pressed to a conscientious and deliberate decision. It should not be, it is not, a matter about which [illegible]

S. S. Times

AIM to be in all things acceptable to God, and you need trouble yourself but little about the opinions of men.

RELIGION IN THE ISLAND OF ELBA.

We lay before our readers, a letter from the Rev. Mr. Hall, of Florence, Italy, Missionary of the American and Foreign Christian Union, giving a deeply interesting account of the progress of the Gospel in the Island of Elba. The Union has now two missionaries and a colporteur in the Island, and two mission stations; one at Portoferraio, and one lately established at Rio Marina. It is to this latter station that reference is made in the letter. We encouraged friend to the cause responded to the appeal for books and tracts for the new school at Rio Marina, and from there it at once found its way to Florence, for it is the boast of our brother Hall, that from there, it at once became a centre of light and influence, and it entered a house, old women sprinkled the footsteps of the chair in which he sat with "holy water." These persecutions for a time seriously threatened the success if not the existence of the mission.

But God heard the prayers of his people especially offered for the restoration of quiet and peace in the religious services. After repeated complaints the civil authorities interposed and arrested several boys who were the main instruments of the priests and others who opposed the mission. These persons were brought before the Court in Portoferraio, and were admonished that a repetition of the offence would subject them to certain and severe punishment. Since then the Sabbath and other services have been peaceful and uninterrupted, and the brethren who at one time feared they should lose the Evangelist through persecution have wept tears of joy and gratitude at being able to worship God according to their consciences, with none to molest or make afraid.

Meetings are held four or five evenings in the week for the study of the Scriptures. They are attended by about thirty adults. A passage of Scripture is read, questions are freely asked and explanations offered, and, as far as possible, the lessons interpreted by reference to other portions of the Bible. Thus these persons to whom the Word of God has been a "sealed book," and who for truth have been taught to receive the doctrines and commandments of men, begin at once to "search the Scriptures" to see "whether these things are so." This method of studying the Bible has been attended with the best results, and the minds of the people all interested in the book which can benefit them more than any other, and of which it has been the policy of the Church of Rome to keep them in ignorance. They will never be likely to lose the benefits secured by these Bible classes.

Another important work has been begun at Rio Marina. A school for girls has been established—a pious and well-instructed woman, a member of the congregation at Rio, and who has formerly taught a few children privately, is the teacher. The school now numbers sixteen scholars; it only wants good class-room, books and a few maps to insure its prosperity and great usefulness to the Evangelical families of that town.

The Mission at Rio has been the means of bringing to our knowledge a young man of promise, intelligent, and of good character, *the only son* of an excellent brother of the Church, who desires to study for the Ministry. The father, who had hoped to have the aid of his only son in his business as a master mason, has given his consent, allowing him to give himself to study, and prepare himself for preaching the Gospel. So rarely are young men found in this part of Italy who desire to devote themselves to the Ministry of the Word, that I have desired, after consultation with Professor Comandi, to assume the responsibility of supporting this young man in the prosecution of his studies. Arrangements will be made for send the brethren at Turin, and from there, it at please God, he will come to Florence for the [illegible] course. I dedicate a name of Elba and send him among his countrymen as a preacher of the Gospel will, with the Divine blessing, be of the greatest spiritual interest and advantage to this island. Is there not some one of your readers who would regard it as a privilege to bear the expenses of this young man's education, and in time give to Italy the great blessing of an educated minister? If the American and Foreign Christian Union had done nothing more in Italy than to establish the Mission in the Island of Elba, that would repay a thousand-fold the money expended on the field the past year.

J. EDWIN HALL

COCHIN-CHINA.

The kingdom of Cochin China is composed of the once Independent States of Cochin China and Tong king, which were united under one sceptre [illegible] together with a large portion of the neighboring kingdom of Camboje. Its length from north to south is about nine hundred miles, with a breadth varying from one hundred and fifty at the south to four hundred or five hundred on the north. The population of the entire kingdom is very differently estimated, from seven to twenty-seven millions, while one French bishop, lately resident in the country, placed it at sixteen millions; and another, still there, at twenty millions. Probably fifteen millions would not be far from the truth. Of this population, the bishops state that *six hundred and thirty thousand* belong to the Romish churches, to which, in one year, not long since, five thousand three hundred and seventy converted adults were added. Since 1820, seventy converted adults were added. Since 1820, which bloody king ascended the throne, and a persecution commenced which has continued to the present day, no less than 140,000 pagans have renounced their idols and entered the Romish church—a marvellous and almost unexampled fact, as the Catholics proclaim it, provided conversions are with them something more than form. At any rate the fact is striking, and encouraging to the hope of something better. The Romish "church establishment" embraces seven apostolic vicariates or archbishoprics, seven bishoprics, seven coadjutors, of whom four are French and four Spanish European missionaries, and more than two hundred and forty native priests. A seminary educates nine hundred youth for the priesthood, while six hundred and fifty catechists render aid to the priests in teaching their flocks, and about [illegible] six hundred native nuns are engaged in instructing the women and children at home in various works of charity. Such is the force of the Romish church missions in Cochin China, embracing [illegible] thousand four hundred and sixty four individuals of different classes and ranks, who engage at the cost of any sacrifice—life itself included—to instruct and aid in the Christian life five hundred and thirty thousand professed converts, and pro- [illegible] the [illegible] among a population of sixteen or [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] Bartholomew Ruiz, in the year 1593. Though he obtained permission to reside there, he made no converts. 1615, or thirty-two years after, the work [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THE METHODIST MINISTRY

Is our ministry less effective than it formerly was, and is there a better method of training for it than we now have? These questions have lately been discussed in the [illegible] We have shared somewhat in the discussion, and have been disposed to take the negative of both questions. That we have undergone some *modifications* of our methods of doing [illegible] but has the change been moral; has it been such a change as [illegible] has required and legitimately produced? This is a precedent question in the discussion We take the affirmative of it

Our Church has had its initial period; it was necessarily a period of rapid, energetic movements, and these naturally produced a correspondent spirit in its ministry Long circuits, incessant preaching, the *heralding* of the truth rather than the disciplining of the people by pastoral labor, were the characteristics of this period. But which are the most important, the earlier or the later characteristics? That may be an interesting inquiry; but there is a more fundamental question, namely, are *both legitimate*—both normal stages of our development?

We assume the affirmative of this question.

We believe, indeed, that *the most urgent necessity of Methodism now, as regards its ministry, is in the churches.* By the very growth of our societies they have become congested. Hundreds of them have become in fact [illegible] as important as whole circuits used to be, so far at least as numbers of members are concerned. Now, this being the case, the question presents itself, is the pastoral training of this condensed circuit, if we may so call it, this society in one place, instead of a society or more places, as important as the old plan of preaching every day to its members in a score of places, with meanwhile little or no pastoral training? We believe it is; and we believe that this is substantially the change that has taken place in our conditions. With this change of labor has come of course a modification of ministerial qualifications. The moral fitness of the preacher must, in a general sense, always be the same; *but more study, higher intellectual training, in a certain time preaching, are necessary. Our fathers preached often, but preached few sermons. The most elementary theology made up their discourses.* Repentance, faith, justification, holiness, etc.; these were repeated from place to place; but the application of these to the minute and varied conditions of the Christian life are a necessary, a most necessary department of ministerial labor, especially in established and large societies And this more minute labor requires, we repeat, correspondent intellectual capacity, and therefore correspondent ministerial training.

If this view is correct, it implies the answer of the second question as to methods of ministerial education. Our methods, we think, have been advancing in healthful, we say in Providential correspondence with our advancing necessities. First come, and still continues, our Conference course of study—a very decided indication of a felt intellectual necessity and of a disposition to meet it. Next, and for some years, academic education was sought by many of our ministerial candidates. *Then, university, or at least collegiate education became recognised as at least desirable, and we can now point to some conferences in which about a third of the members are collegiate graduates. Finally, the training of theological schools has been provided, and promises to become in better times, a most effective provision.*

The stages of development, we affirm, are legitimate, healthful, and most encouraging for the prosperity of the denomination. Let us not distrust the course of Divine Providence, but courageously follow it. *Let us especially never fear education; it is the twin sister of piety The school and the church should always go together. The Church is the citadel of the truth, the school the redoubt of the Church.* The plan, suggested in some quarters, for the training of our ministerial candidates under the care and in the families of our older preachers, may look well enough in theory; it has a very pleasant, a quite venerable aspect of paternal simplicity and prudence, but we believe it would turn out to be a preposterous experiment. We doubt whether many of our veterans would feel prepared courageously to undertake the training of our young men for the peculiar intellectual as well as moral demands of the times, however heroically they could, like Goldsmith's old soldier, shoulder the crutch and show how battles once were fought and won.

We are, in fine, in a transition state; and we must expect, in any such state, temporary inconveniences; but let us have patience, prayer, hopefulness, and faith. Accepting our necessities as Providential calls, let us be assured that they will issue in good results, if we are faithful to our actual duty.

The future, it is often said, is known only unto God. It is not so. Men, churches, States, may determine the future for themselves, by the help of God. Let us stand firm to our mission as a Church, the revival and spread of primitive Christianity; let us maintain unswervingly our effective theology and moral discipline; let us be sure that education, of people and preachers, will be, must be a blessing; let us cheerfully accept Providential modifications of matters of mere ecclesiastical economy, looking sharply that they be Providential; let us do thus, and meanwhile press forward without fear of the future.

DR. McCLINTOCK.

A gentleman now travelling in Europe, writes a short account to one of the secular papers of the labors of our corresponding editor, at the American chapel, Paris. It will be seen that the writer is neither an Episcopalian nor a Methodist:

"Rev. Dr. McClintock, an eminent Methodist of New York, is now the successful pastor and preacher. The experiment appears to have passed into a permanency. There is still a petty rivalry in an American Episcopal Church, but happily it fades under stupid ministrations. Dr. McClintock is quite popular; but it was as curious as it was refreshing to see the joiner-work he makes of the service in order to realise Paul's injunction to be all things to all men.' First, we have the regular Episcopal liturgical service, somewhat shortened of course, but performed by the Rev Doctor with as much grace as though he fully believed he could count upon his fingers the number of legitimate removes he was from the original apostles; and then follows a fresh, Methodistic, outpouring prayer, delivered with unction, and leading to a sermon of like stamp, hearty, strong, and intellectual, pounded in a trifle at the close, as the brethren do at home. There is nothing to make Christians tolerant and liberal toward each other like a little isolation and hard necessity."—*Methodist.*

GERMAN MISSIONS IN NEW HAVEN.

I have recently had the pleasure of visiting the beautiful city of New Haven, and of spending two Sabbaths in the midst of our German church in that place. This city numbers about 40,000 inhabitants, of whom 4,000 are Germans. There is a large field open to us here. A German population of 4,000, with no preachers but one Methodist and one Baptist, whose congregations are small, and even smaller than ours, seems to offer to us a most encouraging inducement to sustain this mission.

There is one difficulty connected with this station, namely, finding an adequate support for the minister. The members contribute, some very liberally, while others are rather limited in their means. Besides these, there are hardly any donations from the Congregational and Episcopal churches, the former contributing $200 annually, and the latter supplying a place of worship, with fuel throughout the winter. Notwithstanding the expensiveness of living in this place leaves the present salary quite inadequate.—*C. F. Ruyer in Mercurian.*

A GOOD WAY.

Nathaniel Howe, of Hopkinton, an eccentric clergyman of the Calvinistic school, once made on [illegible] prayer [illegible] ing valuable hint as to the best mode of dealing with theological opponents:—"O Lord, may thy young servant put down the Methodists, and Baptists, and Episcopalians, and Universalists, by preaching better, and praying better, and living better than they!"

THE SONG OF SARATOGA

BY JAMES M SAGE

"Pray, what do they do at the Springs?"
The question is easy to ask,
[illegible]
Were rather a serious task,
And yet in a bantering way,
As the magic of music has sway,
I'll venture a bit of a song,
[illegible]
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la!
The waters so sparkling and cool,
Though the flavor is none of the best,
And the ether exceedingly queer;
[illegible]
With some wholesome medicinal things,
So they drink and they drink, and they drink—
And that's what they do at the Springs!

Then with appetites keen as a knife,
They hasten to breakfast and dine;
(The latter precisely at three,
[illegible]
Ah, then—what a rush and rush
When the eloquent dinner bell rings!
Then they eat, and they eat, and they eat—
And that's what they do at the Springs!

Now they stroll in the beautiful walks,
Or loll on the shade of the trees:
Where many a whisper is heard
That never so told by the breezes;
[illegible]
Regardless of conjugal rings;
[illegible]
And that's what they do at the Springs!

The dressing-rooms now are a-blaze,
And music is shrieking away,
Terpsichore governs the hour,
And fashion was never so gay!
An arm round a [illegible]
[illegible]
So they waltz, and they waltz, and they waltz—
And that's what they do at the Springs!

In short, as it goes in the world—
They eat, and they drink, and they sleep,
They talk, and they walk, and they woo;
They sigh, and they laugh, and they weep;
They read, and they ride, and they dance;
(With other unspeakable things:)
They play—and they pay—and that's pay—
And that's what they do at the Springs!

IDLING ON THE SEA SHORE

"I fear the visitors here lead a very idle life," said a worthy man to me one day, as we had a stray chat on a beach. Being an energetic resident, he did not see that that was the very life they came there to lead. Don't judge a man by his phrase of [illegible] There is a fine [illegible] station at the bottom of the street, close to one of the great thoroughfares of London. When I leave my house, and put out into the great human stream, I always see one man at rest there. He wears a cleaned up, official sort of undress, and sits on a low stool outside the equine house door, generally smoking a long, new clay pipe. There is nothing more calm than the repose of a fireman But a breathless householder, with a mob of link boys at his heels, comes round the corner. In two minutes our friend is driving fourteen miles an hour against the stream of Regent street, like a flash of brass and red paint

Therefore, do not hastily judge the idler by the sea side; he is reposing But he can work, at the right time. Last week he fought the fiercest counsel on circuit. Last week he hushed a mob The day before yesterday he sent in tenders for the construction of a steam-engine seven hundred thousand horse-power, and will have it all hammered and rivetted within sound of his office Yesterday he extracted the diaphragm of a brick layer's laborer before the College of Surgeons, in one minute and twenty-three seconds. The newspaper that gentleman offered him he saw printed this very morning (he came by a mid-day train) amid a crowd of machines and dexterous compositors With sweat of brain he wrote the rousing novel over which that lady bends and weeps. He has come for a holiday; and falls into the telescopic pebble gathering world with grateful acquiescence.

Now your busy man, or rather your man who really works hard in his profession, will, if he be wise and brave, leave the wonders of the seashore alone when he comes to rest. Lying on the rounded shingle, he lets his mind uncoil and gather unconsciously suppleness and strength; he lets it stretch and sun itself without interruption And as he is no loser, for so surely as he is content and not ashamed to sit maybe for a whole, bright forenoon, doing nothing, thinking of nothing, the unfolded mind will have filled itself like a sleeping net; and when afterwards it gropes within for thought and illustration, he will find good store. The dusty, faded chambers of his brain will have become wholesome and free He will return to the operating-room, the court, the editor's den, with an atmosphere of salt and sunshine about him. Of course, some active minds must grub about the rocks and sand, and in the clear pools of brine left by the tide but we beg once for all to protest against the sweeping condemnation so uttered by some people, who would employ every idle sauntcrer on a fruitful beach

Once a Week

VENTILATION

The method I now use is simple, economical quite free from draught, and does not get out of order. Raise the lower sash of the window, and place in front of the opening, at the bottom rail, a piece of wood of any approved depth; this leaves a corresponding space between the meeting rails in the middle of the window, through which the current of air is directed upwards towards the ceiling; heavy blasts cannot ascend with the air which is driven so high as to be warmed before it descends. The principle may be modified in various ways, making the bottom frame of wire blinds supersede the strip of wood; in a word open the lower sash of the window two or three inches, and block it up anyhow, and the air enters the space in the middle, and is carried to the ceiling. It will be seen that this simple plan is adapted for the cottages of the poor and the mansions of the rich; in the latter, however, the draperies must be arranged so as not to interfere with the current of air towards the ceiling; it may be used in any weather, day and night, summer and winter; indeed, in the house of a medical friend, to ensure constant action, the window of his reception-room has been nailed open.

THE DEPTH FOR SETTING MILK.

A correspondent of the Homestead relates the following experiment:—"On the 8th of April we set two pans of milk, weighing forty-seven pounds two ounces, in two tin pails ten inches deep The next day we set the same quantity of milk from the same cows two inches deep in pans. These were placed on the same shelf with the first, and of course in the same temperature, which was near fifty degrees. In four days the first milk was sour and skimmed, yielding three pounds ten ounces of cream, which, being allowed to stand one day made one pound eight ounces of butter. The other milk standing the same length of time, yielded four pounds eight ounces of cream, making two pounds one ounce of butter—a difference of nine ounces in favor of setting the milk shallow. This is a gain of 37½ per cent. over the depth of two inches

THE FATAL TREASURE

It is related that once the city of Piaura stood in a quiet valley of the Alps, beneath the shadow of the snow crowned summits, a pleasant and prosperous town. Above it hung the avalanche, threatening [illegible] One night a watchful man heard the ominous sound breaking on the still air which heralds the descending mass of ice Starting from his repose, he awoke his daughter, and with her hastened to the city gate. There she recollected that her casket of jewelry had been left in the house, and turned back to secure the treasure. In another moment, the overwhelming [illegible] with the noise of thunder between father and daughter, burying the city beneath it. When the morning dawned, the spires of the churches alone rose above the cold, white grave of the just before busy town The maiden perished with her idol while he who sought to save her escaped

Family Circle.

A NICE GIRL

"There is nothing 'half so sweet in life,' half so beautiful, or delightful, or so loveable, as a nice girl' Not a pretty, or a dashing, or an elegant girl, but a *nice* girl One of those lovely, lively, good tempered, good-hearted, sweet-faced, amiable, neat, natty, domestic creatures met within the sphere of 'home,' diffusing around the domestic hearth the influence of her goodness, like the scent of sweet flowers.

"A nice girl is not the languishing beauty, dawdling on a sofa, and discussing the last novel or opera; or the giraffe like creature sweeping majestically through a drawing-room. The nice girl may not even dance or play well, and knows nothing about using her eyes, of coquetting with a fan. She never languishes; she is too active. She is not given to 'sensation novels,' she is too busy. At the opera, she is not in front, showing her bare shoulders, but sits quiet and unobtrusive at the back of the box, most likely. In fact, it is not often in such scenes that we discover her. Home is her place.

"Who cares betimes, and superintends the morning meal? Who makes the toast and the tea, and buttons the boy's shirts, and waters the flowers, and feeds the chickens, and brightens up the parlor and sitting-room? Is it the languisher, or the giraffe, or the *elegants?* Not a bit of it; it's the nice girl.

"Her unaided toilet is made in the shortest possible time, yet how charmingly it is done, and how elegant her neat dress and plain collar! What kisses she distributes among the family; no presenting a cheek or a brow like a fine girl, but an audible smack which says plainly, 'I love you ever so much.' If I ever outvoted anything, it is one of the nice girl's kisses.

"Breakfast over, down to the kitchen to see about dinner; and all day long she is up and down; always cheerful and light-hearted. She never ceases to be active and useful until the day is gone, when she will polka with the boys, and sing old songs, and play old tunes to her father, for hours together. She is a perfect treasure, is the 'nice girl.' When illness comes, it is she that attends with unwearying patience to the sick chamber. There is no rub, no fatigue, that she will not undergo; no sacrifice that she will not make. She is all love, all devotion. I have often thought it would be happiness to be ill, to be watched by such loving eyes and tended by such fair hands

"One of the most strongly marked characteristics of a 'nice girl' is tidiness and simplicity of dress. She is invariably associated in my mind with a high frock, plain collar, and the neatest of neck ribbons, bound with the most modest little brooch in the world. I never knew a 'nice girl' who displayed a profusion of rings and bracelets, or who wore low dresses, or a splendid bonnet.

"I say again, there is nothing in the world half so beautiful, half so intrinsically good, as a 'nice girl.' She is the sweetest flower in the path of life. There are others far more stately, far more gorgeous; but these we merely admire as we go by. It is where the daisy grows that we lie down to rest."

"I DON'T CARE"

Yes you do, too, and there's no use in trying to deceive yourself with the sophistry of those words. The best and noblest, the truest and most generous, part of your nature does care for the unkind, cutting words you have uttered to one that you loved in a moment of pique.

You may carry yourself ever so proudly and defiantly, you may never drop by look or word the sweet dew of healing on the wound you have made, in a nature as proud, as sensitive and exacting as your own; but to your honor be it said, you are better than your words, and away down in your heart lurks shame, and repentance, and sorrow for them

You may carefully hide them both, and in a very little while they will be gone, for oh, it is very easy to make one's self bitter, and proud, and cold,—very hard to keep one's self sweet, and meek, and humble, but there must be some pain and struggling before you can do a mean, ungenerous thing to one who loves you, and have your heart endorse your "I don't care."

And how often these words are uttered when conscience sternly refutes them; and how often they harden the heart and keep the feet in the way of evil!

Be careful, reader, when you say, "I don't care!"

THE POND.

There is something quite charming in the stillness and quiet that reigns in the little world which is formed by the lilies and bulrushes, and other such plants, rejoicing so exceedingly in the warm water that fills the little cove and indentations of the shore in such a pond as this, while the frogs, and pollywogs, and turtles and little fishes paddle and play and swim about all day long among the floating stems, and under the green leaves which lie upon the surface. The leaves of the pond lily are quite large, and they lie floating upon the water, all the time as it were breathing the air from the upper side and drinking in the water, so far as they get thirsty, from the lower The reason why these leaves are called lily-*pads*, is, I suppose, because they lie so flat upon the water They grow upon long stems, which come up from the bottom, and which curl a little as they grow, so as to form a spiral, like a corkscrew, and thus the stem can be stretched out or drawn in as the water in the pond rises and falls, so that the leaf can always lie floating on the surface.

The reason why the water in the pond rises and falls is on account of the rain. In times of long rain, storms or heavy showers, a great quantity of water falls over all the country around the pond, and this water runs swiftly down in all the little brooks and streams, and when it reaches the pond, it spreads over it in every direction, and makes it fuller than it was before. Then all the lily-pads floating on the surface are lifted up, and their spiral stems are uncoiled a little.

Afterward, when, for a great many days or weeks there is very little rain, but when instead of this the sun is shining all the time upon the pond, and drying up the water, and perhaps some of the water is running away all the while through an outlet stream,—then the surface of the pond subsides, and lets the lily-pads down a little, and so the stems curl up again.

All this time, the leaves lying on the surface are drawing nourishment from the air above, and from the water below, and forming sap which passes down the stem to the root, and there a little bud is developed, which gradually pushes its way up through the water, forming and lengthening its stem as it grows, until it reaches the surface. Then it opens its cup and blooms into a lily, and the yellow anthers and pistils, as they are named by the botanists, or the yellow giggles, as the children call them, in the centre of the flower, go to work to form seeds, from which to produce new lilies the next year. When the seeds are fully formed, the little giggles wither away and die, and the white leaves about them fall off, and the seeds, when they are ripe, sink to the bottom of the pond, and there, when the time comes, they sprout and grow.

All this time too, the frogs, and the turtles, and the little fishes are enjoying themselves very much in swimming about among the lily stems, and laying their eggs in places where the sun and the warm water could hatch them. When the frogs are hatched they become pollywogs. These pollywogs swim about in great numbers, just by wriggling their tails. They are propellers at first, though [illegible] more like side wheel steamers at last, for they grow larger and larger all the while, until at length, when they get pretty big, little sprouts, as it were, come out from their sides, which in the end grow into legs, with webbed feet at the end of them. As soon as the legs and feet are grown, the pollywogs swim with them and give up their tails Thus they become frogs, just like their father and mother.—*Jacob Abbott in S. S. Times.*

Note. Mr Abbott gives the name of pollywog [illegible] what is called with us the tadpole.

LITTLE CHARLEY

Charley is only three years old, a restless, active little fellow, with soft silky curls and bright [illegible] always busy, and now under that sometimes he gets into mischief, as boys often do; but he feels sorry when he does injury to any thing, and cannot rest until he has told all

His grandmother loves him very much, and is very kind and very patient with Charley; but once in a while, if he breaks the plants in her conservatory, lets the canary bird out of his cage, or sets the water running in the bathing tubs, or jumps in himself without taking off his clothes, she can't help trying to teach him that such things are naughty, and once or twice she has punished him just enough to make him remember.

His grandmother has a beautiful oleander-tree, which she has taken great care of for many years It was full of rich pink blossoms, and looked very finely. One day grandmother had gone across the garden to visit her brother's family, and Charley thought it would be a good time to enjoy the oleander, as it stood on the piazza; so he jumped up on the tub in which it was growing, put his curly head in among the branches, and looked through with his roguish blue eyes; but in turning quick, his ringlets caught in one of the finest branches, and broke it off It dropped on the floor of the piazza just at Charley's feet

Now what do you think little Charley did? Did he run and hide? Did he intend that his grandmother should think that pussy did it, and let pussy get a whipping? or did he think, Of course she will think the wind broke it off? No, no. Charley's heart was full of his little trouble He jumped down quick. "I must go and tell grandmother," he said So he ran, without stopping to think, through the garden into uncle James' parlor. "Please, grandmother, come home quick, quick" "Why, what is the matter, Charley? Is baby sick?" "Please come, grandmother." So Charley took his grandmother by the hand, and hurried her away, until he came to the oleander. There lay the branch of blossoms. "Grandmother," he said, "I did it. This curl caught right in here while I stood on the tub looking through. Am I not a naughty Charley?"

Grandmother felt sorry that he had broken her oleander, but she was glad that Charley was so honest and willing to own his fault, and she kissed him, and he promised never to do so again

When his grandmother told me the story, I thought, If all children were as willing to acknowledge a fault, how many untruths would be avoided If through accident or carelessness you break or injure what belongs to another, go at once and tell what you have done. Above all, go to your heavenly Father, and acknowledge your daily faults "Father I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight. Forgive me, for Jesus' sake, and let me still be thy child." God will hear your sincere prayer, and forgive you.

C. E. R. P.

The Child's Paper

BOZ

Boz is our dog's name. He has a little brown mug to drink from. When he goes to the corner of the sidewalk and finds it empty he seizes it by the handle, and carries it to somebody to be filled with water. If you offer him ale, or beer, or cider, he turns away very much hurt. "You may drink such stuff," his looks seem to say, "but for my part, I like the drink God made for us *best.*"

Boz sometimes finds his dinner platter pretty full. He eats as much as he needs, and no more; the rest he puts in his cupboard. *Does Boz have a cupboard?* He makes one. He takes the bone left over, digs a hole in the ground with his two forefeet, tucks the bone in, and covers it carefully over with his nose, there to stay till he is hungry again That is his cupboard. *Boz is not a glutton.* He never crams down more of a good bone than is necessary, and is saving and prudent of the rest.

Tom and Jessie were out to play. The wind blew Tom's hat into the water, and the water was fast running off with it. "Boz," says Tom, "save my hat" The moment he understood the matter he plunged into the river and swam after it.

Boz *loves to go errands.*

I often think there are little boys who might learn something from Boz [illegible]

Child's Paper

GENTLENESS OF ADDRESS.

It is a very great and fatal mistake in persons who attempt to convince or reconcile others to their party when they make the difference appear as wide as possible; this is shocking to any person who is to be convinced—he will choose rather to keep and maintain his own opinions, if he cannot accept yours without renouncing and abandoning everything that he believed before. Human nature must be flattered a little, as well as reasoned with, that the argument may be able to come at his understanding, which otherwise would be cast off at a distance. If you charge a man with nonsense and absurdities, with heresy and self-contradiction, you take a very wrong step towards convincing him.—*Waits' Posthumous Works*

LIFE OUT OF DEATH.

In Landseer's celebrated picture of Peace, the artist, among other significant emblems of the happy time when nations shall [illegible] learn war any more," represents the lambs as feeding from the mouth of an overturned mortar, which in battle belched forth fire and death. An exact equally truthful and significant picture actually occurred in Washington. On the pillars at the entrance of the President's mansion are two bombshells, in one of which a pair of wrens have built their nest, having crept through the fuse-hole into the gloomy hollow designed to be filled with death-spreading implements, rather than as the birthplace of "fluttering life and song."

COALS OF FIRE

In the memoir of Rev. Dr. Bedell, at one time rector of St. Andrew's church in Philadelphia, it is stated that when a little child he had a very forgiving spirit. This was illustrated upon one occasion in a remarkable manner. One of his playmates, in a fit of anger, threw some hot coals upon his neck. Some of them falling between his dress and flesh, burned him severely, so that he did not recover from the wounds for several months. When, however, the boy who injured him so severely was to be punished, he entreated he might be forgiven. So affectionately did he plead for this, that his request was granted.

WANT OF COURAGE.

Sydney Smith, in his work on moral philosophy, speaks in the wise of what men lose for the want of a little brass, as it is termed:

"A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort; and who, if they could only have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that in order to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks, and adjusting nice chances; it did all very well before the flood, when a man could commit his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterwards; but at present a man must [illegible] and [illegible] brother, and his uncle, and his first cousin, and his particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty five years of age, that he has lost much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends, that he has no more time left to follow their advice There is so little time for over-questionableness at present, the opportunity slips away, the very period of life at which a man chooses to venture, if ever, is so confined, that it [illegible] calculation."

Advertisements.

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 16th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

From Garnet Union No. 4, D. of T.; from Phœnix Union, No. 8, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 14, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Dr. Rice' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 19, D. of T.; from Vanbrackle Union, No. 15, D. of T., of Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—

Grand P., Sister Bennet; Grand Associate, Sister Borris; Grand Treasurer, Sister Fearett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E Dubbart. Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall.

G. P. P., Sister E. Bennet, G. P. P. Sister Ashmead,
" " E. Burris, " " J. F. Black,
" " M. H. Dudy, " " E. A. Crann,
" " S. Newman, " " White,
" " S. Davis, " " S. Hall.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY.

The Stated Quarterly Meetings of the Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May August, and November

The meetings of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the society.

Mrs. Sarah Carter, President
Mr L. R. Seymour, Sec'y

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For the Christian Recorder

BUCKS COUNTY SS.—TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS MAY COME.

I, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace, in and for the county of Bucks, do hereby certify that I am acquainted and know Emily Johnson, [illegible] who was married to Stephen Johnson, who was married before William Hawk, Esq., of Bristol, Bucks County, as appears by record on his docket; and after carefully enquiring into the character of the said Emily, as to her conduct in regard to the said Stephen Johnson, I feel myself fully authorized to say that I have the confidence of Daniel Kemmond (local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church) Charles Emmons, (Class leader) and Benjamin Cummings, (who is authorized) that he had one or more wives living at the time he married the said Emily Johnson; and that [illegible] of the time she married him and [illegible] calculation.

Witness my hand and seal this [illegible] day of [illegible] 1861.

Wm Hawk J P [illegible]

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CERTIFICATES

Providence, R. I., Nov 17, 1861

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with the rheumatism, eleven years during which time I tried almost everything but found no cure, until the last four months my limbs and joints were so lame, that at times I could not walk or use my fingers. I procured a bottle of your Liniment and in the first application it was [illegible] After using one or two bottles, I was enabled to enjoy the free use of my limbs

Rev GEORGE A. RUE

Newport, R. I., October 29, 1861.

Rev. L. S Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been affected for a number of years, more or less, with a pain and weakness in my chest arising from some cause unknown to me. I made two applications of your Liniment, and was relieved. I was attacked with the diphtheria, and was cured by using your Liniment its worth has proved itself ten times its cost. ANTHONY RAMSDELL

Newport, R. I., Nov. 19, 1861

Rev. L. S Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been cured of stiffening in my joints by using your Liniment I recommend it to [illegible] who are troubled

RICHARD WHITE

Newport, R. I., Nov 17, 1861.

Rev. Mr Lewis—Your Liniment is, truly, all that it is recommended to be I have tried it and it has successfully cured my bunions. SOPHIA TAYLOR.

Newport, R. I., Oct 7, 1861

Mr Lewis—Dear Sir: I have had a pain and stiffness in my neck and back for some time I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and applied it twice, which effected a cure. I recommend it to the public

Mrs EVELINA DESMOND

Providence, Dec 10, 1861

Rev. L. S Lewis—Dear Sir: For upwards of three years I have been very lame at times, arising from a sprain I have tried a great many things, without any definite results. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and was effectually relieved. Mrs PHEBE A. MORSE.

Newport, R. I., Oct. 10, 1861.

Rev Mr Lewis—I have been afflicted with the rheumatism for some time. I used your Liniment, which has removed it successfully It has also cured my swelled joints. Mrs ELIZABETH THOROUGHGOOD

Newport, R. I., Nov. 9, 1861,

Rev. Mr. Lewis—My boy was troubled with the chilblains I applied your Liniment a few times, and it cured him. Mrs. ADELINE JONES

Bellevue Place, Sept 3, 1861.

Rev. Mr Lewis—I have used your Liniment for rheumatic pains of long standing, also soreness in the feet &c It is a perfect cure in every case that I have tried Mrs SUSAN GARDINER.

Providence, Rhode Island, Aug. 19, 1861

Rev. L. S Lewis—I have been afflicted for upwards of seven years with swelled joints. I have tried almost everything, without the desired effect At last I obtained a bottle of your Liniment, which relieved me successfully. Mrs. MARY A. JEWITT.

Providence, Nov., 1861.

Mr L. S Lewis—I had a very severe attack of rheumatism last fall, during which time I tried almost everything—but nothing so effectual as your Family Liniment I would not be without it Mrs LUCY WATERMAN.

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Poetry.

USE ME

BY H. M'NAIR.

Make me of use, my God!
Let me be not forgot;
A broken vessel cast aside—
One whom thou needest not.

I am thy creature, Lord,
And made by hands divine;
And I am part, however mean,
Of this great world of thine.

Thou canst all thy works—
The weakest things that be;
Each has a service of its own,
For all things wait on Thee.

Thou canst the high stars,
The tiny drops of dew,
The great, vast, the little hill,
My God, O use me too!

Thou canst tree and flower,
The rivers vast and small;
The eagle great, the little bird
That sings upon the wall.

Thou canst the wide sea,
The little hidden lake,
The pine upon the Alpine cliff,
The lily in the brake.

The huge rock in the vale,
The sand-grain by the sea,
The thunder of the rolling cloud,
The murmur of the bee.

All things do serve Thee here—
All creatures, great and small;
Make use of me, of me, my God,
The weakest of them all

TO THE COLORED PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

Men, Brethren, Sisters:

A crisis is upon us, which no one can enable us to meet, conquer, and convert into blessings for all concerned, but that God who builds up one nation and breaks down another.

For more than one generation associations of white men, entitled Colonization Societies, have been engaged in plans and efforts for our expatriation. These have been met sometimes by denunciations, sometimes by ridicule, often by arguments; but now the American Government has assumed the work and responsibility of colonizing us in some foreign land within the torrid zone, and is now maturing measures to consummate this scheme of expatriation.

But, let us never forget that there is a vast difference between voluntary associations of men and the legally constituted authorities of a country; while the former may be held in utter contempt, the latter must always be respected. To do so is a moral and religious, as well as a political duty.

The opinions of the Government are based upon the ideas that *white men and colored men cannot live together as equals in the same country;* and that, unless a voluntary and peaceable separation is effected *now*, the time *must come when there will be a war of extermination* between the two races.

Now, in view of these opinions and purposes of the Government, what shall we do?

My humble advice is, before all and first of all, even before we *say yes or nay*, let us seek counsel from the mouth of God. Let every heart be humbled, and every knee bent in prayer before Him. Throughout all this land of our captivity, in all this house of our bondage, let our cries ascend perpetually to Heaven for aid and direction.

To your knees, I say, O ye oppressed and enslaved ones of this Christian republic; to your knees, and *be there*. Before the throne of God, if no where else, the black man can meet his white brethren as equals, and be heard.

It has been said that "He is the God of the white man, and not of the black." This is horrible blasphemy—a lie from the pit that is bottomless; believe it not—no, *never!* Murmur not against the Lord, on account of the cruelty and injustice of man. His almighty arm is already stretched out against slavery; against every man, every constitution, and every Union that upholds it. His avenging chariot is now moving over the bloody fields of the doomed South, crushing beneath its massive wheels the very foundations of the blasphemous system. Soon slavery shall sink like Pharaoh; even like that brazen-hearted tyrant, it shall sink to rise no more forever.

Hasten ye, thee, O hasten to your God; pour the sorrows of your crushed and bleeding hearts into his sympathising bosom. It is true that "on the side of the oppressor there is power;" the power of the purse and the power of the sword, that is terrible! But, listen to what is still *more terrible*. On the side of the oppressed there is the *strong arm* of the Lord, the Almighty God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Before his redeeming power the two contending armies, hostile to each and hostile to you, are like chaff before the whirlwind.

Fear not, but believe. He who is for you is more than they who are against you. Trust in him; hang upon his arm. Go, hide you beneath the shadow of his wings

O God! Jehovah jireh! will thou not hear us? We are poor, helpless, unarmed, despised. Is it not time for thee to hear the cry of the needy?—to judge the poor of the people?—to break in pieces the oppressor? He O he unto us what thou wast unto Israel in the land of Egypt, our counsellor and guide—our shield and buckler—*our great deliverer*—*our pillar of cloud by day our pillar of fire by night.*

Stand between us and our enemies, O thou Angel of the Lord! Be unto us a shining light; to our enemies a cloud and impenetrable darkness. Stand between us till this Red Sea be crossed, and thy redeemed, now sighing, bleeding, weeping, shall shout and sing for joy the bold anthem of the free.

PAYNE

Xenia, Ohio, Sept. 7, 1862

(For the Christian Recorder.)

DEAR RECORDER:—In my last communication I informed you that mobocracy reigned supreme in the Queen city. It is with mingled shame and sorrow that I now inform you that the spirit of violence is still abroad in this city; and, indeed, in the west and south west generally, if newspapers are to be relied on. I learn, from reliable source, that in the following places the rowdy cowards have destroyed considerable property, Hamilton, Rochester, Ohio, Albany, Indiana; and, on last Sunday night, stoned quite a number of houses in this city, making perfect wrecks of them, turning some twelve families out of doors. We have repaired the windows of our church, which were broken in the first riot, but we deem it imprudent to hold night meetings. These riotous proceedings have seriously interfered with our arrangements, causing a great falling off in our finances. I fear this quarter's collection (two each) money will be small.

I read, with pleasure and profit, in the *Recorder*, number before last, an article entitled, "How to Destroy a Congregation."

Our city is under martial law. The rebels threaten our State, and every able-bodied man is ordered to work on the intrenchments. The entire population of able colored men have gone to work, under Col. Dickson. Our people were perfectly willing to go, when they heard what was wanted to be done, but, as they had not been included in the first order for laborers, they felt indignant when arrested by the guard. However, when the matter was explained, they were rejoiced to do something to help on the good cause. Quite a number of our old men were arrested, but were exempted. Your humble servant was in the ranks some time. They formed two regiments, consisting of five hundred men, called the Black Brigade. They have been highly commended by their commanding officers. They, at this present writing, are still in the trenches, though a battle is imminent.

There are many causes of sorrow in our community. O pray for us, that our faith fail not.

On last Sunday Brother E. Weaver filled our pulpit. May the Lord continue his favor with him. Brother J. M. Brown passed through on Wednesday morning, but we did not have the pleasure of seeing him. I learned that he was looking well.

I must close. Again we ask of the church, pray for us. Very near all the men of our church are in the army, and I fear that, when it moves South, many of us will be taken with them, as conditions, teamsters, &c. There are many things that should be written, but I cannot do it now

Most truly yours, ALEPH

Cincinnati, Sept. 11, 1862

For the Christian Recorder

AN ADDRESS BY GEORGE B. WEDLEY

DELIVERED JULY 32D, 1862, IN ST. LOUIS.

Being called upon, by the ladies of the Preachers' Aid Society, to address them, I felt it my duty to say something to them; but the notice which they have given me being so short, I feel myself wholly unprepared to say anything of interest to you. But the noble cause in which you are engaged, is, of itself, of sufficient interest to engage the mind of every thinking man and woman. You are engaged in a work of benevolence, in giving aid and comfort to the veterans of the cross of Christ. How noble and generous are the acts of benevolence when viewed in a temporal sense! But how infinitely nobler must be the acts of benevolence when those acts of benevolence have for their purpose the advancement of the cause of Christ!

Ladies of the Preachers' Aid Society, I would say to you, never did laborers more deserve, yet less frequently received their reward, than the humble preachers of the gospel of Christ. Humble in habit, moderate in desire, indefatigable in well doing, pure in practice and intention, without pretence or ostentation of any kind, they have gone freely and fearlessly into places the most remote and perilous, with an empty scrip, but with hearts filled to overflowing with love to God and good-will to man, preaching the doctrines of Christ with a simple and unstudied eloquence mostly characteristic of them; day after day, week after week, and month after month, finding them still laboring for the welfare of souls, never slumbering, never reposing from the toil they have engaged in until they have fallen almost literally into the narrow limits of the grave, their last resting-place unprotected by any other mausoleum or shelter than the broad canopy of heaven, which has witnessed their devotion, their names and worth unmarked by any inscription, their memories, however, closely treasured up and carefully noted among human affections, and within the bosoms of those for whom their labors have been taken, and their reward with a high ambition cherished well is their lives, found only in that better abode where they are promised a cessation from their labors,—but their works shall follow them. Then you, the members of the Ladies' Preachers' Aid Society, will be identified with the veterans of the cross of Christ by your laudable efforts in endeavoring to elevate and relieve the temporal wants of the ministers of Christ. It is not only in this present time that the work of love and benevolence was begun by the ever thoughtful exertions of women. No; we find them first at the tomb of our Saviour, first to carry the glad tidings of His resurrection. The pages of history teem with woman's self denial, love, and benevolence to mankind. In all ages of the world she has ever been the strong arm of the Church of Christ. We find them frequently leaving homes of luxury and opulence, kind friends, and all that is dear to them on earth, to tread the burning sands and endure the scorching sun of Africa's barren shore, there to publish the truths of Christianity, and to alleviate the sufferings of a heathen nation. I see before me members of this Society—young ladies—who have hardly yet attained the age of womanhood. Who knows but that, from the bosom of this Society may go forth some female who may have first learned the principles of charity and benevolence within this Society, to publish the truths of Christianity to some far off heathen nation? I would then say, in conclusion, to the ladies of the Preachers' Aid Society, go on [illegible] and if your labors be not recorded on the pages of history, they will be recorded by that all seeing eye, who never allows any good acts to go unrecorded, and you will ever be remembered and cherished in the hearts of those grateful ministers whose welfare you have ever been mindful of.

For the Christian Recorder

"Perhaps you have been living [illegible] all your lives. Your race are suffering, in my judgment, the greatest wrong inflicted on any people. But even when you cease to be slaves, you are yet far removed from being placed on an equality with the white race. You are cut off from many advantages which the other race enjoy. The aspiration of men is to enjoy equality with the best when free, but on this broad continent not a single man of your race is made the equal of a single man of ours. Go where you are treated the best, and still the ban is upon you."—*President Lincoln.*

"Give me a lever and a place to stand upon," said Archimedes, "and I will move the world." The want of a place to stand upon has saved the world from being turned upside down by many an ambitious man since the death of that great man; and it is well that they have not found a stable place to fix a lever, happy for the world that God has so ordered this world's affairs that men cannot have their own way. Otherwise humanity would be called to mourn the loss of all its birthright. The misdirected goodness of great men's hearts would often plunge the world into grief and lamentation, because great men are not always wise, neither do they understand all things. God has wisely reserved to himself the distribution of the races of men, and he will have it as it pleases him, Abraham Lincoln to the contrary notwithstanding.

History does not record an event so full of interest to a single despised and downtrodden people, in all its annals. Nor does it furnish another example of a great and free, powerful and independent people, by its accredited head, calling to the few oppressed to deliver them from their troubles by migration from their native land. Nor does history inform us that a nation ever existed with all the advantages of government, growth, wealth, and power; with its intelligence, industry, and boasted freedom of thought, and great principles of free institutions, with such an anomaly as slavery in its midst—with the great heart of the masses struggling to be free.

It is prognostic of the future to see the chief Executive of the nation calling into his presence a number of the despised race, and proposing to them means for the deliverance of at least a part of their brothers in bondage. Over three thousand years ago God commissioned his servant to go and demand of the chief man of the then ruling nation, to let his bondmen go that they might serve their God. But how changed the scene now! the chief of the nation calls the poor despised to offer them means of emancipation, and prays them to depart that his brothers may stop cutting each others throats.

The cry is not from the messengers of the poor who are to be free by God's appointment, but from the enslavers, the masters—O people, let us alone, and depart from us and ours! No calling for ten plagues by the hand of a Moses to make the hard heart of the ruler sensible of his danger, but from another source comes the cry—Let these people go. The woes of the nation, the dismemberment of the States, the destruction of commerce, the paralyzation of the resources of wealth, the wails of the dying, the grief of widows and orphans of the million cry to the chief magistrate—Let these people go! Politicians, who for years have been crying peace, peace, compromise, concession, concession, to the nation, have discovered that they were only preparing a volcano which has burst upon the country and is sweeping away all their strongholds, and destroying the very system they have so studiously sought to foster and support. The cries of four millions of bondmen have had audience before the throne of the Eternal, and he has come down to deliver them. He hath had respect to their tears, to their long-suffered wrongs. They have been imploring his interference in their deliverance. These have gone up from the sugar plantations, the rice swamp, the cotton field, the cane break, and from the accursed slave pens in the Southern cities. From the heart-broken mother and robbed cradle, from fathers whose offspring and dear companions have been ruthlessly torn away by the bloody tyrants of the slave States. And in all these years the dominant race has been at ease; they have not been troubled about the poor and despised slave's wrongs.

A few philanthropists have been pleading their cause, but they have been derided, cursed, stoned, egged, and mobbed by the masses of the people. At least these things have been tolerated to such an extent that there has been a tacit acquiescence in these outrages. The rights of humanity have been overlooked by the nation. Wealth, honor, distinction, and national greatness, has been their ruling passion. Hence their utter disregard of righteousness, justice, love, and mercy, in their dealings with their fellow man in his misfortunes. The rapid march to greatness which has been their boast for years, has so intoxicated them that they have not stopped to see where the chariot of state was driving, but in a moment when they least expected, they have found themselves amid thrones and principalities and powers [illegible] and desolate homes, awakes the nation to the reality of the truth that war, stern, death dealing war, is in the land. And why? Because they have strenuously disregarded the plain teachings of the Bible; they have not loved justice, nor done righteously, they have not had compassion on the stranger within their land when they have seen him standing ready to perish; but in the pride of their hearts have oppressed them, and provoked Heaven's displeasure. Hence their humiliation in the eyes of all nations. May Heaven be propitious before they are destroyed forever.

A PERSIAN FABLE

A Persian had a pet parrot, and, previous to going to India, he asked Poll what present he should bring her. "No present," said the parrot; "only when you see my brothers dancing on the greenward, tell them how I pine in a little prison." The merchant journeyed and delivered his message, and a parrot immediately fell dead from a tree. The merchant returned, and immediately told his parrot, who fell dead from his perch on hearing the news. The merchant, with tears, picked up the body and cast it out; when, to his [illegible] saying, "The Indian parrot taught me to die to [illegible] and the seed should spring and grow up, he [illegible]

INCREASE OF FAITH

If a traveller were passing through a vast reach of country to gain a destined point, to arrive at some great city where his business is to be accomplished, what would be thought of his conduct, if, happening upon a barren tract of landscape, a desert, or a rocky ridge of mountains, he should say, I will give up my journey for the present, till the country becomes more favorable? or if he should conclude and say, This cannot be the right road to the city; it is not possible that the path can lead through this desert, or over this mountain? or if he should argue and say, If this were the right path, it would certainly lead through a more interesting region, and I should find the landscape more delightful? He would be thought to have taken leave of his senses if he should stop travelling till the road became more interesting. But the Christian traveller is still more inconsiderate and foolish who says within himself, every time that the spiritual landscape wears to him an uninteresting aspect, every time that prayer becomes a burden, and the reading of the Bible a leaden duty that has lost its charm, every time that his soul meteth for heaviness, and cleaveth unto the dust, or wandereth in darkness, or in stormy weather, or over craggy mountains,—who says within himself, I cannot be in the right way; if I were, it would be more interesting; this cannot be the way to the city; there must be some other way; this cannot be God's way. If a soul should pause and argue in this way, what would become of it? But no! the soul is bound to make progress over rough places as well as smooth ones, and through uninteresting landscapes, and in dark and stormy weather. It is God's way, though these feelings of despondency, or impatience, or discouragement, or unbelief, are not God's feelings. The way of duty is the way of God's appointment; but the feelings that throw their own coloring over it are the feelings of an imperfect and distrustful or discontented human heart; the Christian pilgrim is not to give way to them, but to resist them; and for him the discipline of faith is to go forward, notwithstanding these feelings, looking to the end.

"Ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise." The way itself may in reality be a wilderness; and there have been memorable cases in which, the souls of the pilgrims being much discouraged because of the way, they have turned aside to seek a better way. But the way that for the present seems easier, leads to the end to a place that is infinitely worse than all the evils in the way through the wilderness. The Castle of Despair receives the pilgrims at the end of the wrong way, the way that *seemed* easier; and the evil experienced in that castle is incomparably worse to bear than all the discouragements which made the soul of the pilgrim to faint within him in the right way. The discouragements themselves afford a discipline to faith. How, indeed, *should* faith be disciplined, if there were not difficulties to be overcome, discouragements to be struggled with? The enjoyment of serene weather, perpetual sunshine, and a flowery path, may be a discipline for *gratitude*, but leaves no opportunity for the trial of *faith*.

Faith itself, the habit of faith, gained by doing duty, is one of the *rewards* of faith. To him that hath, and that putteth his money in active use for the Master, shall be given the more: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he seemeth to have. From the discourse of Christ following the prayer of the apostles, it would seem probable that they had been looking for the *rewards* of faith beforehand. It may have been a miraculous faith, which they desired for present exercise, for present power in Christ's service. But our blessed Lord told them that they could not receive so great a gift, except through and after a course of faithful obedience. They must do their work of faith for their Lord and Master, and then they should eat and drink. Then this faith should be completed, and in its very completion they should have their reward. But they could not claim it as a debt, and they must not indulge beforehand in any thought that their works of service, or the faith wherewith already they wrought them, were, or could be, works of merit, on the ground of which they could claim acceptance, or step into office in Christ's kingdom. For after they had done all they could do, they could not have done any thing which they were not bound to do; any thing, the neglect of which, or the refusal of which, would not have been a sin. Does a parent lay claim to great merit because he provides for his children food which is not injurious, or because he takes the proper steps to have his children taught the rudiments of common knowledge necessary for their existence? Does a servant deem that he lays his master under obligations because he does not neglect to perform the daily common duties of his station? Does he claim, when he has spread the table for his master, and waits upon him while he is at meat, to have done a service of great merit, on the ground of which he may claim an extraordinary reward? When he goes upon a common errand, which not to do would be rebellion, and disobedience, and unfitness for his place, does he think to have brought his master under obligations for a service of profit to him, of which he can boast, as if it were something above a mere simple, unavoidable duty, something supererogatory? I trow not.

Such was the instruction of our blessed Lord to his disciples. They were to remember that faith itself was of gradual growth. If they had the seeds of it, the beginnings of it, the true principles of faith, and would go forward in a course of simple obedience for the service, the honor, the glory of their Master, their faith would grow into great power and glory, and in that very increase would bring both its fruits and its rewards. But they must not seek for it as a selfish thing, or as a grace of power for self-aggrandizement or mere personal comfort and enjoyment, but as a grace to be used for Christ, and a fitness for his service. No! they must they seek for it under the impression that by it they could gain heaven on the ground of merit, or a place in the Redeemer's kingdom on the ground of great attainments or great services, for that was to pervert the way in which the soul could be justified. It would be a great mistake to use faith as a kind of justifying works—a mistake into which the apostles themselves were then in danger of falling. Lord, I have so much faith, they would, under the influence of this mistake, have been thinking within themselves; and I claim to be made prime minister, or grand councillor, or first regent in thy kingdom. Or, under the same mistake, and the same mixture of worldly misapprehension, a mother might have come and said, Lord, my sons have so much faith—my two sons: grant that they may sit, the one on thy right hand, the other on thy left, in thy kingdom. But no! they knew not what they asked. And in asking for an increase of faith, they did it all under such darkness, such misapprehension—and it is very likely they did,—they needed great reproof, correction and instruction in righteousness. They needed just such an answer as the Saviour made, appealing to their own common sense, in regard to the business of a servant, and the work of faith as a service.

They had not yet learned that the grace of faith was a gradual discipline, not a mere sudden, supernatural or miraculous endowment. It was the gift of God, but a gift in his own way, not theirs. So is the kingdom of God, and so is faith, which individually is men is the very nature of that kingdom; so if a man should cast seed into the ground, and should sleep and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he [illegible] not how. For the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear. And again, the kingdom of heaven, and faith, the essence of that kingdom, is like to a grain of mustard seed, which a man took and sowed in his field; which, indeed, is the least of all seeds; but, when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof. Now, then, if ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, if ye have the true germ of this grace, this growing germ, and will go forward in its development, by a course of persevering, self forgetting obedience to God,—obedience to your divine Master for his glory, out of love to him, and not regard to yourselves, this seed and principle of faith shall spring and grow, [illegible] you not how, and it shall become a great tree, that no tempest can uproot or shake.

Ye come to me, my disciples, as for a supernatural, miraculous endowment; but I tell you that faith is a discipline of your souls; it is a life, not a miracle; and it springs up, first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear. Ye come to me for a miracle; I tell you it depends also upon yourselves; upon your own humility, and persevering simple hearted, single hearted obedience; it depends upon your own life for your Lord and Master. I cannot give you this faith before you have learned this discipline, and formed this habit of humble service, in dependence upon me. It would be like giving a servant his reward before he has performed the duties of his station. It would be like a master telling his servant to take his place at the table, and to eat and drink, before the master himself has been served, or his wishes and commands attended to. Your faith will grow by the patient exercise of that which ye already have. To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly. But it is a habit, a life, a discipline of the soul, and cannot be a mere miraculous endowment. If ye cultivate its beginnings, and thus by grace make the germ and the gift of grace pass, into a life, a habit, then ye shall be able to do any thing, and nothing shall be too hard for you. But a *life* of faith is necessary for the *growth* of faith, and ye will meet with trials of your faith which nothing but the *habit* of your faith will be able to carry you through; and ye shall have works of faith to do, evil spirits to overcome, in which I shall have to tell you, This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting. Pray, fast watch, labor, strive, discipline yourselves as God leads you on, and [illegible] operate with him, while he is working in and upon you, and ye shall have a living faith, and a habit of faith that [illegible]

G. B. Cheever, D. D.

DISTRUST IN PRAYER

The great majority have little *faith* in prayer. This is one of those causes which may produce a habit of mind in devotion, resembling that of impenitent prayer, and yet distinguishable from it, and consistent, often, with some degree of genuine piety. Christians often have little faith in prayer as a *power in real life*. They do not embrace cordially, in feeling as well as in theory, the truth which underlies the entire scriptural conception and illustration of prayer, that it is literally, actually, positively, effectually, a means of power.

Singular as it may appear, the fact is indisputable, that Christian practice is often at a discount by the side of heathen habits of devotion. Heathen prayer, whatever else it is or is not, is a reality to the heathen idea. A pagan suppliant has faith in prayer, as he understands it. Grovelling as his notion of it is, such as it is he *means* it. He trusts it as an instrument of power. He expects to accomplish something by praying.

When Ethelred, the Saxon king of Northumberland, invaded Wales, and was about to give battle to the Britons, he observed near the enemy a host of unarmed men. He inquired who they were, and what they were doing. He was told that they were monks of Bangor, *praying for the success* of their countrymen. 'Then,' said the heathen prince, 'they have begun the *fight* against us; attack them *first*.'

So any unperverted mind will conceive of the scriptural idea of prayer, as that of one of the most downright, sturdy realities in the universe. Right to the heart of God's plan of government it is lodged as a power. Amidst the conflicts which are going on in the evolutions of that plan, it stands as a power. Into all the intricacies of Divine working and the mysteries of divine decree, it reaches out silently as a power. In the mind of God, we may be assured, the conception of prayer is no fiction, whatever man may think of it.

It has, and God has *determined* that it should have, a positive and appreciable influence in directing the course of human life. It is, and God has *purposed* that it should be, a link of connexion between human mind and Divine mind, by which through His infinite condescension, we may actually move His will. It is, and God has *decreed* that it should be, a *power* in the universe, as distinct, as real, as natural, and as uniform, as the power of gravitation, or of light, or of electricity. A man may *use* it, as trustingly and as soberly as he would use either of these. It is as truly the dictate of good sense, that a man should expect to achieve something by praying, as it is that he should expect to achieve something by a telescope, or the mariner's compass, or the electric telegraph.

This intense practicalness characterizes the scriptural ideal of prayer. The Scriptures make it a reality, not a reverie. They never bury it in the notion of a poetic or philosophic contemplation of God. They do not merge it in the mental action of prayer by action in any other or all other duties of life. They have not concealed the fact of prayer beneath the mystery of prayer. The scriptural utterances on the subject of prayer admit of no such reduction of tone, and confusion of sense, as men often put forth in imitating them. Up, on the level of inspired thought, *prayer is* PRAYER—a distinct, unique elemental power in the spiritual universe, as pervasive and as constant as the great occult powers of Nature.

The want of trust in this scriptural ideal of prayer often occasions [illegible] of a Christian. They only [illegible] It is in the nature of [illegible]

Of course, for a moment the philosophy of the Mind is made, that [illegible] of desire, no man will make persistently, with no hope of gaining an object. Despair of an object is speechless. So, if you wish to enjoy prayer, you must first form to yourself such a theory of prayer,—or, if you do not consciously form it, you must *have* it,—and then you must [illegible] trust in it, as a reality, that you shall feel the force of an object in prayer. No mind can feel that it has an object in praying, except in such degree as it appreciates the scriptural view of prayer as a genuine thing.

Our conviction on this point must be as definite and as fixed as our trust in the evidence of our senses. It must become as natural to us to obey one as the other. If we suffer our faith to drop down from the lofty conception of prayer as having a lodgement in the very counsels of God, by which the [illegible] prayer as the Scriptures teach it, and as prophets and apostles and [illegible] and in that proportion [illegible] motive to prayer [illegible] We cannot [illegible] such faith in prayer, with any more heart than a man who is officered with double vision can feel in obeying the evidence of his eyes. Our supplications cannot, under the impulse of such a faith, go, as one has expressed it, "in a right line to God." They [illegible] the [illegible]

From the Christian Instructor

LITTLE SINS

Sometimes, as we look back over our past life, we are apt to think that some particular action, or word or thought, was of little account, inasmuch as in that action, or word or thought we were guilty of a very little sin—a sin of very little importance; as if any sin could be of little importance. If we have been flattering ourselves with such a falsehood as this, these words of our Saviour to his disciples, "He that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much," should come to us with all the fearfulness of a solemn warning. In them we are taught that there is, in reality, no such a thing as a little sin—that every sin is of infinite importance.

Now I know we are taught that "some sins in themselves, and some by reason of several aggravations, are more heinous in the sight of God than others;" yet, so infinitely great are they all, it is not for us to compare them or measure their magnitude. We know that the fixed stars are not all at the same distance from our solar system, we know that some of them are untold millions of millions of miles further from us than others; yet the nearest of them all is separated from us by such an immensity of space, that the astronomer even, with all the modern inventions for annihilating distance, is compelled to regard them as equally removed from the stand-point of his observations. So it is with our sins. Some of them are more heinous than others *in the sight of God*, but the least of them all is so infinitely great, so far beyond the reach of our comprehension, that, *in our sight*, the little must appear as the great, and the great must appear as the little. As far as we are concerned, therefore, there can be no little sins. "He that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much."

That every sin is of great importance may be proved from the fact that *every action is but an index of the heart*. Actions are as nothing morally, except as they are the outward manifestations of the inward life. As the tree is known by its fruits, so the soul is known by its actions, and words, and thoughts. We need but a single apple from the tree—and it matters not whether that apple is large or small—to enable us to judge very correctly of its species; so we need but a single action of the man to judge very correctly of his character. If a fountain is poisoned, the chemist can detect that poison in a single ounce of the water, as well as though whole hogsheads were brought to him for chemical analysis. If the stream of life is poisoned at the very fountain, a single cup of the water will reveal its true character. Sinful actions do not make the soul sinful, any more than holy actions make the soul holy. The thing done is but the banner on the battlement—the colors borne at the head of the army. The banner does not make those hostile who defend the battlement; the colors do not make those enemies who meet on the field of deadly strife, they but show the character of those who fight beneath their folds. And can it make any difference whether the flag is large or small? In our own land, in these days of wicked rebellion, an ensign of our country's independence, of the size of a man's hand, will indicate loyalty just as true as the broadest banner that has ever been given to the breeze. So a single action is but the flag—the outward symbol of a host of vitiated appetites and ungovernable passions. And is not a little sin as truthful an index as one which the world calls great? It tells of deep corruption, of horrible profanity, of fearful enmity to God, of loathsomeness greater than that of corrupting humanity, and of death more repulsive than that of the grave.

That so-called little sins are of great importance may also be proved from the fact that [illegible] Continued growth is a law of almost universal application, through out the government of God. In nature, there is the acorn, the sapling, and the oak. In grace, there is the origin, the development, and the perfection. And in sin, as in nature and in grace, there is the seed, the tender sprout, the bent twig, the gnarled and knotted tree. No man ever reached the summit of high attainments in divine [illegible] gradually, step by step, his advances are made. So no man ever reached the foulest depths of actual transgression by one or two sinful actions. Revelation, history and experience all concur in [illegible] direct tendency of every transgression to lead to greater; no greater guilt, who will dare to say that any sin is of little importance? Is it a light thing to endure all the [illegible] of body, all the anguish of mind, all the [illegible] of soul, which is sure to follow a course of transgression? Is it a light thing to be covered, [illegible] seeking loathsomeness of sinful impurity? Is it a light thing to be tossed forever [illegible] the angry waves of Jehovah's indignation? How can [illegible] light thing, [illegible] small it may be, which introduces us into a course of ruin, and exposes us to the horrors of an everlasting death?

That little sins, falsely so called, are of great importance may be proved still further, when it is remembered that *they are produced by little temptations*. We should judge of the guilt of our fellow men by the greatness of the provious temptation. When Satan employs all his ingenuity and exhausts all his cunning to destroy the faith of [illegible] we can not [illegible] wonder that [illegible] for a time; and if such a one falls, we are ready to cover his shame with the mantle of forgetfulness. But if a man gives way before a little temptation, if he yields before the least wicked influence, we can regard him only with contempt.

Now, I do not say that little sins and little temptations are always companions; there are exceptions on both extremes. But I do say this is the general rule. Of this any one can have sufficient proof, during every hour of self-examination. Little sins have little excuse. If anything can aggravate our guilt, it is the fact that we went astray without any cause. Little sins have, therefore, a double curse resting upon them. They are sins in themselves, and therefore accursed. They are sins without the palliation of a great temptation, and therefore doubly accursed. They tell of a fall without a trial; of a victory without a battle; of a surrender without resistance; of a crime without incentive; of a sin without temptation.

Another argument might be drawn from the very nature of sin; but enough has been said to establish the truth of our position. Every sin is of infinite importance; and whoever trifles with one, however insignificant it may seem to be, is guilty of trifling with the best interests of his soul, of toying with the blessings of an endless life. That man is in imminent danger who is building his hopes of future happiness upon any distinction he may make between great and little sins. "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much." "For, whoso ever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all."

R.

THE DAISY.

Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove a God is here:
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,
Tells of his hand in lines as clear.

For who but he that arched the skies,
And paints the day-spring's living flood,
Wondrous alike in all he tries,
Could rear the daisy's purple bud?

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spin,
And steep the gouache—not gum,
That, set to silver, gleams within?

Then fling it, unrestrained and free,
O'er hill and dale, and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see
In every step, the stamp of God.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

Now, there may be some here who have friends far away: let me comfort them. The eye of God is looking on them. There may be some here who are about to part with beloved ones, who are going to distant countries. Wherever they are they will be as much in the keeping of God as though they were here. If one part of the world is not as near the sun's light as another, yet they are all equally near the eye of our God.

Transport me where you please, wherever the cloudy pillar of Providence shall guide me, and I shall have God with me. That thought comforted the great traveller, Mungo Park, when he was in the desert of Sahara. He had been robbed and stripped of every thing, and was left naked. He suddenly saw a little piece of moss, and taking it up, he saw how beautiful it was. He said: "Then the hand of God is here; here is one of his works. Though I call loudly, none can hear me, for there is nothing but the prowling lion and the howling jackal; yet God is here." That comforted him. Wherever you may be, whatever may be your case, God will be with you. Whatever period of your life you may now be in, God is with you. His eye is at the bridal and at the funeral, at the cradle and at the grave. In the battle God's eye is looking through the smoke; in the revolution there is God's hand managing the masses of men who have broken loose from their rulers.

In the earthquake, there is Jehovah manifest; in the tempest, there is God's hand, tossing the bark, dashing it against the rocks, or saving it in his hand from the boisterous waves. In all seasons, at all times, in all dangers, and in all climates, there is the hand of God.—*Spurgeon.*

A PRAYER FOR THE REBELS.

"Let the angel of the Lord chase them."—PSA. XXXV. 5.

While our excellent President is calling for more fighting men, would it not be well for the Church, through her organs, to call for more praying men? Among the great exploits recorded in history we find none more brilliant than those performed by Asa and Hezekiah. Both of them conquered on their knees. The alien armies were driven back because "the angel of the Lord chased them." They had no cannon, but the praying batteries did mighty execution. The prayer above recited is not for all the dwellers of the sunny South. May the Lord deal tenderly with the thousands of them who are innocent of the great transgression, and speedily extricate them from the sea of trouble into which they have been plunged by ungodly men. This prayer is for rebel chiefs. "Let the angel of the Lord chase them, scatter them as chaff before the wind; make them afraid; fill their faces with shame, that they may seek thy name, O Lord." This is an Old Testament prayer, but it ends with the New Testament spirit: "That they may seek thy name," etc. We have no right to pray that the worst of sinners, even traitors, may be sent to the devil; but we have a right to pray that God would feed them on the bread of sorrow, and give them the wine of astonishment to drink until they will submit themselves; then, I dare say, they will find mercy.

THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

What avails the blood of Christ? It avails, what mountains of good works heaped up by us—what columns of the incense of prayer curling up from our lips toward heaven—and what streams of tears of penitence gushing from our eyelids, never could avail. "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." "Helps us to cleanse ourselves, perhaps?" No, cleanseth us. "Furnishes the motive and the obligation for us to cleanse ourselves?" No, it cleanseth us. "Cleanseth us from the desire to sin?" No, cleanseth us from sin itself. "Cleanseth us from the sin of inactivity in the work of personal improvement?" No, from all sin. "But did you say the blood does this?" Yes, the blood. "The doctrine of Christ you must mean?" No, his blood. "His example it is?" No, his blood, his blood. O, what hostility the world still betrays toward this essential element of Christianity! Can any thing be stated more plainly in language than the entire Word of God declares that our redemption from sin is by the blood of Christ? And yet what strenuous efforts are constantly made to set aside this plain, essential, wonderful, and most glorious truth, that the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin!

LITERARY

The public life of Lord Macaulay, by Rev. Frederick [illegible] is the first attempt at a regular biography of the great essayist. The materials for the work have been collected, with care, from all accessible sources. The work contains [illegible] from sources unknown or inaccessible to the general reader.

The new [illegible] biography of Charles V. gives a [illegible] of the [illegible] expeditions, and of his visits to England, [illegible]

A [illegible] of Shakespeare's [illegible] has been republished in this city, by the new process of photography, [illegible] to the library [illegible] House.

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, September 20, 1862.

HOME.

Through the ever-merciful providence of a kind and indulgent Father, we again find ourself at home, safe and sound. We would just say that we found a number of letters awaiting us, the most of which has been attended to as far as necessary.

Business of every kind is dull now in Philadelphia. We find many of the business places shut up, and many of their occupants gone to the seat of war.

QUARTERLY MEETING.

The Fall series of Quarterly Meetings for West Chester circuit will commence at Media, Chester county, Pennsylvania, on Saturday, September 21st, 1862.

The members of Quarterly Meeting are hereby notified to meet in the church at Media, at two o'clock precisely, on Saturday afternoon. Preaching at 8 o'clock, P. M.

Also, preaching three times on the Sabbath, with the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the morning.

By order of the Elder, Rev. J. P. Campbell.

J. STEVENSON,
Preacher in Charge

QUARTERLY MEETING.

The second quarterly arrangements of the Norristown circuit; the quarterly conference at Zion Mission, Philadelphia, September 20, 1862, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

Q'ly M'g,	Sept	21, Zion Mission, Phila.
"	"	28, Norristown.
"	Oct.	5, West Philadelphia.
"	"	12, Old Chester.
"	"	19, Horstown.
"	"	26, Germantown.
"	Nov.	2, Tea Chester.

W. D. W. SCHUREMAN, Elder in Charge.
T. H. COOPER, Subordinate.

NOT PUBLISHED.

The following letters to the *Christian Recorder* will not be published until we can obtain further information: One from Baltimore, Md., signed "ALPHA," which is a well-written piece, but there are some things in it which we cannot be responsible for. The *author* must send his *full* name, so that we may be in possession of it—*then* he may sign himself whatever he pleases. Also, one from Brother Hart, of Detroit, Mich.; he should get the signature of the preacher who has the charge where he lives. One from Washington, D. C., signed "CERBERUS." We have *his* full name, but the *language* is too personal in reference to one of our correspondents. As we have been away from home for some time past, we do not, really, know what correspondents have been saying in the paper. There may have been cause for a reply—and, as soon as we can find a little time to search for the paper which contains the article referred to, we can judge better what kind of a reply we would be most justified in admitting to our columns.

The columns of the *Recorder* are always open to friendly discussion on any question or subject concerning our people's welfare—religiously, morally, intellectually, or touching the arts and sciences, &c. We love to see kindly discussions upon subjects of general interest—but we cannot indulge a vicious taste for personal *flings* and *feuds*, let them come from whatever quarter they may—not even from our regular correspondents or subscribers—unless, indeed, there shall really appear a sufficient cause to justify us in so doing. Whether or not any article shall be admitted, we alone must be the judge, and our decision shall be final.

We have, also, one from Terre Haute, concerning which the author shall receive a note apprising him of the cause of its not appearing.

BISHOP PAYNE.

We call our readers' attention to a splendid article written by Bishop Payne in relation to the colored race in this country. Let every body read it.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Thomas E. Knox,	$1 00
Mrs. Julia Brady.	
Miss Martha E. Anderson.	
Mr. John W. Haskins,	1 00
Mr Peter H. Harberson,	2 00
Miss Amelia Williams.	
Mr. Lloyd Johnson,	1 00
Mr. George Peterson,	1 00
Mr. Edward M. Jones,	1 00
Miss Sarah E. Gray,	1 00
Mrs. Margaret Burley,	1 00
Miss Mary Jordon,	2 00
Miss Fariba Pulliam,	1 00

WALNUT HILL, OHIO.

Mr. John G. Mitchell.

XENIA, OHIO.

Mr. E. T. Page,	1 00
Mrs. Eliza Carry,	2 00
Mr. James E. Newby,	1 00
Mr. John Cousins,	2 00
Mr. John W. Howard,	1 00
Mrs. Ann E. Harris.	
Miss Lizzie S. Morris.	
Rev. Wm. Davidson,	1 00
Mr. W. A. Clement,	1 00
Mr. Cyrus Vens,	2 00
Mr. Anthony Davis,	1 00
Mr. Josiah Maxwell,	1 00
Mrs. Nancy Riddle.	
Miss A. M. Smith.	

STEUBENVILLE, OHIO.

Rev. M. M. Smith,	1 00
Mr. David Malber,	1 00
Mr. George Snowden,	50
Miss Jane Ann Bruce,	1 00
Miss Martha Snowden,	1 00
Miss Catherine Malber.	
Mrs. Hannah Dorsey.	

SALEM, NEW JERSEY

Mr. Thomas G. Harris,	1 00

ALLEGHENY CITY

Mr. M. Howard,	1 00
Mr. Thomas Roach,	1 00
Mr. Thomas Highgate,	2 00
Mrs. Elizabeth Moore.	
Mrs. Elizabeth Wilson.	
Miss Ann C Sorrell.	
Miss Flora Braden	
Mr. John Turley,	2 00

NEW BEDFORD

Rev. William W. Grimes, on account for papers,	1 00
Rev. H. J. Johnson, for Recorders,	1 00

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Leaving St. Louis—Our arrival in Cincinnati—Great excitement among the whites—Cruel treatment to colored people—The Church, &c.

We left St. Louis, Mo., on Thursday, the 4th inst., at 4½ o'clock, P. M., for Cincinnati, on our way home, to fill an appointment we had made. We had a very pleasant trip. We arrived in Cincinnati at 3.45 P. M., the next day, and found but few persons on the streets, except those who were drilling for soldiers, to battle against their inveterate foe. All business places were shut up, and the apparent condition of the city would remind one of what they have read of the desolate condition of Jerusalem, when abandoned or forsaken by all the citizens, with the exception of a few wandering Jews, and those of the female sex. When meeting with them, they would seem to say, from the expression of their countenances, that we are cast down, and expecting every moment to be invaded by the foe, our fine mansions broken into, all of our fine, well decorated parlors ripped up and destroyed, our banks, fine stores, grocers, &c., pounced upon; the enemy taking what he wants, and destroying the rest. What shall we do? Trust in the Lord, not in man. We arrived at the house of Brother and Sister Jones, and found them at home. Mrs. Jones was in deep sorrow and trouble; the cause of which we shall speak shortly. It is really singular how a city can become panic-stricken in so short a time as to almost lose its presence of mind.

A council was held among the whites in relation to the employment of the colored people. Some thought they would not work, but would run and hide from being taken, and the best way would be to go and snatch them by force wherever they could find them. They know it was a false or erroneous view of the matter, but the Mayor and nearly all of his police were Irish, and we could not expect anything else from them. They decided, however, to put the colored people to work on the fortifications, and then sent the enemy of the colored people to hunt them up, and bring them dead or alive, without telling them what they wanted with them. The Irish, and many of them, too, among the lowest, were so proud of their office or sub-position, that they would go into the colored people's houses, and ask for the men or men, and if they were told that there was no man about the house, they would not believe them, but take the bayonet off their guns, and ram it through their beds. Day or night, they would do this to the colored people. There were some exceptions to this practice among the officers. The colored people were taken by the officers and thrust all into a place called the city lot, and kept in there without their breakfast and dinner. The reason assigned for such cruel treatment was, because the Irish said they would not go unless they made the colored people go too. In order to have them go, who have all the rights of citizenship, it was necessary to pounce upon those who are deprived of all the laws and rights of citizenship in this country only on account of their color. But did the colored people work after receiving such inhuman treatment? Yes; it was only for the proper authorities to say to them, "Gentlemen, our city is in danger, and every able-bodied man is called upon to defend it in behalf of the Government," and, like obedient children, they responded, and did it freely, too. They went out to the fortifications, or rather to build fortifications, in Kentucky, beyond Covington. His Honor, Judge Dickinson, is thereby convinced of the loyalty and willingness of the colored people to work for the Government; and, it is said by good authority, that the colored people would do more in one day than the same number of Irish would do in two days. It is really a pleasant sight to see three hundred or more meet on Broadway, arranged after the order of companies—A, B, C, &c.

On the 9th inst., we being in the city at 7 o'clock, A. M., some three hundred were in the ranks to go to work, and they were presented a splendid flag by the captain, who made a speech to them; and, in his very telling remarks, he said that he believed they would protect that flag, for they had as much right to protect it as he had, or any one else, and that they had as much right to be protected under it as he or any one else had. After he had finished his speech, he received three cheers from the whole company, and they were then marched down to the river, and conveyed over on the Covington ferry boat, headed by General Dickinson. It is but just for us to say, that the Government pays them $1.00 per day and board, and sees that their families do not suffer for anything. There is one other thing we ought to say; that is, as soon as the city was put under marshal law, the Provost Marshal and his men put the Mayor and his Irish police to one side, and stopped their cruelty to the colored people. The Irish were more or less mobbing and racking the churches of the colored people, but the Provost Marshal and his men soon put a stop to that, thank God. We hope that our people will go on and worship God, and not be discouraged; for the Lord is for Israel, and who shall stop him now? Our prayer is, that the good Lord may ever protect the oppressed and cast down.

We were at Allen's Chapel in the morning, and heard Fowler, a local preacher, who gave us some plain talk about our duty, &c.; and, at 3 o'clock, we preached. We must say that the church looked to us as though it were memberless, forsaken, and without funds. Many, it seems, have lost all sight of God and his Church, and some were afraid to come for fear of being mobbed, and others did not know (so they say) that there would be any church at all, as Brother Graham had gone to work upon the fortifications; but he returned, and it was published in the papers that clergymen were all exempt from labor. His members, of course, were glad to hear of that. We hope that the members will cheer up, and look to God, for he will protect them.

WORDS.

I have known a word more gentle
Than the breath of summer air,
In a listening heart it nestled,
And it lived forever there.
Not the beating of its prison
Stirred it ever night or day;
Only with the heart's last throbbing
Could it pass away.

Words are mighty, words are living;
Serpents with their venomed stings,
Or bright angels, crowding round us
With heaven's light upon their wings;
Every word has its own spirit,
True or false, that never dies,
Every word man's lips have uttered
Lives on record in the skies.

Household Words

WHAT WE ARE DOING IN BURLINGTON.

BRO. WEAVER:—Our church seems to be in a prosperous condition, and in fact all the churches and Sabbath Schools on this circuit, under the supervision of Elder Smith, and Bro J. H. Long, assistant. On the evening of the 10th inst. the young ladies and gentlemen surprised Bro. Long with a giving visit, at which time he was presented with Three dollars and twenty eight cents in money, and more than double that amount in groceries and other donations. Bro Smith was present, and returned thanks on the part of Bro. Long. He stated that he felt encouraged by such acts of charity bestowed on one of his co-workers in the Gospel, and he was confident that Burlington will do her portion in supporting two ministers. Bro. Long was very thankful and much gratified. Bro. Stevens made the presentation remarks, in which he said:—"Bro. Long, we have met here this evening, actuated by pure motives, to aid you in the good work of the Lord; and I now present you a work that Conference has recommended you to study, and you will receive it with my best wishes; and my paramount desire is, that you may become a proficient in this and all the works you have to study, and that you may more than come up to the requirements of the examining committee, and pass from this to other and higher degrees in the ministry. And on behalf of the ladies and gentlemen, the donations that you are about to receive, you will do so with their most esteemed regards for you as a minister; and their fires resolve in, in the midst of war and tumult the Gospel shall be supported, and its ministers maintained; as an evidence of this fact, they have, some months ago, organized an Aid Society, that meets once every month for the benefit of Elder Smith. With these remarks, I present you with Fifty cents that were given to me by a gentleman who could not be here himself.

A. C. S.

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

DEAR BROTHER WEAVER:—Permit me to make a few remarks in your paper, for the first time. I am glad that the *Recorder* yet lives and comes to our city every week—and I hope it may live long, with the same intelligence at the head of it. These are days of improvement. I wish to inform the people that Bridgeport is not dead yet, though the Committee left it as dead. I don't know how long it will live, but we live to-day, thank God. It is a little strange how the publishing committee forgot Bridgeport. They all know E. B. Davis. The next day after I got the Minutes, I received a letter from one of the committee. He wanted to inform me about some money. He found Bridgeport omitted in the Minutes.

We had quarterly meeting on the 17th, and the good Lord was with us. On Sabbath afternoon we tried to preach from Luke, 24th chapter and part of fifth verse—"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

Pray for us, that the word of the Lord may run and be glorified. The good Lord did not forget Bridgeport, though the committee did. I have many things to say, but not now. I would say a word here of the duty which men owe to God. Temperance: This might be strictly comprehended under the topic that might be discussed. I would say, temperance, meaning by it, abstinence from all excess.

I remain yours in Christ, E. B. DAVIS.
Bridgeport, Conn.

NOTICE.

TO THE DISTRICTS OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW ENGLAND, OHIO, INDIANA, AND MISSOURI, OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH MINISTERS.

Dear Brethren:—As we have a number of superannuated ministers on the list in said Districts, therefore it will be expected that the ministers and preachers, on their circuits and stations, will do all they can to collect the *two cent money*; and we also recommend that the Class leaders be instructed to collect and set the amount on the Class book opposite each member's name, as also all the collections called, per Discipline, for the Annual Conference, and publish the same once every quarter, that it may be seen who they are that work for God and his cause. We think it is time to give credit to those of our people who do work, so that God's name may be glorified.

FIRST GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS SOCIETIES OF AUSTRIA.

Protestantism in Austria begins at length to give promising signs of vitality. On July 26 the first General Assembly of the Gustavus Adolphus societies of Austria met in Vienna. The Austrians, being until recently without the right of association, have had but little experience in the organization of voluntary religious societies, and the success of the Gustavus Association is therefore all the more gratifying. The permission to found branch societies was given by the Austrian Ministry a few years ago. Last year the representatives of Austria appeared for the first time at the annual General Assembly of all the German societies, where they were, of course, received with great cordiality and enthusiasm. Since then the local societies have been organized into provincial associations in Lower and Upper Austria, in Silesia, in the Tyrol, in Carinthia, Moravia, Bohemia, and in Trieste. The organization has now been completed by the convocation of a General Assembly of all the Austrian societies. Numerous delegates were present from all the provincial associations, as well as from the local societies of Gallicia. Only one of the crown-lands, Syria, was unrepresented. The Assembly organized itself by electing Superintendent Franz of Vienna President, and Senior Schneider of Silesia (a member of the Austrian Parliament) Vice-President. Next to the adoption of by-laws, the most important topic of discussion was the use to be made of the annual contributions, and, in particular, the question whether they were to be divided between a few or between many poor congregations. The latter view prevailed, and, accordingly, not only the congregations of the German and the Slavic provinces of Austria, but also those of Hungary, Transylvania, and several non-Austrian countries, receiving a share. The total receipts of the Austrian congregations were ten thousand florins, a part of which, according to the peculiar constitution of the Gustavus Adolphus Association, will be paid over to the Central Committee at Leipsic. Delegates were then elected to the General Assembly of the German societies, which is to meet this year at Nuremberg.

As this meeting at Vienna was the first of its kind in Austria, it has attracted considerable attention on the part of the Austrian press. The delegates enjoyed it as one of the happiest days they had ever seen; for it was the first time that the Austrian, the Silesian, the Tyrolese, the Carinthian, the Moravian, the Gallician, had met together in a Protestant assembly. They all went home with the joyous expectation that the Protestant churches of Austria will never relapse into that lethargy from which they are now emerging, and that they will some take an honorable place beside the other great Protestant bodies of Christianity. Many of them, moreover, indulged the hope soon to meet again as delegates to the first general Synod of the Protestant churches of the German and Slavic provinces of Austria.

THE EARLY PIETY OF SOLOMON.

He had been favored with the pious, though far from perfect example of his illustrious father, who had been careful to instruct him most religiously. The prophets and pious priests, it is fair to presume, took the deepest interest in his religious education. When David was about to resign the throne to him, he addressed a most affectionate and earnest exhortation to him to know the God of his father, and to serve him with a perfect heart, and a willing mind; adding, "If thou seek him, he will be found of thee; but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off forever."

These instructions and entreaties, it is evident, were not lost upon the prince. His marriage, shortly after he ascended the throne, with an Egyptian princess, is not to be interpreted, as has sometimes been done, to his disadvantage. If we are to suppose that he resided in Egypt for a season, in the process of his education, we may also suppose that he then became acquainted with this princess, and that, through his instruction and influences, she embraced the religion of Israel. Immediately after his marriage, it is distinctly mentioned that "Solomon loved the Lord, walking in the statutes of David his father." On the altar in Gibeon, a favorite place of worship, he offered a thousand burnt-offerings. It was there that God appeared to him in a vision, saying, "Ask what I shall give thee," and, in answer to his prayer, promised to give him an understanding heart. The zeal with which he prosecuted the great work of building the temple, and ordering its worship, attests the correctness of his early piety. Read his prayer at the dedication of the temple. The ark had been deposited in the designated place, and the priests had withdrawn from the apartment. On the east of the altar the vast choir had taken its station, all of them dressed in white linen. One hundred and twenty priests, with silver trumpets, stood with them. When they sounded, the voices of the multitude were lifted, accompanied with cymbals, psalteries, and harps:

"PRAISE THE LORD, FOR HE IS GOOD;
FOR HIS MERCY ENDURETH FOREVER."

Suddenly a cloud of glory, the symbol of the presence of DEITY, filled the temple, so that the priests could not stand to minister because of the cloud. The King addressed the people, recapitulating the leading events in the erection of the edifice, and then, ascending the brazen platform, prepared for the occasion, offered his sublime and memorable prayer of dedication. At the close of the solemn benediction he pronounced on the people, there was another manifestation of the Divine presence. Fire descended from heaven, and consumed to ashes the sacrifices which had been prepared and laid upon the altars. Thus did God signify his acceptance of the temple of Solomon, and of the nation, in this great public transaction.

SOLOMON'S POWER AND THE EXTENT OF HIS DOMINION.

David, as before observed, had quelled the enemies of the nation, and made several of them tributary to his kingdom. Syria, Moab, and Ammon, were little more than provinces of Israel. Solomon succeeded to the same power. The territory over which he swayed the sceptre, extended eastwardly to the Euphrates, westwardly to the shores of the Mediterranean, and southwardly to the frontiers of Egypt, in breadth about three hundred, and in length four hundred miles. David having been severely punished for taking a census of the people, no census was taken during the reign of Solomon; and therefore it is impossible to state the actual population of the country; but we are told that "it was like the sand which is by the sea in multitude." The national importance of the Israelitish nation, during the reign of Solomon, appears from his commercial treaties, and the enterprises he carried on in connexion with the Tyrians, the great maritime people of early antiquity. He had control of the trade of the immense caravans from India, which annually traversed the desert to the Euphrates; and by way of the Red Sea he had access to the precious metals and rare productions of the east African coast. He made a treaty with Hiram, by which he undertook, conjointly with the Tyrians, an expedition from Ezion-Geber on the Red Sea, through the straits of Babel-Mandel to Ophir. The articles of commerce which were brought from Ophir, were gold and silver, sandal wood, precious stones, ivory, apes, and peacocks. It would appear highly probable that the Phenicians must have visited the eastern coasts of the Indian peninsula. But as it appears difficult to form an idea of western India as a fruitful source of gold, it is probable that these expeditions visited southern Arabia, and the auriferous coast of Sofala, in eastern Africa. The inhabitants of India from the earliest times had made settlements in the eastern part of Africa, and on the coast immediately opposite the coasts of their native country; and the traders to Ophir might have found in the basin of the Erythrean and Indian Seas other sources of gold besides India itself.

Macdonald.

THE JEWS.

SOCIAL POSITION OF JEWS IN EUROPE.—They are beloved for the fathers' sake, and all the friends of Jesus Christ take a deep interest in their well-being. When all Israel is brought in, then shall we realize what in desire we sing.

"His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice."

In Austria, which, next to Russia, has the largest Jewish population of any of the European states, the Jews wield a great influence. Several of their prominent bankers have been raised to the rank of nobles, and one of them, Baron von Rothschild, has been called by the emperor into the senate of the empire. A large number of Jews have been elected members of town councils and of provincial diets, and the province of Upper Austria has sent two Jews to the lower house of the Legislature. The Czechs, of Bohemia, who, like all the Slavi, have been noted as fanatical persecutors of the Jews, have now made the full equality of Jews and Christians a part of their programme. In Gallicia, where until 1848 the Jews had to pay a disgraceful "Jews tax," amounting to over a million thalers annually, the leaders of the National party have boldly opposed the strong national prejudice against the Jews, and three of the latter have been elected members of the Gallician Diet. Strange to say, Hungary alone has been more slow than any other portion of Austria in meeting the just demands of the Jews, although Teleky, Pulsky, Klapka, Eotvos, Deak, and other leading patriots, warmly espoused their cause. In 1861 a Jew was for the first time appointed ordinary professor at an Austrian university, (Dr. Wesley at Prague,) and another (Dr. Ertael) was appointed extraordinary professor at the University at Vienna.

In Prussia a Jew (Dr. Veit) was a prominent and influential member of the House of Deputies. The Minister of Justice decided, in 1861, that Jews could be appointed as Judges. The educational statistics of the kingdom showed the remarkable fact that, in proportion to the aggregate population, the Jewish attendants of the colleges were five times the number of the Christian scholars.

In Bavaria an intolerant law, which restricted the settling of Jews to a number of places, was unanimously abolished by the three chambers, and the rights of the Jews warmly advocated by the Archbishop of Munich, the Bishop of Augsburg, and the President of the Protestant Supreme Consistory.

In England there are now five Israelites in the House of Commons. A Jewish mayor was elected at Rochester, and a Jewish high sheriff for Bucks. The Jewish Board of Deputies, under the presidency of Sir Moses Montefiore, continues to display a great activity in behalf of the general interests of Judaism.

In France a considerable number of Jews are professors of universities and colleges, and their influence on literature is great. They have, for a population of only about eighty thousand souls, four weekly and monthly papers, all of which are well edited. A society, established at Paris in 1860, under the name of "Alliance Israelite Universelle," bids fair to become, to a higher degree than any other association, a centre for the common interests of Judaism. The able Jewish financier, (M. Fould,) to whom the emperor is to apply for help, has been appointed Minister of Finance.

In the first National Parliament of Italy, which country has only a Jewish population of only forty thousand souls, there are six Jewish members; and two Jews have been appointed, in 1861, ordinary professors at the Universities of Bologna and Pisa.

In the kingdom of Poland, where formerly the Jews were more bitterly hated than in any other country in Europe, the national movement seems to have put an end to all mutual animosity. The Jews have actively taken part in the patriotic demonstrations, and very recently seven Jewish students were exiled, together with eight Christians, to Siberia. On the one hand, the merchants and manufacturers of Warsaw adopted, by acclamation, a resolution which abolishes all distinction between Jews and Christians, and the Archbishop of Warsaw, in a circular, enjoins toleration toward the Jews.

In the Mohammedan countries of Northern Africa the Jews show themselves much more accessible to the Christian civilization than the Mohammedans, and their progress is likely to facilitate the success of Christian missions. In Morocco, where they were cruelly persecuted shortly before the war with Spain, they now number about one hundred and twenty thousand, and the emperor has recently given strict orders to protect the Jews in future from any attacks of the populace. In Tunis the Bey has appointed a Jewish brigadier general, and the Italian residents have elected a Jew their president. The emancipation of the Jews from oppressive and cruel laws has improved their social position, and diminished their hostility to Christianity.—*Independent.*

LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

MAYNOOTH COLLEGE, for which, as a nursery for the Romish priesthood—not for the United Kingdom only, but also for America and our Colonies—Parliament has settled to give so large a sum annually without a vote, has come afresh into light, in connexion with a Return made (extorted, let me rather say,) in response to a motion by Mr Whalley, M. P. This gentleman has succeeded Mr Spooner as the opponent of the Maynooth Endowment. The Return contains the names, ages, and number of students attending the College of Maynooth since the 31st day of August, 1844, and the names and number who left College during that period who have not completed their education, with the date of leaving.

It appears from the Return that the number in the College at the end of the Academic year in 1844, was 409. The next year the number that entered was only 24; but in 1846 there were 141, and in 1847 the number was 94. That was about the average during subsequent years. The total number that entered during the eighteen years was 1,559. Of the students attending the College in 1844—that is, 409—a considerable proportion, 163, left without completing their education; of those who entered since that time, 654 left without completing their education, leaving only 905, out of 1,559, who had continued during the prescribed course. This gives an average of fifty priests a year coming out of Maynooth, with their education completed according to the system of the institution. The Return does not state what proportion of the students whose education was incomplete entered the priesthood, or how many abandoned the profession, and engaged in secular pursuits.

INCOME AND PROPERTY TAX is a subject which now (alas!) will be coming home to your own homes and houses in the United States. The following, as to the amounts collected last financial year from suffering Britons, (who have not yet "got quite used to it," as the Irishwoman said of the eels which she skinned alive,) will be perhaps interesting to your readers. The net amount of property and income tax for the year ending April 5th, 1860, was £9,617,817; of which Scotland paid £819,097, and Ireland £777,673. For 1861 the total was £10,764,604. Of the amount Scotland paid £920,626, and Ireland £862,027.

CHURCH MISSIONARY STATISTICS are as follows: It commenced without patronage, and had no ordained missionaries. The expenditure the first year was less than £100. It has now the patronage of forty Bishops, (some of them very cool towards it;) it has 148 stations established throughout the world, employs 192 European clergy, and 66 ordained natives. It has 2,171 lay helpers; it disseminates the gospel in twenty languages; it has gathered 36,000 scholars into its 800 mission schools; records 21,000 recognised members of the Christian Church as communicants, and has received and employed three and a half millions sterling for mission purposes.

THE ROMISH PROPAGANDA—as appears from the Report for 1861, just published—had receipts to £138,000, 1s, 10d. Toward this total, the British Isles, in the one year, gave £8,986; of this amount Ireland gave £5,933, leaving £3,053 for Great Britain. The Romish Diocese of Westminster and Southwark (London,) gave together £490. The Diocese of Beverly, Birmingham, Clifton, and Hexham supply another £100. The Liverpool Diocese sends only £221, and Salford (Manchester,) only £163. The Sees of Northampton, Nottingham, and Plymouth, gave respectively £12, £20, and £28. Eighty pounds is all that Scotland has been induced to part with for the conversion of the world to the Romish faith. And, in truth, the £7,053 indicated above, includes £1,489 belonging to 1860; so that the real sum is very little more than £1,500 for the year 1861 from England and Scotland. What is the real explanation of this? Why, that the Romanists in both countries are receiving rather than giving; that the Propaganda, for years, has been sinking gigantic efforts to stick the roots of Popery deep, once more, into our soil; that it is thus that cathedral-like chapels, convents, monasteries, and schools are rising over the land, wherever a little nucleus of Romanists—Irish laborers and railway navvies—are congregated. London itself, I doubt not, receives largely in this way.

The sums received by the Propaganda appear to include the sale of publications. What this is, it is difficult to say; probably the Romish newspapers—*Tablet, Register, Dublin Mission, News*, &c.—receive help. There are also small books and tracts.

Under the head "Missions of Europe," we have the allowance of "Alms" (grants,) among the different missions for 1861.

As to Scotland, three sums are mentioned, amounting to £2,440; England comes next, receiving £8,228, £400 of which goes to Cardinal Wiseman. Dr Grant, of Southwark, takes almost £1,000, and so forth. Hence it appears that nearly £10,700 *came back* to England and Scotland to return for the £1,500 contributed. This abundantly confirms what I have stated above, (written before I had noticed *this* last fact,) and *also* entirely accords with, and fully explains, what I myself, during the last twelve months, *have seen* both in England and Scotland. Ireland has to be content with less than she gives, for, while she gives £5,998, she only receives £2,240. Ireland, however, is pretty well supplied with Romish missionary already, and the people are so priest-ridden that they give out of their deep poverty for *every* demand made upon them.

But you ask, What about America? I answer, that she gives £6,106, *and receives* £42,560; so you perceive what a sore for your Protestant and heretical souls is cherished by the *Propaganda De Fide*, and how anxious the Society is to bring you within the orbit of True Faith.

THE BIBLE AT THE LONDON EXHIBITION

A space is to be accorded to the Bible Society, for the display of Bibles in various languages, in the gallery of the eastern dome of the Exhibition at London. Two cases are being put up, which will contain about half the versions printed by the Society, each book being labelled so as to distinguish the country to which it belongs, the people who use it, and the number of copies hitherto issued. Between the two cases is to be a large open English bible, with this motto inscribed over it—"The Source of all National Greatness;" the whole to be surmounted by a scroll, containing the following texts:—"Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me." John v. 39. "Heaven and earth shall pass away; but my words shall not pass away." Mark xiii 31.

☞ In the northern gallery may be seen the New Testament printed on a single sheet of paper, exhibited by Collins, of Glasgow. The print is, of course, exceedingly small, but wonderfully clear. Mackenzie, of Glasgow, on the other hand, shows a magnificent illustrated Bible, of the largest size. This work has been set up entirely by a type-composing machine; the paper and print are both beautiful, and the illustrations are furnished by Frith's admirable photographs of the Holy Land.

Mr. Fry exhibits a fac simile reproduction of the only known copy of the first edition of Tyndale's first translation of the Testament in English. This curious *fac simile* contains six hundred and ninety-two pages of close small type. The copy has been made by tracing on transfer paper, placing this on lithographic stones, and then printing in the usual way, so as to ensure perfect correspondence with the original. The paper on which it is printed has also been expressly manufactured by hand labor, the fine and cross wires being placed in the paper maker's mould, so as to produce the same wire-marks as appear in the paper used by Schoeffer, in the old book; and in the same way all the irregularities in printing, orthography, and punctuation are faithfully copied. Only one hundred and seventy-seven copies of this curious reprint are issued.

An open gallery, decorated something after the manner of a shrine, has been erected opposite to the Exhibition, for the purpose of a gratuitous distribution of the Holy Scriptures, in seven different languages. The plan is not to give out the Bible in a complete form, but to divide it into little tracts, each containing a "book" or a chapter, promising the recipient that when he has read that, he shall be presented with another.

THE PROTESTANT THEOLOGICAL FACULTY OF VIENNA.

One of the most important measures for which the Austrian Protestants are indebted to their Government is the reorganization of the Protestant Theological Seminary, or, as it is called, the "Protestant Theological Faculty" of Vienna. Until the reign of the present Emperor, it seems to have been the design of the Austrian Government to exclude from it every eminent scholar. Only native Austrians were appointed; and so little liberty and encouragement was given to the professors, that not one of them occupies an honorable place in the annals of German theological science, while every other German university is represented by a number of names. Since the accession of the present Emperor, no less than four new professors have been called to the Theological Faculty of Vienna, each one of whom is favorably known by several works to the literary world. Recently the Theological Faculty and the Protestant churches in general have applied to the Government to incorporate the Faculty with the University of Vienna. This petition, as was to be expected, has met with the most violent opposition on the part of the Catholic bishops and the Ultramontane party, and the Archbishop of Vienna has even threatened to prohibit all students of Catholic theology from attending the lectures of the University, in case the Protestant Theological Faculty should be recognised as a part of the University. But his threats and opposition have had little effect. The most numerous of the Faculties of the University, that of Philosophy, has at its last meeting voted, with an immense majority, in favor of admitting the Protestants; and little doubt is felt that the Government will soon pronounce the incorporation.

St. Paul, Sept. 5th, 1862.

MESSRS EDITORS:—I place at your disposal the following notes on our Minnesota war. I had postponed writing for some days in order to get something like facts, as the first rumors that came were of the most wild and conflicting kind.

The Sioux, or Dakotahs, as they are more generally called, are the most powerful of North American Indian tribes. They number, in all, it is estimated, from 30,000 to 36,000 warriors. They occupy a territory of some 200,000 square miles, from the sources of the Minnesota and channel of the Red river of the North on the east, to the "Black Hill" on the west, and from the forks of the Platte on the south, to Devil's Lake on the north. They are divided into a number of nations or councils, and these again into bands. Four of these have had a reservation given them by Government, in Minnesota, and from this are known as the Minnesota Sioux numbering about 1200 or 1500 warriors; while all west of the Minnesota boundary are known as the Sioux of the plains.

On Sabbath, the 17th of Aug., a few, probably ten or twelve, Indians made an attack on the inhabitants of Acton, Brown Co., killing five persons, firing a number of houses, and driving off all the horses and cattle they found. These were of the Wide-warkan tonum band. Also, the next day, they made an attack on the Agency at Redwood, (this is known as the Lower Agency,) breaking open the warehouses and stores, and killing a number of persons; a few escaped to the woods.

News of this reaching the Upper or Yellow Medicine Agency, where the entire Minnesota Sioux were assembled to receive their annuities, and the commissioners being expected the next day, a council of war was immediately called. In this council there were three parties. One wanted a war that would exterminate the whites entirely; another wanted to destroy all their property, take their horses and cattle, but shed no blood; a third party, with Other Day, a distinguished Christian Indian, counselled peace and good behaviour. But the voice of this last party was not heard in the clamors for war, nor was the opinion of the second party. But having now the scent of blood, the multitude thirsted for more—arguing that all the white warriors were down South putting down the rebellion, and they would find nothing but women and children to fight in all the Minnesota valley; also, that they all would have part in the punishment, if any should come, for the injury already done, and might as well have part in the spurt and spoil as they would in the punishment and hesitancy to begin the bloody work.

Other Day, and his friends, finding such to be the determination, stole away, determining to rescue all the whites in their power. Other Day, himself, warned an entire settlement, and collected all who would go with him, *sixty two* in number, and piloted them in safety to Shacopee—himself coming on to St Paul to hasten forward assistance. Two others of his company went to the missionaries, Dr Williamson and Rev. Mr. Riggs, collecting them and their families and friends, to the number of forty-two, and led them, for six days and nights through forests and prairies, in continued peril of their lives, to a place of safety.

In the meantime, news of the disturbance was taken to Fort Ridgley. Captain Marsh, who was in command immediately started with 51 men for the Lower Agency, but was surrounded by a large body of Indians and cut to pieces; only 20 men escaped, three of these mortally wounded. He had left but 20 men at the Fort, under command of Lieut Gere. Lieut Sheehan, who had left the Fort a few days before for Ripley, discovered by some means that there was a disturbance among the Indians, turned immediately, and by a forced march went 42 miles to the Fort in nine hours. He had with him about 80 men. About the same time Major Galbreath, with about 50 recruits that he was taking to Fort Snelling, reached the Fort. All this was most providential; for they were scarcely in quarters till a large body of Indians made their appearance and commenced the attack, but were repulsed with heavy loss. This was on the 20th. On the next day they made an attack, and, on the 22d, a most furious assault,—each time to be repulsed, for the little band fought with desperation.

On the 18th the town of New Ulm was attacked by about 300 Indians; but the inhabitants rallying immediately, drove the Indians back, losing not more than four or five persons, though a number of houses on the outskirts of the town were burned by the Indians. A second attack was on the 23d. The fight was most determined on both sides. Ten whites were killed, and fifty one wounded. The Indian loss here is estimated at about 70, as they were seen carrying away their dead. The town was abandoned on the 25th, all moving to Mankato.

In that melancholy cortege were mothers weeping for children slaughtered before their eyes; strong men in a moment bereft of wealth, of wife, of family; little children who, when their parents had been attacked, had fled to the graves and bushes, and so escaped—all bowed down and overwhelmed with grief, producing, in two instances, *actual insanity*. In that melancholy train, halting along on hand wagons, were *eighty* wounded persons, among them many little children packed in the most barbarous and cruel manner.

But the most heart sickening part of the horrid work can never be described—the massacre of individuals and families along the frontier, who could not be removed in time to escape. House after house is entered, its inmates butchered, and it set on fire. Refugees say that they have travelled miles at night by the light of burning houses. They have kindled the entire frontier, from Fort Abercrombie to Pipestone Quarry, into a conflagration of *savage* war, vague and exaggerated reports, circulating with astonishing rapidity through all the country, produced the wildest panic. Every road was full, by day and night, of men, women, and children, fleeing—they hardly knowing why or where. Never was there a more sorry or hasty flight. There were many instances in which women, with infants in their arms, travelled six or seven days without food. But I attempt no description.

Of the number killed, we can at present form no correct estimate. Names of 382 have been collected, though a few of these may be prisoners and yet come to light; but there are many more, doubtless, to be added. To this we may add from 100 to 150 wounded, many of whom cannot live.

At the earliest possible moment a regiment of troops was sent to the scene of disturbance, and many small companies rushed forward from different parts of the State. Another regiment has followed. The Indians fled at the approach of the troops, who were in hot pursuit at latest accounts.

Some days ago, it was thought that this outbreak was instigated by Rebel Agents from Missouri, as strangers of suspicious character were seen among them some days past. This was the more readily believed, as there was some disturbance among the Chippewas about the same time, and a panic stricken people could see a line of gleaming tomahawks and swinging knives from Lake Superior to Texas, advancing with savage haste to act in concert with the Rebels. But the Chippewa trouble seems to be all settled; and we learn, from reliable sources, that the whole offence has come from the work of a dozen Indians at Acton,—one of those sad affairs which may happen at any time on the frontier. The whole tribe, however, were exasperated by waiting on their annuities after they should have been paid, and the little spark has burst forth in this terrible slaughter and conflagration.

But all are inquiring, "What is to be the result of all this?" To this we may answer, positively, that the work, on the part of the Indians, is now done. They can make no further advance for the present. Their failure at Fort Ridgely and New Ulm has consequently arrested their progress. We may answer, conditionally, that

Domestic Items

Important from the Potomac.—

Lee was commanding in the direction of Harper's Ferry all day yesterday, ceasing at four o'clock, P. M. The result has not been ascertained.

General Burnside passed through Frederick early on Saturday morning, and the whole army pushed on after the enemy by every road, and even crossing the fields.

The people turned out to welcome Burnside with the wildest enthusiasm, including men, women and children, and when Gen. McClellan came, the people blocked up the streets so that it was difficult for him to reach his headquarters. The scene is described as most exciting, the people waving flags and handkerchiefs, and even the women screamed words of welcome at the top of their voices.

The advance guard entered Frederick on Friday evening at 5 o'clock, and had a skirmish in the streets with Stuart's cavalry. Several were killed on both sides, and Colonel Moore, of the loyal Virginia Cavalry, was captured by the rebels and carried off, but was afterwards rescued.

A rebel train of one hundred ammunition and subsistence wagons was captured by General Franklin, and about 150 rebel prisoners had been sent into Frederick

The War in Maryland.—We make the following extracts from General McClellan's official despatches.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
Three Miles beyond Middletown,
Sept. 14, 9 40 P M.

After a very severe engagement, the corps of Generals Hooker and Reno have carried the height commanding the Hagerstown Road. The troops behaved magnificently. They never fought better.

General Franklin has been engaged on the extreme left. The firing indicates progress on his part.

The action continued till after dark, and terminated leaving us in possession of the entire crest.

It has been a glorious victory.

I regret to add that the gallant and able General Reno is killed.

THE REBELS IN FULL RETREAT.

Headquarters Army of the Potomac,
September 15, 8 A. M

The enemy is making for the river in a perfect panic, and General Lee last night stated publicly that he must admit they had been shockingly whipped.

FRANKLIN'S MOVEMENT A COMPLETE SUCCESS.

Headquarters Army of the Potomac,
September 15, 3 A M

I am happy to inform you that Franklin's success on the left was as complete as that on the centre and right, and resulted in his getting possession of the Gap, after a severe engagement in all parts of the line.

The troops, old and new, behaved with the utmost steadiness and gallantry, carrying, with but little assistance from our artillery, every strong position defended by artillery and infantry.

I do not think our loss is very severe. The corps of A. S. Hill and Longstreet were engaged with our right. We have taken a considerable number of prisoners. The enemy dispersed during the night. Our troops are now advancing in pursuit of them.

Headquarters Army of the Potomac, at Boivar,
September 15 10 A. M

Information has this moment been received completely confirming the rout and demoralization of the rebel army. General Lee is reported wounded, and General Garland killed.

General Hooker alone has over one thousand more prisoners, seven hundred having been sent to Frederick.

It is stated that General Lee gives his loss at fifteen thousand. We are following as rapidly as the men can move.

Reported Surrender of Harper's Ferry.—

DEATH OF COL. MILES.—*Baltimore*, Sept. 16.—Passengers arrived from the Monocacy report seeing paroled prisoners from Harper's Ferry, who report the surrender of Harper's Ferry on Monday morning, after a most gallant defence, and the death of Colonel Miles, who was killed by a shell cutting off one of his legs. According to the report, Colonel Miles evacuated Maryland Heights on Saturday evening, after exploding one of his heavy guns and throwing the others down the rocks.

The officers were allowed to go out with their side arms and horses, and the men with their personal effects, which indicates that the surrender was conditional.

The intelligence from the front this morning is of the most cheering character, notwithstanding the bad news from Harper's Ferry. General McClellan was pushing them with a vigor most destructive to the enemy.

He pursued the enemy on Monday morning with his Reserves and a large body of fresh troops. The enemy took the road towards the river at Harper's Ferry and at Shepherdstown, and he was pursuing and shelling their retreat, causing great loss.

In several contests, on Monday, where they made a stand, our troops charged on them with such vigor that they fell back from point to point in great haste.

The battles and advantages obtained on Monday are thought to be superior in importance to those of Sabbath.

Drayton's South Carolina Brigade is entirely gone, either killed, wounded, or prisoners. The Seventeenth Michigan, one of the new regiments, did up this brigade, first with bullets, and finally with the bayonet.

General Howell Cobb was wounded and taken prisoner. He will be back to Frederick sooner than he boasted he would.

General McClellan was pushing on them last evening, however, very closely, and had already sent to the rear eight thousand prisoners and four batteries.

HARRISBURG, Sept. 16, 10 P.M.—A despatch just received at Headquarters, says that Stonewall Jackson has recrossed the Potomac, and General McClellan has engaged him with tremendous force this side of Sharpsburg.

Latest—Great Victory for the Union Army.—HAGERSTOWN, Sept. 17.—A battle has been raging furiously for the past two days on the Antietam creek, a tortuous stream, having its source in the mountains, and running down to the Potomac midway between Robertsville and Sharpsburg.

The rebels, cut off from the iron bridge at Harper's Ferry by the advance of General Franklin's corps, and fearing to cross the Potomac at any of the fords, with General McClellan pushing down hard upon them, took this creek for a line of defence.

During yesterday the battle raged with great spirit, and the firing on either side was very heavy until towards sundown, when the rebels were flanked by Hooker and Porter, and were being severely punished. Their firing became desultory, and it was evident that their ammunition was giving out.

This morning the battle was renewed by the rebels with redoubled vigor; they acted as if they had been reinforced and furnished with fresh ammunition.

The battle lasted until four o'clock this afternoon, when the rebels retreated, leaving General Longstreet and the remnant of his division in our hands as prisoners of war.

Our victory is sure, but it has cost us many officers and men. Major-General Hooker was wounded in the foot by a Minie ball while leading a second brilliant bayonet charge to-day, and General Mansfield is either killed or taken prisoner. He fought most heroically during the entire affair to the time he was missed

General Burnside has taken possession of Harper's Ferry, and is advancing on a special mission with his corps,

Revolutionary Patriots.—There are only 63 revolutionary patriots alive, viz.: In Massachusetts, 3; Maine, 9; Vermont, 3; Connecticut, 2; New York, 13; Pennsylvania, 1; Ohio, 4; Michigan, 2; Illinois, 1; Indiana, 2; Wisconsin, 2; Kentucky, 1; Tennessee, 6; North Carolina, 2; Georgia, 5; Missouri, 1; Virginia, 3; District of Columbia, 1; Arkansas, 1; There are none in the States of Rhode Island, New Jersey, New Hampshire, Iowa, Louisiana, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, California or South Carolina.

Our patriot fathers—where are they? The above statistical paragraph shows that the last soldier of the Revolution has passed away from our own State, and that only about three-score can now be ranked among the living in the whole country. Those were the men who saw "the fair temple of American independence rising like an exhalation from the soil." Of those men who witnessed the great drama of the American Revolution closed at Yorktown, how few are left to see the second conquest of that town in 1862! It may be well that they are not left to have the bright prospect, in which the most of them closed their latter days obscured by the wide-spread wings of that vampire, now feasting on the life-blood of the nation, which they should have strangled in its infancy.

Our patriot fathers have now gone from us, and their praises will be held in increasingly dear remembrance as years flow on.

> "How sleep the brave, who sink in rest,
> By all their country's wishes blest!
> When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
> Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
> She there shall dress a sweeter sod
> Than fancy's feet have ever trod.
> There honor comes a pilgrim gray,
> To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
> And Freedom shall a while repair,
> To dwell a weeping hermit there."

In a most emphatic manner does the epitaph apply to the many thousands who in the present unnatural war have gallantly poured out their blood for the fog of their country, following the call of duty in the spirit of their revolutionary fathers. Noble men, your blood flows in a righteous cause, and sacred be your memory in the American heart.—*Portsmouth (N. H.) Journal.*

Four Days' Experience with the Rebels in Frederick.—We took yesterday a correspondent with a good man who was in Frederick when Bradley Johnson and his Rebel followers came into the city, and remained there four days, not leaving until Tuesday evening. We append the substance of the conversation:—

Q. What is the number of the Rebels?

A. It would be impossible to say. They are, however, in large force. I should suppose not less than 70,000 men, though they claim to be over 100,000. One of the most intelligent of them told me that nearly the whole force who fought Pope are with them.

Q. Do they interfere with the people?

A Not in the least. I missed among them after General Lee's proclamation was issued, and spoke my sentiments very freely. They took it all in good part, and treated me as they thought proper

Q How did the storekeepers fare?

A. They have sold everything, and been compelled to give good money in change. They were ordered to open their stores by Bradley Johnson, and did not dare to refuse the money offered. Mr. A. J. Delashman, one of the leading Secessionists, had a large stock in boots and shoes, and, whilst dealing them out for Rebel scrip, fairly gnit his teeth in silence when some of his Union friends congratulated him on the fine business he was doing. Mr Delashman was one of the committee of citizens who went out to welcome the Rebels to the city.

Q. Have any of the houses of the Union citizens who absented themselves been invaded?

A. The only houses occupied by the Rebels is that of Gen. Cooper, and it is not abused. A party of soldiers, incited by some of the Secession town people, broke into the Frederick *Examiner* office, and commenced to destroy the office furniture, when a Secession lawyer, named Sloan, interfered, and the Provost Guard, coming up soon, dispersed the party. Bradley Johnson told them that any attempt to renew the outrage on private property would be punished by death.

Q. Did they obtain many recruits in Frederick?

A. Not many in Frederick, but there were about five hundred came in from Baltimore, Anne Arundel, Montgomery, and Carroll counties, and some from Baltimore city. After seeing the character of the army and the life which the men led, many of them refused to join, and were getting home again. When leaving myself I met a young men from Carroll county, and pointed them to Westminster. They acknowledged that they had been to Frederick to join the army but after "seeing and smelling" it, had concluded to return home

Q What sort of men have they in it?

A. They meant exactly what they said. I have never seen a mass of such filthy strong smelling men. Three of them in a room would make it unbearable, and when marching in column along the street, the smell from them was most offensive. There are some of the better class of men among them, but the great mass are men of low cast, and although under strict discipline, the filth that pervades them is most remarkable. Their sympathizers at Frederick have been greatly disappointed in the character of the army, and most of them are now as anxious for them to disappear as they were for them to come. Their coming to Frederick has been a sad visitation to the middling classes, many of whom have lost everything in exchange for Rebel scrip, especially the storekeepers. They have no uniforms, but are all well armed and equipped, and have become so inured to hardships that they care but little for any of the comforts of civilization

Q. What was the general appearance of the Rebel soldiers?

A. They were the roughest looking set of creatures I ever saw; their features, hair, and clothing matted with dirt and filth, and the scratching they kept up gave warrant of vermin in abundance. The Secession ladies of Frederick used to call the troops of General Banks "nasty, dirty creatures," and the Unionists had adopted a species of signs to remind them of their old taunts. Whenever a Unionist met a Secessionist on the street, he would commence to scratch, which all understood.

Q. What do you think of the purpose of the Rebel army?

A They admit that their coming into Maryland was a question of starvation or food. They were almost famished for food when they reached the Potomac, and say that for three days they had lived principally on green corn and apples.

Q But what is their purpose now?

A. They are in full force, and undoubtedly prepared when they crossed the river to meet General Pope and serve him as they did on the other side of the river, and capture Washington But when they heard that General McClellan was before them in full command, they became more cautious in their movements.

Q What is their opinion of Gen McClellan?

A. They respect him and fear him. In fact, they laugh at Pope and McDowell, and say that they advanced on them with the fullest confidence of defeating them and destroying their army. Had they found Pope in command on the Maryland side, they think they would have been in Washington in a few days.

Q But what is their purpose now?

A. Well, when I left Frederick on Tuesday evening, it was under the conviction that they were about to leave, and I feared that they might desire to take me with them. I had mixed among them so much, and talked so freely that I feared they would think I knew too much to be left behind. There was every indication that they had become alarmed at the systematic movements of General McClellan, and were backing well to secure a safe line of retreat back to Virginia. The starting of General Jackson, with his immense division, estimated at from 15,000 to 20,000 men of all arms, towards Hagerstown, was looked upon as the first indications of a backward movement. There were also evidences of trepidation among the troops, who began to think they were not on safe ground.

Q. Do you think they had any expectation of reaching Baltimore?

A. Not unless they had first succeeded in defeating McClellan and capturing Washington. They would never leave the line of the Potomac so long as General McClellan was at hand to move in their rear.

Q. Do you think they intend to enter Pennsylvania?

A. Not unless they defeat the army of General McClellan; then, of course, they will be able to go where they choose. The movement of Jackson up towards Hagerstown in with the intention of making raids into Pennsylvania; but if General Lee receives from the line of the Monocacy by General McClellan, Jackson will hasten back into Virginia by way of the ford at Williamsport. A heavy rain storm might also hurry their movement back across the river without making a fight.

Q. Do the Rebel soldiers look to be in good health?

A. Yes, generally speaking. They are gaunt and hardened by exposure, though many of them were suffering with diarrhœa on account of the food they had been eating.

Q. Did you meet many Baltimoreans among them?

A. No, not many. I questioned them with regard to the Maryland troops, and they generally answered that there were but few of them left. They had been in so many hard fights that they were either in their graves or in the hospitals. The Maryland regiments had been so diminished in numbers that they were disbanded. Those that are still in the service are acting as substitutes in the various regiments.

Q. Are there many Irish and Germans among them?

A. Yes, there is pretty much the same proportion of foreign element as in our army. They are not so bitter as the native born, but all boast of their prowess over the Yankees.

Q. Do they think that they are superior soldiers to the Federal troops?

A The men do, though the officers candidly admitted that our soldiers fought well, but that their Generals were not equal to those of the Southern army. They said that their victories were obtained by outgeneraling our Generals. Both officers and men admitted that if General McClellan were out of the way they would soon be in Washington.

Q. Were there any church services at Frederick on Sabbath last?

A. Yes; there were services in most of the churches, and some of the soldiery attended. At the Methodist Church, the Rev. Robert Carlton prayed most fervently for the success of the Union army, and for the President of the United States, and all in authority.

Q What do you think of the Rebel cavalry?

A. They were quite numerous, but their horses presented a poor appearance. They have the evidence of hard usage and scarcity of provender.

Q. How many leading Generals were in Frederick?

A. Generals Lee, Jackson, and Longstreet were all there; Roger A. Pryor is there, and has all the appearance of an accurate fiend. Bradley Johnson as Provost Marshal gave no offence to the Union men, and seemed desirous of securing their good opinion.

Our Navy.—The Philadelphia *Inquirer* recently published a list of the names, tonage, character, and present location and services of all but about fifty of the vessels of our navy; these fifty or sixty, the names and particulars could not be ascertained. The list published sums up thus:—

Sailing Vessels.		Steam Vessels	
Ships of the Line,	8	Screw Frigates,	9
Frigates,	5	1st Class Screw Sloops,	6
Sloops of War,	16	" Side Wheel,	15
Brigs,	3	2d Class Screw,	10
Store Vessels,	3	" "	5
Receiving Ships,	7	2d " Side-Wheel,	4
Gunboat Ships,	18	Steam Tenders,	2
Gunboat Barques,	18	Iron Plate Frigates,	4
Mortar Boats,	25	Iron Clad Gunboats,	21
	—	The Ram Fleet,	9
	90	Side Wheel Gunboats,	37
		Screw Gunboats,	42
			166

Making a total of not less than 350, including those whose names and characters could not be ascertained. A few of these, particularly a majority of the iron-clad, are not finished and in service yet, but all will be within three months

THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

The following letter from G S Griffith, Esq., Chairman of the District Committee of the Christian Commission for Baltimore, will show the need of the Hospitals in that city. All contributions sent to George H. Stuart, Chairman Christian Commission, 13 Bank Street, Philadelphia, will be thankfully received and promptly forwarded. Boxes should be marked distinctly No. 1, 2, 3, &c., and have the name of the place in one corner. Invoice of articles to be sent by mail. This will save much trouble

Baltimore, September 8th, 1862.

G H. STUART, Esq. Philadelphia:

Dear Sir—We are very thankful that you have anticipated our necessities in Baltimore at this important crisis.

Our hospitals are crowded and new ones established, wounded are continually transferred to us, and our Union Relief Associations labor harder than any hired persons. All donations that you send can be used to much advantage, for we need large supplies for the large number we have to nurse and cherish

The seven boxes of goods which came to hand yesterday and to-day were immediately distributed among the various hospitals in this city. The ladies of the Relief Association were delighted to receive this timely assistance from Philadelphia, and will return their thanks to you in due season.

We expect soon to write another letter to you, accounting more particulars of our work, &c. To-morrow we will acknowledge the receipt of your goods in the public paper.

We are informed that the convalescents in our hospitals suffer for the want of *pantaloons*—many are obliged to remain in bed longer than is necessary, and be deprived of proper exercises, on account of not having these indispensables. A chaplain informed us that some of his men even come out to the meetings in their dressing gowns. When the soldiers arrive, many are in a very distressing condition, and what little clothing still covers them is unfit for further use. Many are without shoes, and this is another article much in demand by convalescents. Also, woolen shirts, drawers and stockings.

I believe these goods are not furnished by Government, but very necessary to those invalids suffering from rheumatism and other pains contracted from lying in the swamps. Many formerly able-bodied men are now entirely helpless from sleeping in wet, marshy places, and a great many more are sick and dying with the fever. Our very interesting young man died yesterday evening, while we were at the hospital; but we believe that he was conscious of his state to the very last minute, and departed this life with a blessed hope of immortality Another was watched by a weeping sister, and as we looked on them we felt that it would be the last watch and the last day they would spend together on earth—that *his spirit* would soon be with a blessed Saviour, and another grave be marked for a young soldier

We should also be very glad to receive more tracts and books. We have furnished them to chaplains and others, and our stock is almost out. We liked the kind sent to us before—such as are especially published for soldiers—and, the "Silent Comforter." We would also like to have some small note-books, or time-books. I believe there is such as we have called for published by the Young Men's Christian Association of New York.

Yours in Christian bonds,

G. S GRIFFITH.

The Social, Civil, and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Pennsylvania open a subscription list to aid the freed men at Port Royal and other points where they may be located, and respectfully ask the co-operation of the colored citizens and others in this city, or elsewhere, in money or clothing.

Any amount of value received will be acknowledged, with the name of the donor, in the *Recorder*, where a constant record will be kept.

Subscriptions may be sent to Jacob C. White, at the office of the Lebanon Cemetery, 711 Lombard Street, and also to William Still, 107 North Fifth Street, and to Rev. E. Weaver, 619 Pine Street.

PAID.

Statistical Society,	$50 00
Clayton Miller,	2 00
William Still,	5 00
Robert Adger,	2 00
Henry Minturn,	2 00
Catherine Johnson,	2 00
Yeatl Locke,	2 00
Wm. Warricke,	2 00
Harriet Sheriter,	1 00
Sarah S. Hawkins,	1 00
Rev. Jonathan C. Gibbs,	1 00
James P Clay,	1 00
Benjamin F Hill,	2 00
S M. S.,	2 00
Elizabeth Gordon,	1 00
F. J. Dreer,	5 00

It affords us pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of ten dollars, the proceeds of Miss Anna E. Dickinson's lecture at Concert Hall for the contrabands, contributed to the S. C. and Statistical Association, to be applied as intended. WM. STILL.

Cor. Sec. of S. C. and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Penna

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED.

One or two respectable colored men in a quiet and respectable family to lodge, where they can secure all the comforts of a home, with a furnished room.

INQUIRE,
No. 424 South 7th St, Phila.

MISS JANE JOHNSON,

Respectfully informs her friends and the public, that she continues laying out and shrouding the dead.

☞ All orders will be immediately attended to.

RESIDENCE,
613 South 8th St

"UNION COTTAGE,"

ATLANTIC CITY, NEAR THE INLET

The subscriber will always be happy to welcome her numerous friends, and the public in general.

TERMS

Board per week,	$4 00
" a day,	1 25
Single meals,	50

S H WARDS *Proprietress*

BOARDING
IN BROOKLYN.

MRS. S. PLANT (formerly Richardson) respectfully announces that she has opened a first-class BOARDING & LODGING HOUSE at No. 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn—where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city and within five minutes walk of Fulton Ferry, it needs thus a very desirable and convenient place.

BOARDING.

MRS. AMIA WILLIAM, of Cape May, will open the Beaker House for the season, for the accommodation of all who wish to spend the season there and she will spare no pains to make all comfortable. Those wishing to spend one, two, or three days, will find the Beaker House the right spot. Prices very reasonable. 1 wyr

COAL, STOVES, &c., &c.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the store,

NO. 107 NORTH FIFTH STREET,

formerly occupied as the Anti Slavery Office, (where he has been engaged for the last fourteen years,) to occupy it henceforth as a place of business for the sale of

COAL, STOVES, &c.

Having made arrangements with one of the first Coal Dealers in the city, to furnish the best qualities of Lehigh, Schuylkill, &c., at the lowest Cash prices, he hopes to give full satisfaction in this branch of his business

He will also keep constantly on hand a general assortment of good NEW and SECOND-HAND STOVES, FURNACES, &c.

Persons wishing Stoves taken down, stored away, put up, or cleaned, can be promptly accommodated by applying as above.

He hopes by energy and strict attention to business to obtain a fair share of patronage

WM. STILL,
107 North Fifth Street, Philadelphia

REFERENCES.

J M M'Kim,	Dr Caspar Wistar,
Samuel Emlen,	James Mott,
Dillwyn Parrish,	Thomas Williamson,
Prof. C. D. Cleveland,	W.H. Furness.

MRS. MARTHA COLLINS
730 Russell Street, above Fitzwater.

Begs leave to inform her friends and the public generally, that she has opened an INFANT SCHOOL, for Boys and Girls, to whom she will pay special attention in teaching the primary departments of Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, also Singing, upon the most reasonable and accommodating terms. She does not hesitate to say that she will be able to please all who may give her a trial

Advertisements.

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION

Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 10th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows —

From Garnet Union No. 4, D. of T.; from Phœnix Union, No. 8, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 16, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from De Bias' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 19 D of T; from Vanbrakle Union, No. 15, D. of T., of Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows

Grand P., Sister Bennett; Grand Associate, Sister Burris. Grand Treasurer, Sister Fawcett, Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E Dunbart, Grand Chaplain Sister Hall

G. P. P.,	Sister M. Rosters,	G. P. P.	Sister Anderson,
"	" E. Bowers,	"	" J. F Black,
"	" M. M. Bonny,	"	" E. A Clark,
"	" S. Bannas,	"	" White,
"	" S Davis,	"	" S. Hall.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY.

THE SIXTH QUARTERLY MEETINGS of the Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August, and November.

The meetings of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the society.

Mrs. SARAH CARTER,
President.
Mr. L. R. SEYMOUR, Sec'y.

THE BOOK DEPOSITORY
OF THE
AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,
No. 619 Pine Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

We keep on hand, in connection with our other books, Sabbath School books of various kinds, Question Books, Catechisms, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. We have a good assortment of such books as are generally used in the Public Schools. Also, Stationery, Inks, Pens, Paper, Envelopes and Blank Books.

THE DEATH-BED OF THE REV JOHN WESLEY.

Wanted Canvassing Agents for this splendid large engraving which shall be sixteen inches (or thereabouts) that great and good man. The most liberal inducements offered to those selling this print. Send for Catalogue and terms.

WM. SMITH Engraver,
702 South Third Street, Philadelphia

WANTED.—The charge of a Public School Reference as to ability can be given Apply to
J. W A, 1611 Helmuth St

ONE-PRICE CLOTHING,
OF THE LATEST STYLES,

Made in the Best Manner, expressly for RETAIL SALES Lowest Selling Prices marked in Plain Figures. All Goods made to order warranted satisfactory. Our One-Price System is strictly adhered to. All are thereby treated alike.

JONES & CO.,
Dec 25 1y 604 MARKET STREET.

GOOD NEWS

To Tailors, Dress-makers, and to those wishing to be such Also to owners of sewing machines, sleeve-boards, and large bunches—for in the new patent (1862) Sewing Machine Needle, you can use it first and fit perfectly. Ladies' Dresses, Vests and Men's Pants, Vests, and coats, cut and fitted with

Local and Travelling Agents Wanted.

Address REV WM BRADLEY,
Carversville, Bucks Co., Pa.

Or, apply to Mrs Mary C Weaver, wife of the Editor of this paper, 619 Pine St., Phila. Pa. Jan 25 1y

MRS. E A. PALMER'S
DRY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS STORE.
NO. 105 NORTH FIFTH STREET.
PHILADELPHIA

A General Assortment of Hosiery, Trimmings. Dry Goods, &c.

Dress, Shirt making, and Plain Sewing, promptly attended to. Jan 25 1y

COAL! COAL!! COAL!!!

The subscriber is selling the best qualities of Lehigh and Schuylkill Coal at the following very low prices:

Lehigh Stove Coal, per ton,	$4 25
" Egg "	4 25
" Broken and Screened, per ton,	4 25
" Nut "	4 50
Schuylkill, Stove, and Egg, and Broken, and Screened, Nut,	4 50

Orders left at the River Store, No. 107 North Fifth St., will be promptly attended to. Sept 13 1y WM STILL.

107 N. Fifth St., Philada.

KEELY'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

N W. corner Fifth and Cortes.

PICTURE GALLERY AND PARLORS ON THE FIRST FLOOR.

Strangers should not fail to call and examine.

Admission Free

JAMES DOWNS,
DEALER IN
NEW AND SECOND HAND
CLOTHING,
No 225 South Second Street.
No 17—3mo. PHILADELPHIA

WILLIAM STILL'S
STOVE STORE,
107 NORTH FIFTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and all in want of good stoves, that he has now on hand a general variety of excellent PARLOR, Cook and CHAMBER STOVES including Gas burning, as well as other patterns, which he is selling at very low rates. He buys entirely for cash, of the best wholesale foundries, and of course can sell much cheaper than those buying on the usual credit system. At any rate his friends are invited to give him a call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere, as he feels that they would be convinced that it would be to their interest to give him their patronage. Coal orders constantly on hand. WM STILL.

JOSEPH H. COLE,
CONTINENTAL RESTAURANT,
NO. 717 LOMBARD STREET, PHILA.,
(Above Seventh St., under Philadelphia Institute,)

Where he continues to keep always on hand the very best assortment of OYSTERS and other refreshments hoping that all his friends and the public in general will favor him with their patronage.

☞ Meals served at all hours. Families supplied with Oysters of the best quality and flavor at the shortest notice.

☞ Also, public and private waiting done on the most reasonable terms. 1y

Mrs. S. Shorter Hawkins
HAS NOW OPENED
NEW SPRING GOODS,

consisting of Bonnets, Brilliants, Caliconi, &c Hoop Skirts of all sizes, from 15 cents to $1 25. A large lot of linen Hdkfs., from 6 to 25 cents. Also, cheap Hosiery and Gloves.

N B.—Mantuamakers are invited to examine my assortment of Dress Trimmings of the latest styles: all will be sold cheap for cash at the Old Establishment,

615 Lombard Street.

THOMAS CHARNOCK,
GENERAL FURNISHING UNDERTAKER
NO. 427 SOUTH 6TH ST.,
Second Door Below Bethel Church

For the Christian Recorder

BUCKS COUNTY SS.—TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS MAY COME.

I, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace, in and for the county of Bucks, do hereby certify that I am acquainted and know Emily Johnson—formerly Binkley, who was married to Samuel Johnson, who was married before William Hawk, Esq., of Bristol, Bucks County, as appears by record on his docket; and after careful examination and mature reflection, I feel myself fully safe in saying that the said Johnson had a wife living at the time he married the said Emily Binkley; and further say that I have the evidence of Daniel Emmond (local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church) Charles Emmons, (Clay dealer) and Benjamin Jennings, (white waiter) that he had one or more wives living at the time he married the said Emily Johnson; and the evidence, on affirmation, of the said Emily Johnson, that he had a wife living at the time she married him, which, at the time she married him she had no knowledge of

Affirmed and subscribed before me May 6th, 1862.	her Emily M Johnson mark
Wm Bickey J P	

GEORGE G. EVANS'
ORIGINAL GIFT BOOK STORE,
No. 439 Chestnut Street.

NEW BOOKS! NEW GIFTS FOR THE NEW YEAR!

Call and look at our immense collection of BOOKS and PRESENTS for the season of 1861!

All the latest and best Publications, and a Gift with each Book purchased. Beautifully and appropriately bound copies of the prose and poetical writings of all the standard British and American authors, together with an extensive and superb array of Miscellaneous Books, all embracing the choicest sellings from the fields of Literature!

Magnificent and costly presents, consisting in part of WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND SILVER WARE, of the newest styles, and most exquisite finish. All Books are sold at the Publisher's regular prices, and every purchaser to the amount of $1 00, or more, is presented with a Gift, combining utility with ornament, varying in value from

FIFTY CENTS TO ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS!

Citizens! Strangers! Everybody! Bear this fact in mind, and make your purchase of Books at

GEORGE G. EVANS',
MAMMOTH GIFT BOOK EMPORIUM,
Mar 8 6mo No 439 Chestnut Street, Phila.

LEARY, GETZ, & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND BOOK SELLERS,
No. 224 North Second Street,
(Between Race and Vine,)
Philadelphia Mar 9 6mo

DEAN & CO.,
No 345 CHESTNUT STREET,
Philadelphia,

Sell Silver-Plated Castors, with bottles, for $1 00 Also Silver Plated Waiters, Forks, Patent Tea Bells, Spoons, Salt Spoons, Cups, Engraved Mugs. Also all kinds of Solid Gold and Plated Jewelry, Vest, Guard, and Neck Chains, Medallions, Gold Pens, and Silver Holders, Counting House Pens, &c.

We sell every article in our store for $1 00 You can take your choice out of our immense stock for $1 00 each.

DEAN & CO.,
ORIGINAL ONE DOLLAR STORE,
No 345 Chestnut Street Mar 9 1y

MRS. H. S. DUTERTE,
General Undertaker and Furnisher,

Respectfully informs her friends and the public, that she still continues the Undertaking business at the old establishment, No. 634 Lombard St., and being thankful for past favors, hopes still to obtain a share of the patronage of the public

Hearse made Coffins always on hand. Also a handsome Hearse and Carriages, with careful drivers, to attend funerals on the most moderate terms.

G. M. ELKINTON & SON,
MANUFACTURERS OF
SOAP AND CANDLES,
116 MARGARETTA STREET, Philadelphia.

OLIVE SOAP,	SPERM CANDLES,
YELLOW "	ADAMANTINE "
PALE "	HOTEL "
BROWN "	KINGSFORD'S STARCH,
WHITE "	DANSKLITE "
CASTILE "	WAX,
HONEY "	TALLOW,
PALM "	SAL SODA
PONLINE "	SOFT SOAP.

March 4—1y.

FINE CAKE BAKERY.
CONFECTIONERY AND ICE CREAM SALOON,
No 804 South Street.

Ellis J. Peer would announce that he keeps constantly on hand a general assortment of all kinds of Cakes, Creams, Jellies, and Pastries

Festivals, Balls, and Private Parties served upon the shortest notice, and warranted to give general satisfaction. Jan. 19—1m. *

REIMER'S PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY,
No. 615 & 617 N. Second St.,
PHILADELPHIA

All kinds of Photographic Pictures and Ambrotypes at prices to suit everybody. No establishment more extensive. March 8—1y

NOTICE

To the friends of Religious Literature and human progress of the City and County of Philadelphia:

This certifies that Miss Mary Still is a legally authorized agent for the City and County of Philadelphia, Penna., to solicit subscribers and donations for the Christian Recorder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America

We, therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy, and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable, that those to whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to this great cause.

(Signed) ELISHA WEAVER.
Editor & Corresp. Book Steward.
No. 619 Pine St., Phila.

REV. LEWIS S. LEWIS'
FAMILY LINIMENT
IS PREPARED WITH GREAT CARE,
EXPRESSELY FOR FAMILY USE.

Its composition is very simple, containing nothing that is injurious in any form, and there is no danger in its use from exposure to the weather. No family should be without it. Having a wish to benefit mankind in general, and those afflicted in particular—and having had recourse to the articles in several cases of rheumatism, bunions, chilblains, and other ailments, it proving to be a remedy in every case—I therefore recommend it to the public.

CERTIFICATES

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov 27, 1861

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with the rheumatism eleven years, during which time I tried almost everything, but received no sure relief. For the last four months my limbs and joints were so swollen, that at times I could not walk or use my shippers. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and at the first application was instantly relieved After using one or two bottles, I was enabled to enjoy the free use of my limbs

Rev GEORGE A RUE

NEWPORT, R. I., October 29, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted for a number of years, more or less, with a pain and weakness in my chest, arising from some cause unknown to me I made two applications of your Liniment, and was relieved. I was attacked with the diphtheria, and was cured by using your Liniment. Its worth has proved itself ten times its cost ANTHONY RANDOLPH

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 19, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been cured of stiffening in my joints by using your Liniment. I recommend it to all who are thus troubled.

RICHARD WHITE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 17, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—Your Liniment is, truly, all that it is recommended to be. I have tried it and it has successfully cured my business. SOPHIA TAYLOR.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct 7, 1861.

Mr Lewis Dear Sir: I have had a pain and stiffness in my neck and back for some time I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and applied it twice, which effected a cure. I recommend it to the public

Mrs EVELINA DEMOND

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 10, 1861

Rev L S Lewis Dear Sir For upwards of three years I have been very lame at times, arising from a sprain I have tried a great many things, without any definite results I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and was effectually relieved Mrs PHŒBE A MORSE

NEWPORT, R I., Oct 10, 1861

Rev Mr. Lewis I have been afflicted with the rheumatism for some time I used your Liniment, which has removed it successfully It has also cured my swelled joints. Mrs ELIZABETH THOROUGHGOOD

NEWPORT, R I., Nov 20, 1861,

Rev Mr Lewis—My boy was troubled with the chilblain. I applied your Liniment a few times, and it cured him Mrs ADELINE JONES

STEAMER PERRY, Sept. 3, 1861.

Rev Mr Lewis—I have used your Liniment for rheumatic pains of long standing—also, lameness in the foot, &c. It is a perfect remedy where other things have failed. Mrs SUSAN GARDINER

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, Aug 19, 1861

Rev. L. S. Lewis—I have been afflicted for upwards of seven years with swelled joints. I have tried almost everything, without the desired effect At last I obtained a bottle of your Liniment, which relieved me successfully. Mrs. MARY A. JEWITT.

PROVIDENCE, Nov., 1861.

Mr L S Lewis—I had a very severe attack of rheumatism last fall during which time I tried almost everything—but nothing so effectual as your Family Liniment. I would not be without it

Mrs LUCY WATERMAN.

MANUFACTURED BY

REV. LEWIS S. LEWIS,
No. 115 Meeting St., Providence, R. I.,

TO WHOM ALL ORDERS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED.

PRICE 25 CTS PER BOTTLE

☞ *Sold in Newport by Mrs. MARTHA J. RANDOLPH, No. 1 Spruce Court.* 1y

OUR OWN BOOK-STORE.

Catalogue of Books for Sale at the Book Depository of the A M E Church located at No. 619 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa.

	Retail prices
Pronouncing Bible,	$2 75
Watson's Biblical and Theological Dictionary,	2 50
Watson's Theological Institut

LIBERTY.

God's first gift—the blessed spirit
Which he breathed o'er the earth.
'Tis that which nerves the weak and stirs the strong,
Which makes the peasant's heart beat quick and high,
When on his hill he meets the uprising sun,
Throwing his glad beams o'er the freeman's cot,
And shouts his proud soul forth—'tis Liberty!
We will demand
All that just nature gave and they have taken!
Freedom for the bond! and justice in the clearing
Of the soil given by heaven to all, the right
To worship without bribing a base priest
For entrance into heaven; and ALL that makes
The poor man rich in Liberty and Hope!

MANUFACTORY OF FIREARMS

BY REV. M. E. ELLISON.

In these days, when muskets and bayonets are deciding great natural questions, I thought a short article upon the manufacture of muskets by Timothy Fields, Esq., in Trenton, N. J., would be interesting to your numerous readers.

THE MATERIAL

The best charcoal pig iron is used; this is rolled to the thickness of half an inch, full, cut into plates 14 by 6 inches; one of these is sufficient for a barrel.

HOW THE BARREL IS FORMED.

The plates are subjected to seven heatings in a furnace, and as frequently passed through powerful rollers. The first gives a crescent shape to the plate, each subsequent rolling brings the edges closer together, until a cylinder is formed having the edges to overlap; this is heated, and before passing under the rollers a steel rod is inserted in the tube which welds the barrel as it is passed through the rollers. When the barrel is completed in the rolling mill it is 41 inches long, with three eighths of an inch bore, having the appearance of a rough tube, larger at one end than the other.

THE SECOND FACTORY

This stands near the canal, and is fitted up with $280,000 worth of the best machinery for the work.

The first thing done here is to weld on the cone cast into which the tube is to be fitted; this is done by powerful steam trip-hammers.

THE ANNEALING—OR TEMPERING.

This is done by placing 600 barrels in an oven at a time, where they are heated red-hot, and suffered to cool gradually.

THE BORING.

The barrels are placed in lathes and undergo three borings. The first is called the cut bore, the second the quick, the third the smooth. A stream of water falls on the outside following the borer, to keep the proper temperature in the metal

THE STRAIGHTENING PROCESS.

This is the most particular and peculiar of all the work; each time the barrel is bored it must be straightened. The workmen have an upright piece of wood by their side on which are seats for the barrel; the barrel is brought to the eye in range with a piece of ground glass in a frame of twenty inches square hanging on the window some twenty feet off. Across this frame is a narrow strip of wood, probably an inch wide; the shadow from this strip falls through the barrel if it is straight, but if crooked it stops at the crook. The operator senses a barrel, brings it up to his eye as he stands erect, sights it, turns it rapidly, detects every defect, and straightens the barrel by striking it with a heavy hammer on an anvil, in less time than I have described it.

This work is very severe on the eyes, and cannot be followed but a few hours at a time—all the old operators have slight cross-eyes caused by testing. Twenty men can bore and straighten 200 per day.

THE OUTSIDE FORMATION.

This is done by one turning in a lathe from the muzzle to the breech, giving it the due shape and proportions.

TESTING THE STRENGTH OF THE BARRELS.

A small house made of brick expressly for this purpose, with frame and sand, is used as follows: A steel plug is put in the breech, and twenty-five barrels are fitted in a frame having strong screws to force the plug and keep it in its proper place in the breech. A charge of two hundred and eighty grains of military powder and ball is then discharged from each barrel at the same moment, by means of a wire attached to a flint lock in the hands of an operator in a secure place some distance off.

A second charge is given of two hundred and fifty grains of powder and ball. If the barrels stand these charges, many times greater than those in active service, the government agent stamps them with the letter P. But few barrels burst under the severe ordeal. The balls are flattened when shot into the mud, as if rolled.

The screw from the breech pin is cut by machinery, six at a time. The cone seats for the nipple are now finished, after which the finishing bore and straightening is given.

POLISHING THE BARREL.

This is done by placing the barrels in an upright frame, six at a time—all and every are used—twelve are polished in fifteen minutes.

The last work here is to cut the screw for the nipple and sight.

Each barrel passes through thirty hands before it goes to Bridesburgh, Pa., to be rifled, stocked, and locked. Eighty men can make two hundred barrels in twenty-four hours. Every part of the gun is made uniform, so that locks, stocks, and barrels can be changed without difficulty when any one part is broken.

Mr. Field has 70,000 to make.

I was astonished to learn from Mr. Field that such great destruction of fire-arms takes place in active war. He said one of the best judges told him, in a war of eighteen months, each soldier in active service would average three muskets by wear, casualties, etc.

AFRICAN HOUSES AND HOMES.

MO TAPPAN, AFRICA, Dec. 31, 1861.

Dear Young Friends:—The houses which the people of this country build would seem very odd to you. What do you think they are made of? Not boards, for they have no saws to cut them. Not logs, as they sometimes build cabins in America. Not stones, for they have no tools to split and hew stones. But all the houses of the people are built of sticks, grass, and mud. Let me tell you how they do it. Their houses are all small compared with the houses where you live; many having only one room, others two, and a few three rooms. Many are circular in form, others are longer than wide. They first mark on the ground the shape and size of the house they want to build; then having cut sticks as large as a man's wrist or arm, and as long as they wish the sides of the house to be high, they place them standing firmly in the ground so near as to touch each other. In this way they set a row of sticks on the line they have drawn, and so enclose a small space of ground, which afterwards becomes the floor of the house. Others cut larger sticks, and place them about two feet apart instead of close together, and then bend smaller sticks between them, and so fill up the space. Other sticks are then tied to the top of these for rafters to support the roof. If the house is circular, the rafters are gathered at the top in one bunch, as the ribs of an umbrella or parasol are fastened to the handle. If the house is longer than wide, the rafters of each end are tied in a bunch, and those of the side supported by a ridge-pole. Small sticks are then tied to the rafters a few inches apart, reaching quite around from the eaves to the top of the roof

No nails nor pins are used; all are tied with rope which is only a vine split into slender strips, like the cane used in bottoming chairs. But it can be tied like a string, and is very strong and durable. Bunches of grass or palm leaves are then tied upon the small sticks in such a way as to cover the entire roof, giving it much the appearance of a haystack. Then earth of an adhesive nature is obtained which is mixed with water and well worked with feet and hands, for the people have no shovels, and no hoes suitable for such work.

This makes mud plaster. The sides of the house, made of sticks, as I told you, are then plastered inside and outside with this mud. It is put on thickly with the hand, and is left very rough, and covered with finger-marks. In a few days it dries hard, and then another thin coating of the plaster is put on and rubbed smoother than before

After this is dried, it is rubbed again, and so made smooth. The ground inside is raised and levelled, covered with mud, and then pounded hard. This, when dry, becomes the floor. A space has been left for a door and another for a window. Shutters are made for these by splitting bamboo and tying the thin pieces side by side, till it is wide enough to fill the space. They have no hinges or latches, but when they wish to close the door or window, they set the shutter in its place, and fasten it with a stick. Others have nothing but a mat for the door, rolling it up as we do curtains, whenever they wish to open the door.

So they build their houses. They afford much protection from rain and the intense heat of the sun. It is all done quickly, but the houses do not last long. The heavy rains wash the mud from the sides, and strong winds blow the grass from the top. Rats, worms, and bugs gnaw the grass, and in a little time the roof must be covered anew

Ants eat the sticks that are set in the ground, and soon they fall to decay. If a house is not repaired, it becomes poor within two years of its erection; but if repaired frequently, it may last from five to seven years

So, you see, African children can know but little about the sweet word home. The house they are born in soon falls to decay, and another is built afterward in a different situation.

So little do they reside in one place, that the people never ask, Where do you live? but, Where do you sit down? Children, after they have grown to maturity, can never come back and revisit the house where together they passed their early days The pleasing associations which many of you find at grandfather's old house, these children can never enjoy. Changes are frequent and abundant. If a village is deserted, it soon falls to ruins, and grass and bushes conceal the spot. As you look upon the large, beautiful houses in which you dwell, and think how many years they may remain, remember it is God who has made you to differ from the children in this land about whom I write

Yours truly,
G. P. CLAFFIN
The American Missionary.

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.

Its streets are broad, straight, well paved, and mostly crossing each other at right angles. Its principal thoroughfares and business streets are built up with handsome and costly buildings. Its public edifices are numerous, tasteful and conspicuous. There are several large and well-managed hotels, eight handsome public school buildings, twenty three churches, several of which are remarkable for architectural beauty and costliness There is also an immense hall, capable of seating twenty five hundred persons comfortably. The streets of private residences are numerous and delightful. Comfort, neatness, and cultivated taste are everywhere apparent.

Syracuse is situated at the southern end of Lake Onondaga. It is one hundred and forty-eight miles west of Albany by rail, and eighty miles east of Rochester. Being more nearly central to the State of New York than any other large town, and having most convenient railroad connexions in every direction, nearly all the State conventions of political and other associations are held here. The city has splendid facilities for intercourse and trade. Besides the direct connexion formed by the Central Railroad, with Albany to the eastward, and Rochester and Buffalo to the westward, it has another railroad running westward to Auburn and Geneva, one southward to Binghampton on the New York and Erie Railroad, and one northward to Oswego on Lake Ontario. The great Erie canal also passes through the city, and is crossed by numerous light and handsome iron bridges. On this canal there is a remarkable level seventy miles in length, and this city is at its termination.

Syracuse is yet a new city. In 1820 it contained only 250 inhabitants; it now has over 30,000. The most interesting thing about it, to a stranger, is the salt manufacture, which is more extensive and valuable than any other in the United States; and to this manufacture Syracuse owes mainly its growth and prosperity. Just westward of the city, one sees immense ranges of wooden sheds, with shallow reservoirs constructed of planks. In these reservoirs, or large wooden pans, the salt water is exposed to the rays of the sun until the water is evaporated, leaving the salt, in large quantities, behind. The fine salt, however, is prepared by boiling. The lands from which the salt water is raised, are owned by the State of New York. The wells are dug and the pumps are worked at the expense of the State, which receives its remuneration from a duty of one cent per bushel. Some of these wells have been sunk to a depth of over four hundred feet. The quantity of salt manufactured in this vicinity was, some years ago, over 5,000,000 of bushels, and it has greatly increased of late. The manufacture and trade in salt is, since the war commenced, more than ever brisk and remunerative It is a singular fact that the salt water has been raised in places from under the bed of Lake Onondaga by boring down through strata upon which it lies. Scientific tests, applied under the direction of the United States Government, are said to have fully established the fact that salt manufactured at Syracuse is equal in value to the best Turk's Island and other foreign salt.

CORN STARCH.

Who has not eaten of it, and what housekeeper has not used it in her laundry? Yet who knows its history, or how it is made? Spending a few days last week most agreeably in the family of T. Kingsford, Esq., at Oswego, N. Y., we obtained information on the subject which was certainly very agreeable to us, and may be partially to others. This gentleman is entitled to the entire credit of having invented the process for making this beautiful and useful article. Prior to 1842 starch was made from wheat and potatoes. In that year Mr. Kingsford instituted a series of experiments to see if he could not make it from Indian corn. At length he succeeded, and in 1848, in connection with several other gentlemen, he built a large factory at Oswego, and commenced the work under the title of T. Kingsford & Son, manufacturers. The excellence of the article produced has created a demand for it which has required various enlargements from time to time, swelling the capital involved in the business from $150,000 to $450,000. It is now the largest establishment of the kind in the world, embracing 510 feet front, and extending back over the Oswego river 250 feet. It has 250,000 feet of flooring, or more than sufficient to cover two acres. It is lighted by 158 sky-lights. It has 625 cisterns or vats, containing an aggregate of 2,200,000 gallons The length of conductors for conveying the starch while suspended in water is more than *three miles*. It employs 33 force-pumps to supply the building with water, capable of raising to the top of the building 5,888 gallons of water per minute These pumps are so arranged as to drench every part of the building in case of fire. Fifteen pairs of burr-stones and six pairs of large, heavy iron rollers are used in grinding the corn, connected with which and the other machinery are 8,500 feet of shafting and 834 gear wheels. More than 20,000 feet of steam pipe are used for drying and warming purposes. And to prevent stopping when the river is low, a steam engine of 150 horse-power has been added.

The company use about 600,000 bushels of corn annually, and produce about 6,000 tons of starch, to pack which requires 160,000 pounds of wrapping-paper, 3,500,000 feet of lumber, and 70,000 pounds of nails. It employs 300 operatives.

The purity of the starch made by this firm is said to be unequalled. They received the prize medal from the Great Exhibition of Nations at London; the prize medal of the American Institute in the city of New York; the gold and silver medal from the New York State Agricultural Society; and from Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Montreal the first premium. This explains why the starch of T. Kingsford & Son is so generally called for all over the country where the best article is wanted, and why so many other manufacturers have tried to imitate their packages, labels, and stencil marks

The process of manufacture is a curiosity. In the first place the corn is *steamed*, then soaked in pure water for some eight days, then ground wet, with a stream of water running through the burrs, then passed through metallic rollers weighing several tons. This done, it is pumped into bolts made of fine wire cloth and bolted, when it is pumped up again, and passed through fine *silk* bolts. From this point it moves on from vat to vat of pure water, growing whiter and cleaner as it goes, until it reaches the still water of its destination, where it settles at the bottom to await the hand of the workmen to remove the incumbent food and dip it into boxes or moulds. Here commences the drying process, which is long and wonderful. This completed, the starch which is for the laundry stands before you, apparently in solid blocks, some seven inches square, looking for all the world like a block of the whitest marble. Lay your hand on it and it falls open before you, presenting innumerable columns of pure white starch as over the eye beheld ready for use.

I have heard the ladies complain of some starch "*sticking to the flat-irons*;" but I never knew why it should or should not do so. In going through this establishment I learned the difference in starch in this particular. This *sticking* business is a *reform* of the ladies. It is a veritable reality. Mr. Kingsford understands the matter. The starch goes through one process in its watery course from the bolts which I have not named, and am not fully able to describe, that takes all the *stick* out of it. I think it is about the nicest part of the business, and less understood by manufacturers generally than any other. Mr. Kingsford explained it to me fully, but I know he would not like to have me divulge the secret, and I could not if I would.

On the whole the Oswego starch factory is a grand concern, creditable to its owners, to the manufacturers, to the city where it is located, and to the whole country. Its sales of starch amount to over $600,000 per annum. We wish them the largest success. How much better to use our corn in this way than to distil it into whisky.

THE HORSE'S PETITION.

In the days of John, King of Atri, in an ancient city of Abruzzi, there was a bell put up, which any one that had received any injury went and rung, and the king assembled the wise men chosen for the purpose, that justice might be done. It happened that after the bell had been up a long time, the rope was worn out, and a piece of wild vine was made use of to lengthen it. A knight of Atri had a noble charger which was become unserviceable through age, so that to avoid the expense of feeding him, he turned him loose upon the common. The horse, driven by hunger, raised his mouth to the vine to munch it, by which the bell was sounded. The judges assembled to consider the petition of the horse, which appeared to demand justice. They deemed that *the knight whom he had served in his youth should feed him in his old age*—a sentence which the knight was obliged to faithfully perform.

If, in our day, all the supernumerary animals could by such means make known the ill treatment of their masters, there would be no end to the "horse-trials" held

DAUVID'S PERPLEXITY.

The fishermen of the north of the Frith of Forth have always been looked upon by those of the south shore as little more than savages, and very unpolished. At one time a heavy north-easterly storm drove a Buckhaven boat toward the Dunbar coast, and during the detention of several days one of the north shore boys fell violently in love with a strapping damsel of Dunbar, whom he ultimately married. The young bride did her best to instruct her husband in the purer language and less jaw-breaking dialect of the aristocratic south shore; but to the shame of the semi-savage Buckhaven boy, he was a very slow pupil, as the sequel will serve to show.

In process of time a son was born to the loving pair, amidst the usual observances peculiar on such occasions; and all in due order a second youth, the very image of his brother, made his case known in the house of his father, shortly after which the following colloquy was held:—

"Now, Dauvid, ye're gawn to the minister's to see about the baptism; but mind, ye're no to speak about the *bairn*; that's a vulgar word—just like ye folk of Fife. Eh, man, gin I had ye ower Dunbar I wad mak a man o' ye! But Dauvid, my man, ye're to say to the minister, 'Gin ye please, Maister I'————k, will ye come doun this e'enin' and bapteese the infant.' Mind, noo, Dauvid, no the bairn but the infant!"

David looked with wonder on his young wife at her learning and good breeding, and he loved her more than ever. But the word infant was new to him; it was too soft and sweet for his untutored lips to lisp; but, true to his love, he tried it, and promised faithfully to try again, and muttering the word over and over—infant, infant, infant—and wondering at the pauses, at his wife's fear, he took his way towards the minister's house But, ere he reached it, David had lost the flow of the syllables, and before he had recovered his presence of mind, he found himself in the minister's hall The worthy minister, half suspecting what had brought the fisherman along so early, said:

"Well, David, how are ye all down the way?"

David answered, "Brawly, sir, thank ye, we're as weel as can be expected."

"Ah!" said the minister, "has there been anything i' the wind, David?"

"Ou ay, sir, the wife's been doun."

"Ay, David! It'll be a lassie this time?"

"Nu, sir," replied David, "it's no a lassie."

"Hoot, man," said the minister, "anither laddie! Ye'll be made up wi' laddies if ye gang on at this rate"

"Weel a wat, no," said David; "it's no a laddie either."

"David! David!" asked the minister, in sore astonishment, "what is it man, if it's neither a laddie nor a lassie?"

"Weel, sir," replied David, "as sure as death I dinna mind, but I think the wife ca'ed it an *elephant!*"

The worthy minister would fain have been relieved from the arduous duty of baptizing the young elephant; but the law of the Church and the law of the land alike demanded that it should be done, and so, being a dutiful son of the Church, and a still more loyal obedient subject of the British Crown, the minister went down the way and baptised the wondrous stranger

ALPHABET OF PROVERBS.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.
Roasters are cousins to liars
Confession of faults makes half amends.
Denying a fault doubles it.
Envy shooteth at others, and wounds herself.
Foolish fear doubles danger.
God reaches us good things by our hands.
He has hard work who has nothing to do.
It costs more to avenge wrongs than to bear them.
Justice overtakes many a rogue.
Knavery is the worst trade.
Learning makes a man fit company for himself.
Modesty is a guard to virtue
Not to hear conscience is the way to silence it.
One hour to-day is worth two to-morrow.
Proud looks make foul work in fair faces.
Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep.
Riches is he who wants least.
Small faults indulged are little thieves that let in greater
The boughs that bear most hang lowest.
Upright walking is sure walking.
Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter.
Wise men make more opportunities than they find.
You never lose by doing a good turn.
Zeal without knowledge is fire without light.
And a good newspaper is a well-spring of knowledge.

The eaglet must have time. The beak that, in due season, will cleave a vault, at first has merely power to chip the egg

PUTTING KNOWLEDGE TO A GOOD USE.

A certain nobleman, very proud of the extent and beauty of his pleasure-grounds, chancing one day to call on a small squire, whose garden might cover half an acre, was greatly struck with the brilliant colors of his neighbor's flowers. "Ay, my lord, the flowers are well enough," said the squire, "but permit me to show you my grapes" Conducted into an old-fashioned little green-house, which served as a vinery, my lord gazed, with mortification and envy, on grapes twice as fine as his own. "My dear friend," said my lord, "you have a jewel of a gardener; let me see him" The gardener was called—the single gardener—a simple-looking young man under thirty. "Accept my compliments on your flower-beds and your grapes," said my lord, "and tell me, if you can, why your flowers are so much brighter than mine, and your grapes so much finer. You must have studied horticulture profoundly" "Please your lordship," said the man, "I have not had the advantage of much education; I don't no scholar; but as to the flowers and the vines, the secret as to treating them just came to me, you see, by chance."

"By chance? explain."

"Well, my lord, three years ago, master sent me to Lunnon on business of his'n; and it came on to rain, and I took shelter in a mews, you see."

"Yes; you took shelter in a mews;—what then?"

"And there were two gentlemen taking shelter too, and they were talking to each other about charcoal."

"About charcoal?—go on."

"And one said that it had done a deal o' good in many cases of sickness, and specially in the first stage of the cholera, and I took a note on my mind of that, because we'd had the cholera in our village the year afore. And I guessed the two gentlemen were doctors, and knew what they were talking about."

"I dare say they did; but flowers and vines don't have the cholera, do they?"

"No, my lord; but they have complaints of their own; and one of the gentlemen went on to say that charcoal had a special good effect upon all vegetable life, and told a story of a vine dresser, in Germany, I think, who made a very sickly, poor vineyard, one of the best in all those parts, simply by charcoal-dressings So I naturally pricked up my ears at that, for our vines were in so bad a way that master thought of doing away with them altogether. 'Ay,' said the other gentleman, 'and see how a little sprinkling of charcoal will brighten up a flower-bed.'

"The rain was now over, and the gentlemen left the mews; and I thought, Well, but before I try the charcoal upon my plants, I'd best make some inquiry of them as aren't doctors, but gardeners; so I went to our nurserymen, who has a deal of book-learning, and I asked him if he'd ever heard of charcoal-dressing being good for vines, and he said he'd read in a book that it was so, but had never tried it. He kindly lent me a book, which was translated from some foreign one. And after I had picked out of it all I could, I tried the charcoal in the way the book told me to try it; and that's how the grapes and the flower-beds came to please you, my lord. It was a lucky chance that ever I heard those gentlemen talking in the mews, please your lordship"

"Chance happens to all," answered the peer, sententiously; "but to turn chance to account is the gift of few."

His lordship, returning home, gazed gloomily on the hues of his vast parterres; he visited his vineries, and scowled at the clusters; he summoned his head gardener—a gentleman of the highest repute for science, and who never spoke of a cowslip except by its name in Latin. To this learned personage my lord communicated what he had heard and seen of the benignant effects of charcoal, and produced in proof a magnificent bunch of grapes which he had brought from the squire's.

"My lord," said the gardener, scarcely glancing at the grapes, "Squire————'s gardener must be a poor ignorant creature to fancy he had discovered a secret in what is so very well known to every professional horticulturist. Professor Liebig, my lord, has treated of the good effect of charcoal-dressing, to vines especially; and it is to be explained on these chemical principles"—therewith the wise man entered into a profound disputation, of which his lordship did not understand a word

"Well, then," said the peer, cutting short the harangue, "since you know so well that charcoal-dressing is good for vines and flowers, have you ever tried it on mine?"

"I can't say I have, my lord; it did not chance to come into my head."

"Nay," replied the peer, "chance put it into your head, but thought never took it out of your head."

My lord, who if he did not know much about horticulture, was a good judge of mankind, dismissed the man of learning; and, with many apologies for seeking to rob his neighbor of such a treasure, asked the squire to transfer to his service the man of genius. The squire, who thought that now the charcoal had been once discovered, any new gardener could apply it as well as the old one, was too happy to oblige my lord, and advance the fortunes of an honest fellow born in his village. His lordship knew very well that a man who makes good use of the ideas received through chance will make a still better use of ideas received through study He took some kind, but not altogether unselfish, pains with the training and education of the man of genius whom he had gained to his service. The man to now my lord's head forester and bailiff. The woods thrive under him, the farm pays largely. He and my lord are both the richer for the connection between them. He is not the less practically painstaking, though he no longer says "hen't" and "his'n;" nor the less felicitously theoretical, though he no longer ascribes a successful experiment to chance.—*Sir E. B. Lytton in "Ben Caxton"*

MOISTURE IN THE AIR.

BY DIO LEWIS, M. D.

The atmosphere always contains water. Most people think its presence a misfortune. They say the atmosphere of California is very healthy, because it is so dry. This is an error. The air of California has a great deal more moisture than that of New England, and this is one of the principal reasons of its superior healthfulness In New England the dry air sucks the moisture out of a man's air passages, and he has consumption If he could breathe the moist atmosphere of the Pacific coast, he might recover. In their influence upon consumptives, I do not mean to say that the only difference between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts is found in the amount of atmospheric moisture. But I do say that this is one of their most essential sanitary differences. A man who, in New England, is ever suffering with dry and cracked skin, has in California a moist and healthy skin. What is true of the skin, is true of the lining of the lungs, with which the same atmosphere is in constant contact; the dry air sucks out the moisture and produces disease.

All other things being equal, the moister the air, the healthier it is. Of course this law ceases to hold whenever the moisture becomes sensible, and the clothing is thereby saturated.

My practical suggestion is this. As during more than half of the year, in this climate, we live in artificial heat, we should use some means to supply the needed moisture. In as air as dry as that of New England, we should make the entire top of the furnace or stove a boiler, from which many gallons are daily evaporated. An ordinary sitting-room heated with a stove, might have from five to ten gallons of water diffused in its atmosphere daily. With such management, the dry throats and hacking coughs would be alleviated or cured.—*Independent.*

THE French Government contributes to the International Exhibition a statue of Adam. It is described as follows:

"Adam sits on the stump of a tree, his eyes fixed on vacancy. His arms rest upon a sapling In front of him lies an enormous apple, and around the stump on which he sits is coiled a three inch [illegible] How it is known that Adam was a rope-maker, and what are he made of three-inch ropes, are questions as yet unanswered. People are now going in shoals to see the *fac simile* of the first rope. If there is a subtle meaning in it, the bulk of the public would be glad of an explanation.

MR RENNIE.

Mr. Rennie, in the good old times, was travelling in Scotland in a stage-coach. The axle-tree broke near a blacksmith's, and the son of Vulcan being out, Rennie himself lit the fire, and welded the axletree in a masterly style. His fellow passengers, who had been very communicative and friendly during the earlier part of the journey, now became very reserved, and the "respectables" especially held themselves aloof from the man who had so clearly revealed his calling by the manner in which he had mended the broken axle Arrived at their journey's end for the day, the travellers separated, Mr. Rennie proceeding onwards to Eglinton Castle. Next morning, when sitting at breakfast with his noble host, a servant entered to say that a person outside desired to have a word with the earl. "Show him in." The person entered, and he proved to be one of Mr Rennie's fellow travellers, whose surprise and confusion at finding the "blacksmith" of the preceding day breakfasting with my lord may be very easily imagined. The earl was much amused when Mr Rennie afterward described to him the incident of the broken axle

FIRST NEW TESTAMENT PUBLISHED IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The following is believed to be a true account of the first edition of the New Testament published in New Hampshire about the year 1814:—A young man in New Ipswich, near the mountain and near to the borders of Rindge, by the name of Simeon Ide, who had done something in a printing office in Windsor, Vt., purchased a small two-pull Ramage press and a second-hand font of Bourgeois type. This press he placed in his father's blacksmith's shop, and, assisted by a sister about twelve years old, in setting type, he printed a duodecimo edition of the New Testament of 5,000 copies. To secure accuracy, he engaged the assistance of Rev. Dr. Payson of Rindge. One thousand copies of this edition was sold to the New Hampshire Bible Society in 1815, for $280:—less than cost—to obtain means to purchase more paper. The rest of the edition he sold for 50 cents a copy. Mr. Ide, it is thought, removed to Claremont about the year 1817. He is believed to be now living. In 1818, Mr. Isaac Long purchased stereotype plates for the New Testament. Of him the N. H. Bible Society frequently made purchases. An edition of the New Testament was early published in Sanborton.—*Congregational Jour.*

Family Circle.

THE FIRST DISAPPOINTMENT.

There's wisdom, music, poetry,
In the prattle of a child,
When the murmuring fountains of the soul
First well forth bright and wild.

I heard a girl, a gentle girl,
Thus to her mother say:
"How slow to-morrow is, mamma!
When comes to-morrow, pray?"

"When you have slept and waked, my child,
Then will to morrow be"
"So you have said, mamma, yet no'er
To-morrow came to me.

"I've slept and waked, oft and again,
And still it was to-day.
I've watched and watched for morrow,
But it always flew away.

"You said that when to-morrow came,
'Twould come as bright and gay;
I woke, and thought—sure, now 'tis here!
But still it was to-day."

Alas, too early wise! I hoped
Bright years ere you would know,
To-morrow spans the dark to-day,
A cheating promise bow!

It is a fair and fleeting hope
To gild our misery given
The only morrow bright and sure
Is that which dawns in Heaven!

OSCAR THE SPENDTHRIFT

ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN OF AUGUSTUS MOLITZ

Oscar was a young man who lived in Paris He spent hundreds of dollars to no purpose, and still wanted to spend more. He had a number of evil companions, who did him much harm, and made him a great deal more of a spendthrift than he would have been without them.

When Oscar was out of money, he would write to his uncle for more His uncle was a wealthy man, who lived in a very large house. He loved Oscar so much, that as soon as he received his letter he enclosed him some bank-bills, and wrote him to try and be a little more economical than he had been. But soon Oscar would tell him that he had no more money, and that he must really have some more very soon.

Finally, his uncle threatened him, telling him, that if he was not more saving than usual, he would not give him any more. But still Oscar continued to be as much of a spendthrift as formerly, and his kind uncle ceased sending him any more money than he had done when he first went to Paris.

How did Oscar receive such treatment? At first he wrote back the most gloomy and complaining letters you ever saw. Then he would go and get in debt at the splendid tattooing establishments and wine stores, and would have his bills sent to his uncle to be paid

One day he received a letter from his uncle stating that he would once more send him some money and pay all his debts, but that it was the last time he would do it. He also said that if Oscar made any more debts, and continued to be as great a spendthrift as ever, he would cast him off altogether, and not even continue his acquaintance with him

But this threat only made Oscar smile. He said: "The old man loves me too much to carry such a threat into effect. He knows too much to do that, for he would not like to have me turn against him." But, on thinking the matter over, he remembered that his uncle had never told him he would do anything which he did not afterwards perform He began to tremble, therefore, lest he would carry his resolution out But he said to himself: "I will be economical for a little while The old man cannot live forever He will soon die; and then I will have money enough to last me all my life."

So Oscar commenced a new way of living, and for a whole year he did not spend a cent more than was right. His uncle could not say the first word of complaint against him. One of the men of whom he had formerly borrowed a sum of money, came to him and begged him to pay him back, as he had not enough to supply his family with bread. Oscar told him to be quiet, that his uncle was then sick, and would very soon die, and then he would pay him again, with a very large interest

The second year proved that Oscar was not completely cured of his very evil habit, for he borrowed several sums of money privately. But still he waited patiently for his uncle to die, and almost every day went to the post-office expecting to hear that he had really died and left him all his property

At last the news came, and I will tell you how, on the same day, he received two letters which made him happy beyond measure. One was from the lawyer who had been in the habit of attending to his uncle's business, and the other from the executor of his uncle's estate. Both letters informed him of the death of his uncle by heart disease, and that Oscar must hurry off to his mansion to take possession of all the property.

He was almost beside himself with joy. He hardly knew what to do, so perfectly carried away was he with his great good fortune. So he sat down and wrote to the executor these words:—

"Make everything ready in the mansion for my reception. I shall have some of my intimate friends with me, and I want you to have six of the best carriages in the country at the depot to take me to my great estate. I want you also to have a dinner prepared for me that will be the richest and most costly ever known. The wine must cost ten dollars a bottle—not less than that—as much higher as you please. Travelling, you know, makes one hungry. Besides, I want you, by return of mail, to send me 16,000 francs. Attend to these matters promptly, and I will reward you as you will deserve."

After Oscar had sent the letter, he hastened to his comrades and informed them of his large fortune. He invited them to go with him and partake of his hospitality and see his great estate. Of course they were very willing to go, and they rejoiced with him over his fine success.

When Oscar received the 16,000 francs, and, in company with his friends, had come to the end of their journey on the cars, they found the six splendid carriages, all drawn by white horses, standing ready at the station to take them to the great mansion. The country through which they passed was very beautiful. By and by the carriages drove up in front of the marble house. The executor came out to the door, and after congratulating Oscar on his good fortune, told him that his orders had been strictly obeyed, and that everything was ready for his reception.

Oscar smiled, and soon had the pleasure of inviting his gay friends into the great dining-hall What a sight! I never saw such a scene, nor did any of my young friends who are reading these lines with such interest. It was dazzling The dishes were of silver, and gold, and they were so bright as almost to blind every eye. Every one flattered and congratulated Oscar, and complimented the executor for preparing such a magnificent dinner. It was a gay company at first, but when the rich wine was handed around, their happiness knew no bounds. They gave toasts to Oscar and to one another. Finally, Oscar himself rose up, and after drinking still another glass of wine, made a little speech to his companions:—

"My friends, as it is to-day in this house, it shall always be so long as we live. Now, I am rich enough You are all my guests; let us then be very happy! Say, now, don't you think my uncle a splendid old fellow to die just now? What a dance he would have been to live a dozen years longer! Fill all your glasses again, and let us drink with the hope that he may rest in peace. This is my toast: '*Good rest to the old man who died at the right time!*'"

"*I thank you!*" said a trembling voice from a secret door in one corner of the dining-hall. All eyes were turned in the direction whence it came. Oscar let his glass fall from his hand, and he became as pale as death. Then the door opened, and out walked a tall, pale old man, with his hands folded on his breast

"Oh! my uncle!" exclaimed Oscar with an excited voice; and, as he said it, his hair stood up on end from fright.

"The dead man!" all shouted out at the top of their voices. They knew not where they were, knew not what to do. They started to run out of the door; and so did Oscar too, but he fell back in his chair, and had not strength enough to get up again.

"Yes, I am your uncle," said the old man fiercely, and with his usual strong, manly voice. "But I am not dead, but living. This is the first time I have ever resorted to a stratagem, but I did it to test you. But I hope the Lord will forgive me. Now I am perfectly convinced that, notwithstanding all my kindness to you, you are still the same spendthrift as ever; and that, when you heard I was dead, you thought it the best news you had ever received. You know that I acquired all my property by strong exertion, and you would spend it in luxury and dissipation! Away from my sight! Away, or I shall have to cane you! In future you are no longer my nephew. If you and your companions stay another hour here, the police will arrest every one by my order, and put you in prison. Away! You will find six carts standing before the front door. They will take you to the cars in one day. You may ride in them, or you will be compelled to walk."

These words were spoken in great earnestness. The old man then retired to his room. Oscar called to him to come back, but he would not do it. The spendthrift nephew then told his friends to stay longer in the house; and as soon as he said it, thirty policemen appeared in their midst in shining uniforms. They had to go; and so the six carts took Oscar and his gay friends back to the railroad depot.

When Oscar got back to Paris, he wrote his uncle a very good letter, begging him to forgive him all his offences. But no, it was too late now. His uncle adopted another worthy and temperate young man as his son, and educated him. In the course of three years Oscar's uncle died, and this young man entered into possession of his great estate I must tell you how he spent the first day at his large marble house. He made a great feast to all the poor people in the country. They came for miles around, and partook of a good dinner under the fine elms on the lawn. Each one of them found under his plate a five dollar gold piece. Now, was not that a good way to use money? Every little girl and boy will say, "Yes." I am very sure.

The police visited Oscar in his lodgings the third week after his return to Paris He was taken to prison, and there he staid four months. Not one of his companions visited him, or sent him a nice loaf of bread. This shows that they did not care for him, but only for his money.

When he was released from prison, he left the city. It is said that he begged in the outskirts of the city for about six months; but the last I heard of him was that he had turned sailor on a boat that went to Australia, so that when he got there he might go to digging for gold in the great mine.

Methodist.

LITTLE CHARLEY.

Charley is only three years old, a restless, active little fellow, with soft silky curls and bright blue eyes; always busy, and no wonder that sometimes he gets into mischief, as boys often do; but he feels sorry when he does injury to any thing, and cannot rest until he has told all.

His grandmother loves him very much, and is very kind and very patient with Charley; but once in a while, if he breaks the plants in her conservatory, lets the canary bird out of his cage, or sets the water running in the bathing tubs, or jumps in himself without taking off his clothes, she can't help trying to teach him that such things are naughty, and once or twice she has punished him just enough to make him remember.

His grandmother has a beautiful oleander tree which she has taken great care of for many years. It was full of rich pink blossoms, and looked very finely. One day grandmother had gone across the garden to visit her brother's family, and Charley thought it would be a good time to enjoy the oleander, as it stood on the piazza; so he jumped up on the tub in which it was growing, put his curly head in among the branches, and looked through with his roguish blue eyes; but in turning quick, his ringlets caught in one of the finest branches, and broke it off. It dropped on the floor of the piazza just at Charley's feet.

Now what do you think little Charley did? Did he run and hide? Did he intend that his grandmother should think that pussy did it, and let pussy get a whipping? or did he think, Of course she will think the wind broke it off? No, no Charley's heart was full of his little trouble. He jumped down quick. "I must go and tell grandmother," he said. So he ran, without stopping to think, through the garden into uncle James' parlor. "Please, grandmother, come home quick, quick." "Why, what is the matter, Charley? Is baby sick?" "Please come, grandmother." So Charley took his grandmother by the hand, and hurried her away, until he came to the oleander. There lay the branch of blossoms. "Grandmother," he said, "I did it. This curl caught right in here while I stood on the tub looking through. Am I not a naughty Charley?"

Grandmother felt sorry that he had broken her oleander, but she was glad that Charley was so honest and willing to own his fault, and she kissed him, and he promised never to do so again.

When his grandmother told me the story, I thought, If all children were as willing to acknowledge a fault, how many untruths would be avoided. If through accident or carelessness you break or injure what belongs to another, go at once and tell what you have done. Above all, go to your heavenly Father, and acknowledge your daily faults. "Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight. Forgive me, for Jesus' sake, and let me still be thy child." God will hear your sincere prayer, and forgive you

The Child's Paper.

KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

A TRUE STORY

The glowing sun of midsummer afternoon poured through the curtainless windows of the little village school, and small curly heads drooped like the delicate flowers in the languid air. Among them all, little Katie's sunny ringlets fell the lowest, and if you had lifted the golden veil, you would have seen that the weary eyes had forgotten to con the long line of hard words in the worn spelling book, and that the silken fringes of the drooping lids were pillowed lovingly upon the sweetest little cheeks in the world.

Yes, in the heated air, soothed by the lazy drone of the hungry flies, and the restless hum of young student voices, Katie had fallen asleep. She was dreaming, too. She was dreaming of the little brother, darling Charley, who, in the bright springtime, when the violets were just opening their sweet blue eyes after their long sleep, had strayed away from earth, and passed through those gates of gl

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Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder

DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

A wail in the palace, a wail in the hut;
The midnight is shivering with dread,
And Egypt wakes up with a shriek and a sob,
To mourn for the first-born and dead.

The morning glad voices greeted the light
As the Nile with its splendor was flushed;
'Tis midnight, and silence has melted their tones,
And their music forever is hushed.

This morning the satrap of palace and court
To the heir of the kingdom bowed down;
'Tis midnight, and pallid and stock in his shroud
He dreams not of kingdom nor crown.

This morning the bridegroom bent o'er his fair bride,
And dreamed of long hours of bliss;
'Tis midnight, she bends o'er his unanswering lips;
But they heed not her agonized kiss.

AM I THE ACHAN?

Written on hearing a Sermon preached by Dr Hawes, Jan. 20, 1862. Subject—" An Appeal to Christians—Self examination."

Lord, is it I? Ah, shall I be
An Achan in the camp!
A clog to Israel—false to thee—
Bearing thine awful stamp!

Am I at ease in Zion still?
Does no sad thought arise!
No secret tear of mourning fill
My down-cast weeping eyes!

Have I no burden on my heart—
No errand at thy throne!
In Zion's griefs have I no part!
Does she unheeded moan!

Ah! can I pierce thee—Saviour dear,
And reckless, view the wound!
Can no deep, mourning, bitter tear
Of anguish here be found!

Spirit of grace! O search me through!
Detect my latent sin;
Bring my exceeding guilt to view;
Strike sorrows deep within.

Then shall salvation's waters flow,
When thou the rock dost smite;
Then soon shall bold transgressors know
How marvellous thy light.

N. Y. Observer.

THE GENESEE ANNUAL CONFERENCE

Mr. Editor:—Permit me to furnish you some extracts from the Genesee Conference, which will interest your readers. I will not be able to give you the whole at once, as time will not permit, so I shall have something to say, more than I can conveniently now; I defer it until the last.

The Twelfth Session of the Genesee Annual Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, convened in Montrose, Pa., Zion Church, Sept. 6, 1862, Superintendent Rt. Rev. J. J. Clinton presiding.

The Superintendent organized the conference by reading the portion of scripture from 1 John fifth chapter, and singing the following hymn,

"Where shall the gospel tidings spread,"

which was sung with much spirit. Prayer was offered by Rev. J. W. Loguen, who fervently invoked the blessing of God upon our suffering race, and mankind universally; for his presence in our midst during the conference session, and the spread of the gospel.

The Superintendent then celebrated the conference, in which he referred to the divine providences of God, in permitting us to meet again after the labor and trial of the past year, for which we have reason to feel grateful; that death had visited our number, by calling one of our brethren from labor to reward; and one, too, who had by exemplary character and conduct, won the esteem and confidence of the brethren, hence his loss would undoubtedly be felt. He urged the members to use courtesy in deliberation, and let no word or expression fall from their lips that might cause any unpleasant feelings among them That decorum and intelligence was essential, and wished it to be evinced upon all matters relating to the conference, especially in the pulpit, aiming to win souls. To better prepare the mind for the observance of the regulations suggested, there would be a conference prayer meeting every morning anterior to business, and urge the attendance of every member, suffering nothing to hinder them but sickness.

The cordial reception of the address was evinced by a hearty response of "Amen." Rev. W. Sanford was elected Recording Secretary, who proceeded to enroll the members. The remainder of the session was occupied interchanging sentiments respecting the different churches.

SECOND SESSION

The conference convened at the hour appointed, an hour which was spent in prayer. Subsequently the house proceeded to business.

After the disposition of some ordinary matters, the following committees were appointed.

Finance—J. W. Loguen, J. Thomas, J. H. Smith

Credentials—James H. Smith, Richard T Eastep.

Devotional Exercises—J. W. Loguen, John Thomas

Complaints—B. Mackall, Thos. James, W. A. Cromwell.

Holy Orders—Thomas James, Beall Mackall, W. A. Cromwell.

Education—W. Sanford, W. A. Cromwell.

Literary Fund—S. M. Giles, J. W. Loguen, J H Smith

Monitorial Studies—Thomas James, James H Smith.

Temperance—John Thomas, B. Mackall, John Tappan

Missions—Thos. James, R T. Eastep, J W Loguen

Slavery—J. W Loguen, George Busley

Sabbath Schools—J. H Smith, J. Thomas

Eulogy—George Busley, Thomas James, S. M Giles

Business—J. W Loguen, Thomas James, B. Mackall

Mission Fund—T. James, J. H. Smith, S. M. Giles.

Conference Messenger—Hezekiah Butler.

Reporter—Samuel M. Giles

Rev. John Thomas presented to the conference $6 from the United Sons and Daughters of Bishop of Ithaca, New York, and $6 from the Juvenile Daughters of Ross of the same place, for the benefit of the conference. A vote of thanks was returned to each society, and the names of the officers were ordered to be printed in the minutes

The discipline questions were then entered upon, and answered in order. The announcement of Rev. Christopher Benjak's death, drew forth some appropriate remarks, respecting his life, conduct, and usefulness by the Superintendent, followed by Rev. Loguen, Smith, Thomas and others; who spoke in praise of his ministerial career.

James J. Scott, owing to the neglect of duties, was expelled from the connexion.

A new organization from Bath, New York, was represented by T. James; another from Corning, New York, by J. H. Smith; both were received in due form

For the Christian Recorder.

EPISCOPAL VISITS.

I have just paid a debt in visiting my western brethren and sisters, or the western portion of the A. M E Church; a debt that I was not aware was due. I rejoice to be favored with an opportunity of making payment. It is reasonable to suppose, that a stranger as I was, about which so many false statements were spoken and written, as recently has been circulated about me, would have expected frowns and cold shoulders. But I found things the reverse of such an expectation, for it seemed as if all hearts were human and sympathetic, and many doors were unbarred to hear and receive some word from the stranger For their Christian philanthropy I am grateful, and rejoice in a privilege to acknowledge the very kind treatment I received, both from preachers and people. From experience I can say, that there is nothing more congenial to the happiness and comfort of a stranger, than the manifestations of friendship from those he meets when far from home. In the city of Indianapolis, the seat of the Indiana Conference, was one continued movement of war troops, and some of the soldiers very unruly and disorderly. I have not heard the word *nigger* as often before in the last ten years, as I did in one week in my stay in Indianapolis. In St. Louis, the behaviour was much better; I did not hear the word *nigger* once. The conferences were ably sustained in both places, and I must confess that I never saw a conference better sustained, than in the latter place. When I compare the conference held at St. Louis, with those held in Taunton, New Jersey, and New Bedford, Massachusetts, I am not prepared to say which was the most nobly sustained; they each show in the superlative degree

I am more than ever convinced of the necessity of a good weekly paper being circulated among our people, for by this means I find that when our bodies are far distant from each other, our hearts and minds are brought nigh in weekly communication. I also rejoice to find our people so hopeful amid adverse circumstances of the present crisis, and I am encouraged to wait patiently for the final issue of the great struggle now going on between slavery and freedom.

N. B. I will be in New Bedford, Mass., on the 3d of October, and shall leave on the 7th for Newport, R. I., where I shall remain until the 10th From thence I shall proceed to Providence, R. I., and remain there until the 14th. I shall then leave for New Haven, Conn., and be there until the 20th, from thence to Bridgeport, Conn, and there remain until the 22d. If I should miss the connexion of cars, and fail to be at any of the above appointments at the time appointed; I will be there the next day, if no preventing providence.

N. B. Brother W. Winder, preacher in a charge of Freehold circuit, is hereby notified to write me word while in Providence, from the 10th to 14th of October, where I shall start from in New York to reach his circuit, and to what point of his circuit I may meet him. I will then inform him at what time I will be on said circuit.

N. B. I call attention to a resolution, of the Philadelphia Annual Conference held in Trenton, New Jersey, 1862, relative to Sabbath Schools, viz.

Resolved, That we recommend to this conference, that it would be highly important for a Sabbath School Convention, to be held in the Philadelphia District, consisting of the Bishop, or Bishops, Ministers having charge, Superintendents, Teachers, and delegates not exceeding two from each circuit or station, and that the Bishop be requested to appoint the time and place of holding said convention.

According to the resolution, I here give notice that said "convention" will be held in Bethel Church, Sixth St., Pa., on Wednesday, the 12th of November, 1862

Willis Nazrey

For the Christian Recorder

MRS. FRANCIS E. WATKINS HARPER ON THE WAR AND THE PRESIDENT'S COLONIZATION SCHEME.

Let me refer to the great topic of the day—the war. You ask my opinion, I think, in one of your letters. To me the times are gloomy, and though I stand not in the valley of vision, and my lips neither tremble nor thrill with the prophet's ecstasy or agony, yet if I can read the fate of this republic by the lurid light that gleams around the tombs of buried nations, where the footprints of decay have lingered for centuries, I see no palliation of her guilt that justifies the idea that the great and dreadful God will spare her in her crimes, when less favored nations have been dragged from their places of pride and power, and their dominion swept away like mists before the rising sun. Heavy is the guilt that hangs upon the neck of this nation, and where is the first sign of national repentance? The least signs of contrition for the wrongs of the Indian or the outrages of the negro? As this nation has had glorious opportunities for standing as an example to the nations leading the van of the world's progress, and inviting the groaning millions to a higher destiny; but instead of that she has dwarfed herself to slavery's base and ignoble ends, and now, smitten of God and conquered by her crimes, she has become a mournful warning, a sad exemplification of the close connexion between national crimes and national judgments

This lesson she should have learned amid the wrecks of ancient empires, buried beneath the weight of their crimes. She should have learned it from Egypt, seared with the wrath of God, and weeping over her first-born and her dead. She should have read it on the tombstone of proud Babylon, who said in her fancied security, I sit a queen and shall see no sorrow, when destruction was preparing its mines beneath her feet, and ruin brooding over her head. You wonder at the blindness of the nation in refusing the negro's aid, in rejecting the services of men acquainted with both the enemy and the country, who might have, ere this, led their stumbling feet to victory. I a most surprised. It looks as if the nation, stultified by its crimes, with the loss of its moral power, had also parted with its mental perceptions.

The North, if I understand her position aright, lacks one great element of success, and that is enthusiasm. In this battle she lacks the enthusiasm of love and the fanaticism of hate. The South has the latter—a terrible fanaticism that has given vigor to their arms and strength to their labors. If the age would only give another Peter, the hermit, to set every heart to throbbing with a hatred of oppression and a love of freedom, then we might witness another crusade, not to rescue the sepulchre of our once dead Saviour, but temples of a living Christ, from the great Mausoleum of American oppression.

The country needs a leader, high and strong, and bold and brave; his heart the home of great and noble purposes, who would count the greatest victory worse than a shameful defeat if resubjugation of the South should only mean a reconstruction of the Union on its old basis.

As to the colonization scheme, give yourself no uneasiness. If Jeff. Davis does not colonize Lincoln out of Washington, let him be thankful. The President's dabbling with colonization just now suggests to my mind the idea of a man almost dying with a loathsome cancer, and burying himself about having his hair trimmed according to the latest fashion. I anticipate no fresh trouble to our people from this new movement. Let the President be answered firmly and respectfully, not in the tones of supplication and entreaty, but of earnestness and decision, that while we admit the right of every man to choose his home, that we neither see the wisdom nor expediency of our self-exportation from a land which has been in a measure enriched by our toil for generations, till we have a birth-right on the soil, and the strongest claims on the nation for that justice and equity which has been withheld from us for ages—ages whose accumulated wrongs have dragged the present wars that overshadow our head. And even were we willing to go, is the nation able to part with us? What Christian land under heaven is able to part with four millions of its laboring population? And should this country ever emerge from this dreadful war, with its resources diminished, its strength crippled, and industry paralyzed, will it not want our labor to help rebuild the ravages of war and the wastes of carnage? Did not cruel persecutions drive from Spain and France some of their best workmen and artisans, and what has been the result? All the gold gathered from the new world, that glittered in the coffers of Spain, have not saved her from decay, and does not. France, till this hour, misses the strong current of Protestant blood from her veins.

O, be hopeful, my friend! Upon our side of the controversy stands God himself, and this gives us a solemn and sublime position. A people thus situated may lift up their heads and take courage in the hope of a sure and speedy redemption F. E. W. Harper.

Notice.—We are not responsible for this article in any sense; the author alone will be.—Ed

For the Christian Recorder

Mr. Editor:—I see a great deal said nowadays upon the subject of colonization. That subject, or scheme, was originated so corruptly, as I have means and every reason to believe, that I have never liked much to hear the subject mentioned. However, I suppose it is right to investigate all subjects, in order that we may see what they are. But to come at the matter short, I would just say that I have examined closely what has been said on that subject, as far as I have been able, and I am not willing to subscribe to much that has been said in favor of colonization, in any shape, as now talked of, from the fact that I most candidly believe that every white person in this nation who favors the colonization scheme, does so, not because he is so deeply interested in our welfare, but from deep-seated prejudice of his heart which he has contracted against the colored man. I repeat that he has contracted it against the colored man; it is not natural, as I think I am prepared to prove.

President Lincoln may have uttered the convictions of his mind honestly in his address to the colored committee, but to say that he came honestly by such convictions is more than I could say I honestly believed; for how it is true that the colored people of this country are the cause of the present great rebellion and war, is what I cannot understand. Now I believe that the existence of slavery is what brought the war about, and I am sure that the colored people are not the authors of slavery. So I think the charge incorrect, and a slander, and amounts to a perfect outrage; for I cannot conceive how the colored people have caused the war any more than I could conceive how slavery could be the author of its own existence. I cannot understand the one any easier than I can the other.

No; it is the existence of American slavery that has done the mischief, and though "I am not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet," yet I will venture here to deliver a piece of prophecy; that is, that this rebellion will never be crushed until this nation agrees in its sovereign capacity to make restitution to the colored people of this country, and to restore to them "their God given rights, of which they have been now so long robbed."

But to return to the subject of colonization. On that subject I know that I can speak for myself as an individual I feel that this is my own native country. Indeed, I have the means of knowing that it is, over and above that my sires and race have shed a great deal of blood in defence of the liberties of this country, and to make this country what it is, for which reasons I am contumaciously opposed to any scheme of colonization. It is my preference to remain here on what I claim as my own native soil, at least until I make it up in my own mind to do otherwise, and that, too, without any persuasion by my enemies; for a man who has so much prejudice against me that he is not willing for me to settle nearer than from three to five thousand miles from him is my enemy, it matters not who he is. I style him my enemy, and therefore I cannot be a subject of his influence in any way whatever.

In this great matter I hope our people will be like men; speak their mind freely, and not suffer "themselves to be carried about with every wind of doctrine" with which they may chance to come in contact. Could I reach the whole of them with my voice or pen, I would say to them as Moses said to the children of Israel, while hemmed between their enemies and the Red Sea: "Fear not, stand still and see the salvation of the Lord which he will show you" before long. It does not matter what any body may say, that which the Lord is going to do he will do. It does not matter how many laws are passed, or how many are not passed, it is all the same with him. As it regards my sympathies, they are with the general Government, but I am sorry to say that my sentiments are not, as far as colonization is concerned. Now as far as loyalty is concerned, I am free to state that I feel it to be my indispensable duty, as well as privilege, to be loyal to the Government under which I live T. Strother.

Terre Haute, Ind., Sept., 1862

(To be continued)

For the Christian Recorder

AFFAIRS IN WASHINGTON.

Mr Editor:—We are in the midst of an anxious suspense still for the *nation's* safety. Fierce and terrible have been the battles fought almost at the door of the Capitol for the last two weeks. Days and nights pass away leisurely even to the most unconcerned, but to those who are to any extent interested in the war affairs, and are hungering for the evening and morning papers, hours appear to creep slower than days formerly.

The streets of Washington, which were thronged with straggling soldiers two weeks ago, now presents quite a different state of things Those wandering soldiers have been taken up and properly assigned to a more useful sphere of action, though every public rendezvous is still beleaguered with more captains, lieutenants, and other coat-strapped gentlemen than I have ever seen before. How it is that such fierce battles can be raging on the very suburbs of the United States capital, and so many idle officers promenading the streets, loitering around hotels, and lolling in every kind of saloon at the same time, is a mystery to me. However, it is a very instantaneous thing that is of no use at all, and the only use their appearance upon the streets is, that it has a tendency to keep down excitement, for the great mass of the people are led to suppose, that as long as the soldiers are so easy and unconcerned, there is but little danger to be feared. And strange to say too; but there is the greatest difference in the world between the last soldiers called for by the President and the first. The first or former soldiers who came to the defence of their country, seemed to have had nothing at heart but their great and glorious mission, and every other consideration appeared to be a matter of contempt, or regarded as undeserving attention; they passed to and fro among the people and treated every one respectfully; such were the manners and becoming courtesy of every northern soldier that the colored people delighted to render every assistance in their power; they would take them to their houses and give them the best to eat the market could afford, and divide the last penny they had to make them comfortable, and it was almost unnatural to hear a harsh word spoken by any of them to a colored person. But these last recruits which are coming into the field, are all the time cursing and abusing the infernal negro, as some say, nigger. In many instances you may see a regiment of soldiers passing along the street, and knowing them to be fresh troops, you may (as it is natural) stop to take a look at them, and instead of them thinking about the orders of their commanders, or Jeff. Davis and his army, with whom they must soon contend, they are gazing about to see if they can find a nigger to spit their venom at. And I believe it is to kill off just such rebels as these that this war is being waged for, one in rebellion to their country, and the other in rebellion to humanity, for that man who refuses to respect an individual because his skin is black, when God himself made him black, is as big a rebel as ever the devil or any of his subalterns were, if James Gordon Bennet is one, he not excepted.

We had the pleasure of visiting Baltimore last Sabbath, and found every thing very agreeable in our churches. Sabbath morning we heard the Rev. S. L. Hammond preach one of his heart-searching sermons from the text, "O taste and see that the Lord is good." Rev. Hammond preached in his pathetic style; he drew largely upon the Scriptures to prove his points, and so blended the various attributes of the Almighty as to show a line of goodness all through them. His words flowed free and easy, and fell impressively upon his audience. At night we visited Bethel church, and heard Rev. A. W. Waymen, who preached from the simple phrase, *Eternity*. I here had my attention particularly called to notice, that though the Rev. A. W. Wayman had spent so many years in Baltimore, and to all probability, had preached a thousand sermons in Bethel church, he nevertheless, held the entire audience, 2000 of white and colored, utterly spellbound; every one seemed to be intent upon the theme of his discourse, and in his glowing profusion of ideas. He invited all nature, the dancing stars, the rolling surges of the ocean, the flying cloud of heaven, the shining sun, the silver queen of night, the snow-capped mountains, the blooming forest, the soaring eagle, the crystallized rocks of a thousand eyes, the cherubim, the seraphim, the tall archangels, and all the intelligences that populated every planet, every cluster, every sphere, and every constellation in all God's dominions to define the length of eternity, and all proved abortive. He then attempted to measure it by the drops of the ocean, the sand upon the earth, the leaves of the forests, the atomical particles, until he, as it were, drifted away into the untold, unmeasured, and inconceivable cycles of eternity itself, but yet there were no bounds, it was endless, endless, endless.

We also had the pleasure of seeing the *Rev.* Mrs. James Lynch, who is not only a beautiful lady, but one whose physiognomical features bespeak the highest degree of intellectuality. She is also modest, sedate, and very reserved, a choice thinker, and a splendid writer, and in every respect the equal of her husband, and will in time make one of our first literary contributors, which is an inestimable excellence in a preacher's wife.

I also visited the office of the *Repository*, and find that our people, like unto nearly everything else, are growing weary in well doing. When the *Repository* first began to be published monthly, there was a considerable amount of zeal manifested in its behalf, but like the old bell cow, it has now become common, and hence the people are becoming careless. The secret of it is, I do not believe that the ministers manifest any interest in it, with some few exceptions, for I am certain if its claims were held up before the thousands that compose our congregations, Sabbathly, that we could dispose of at least 5000 per month, and here we can barely get rid of one thousand. I heard Bishop Quinn say in New York, that the ministers of the A. M. E. Church preached Sabbathly to over 75,000 human beings, and out of that vast number, we can hardly sell one thousand *Repositories*, and it puzzles almost the whole connection to understand how Weaver does to keep the *Recorder* alive, but the ones that are the most puzzled are those who do the least for it. If 75000 persons, professors and non-professors, who are supposed to compose our congregations through the entire connection, cannot keep up one weekly paper and one monthly periodical, (the *Repository*) we ought to go down South and work for old Jeff. No one can find any fault with either the *Repository* or the *Recorder*; their literature is of the best style, indeed, history, art, science, divinity or politics, or anything else heart could wish, are found in their pages as efficiently as in any other in this country No excuse under God's heaven, but indifference, or an indisposition to work for our own benefit. God of mercy wake up the people to a knowledge of their *stupidity* and to a sense of their *danger*, for I really believe that it is dangerous to trifle with the means that God has put in our hands to elevate unborn generations, for a man that will oppose literature is no more than any other sinner if he has the means of exerting its blessed power either upon himself or other persons. And the man that will neglect it, commits a sin second only to neglecting his prayers.

I was informed that there was a meeting held in the 15th street Presbyterian church on last Monday evening, to consider the propriety of calling a pastor, and that the Rev. Mr. Gibbs of Philadelphia, was one among the proposed. I trust they may succeed in getting some good man to lead them, as there are many young intelligent persons connected with that branch of Zion who need a spiritual adviser.

Professor A. M. Green is in the city, and contemplates delivering some of his telling lectures in Washington before leaving.

The committee who waited upon the President, and to whom he delivered his Central American address, have not yet taken any action. I hear they are preparing a reply, which they contemplate submitting to the people, and if approved of, then submitting it to the President. I hope they will make it speak in power, for if we do not speak now, at a time when the chief magistrate is bound to hear us, I very much doubt another opportunity being offered. May God teach them what to say H. M. T.

Washington, Sept. 19th, 1862.

REV. JAMES H. THORNWELL, D. D., OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The man whom John C Calhoun styled the greatest of living Americans has just gone down into his grave without leaving behind him—in any record that we have been able to consult—the date of his birth. Among the newspapers of the church to which he belonged, neither *The Observer*, nor *The Presbyterian*, nor *The Journal of Commerce*, has succeeded in giving it, though his age is mentioned as about fifty years. Not even his name has place in the "Men of the Time." The late report states that he died of typhoid pneumonia, in Charlotte, N. C., August 1st. But as this report comes from "rebel sources," and as a similar rumor concerning Dr. Hugo (who is still living,) not long ago gained currency, some acquaintances of Dr. Thornwell in this city express a belief that he is not yet dead. Yet as the journals just named have given him their usual obituary record, we add our own. Even if he be alive, and shall see these notices, he will not be the first man who has read his own epitaph.

By common fame, Dr. Thornwell was the most brilliant minister in the Old School Presbyterian Church, and the most brilliant debater in its General Assembly. This reputation he early gained, and never lost. Whenever he was present in the Assembly, he was always the first person pointed out to a stranger. Nor was his appearance more likely to be forgotten than when visitors at the House of Representatives used to ask, "Which is John Randolph of Roanoke?" In not a few traits, both physical and mental, the two men bore each other a resemblance

A grave-looking, elderly gentleman, with a boy's stature—pale and cadaverous face—hair black as a raven, and floating about his neck almost like a woman's—shoulders round, and crowding his chest forward—a frail frame, plainly carrying the burden of an over-active brain:—this is the exterior portrait of the little great man, who, after the death of Calhoun, was esteemed the first citizen of South Carolina

The most singular point in his history is the earliest—his origin. For, strange as it may seem, the chiefest of South Carolinians sprang, not from the "first families," nor from the blood of the Cavaliers, but from the lowest class in the social order of the South—from a level even beneath the black man's—known in the social scale as the strata of the White Trash. He was born not in a house, but in a cabin; not under a roof, but under a thatch. Not that this is any discredit to him;—not at all! Only, when he afterwards turned unrighteously against those of his fellow-creatures whom God likewise had set in obscure and lowly stations, he ought not to have forgotten the "rock whence he was hewn, and the hole of the pit whence he was digged."

A happy accident early brought good fortune to this young piece of friendless White Trash South Carolina having no common schools where a poor lad might find a gate opening to a career, he was caught up by a rich planter in the neighborhood, who, enamored of his fine eyes and fair forehead, sent him as a charity scholar to South Carolina College at Columbia—all because of his handsome looks. Here he began immediately to make a young man's fame; devouring books with passionate appetite, outstripping his mates in all studies, conquering in all debates; running through his course with such distinction that the student left the college to return as professor, and to remain as president

The presidential chair—the chief literary post in the whole range of Southern institutions—he kept until a few years ago, when he resigned it for the Professorship of Theology in the Old School Presbyterian Seminary, which stood as neighbor to the College, in the same town. This change his friends always regarded as unfortunate; for, after exerting an unbounded influence on each succeeding company of students—so that even yet they imitate the tones of his voice—he found, on entering a second class seminary, that his sphere of activity was abridged. Nor did the students of the College quietly submit to the vote which transferred him to the Seminary. When were South Carolinians ever in the habit of submitting quietly to disagreeable votes? Before a successor could come to sit in the vacant chair, the young men rose in rebellion, armed themselves with pistols, drew a cannon to face the front door, and undoubtedly would have begun a bombardment, had not Dr. Thornwell suddenly appeared, and by his personal influence persuaded the chivalry to retire! However, on the breaking out of a rebellion more threatening and disastrous, whose calamities are national and world-wide, Dr. Thornwell ranked himself among the rioters!

The theological professorship included, on Sundays, the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church, a double office, in which he served till his death. It was in the pulpit that his abilities had their best display. His voice, though hardly well modulated, was, nevertheless, so fascinating as a song; his gestures, though consisting of little else than throwing out both arms and drawing them back again, were never ungraceful, and always impressive; his eyes, which he never took off his audience to look upon a manuscript, and seldom to glance at a note, had a strange power of riveting attention, his whole manner of speech had the peculiarity, that while seldom exciting the speaker to any apparent enthusiasm, it always kindled the assemblage into a glowing fervor of feeling.

He took the palm for conversation. He was the talking centre of almost every circle where he entered. His confident manner, his facility of expression, his ability to seize an idea and make the most of it on the spot, compensated largely for a natural barrenness of humor. He was master of a peculiar sarcasm which, somewhat like Shelley's, was sharp on occasion, yet which, to use clean, needed to be edged with wit. But in describing something which he had seen, he was a rare narrator. For instance, in telling some friends in this city of Blondin's feats on the tight-rope at Niagara, which he had just witnessed, he made every body in the parlor shudder and tremble.

Of his publications, the best known is his volume of Discourses on Truth, consisting of a series of sermons on Christian ethics; besides which, he wrote with great learning and vigor against Popery; and, from time to time, during the last twenty-five years, has printed sermons, pamphlets, tracts, political essays, reviews, his latest production being a vindication of the New Southern Old School Church, of which he laid the corner-stone, as Dr Ross laid it for the New School. His style is vigorous, direct, unimaginative, devoid of illustration or ornament, carefully weeded of unnecessary words, never needing a second reading to make the meaning clear; on the whole resembling Brownson's more than any other writer's, though less rigidly Saxon than that fine, brave English which puts such spirit and fire into the pages of *The Quarterly Review*.

Speaking of Dr. Thornwell's habits of mind, *The Presbyterian* says:

"Dr. Thornwell's favorite studies (outside of theology) were in the departments of metaphysics, logic, and moral science. An unfortunate remark, smacking somewhat of a boast, that he possessed the best private library on the subject of logic in the country, brought upon him the laugh of many, but we doubt not that it was true, as his fondness for this study was remarkable. The writer chanced to go at one time into a room which he had occupied for two days, at some distance from his home, and seeing scraps of paper lying upon the carpet, picked some of them up. To his astonishment they were covered with logical symbols, the work, evidently, of a few leisure moments, and of a character which showed the writer to be perfectly at home in the most difficult parts of the science."

This extract furnishes the key-note to Dr. Thornwell's intellectual character. His chief power of mind—a power which he was constantly strengthening, like a gymnast, by exercise in these studies—was, logical deduction. He constructed an argument with rare skill, and presented it to an audience with winning fervidness. This was his forte. Beyond this, we do not see that he possessed any quality of greatness. Certainly he was not, in any broad sense, an original thinker. In all that he said, he said nothing new: at least, in all that he published, we have seen nothing new. Taking away from the Discourses on Truth their fine precision of statement, their carefulness in covering the whole ground, and their pure English, what remains—that is, the actual substance of the book—is not the author's own, but is to be found (where he found it) in other writers. In Moral Philosophy, he corrects Paley; in Mental, he corrects Locke; but everybody nowadays corrects both Paley and Locke, even without evincing profound originality of thought. It seems to us that Dr. Thornwell has not discovered any new truths, nor led any new ideas into the world—chiefly for a lack of a quality of mind which, in place of a better name, is called the intuitive faculty. So, with all his fine parts, he was not a man of genius.

In the General Assembly, he usually made more speeches, and gained fewer votes, than any other man on the floor. The reason for this was two-fold: first, because he was always bringing forward some narrow, abstract, technical solution, to which the great majority of less acute but more practical minds attached no importance, and then because—unlike all other South Carolinians since the world began—he had neither taste nor ability for ecclesiastical strategy. If he had a measure to introduce, he consulted [illegible] mittee beforehand; he arranged no programme of tactics. He always expected to carry his point unaided, except by his own speech. Often in a debate he was so sanguine of the success of his measures, that when the final vote left him in a lonesome minority, his surprise was ludicrous to see. Thus, two years ago in the Assembly at Rochester, when he sought, by a grand assault, to demolish the organized Boards of the Old School Church, and to substitute committees in their place—arraying Dr. Hodge in battle against him—he made a long, brilliant, and absurd speech at the close of which he remarked to a friend, "I think I have made the subject so clear, that I will have no overwhelming majority." "You will get," says his friend, "about 50 votes out of 325." On the count, he had 47! Many South Carolinians have said that, were he not a clergyman, he would have followed Calhoun to the Senate. But he had one virtue too great for a politician. He despised canvassing! We say it to his honor!

But this man chose to cast an ineffaceable shadow upon what might have been a shining name Born to no inheritance but poverty, to no station but obscurity—shaking from his small clothes the dust of the Dirt Eaters before he could step into respectable society—belonging to a low class who looked up from their degradation to envy the negro above them—he afterwards rose to the level of the oligarchy only to look down with ungenerous contempt upon the dusky multitudes who once were his superiors by social caste.

While South Carolina was organizing the Great Outbreak, such was Dr Thornwell's influence among the masses of the people, such was the prestige of his name, such was his power of appeal, that, during the few critical days before the ordinance of Secession, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that he held in his own hands the decision of peace or war for the whole land. For if South Carolina had not rebelled, no other state would have followed: and one man might have saved South Carolina. But when the Legislature met to pass the treasonable ordinance, who was the man who rose in the capitol to inaugurate the revolution with public prayer? It was Dr. Thornwell!

Independent.

FASHIONABLE DRINKING

Say what you may of the rumseller, as being the cause of the rapid increase of intemperance in our land, we think that to the fashionable drinker is due a vast amount of the responsibility. The trafficker has the semblance of an excuse. His family is dependent upon him for a support; his education has been such that he does not see clearly the enormity of the offence he commits. But the man of influence in society, who has wealth, a good name, and perhaps occupying a high position in church or state, who, with others of like standing, gives tone and character to society, he is the man of all others, whose influence sometimes tells for evil upon all around.

Now, we have hosts of just such men in the West. They are called moral, upright men; so far as overt acts of crime are concerned, no exceptions can be taken to their conduct. But they give the sanction of their presence, their smiles, their equivocal tokens of approbation, to the habits of the fashionables in regard to the use of the milder drinks; and some of these men use and furnish the same themselves. We look upon such persons as more blameable than some rumsellers, for they sin against greater light

Should a minister of the gospel set the example of using intoxicating beverages, who does not see that such influence would be sadly pernicious? If the leading members of his denomination should be guilty of the same, all the preaching of their lives would not counteract their acts. Even when those who make no profession, but are looked up to as examples of morality, give the influence of their words and deeds to the so-called harmless sipping of the fashionable beverages of the day, an untold amount of evil is fastened upon society It is a fact which cannot be disputed, that thousands copy their morals and habits from those who are above them in social position. If the rich man deems it right to drink his costly wine, the youth will not deem himself in the wrong when he patronizes the bear shop. If the latter is blameable, the former is criminal. We believe the fashionable drinker, next to the rum traffic, is the greatest obstacle which the temperance cause has to encounter. Let it be denounced as it deserves.

DO THE RIGHT THING.

Whenever you are in doubt which of two things to do, let your decision be for that which is right. Do not waver, do not parley, but square up to the mark and *do the right thing*. You may not always hit the mark; but you should, nevertheless, always aim at it, and with every trial your skill will increase. Whether you are to be praised or blamed for it by others; whether it will seemingly make you richer or poorer, or whether no other person than yourself knows of your action, still always, and in all cases, *do the right thing*. Your first lessons in this will grow easier, until finally, doing the right thing will become a habit; and to do a wrong, will seem an absolute impossibility.

ABOUT BOASTERS.

The kinds of boasters are as numerous and as troublesome as the Egyptian frogs. There is the irreligious boaster, full of offensively adored wit; the pious boaster, meek as a cat licking stolen cream from her whiskers; the working brag, puffing like a tired locomotive short of water; and the lazy, good-for-nothing brag, easy as an elephant's toe; the literary brag, mouthing great nothings about little nothings, and the unlearned brag spouting about his own culpable ignorance and stupidity; but every one of them shows a short-sighted, a vain, and an ill-balanced mind. If you have any qualities, good friend, on which you pride yourself, cannot you allow the world to possess a trifle of discernment and find out for itself what you are worth? Can you not *work* out—without speaking it—a deed, a life, or a character, as the painter makes a picture, and let it show for itself? Did you ever notice that men are apt to think that he who is always blowing his own trumpet, cannot have a great deal else to do, and that he must be conscious of having something defective in him, which will reveal itself to his discredit if he does not forestall public opinion by enormous boasting?

REUNION IN HEAVEN.

How short is the earthly history of a family! A few short years, and those who are now embraced in a family circle will be scattered. The children, now the objects of tender solicitude, will have grown up and gone forth to their respective stations in the world. A few years more, and children and parents will have passed from this earthly stage. Their name will be no longer heard in their present dwellings. Their domestic loves and anxieties, happinesses and sorrows, will be a lost and forgotten history. Every heart in which it was written will be mouldering in the dust. And is this all? Is this the whole satisfaction which is provided for some of the strongest feelings of our hearts? How can such transitory beings, with whom our connection is so brief, engage all the love we can feel? Why should not our feelings toward them be as feeble and unsatisfying as they? But, blessed be God, this is not all. Of this, he has given us perfect assurance in the Gospel of his Son. Though to the eye of unenlightened nature the ties of domestic love seem scattered into dust; the spiritual eye of faith perceives that they have been [illegible] to be assumed in far happier circumstances, in the region of everlasting love and bliss. Though the history of a family may seem to be forgotten when the last member of it is laid in the grave, the memory of it still lives in immortal souls, and when the circle is wholly dissolved on earth, it is again completed in heaven.

Understanding the Word.—Few American missionaries gained so high a reputation as soon as the Rev. Walter M Lowrie, of the Presbyterian Board, who was early cut off and called on high. Once he was comforting a companion in his work under circumstances of great affliction, and said to him that these trials were God's necessary preparations for missionary life and usefulness. He observed that there were some passages of Scripture which he never understood *till he read them through tears*. There are few of the Lord's afflicted ones who will not corroborate this. The fast-falling tears which dim the bodily eyes only clearly the spiritual vision.

CRITICISM RIGHTLY UNDERSTOOD.

Marie and Leon Escudier tell a story of Mme Gavaudan, which deserves to be read by every public performer, and weighed well.

She had played, one evening, in *le Petit Chaperon rouge*, in the most charming style, and on her return to the green room was surrounded by her friends, who congratulated her on her success Among those present was a journalist, who alone kept silent. Some time before he had criticised Mme Gavaudan severely, and he seemed to be uneasy, walking about in evident agitation. Finally, yielding to the general excitement, he approached the actress and said

"Madame, can you pardon me for having misjudged your admirable abilities?"

"Sir," replied Mme Gavaudan, "*I can only return you thanks. Your severe animadversions have given [illegible] to the success of this evening.*"

Mme [illegible]

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, September 27, 1862.

NOTICE.

TO THE DISTRICTS OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW ENGLAND, OHIO, INDIANA, AND MISSOURI, OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH MINISTERS

Dear Brethren:—As we have a number of superannuated ministers on the list in said Districts, therefore it will be expected that the ministers and preachers, on their circuits and stations, will do all they can to collect the *two cent money*, and we also recommend that the Class leaders be instructed to collect and set the amount on the Class book opposite each member's name, as also all the collections called, per Discipline, for the Annual Conference, and publish the same once every quarter, that it may be seen who they are that work for God and his cause. We think it is time to give credit to those of our people who do work, so that God's name may be glorified.

APPOINTMENTS.

On Sunday, the 28th inst., at 10 A. M., in the Wesley A. M. E. Church, Hurst Street, a discourse will be delivered by the pastor. Theme, "Seven Upward Steps." In the evening, at 7½ o'clock, a discourse entitled, "Seven Downward Steps."

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

The Quarterly Meetings for Bridgeton Circuit. The Quarterly Conference at Back Neck, September 27th, 1862, at 10 o'clock, A. M

October 5th, at Springtown.
" 19th, at Gouldtown.
" 26th, at Bridgeton.

JOSHUA WOODLIN,
Elder in charge

My next Quarterly Meeting will be held on next Saturday and Sabbath, the 4th and 5th of October. PETER GARDINER,
Preacher in charge.

QUARTERLY MEETING.

Last Sabbath the Rev. W. D. W. Schureman held his Second Quarterly Meeting for the Norristown circuit, in Zion Mission, Philadelphia. Love feast early in the morning. The Lord was there, and a good time you may imagine. At 11 o'clock preaching commenced. Brother Burly preached, and we must say that it was one of the young man's best efforts. We were not there in the after portion of the day, but it is said they had a good time all through the day.

In the afternoon we crossed over the river to Camden, N. J., to the Quarterly Meeting of Rev. Peter Gardiner, and heard him preach. He also gave us one of his deep logical discourses. We had a good time, the Lord be praised. At night we were sent for to preach for the congregation of Rev. A. L. Stanford, as Bro. Stanford preached for Bro. Gardiner at night. We went, and the house was crowded from the stairs close up to the altar.

The Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, and Episcopalian Churches, are all getting along pretty well.

EXCHANGES.

We acknowledge the following exchanges which came to our office during our absence, and with which we neglected to shake hands in our last. But we will now promptly welcome. We found on our table the Monroe Democrat and American, published every week by A. Strong & Co. We have number 34 of Vol. XXXV. before us, and we wish them a long and peaceful life. Also the New York Herald; its long standing is a better puff than we are able to give it. We will be glad to receive it in exchange for the Recorder. Also the Christian Church Advocate—a paper which appears to be well conducted. We shall be happy to exchange for it, and wish it great success, and that its counsels may be fraught with justice to all men.

The proclamation of the President of the United States will be read with interest by all of our people, and all true lovers of freedom, irrespective of clime or caste, will give three hearty cheers for Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America. Now if every man would work and throw down prejudice, the country would soon be redeemed and restored back as it was in the days of the Puritan fathers. We know that old England will shout to hear that her sons and daughters have at last agreed to do as they have had to, and that is to let every body be free. Amen, Amen.

THINGS IN AND ABOUT PHILADELPHIA.

There is a sense of feeling in Philadelphia about the war. Many are looking with anxious hearts for the triumph and victory of General McClellan, and there are some, and no small number, too, for the success of Jeff. Davis, and his men. Others are in favor of a universal emancipation, and putting down this rebellion by using all able bodied men; while others are saying there is a negro in the wood pile, and it must not be torn down for fear he will jump out and interfere with the Constitution. And others are saying let him come out, for those for whom that part of the Constitution was, as they say, intended to keep the negro in the wood pile, have insulted the flag of the Union because the Union would not consent to the wood pile being built any higher; they have themselves torn down the wood pile so that the negro could jump out and go. But says the Union, no, we will surround the wood pile and keep him in, to see if you will lay down your arms of rebellion and come back, and we will give you your negros south of Mason and Dixon's line.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Rev. H. Davis, for Jas. E. Hall,	$1 00
Albert H. Hall,	1 00
Rev. A. Johnas, of Johnstown, Pa., for two subscribers at Richmond, Pa.,	2 00
Miss Margt. Steward, of Bridgeton, N. J.,	50
Rev. H. M. Turner, on account,	4 00
Mr. Daniel Davidson, of Alexandria, Va.,	1 00

NOTICE.

We have received from two brethren a special request to preach for them out of the city on Sabbath. We would just say that a collection is to be taken up in Bethel Church on the following Sabbath for the contrabands, and Brother Campbell announced to his Board that we would preach for him at 3 o'clock on Sabbath, the 25th inst. On their account I stay to fill the appointment, to do all the good I can for suffering humanity.

THE simple inherit folly; but the prudent are crowned with knowledge.

FROM THE WEST.

INQUIRY.

"*To the Rev. E. Ross,*

DEAR SIR:—Will you please to answer the following questions?

1. The *Repository*, as sometimes seen in your paper, and often in the Annual Conferences, in connexion with the *Recorder*—is it or is it not the *property of* the general connexion of the A M E Church?

2. If it is the property of the connexion, why is it not under the jurisdiction of the General Editor and Book Steward?

3. Why is it so sectional in its circulation?

INQUIRER."

ANSWER

By the interrogatories made by "INQUIRER," we suppose he considers it our our duty to know (if, perchance, we should profess ignorance) all about the several publications belonging to our connexion, or for our connexion—that we are put here for that purpose, and, as such, should always give a prompt, forward and square answer. Then, first, in relation to the *Repository*, I would say that in 1857 the Indiana Conference Literary Society felt the need of some kind of a religious periodical, whereby we could have some place to communicate our thoughts, &c., and whereas, the connexion had failed to keep one in the field for the benefit of her ministry, members and friends, I introduced the subject in our Conference—that the members of the Literary and Historical Society respectively take our own money out of our pockets and publish a quarterly magazine. But that in no sense whatever was it to interfere with the publications of the general concerns of the connexion.

That was our argument upon the floor at the Annual Conference held in the city of New Albany, Indiana, in the fall of 1857. With this understanding, it was agreed to publish one in the city of Chicago, Ill, and the Rev. N. M. Clark was appointed the executive, and Bishop Payne the Chief, &c. They failed to carry out our decrees. I ought to state, however, that we secured the co-operation of the Missouri and Baltimore Literary Societies of the Conference. As there had been a failure on the part of those who were to execute the matter, I being stationed at the city of Indianapolis, Ind., the Revs. John M. Brown and W. R. Revels, both members of the Missouri Conference, were in my (then) charge, which was in March, 1858, I remarked that as there had been a failure on the part of the said persons, I would publish it myself in the city of Indianapolis, Ind.

We at once held a consultation, and hence agreed to call upon the printing firms of the city, &c., which we did to our satisfaction—and all was now right if we could procure the approbation of Bishop Payne. The Rev. J. M. Brown wrote to Bishop Payne immediately. He at once agreed that I should conduct the publication, &c., and sent on to me the matter he had on hand for publication and his ratio of the money, and I commenced the first publication on the first of April, 1858, and took some thirty dollars of my own money to give it a start. I continued its editor as aforesaid for some two years—and, the office of Editor and General Book Steward being vacant by the resignation of the Rev. J. P. Campbell, the Philadelphia Conference, which at that time had the jurisdiction over said Book Concern, elected me to fill that position until the sitting of the General Conference, which was a year from the time they voted for me. So, when the Indiana Conference met, they voted or consented for me to act for the connexion, which I did for a few months, until the General Conference met, in the city of Pittsburgh, 1860, at which time the General Conference, by their own act, placed me where I now am; and in January, 1861, I revived the *Christian Recorder* to its present size, and have kept it in the field ever since. Therefore, it never was intended that the *Repository* should interfere the least with the organ of the Church—but our own pecuniary affairs, outside of the General Concern, and never intended to come in collision with the general concern whatever. But when the General Conference appointed its officer or officers, that all matters belonging to the General Concern should always have the pre-eminence—and, after that, any other good thing might follow and do what it could. Therefore, the *Repository* is not the property of the general connexion.

This answers your first and second interrogatories. The third interrogatory I will leave you to judge from the answer to the other two questions.—ED.

CONTRABANDS IN WASHINGTON

We have read a letter from the President of the National Freedman's Society, of Washington, giving a graphic description of the condition of the poor, oppressed contrabands who are coming into Washington, more or less, all the time, moneyless and clotheless, of course. There are about 2,500 there now, if not more, who are, it seems, almost wholly dependent upon the Freedman's Society for support, according to the letter which the President of the Society sent to our friend, Mr. Still, of this city. It calls upon the colored people of Philadelphia to aid our brethren in their suffering condition. We ask our people here, Will you respond to the call? Yes; I know you will. The S. C. Statistical Association of the State of Pennsylvania, have gone to work immediately, and sent letters to the ministers and churches, all of whom, we hope, will act, and act promptly, too. Let everybody give something, either in money or clothing—second-hand. Yes, let every colored lady and gentleman do their duty.

On last Tuesday night we were at Bethel Church, attending the meeting called by the pastor, Rev. J. P. Campbell, the object of which was to take into consideration the urgent call for aid. The Rev. J. P. Campbell was appointed Chairman, and Mr. R. L. Seymour was appointed Secretary. On motion, a committee of three was appointed to draw business for the meeting. Rev. Elisha Weaver, Rev. Stephen Smith, and Bro. Abraham Field, were the committee, who went out, and returned in a short time with a preamble and series of resolutions, which were all approved by the meeting. The purport of these resolutions was, to respond to the call by raising money forthwith, and recommended that there be a collection taken up through the day, on Sabbath, in Bethel Church, expressly for that purpose. Mr. E. M. Thomas was introduced to the meeting, who arose and gave a statement of what he was an eye-witness to, as a citizen of Washington. There were some resolutions passed, as follows:—A vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Thomas for the information given. On motion, a committee of seven was appointed, (three males and four females,) as follows: Males, Rev. J. P. Campbell, Rev. S. Smith, and Brother Hall; Females, Mrs. Jane Johnson, Mrs. Mary C. Weaver, Mrs. Mary S. Jones, and Miss Esther Armstrong. On motion, it was resolved that all goods and moneys be paid over into the hands of the committee to be sent or brought to their addresses, as follows:

Rev. J. P. Campbell, No. 832 Carpenter St.
Rev. Stephen Smith, No. 921 Lombard St.
Mr. Morris Hall, No. 1022 Lombard St.
Mrs. Jane Johnson, No. 618 South St.
Mrs. Mary C. Weaver, No. 619 Pine St.
Mrs. Mary L. Jones, No. 919 South St.
Miss Esther Armstrong, No. 704 Lebanon St.

On motion, it was resolved that the doings of this meeting be published in the *Christian Recorder*, and that the names of the committee and their addresses be published in the *Recorder* until recalled.

A collection of $35 50 was taken up at that small meeting—some paying 25, and some, $1, &c. The meeting adjourned, subject to the call of the chairman of the committee, Rev. J. P. Campbell. We look for a large collection through the day, on Sabbath, especially in the afternoon, and at night.—ED.

EXTRACT OF A PRIVATE LETTER ON THE TIMES FROM MISS SARAH A. LESTER OF VICTORIA V. I.

I read with interest all matters relative to the prosecution of the noble cause of the amelioration of the condition of American bondmen; bondmen I hope they will not long remain. I feel sure that the outcast will burst his chains, that the air which has long been filled with his sighs of oppression, will soon rise with shouts of Liberty.

I really wish no foreign interference in this contest, but that my nation may, as it were, purge itself of its fearful crimes, and be re-established upon the sure foundations of Truth and Justice.

I was reading a synopsis of Dr. Rock's lecture, (I forget when and where, the paper is not here, so I cannot refer to it.) I remember he said something to this effect, that in the event of a foreign invasion, if the negro's manhood was recognised, he would bravely defend the land that gave him birth. The sentiment went right to my heart ever since I have given the subject any serious consideration. I have had no real sympathy with the opinion that would lead me to seek in a stranger's land, that redress which is denied in one's own. No! I would rather battle with the wrong, and tho' perhaps I failed to accomplish my purpose, I should at least have the satisfaction of knowing, that I had paved the way for others.

America's my home, and I believe the dawn of that day is approaching when her "woods and templed hills" will re-echo with the soul-stirring strain of true freedom. Had her churches been faithful to God, the carnage that now desolates her soil would have been unknown, and slavery with all its horrors would have been buried in oblivion.

The present reflections of her clerical sons must be anything but pleasant. There are not many among them at whose door the sin may not be laid. Alas! that a body designed by the All-wise Father to be the "light of the world," should be so leagued with the powers of darkness, that its influence in the world is almost lost.

(For the Christian Recorder.)

FROM LOUISVILLE, KY.

MR. EDITOR.—Dear Brother: I have delayed writing to you for the want of something of interest to communicate.

I would just say that, before I leave this city, that is, if I can leave, for I am not sure that I can do so yet—for it is very hard for any one to leave at this time, either white or colored—I shall say a few words.

Our city is in a state of great excitement, and they fear an attack from the enemy, and are preparing for it. They are throwing up intrenchments all around the city. They called for one thousand negroes to work on the intrenchments. They are taking men everywhere they can get them—on the streets or at their houses. They came to my house this morning, between 1 and 2 o'clock. They found no male about the house but myself—and, seeing that I was very lame, they let me be for the present, and said perhaps they would call for me to-day—so that, if I should get to Chester soon, you may know the reason. There is now not less than ten thousand soldiers working on the fortifications, a portion of which is not more than fifty yards from my door. Things present a war appearance here now. I don't know how churches will get along, for they have all the ministers of color working on the intrenchments.

B. L. BANNEKA.

Louisville, Ky, Sept. 18, 1862.

FAMILY PRAYER.

There is not on earth a scene more interesting than a family thus bending before the God of heaven; a collection of dependent beings, with tender feelings, with lively sympathies, with common hopes, fears, joys, blending their bliss and their woes together, and presenting them all to the King of kings, and the great Father of the families of mankind. There is not on earth a man more to be venerated, or that will be more venerated, than the father, who thus ministers at the family altar. No other man, like that father, as reaches all sources of human action, or so greatly controls his powers, yielding their first years, and following the direction of his moulding hand, that is soon to control all that is tender and sacred in the interests of the Church and state. No Solon or Lycurgus is laying the foundation of codes of law so deep, or taking so fast a hold on all that is to affect the present or future destiny of man. We love, therefore, to look at such venerable locks; and to contemplate these ministers of God, who stand between the rising generation,—feeble, helpless, and exposed to a thousand perils—and the Eternal Parent of all. They stand between the past and the coming age, remnants of the one and lights of the other; binding the past with that which is to come, living lights of experience, to guide the footsteps of the ign rant and erring, to illuminate the coming generation, to obtain for it blessings by counsel and prayer, and then to die. And if the earth contains aught on which the eye of God reposes with pleasure, it is the collected group, with the eye of the father raised to heaven, and the voice of faith and prayer commending the little worshippers to the protecting care of Him who never slumbers nor sleeps.

THE WAR.

The darkest hour which the country has yet seen since the beginning of the war, is here. On every side disasters to the Union cause are multiplying. The enemy is at Frederick, Md., and an invasion of the border counties of Pennsylvania, Lancaster County included, is imminent.

Let the people, in this extremity, perform the two great duties of the hour, namely to *pray* and to *act*.

Deep repentance and humbling ourselves under the mighty hand of God; faith and trust in Him; and earnest intercessions on behalf of our rulers, that they may have and exercise *energy, courage and wisdom*;—these are the things for which the nation, and every man individually, must pray.

To stand up for their homes, to quit themselves like men, to "play the men for their people," to do all that patriotism and religion demand;—these are the acts which each citizen owes his country and his God.

The Moravian.

CHINA.

Letter from a Missionary.

"Under date of February 14th, I wrote you, and gave expression to the hesitation which we felt on account of the threatening aspect of the troubles which were gathering about the benevolent resources of the Church. Afterwards, on the 24th of April, I informed you of my determination to "go forward." The way then seemed to be through deep waters, and even now our position is much straitened. But faith in God foretells that a way "on dry ground" will sooner or later be prepared. In pursuance of my purpose, I have visited Fat Shan, some twelve miles up the river, or rivers, I might say; for there are at least *three* different and immediate approaches to the city, and to each of these there are many entrances. Following the usual course taken by small boats, we pass many tens of villages and hamlets before arriving at what has been regarded a city of a larger population than Canton, with its 700,000 to 1,000,000. There are also many of the brethren here who still contend for at least 800,000 as the probable estimate for Fat Shan. But my observation and investigation lead me to place it at a much lower number. I have taken particular pains to inquire of the Chinese, themselves, as to what they consider to be the population of the place, and find their highest estimate to be about 300,000. When I visited the city, I walked through it from end to end, and from side to side, and afterwards went out to and ascended a hill which is about one mile distant from the suburbs. I should estimate the height of the hill at about 250 feet above the level of the river. From this elevated position a good view of the extent of the city proper was obtained, and unless my eyes deceived my judgment, I have no hesitancy in accepting the statement of the natives as being much nearer the truth than that which is commonly received. I have also visited a large town called Tai Shek, some six or eight miles to the south and east of Canton. Here we find at least 15,000 souls, whilst around the place, in a circuit of less than four miles, upwards of fifteen villages and towns are visible, and of easy access. From this point not less than 50,000 inhabitants could be reached by comparatively a small effort. A few days since I also had the pleasure and satisfaction of a short visit to Ch'an Ts'ün, which is located some fifteen miles (by the winding river,) to the southward. We had but two hours to spend in looking about and distributing tracts; so that in one sense the trip was not attended with a satisfactory result. I expect to return next week, and spend two days in making the visit. The population is not far short of 150,000, whilst several contiguous villages will swell the amount to about 200,000 or more. If it at all seem practicable and desirable, I shall in all probability try to make a settlement at this point. Besides the size of the place, its character as a market or *fair* leads many persons to visit it, from distant points, for purposes of trade. Whatever conclusion may be reached, it will be laid before you, with full details.

"To think of striking out into this country, so long shut up, and to enter upon a station alone, without a neighbor within less than twelve or fifteen miles (as we would say at home) is in some respects rather trying—more so for Mrs. N than for myself. The real work of doing so, may also be even less attractive. But we did not come here to seek and enjoy society; and we both feel that, as God gives an opportunity and strength, we will push on and seek to be faithful in our work. Our faith will be tried; but we neither shrink from the trial nor feel a single regret. The thought of home sometimes comes in upon the heart, and the faces——, but then it is momentary—one of our trials—and we remember with joy that our "Home" is *above*. You must not think from this that we are ever down-cast because we are *alone*. No; far from it. The Devil *would* have us *despond*, but our Saviour requires and helps us to *hope*. Pray for us, then, as we do for ourselves, that we may gird on our armor and manfully continue the conflict here begun and being waged between darkness and light."

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

THE TEACHER AND PUPIL BOTH POOR.

Since the commencement of the New Testament dispensation, it has been a distinguishing feature of the gospel that it has been preached to the poor. Nor has it been a less distinguishing feature that it has been preached by the poor.

The great Leader was a poor man; his apostles were poor men, and his followers generally were of this class. To the poor the gospel was preached—Luke vii. The invitation to come and receive the benefit was general, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money."

The greatest of all teachers taught the most important doctrines, in the most effectual manner, without asking from his disciples and followers any compensation for his service.

The apostles followed his example, and sometimes, after they had been fully commissioned to preach the gospel, they worked with their own hands that they might not be burdensome to any.

In view of this freedom from expense connected at first with the dispensation of the gospel, various modes have been adopted for obtaining funds, in order to give instruction without charge to the poor, who devote themselves to the cause of Jesus Christ.

LABOR A PART OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

While much good hath been done by the establishment of professorships and scholarships, the importance of labor, as a part of Christian education, has been, perhaps, too much overlooked.

It, therefore, appears desirable and important that, in a Christian education, while instruction should be free to the poor, labor on their part should be encouraged, that they might eat their own bread, and that after finishing their education and entering into active service they might occasionally, if need be, work with their own hands.

OUR FIRST PARENTS AN EXAMPLE.

The example of our first parents, before sin came into the world, is in favor of connecting labor with Christian education. They were directed to dress and keep the garden of Eden, to cultivate the posies, the fruit, the vegetables, while their constant and delightful study was the character and works of the great Creator.

ELISHA AN EXAMPLE.

A successor is to be appointed to take the place of Elijah the prophet. A laborer, a man accustomed to the plow and to driving the ox is chosen as the person properly educated for that important office. 1 Kings, 17.

OUR LORD AND MASTER AN EXAMPLE.

The great Teacher, our Lord and Master labored with his own hands from his youth till the time of his public ministry. "Is not this the carpenter's son?" "Is not this the Carpenter, the son of Mary?" are interrogatories which not only show that he was a laboring, industrious man, but that on this account, notwithstanding his manifested wisdom and power, many in his own country were offended at him.

Coming out from the laboring department, having had experience in all the difficulties and wearisome labors of an industrious life, his intercourse in society was the more acceptable and edifying among the lower and laboring classes. This great man made labor honorable. He worked with his own hands; he earned his own bread. He was a poor man. He is the friend of the poor. He associates with and instructs all classes of men. He talks with the woman at the well. He speaks in language of kindness to the publican on the tree, and goes with him to his house. He reasons with the ruler of the Jews who came to him by night. He teaches the poor fisherman to become a fisher of men. He excels all teachers and preachers who went before him; yet asks no money for his labor. He standeth in the top of high places, by the way in the places of the paths; he crieth at the gates, at the entry of the city, at the coming in of the doors; unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of man. O ye simple, understand wisdom, and, ye fools, be of an understanding heart.

When he and Peter were called on for tribute money, he sent Peter to procure the money by fishing. Had Peter been of another occupation, we may reasonably suppose that he would have been directed to perform some service in connexion with that occupation in order to obtain the money. But he was a fisher, and the Lord makes his trade honorable; and, by directing Peter to go and fish for the tribute money, he makes it the duty of ministers, in certain circumstances of debt, to labor at their former trade to make payment.

On another occasion, when Peter and Thomas, and Nathanael, and the sons of Zebedee, and two other of his disciples were fishing, he showed himself to them, and thus encouraged them at their work, and furnished them with a meal of fish and bread of the choicest kind. John 21. This took place after the resurrection of our Lord, when these disciples were fully commissioned to preach the gospel to every creature. And it stands as a proof that labor is a part of Christian education which qualifies the minister for independent usefulness in the world.

PAUL AN EXAMPLE.

The apostle Paul was a learned man, brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, and taught according to the perfect manner of the law of the fathers. But he had also learned a trade which was useful to him as a part of his education. When his own wants were not supplied by others, and an open door was presented for preaching the gospel, he entered into that door, trusting in the Lord and laboring with his own hands to supply his own wants. When he came from Athens to Corinth, he found a certain Jew named Aquila with Priscilla his wife, and came unto them. And because he was of the same craft he abode with them and wrought (for by their occupation they were tent-makers) and he reasoned in the synagogue every Sabbath, and persuaded the Jews and the Greeks.

It is fairly inferred here that Aquila was a poor man, and unable to bear the expense of boarding and lodging the apostle. Paul knowing this and not anticipating a compensation for his ministerial services at so early a stage of his work in Corinth, chose rather to work with his own hands and earn his own bread, than to be prevented from preaching the gospel to the people of that city.

And this is another proof that labor should constitute a part of Christian education, that the knowledge of some trade or of some branch of business ought to be attained, in all ordinary cases, especially by candidates for the holy ministry who design to be missionaries.

As one of the fruits of Paul's laboring and preaching at the same time at Corinth, Aquila and Priscilla became his helpers in the work of the gospel (Rom xvi 3.)

And when they were in Ephesus, and Apollos, an eloquent man and mighty in the Scriptures came to that city, they took him unto them and expounded unto him the way of God more perfectly. By this we see the divine purpose in sending Paul to live and labor with Aquila and Priscilla. It was that they, being taught by Paul, might become teachers of others, and, although not ordained to preach the gospel yet that they as helpers and pioneers might accomplish much good in the holy work.

The above are some of the proofs and examples to show that, in a Christian education, while instruction should be free to the poor, except as each one may willingly give according to that he hath, labor on their part should be encouraged, that they may eat their own bread, and that, after finishing their education and entering into active service, they may occasionally, if need be, work with their own hands.

This appears to be the system of education "built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."

GOD'S PROMISES.

"Give me where to stand," said Archimedes, "and I will move the world." The child of God has that "where to stand," and does move the world; not with physical fulcrum and lever, but by faith in Christ, and prayer to God, standing upon the "exceeding great and precious promises of God." The Christian has a foothold outside and above the world, a place of security and rest, where we may find refuge in this life when the waves of trouble surge high; and which shall endure when the world itself shall pass away. The promises of God are facts and realities. They present solid footing; they are abundant; they are immutable, and suited to every exigency. God is so munificent with his gifts that he cannot find room for them all in the present, and so he fills up his book with promissory notes, to which he signs his name; and his truth, his love, and his unmeasured bounty in the present, are a sufficient guarantee for their fulfillment. These promises apply to us in all our needs. They cover us at every point, relating to this world, and the world to come. They anticipate every phase in life, every condition of mind, every change in existence, and nothing pertaining to us is unprovided for. They are practical promises, taking hold of man as he is, and not simply as he ought to be. They are made to us as sinners, and not upon the supposition that we are angels. They stoop to our degradation; they come to our sore and tried spirits; they take notice of our conflicts and struggles with sin and self; they appreciate our inherent weakness. They are not bits of etherealized sentimentality, or like the ambiguous utterances of ancient oracles. They are rather like strong and loving arms thrown about us to lift us out of the mire, and place us upon the rock. They go with us into the scenes of every day life, into our workshops and stores, into the midst of exciting tumults, and in our secret hearts, where cares may be gnawing away the life. The Bible is a bundle of promises. God appeals by them to every motive, and attacks every point in the heart's citadel. He surrounds and hems us in with promises, to force us from our sinful refuges and sweep us into the kingdom. The sinner who goes to destruction has again and again to stumble over God's promises, and is lost only by hard struggling against them.

Not only are the promises in God's own words, but he gives full liberty also to the Bible writers to promise for him. It is as if he had given them blank forms, and said, "Whatever you see my people need, and in whatever variety of expression the promises will make the deepest impressions on their hearts, so fill them up over my name, and I will honor them all." This same privilege he seems to give to his people. Said a Christian brother, "I thank God for his 'blank promises.' I read, 'Ask and ye shall receive,' and 'Whatsoever ye ask in my name, I will do,' and Jesus does not say what I shall ask, and so I am at liberty to fill up the blank myself. I insert whatever blessing I need. I put in the names of my children and friends, and call upon God to honor his promises."

The Christian, the inquiring soul, the impenitent can wander nowhere this side of eternity, where, feeling a desire to return to God, he can say, "Here God's promises cannot reach me." Blessed be God for his promises! They include the gifts of Repentance, and Faith, and Salvation from sin. They include also growth in grace, and sanctification through the Holy Spirit; peace and triumph in death, and an abundant entrance into eternal life. The promises never leave us from the beginning, until having led us through all the trials of life, and down through the grave, they land us safely with God. Then let the child of God dismiss his anxieties and go fearlessly forward, surrounded and provided for at every step by these immutable promises. No accident can break them. No tide of earth can sweep them away. The gates of hell shall not prevail against them.

Exchange.

RELIGION is not a thing which spends itself. It is like a river which widens out nobly, and is never so broad or so deep as at its mouth, where it rolls into the ocean eternity.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

"Watchman! what of the night?"

Certainly the signs of the times are full of encouragement. The world has seen nothing like it in all the history of the past. On all hands, obstacles which had hindered, and even prevented all successful effort to spread the gospel, are removing in the most remarkable manner. Access to the entire heathen world now exists. This may be said almost without qualification. India, China, Japan, Madagascar, the Coasts of Africa, the Islands in the Pacific and Indian Oceans, savage tribes in North America, may now be approached, and even entered by prudent and persevering missionaries, with good prospect of success. And nearly all this change in the state of the heathen world has occurred within the memory of the present generation. We do not mean to assert that there are not still many difficulties to be overcome in all parts of heathendom. "The carnal mind" now, as in ages past, "is enmity against God." Ignorant and wicked rulers, and besotted priests, interested in upholding idolatry and even the basest superstitions, still live, and are ready to oppose. Even monsters in human shape are not wanting, as is seen in the land of Dahomey. But whatever the obstacles which still exist to impede the gospel in pagan lands, they are not to compare with those which Christianity had to encounter in the earliest ages of its career. The vast power and far-reaching influence of the great maritime Christian nations, England, France, Russia and the United States, have been felt in a salutary manner over all the continental and insular world that is still heathen. And thus "the way of the Lord is preparing," even a highway for the Word of our God, in the outlying nations of the earth, even the remotest of them.

A similar change is going on in the Mohammedan world. The respect, and dread, in which the great Christian powers are held by the Turks, the Persians, the Moors, and other Mohammedan nations, has led them to shrink from displaying the Moslem fanaticism and ferocity which they did even long since the present century opened upon the world.

The progress of the great principles of civil and religious liberty among the nations of Christendom has opened a large portion of the Papal world, and bids fair to open all the rest before many years pass away. The nations which did the most to give birth and add strength the papacy are just those Roman Catholic nations which are now the most prepared to receive the gospel of our Lord. Italy and France have known by bitter experience the nature of Romanism, and are now receiving the glorious gospel. So have Spain and Portugal, and the countries which they have colonized. Let us hope that their turn will soon come to hear the tidings of a free salvation, salvation through grace, not through the wretched penances and degrading and useless rites of Christianity for which they are indebted to Rome.

Even the day of Israel's redemption is evidently drawing nigh. Portions of the "Diaspora" of that wonderful nation which exists now only in its "dispersions" are evidently more disposed to listen to the story of Jesus of Nazareth than ever before. We can but hope that the time will not be long before "the blindness will be taken away" from the hearts of the descendants of Abraham, the Friend of God, and their return to the fold of the Saviour whom their fathers crucified to be the signal for an amazing outspread of the gospel in all directions, as well as the epoch of the outpouring of the Spirit from on high, by whose mighty influences nations will be born in a day.

These are glorious times in which to live, and labor, and give and pray. O that we were better fit to live in them, and more worthy of the high privilege! The heathen world, the Mohammedan world, the Papal world, the Jewish world, all opening for the gospel which they so much need! And which is also cheering, the resuscitation of a real Christianity is going forward in the Protestant world, and obstacles are removing which long had hindered the progress of the truth. Let us hope and pray that even the distressing war that is still going on within our borders may not only be brought to a speedy and happy close, but overruled by the Saviour for the decided furtherance of his kingdom.

Christian World.

(From the New York Observer.)

BRAZIL.

Rio de Janeiro, July 14, 1862.

How few there are who are aware that Rio de Janeiro is the third city in the Western World, and that there are but few cities of Europe larger. New York and Philadelphia in the United States, London, Paris, Naples, Vienna, St. Petersburgh, and, perhaps, one or two other capitals of Europe exceed it in population. One of the latest statisticians places it at 800,000, another at 390,000. However this may be, it is assuredly the most happy city in its natural surroundings that I have ever seen. I have lived two years in Europe, and have travelled nearly around the world, and I can truly say that it is only in the most glorious parts of Switzerland that I have found the outlines of Nature equal to those which I see around me each time that I lift my eyes from this paper. But when we come to the detail, Switzerland dwindles into insignificance. There is now before me scenery which will, so far as mountains, precipices and rocks are concerned, rival the Ohio land, although no mountain will pierce the regions of eternal snow. Here, however, is a garb of Nature, as radiant and graceful as the Alps are cold and severe. Hundreds of palm trees I see before me, waving their majestic plumes. The wide-leafed banana (called the fig tree of the Garden of Eden by the Portuguese, and, assuredly, three leaves will make a dress of the days of Josephine,) the bright aoja, the scolloped bread-fruit trees, creeping vines covered with flowers, seem, to the Northerner, strange sights outside of a hot-house, and yet they form the common and the richest garniture that you can conceive of. The nature here is so exciting to the contemplative mind that it is hard to come down to man, and find such a strong contrast. Nevertheless, the condition of the genus homo is better here than in any other portion of South America. Here there is a stable Government, institutions almost democratic, a model ruler in that true man, the Emperor, Don Pedro II., and, best of all, religious toleration.

Why is it that Brazil, which contains one-half the population of all South America, is so far in advance of all the States of this beautiful half of the Western hemisphere? Why is it that I have been permitted to-day to hear the Gospel plainly preached in English and Portuguese? Why is it that scarcely a communion season goes by in the Presbyterian Mission church here without some soul converted from Rome, professing, without let or hinderance, the simple religion of Christ? It is because this land was baptized in prayer and in blood by the Huguenots more than three hundred years ago, and by the Dutch Reformed missionaries more than two centuries in the past.

But let me go back a few days. It is not yet four weeks since I left New York in the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's magnificent vessel, the "Constitution." All that I have to say of that steamship is that seven times around her deck is exactly one mile; that Capt Oliver Eldridge is her commander; that we went to Rio de Janeiro in the unprecedented time of eighteen days and a half, and that the vessel has caused the greatest sensation in Rio that has existed for many years. Not less than twenty thousand persons have visited the good ship Constitution. The very first noblemen and statesmen of the Empire have wondered and admired, and the Emperor, who has been kept away by the severe indisposition of the Empress, has taken the deepest interest in this model ship. He told me, at a private audience, that it was his sincere regret that he could not go, but he hoped that when the Company despatched a consort of the Constitution he might be allowed to visit a specimen of the finest naval architecture of the United States.

In coming hither we had preaching each Sabbath, and Capt Eldridge afforded every facility that a clergyman could desire. I am usually very sea sick upon the ocean, but this time I escaped, thanks to a vessel of 4,000 tons, which cut smoothly through the water, notwithstanding that we had ten days of adverse winds.

But let me return to Brazil. There have been a vast improvement since I was last here, in the roads opened, streets paved, horse cars running, &c., &c.; but the noblest and highest undertaking has been the various missionary enterprises. Last night I met, at the Mission chapel of the (O. S.) Presbyterian Board, between twenty and thirty Brazilians and Portuguese, who have been brought from Rome's darkness to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. Rev. Mr. Blackford preached to them in Portuguese, on Jesus the light of the world. It was a touching sight to witness three new children of the light in this place of spiritual indifference and darkness. There was another meeting held at the same time in another portion of the city, where even more were accustomed to meet and sing to the Lord and "praise his holy name." I shall write you soon more fully in regard to this, only let me say that this field is most encouraging—indeed, I should say that the Presbyterian Board has not a more important mission anywhere. I have counted up some eight or nine regular missionaries, and as many colporteurs were at work in the Empire. There are three in this city (if we count Rev. Mr. Simonton, temporarily absent,) four German missionaries from the Society in Basle, Switzerland, Rev. Mr. Sneider, (O. S. Presbyterian Board) in San Paulo, and Rev. Rowland Holden, of the U. S. Episcopal Board of Foreign Missions, in Para. This last brother is of the truest stamp, and has done great service for the Bible and the Church of the living God in his discussion with the Bishop of Para. Rev. Mr. Blackford is faithfully at his labors here, and God has crowned those labors with precious first fruits.

Yours, &c. J. C. F.

AN OLD LETTER FROM JERUSALEM.

December 5, 1857.

To-day two of us have explored a most stupendous and marvellous cavern *under the city*. We crept in by a very small opening under the North wall, outside, on our hands and knees. Having passed in, the opening enlarged. Having lighted candles, we went under the city at least the eighth of a mile, passing through amphitheatres and spacious rooms from 20 to 70 feet wide, and from 10 to 40 feet high. Masses of rock have been left at intervals to support the rock ceiling that bears the city overhead. This is certainly one of the most interesting places about the city. It is not a natural cavern but evidently a quarry, as no eye can fail to see at the sides. I have no doubt this is the place from which the huge stones were obtained for the construction of the temple and its monstrous walls. Here, doubtless, those stones were dressed, and the mystery is removed that the sound of the hammer was never heard in the city. This wonderful cavern was closed till within the last few years, and on account of it will, therefore, be found in books of travel written more than three years ago.

I bathed in the Jordan, at the place where the Christians of the *Greek* Church say Christ was baptized by John. I was not satisfied to go merely to the middle of the stream, but went "to the other side of Jordan." The river at that point, at the time of my visit, was about four feet deep, and about 60 feet wide, and *very rapid*, so that in crossing I was compelled to lean against the current at an angle of about 45 degrees. I went up on the bank on the other side, and have brought a small bottle of the water with me from the middle of the stream, but whether I shall be able to bring it to America I do not know. I should be very glad to do so. *It might be useful some time.* You are, perhaps, wondering how I found the Dead Sea. It was exceedingly salty and bitter, and so heavy that I floated in it like a cork. When I raised my feet from the bottom and steadied myself with my hands, (using them for fins) the water came only to within about two inches of my neck, and you know I am rather lean. It was one of the greatest luxuries thus to float upon the water. I had always believed the stories of travellers about the weight of these waters exaggerated, and I made the experiment myself.

Not far from the place where I bathed in the Jordan, possibly at the same spot, the Israelites crossed under the command of Joshua, shortly before the fall of Jericho, "the city of palm trees," once the crown of the whole valley, now a dirty, insignificant village, of 300 inhabitants, containing nothing but hovels and dirt, and surrounded by a wall of brush. In the modern Jericho, there is no house in which we could lodge: we, therefore, pitched our tent outside, near the brook that flows from the spring, believed to be the one that was miraculously healed by the prophet Elisha.

On the 1st of December, we made our noon-day meal at the fountain itself, and drank of its refreshing waters. During the evening of our encamp

WASHINGTON.

The correspondent of the New York Independent writes thus, Sept 5

"This city is a vast hospital. Go up to the Capitol itself, and you will see cots in the corridors, in the committee rooms, in the halls of the Senate and of the House of Representatives. One can't for a step without literally setting the seat formerly occupied by Jefferson Davis. Another covers the space occupied by Breckinridge's desk. If such a fact could have been foretold three years ago, how the politicians and the legislators would have stared! Yet the Southern conspirators were even then at work to produce present results in that very Senate Chamber, and infamous, selfish, and utterly corrupt Northern politicians carried them on their devilish work. Doubtless this is one reason why God does not prosper our cause. As a people, we of the North were equally guilty with the South for a long term of years. We were as willing to make money out of slavery as the South out of the slaves. For the sake of pelf, we submitted to the demands of the slave power, and even yet we fear to commit ourselves to the principles of universal justice and freedom.

"The people evidently are not satisfied with the conduct of the war. They accuse the Government of incompetency in some of its departments. Prominent men from the South-west, the West, and the North, crowd to Washington in delegations to protest against the imbecility of the past—to beseech for brains and vigor in the future. On Saturday I was greatly surprised to notice Cassius M Clay on the avenue. The last known of him here he was fighting down in Kentucky. *Now*, he is here with certain other prominent gentlemen, asking for a different policy in the South-west. 'We need generalship more than anything else,' said a Western man to a Government officer. 'We have been ruined by the tactics of our military leaders. The rebels are knocking at our doors; they threaten to cross the Ohio; and yet Gen Buell is down at Nashville with his lagging columns, holding a hundred different points *in the rear of rebel armies!*"

I quote this merely as a specimen of the complaints urged, and not as endorsing the criticism upon the conduct of the war in the South-west. Civilians are supposed to know nothing about military tactics. They probably do not; but they can certainly judge of results. The cry from the West is very deep and meaning. Governors, senators, judges, and representatives from that section of the country who are here, say that they cannot endure this state of things much longer. Yet Mr. Lincoln seems to be doing all in his power. No one blames Mr Chase or Mr Welles. It is not that any accusation is brought against any particular man, but the dissatisfaction is with the general conduct of the war The President has been heard to say that it is not in his power to make a *general*. That is certainly true in one sense, though he has made many brigadiers.

Personal.

Major-General Philip Kearney was born in New York on June 24, 1815. He was of Irish descent. He was the grandson of Hon. John Watts, founder of the Leake and Watts Orphan Asylum in this city. At an early age he joined the United States Dragoons, commanded by his uncle, Stephen Watts Kearney. He was sent to Europe to report upon the cavalry tactics of the French, and entered the military school at Saumur. He afterwards joined the *Chasseurs d'Afrique*, and served a three-years' campaign in Africa, under Marshal Valée. In this service he greatly distinguished himself by his skill and courage. He served during the Mexican war as Captain of Dragoons. He lost his left arm in one of the battles before the City of Mexico. When the rebellion broke out, Kearney was in Europe. He immediately offered his services to the Government. They were accepted, and, immediately after the battle of Bull Run, he was appointed to the command of the New Jersey Brigade. From that time he has been in nearly every battle that has been fought in Eastern Virginia, till that of Chantilly, in which he was killed.

The Rebel. Mason. at Glasgow.—Unable to effect any of his proposed measures with Parliament or with the Government direct, Mr. Mason, the Southern Commissioner, has started on a tour through the Kingdom, with the evident hope of making capital on which to trade at the next session, if not before. His first appearance in his new character has been at Glasgow, where, as a private letter informs me, he was, on Tuesday last, the guest of a distinguished citizen, and met a company invited especially to do him honor. The Lord-Provost and one of the members of Parliament stood aloof, from motives of policy, but the latter invited him to dinner the next day. A meeting of the Chamber of Commerce was also called, as one of the results of the occasion, with the avowed purpose of petitioning the Government to recognize the Southern Confederacy. I learn that Mr. Mason's reception was of the most flattering character, and that he has, so far as Glasgow is concerned, produced an impression very favorable to his cause, thus accomplishing the object of his mission. I learn, also, that the very parties who are now most active in this movement, are the very ones who headed the deputation to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and also lionized Fred. Douglass, when these personages respectively visited Glasgow. They compose the leading Abolitionists in that city and we thus witness the strange spectacle of people of that class glorifying the author of the Fugitive Slave Law, and one of the firmest supporters of the American institution that has hitherto received their bitterest denunciations. I have before told you that English Abolitionism was a precious humbug, and here is a pertinent confirmation of my words.

Death of Count De Gasparin.—Count De Gasparin, formerly Minister of the Interior under Louis Philippe, died a few days ago at Orange (Vaucluse) France. He is best known in this country as the author of "The Great Uprising of the People," and other writings in defence of our Government and the war against Rebellion.

Domestic Items.

A Proclamation:—I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States of America, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy thereof, do hereby proclaim and declare that hereafter, as heretofore, the war will be prosecuted for the object of practically restoring the Constitutional relations between the United States and each of the States and the people thereof, in which States that relation is or may be suspended or disturbed.

That it is my purpose, upon the next meeting of Congress to again recommend the adoption of a practical measure tendering pecuniary aid, support to the free acceptance or rejection of all the Slave States, so called, the people whereof may not then be in Rebellion against the United States, and which States may then have voluntarily adopted, or thereafter may voluntarily adopt the immediate or gradual abolishment of slavery within their respective limits, and that the effort to colonize persons of African descent, with their consent, upon the continent or elsewhere, with the previously obtained consent of the Governments existing there, will be continued.

That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then henceforth and forever free—and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

That the Executive will, on the 1st day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States or parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof respectively shall then be in Rebellion against the United States, and the fact that any State or the people thereof, shall, on that day, be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States, by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State and the people thereof are not then in Rebellion against the United States.

That attention is hereby called to an act of Congress entitled "An act to make an additional article of war," approved March 13th, 1862, and which act is in the words and figures following:—

"*Be it enacted* by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that hereafter the following shall be promulgated as an additional article of war for the government of the Army of the United States, and shall be observed as such.

"Article.—All officers or persons in the military or naval service of the United States are prohibited from employing any of the forces under their respective commands for the purpose of returning fugitives from service or labor, who may have escaped from any person to whom such service or labor is claimed to be due; and any officer who shall be found guilty by a Court-martial of violation of this article shall be dismissed from the service.

"Section 2. *And be it further enacted*, That this act shall take effect from and after its passage."

Also to the Ninth and Tenth Sections of an Act entitled "An Act to suppress insurrection, to punish treason and rebellion, to seize and confiscate the property of Rebels and for other purposes" Approved July 17, 1862, and, which sections are to the words and figures following:—

"Section 9. *And be it further enacted*, That all slaves of persons who shall hereafter be engaged in or in rebellion against the Government of the United States, or who shall in any way give aid or comfort thereto, and captured from such persons and taking refuge within the lines of the army, and all slaves captured from such persons or deserted by them and coming under the control of the Government of the United States, and all slaves of such persons found on or being within any place occupied by Rebel forces and afterwards occupied by the forces of the United States, shall be deemed captives of war, and shall be forever free of their servitude, and not again held as slaves.

Section 10. *And be it further enacted*, That no slave escaping into any State, Territory or the District of Columbia from any other State, shall be delivered up, or in any way impeded or hindered of his liberty, except for crime or some offence against the laws, unless the person claiming the said fugitive shall first make oath that the person to whom the labor or service of such fugitive is alleged to be due is his lawful owner, and has not borne arms against the United States in the present Rebellion, nor in any way given aid and comfort thereto.

No person engaged in the military or naval service of the United States shall, under any pretence whatsoever, assume to decide on the validity of the claim of any person to the service or labor of any other person, or surrender up any such person to the claimant, on pain of being dismissed from the service. And I do hereby enjoin upon and order all persons engaged in the military and naval service of the United States to observe, obey and enforce within their respective spheres of service in the acts and sections above recited.

And the Executive will, in due time, recommend that all citizens of the United States who shall have remained loyal thereto throughout the Rebellion, shall, upon the restoration of the Constitutional relation between the United States and the people, if that relation shall have been suspended or disturbed during the rebellion, be compensated for all losses by acts of the United States, including the loss of slaves.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this the 22d day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President,
WM. H. SEWARD, *Secretary of State.*

Patriotism at Saratoga.—A week ago last 8th inst., notice was given in the churches at Saratoga that a War Meeting would be held in the Grove at four o'clock in the afternoon. The announcement drew together a large assemblage, including a large proportion of ladies. One of these rose to the platform a diamond ring as a bounty for the first recruit, another, a gold chain, another, a watch, the three others offered their watches in quick succession; then a gentleman sent his pocket-book, containing a handsome sum of money. The enthusiasm was wrought up to such a degree that seventy recruits came forward and signed their names, thus filling the town's quota for both calls! This was a war-meeting worthy of the historic Saratoga of the Revolution!

Slavery in the Indian Territory.—We have often called attention to the fact that by the peculiar system of management practised with the so-called civilizing efforts among the Indians west of Arkansas, slavery has been established there; but we could never get any exact information on the subject until the report of the census of 1860 brought it to hand. We give the figures:

Tribes.	*Slaves.*	*Owners.*
Choctaws, - - - -	2,297	305
Cherokees, - - - -	2,504	204
Creeks, - - - -	1,651	207
Chickasaws, - - - -	917	118
Total, - - - -	7,369	1,151

One of the Choctaw planters is the owner of 227 slaves, and ten of the largest planters of that tribe average 64 each. Among the Cherokees the largest planter owns 57 slaves, and the ten largest average 35 each. Among the Creeks two planters hold 75 each, and the ten largest average 43 each. Among the Chickasaws the largest planter owns 61 slaves and the ten largest average 27½ each. Nor is this all. The strict prohibition provided for by the intercourse law, does not seem to have been enforced at all against any but Northern people. The census gives detailed statistics, showing that there are 1,983 white people in the territory, and 404 free colored persons. Of the whites, 1,316 are males, and 672 females. They are settled in nearly every district in the territory, have established villages, and no doubt would a preponderating influence in affairs. The free colored people are unquestionably those who accompany the white settlers. The Indian population of this territory is 65,690.—*Philadelphia American.*

Preachers' Regiment.—The 7th Rhode Island Regiment, now in Kentucky, is known as the "Preachers' Regiment." It contains 91 preachers, nearly all Methodists; and 640 members of the Methodist Church are in its ranks.

A Relic.—A gentleman from Longmeadow has shown us an old English watch, which was purchased of Joseph Story, Clerkenwell street, London, in 1676, by Benjamin Andrews, then about the first hardware merchant in Boston. It was given to the father of the present owner for good behavior and attention to business in his eighteenth year, on condition that he would never dispose of it. He died in 1803, and the present owner has had it in his possession ever since. The first time it was cleaned, there were but two watch makers in Boston, and one of them was unwilling to take it in hand lest he should injure the fine work The watch was then sent to London, where it remained a year, and was cleaned at a cost of $5. The original watch paper still remains in the case with the date of its purchase The venerable relic keeps as good time as ever, and seems likely to hold good for a hundred years more.

Chinese.—There are some two hundred Chinamen in New York city. Of these about half a dozen have received Protestant baptism, and thirty or forty, being married to Irish women, have received Romish baptism. They are, in the main, prosperous. Not a few of them are stewards of ships, in which capacity they are quite popular on account of their shrewdness, thrift, and diligence, in which they are far superior to the people of color. Some of them have been reached by occasional efforts on the part of returned missionaries, and others have drifted at times under the means of grace used in the down-town churches, but the converts made thus far have been few. There seems to be a call for more specific effort and more fervent prayer in this direction.

Princeton Seminary.—The Theological Seminary at Princeton opened on the 4th inst. Sixty new students were matriculated the first day, and some others are expected to come.

University of Vermont.—Rev. Dr Torrey was, on 3 Month) last, elected President of the University of Vermont. Professor Torrey has been acting President since the resignation of President Perse last winter. Dr. Torrey has been connected with the University from the year 1827; from that date until 1842, as professor of Greek and Latin Languages, and from 1842 until this time, as professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy.

Oberlin College, Ohio.—The attendance this year has been probably less than usual, but not less than, in view of the war and its results, we had expected. The great house was full.

Figures are given in the rebel newspapers showing the present indebtedness of the Confederate Government to be $410,000,000. Of this amount $15,000,000 is due to soldiers; $50,000,000 to banks; $85,000,000 for property seized; $45,000,000 for State aid to be reimbursed; $1,000,000 on Treasury notes, War loans, $65,000,000.

A young lady of Hartford, a few days ago, lost the sight of one eye, and will most probably lose the other, by working on blue army cloth. Her eyes were somewhat inflamed from the effects of a cold, and it was while in that state that she rubbed them with her fingers, which were discolored by the blue cloth.

The New Orleans *Advocate* figures up a loss to that city of $250,000,000, as the effect of secession already experienced. Of the amount $150,000,000 is set down as the value of agricultural productions now in the possession of that port, by the suspension of trade. This is paying dear for the whistle.

Frightful Calamity Explosion at the Pittsburg Arsenal Eighty Persons Killed and Many Injured

One of the most horrible and appalling casualties with which any community has ever been visited occurred this afternoon, at the United States Arsenal [illegible]. Our readers are aware that, ever since the commencement of the present war, a large number of hands have been employed extensively at the arsenal in putting up fixed ammunition for the army. At first the work was done by boys, but bearing, from their careless habits, that no such accident as that which has just occurred would follow their employment, they were, some months ago, discharged, and young women and girls, as being more tractable and careful, employed in their stead. About one hundred and fifty of these, together with a few men, were engaged to-day in putting up cartridges in the laboratory buildings lying on the side of the hill [illegible] Butler street and the Lawrenceburg pike, when, from some cause or other, as yet unexplained, an explosion took place which was distinctly heard in the city. The buildings were blown to atoms, and the bodies of the inmates carried high into the sky. The greater number, however, perished by fire while lying under the ruins of the shattered buildings. Altogether, about eighty lives are reported to have been lost, but it is impossible at the time we write (4 o'clock) to arrive at anything like an accurate estimate of the extent of the calamity. How many were injured could not be ascertained, as they were carried away as fast as found, to be cared for by their friends.

The Hospitals in Philadelphia.—The following statement shows the condition of the Military Hospitals [illegible] up to yesterday:

	No. Beds	No. Patients
Pennsylvania [illegible]	150	77
Summit House, 24th Ward [illegible]	150	4
South Street [illegible]	250	189
St Joseph's [illegible]	70	62
Germantown	150	110
Fifth and Butt wood	300	255
West Philadelphia	300	257
Race Street [illegible]	400	306
Hestonville [illegible]	150	124
Episcopal [illegible]	350	296
Catharine Street	85	76
Fifth and Master [illegible]	284	271
Wood Street [illegible]	200	162
Seventeenth and Filbert	600	515
Fourth and George [illegible]	415	315
Christian Street [illegible]	321	270
Broad and Cherry	800	728
Turner's Lane (G Hosp [illegible]	250	208
	5006	4242

Information was received on Friday, by Dr. King, to have preparations made for the reception of 1,000 wounded soldiers, from the late battle fields—and directions were sent to the following hospitals to prepare to accommodate the following number of patients: Turner's Lane Hospital, 67—Summit House, 60—Germantown, 60—West Philadelphia, 150—South Street, 150—Episcopal, 27—Broad and Cherry, 100—Sixteenth and Filbert, 30—Wood Street, 50—Hestonville, 41—Catharine Street, 18—Race Street, 50.

Battles of the Week.

WEDNESDAY—SEPTEMBER 17

At daybreak the fight was renewed suddenly and vehemently, both sides opening fire together. The number of pieces of the rebel batteries the evening before had declined that they were in great force on the right, and word had been sent by General McClellan to advance Sumner's corps during the night. It did not arrive on the field till 9 o'clock in the morning.

At 4 o'clock McClellan sent orders to Burnside to cross at once, at all hazards, and capture or silence the battery in front. The bridge was captured in gallant style, but with a loss of Col Kingsbury and 500 killed and wounded. Burnside, when once across, advanced on the rebel right, along the Sharpsburg road and up the slopes of the hill A position of great importance was carried at first by his impetuous attack, but was afterwards abandoned, as the rebels were able to bring ten heavy masses of troops from the centre and left to oppose Burnside.

Our attack on the left having ceased for the time, Sumner and Franklin were ordered by McClellan to hold their own, and the advance of Burnside was rolled on to decide the day. Darkness was near before he was over the creek, and the forces against him were too strong for his numbers. He therefore was obliged to content himself with defending the bridge and his position beyond, and the final attack was postponed till to-morrow. The fire on both sides died away gradually, and at 7 o'clock the battle was over for the day. Its re-ults I have stated above. It was everywhere very desperately contested, and the loss on both sides is very large. Ten Generals on our side are killed and wounded

McClellan and Lee were engaged for fourteen hours. Two hundred thousand men have fought with the utmost determination on both sides. Neither can claim a complete victory, but McClellan has partially carried the rebel position, holding most favorable ground for renewing the attack, and holding all the ground which was gained at any time during the fight.

All our own dead and wounded, and many of the enemy's, are in our hands.

On the left of the rebel position, Hooker, Sumner, and Franklin have crossed Antietam creek, and have driven the enemy from the ground they chose to cover their flanks in front of our batteries, and troops have steadily advanced, and occupy, to-night, a range of hills considerably beyond those first taken.

On the rebel right they have lost the bridge over the creek, which was carried after a hard fight, and Burnside has crossed with all his forces.

The result of the day's fight, therefore, is, that the rebels have every where lost ground, their position is contracted, both flanks attacked with success, and their rear and only line of retreat seriously threatened.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 18TH.

Headquarters Army of the Potomac, }
Sept 19 1862 8 o'clock A. M }

To Major General Halleck, General-in-Chief:

But little occurred yesterday, except skirmishing and artillery.

The enemy abandoned his position, leaving his dead and wounded on the field. We are again in pursuit.

I do not know whether he is falling back to an interior position, or crossing the river. We may safely claim a victory. GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, Major General.

FRIDAY, SEPT 19TH.

At daylight this morning it was found that the enemy had changed their position. Whether their whole force has crossed the river, or taken up a new position near the river, is not at present known. Had they remained, a general engagement would have been had this morning.

Headquarters Army of the Potomac, }
September 19, 10 A. M. }

To Henry W Halleck, General-in-Chief:

Pleasanton is driving the enemy across the river. Our victory is complete.

The enemy is driven back into Virginia.

Maryland and Pennsylvania are safe.

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, Major General.

Summary of Results.—The drama of last June is being re-enacted. Stone wall Jackson is again retreating along the Shenandoah valley. He has crossed the Potomac, leaving thousands of prisoners, and half his baggage trains and artillery in the hands of the victorious Union army. The exultation of September 1st has become the dismay of September 20th. Twenty days of General McClellan's military skill has saved Washington, relieved Pennsylvania, and redeemed Maryland. On Thursday last the rebel junta at Richmond were giving thanks to God for their defeat at General Pope, and at the very moment, their discomfited army was morrowfully leaving the battle ground of the previous day. Never, perhaps, was a campaign more terribly unfortunate for those who planned it than this ill-started invasion of the North. Troops, fresh from victorious fields, thirsting for spoil and ravenous for the plenty which blesses the beautiful valleys of Pennsylvania, enter Maryland. They enter the latter as invaders the enemy's country. At once all the energies are aroused, and placing their best general at the head of the army, it is sent against the invader, and it has come to the deepest interest of the people of the north. The two columns meet. They test their strength upon the summit of the Alleghenies, and again upon the banks of the Antietam. The invader gives way. The defeat of the mountains becomes a rout in the valley. His hopes are broken, his generals killed and wounded, and his soldiers lay by thousands dead and dying. He secures Harper's Ferry, and now his broken ranks are flying down the valley, which for ages will tell of the renowned deeds done upon its soil.

It is impossible for us to estimate the results of the [illegible] at Sharpsburg. But we can [illegible] until we have learned from reliable sources the condition of the rebel forces, and the effect of our victory upon the people of the Southern Confederacy. I hear many persons denounce McClellan for what they consider his tardiness and incapacity in not capturing the rebel army or driving it into the Potomac river. A charge like this may be specious by and generally made, but to me it seems to be extremely unjust. I have watched the last campaign of General McClellan with great interest, and, on reviewing it with calmness and candor, I do not see how it is to be condemned, [illegible] I consider as a consummate military skill. To have taken the Army of the Potomac, which [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] greater part of Maryland, fought the most hotly contested and sanguinary battle of the war, defeated the combined rebel armies, and driven them across the Potomac, is to have accomplished one of the most magnificent achievements of modern war. It is not many days since those who denounce McClellan were trembling for the safety of Washington. It is not many days since the greatest army on the face of the earth was huddling round the forts of the capital, and a dread of the advancing rebel hosts filled every breast. All this [illegible] McClellan [illegible] get, and saved Maryland and Pennsylvania. Let us thank Providence for what has been done for us, and cease repining. Let us accept the services McClellan has rendered the State, and pray that his hands may be [illegible] for further triumphs.—*Press*

Important from Harrisburg.—HARRISBURG, Sept. 21.—By authority of Gov. Curtin, the public is informed that those in the Cumberland Valley will also [illegible]

The Social, Civil, and Statistical Association of The Colored People of Pennsylvania open a subscription list in aid the freed men at Port Royal and other points where they may be located, and respectfully ask the co-operation of the colored citizens and others in this city, or elsewhere, in money or clothing.

Any amount of value received will be acknowledged, with the name of the donor, in the *Recorder*, where a constant record will be kept.

Subscriptions may be sent to Jacob C. White, at the office of the Lebanon Courtier, 711 Lombard Street, and also to William Still, 107 North Fifth Street, and to Rev. E. Weaver, 619 Pine Street.

PAID.

Statistical Society, [illegible]	$50 00
[illegible] Meeting, [illegible]	5 00
William Still, [illegible]	5 00
Robert Adger, [illegible]	2 00
Henry Minturn, [illegible]	2 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
Wm Warwicks	1 00
Harriet Shorter, [illegible]	1 00
Sarah S Hawkins,	1 00
Rev. Jonathan C. Gibbs, [illegible]	1 00
James P. Clay, [illegible]	1 00
Benjamin F Hill, [illegible]	2 00
S M [illegible]	2 00
Elizabeth Gordon, [illegible]	1 00
F. J. Drear, [illegible]	5 00

It affords us pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of ten dollars, the proceeds of Miss Anna E. Dickinson's lecture at Concert Hall for the contrabands, contributed to the S., C. and Statistical Association, to be applied as intended. WM STILL

Cor. Sec. of S., C. and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Penna.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED.

One or two respectable colored men in a quiet and respectable family to lodge, where they can secure all the comforts of a home, with a furnished room.

INQUIRE
No. 424 South 7th St, Phila.

COAL, STOVES, &c., &c.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the store,

NO. 107 NORTH FIFTH STREET,

formerly occupied as the Anti-Slavery Office, (where he has been engaged for the last fourteen years,) to occupy it henceforth as a place of business for the sale of

COAL, STOVES, &C.

Having made arrangements with one of the first Coal Dealers in the city, to furnish the best qualities of Lehigh, Schuylkill, &c., at the lowest Cash prices, he hopes to give full satisfaction in this branch of his business.

He will also keep constantly on hand a general assortment of good NEW and SECOND HAND STOVES, FURNACES, &c

Persons wishing Stoves taken down, stored away, put up, or cleaned, can be promptly accommodated by applying as above.

He hopes by energy and strict attention to business to obtain a fair share of patronage.

WM. STILL,
107 North Fifth Street, Philadelphia

REFERENCES.

J. M. M'Kim,	Dr. Caspar Wistar,
Samuel Emlen,	James Mott,
Dillwyn Parrish,	Thomas Williamson,
Prof. C. D. Cleveland.	W. H. Furness

MRS MARTHA COLLINS

730 Russell Street, above Fitzwater,

Begs leave to inform her friends and the public generally, that she has opened an INFANT SCHOOL for Boys and Girls, to whom she will pay special attention in teaching the primary departments of Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, also Singing, upon the most reasonable and accommodating terms. She does not hesitate to say that she will be able to please all who may give her a trial.

PERRY & FITZGERALD'S

PROCESS FOR MAKING LIGHT, NUTRITIOUS, AND UNADULTERATED BREAD, WITHOUT FERMENTATION.

The new process of bread-making, patented by Perry & Fitzgerald, removes all the obstacles which have hitherto rendered it impossible to manufacture perfectly pure, sweet and wholesome bread. The entire process is performed by mechanical means, and is eminently cleanly.

The process consists in mixing the flour in a closed vessel, and the application of pure carbonic gas under pressure by which the dough mass is made thoroughly light and ready to be discharged into pans for baking, in the brief space of *fifteen or twenty minutes*. The "change" is usually 200 pounds, and each machine occupies the position, in all its details, in the building in which it is to do the discharging of the dough, in from twenty five to forty minutes. The invention of Perry & Fitzgerald effects a revolution in the preparation of bread by establishing a system of wholesome manufacture not subject to the objections and evils of fermentation, both short and certain in its results.—1. Because, by the substitution of mechanical for manual labor, and in the superior value of the artic'e produced, it promises large profits upon the capital employed. 2. Because such employment of capital as well as the protection afforded by the patent, gives adequate security against competition. But whilst protecting manufacturers against unwholesome bread of the evils of a monopoly, because it leaves the consumer at all times in possession of his former means of supply, to be resorted to, should the monopoly become prejudicial.

The application of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure, to a mechanically kneaded dough-mass, as to the invention of Perry & Fitzgerald, did not occur to Dr Cre, though he seems to have had a clear foreshadowing of the importance of the artificial use of the gas, since he stated, [illegible] that "if easier, slightly impregnated with carbonic acid gas, he used for kneading the dough, the resulting bread will be more light and spongy (would a light article), he [illegible] his proposal in this way. Then, as the sugar would remain undecomposed, the bread would be as much the sweeter and more nourishing."

What, Dr Dick, was artificially comprehended theoretical truth, has been practically developed by the brilliant invention of Perry & Fitzgerald. Patiently all hail their names in grateful remembrance, as among the most eminent benefactors of mankind

ITS SUPERIORITY.—The superiority of unfermented bread to by no means new. Dr. Cullen, who wrote more than seventy years ago, says:—

"In Scotland nine-tenths of the lower class of people, and that in the greater part of the whole, live upon unfermented bread, and unfermented farinaceous to other forms, and there are not a more healthy people anywhere to be found. In the course of fifty years, that I have practised among them, I have had occasion to know this, and have hardly met with a disease, of any consequence, that I could impute to the use of unfermented farinaceous.

At a later period, Professor The ompson, of Glasgow, in his work on the "Food of Animals," after alluding to the facts referred to above by Dr. Cullen, and other kindred facts, observes:—

"So far, then, as [illegible] is for all the whole purposes of [illegible] it [illegible] in point to the [illegible] that unfermented bread differs from fermented bread. The result gained by this process (fermentation) may be considered to be merely the expulsion of the particles of which the loaf is composed, so as to render the mass more readily divisible by the [illegible] organs of digestion. But, as this object is gained at a sacrifice of the invaluable [illegible] it becomes a matter of interest to ascertain the amount of the loss sustained in the process."

The result of Professor Thompson's experiments showed a difference in favor of unfermented bread of nearly seven per cent over that made by the ordinary process. In other words, there was a loss of over one-fifteenth of the nutritive properties of the flour, which, by the process of fermentation, was driven into the air and lost.

We come now to a more particular consideration of the superiority of the bread made without fermentation, or the new "chemical process, over the bread made by those processes. Although, from what has already been said, this superiority appears in most vivid contrast, yet the public will be better satisfied to have the points stated specifically, for it only needs that the advantages secured by this method be clearly understood in order to its universal introduction in the manufacture of bread

I. Its Cleanliness.—Instead of the dough being mixed by the naked hands or feet of the bread, from the wetting of the flour to the completion of the baking, is not, and scarcely can be touched by any one. "One skeptic attained to its manufacture," says Dr Wilard Parker, "in his entire completion." Says Dr Wardrop, "The process is not only purely scientific, but preeminently cleanly."

II. Its Preservation of all the Nutritive Properties of the Flour.—By the raising of the dough is by the mechanical introduction of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure, in a closed vessel, or receiver, it takes a perfect vesicular or spongy texture. All the constituents of the flour remain wholly unchanged while the process of raising bread by fermentation inevitably carrieses some of them, as has been already shown

III. Its Purity and Cheapness.—Bread made by the New Process is uniformly light, sweet, and nutritious. The condition being simple, and not liable to variation, an future can never be always producing bread of the same quality. It retains its moisture much longer than fermented bread, and may be eaten warm with impunity. The process also insures a perfect freedom from all acidity, even in the hottest weather. Says the London Review:—

"The [illegible] of Messrs. Perry & Fitzgerald, [illegible] and the consequent [illegible] of the flour are left both unchanged and unaccompanied, the resulting loaf being absolutely pure."

IV. Its Wholesomeness.—Being free from the defects of the substances which are the product of fermentation or chemical reaction, by the old modes the bread made by the New Process is easy of digestion and agrees with the most delicate stomach. "In dyspepsia," says Dr Cox, (editor of the N. Y. Medical College,) "it will be found to be one which will be able to use it, when the [illegible] manufactured bread has been found to have signally failed as an article of diet." Says the London *Medical Times and Gazette*:—

"Since the introduction of the new unfermented bread, there have already been received from members of the medical profession who have recommended it in their practice as well as from private individuals, accounts of the really astonishing results that have followed its use in cases of deranged digestion and constipation. [illegible] after many [illegible] and others, by the simple use of the bread as a diet. Many cases have also been reported by medical men in addition to this remedy, decreasing doses of [illegible] which had [illegible] to be [illegible] and [illegible] be [illegible] at length, if not entirely, abandoned."

"The beneficial effects of the new bread are attributable in two ways. The one is the absence of the prejudicial matters imparted to ordinary bread by the process of fermentation, and the other by the presence in the bread, unchanged, of those elements which are the essential agents of digestion and assimilation."

"The most eminent members of the medical profession, both in Great Britain and in the United States, and only speak in the highest terms of the ease with which it is digested, and of its rich, nourishing qualities, but especially of its peculiar palatableness, and wonderful keeping properties. The absence of acidity and other strong flavors, which in a greater or less degree are there [illegible] of fermented bread, renders the new bread peculiarly delicate to the taste.

V. Its Economy and Keeping.—By the use of mechanical means instead of manual labor and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

SHOULDER ARMS!

BY C. G. [illegible]

There's a dry sweeps o'er the land—
Shoulder arms!
Who will now a coward stand,
While the country needs his aid!
Cowardice for fools was made,
Shoulder arms!

Who's afraid to meet the foe!
Shoulder arms!
Who would see the flag laid low
In the dust by traitors base!
Let him ever hide his face.
Shoulder arms!

Who would win the soldier's fame!
Shoulder arms!
Who would bear a hero's name!—
Let him raise his strong arm high,
Now to strike or now to die—
Shoulder arms!

See the rebel ranks advance:
Shoulder arms!
Wake, man, from your guilty trance;
This is the time for action deep,
Not the hour for sloth or sleep!
Shoulder arms!

Voices call you from the grave—
Shoulder arms!
Voices of the martyrs brave,
Who, amid the shock of wars,
Battled for the stripes and stars,
Shoulder arms!

By the names of heroes dead—
Shoulder arms!
Precious hearts as yours have bled
To maintain the Union's might.
Now it is your turn to smite—
Shoulder arms!

Onward! Onward to the van!
Shoulder arms!
Onward like a fearless man!
Stand not like one deaf and dumb
While you hear th' appealing drum.
Shoulder arms!

God will bless the work you do—
Shoulder arms!
He will lead you safely through
Every peril, while you fight
'Gainst the wrong t' uphold the right.
Shoulder arms!

N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

THE ADVENTURES OF A REBEL EMISSARY.

THE STORY OF SKEDADDLE SANDERS.

NIAGARA FALLS, Aug. 29, 1862.—There have been several brief accounts of the successful passage across the Canada frontier of GEORGE N SANDERS, Rebel emissary to Europe, but the following statement gathered from those who personally witnessed the adventure in its various stages, gives the fullest details.

SANDERS AT THE BRIDGE.

A few days ago a man dressed in well-worn working clothes presented himself to the United States Provost Marshal on the United States side of the Suspension Bridge. He wore a pair of very short trowsers of striped Kentucky jean, and a seedy coat of the same material. A coarse, not over clean shirt, and a jagged straw hat completed the costume. The man had no collar or cravat, and his face was apparently greatly tanned by exposure to the weather.

He wanted to go over the river, he said, but had no pass and did not know that any would be needed. He stated that he was an Englishman from Cornwall, and a miner by trade. He had been working some time in Pennsylvania, but had lately received a letter from his brother, a farmer, near London, Canada West, stating that he was short of help and urging his miner relatives to come on to his assistance, at least till the harvest time was over.

The miner held his tools in one hand, and in the other carried an old carpet bag of the black glazed style in common use. The glazing in many places had come off, and the outside was moreover spotted and soiled with dirt.

The carpet bag was more valuable than the famous one of JOHN BROWN; for it contained the papers, despatches and money of the Rebel emissary SANDERS.

THE PASSAGE ACROSS.

The Marshal pondered awhile, but the poor miner gave such a consistent story, and seemed so disappointed at his unexpected trouble in crossing, that the official's heart was melted, and he gave him the required pass.

The toll man of the Suspension Bridge then demanded a quarter dollar toll.

"Two shillings," said the miner, "why I can't give it. I've only got one shilling."

This plea of poverty completely disarmed whatever shadow of suspicion may have existed in regard to the poor workman; after the proper degree of hesitation the "fellow" was allowed to pass over at half price

Thanking the toll-keeper for his liberality, the miner walked on wearily across the bridge. As he neared the Canada side his step became lighter—just as Christian (pardon the comparison) felt when the burden dropped off his back. A decided burden had dropped off of GEORGE N. SANDERS' mind—he was safe in Canada.

AT THE HOTEL IN CANADA.

Arriving at the Canada side of the bridge, the miner with his tools and carpet-bag, jumped into the Clifton House omnibus and was quickly driven to that famous hotel. He went to the desk and registered on the book the initials S. N. G.—his own initials reversed.

The clerk looked at the shabby working-man a moment, and then coldly said:—

"We can't give you a room here, sir."

"But I must have a room," said SANDERS.

"None to spare to-night," replied the clerk.

The miner thrust his hands in his pocket and drew forth a great "roll of green backs."

"Here," said he to the clerk, "take these as security. Put them in your safe; but give me a room at once."

Of course money has its effects in Clifton House as everywhere else. Still the clerk hesitated.

"Is there any place about here where I can get a respectable suit of clothes?" asked the miner, dropping his Cornish dialect.

There was no place nearer than the Bridge, a mile distant. So the miner again insisted on having the room, and as it was obvious that "things were not as they seem," he was shown to a suitable apartment.

HOW HIS FRIENDS KNEW IT.

A few minutes afterwards a guest strolled out on the piazza, where ex-Governor MOREHEAD, of Kentucky, was sitting. "By the way, Governor," said he, "what a singular old fellow that was in the office. He registered his name on the book only in initials."

"(n initials!" cried MOREHEAD, starting up, "he's come, then;" and rushing past the astonished guest, he demanded to be shown to the room of the mysterious S. N. G.

Other Secessionists also hastened thither. SANDERS was provided with a suit of clothes at once, the clerks and servants altered their department, the quondam miner, and the guests had a rare piece of gossip to talk about. SANDERS is by this time half way across the ocean, and whatever is thought of him or his cause, it is generally acknowledged that his journey from Richmond to Canada is one of the "cutest" specimens of Rebel "strategy" the war has produced. It shows that our blockade is so stringent that a Rebel embassy prefers a long land journey in disguise to attempting to break it.

Of course the adventure has been the chief topic of gossip in the Niagara hotels; and miners will henceforth be viewed with a very profound suspicion in the neighborhood of the Suspension Bridge.

W. F. W.

THE LOCUST FOR BEE PASTURES.

A correspondent of the *Bee Journal*: "In setting out ornamental trees, it is surely worthy one's attention to have regard to their honey-producing power, and to select, with this end in view, those blooming at different times, rather than one kind, or those blooming at the same time. In Southern Ohio, bees, some years, gather a large portion of their surplus honey from the locust. Their industry during the yield from the locust is surprising. Where the tree grows in great numbers, they almost abandon all other sources of supply."

WHY SALT IS HEALTHFUL.

From time immemorial it has been known that without salt man would miserably perish; and among horrible punishments, entailing certain death, that of feeding culprits on saltless food, is said to have prevailed in barbarous times. Maggots and corruption are spoken of by ancient writers as the distressing symptoms which saltless food engenders; but no ancient, or unchemical modern, could explain how such sufferings arose. Now we know why the animal craves salt; why it suffers discomfort, and why it ultimately falls into disease if salt is for a time withheld. Upward of half the saline matter of the blood (57 per cent.) consists of common salt; and as this is partly discharged every day through the skin and kidneys, the necessity of continued supplies of it to the healthy body becomes sufficiently obvious. The bile, also, contains soda as a special and indispensable constituent, and so do all the cartilages of the body. Stint the supply of salt, therefore, and neither will the bile be able properly to assist the digestion, nor the cartilages to be built up again as far as they naturally waste."—*Prof. Johnson.*

CHEERY KITCHEN.

A writer in the Country Gentleman puts in a plea for the kitchen:—

"Very much is written and said about pleasant and tastefully furnished parlors, but the kitchen is left quite in the background, except as it is described in stories of the olden time, "with ponderous beams over head, from which hung festoons of dried pumpkins, apples, &c." It is too important a part of home to be neglected, yet it surely is neglected. The parlor must be cool and airy, and sunshiny, but the kitchen may be wherever there is room for it, with a view, from curtainless windows, of barnyard and woodpile—no paint nor carpet on the floor, no paper on the walls—furnished with chairs and tables, and also with clothes frames and wash tubs, a line of dish towels over the stove, and a row of old hats, coats and frocks for ornaments. This is a picture of too many of our farmers' kitchens—of the place where we housekeepers expect to spend a considerable portion of our time. No wonder mothers looks careworn, and farmers' wives and daughters complain of their field of labor. No wonder that soiled morning dresses are seen; for clean calico, white collars, and smooth hair, could never feel at home in a dingy, cheerless kitchen, and the man who will not provide a pleasant one, deserves to take his breakfast every morning opposite a slovenly-looking wife.

HOW MIST IS GENERATED.

The production of mist is the subject of a note by the veteran, Dr. John Davy, (brother of Sir Humphrey,) in the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*. The cause usually assigned for mist is the access of cold air, and its admixture with warm air, saturated, or nearly saturated, with moisture (such as that resting on the surface of large bodies of water,) and strikingly exemplified in our autumnal and winter fogs, when the water, owing to the heat absorbed during summer, is of a higher temperature than the inflowing air. Dr. Davy, however, refers to another cause, not so much noticed, viz.:—a mild, moist air coming in contact with a colder air, equally humid, resting on cold surfaces, whether of land or water, about the end of winter or beginning of spring. He describes mists which he considers to have been thus formed in the lake district of Cumberland. To a similar cause, also, he refers the phenomenon termed sweating, which is the precipitation of moisture on walls and flagged floors excluded from the influence of fire. He also attributes to a warm south wind succeeding a very cold north wind, the deposition of a large quantity of moisture in the gallery of a nobleman in Devonshire, and quotes the saying in Homer, "The south wind wraps the mountain top in mist."

THE SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

The following well authenticated anecdote of the late Sir Evan Nepean carries the mind back to the sleepless night of Ahasuerus, in the palace of Shushan. Sir Evan, when Under-Secretary of State, related to a friend of his that one night after retiring to rest he experienced an unaccountable degree of wakefulness. He was in perfect health, had dined early and moderately, had nothing to brood over, and was perfectly self-possessed. Still he could not sleep, and from eleven till two in the morning never closed an eye. It was summer—twilight was far advanced; and, to dissipate the ennui of his wakefulness, he resolved to rise and breathe the morning air in the park. There he saw nothing but sleepy sentinels, whom he rather envied. He passed the Horse Office several times, and at last, without any particular object, resolved to let himself in with his pass-key. The book of entries of the day before lay open on the table, and in sheer listlessness he began to read. The first thing appalled him—"A reprieve to be sent to York for the coiners ordered for execution the next day." It struck him that he had no return to his order to send the reprieve, and he searched the minutes, but could not find it. In alarm, he went to the house of the chief clerk, who lived in Downing street, knocked him up, (it was then long past three,) and asked him if he knew anything of the reprieve being sent. In greater alarm, the chief clerk could not remember.

"You are scarcely awake," said Sir Evan "Collect yourself; it must have been sent."

The chief clerk said he did now recollect; he had sent it to the Clerk of the Crown, whose business it was to forward it.

"Good!" said Sir Evan; "but have you his receipt and certificate that it is gone?"

"No."

"Then come with me to his house; we must find him, though it is so early."

It was now four, and the Clerk of the Crown lived in Chancery Lane. There was no hackney coach, and they almost ran. The Clerk of the Crown had a country house, and meaning to have a long holiday, he was at that moment stepping into his gig to go to his villa. Astonished at the visit of the Under-Secretary at such an hour, he was still more so at his business

With an exclamation of horror, the Clerk of the Crown cried, "The reprieve is locked up in my desk!"

It was brought. Sir Evan sent to the post-office for the trustiest and fleetest express, and the reprieve reached York as the prisoners were ascending the cart.

THE MOTHER DOVE.

The old meeting-house was to come down, so that the new one might stand on the same spot. It had a high, very high steeple, which could be seen a great way off, and to which many eyes had often been turned to see which way the golden rooster on the top was looking, for he always kept his eye directly on the wind, however hard it might blow.

The first thing was to get the high steeple down safely without crushing the building. So a man climbed far up toward the top and fastened a strong rope to it. The rope, too, was a very long one. Next day they went into the belfry, and sawed off several of the strong timbers on which the steeple stood. They seemed like logs, and were probably as high as two men would be if one stood on the shoulders of the other.

Now, then, then the street is full of men and boys, a great many of whom take hold of the long rope to pull the steeple over. But they must go off a long distance or it will fall on them.

"All ready!" cries the master carpenter.

"All ready," shout a score of voices

"Pull carefully."

So they all began to pull, the man to give the word, and the boys to shout. Soon the poor old steeple began to tremble on its legs.

It seemed almost to shudder at the awful fall it must make. It made one almost feel sorry for it. Just then there came a beautiful solitary white dove, and flew round and round the steeple, not daring to fly into it, and not able to leave it. She was evidently aware that some great evil was about to befall the steeple.

"See that dove!" said a hundred voices

"Poor thing! she must have young ones up in the steeple!" said a few voices.

Again they pulled, and again the old steeple reeled and tottered. The distress of the poor bird was now so great that all shouts were hushed Every one felt sorry for her. Not a voice was heard; and now they pulled the rope, and the steeple again reeled, the timber cracked, the bird hovered a moment on her wings, and just at the instant the steeple began to fall she darted up into it, out of sight. For one instant more the lofty spire poised and trembled, and then fell with a crash that crushed every timber in it, and made the ground tremble. I went to it, and there I found the poor dove lying between her two little white children, all three dead.

Alas! poor dove! You were willing to die for and with your children, but you could not save them

But, O! when Jesus Christ died for men he saved them. He came up out of the grave, and will bring all his people out of death, and make them alive forever. He did not die in vain, like the poor dove.—*Rev. John Todd, D. D.*

FOOLISH THOUGHTS.

We are apt to believe in Providence so long as we have our own way; but if things go awry, then we think if there is a God he is in heaven, and not on earth. The cricket in the spring builds his little house in the meadow, and chirps for joy, because all is going so well with him. But when he hears the sound of the plow a few furrows off, and the thunder of the oxen's tread, then the skies begin to look dark, and his heart fails him. The plow comes crunching along, and turns his dwelling bottom side up, and as he is rolling over and over without a home, his heart says, "O the foundations of the world are destroyed and every thing is going to ruin!" But the husbandman who walks behind his plow, singing and whistling as he goes, does he think the foundations of the world are breaking up? Why he does not so much as know there was any house or cricket there. He thinks of the harvest that is to follow the track of the plow; and the cricket, too, if he will but wait, will find a thousand blades of grass where there were but one before. We are all like the crickets. If anything happens to overthrow our plans, we think all is gone to ruin.—*Beecher.*

THE VICEROY OF EGYPT.

Mohammed Said is the fourth son of the famous Mehemet Ali, who founded in Egypt an almost independent sovereignty, under the patronage of the Ottoman Porte. He was born in 1822, and was educated by French masters. His studies initiated him into the ideas and customs of Europe. He has remained faithful, doubtless to the religion of Mahomet; it was the religion of his family and the condition of his wearing the crown of Egypt; but there is nothing bigoted in his belief; on the contrary, he is very tolerant towards Christians.

Mohammed Said assumed the reins of government in the old country of the Pharaohs, July 18th, 1854, and he has devoted all his time and energies to carry on the work of civilisation, begun by his father, Mehemet Ali. He has introduced wise reforms in the laws, public finances, military system, &c., choosing European agents to execute his orders

At the time that he ascended the throne of Egypt, no person could hold territory as personal property. The Viceroy was the sole possessor of all the land, like Pharaoh of old. The fellahs, or Egyptian peasants, were in a condition similar to that of the serfs under the feudal system of the middle age; they cultivated the soil for the Pacha, who was the only one who could buy and sell any of the agricultural products. Mohammed Said perceived that this servile system discouraged the common people and impoverished the country He divided all the unoccupied land among the people, and now many fellahs are land-holders. They can dispose of their persons as they please, and have the full enjoyment of the fruits of their labor. This is a great change in the civil and social state of things. Already its happy effects begin to show themselves; and they will become more and more apparent as years roll by.

Military service, which used to be imposed exclusively on the members of the lower classes, is now incumbent on all, without distinction of rank or fortune; this general system of recruiting is copied from the French. Besides, the Viceroy of Egypt has endeavored to abolish the old abuses in the expenses of the public treasury; he has faithfully fulfilled his pecuniary engagements In this way he has established the credit of his government upon solid bases. The fact was clearly proved by the success of the loan of forty million francs which he lately took in London. English capitalists, who require good security for their money, did not hesitate to open their purse to Mohammed Said.

FACETIAE.

Hercules, 3000 years ago, in Greece, wrote or gathered the following and many other facetiæ The old Greeks were as fond of joking as young Americans:

A young man, meeting an acquaintance, said, "I heard that you were dead." "But," says the other, "you see me alive." "I do not know how that may be," replied he: "you are a notorious liar; but my informant was a person of credit."

A man wrote to a friend in Greece, begging him to purchase books. From negligence or avarice, he neglected to execute the commission; but, fearing that his correspondent might be offended, he exclaimed, when next they met, "My dear friend, I never got the letter you wrote to me about the books."

An irritable man went to visit a sick friend, and asked him concerning his health. The patient was so ill that he could not reply; whereupon the other, in a rage, said "I hope that I may soon fall sick, and then I will not answer you when you visit me."

A speculative gentleman, wishing to teach his horse to live without food, starved him to death. "I suffered a great loss," said he, "for just as he learned to live without eating, he died."

A robust countryman, meeting a physician, ran to hide behind a wall, being asked the cause, he replied, "It is so long since I have been sick that I am ashamed to look a physician in the face."

A curious inquirer, desirous to know how he looked when asleep, sat with closed eyes before a mirror.

A man, hearing that a raven would live two hundred years, bought one to try.

One of twin brothers died: a fellow, meeting the survivor, asked, "Which is it that's dead, you or your brother?"

A man who had to cross a river entered a boat on horseback: being asked why, he replied, "I must ride because I am in a hurry."

A foolish fellow, having a house to sell, took a brick from the wall to exhibit as a sample.

A man, meeting a friend, said, "I spoke to you last night in a dream." "Pardon me," replied the other; "I did not hear you."

A man that had nearly been drowned while bathing, declared that he would never enter the water again till he had learned to swim

A student in want of money sold his books and wrote home, "Father, rejoice; for I now derive my support by literature."

During a storm, the passengers on board a vessel that appeared in danger seized different implements to aid them in swimming; and one of the number selected for this purpose the anchor.

A wittol, a barber, and a bald-headed man travelled together. Losing their way, they were forced to sleep in the open air; and, to avert danger, it was agreed to keep watch by turns. The lot fell first upon the barber, who, for amusement, shaved the fool's head while he slept; he then woke him, and the fool, raising his head to scratch his head, exclaimed, "Here's a pretty mistake! Rascal, you have waked the bald-headed man instead of me."

A gentleman had a cask of fine wine, from which his servant stole a large quantity. When the master perceived the deficiency, he diligently inspected the top of the cask, but could find no traces of an opening. "Look if there be not a hole in the bottom," said a by-stander. "Blockhead," he replied, "do you not see that the deficiency is at the top, and not at the bottom?"

The eaglet must have time. The beak that, in due season, will cleave a skull, at first has merely power to chip the egg

A SMART RETORT.

Mr. Court, who has been addressing large open-air meetings in Edinburgh, Scotland, evinces the happiest tact in parrying off drunken interruption from "victims" staggering from "over the way." A very drunken fellow vehemently interrupted him by asking, "What will you substitute for the pair man's drink?" "Substitute!" said Mr. Court; "I would substitute that shocking bad hat you wear with a better one—that shabby coat on your back with a better one—a miserable meal of food which you take with a good one—and I would substitute your present ignorance with useful information."

A QUIET JOKE.

The celebrated John Wesley, with all his ministerial gravity, was addicted to joking once in a while. His servant, Michael Fenwick, complained that his name was never mentioned in the published Journal. Wesley, in the next number, said: "I left Epworth with great satisfaction, and about one preached at Clayworth. I think none were unmoved but Michael Fenwick, who fell fast asleep under an adjoining hayrick."

At a concert which took place in a town that shall be nameless, a gentleman in the audience rose up just as the third piece on the programme had been performed, and said:—"Mr. Conductor, will you oblige me, sir, by requesting your vocalists either to sing louder or to sing in whispers, as there is a conversation going on close by where I sit that is conducted in such a loud tone as to entirely hinder my enjoyment of the music. I prefer, certainly, to hear the concert; but if I cannot be so privileged, I desire to hear the conversation." There was an extremely quiet and attentive audience in the hall during the rest of the evening.

A woman who always used to attend public worship with great punctuality, and took care always to be in time, was asked how it was she could always come so early. She answered, very wisely, "That it was a part of her religion not to disturb the religion of others."

SMOKING.

The Emperor of the French, having found that the students in the colleges of France who smoke, are decidedly *inferior* in their scholastic attainments to the non-smokers, he has prohibited this injurious habit in the colleges. It is said that the Emperor put out "thirty thousand pipes in one day!"

Would it not be a good thing for the rising generation of America, if some power could put out all the cigars which American boys are in the habit of puffing? Boys, be emperors over yourselves, and put out the cigars! Let us declare war against tobacco! Let our war-cry from Baffin's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico be, Away with tobacco! Away with tobacco!

FARMERS' WIVES.

The farmer's wife is, or at least should be, the most cheerful, happy being in existence. Surrounded as she is by everything beautiful in nature, wakening every morning by the joyful carolling of the birds in the trees around the house, soothed all day by the whispering winds and balmy breezes, laden with sweet perfumes stolen from clover-fields or apple blossoms, how can she be otherwise than happy? O, how from my heart have I pitied poor, pale, uneasy-minded women, living in large villages or cities, where every inch of ground was precious, and not a bird sang, but with a sort of wheezy, choking music, and the very trees looked dusty and dim!

How often in the morning, as throwing open my doors and windows to the cool morning air that came bustling in, filling every breath with pure, sweet odors from the budding trees and springing grass, have I wished my city friends could stand in the door by my side, and gaze upon the lovely scene spread out to my admiring view.

With everything so beautiful around her, woman can work hard, harder, perhaps, than she really ought, but with willing hands. Everybody and everything works in the country. You cannot look even for a moment, out at the open door, without seeing some little bird very busy getting straws to build her nest, worms to feed her little fledglings, or working industriously to teach them the use of their tiny wings, that scarce can bear their weight, or perhaps you see some merry, chirruping squirrel, adroitly stealing his stock of grain, for the winter he knows must come, sooner or later, and hiding it wisely in the decayed trunk of a neighboring apple tree.

The spirit of action is contagious. The hours glide by and so does the work, and when dinner time arrives, instead of the pale, languid countenances you find in the city wife, as she sits down to her luxurious table, loaded with over-cooked meat, under-cooked vegetables, stale fruits and baker's bread, a brisk, cheerful face meets you at table, whereon you find ham and eggs, and Indian meal pudding and molasses, perhaps, but good, light, sweet, wheat bread, and tempting dishes of fruit, fresh from the garden, that would completely upset the equanimity of the guests at the aforesaid city table

A farmer's wife can concoct such dishes as city folks know nothing of. With plenty of milk and eggs, there is always something in the house to eat. You can never take her so much by surprise that she will give no invitation to stop at tea, and she is never so full of apologies because the tea is not nice enough, as to render you uncomfortable.

With a mind evenly balanced, a home made happy by her presence, a contented disposition, wishing no change, a quiet, easy way of turning off work, the farmer's wife is a woman to be envied and still some poor, foolish mortals presume to pity her! Pity, indeed; better bestow it where it is needed! The highest, noblest lot of woman is her home mission, and the most superior place for the exercise of her power is in the quiet home in the country, 'mid the soul-stirring beauties of nature, the handiwork of nature's God.—*N. E. Farmer.*

FUTURE WIVES AND MOTHERS.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

Sweet sixteen! They must have been that; perhaps more. They were rather elegant girls and had an air. If my readers don't know what I mean by that, let them go up Broadway and watch the first bellounced young lady with a gold bracelet on her arm.

I followed them—couldn't help it. Perhaps some might say because they were pretty—well, they were pretty—there is no denying it. One had blue eyes, light curls, bewitching lips; the other darker hair, brighter eyes, as fascinating a smile as I ever saw. I had passed them once, as I knew. Presently they come to an ice-cream saloon.

"Siddy, let's get a cream," said the light curls to the dark. "It's awful warm, and I'm thirsty"

I judged that Siddy was thirsty, too, for she followed her friend in—so did I. It was managed adroitly—a curtain between us—I could see and hear even if I didn't try to listen. They pulled their gloves off. What beautiful white hands they had, and how full of rings, costly rings.

"Yes, dear, if you please, certainly; I am very fond of Madeira."

"Nice beginning," thought I. "Probably the brothers suck mint-juleps."

A splendid fan, tipped with feathers, was now opened, and made languid and graceful use of

"Wasn't it hot in church yesterday?"

"Yes, indeed, Siddy. O, did you notice that new surplice? Wasn't it pretty? How pale Mr De Lancy looked?"

"Going to be married, you know."

"Good mercy! how you startle me; who to?"

"To that white Miss Jane Seaver. He'll get money with her, too. Her father is rich, and her uncle's a millionaire."

"Pshaw! well, I wouldn't have him"

"Nor I either. Why, don't you think he used to wait on Ad. Shaw, and he never gave her anything but one gold bracelet, and that couldn't have cost more than forty dollars. He's a dreadful mean man, I suspect.

"Dear! he must be. Why I wouldn't look at a beau who wouldn't give me a present as often as once a month, and something worth having, too What are they good for, I should like to know, the men, all of them, but to take us riding, to carry us to balls, and to give us presents?"

"Nothing, to be sure. I don't intend to marry any one who can't keep a carriage"

"Nor I "O, did you see Mollie Grey's children in church? Ain't they beauties? I know what the embroidery cost on their frocks—lemon color, wasn't it? Miss De Lancy did it; she has, O, frightful sum, by the foot. What good taste Mollie Grey has got, hasn't she? And ain't the children dear little darlings? What a manner, what a step. It's worth while to train such little children independent things. I've heard that they won't look at Carrie Leslie's children because the Leslies don't keep a carriage. Did you ever?"

"Never in my life; but one must draw the line somewhere. I haven't spoken to sister Lu since she married that book clerk. Mamma scolds me dreadfully—but I hope I have a proper pride!" And here the pretty lips gave an extra screw as they imbibed the delicate cream.

"Did you hear that the Lanes have only four servants now?"

"I know; isn't it shocking? They say she dresses her own children—isn't this good wine?"

"I suppose the other acquiesced," said the young gentleman who reported this conversation to me as a fact. "As for me—in a fit of thorough disgust—I am a clerk on five hundred—I quit the place, and always shudder at the sight of wide hoops, small bonnets, and fair faces, that without a touch of sentiment or soul in them, still often win the regards of poor young men who marry and are ruined."—*Mother's Journal.*

MAKE THEM HAPPY.

A pastor in Connecticut, in a recent sermon, gave this as an all-important element in good government and training. He says:

The great art in child-culture is to keep the little ones happy, having all things as pleasant and bright about them as possible. Children will have trials enough in spite of you. God will try them. And you yourself will be compelled to try them now and then. It cannot be helped. That is life. But the less the better. The worst men began early, and had tumults and angers and shames when they were little, and ought to have been just laughing the days away. Homes of discontent, sour homes, cloudy homes, irritable, fawing, andvious homes, make rebellious and rustless and unsuccessful lives.

Family Circle.

A MOTHER'S ANSWER.

"I've kissed him and let him go."

[The following touching poem, which we copy from the Springfield *Republican*, is in the reply to the beautiful poem entitled, "Kiss me, mother, and let me go."]

He's my *only* boy, and this is my plea:
Perhaps it is foolish and weak,
But mothers, I'm sure, will have pity on me,
And some word will tenderly speak.
The light of my home—my tears fall like rain—
Is it wonder I shrink from the blow?
That my heart is crushed by its weight of pain?
But I've kissed him, and let him go.

There are some, I know, who feel a strange pride,
In giving their country their all,
Who count it a glory that boys from their side
In the strife are ready to fall.
But I, sitting here have no pride in my heart;
(God forgive me that this should be so!)
For the boy that I love the tears will still start,
Yet I've kissed him, and let him go.

Last night, with soft steps, I stole to his bed,
As oft in his childhood I'd done;
On his pillow I bowed my poor, stricken head,
Till out of the East rose the sun.
His dreams were of me; for he turned in his sleep,
And murmured "dear mother," so low!
I bit my pale lips, lest they'd cowardly speak
"O, my darling, *I can't let you go!*"

This morning I blessed him; I stifled with pain;
I bade him be true to his trust;
To stand by the flag till his country again
Should raise its proud head from the dust.
I know by the light in his beautiful eyes—
By his face with true courage aglow—
He'd fight *to the last.* I choked back my sighs,
While I kissed him and let him go.

But O, sitting here this desolate day,
Still there comes no feeling of pride;
But One knows my need, and to Him will I pray,
I can trust Him whatever betide.
And if he shall fall—(O, faint heart, be still!)
I know he would soften the blow,
And I yet may feel a patriot's thrill
That I kissed him and let him go.

Springfield, Mass., Aug. 15, 1862.

THE FLY.

To be recited to a Little Child.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

Baby By,
Here's a fly!
Let me watch him, you and I.
How he crawls
Upon the walls—
Yet he never falls!
I believe, with such legs
You and I could walk on eggs!
There he goes
On his toes
Tickling baby's nose!

Spots of red
Dot his head;
Rainbows on his back are spread.
Two small specks
In his necks;
See him nod and beck!
I can show you if you choose,
Where to look to find his shoes;
Three small pairs
Made of hairs;
These he always wears!

Black and brown
Is his gown;
He can wear it upside down.
It is laced
Round his waist;
I admire his taste.
Yet, though tight his clothes are made,
He will lose them, I'm afraid,
If I caught
He gets aught
Of the candle light.

In the sun
Webs are spun;
What if he gets into one!
When it rains
He complains
On the window-panes.
Tongues to talk have you and I;
God has given the little fly
No such things;
So he sings
With his buzzing wings.

He can eat
Bread and meat;
There's his mouth between his feet.
On his back
In a sack
Like a peddler's pack.
Does the baby understand!
There the fly shakes his fore hand!
Put a crumb
On her thumb
Maybe he will come!

Catch him! No!
Let him go.
Never hurt an insect so.
But, no doubt,
He flies out
Just to gad about.
Now you see his wings of silk
Drabbled in the baby's milk!
Fie! oh fie!
Foolish fly,
How will he get dry!

Flies can see
More than we—
So how bright their eyes must be!
Little Fly,
One year's eye—
Spiders are near by!
For a secret I can tell,
Spiders never treat flies well!
Then away!
Do not stay—
Little fly, good-day!

MAKE YOUR MARK.

Charles and Robert were two boys who went to their good grandfather's place in the country. It was a beautiful farm, with broad green meadows and great shady trees, and the hayfields were full of strawberries, and the pastures covered with sheep and lambs. The grandfather was a kind old man and very fond of children, and he let the boys do pretty much as they pleased. And so Charlie trampled down a great deal of grass in pursuit of flowers and berries, and chased the sheep and lambs, just for the fun of seeing them run, until they became frightened whenever they saw him, and one poor little lamb, when he saw Charlie behind him, ran off in such great alarm, that he did not stop to see where he was going, and he fell from a high rock and was killed. One day Charlie saw a robin redbreast with a worm in her bill which she was carrying to feed her little ones, and he caught up a stone and threw it with all his strength at the poor little mother, and she fell to the ground, and when Robert picked her up she was dead. Robert was a kind-hearted boy, and he made the pretty robin a grave under a wild rosebush; and all night long he heard the little hungry birds up in the elm tree calling, "Mother, mother!" but she never came to feed them any more.

There was a beautiful spring under an oak tree in one corner of the meadow, where the two boys used often to sit when the weather was warm, and when their visit was over and their clothes and playthings were all packed for home, Robert planted a lily by the side of the spring; it was the last thing he did before he set out for the station. The two boys were walking slowly along, for there was plenty of time before the train would come, and their hands were full of fruit which their grandfather had given them when he bade them good by.

"What were you doing there by the spring?" asked Charlie of his brother.

"I was setting out a lily, so that grandfather might see it sometimes, and have something to remember me by when I am gone."

"Nonsense!" replied Charlie. "There's something to make him remember me," and he lifted a large stone from the wall, and aimed it at the little mound on the margin of the spring. It did not touch the lily, but it sank into the soft earth by its side, and the beautiful green moss that grew there was ashamed of it, and finally covered it up; so that in a few years it looked like a green velvet cushion, and not like a stone. But Robert's lily grew and blossomed a great many years, and made the air sweet with its fragrance, and the mowers were careful not to cut it down. Now, which, do you think you are planting, stones or lilies?—*Springfield Republican.*

MARRIAGE.

To marry one man while loving and loved by another, is about the most grievous fault that a woman can commit. It is a sin against delicacy, against kindness and truth. It involves giving that to legal right which is guilty and shameful when given to any thing but reciprocal affection. It involves double treachery and cruelty; it involves wounding the spirit, withering the heart, perhaps blighting and soiling the soul—of the one who is abandoned and betrayed. It involves the speedy disenchantment of the one who is mocked by the shadow where he was promised the substance, and who grasps only the phantom, soulless beauty, and the husk, the shell, the skeleton of a dead affection. It entails ceaseless deception, at home and abroad, by day and night, at our down-sitting and our uprising; deception in every relation—deception in the tenderest and most endearing moments of our existence. It makes the whole of life a weary, degrading, unrewarded life. A right-minded woman could scarcely lay a deeper sin upon her soul, or one more certain to bring down a fearful expiation.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

"My mother asked me never to use tobacco, and I have never touched it from that time to the present day," said the Hon. Thomas H. Benton. "She asked me not to game, and I never gamed. She warned me against hard drink; and whatever usefulness I may have attained in life, I owe to having yielded to her wishes. When seven years old, she asked me not to drink, and I made then a resolution of total abstinence. I formed an abstinence society at a time when I was the sole member of it; that I have adhered to it, I owe to my mother.

THE MOTHER.

It has been truly said: "The first being that rushes to the recollection of a soldier or a sailor, in his heart's difficulty, is his mother. She clings to his memory and affection in the midst of all the forgetfulness and hardihood induced by a roving life. The last message he leaves is for her, his last whisper breathes her name. The mother, as she instills the lesson of piety and filial obligation into the heart of her infant son, should always feel that her labor is not in vain She may drop into the grave, but she has left behind her influences that will work for her. The bow is broken, but the arrow is sped, and will do its office."

MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.

It is a popular belief with mothers, that washing young children daily, in cold water, makes them hardy. This is a grave mistake; the feeble circulation of some children requires the aid and assistance of warm water and warm clothing. The greatest medical man who ever lived—John Hunter—recommended three rules for the management of children, and they express the substance of a volume; he says—"Give them plenty of milk, plenty of sleep, and plenty of flannel."

A NICE GIRL.

"There is nothing 'half so sweet in life,' half so beautiful, or delightful, or so loveable as a 'nice girl.' Not a pretty, or a dashing, or an elegant girl, but a *nice* girl One of those lively, lively, good-tempered, good-hearted, sweet-faced, smiable, neat, natty, domestic creatures met with in the sphere of 'home,' diffusing around the domestic hearth the influence of her goodness, like the essence of sweet flowers.

"A nice girl is not the languishing beauty, dawdling on a sofa, and discussing the last novel or opera; or the giraffe-like creature sweeping majestically through a drawing-room. The nice girl may not even dance or play well, and knows nothing about 'using her eyes,' or coquetting with a fan. She never languishes; she's too active. She is not given to 'sensation novels,' she is too busy. At the concert, she is not in front, showing her bare shoulders, but sits quiet and unobtrusive at the back of the box, most likely. In fact it is not often [we should say never,] in such scenes that we discover her. Home is her place.

"Who rises betimes, and superintends the morning meal? Who makes the toast, and the tea, and buttons the boy's shirts, and waters the flowers, and feed the chickens, and brightens up the parlor and the sitting-room? Is it the languisher, or the giraffe, or the *elegante?* Not a bit of it; it's the 'nice girl.'

"Her unaided toilet is made in the shortest possible time, yet how charmingly it is done, and how elegant is her neat dress and plain collar! What kisses she distributes among the family! no presenting a cheek or a brow like 'a fine girl,' but an indubitable smack which says plainly, 'I love you ever so much.' If I ever coveted any thing, it is one of the nice girl's kisses.

"Breakfast over, down in the kitchen to see about dinner; and all day long she is up and down, always cheerful and light-hearted. She never ceases to be active and useful until the day is gone, when she will jest with the boys, and sing old songs, and play old tunes to her father, for hours together. She is a perfect treasure, is the 'nice girl.' When illness comes, it is she that attends with unwearying patience to the sick chamber There is no risk, no fatigue, that she will not undergo; no sacrifice that she will not make. She is all love, all devotion. I have often thought it would be happiness to be ill, to be watched by such loving eyes, and tended by such fair hands.

"One of the most strongly marked characteristics of a 'nice girl' is tidiness and simplicity of dress. She is invariably associated in my mind with a high frock, plain collar, and the neatest of neck ribbons, bound with the most modest little brooch in the world. I never know of a 'nice girl' who displayed a profusion of rings and bracelets, or who wore low dresses, or a splendid bonnet.

"I say again, there is nothing in the world half so beautiful, half so intrinsically good as a 'nice girl.' She is the sweetest flower in the path of life There are others far more stately, far more gorgeous; but these we merely admire as we go by. It is where the daisy grows that we lie down to rest"

BIRDS IN AUTUMN.

After July, most of our birds grow silent, and, but for the insects, August would be almost the stillest month in the year,—stiller than the winter, when the woods are often vocal with the Crow, the Jay, and the Chickadee. But with patient attention one may hear, even far into the autumn, the accustomed notes. As I sat in my boat, one sunny afternoon of last September, beneath the shady western shore of our quiet lake, with the low sunlight striking almost level across the wooded banks, it seemed as if the last hoarded drops of summer's sweetness were being poured over all the world. The air was full of quiet sounds. Turtles rustled beside the brink and slid into the water, as we plashed in the shallows—fishes leaped from the placid depths,—a squirrel sobbed and fretted on a neighboring stump,—a katydid across the lake maintained its hard, dry croak,—the crickets chirped pertinaciously, but with little fatigued pauses, as if glad that their work was almost done,—the grasshoppers kept up their continual chant, which seemed thoroughly melted and amalgamated into the summer, as if it would go on indefinitely, though the body of the little creature were dried into dust. All this time the birds were silent and invisible, as if they would take no more part in the symphony of the year. Then, as if by preconcerted signal, they joined in: Crows cawed unanimously afar; Jays screamed in the woods; a Partridge clucked to its brood, like the gurgle of water from

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Church or Societies, Annual Meetings, Lectures, Sermons, Camp Meetings, Excursions, Anniversaries, Fairs, Festivals, Lost and Found Articles, Wanted Agents, Wanted Situations, Boarding and Rooms, Schools, Colleges, Seminaries, Medical, Dentistry, Boots and Shoes, Clothing, Dry Goods, Hats and Caps, Groceries, Hardware, Jewelry, Miscellaneous, Real Estate, Publications, Patent Medicines, Insurance, Steamboats, Railroads, Stages, Auctioneers, Lawyers, Physicians, Dentists, Undertakers, Carpenters, Masons, Painters, Plasterers, Tinners, Gas Fitters, Plumbers, Blacksmiths, Coopers, Tailors, Barbers, Hairdressers, Shoemakers, Saddlers, Harness Makers, Coachmakers, Wheelwrights, Boat Builders, Ship Builders, Sail Makers, Rope Makers, Block Makers, Ship Chandlers, Grocers, Butchers, Bakers, Confectioners, Fruiterers, Florists, Nurserymen, Seedsmen, Gardeners, Milliners, Dressmakers, Mantua Makers, Hoopskirt Manufacturers, Corsetmakers, Glovers, Furriers, Hosiers, Shirtmakers, Umbrella Makers, Parasol Makers, Cabinetmakers, Upholsterers, Chairmakers, Looking Glass Manufacturers, Picture Frame Makers, Bookbinders, Booksellers, Stationers, Printers, Lithographers, Engravers, Daguerreotypists, Photographers, Ambrotypists, Artists, Sculptors, Architects, Civil Engineers, Surveyors, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, Commission Merchants, Brokers, Pawnbrokers, Importers, Exporters, Manufacturers, Agents, Clerks, Porters, Watchmen, Gentlemen's Servants, Coachmen, Footmen, Grooms, Hostlers, Waiters, Waitresses, Cooks, Chambermaids, Nurses, Housekeepers, Laundresses, Laundry Maids, Scullery Maids, Housemaids, Kitchen Maids, Dairymaids, Milkmaids, Seamstresses, Governesses, Tutors, Teachers, Professors, Musicians, Music Teachers, Dancing Masters, Fencing Masters, Riding Masters, Gymnasiums, Circuses, Theatres, Concert Halls, Lecture Rooms, Museums, Menageries, Aquariums, Panoramas, Cosmoramas, Bazaars, Exhibitions, Shows, Amusements, Games, Sports, Pastimes, Toys, Dolls, Perfumery, Cosmetics, Hair Dyes, Tobacco, Snuff, Cigars, Pipes, Fancy Goods, Trimmings, Buttons, Pins, Needles, Threads, Cottons, Silks, Woollens, Linens, Furs, Skins, Leather, Canvas, Oilcloth, Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Matting, Oil, Candles, Soap, Starch, Blacking, Brushes, Combs, Glass, Earthenware, Crockery, Cutlery, Plated Ware, Britannia Ware, Tinware, Woodware, Willowware, Basketware, Cordage, Twine, Paper, Twine, Wrapping Paper, Envelopes, Blank Books, Pocket Books, Portfolios, Writing Desks, Work Boxes, Bags, Purses, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Razors, Razor Strops, Shaving Soap, Shaving Brushes, Perfumery, Cosmetics, Hair Dyes, Tobacco, Snuff, Cigars, Pipes, Fancy Goods, Trimmings, Buttons, Pins, Needles, Threads, Cottons, Silks, Woollens, Linens, Furs, Skins, Leather, Canvas, Oilcloth, Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Matting, Oil, Candles, Soap, Starch, Blacking, Brushes, Combs, Glass, Earthenware, Crockery, Cutlery, Plated Ware, Britannia Ware, Tinware, Woodware, Willowware, Basketware, Cordage, Twine, Paper, Twine, Wrapping Paper, Envelopes, Blank Books, Pocket Books, Portfolios, Writing Desks, Work Boxes, Bags, Purses, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Razors, Razor Strops, Shaving Soap, Shaving Brushes.

CORRESPONDING EDITORS OF CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

Rev. J. P. CAMPBELL, Rev. A. W. WAYMAN.
" J. M. WILLIAMS, " E. T. WILLIAMS,
" G. H. GRAHAM, " C. BURCH,
Rev. L. ROSS.

Poetry.

THE SINNER'S BURIAL.

Wrapt in a Christless shroud,
He sleeps the Christless sleep;
Above him the eternal cloud,
Beneath the fiery deep.

Laid in a Christless tomb,
There bound with felon chain,
He waits the horrors of his doom,
The judgment and the pain.

Oh, Christless shroud, how cold!
How dark, oh, Christless tomb!
Oh, grief that never can grow old!
Oh, endless, hopeless doom!

Oh, Christless sleep, how sad!
What waking shall them know?
For thee no star, no dawning glad,
Only the lasting woe!

To rocks and hills in vain
Shall be the sinner's call;
Oh, day of wrath, and death, and pain,
The last soul's funeral!

Oh! Christless soul, awake,
Ere thy last sleep begin,
O Christ! the sleeper's slumbers break;
Burst thou the bands of sin!

(For the Christian Recorder.)

Beloved Bishop, brethren, and friends, I come again to greet you in the name of the Lord.

1. The condition of our people in Virginia, those who are under the watch-care of the Federal army. Their condition is deplorable. The able-bodied men work like heroes for the Government, which pays them for the same. About 7 o'clock, A. M., they are drawn up in line and marched from their tents to their work, guarded by their overseers. Sometimes the soldiers with their guns guard them from their work to their tents, and if one of them seems to be obstinate, the overseer does not fail to cuff him. Many of them say they work harder than they did with their former masters. They are meanly clad, but their food is just what the soldiers have, and they get plenty of it. The women generally work as they please. Some hire themselves out to cook and wash for officers. They have many children, and the weather being very warm, and their tents small, for the want of prudence they suffer much from disease, which causes many of them to die. Some are jubilant, while others are in despondency. Some sing, pray, and shout, while others curse, swear, and dance. About one-third of the poor contrabands at Harrison's Landing appear to be religious. There are, or, at least, there was, before I left, 3000 contrabands at that place, including children. Their virtue is suspicious. I will now speak of their intelligence.

2. They have what we call mother-wit. Their acquired knowledge in literature is very scant. You know the cause. Out of this vast number, I could not find twenty who could spell their names. After finding out the amount of their intelligence, I could judge better how to address them. O, my people, what shall I do for thee? O, that my head were waters, and mine eyes fountains of tears, I would weep day and night for thee, O my people! I obtained permission to preach and teach them. They hailed with joy the proclamation that the gospel of the Son of God was sent to them. They shouted, "Brem God for de black preacher!" Some said they never saw one before. Thank God, I have the dear-bought privilege of preaching to them that same Jesus who said—Loose him and let him go. The labor was not in vain, for the Lord gave us a few trophies, who, if faithful till he signs their release from earth, will find equality around the throne of our God in glory. We collected two hundred and forty-three of them, and formed a school which was taught during the week. It is not strange to say that out of this number only two could spell in one syllable. In the course of four weeks, sixty of them could spell intelligently in two syllables. I ask my readers if this does not give the lie to those who say the African is not susceptible to education? Their unsettled state is a great hinderance to their elevation in this particular point. When the army changes its position the contrabands must follow, for Pharaoh and his host are after them.

On the night of the 30th of July, the rebels on the opposite side of us on the James River, threw shells and cannon balls among our camps, killing some of the soldiers and two of the contraband women. The women were shot while running. The writer also ran, the Lord being a shield to my back. I succeeded in getting to the swamp unharmed. I chose a large pine tree as a refuge. In this state of things but little good can be done for them, for the missionary and his people are flying from the devil. On the 14th of August General McClellan gave orders to march, but he did not tell me where; so the same night the army started for the Rappahannock, and me for Point Lookout, in St. Mary's county, in company with a sick officer. On the 21st of August, I landed in Baltimore, glory be to God, though I then had the ague and fever. I tried to get a pass from General Wool to go to North Carolina, but he refused, the rebels being then in Maryland, so I returned to the passenger with Rev. Wayman, and laid me down to die. Not making it out, common sense taught me to go home and wait till more of the Egyptians be taken out of the way. Having no means to pay my passage home, I was obliged to tarry awhile. I left the city and kind friends on Saturday, the 6th inst. On my way home I stopped at Havre de Grace, from there I went to Darlington, Md. On Sabbath, the 7th inst., under the Lord, I preached. It was a bush-meeting, some coming from Port Deposit and other places far off. After laboring twice that day, in my feeble state of health, I walked five miles that night. I believe the preaching and walking did me good. On Monday, the 8th inst., I walked two miles more, which brought me to the depot at Havre de Grace. Bro. W. H. Hopkins, the minister in charge, paid my fare to Philadelphia. I arrived about five o'clock, P. M. Bro. Weaver not being home, his wife gave me to eat. After returning thanks, I went to the residence of Rev. A. L. Stanford, who gladly received me. With him I staid two days and two nights. On Tuesday morning I was invited by Bro. Stanford to accompany him to the preacher's meeting at Bethel Church. Bro. Burly being also in company, I was highly gratified at their criticisms. My case being of a delicate nature, Bro. Stanford gave me a push toward home. May the Lord bless him. Elder Campbell invited me to dine at his house on Wednesday, the 10th inst. I accepted. He also asked me to stay all night, which I did. I was in a very feeble state, having cold night sweats, but dear sister Campbell did all she could to make me comfortable. Before I retired to rest, she, like the good Samaritan, took out two quarters and gave them to me in the name of Jesus. As I was to leave the next morning, she prepared my breakfast, which I placed in my haversack, so that by the time I got to Bordentown I had eaten my breakfast. Thursday morning I left for New York. Before doing so, elder Campbell, like a father, gave me half a dollar, and said, Take this, my son, and may the good Father continue to bless you. I thought more of the prayer than of the money, yet I am thankful for both, for I am in need of both. Such acts as these to a poor missionary shall not be hid. May they never want for any good thing.

I arrived in New York safe, but I was very sick, for about that time the ague took hold of me and gave me a bad shaking. On the 12th inst. I arrived at home, and am now under the kind treatment of my family and the doctor. Thank God, I am improving fast.

Mr. Editor, permit me to say a word in my defence. By the truth I am trying to live, and by it I expect to die. In number 37 of the Recorder, the 13th inst, I find a letter, the caption of which is, New Bedford, Mass., signed, Wm. W. Grimes. In it he refers to the missionary sent to Virginia and North Carolina. I think it due on my part to stand up for my religious and moral character. I was not aware that the New England Conference made the Rev. the exponent for the East. I will only say that his reverence referred to my letter written on the 25th of August, headed, Harrison's Landing, where I commenced to write. He made four assertions, which are errors in his judgment. 1. I went to Providence and received all the money collected to support my family. 2. I received twenty-six dollars in the city of New Bedford. 3. Started for the mission without paying up my house rent. 4. I wrote to the trustees for money to support my family. All which are the opposite to truth. I hope he will repent of this wicked act, and let me alone, and not wake up Rue till he pleases, if he be for the truth always this is the first time he took the back track. With all due respect, I now ask brother, what is truth?

I close this letter by appealing to my young brethren in the ministry. Brethren, let us continue united in one phalanx, holding up each other, looking forward to the day which will soon appear when we shall go and unfurl the blood-sprinkled banner of King Jesus, and with a trumpet voice cry, "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world!" I tell you, my brethren, some of us must preach this very same Jesus to the now enslaved, but then God's free people, in their native country. Then the stony lips of God's poor shall speak forth from every mountain top, while distant mountains catch the dying joy, shouting, Hosanna, Hosanna! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest! I will not, I cannot rest, till this is done, while I live on earth. The Lord helping me, I will have a part in this work. At present your brother missionary will tarry around Jerusalem. I am, dear brethren and friends, yours for the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom, and the salvation of my dear, blood-bought people,

GEORGE A. RUE.

Newport, R. I., Sept. 23, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE GENESEE CONFERENCE.—Concluded.

THIRD SESSION.

Conference assembled pursuant to adjournment. After the usual devotional exercises, Superintendent Clinton resumed his seat, and the house proceeded to business.

The committee on Ministerial Studies reported favorably of the graduates, the adoption of which was followed, with some remarks from the Superintendent, respecting the necessity of an intelligent ministry.

Mr. C. H. Green, lay delegate from Binghampton Circuit, presented the sum of $7 from a Conference auxiliary in Binghampton, N. Y., for the benefit of the Conference. A vote of thanks was returned, and the names of its officers ordered to be printed in the minutes. The remainder of the Session was occupied in reading a series of letters.

FOURTH SESSION.

Conference reassembled at the appointed time. Subsequent to the usual exercise the house resumed its business.

Rev. S. M. Giles, of the New England Conference, Book Agent, solicited assistance from the Conference to aid the Book Concern, which was embarrassed in its operations. The subject was favorably discussed by the Conference, and responded to by a subscription of $16, a portion of which was paid. The subject was laid over for further consideration.

He then introduced the request of the New England Conference through their Board of Mission, desiring a correspondence between the Board or Mission Society of the Genesee Conference and that of the New England Conference. He gave a brief account of the Mission field of New England Conference, and read some extracts from their annual report. The propriety of such correspondence was discussed, and considered essential, and referred to a committee to make arrangements for the same.

The Superintendent examined the members respecting their literary advancement, and [illegible] the arrangement of the [illegible] ing which the house adjourned.

FIFTH SESSION.

Conference met at the usual hour. The preliminary exercises being concluded, the Conference proceeded to business.

The examination pending was resumed, and resulted very satisfactorily, with a view of its continuance the ensuing year.

Rev. Giles made some remarks of the necessity of publishing a work on the utility of conference auxiliaries, which contributed to the support of the Conference in sending the Gospel. After some deliberation by way of explanation, the Conference gave their co operation, and promised to lend its aid in procuring the required information.

Rev. Tappan, of the New York Conference, made a demand of $9 with interest, money retained from him by this Conference in 1852. After a lengthy discussion, the validity of his claim being satisfactorily proved, the secretary was authorized to give him an order on Rev. Wm. H. Bishop, for the amount.

SIXTH SESSION.

Conference convened pursuant to adjournment. After the usual exercises proceeded to business. Some ordinary matters which caused a protracted discussion being disposed of, the Business Committee was called upon to report progress.

The following was presented and read, prefaced with the preamble and first two resolutions emanating from the Allegheny Conference.

National Affairs.

Whereas, As an enlightened and humane people, we cannot but sympathize with the advancement of the principles of liberty and equality, whether it be in the disenthrallment of the slave in the British West Indies; the liberation of the serfs in Russia; the emancipation of the slaves in the National Capitol, or the confiscation of the slaves of those Southern rebels whose patricidal hands are lifted up to strike down the best *constitution* ever established by man. Therefore,

Resolved, That while we recognise the hand of the God of universal liberty who has raised philanthropists and humanitarians in villages and places, we are not unmindful of our obligations to those whose indefatigable exertions have done so much for the amelioration of the condition of mankind.

Resolved, That while the first of August shall remain memorable in the history of our neglected and oppressed race as giving liberty to 800,000 souls, we are, nevertheless, bound by birth, sentiment, education, and a common feeling of patriotism, to hold in the highest esteem those several periods which have recently given freedom to so many of our brethren in the land of our birth and the home of our affection.

Resolved, That we, as a Conference, do deeply sympathize with the North in the present war, because we believe that in securing their own liberty they are compelled to secure ours and that of our enslaved brethren.

Resolved, That we, as ministers, advise our brethren to take no part in this war on either side until they can do it as men, as freemen, and citizens. When that time comes, as come it must, let them be ready to prove themselves true lovers of God and liberty, nobly acting their part.

Resolved, That we with all our hearts do thank God for what has been done for our brethren in the District of Columbia, and in other parts of the South, and we humbly pray that it may be the bringing of the glorious end of slavery.

Resolved, That we do not want to see the war stop until it uses up slavery root and branch, and fully restores to the colored man all his God-given rights.

On the adoption of this report there was considerable discussion, originating from the words, "Best Government," in the preamble. The debate was long and interesting. Some sublime illustrations were produced on both sides, with some very able arguments. The preamble was finally amended by striking out the word "Government" and substituting the word "Constitution." It was thought by some that the amendment was no better than the original, but the majority favoring the amendment, it was adopted as amended without any further debate.

SEVENTH SESSION.

Conference convened at the usual hour. The session being organized according to rule, proceeded to business.

The time was chiefly occupied in hearing the reports from the various committees, some of which not being satisfactory, elicited considerable debate, but were finally referred back to the several committees to report progress at the next session.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR:—Much of the harmony that used to pervade the city has returned. The rebel raid in Maryland being at an end, the doubts for the safety of the Capitol are change I into a confidential reliance in the power of Federal protection.

The greatest intelligence we have had about Washington is the President's proclamation, which proposes to give freedom to so vast a quantity of our people. I suppose anything in the shape of a review from one so humble, would be an intrusion upon your columns, but I must say that I differ with a large portion of our people in not believing that the President wrote his proclamation in good faith. I believe Mr. Lincoln enbodied his conscientious promptings when he wrote that proclamation. Nevertheless, I do not doubt but that he has been worked up to it by a series of events which have transpired, but these events have only worked him out of an unnecessary caution, and a useless prudence, and not any love for slavery, because I do not believe he ever had any. And I will further say, that Mr. Lincoln is not half such a stickler for colored expatriation as he has been pronounced, (I am responsible for the assertion) but it was a strategetic move upon his part in contemplation of this emancipatory proclamation just delivered. He knows as well as any one, that it is a thing morally impracticable, ever to rid this country of colored people unless God does it miraculously, but it was a preparatory nucleus around which he intended to cluster the raid of objections while the proclamation went forth in the strength of God and executed its mission. I do not wish to trespass upon the key that unlocks a private door for fear that I might loose it, but all I will say, is, that the President stood in need of a place to *point to*. But suppose the president did not deliver his proclamation in good faith? What need I care? Or suppose he was driven to it by force of circumstances. What of it? That is nothing to cavil over. Let us thank God for it, for to him be the glory forever and ever. But such suppositions are not founded upon any tangible ground of truthful considerations but are conjured up by some ironical, faulting, evil constructed hearts, for Mr. Lincoln loves freedom as well as any one on earth, and if he carries out the spirit of his proclamation, he need never fear hell. GOD GRANT HIM A HIGH SEAT IN GLORY.

Another very fine demonstration come off at Israel church on Monday night, 22d inst. The object of it was to raise money to assist the trustees in paying for certain repairs on said church. Mr. Thomas Cephas was the President of the Association; Mrs. Josephine Over and Mrs. Emeline B. Hillery, were the chairmen of the committees. They cleared a handsome sum of *hard down cash*. Mr. A. M. Green was present and delivered an address which will live in the memory of Washington people for a long time. Rev. B. T. Tanner read an allegory, which bore the mark of a superior genius, and was universally acknowledged to be a masterly production.

Rev. J. P. Hamer of the Zion A. M. E. Church, preached in Israel Church on Sabbath evening to an immense congregation. The theme of his discourse was, the divinity of Christ. He utterly riddled his text in gleaning its theological bearings upon the subject then under consideration. If his text had had life in it, he would have certainly killed it, for he picked it all to pieces. It was the sermon for the Christian, the intelligent person, and the muser.

Mr. Maxey, a member of Rev. Caleb Woodyard's Church, died on the 26th inst. Mr. Maxey for many years was a member of the Baptist Church, and while he was a strenuous advocate of the faith of his denomination, he possessed views much more liberal than is known to generally characterize that branch of Zion.

He measured men's Christianity by their walk and not by whether or not they had been immersed under the water. He could be frequently seen at the Methodist Churches, worshipping with the same holy zeal and Christian animation, as if at his own.

He was well known in Washington, by white and colored, and respected by every one. His gentlemanly deportment, and Christian reputation, has won for him an undying memory.

Mr. Elias Lomax, another old citizen, died the same day. His manners, habits, economy, and thriftiness, none will nor dare question; but, we are sorry to say, he died a sinner.

Rev. H. M. Turner requested his congregation to observe Thursday, Oct. 2d, as a day of thanksgiving to God, for the glorious proclamation of President Lincoln.

Mr. Joseph E. Williams, of Central America notoriety, is preparing to leave for that place by the 10th of October. He is highly gratified at the prospect, having secured a home for his race, where such a profusion of wealth may be acquired. If Central America ever becomes any thing, Mr. Williams' name will be immortal; for if he has not worked against wind and tide to bring that country to the attention of the people, no one ever did.

H. M. T.

Washington, Sept. 18th, 1862.

A CALL TO ACTION.

BY REV. H. M. TURNER

MR. EDITOR:—The time has arrived in the history of the American African, when grave and solemn responsibilities stare him in the face. The proclamation of President Lincoln promising in the short space of a hundred days, to liberate thousands, and hundreds of thousands of human beings, born under, and held in subjection to the most cruel vassalage that ever stained a nation's garment, has opened up a new series of obligations, consequences, and results, never known to our honored sires, nor actually met with through the long chain of a glorious ancestry. We live in one of the most eventful periods of the world's revolutions—a period virtually speaking, that "kings and prophets waited for, but never saw."

A generation has passed from among the living since men upon this continent first dared to speak in the defence of human rights. But generations have passed since the God of heaven was first besieged by billions of entreaties, despatched from the earnest hearts of millions of tortured souls, from every vale, hill and dale, where defrauded humanity felt the grind of oppression's wheel. And amid all the din and dash of legislative and congressional enactments, determined upon the consummate extension of its transitive duration, a circle of darkness shrouded the scheme, and hurled the traffic to the ground, amid a dense rolling fog of dismal confusion, for which a parallel is not to be found.

But now, while many of those warm-hearted philanthropists, prompted by considerations purely divine, are lying in their graves, and while thousands of thousands of prayer offering saints, whose supplications were heard in the skies as a mixture of anxiety, torture, want and grief, have passed from the troublesome scenes of earth to the land of immortal birth, their labors, toils, and efforts combined, have, by gradual incursions upon the powers of injustice, through the instrumentality of their continuous and circumfluent lash, pushed on despite the oppositions, the dawn of freedom and the morn of liberty.

And now, we are verging upon a time very unlike the previous days of our American existence. The great quantity of contrabands, (so called,) who have fled from the oppressor's sod, and are now thronging Old Point Comfort, Hilton Head, Washington City, and many other places, and the unnumbered host who shall soon be freed by the President's proclamation, are to materially change their political and social condition. The day of our inactivity, disinterestedness, and irresponsibility, has given place to a day in which our long cherished abilities, and every intellectual fibre of our being, are to be called into a sphere of requisition. The time for boasting of ancestral genius, and prowling through the dusty pages of ancient history to find a specimen of negro intellectuality is over. Such useless noise should now be lulled, while we turn our attention to an engagement with those means which must, and alone can, mould out and develop those religious, literary, and pecuniary resources, adapted to the grave expediency now about to be encountered.

Thousands of contrabands, now at the places above designated, are in a condition of the extremest suffering. We see them in droves every day perambulating the streets of Washington, homeless, shoeless, dressless, and moneyless. And when we think of the cold freezing days of a coming winter, at which time the surface of the earth not unfrequently will be converted into a solid mass of congelation, our sensibilities of humanity sink under the dreadful apprehensions consequent upon such direful privations.

Every man of us now, who has a speck of grace or bit of sympathy, for the race that we are inseparably identified with, is called upon by force of surrounding circumstances, to extend a hand of mercy to *bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh*. And no one can now screen himself behind the nice matured scrupulosities which have in many instances redounded to a plausible excuse, to the ever garrulous but never performers, in that, after giving assistance to the contrabands, they would again be returned back to slavery, and thus we would be found as having lavished our charitable expenditures upon a human chattel, destined to a state of perpetual vassalage; the morality of that thing, however, has not only been questionable but grievously condemnable.

But the proclamation of President Lincoln has banished the fog, and silenced the doubt. All can now see that the stern intention of the Presidential policy is, to wage the war in favour of freedom, till the last groan of the anguished heart slave shall be hushed in the ears of nature's God. This definition of the policy bids us rise, and for ourselves think, act, and do. We have stood still and seen the salvation of God, while we besought him with teary eyes and bleeding hearts; but the stand-still day bid us adieu Sept 22, 1862. A new era, a new dispensation of things, is now upon us—*to action, to action*, is the cry. We must now begin to think, to plan, and to legislate for ourselves.

Washington, Sept 26th, 1862.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

UNION RELIEF ASSOCIATION.

Pursuant to notice, a portion of the members and congregation of Union Bethel Church, Washington, met in said church on Wednesday evening, 10th inst., to take into consideration the forming of an association for the relief of the contrabands. The meeting was opened with singing and prayer by the Rev. James A. Handy. Mr. Thomas E. Green was called to the chair, and Mr James L. Thomas elected Secretary. The object of the meeting was briefly stated by the Chair, and all persons present were invited to come forward and enroll their names—the contributions to be voluntary. Fifty-three ladies and gentlemen enrolled their names and contributed the sum of fifteen dollars and seven cents.

A permanent organization was then effected by the election of the following officers to serve for one year:—President, Thomas E. Green; Vice President, Mrs. Susan Tenny; Secretary, James L. Thomas; Assistant Secretary, Wm. L. Freeman; Treasurer, Mrs. Margaret Tilghman; Executive Committee, Mrs. Mary Gooden, Miss Elizabeth Smith, Mrs Anna M. Dorsey, Miss Caroline B. Simpson, Mrs. Laura Quinn, Miss Cecilia A. King, Mrs. Emily B. Freeman, Miss Harriet Stewart, Mrs. Anna Coakley, Miss Caroline Loudon.

Rev Mr. Handy, Messrs. John A. Simms and William L. Freeman were appointed a committee to draft rules for the government of the Association, to report at an adjourned meeting of the association to be held Wednesday evening next, the 17th inst.

THOMAS A. GREEN, Prest.
JAMES L. THOMAS, Sec.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 12, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

MR. EDITOR:—It does seem, sir, like mockery in President Lincoln to say, as he does, that he wishes to colonize the colored people of this country in Central America. Has President Lincoln made any arrangements with President Martinez, the President of Central America, for a colony of colored people from the United States? I would suppose that no understanding of this kind had taken place between these two chieftains. I see an extract from a private letter from Martinez, stating that not only he himself is opposed to the scheme, but that his people are bitterly opposed to any thing of the kind. Where, then, are the grounds of President Lincoln's plan for a colored colony to be taken to Central America? Now, seeing that this is the case, as two other letters from two reliable gentlemen, (one living in Nicaragua, the other in Chinandega, towns of Central America,) fully establish, does it not seem like mockery to offer to colonize colored people in any number in such a region? It is but to add insult to injury.

But it is asked—What shall we do with the negros? I would answer—Give them their rights, and they will do for themselves. To me, there would be just as much reason and sense in asking what the Almighty made them for. I believe that there would be just as much presumption in asking one of these questions as the other. Where is it written that the Lord heads the white man accountable for the welfare of the colored man, after that the white man shall have done justice to the colored man? Is it anywhere so written? How I have never been so fortunate as to find it. Then why should the whites put themselves to so much trouble about the country in which we shall live? Let them but give us justice, and Providence and we will attend to the balance. I do not suppose it will be asked our white friends in the great strife, whether they had done their duty in selecting good countries for us, and in colonizing us in them, and in shifting us from one place to another in order to have us conveniently and happily situated. I do not suppose that any such question will be asked, but rather—Did you do unto the colored man as you would have him do unto you? This will be the great question which will be asked. And where does the white friend live in this whole nation, that will be able to answer this question in the affirmative? Because of injustice, which has been so alarmingly practised toward the colored man by those who consider themselves his superiors, is it that the judgments of the Almighty have at last been let loose in this nation. We need not be at a loss to know why these have been let loose, for when we notice who they are upon whom these judgments are falling, we are satisfied about the cause of their coming. The colored race does not seem to be the object of the thunderbolts displayed in the judgments which are now abroad in the land, but the so-considered superior race, who have lived so long on the unpaid labor of the colored man, is feeling now these awful fulminations from East to West, and from North to South; and it seems strange that with all these heavy judgments which now are extant throughout this doomed nation, that the very people who are suffering under the awful weight of these scourges, should be anxious still to inflict additional wrongs upon the very people that the Almighty is now punishing them for having wronged. I say this, because it would be an everlasting wrong, in my opinion, to throw any number of colored people into a colony in Central America; because, in the first place, the Central American people do not want us there, for I see by private letters from responsible and intelligent gentlemen living in that country, that the Government there is so opposed to President Lincoln's colonization scheme, that they are determined to take steps against it, and I am not the least surprised at it. Why drive us from North America, or urge us in any way to leave here, after having sucked our life-blood for more than two hundred years?

T. STROTHER.

Terre Haute, Ind.

MAN'S INSIGNIFICANCE AND GOD'S SUPREMACY.

We see in the record which God has given of his dealings with our race a series of illustrations of man's inefficiency and God's supremacy. He has seldom used the means to accomplish an end that man would have selected or supposed. What pains has he taken to show his own independence and to "hide pride from man? Does he save the whole kingdom of Egypt from perishing by a seven years' dreadful famine? It was by a young, falsely accused slave, wrongfully cast into prison. Does he save the proud Syrian general from his leprosy and restore him to soundness? it was by the ministration of a little Hebrew maid, and simply by washing seven times in the waters of the Jordan, "and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean." (2 Kings v. 14.) Would the Saviour open the eyes of the man who was born blind? he simply makes clay with his spittle and anoints the eyes of the man, and bids him go wash in the pool of Siloam, and he washed and came seeing. Here was no mighty and imposing parade of circumstance; here was no trick, nor jugglery, nor patting of any awful machinery into requisition to create illusion and captivate the sense. It was simply a word, a touch, an act of obedience, prompted by faith in the power of the Commander, and the work was done.

But here I see another assertion of the divine supremacy triumphing over human agencies, and showing how God operates in these affairs. The Israelites are cruelly oppressed by the rapacious Midianites. God summons Gideon to the rescue, who, like a sagacious general, sounded the alarm of war, and summoned a large army out of Abiezer and Manasseh, and Asher, and Zebulon, and Naphtali. But what said God unto him? "The Lord said unto Gideon, The people that are with thee are too many for me to give the Midianites into their hands, lest Israel vaunt themselves against me, saying, Mine own hand hath saved me." So Gideon is commanded to proclaim, "Whosoever is fearful and afraid, let him return;" and twenty-two thousand men left him, leaving an army of ten thousand. Still there were too many; and God commanded him to bring them down to the water for another test, and every man that drank the water out of his hand was to be set by himself, and the entire number was three hundred. These were selected for the enterprise, and the others sent away. And how were three hundred men to contend against a mighty army with well-appointed officers, and all completely equipped for war? Humanly speaking, it was a forlorn hope, a desperate venture. But it was God's cause, and "if God be for us, who shall be against us?" For there is no restraint to the Lord to save, "whether by many or by few." Gideon had faith in God, and what does he do? See, he divides his little company into three bands. He adopts a simple but unlooked for device. He puts into every man's hand, each having his sword by his side, a trumpet, and in the other a lighted lamp covered by an earthen pitcher. The bands were to approach the army of the Midianites from three distinct points at midnight. At a signal from Gideon, a terrific blast from three hundred trumpets pealed from different quarters upon the ears of the astounded sleepers. Waking up in confusion from deep slumber, they ran hither and thither in uncertainty and terror, engulfed in profound darkness. Another signal from the leader, and in an instant the three hundred pitchers crash and three hundred lamps flash their light upon the dazzled eyes of the vast multitude just aroused from midnight sleep. In their bewildered astonishment there breaks from the three hundred throats in the three divisions the grand rallying cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" and the work is done. A terrible fright, an awful panic seized the mighty host of the enemy, and they ran and cried and fled, and in the darkness and confusion, not distinguishing friend from foe, they "set every man's sword against his fellow throughout the host." The battle was gained, the victory was complete, for who and what can stand against a panic in an army? It is the most uncontrollable of all things, and quite fatal to those who are subjected to it.

Lift now the vail that hides the invisible from our sight, and you see exactly the same principle in operation, the same infinite Being working to the same way. What are the great battles of the world but contests between right and wrong, truth and falsehood, good and evil? True, what seems right to us does not always triumph; but this is because we only see the outside of things. Could we look to the end, could we see as God sees, we should, no doubt, discern the reason and approve the issue. But very generally we do see clearly the triumph of truth and right as we also see the hand of God. Papal Spain determines to subject Protestant England. A prodigious fleet, such as had not in that age been heard of, is prepared, and with an immense military as well as naval force, threatens to overwhelm her devoted victim. Proudly, if not impiously, it is called the Invincible Armada. The navy of England seemed no match for her enemy. But see how God can order things. One of the most important of the Spanish vessels takes fire, and while the hands are busy extinguishing the flames, she is captured with a large portion of the funds of the expedition on board. Another important vessel springs her mast, and is captured too. The smaller and more manageable vessels of the English contend successfully against the larger, more unwieldy vessels of the foe. Fire-ships are sent through the hostile fleet, which create another panic. The admiral cuts his cables in alarm and stands out to sea; and finally a terrific tempest strikes the proud Armada, and more than half the vessels are destroyed, the miserable remnant reaching their native coast shattered and mangled beyond all recovery.

Take the great battles of the world. Nearly all of them turn upon some unforeseen circumstances not provided at all in the programme, which can in no way be guarded against. The great Wellington declared that he never could foresee the issue of a battle, as it depended upon so many things which he could neither foresee nor control. Bonaparte never could understand how he lost the battle of Waterloo, which by all the rules of war, he ought to have gained. That General Washington gained the battle of Trenton can be explained only on the ground of a sort of fatality that seized the mind of the British general; and that he saved his army in the city of New York, when the enemy were encamped on Long Island, waiting to pounce down upon and seize it, was owing to a heavy fog which the Invisible Hand drew over the East River just in time to hide Washington from view and give him time to escape. Surely there is "no king saved by the multitude of a host; a mighty man is not delivered by much strength;" for "the battle is the Lord's." "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," but "thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty." Why, then, will not men, in their successes, cry out with the Psalmist: "O sing unto the Lord a new song, for he hath done marvellous things; his right hand and his holy arm have gotten him the victory." Remember how the good Hezekiah, when he heard of the immense host brought against him by the proud and insolent Sennacherib, spake comfortably to his captains, (2 Chron. xxxii. 7, 8.) "Be strong and courageous, be not afraid nor dismayed for the king of Assyria, nor for all the multitude that is with him: for there be more with us than with him. With him is an arm of flesh; but with us is the Lord our God to help us, and to fight our battles. And they rested themselves upon the words of Hezekiah king of Judah." Sennacherib defied the power of God, asserting the sufficiency of his force to overwhelm the foe. But the Lord sent an angel, which cut off all the mighty men of valor and the leaders and the captains in the camp of the king of Assyria. So he returned with shame of face to his own land. And there his own sons, probably mortified and disgusted at his defeat, slew him with their own hands.

Dr Holdich.

THE OLD CONGREGATION.

The members of the old congregation have gone to lottier courts, and we shall see them no more. The grandmothers in sober black, that came tottering in with their white handkerchiefs smoothly folded and laid on their arms; the fair-browed girls that sang the alto and the air; the children with the sprigs of caraway and dill; the deacon whose beard blossomed like an almond tree hard by the pulpit door; the woman that in Winter time brought the tin-footed stoves for a solace; the little paper fans that waved when days were Summer like so many little wings about the church, as if the old minister had a family cherubim for the audience; the old doxology they used to sing last in the afternoon; the trembling benediction, like the blessing of a patriarch, they received—these we shall never see and hear again as they were.

No longer, in Sabbath noons, do they sit upon the grass beneath the old poplars, and talk in tones subdued, while taking their frugal meal; no longer do they linger among the old gray gravestones of the burying-ground, that is since a "cemetery," and contemplate the stone willows that never put forth a leaf; for the times have changed, and there is but one sermon a day, and those who brought their dinners of old, have sat down, the most of them, to the feast of the Lamb, where the tree of life, the true tree of heavens, and no poplar, is blooming forever.

The deaf who sat on the pulpit stairs in these old times, can hear the waving of a seraph's wings to-day; for the "daughters of music," have been lifted from the dust wherein they were lying. The old blind man whose doubtful feet young eyes did guide lives now in morning light. And old black Jonah, that stole softly in, and sat down in a pew beside the door, has been made white as last and bidden to come up higher.

We think it ought to be set down upon a map somewhere, the old church was very near the "house not made with hands"—only the graveyard's breath removed. We think it ought somewhere to be written, "The house that they builded of old, let it remain forever."

Give to time the silvering of the wall they have hallowed; let the wind and the songs the dead singers began, and the rains gently fall on its echoless threshold.—*Benjamin F. Taylor.*

THE MARRIAGE OF PRIESTS

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, October 4, 1862.

NOTICE

TO THE DISTRICTS OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW ENGLAND, OHIO, INDIANA, AND MISSOURI, OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH MINISTERS.

Dear Brethren:—As we have a number [illegible] therefore it will be expected that the ministers and preachers, on their circuits and stations, will do all they can to collect the *two cent money;* and we also recommend that the Class leaders be instructed to collect and set the amount on the Class Book opposite [illegible] collections called, per Discipline, for the Annual Conference, and publish the same once every quarter, that it may be seen who they are that work for God and his cause. We think it is time to give credit to those [illegible] so that God's name may be glorified.

QUARTERLY MEETING

There will be Quarterly Meeting in the Wesley A. M. E. Church, Hurst Street, viz:

Quarterly Conference on Thursday, the 9th of October, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

Preaching on Friday evening, the 10th, at 8, P. M.

General Class on Sabbath, the 12th, commencing at 9 o'clock, A. M.

Preaching at half-past 10, A. M., by Rev. J. P. Campbell.

At 3, P. M., a Sacramental discourse by Rev. E. Weaver.

At half past seven, P. M., a discourse by Rev. Henry Davis.

A. L. [illegible] Pastor

NOTICE

Quarterly meeting in the A. M. E. Union Church.

Quarterly Conference on the evening of the 16th.

General Class on the evening of the 17th.

Preaching on the evening of the 18th, and preaching in the morning, afternoon and evening of the 19th, and, also, on the evening of the 20th.

At 7 o'clock, the doors will open for love-feast, the Lord being willing.

HENRY DAVIS, Elder.

October, 1862.

QUARTERLY MEETING.

The Rev. Peter Gardiner's Quarterly Meeting for the Camden Circuit, comes off at Woodbury, N. J., to-day and to-morrow, Sabbath, the 4th and 5th inst.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We wish all our subscribers who owe for this year to send us their money.

NOTICE.

To all persons who will send us fifty cents we will send the Recorder from now till the first of January, 1863. Let everybody strike while the iron is hot, for the pleasure of reading the Recorder from now till the first of January for fifty cents.

NOTICE.

There will be a stated meeting of the United Beneficial Sisters of the Rev. Joshua Woodland Society, held at their Hall, Rodman street, below Tenth, north side, at the house of Mr. Hammond Dorsey, on Thursday evening, October 9th, 1862, at half-past seven o'clock.

☞ Punctual attendance is requested of every member, as business of great importance will be transacted.

By order of the President

ELIZA STOKELY, Secretary.

THERE is considerable sickness about Philadelphia. The small pox is pretty bad in some neighborhoods.

THE PACIFIC APPEAL.

"We see from the "Pacific Appeal" of August 30th, published in San Francisco, that the Rev. John Jenifer, of New Bedford, Mass., has arrived out there. We are glad to hear it. The Rev. T. M. D. Ward, our missionary, will receive his assistance in the work. We are glad to hear from our missionary through the "Pacific Appeal." We hope brother Ward and his people had a fine time at his fruit festival.

CONTRABAND COMMITTEE

OF BELLE PLAINE.

Rev. J. P. Campbell, No. 832 Carpenter Street
Rev. Stephen Smith, No. 921 Lombard St
Mr. Morris Hall, No. 1022 Lombard St.
Mrs. Jane Johnson, No. 618 South St
Mrs. Mary C. Weaver, No. 619 Pine St.
Mrs. Mary L. Jones, No. 910 South St.
Miss Esther Armstrong, No. 704 Lebanon St.

Mrs. MARY CAMPBELL, Secretary.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

From Mr. Solomon Cooper, of Towanda, Penna.,	50
From Rev. Theodore Gould, Princeton, on act for paper,	1 50
From Miss Elizabeth Chambers, Flemington, N. J.,	50
Do. two-cent money,	2 00
From Rev. William Dumond, of Newport, Rhode Island, by the hands of Miss Brown,	2 00
Rev. William H. Winder, Freeland, Pa.,	$2 50
Mr. E. D. Brown, Fairhaven, N. J.,	50
Rev. Jas. A. Handy, Washington, D. C.,	4 00

DIED.

Mr. GARRISON JAMES, the chorister of Union Bethel Church, has departed this life. He has gone to his long and happy home, we trust,

"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

He leaves behind him an affectionate companion to mourn his loss.

The Church, from all that we have learned of our departed brother, has lost a firm and tried friend.

The Bishop of Honolulu sailed from Southampton in the Tasmanian on the 13th of August, for the Sandwich Islands, via Panama. With him were his family [illegible]

1000!

One thousand annual and five hundred semi-annual subscribers between now and the first [illegible] ministers on their circuits and stations to say. But is it a fact, that three-fourths of the ministers of the A. M. E Church have not sent a single subscriber for the paper? Yes; it is the honest truth! There are fully that number who have not sent us a single subscriber. We ask, [illegible] because you do not feel called in reality to preach the gospel of the blessed Jesus, and work for the cause of his Church and people? or is it because you have not zeal nor the welfare of the Church at heart? It surely cannot be the fault [illegible] and ignorant as not to want to know and learn about our Church, Bishops, and ministers in all our connexion, we say most emphatically, that it is time spent in vain, and the sooner the [illegible] a preacher or preachers from the midst of said people, the better it will be for the minister and them too. But we cannot believe [illegible] enlightened day, that there is not one or more found who is always ready and willing to support the Church and all appertaining to her welfare. We have been at some places where the impression was left upon our mind that nothing could be done—they would not subscribe for the paper—but when we were permitted to lay the claims of the Book Concern and paper before them, we have got from 8 to 10, and as high as 15 subscribers. Some would say that they never heard that the connexion had a paper before! Now, how comes it that they subscribe to us? Again, when we were in charge of any circuit or station, we always tried to manage so that no one could exercise as much influence over the congregation as we could for the time being; therefore, we took great delight in presenting the claims of the church to the people. From the first time we ever heard that there was a paper published by the A. M. E Church, we felt a disposition to want it to live, and were willing to give it our support as far as we were able, and did so whenever we were called upon to [illegible] by the first day of [illegible] Surely we can, if the brethren will all go to work, and keep it before the minds of their congregations. There is every reason why we should have a paper in the field. The present crisis demands it, if there were nothing else. But here is the General Conference, which will soon be on us again, and more than likely we may have to elect one or more Bishops, and we shall want to discuss the propriety and the impropriety of another one or more. Then we say again, shall we have one thousand six hundred subscribers? Who will be the first minister, steward, class-leader, or trustee, to swell the number? Let us hear from you, my brethren. No one need fall back upon the past for an excuse, that you did not formerly get your paper regularly, but try us. And see, now, we do not ask too much when we call for this number, for just consider the membership of the A. M. E. Church, somewhere near 45,000. We shall only charge 50 cents each until the first of January, 1863.

COLORED DENTISTRY OF PHILADELPHIA

Dr. Longfellow, residing in Rodman Street, above Eleventh, claims, under this head, special attention from the public as a gentleman highly skilled in the duties of his profession. There are several colored dentists in this city, but, in our estimation, Dr. Longfellow is certainly one of the best now residing in Philadelphia. He has no superior, if, indeed, an equal in his line. His treatment of his patients is made as pleasant and easy as circumstances will permit. There is nothing uncouth or rough about him. On the contrary you will find him at once the dignified and [illegible] with more credit than did nine-tenths of the whites.

I [illegible] much distinction, that he knew Dr. Longfellow to perform an operation upon a French lady who had called upon a number of our white doctors, who all concurred in the opinion that such an operation could not be performed. Of course, after that, her confidence was placed in the colored doctor.

We can also say that he did a fine job for us. Go to him. Give him a trial. Dr. Wilson, Medical Physician, in Lombard street, just below Tenth—his fame and reputation as a scholar and a skilful physician are far better than what we could say of him—but we can say this much: that we would as soon risk our life in his hands as in any other doctor's we know of. He is kept most constantly on the run. There are quite a number of colored doctors in this city.

HARD AT WORK

The Committee which was appointed to receive contributions, in money or clothing, and to buy and make up goods for the benefit of the contrabands in and around Washington city, are getting along finely. They are at work in connexion with a large number of ladies and gentlemen, who are giving their assistance. They work day and night to give aid to those whose rights have been taken from them, and now left without bread and butter, and even left entirely destitute of necessary clothing.

Bethel Church alone raised one hundred and twelve dollars or more, aside from clothing, and contributions are coming in to them every day. Mrs. Mary Campbell, the wife of Rev. J. P. Campbell, is the secretary of the Committee. This most estimable and truly Christian lady is well-known to be a faithful and untiring worker in the discharge of any duty she puts her hands to. The Lord bless all the dear friends for their acts of charity and comfort to those poor and needy brethren.

BUSINESS ENTERPRISE

A good illustration of the old maxim—"God helps those who help themselves,"—may be found in the business success of our old friend, Mr Still, No. 107 North Fifth Street, just above Arch, where stoves, ranges, furnaces, and sheet iron work, of every description, to suit purchasers, may be found. Among the finest and best assortments of coal in this city, are sold by our friend, and we hazard little in saying that he has already sold more coal during the past two months than any two of his white competitors in this city, from [illegible] are sent to all parts of the State, and has [illegible] ago is one that any man might be put out of [illegible] those trades so much to [illegible]

[illegible] pave the way to intelligence and respectability? [illegible] shops, trades and stores, properly conducted [illegible] chasers, few care who the Mr Still a face is white or black; the question is, do his stoves or his coal suit them?—and they act accordingly. Set it down as a fixed fact, that the whites will patronize the blacks in any branch of business if the blacks have what is wanted. Away with the false notion that white people will not patronize stores kept by colored people. Have good articles, be prompt in business, deal fairly, and success will come. Business habits are the result of discipline, training—no chance about it. Look at the Jews beginning to peddle in childhood. Why not start out our children with baskets and a few articles, and let them begin the life of a trader or merchant? A merchant with warehouses and ships is only a peddler with a big basket. Put your children to trade and barter, and do not wait to get a large store.

The same that we have said about friend Still, [illegible] those who help themselves."

MR. EDITOR:—I drop these lines to inform you and the public of the state of things here. Living, as I do, upon the borders of freedom and slavery, you must know we suffer both as ministers and people—both in body and mind. I am here on the Ohio river, where excitement prevails often in the first degree. On my last visit in Brown County, the excitement prevailed to such an alarming extent, that many were afraid to leave their homes. [illegible] meetings at the different points, and it was found dangerous for them to stay at home. On and near the road leading from the northern part to [illegible] battle, if any better than those rebels they professed to be going to fight. They shaved and shot into the houses of poor, defenceless colored people, and no one on earth to interpose for them. Will they God who spoke in thunder tones from the smoking [illegible] My faith tells me, no; He will awake in judgment pretty soon. When I arrived at this point, I found, about the same the above named excitement prevailed here to such an extent, that many families, white and colored, left their homes and fled to the country; and some from Kentucky, driving their stock and fleeing to our side of the river for refuge. All this was owing to the rebel army being within seven miles of us. Know from this that there is but little money in circulation here, and as for piety, still less. D COOPER.

New Richmond, O., Sept 23, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE WESTERN INQUIRER.

THE REPOSITORY VS. THE RECORDER, AND THE RECORDER VS. THE REPOSITORY.

Office of the Repository, No 44, Henrietta St., Baltimore, Sept. 27th, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—The Recorder of this date indicates, by certain inquiries made by a person who signs himself "Inquirer," a disposition to revive an old feud, which I had hoped had well nigh died out, about the rightful existence of the only two periodicals in the African M. E. Church—the *Repository* and *Recorder*. For my own part, I have avoided noticing anything which has been said about the Repository in the Recorder, and would not even now, but because "Inquirer" has put three questions, and you have given them a careful answer. Strange to say, he has hid himself behind a mask. I wonder why he hides himself behind a masked battery? Why not unmask himself, and let us see who he is? Why not let us know if he is a worker in the A. M. E. Church?

I hope you will not consider me out of place to say a few words to "Inquirer," and others of his like, about this little pest—The Repository. Your Western querist propounds what he regards as three grave questions. I may be permitted to answer them in my way as you did in yours:—

Query No. 1.—"The Repository, as is sometimes seen in your paper, and often in the Annual Conferences in connexion with the Recorder, is it, or is it not the property of the general connexion of the A. M. E. Church?"

Reply.—I have never mentioned the "Repository" "in your paper" in connexion with the "Recorder." The friends of the "Repository" have done so occasionally. They have our thanks, not for mentioning it in connexion with the "Recorder," but because they mentioned it at all *kindly*. Kind words are at all times refreshing, for I have been so accustomed to *kicks* and *cuffs* since my connexion with the "Repository," that I am almost tempted to say as Dryden did:—

"They, with their quills, did all the hart they could,
And cuffed the tender chickens from their brood."

2. The Repository, by the urbanity of Bishop Quinn, was, for the first time, by me, presented before the Indiana Conference at the last session; and, at that Conference, I aimed as clearly as I was capable to state, the *objects, intentions, aims,* and *purposes* which the "Repository" [illegible] "Inquirer" [illegible] mainly be a member of that Conference, (he may be of another a little further East) for there I explicitly stated that I came not there by *right* but by *permission*.

3. The Repository was not authorized by the General Conference, but is approved of and supported by nearly every member of that body and most of the Bishops; one of whom (Bishop Quinn) is [illegible]

4. The [illegible] are stated in four words: [illegible] Science, and Art. To diffuse [illegible] highest ambition, and, to this hour, it has proved itself the fast friend of the African M. E. Church, aiming to develop the doctrine as well as the principles of its government, to stir up its ministers and [illegible] a deeper piety, and at the same time developing the great resources which she has within herself. Most of her editors and contributors are men of talent, and some of deep learning and piety. Their praise is in all the churches. They are no strangers. If they have done anything to create a love for God and humanity, for religion and literature, for the arts and sciences; if they have aroused either in their own church or elsewhere a deeper love for either or all, they will feel most happy. If "Inquirer" loves such [illegible] and [illegible] his best to extend the circulation of "your paper," we shall be most happy to admit him amid the galaxy of the lovers of [illegible] [illegible] treat with others than [illegible] We can at [illegible] fond to differ about the *modus operandi* while all work, but we have no patience with *fault-finders* and *drones*.

[illegible] connexion, why is it not under the jurisdiction of the General Editor and Book Steward?

Reply.—1st. Because the functionary named has quite as much to do as can well attend to.

2d. He, by the Discipline, has specified duties to perform, and it would be out of place for him to do other than that which the law, made by the General Conference of the A. M. E Church, directs for the government of his special office. He has no more right to interfere with matters outside of this specified and special line of duty than any other officer of the church.

3d. To place the Repository under his jurisdiction would be its destruction; not because he would wish its cessation, but because he is pecuniarily unable to keep it in existence. He has now to struggle night and day to keep all ends in motion in his special field.

[illegible] 3.—Why is it so sectional in [illegible]?

Reply.—I scarcely know how to answer this interrogatory, because "Inquirer" does not define what he means by "sectional." Does he mean that it circulates in a *certain defined district?* or does he mean that it is *partial?* If the former, I deny the allegation; and the latter, I deny that also. The Repository is not confined to any one region. It circulates as far East as Massachusetts, and as far West as Iowa, and North as far as New York, and South as far as Virginia. If he means that it is partial, then its partiality consists in attending to its specified duties viz: extension of *Religion, Literature, Science, and the Arts.*

3d. If he means that the "Repository" does not circulate in his *immediate household*, it is [illegible] subscribe for it, and he will no longer regard us as "sectional."

Mr. Editor:—It strikes me, instead of these [illegible] attacks upon each other put forward to develop our strength, intelligence, and piety, [illegible] at war with each other, it would be wise in you and your correspondent, to use your influence to foster all efforts put forward by any portion of our church to do good. I wish none put forth *crushed*. The man who is so narrow-minded as to seek to destroy everything that does not chime in his peculiar plan of doing good, generally destroys himself. Selfishness finds its own reward. This is most strikingly exemplified in the case of John, who came to the blessed Saviour, and told him how he had forbid one who was not casting out devils just according to his idea of good order. He said: "Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and we *forbade him because he followed not with us.*" He expected applause, but the Saviour gave none such. He too well knew the *animus* which actuated him, and replied: "Forbid him not; for he that is not *against us is for us.*" Much less approvingly did the Son of God speak to his beloved disciple than did our General Book Steward to Mr. [illegible]

By what authority have you, Rev. Sir, and your friends, directly and indirectly, in private and in public, aimed death blows at the existence of the "Repository."

This you may say, "I have never done yet," but the Repository may well say as a poet once [illegible]

In the immortal jewel of their souls.
[illegible]
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
[illegible]

We say that we violate no law of the African M. E. Church by publishing the "Repository;" and so long as we do this, we claim from you and your friends to be let *alone*. We ask, and all we ask, is to allow us to do all the good we can in our own way. You do what you conceive to be your duty, and we claim a right to be judges of what is ours. We are no enemies of the Book Concern, and the man who represents us thus is a *base* calumniator. The man who attempts to place us in an inimical position to the general interests of the Church of which we are members and ministers, is an accuser of his brethren—more; *he is their enemy*—and so he must be regarded. We are no enemy of the Recorder.

Very respectfully, yours,

JOHN M. BROWN,
One of the Editors of the Repository.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

BY DR. FISH.

Behold, too, the goodness of God in the changes of the seasons. How monotonous if we had the same climate the year round! What diversity comes from these changes! I do not know which season shows most of God, and should make us most thoughtful and thankful. When it is Spring and I feel its soft air, and behold the silent waking of torpid nature into life, and when the buds are bursting, and the trees are looking "as if angels had descended and wreathed them with the roses of heaven," then I think spring is the loveliest part of the year.

And when summer comes, and the earth is redundant with vegetation, and vociferous with life, and arrayed in her richest attire, then I say the summer shows most of a bounteous God. But then, when it changes into melancholy autumn, "magnificent in its decay," and the orchards are loaded with golden fruit, and the [illegible] the flower to the bee, and the butterfly, and the bird! How the birds enjoy the ripe strawberries and blackberries and cherries! How sweet the roots and the nuts to the lithe squirrels! How happy the hen, encircled by her [illegible] them. "My sweet bairns, give your mama or [illegible] mother's comfort!" "Blessed be thou, O Holy [illegible] sleep. And it is, too, her enriching time. For the snows are not merely for sleigh-rides. In falling, they bring back the escaped ammonia discharged into the atmosphere from decayed plants, and so fill the ground again with the natural food [illegible] A snow bank is a fertilizer. Snow is the poor man's manure. And besides, it is a warm quilt; it keeps many of the great root family from freezing. And then beyond the utility of winter, there is much to admire in it. How many can remember to have enjoyed immensely its long intervals of [illegible] ning, for pleasant excursions across the fields on the snow-crust, or along the well beaten road, beneath the intense lustre of the stars, and the limpid radiance of the moon; or the sitting down quietly around the blazing hearth stone at home. So that, beyond its usefulness, there is a charm in winter.

Each of the seasons, then, is lovely, and each is illustrative of the beneficence of the Preserver of men.

And the same is true of the succession of day and night. Each day [illegible] of the rising of the sun. Aurora has never once failed, during so many ages, to announce his approach; and he knoweth his going down. Thus does he enlighten both sides of the globe, and shed his rays [illegible] enough to exhaust the physical energies and call for repose; and then night comes, of sufficient length to recruit those energies. George Herbert sings of "dear night" as "the stop to busy fools," and as "cares check and curb." Think of the accelerating swiftness of care, and pleasure, and wickedness, going on without interruption. What would the mad and anxious world come to, if night did not put on the break, and fetch things to a stand-still?

God knows we want rest. And so, (to use the words of another,) "as a mother stills every [illegible] that her infant be not disturbed, [illegible] shuts out the light from its tender eyes, so God draws the curtains of darkness around us; so he makes all things to be hushed and still, that his great family may sleep in peace." And what a mercy that he gently shuts the eye of day, instead of suddenly shutting it; that he gently draws aside again the curtains of night in the morning, and slowly lets the light fall on the [illegible] Let us be thankful [illegible] for the [illegible] and [illegible] when [illegible] ending his course, we are not plunged in an instant into darkness; but that rather departing day climbs softly up a ladder, as a poet fancies, setting its red sandal [illegible] and then on tree, and then on chimney-top, and then on the tall elm, and then on church-spire, and then on hill-top, and then on cloud, thus going up from round to crimson round, into the high heavens.

Behold, also, the goodness of God in the endless forms of beauty which we meet. God might have made things to appear ugly and uncouth; but he hath made all things beautiful. Beautiful are the heavens above, clear and blue, and gemmed with stars, or black with awful majesty, or streaked with [illegible] Beautiful is the morning, when the glories of night are being dissolved into the glories of the dawn. Beautiful is evening, when the sun shining [illegible] are the [illegible] are the birds, and the flowers, and the [illegible] and the mosses, and the gushing fountains, and the fields of clover opening their blushing [illegible] soms to the bees, and the winter crystals wasting the pools, or sheeting the ground, or kissed upon the winter by the [illegible] night.

Everything is beautiful, and every thing is made beautiful by God:

"Those are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair."

Let us be thankful for this!

It is said of Linnæus, the great Swedish botanist, that when first seeing a splendid European plant, he fell on his knees and thanked God for thus beautifying the earth. How much beauty do we see around us every day, and yet for this how seldom are our hearts lifted in gratitude to Him who hath made all things lovely to be [illegible]!

Our senses thus [illegible] the inanimate world. And how much does it show of the goodness of God in little things. And [illegible]

II. The animate (but unintelligent) part of creation.

And here we are [illegible] profusion of living creatures. The waters teem with life. There goes leviathan, that maketh the ocean to boil like a pot; and there, in almost infinite variety, are the lesser forms of life, running down to the animalcule, so small [illegible] would not weigh a grain. [illegible] teems with life, and the dry land swarms with animals of every order, crawling, creeping, burrowing, boring, leaping, running. Out of our sight are living things. In the air we breathe, in the water we drink, in the food we eat, in the very acids, in the toughest flint, in the pulp of mellow fruit, leaves and organs of plants, in the bodies of animals, ay, and in our own bodies, are puny tenants—colonies of unseen inhabitants, too minute to be detected. Everywhere is life. Life cradles life. Nature at every pore is bursting with life, and every death is only a new birth.

What object could God have had in creating these innumerable ranks of sensitive existence, except that they might taste his bounty, and enjoy a happiness peculiar to their state? Because dead matter was incapable of delight, and because the eternal Sovereign would exercise his superabundant goodness, therefore hath he stocked the world, and worlds upon worlds, with ten thousand times ten thousands of living creatures, that his table might be filled with millions of guests, whose mouths and whose hearts he might every hour and every moment fill with food and gladness.

Nor has he failed of his end. How happy are all these his creatures! Enjoyment is certainly with them the rule, and suffering the rare exception. I recently looked through a microscope, upon a part of a drop of water, and there I counted some twenty or thirty animalcule, apparently as big as a large house-fly, frisking and flirting about as happy as they could be. And the great deep itself is but the magnificent dance-house of its gladsome inhabitants.

The winged inhabitants of the air, too, have a delightful existence. Have you never stood and admired the nimble and orderly flirtations of a pleasure-party of insects, at the rising or setting sun of a summer's day? What a striking comment upon the Divine beneficence, these myriads of happy insects on the wing; testifying by their sportive motions, their wanton mazes, and their gratuitous activity, the exultation which they feel! The birds, too, especially if it be morning, you find attesting their joy. I have somewhere seen published the following:

"A Concert will be given on Tuesday, May Twentieth, at half past four, A. M. Robin, Oriole, Thrush, and many other exquisite and justly celebrated musicians, will be among the performers. Price of admission, 'Early rising.'"

I am very sure the attendants would come away, believing the birds to be happy, and probably themselves happier for the sight.

And if, turning the eye from life on the wing, you look upon the smiling, blooming earth around, what signs of happiness in other forms of life! How fresh and grateful the herbage [illegible] How [illegible] the [illegible] was playing with a younger brother close to the door. Scared at the sight of the dragoons, the children rushed to tell their mother, who taking [illegible] goons to flee. They are slow to obey: he arises [illegible] his own pistol and fires the fatal shot. John Brown falls; his wife is a widow and his little children orphans; but undoubt the throne of the house of Stuart is safe and Graham of Claverhouse has vindicated his right to be regarded as "chivalrous."

These wild hills, so ravenous, boggy and steep, so often clad in mist and cloud, were well fitted to afford shelter from persecution; but I cannot help feeling astonished at the inexpressible cruelty, the persistent savagery that would [illegible] going to kill it, or sell it to the butchers." And I went on my way, thanking God that the calf did not hear that, nor know what it was coming to.

Moreover, how kind in God to care for every one of the millions upon millions of this great needy family of his; expending upon each one an equal care, so that the least insect, living [illegible] hour does not fail of his portion. And how kind to provide for all without their labor—for it is a just remark of Pierre, that [illegible] by the hand of Providence—without care, and almost without labor. And yet, again, how kind and wise to cause each one to subserve some useful purpose to man; making even the little flies and all the winged insects to act as scavengers, by taking up and carrying off the surplus effete matter in the vegetable creation; and all the little groundmice and earth-worms to act as nature's plowmen, or as sappers and miners, boring in all directions into the stubborn soil, thus rendering it pervious to air and rain and the roots of plants!

In this survey of the unintelligent creation, how much do we see of the goodness of God in [illegible] full of his goodness.

THE GRAVES OF THE MARTYRS IN AYRSHIRE

Did ever our readers read anything about the Scotch Covenanters? Differing though we do from them on some points, the following tribute to their memory will be read with no little interest:

Ayrshire is the land of Burns, but dearer still to me for being the land of Richard Cameron, and Alexander Peden, and John Brown, of Priesthill, and many more of earth's true nobility. A moral feeling, higher and holier than that with which you calmly contemplate the beautiful in nature, takes possession of your soul, as you tread the battle field of Airsmoss, or stand by the grave of the "Christian Carrier," at Priesthill, or of the Prophet of the Covenant, in the well peopled cemetery of old Cumnock.

[illegible] a town far up among the Highlands of Ayrshire, the coldest, bleakest, highest town in all Scotland. On every side the ground swells into hills of varying height and aspect—some hiding their barren summits in the morning mist, others green with waving wild grass, and dotted over with sheep. The Lugar, Greenock water, Irvine water, and Bonnie Doon, find their sources in these moors. A road, winding, steep, but hard and good, starts from Muirkirk away across the hills [illegible] road I start at four o'clock in the morning, to visit the scene of the tragedy so familiar to every reader of Scotch Church History, the murder of the peasant, John Brown, by the chivalrous Graham of Claverhouse; *chivalrous*—if we are to believe Professor Aytoun [illegible] barously cruel and reckless, if we let deeds speak!

Muirkirk sleeps under a mantle of morning mist, through which the fierce flames of the iron works gleam far and wide. Its three Presbyterian churches are seen, one on a hill, the others down in the vale. The town itself is old and crowded, its population being about 2000. We follow the road that winds its way among the hills, for about two miles, and then we turn off and take a by-road to the right, narrower and steeper than the road we have left. Up hill, down dale, over fords, through gates, away up we go for two miles more. Here we reach a shepherd's house, the one lonely dwelling within sight. We then strike out into a desolate, houseless, trackless moor, and after half an hour's wandering, we reach

JOHN BROWN'S MONUMENT.

There is first a flat stone covering the grave. This stone is enclosed by a wall five feet high. At the head of it the monument, painted white, stands about ten feet in height. It is simple, plain, humble-looking, well situated to commemorate the humble and plain dead. On the monument is the following inscription:

"This Monument was erected, and the adjoining grave of John Brown enclosed, by money collected at a Sermon preached here by Rev. John Milwaine, on August 28th, 1839, in commemoration of the Martyr."

On the flat stone in the following epitaph, evidently written by a stern old Covenanter, who paid greater regard to sentiment than to rhyme:

Here lyes the body of John Brown, Martyr
who was murdered in this place by Graham of
Claverhouse, for his testimony to the Covenant
and work of Reformation, and because he durst
not own the authority of the Bible destroying
the same; who died the First day of May 1685,
and of his age 58.

"In death's cold bed the dusty part here lies
Of one who did the earth as dust despise;
[illegible]
Now he has got the garland of the martyr.
[illegible]
Rising now ever never to be cast down.
Only he owning Christ's supremacy,
Wickedly wronged by encroaching tyranny.
Nothing now more sweet he to good
Esteemed, nor dear for any truth nor blood."

Such then is the simple memorial that marks the resting place of the "dusty part" of the poor "Christian Carrier." There is no house, not even a shepherd's shealing, within sight. All is wild moorland, desolate and cold. The lapwing and the curlew fly around in flocks. Sheep nibble the grass by the side of the streams. It is as lonely as the sea. Not even a tree or bush appears within the horizon. The morning mists are rising and rolling away up the sky, and the sun comes out to cheer the solitude. A burn runs close by the grave, and at the distance of a few yards there are signs of the foundation of a small building—no doubt Brown's Cottage.

Think for a moment of the "chivalrous" Claverhouse coming away up these lonely hills to molest the simple pen-antry! Think of the "Bloody House" of Stuart sending forth its minions to shoot and hunt down shepherds and carriers in these wild moors! Is it a wonder that the house of Stuart has come to be a desolation and that the memory of the instruments of cruelty is held in abhorrence?

It was just six o'clock of a May morning nearly two hundred years ago—a misty morning like this—when John Brown, cutting peats up the brow of this hill, was seized by Claverhouse and his dragoons and driven down to this spot where [illegible] was playing with a younger brother close to the door. Scared at the sight of the dragoons, the children rushed to tell their mother, who taking [illegible] them. "My sweet bairns, give your mama or [illegible] mother's comfort!" "Blessed be thou, O Holy [illegible]

Ayrshire, beautiful in scenery, rich in poetic [illegible] especially rich in martyr memories, well rewards the pilgrims' toil. Musagiel [illegible] Myrtle, the sweet flowing streams of [illegible] the [illegible] heights of Priesthill, the [illegible] and [illegible] will combine to rouse the [illegible] most powerful emotions of the human soul. The rugged doggerel rhyme on the stone of the Covenanter will not be the less touching than the immortal strains of Robert Burns are echoing in your ears, and the gloomy caverns, the wild moors and the steep side of the misty hill will convey their burden of historic homilies not the less effectually that sunshine and calm are on all the vales and on the waving corn fields, and on the green meadows where the cattle herd.

August, 1862.

Presb. Witness, Halifax.

There is many a hiding place—many a spot round which tradition weaves its stories, in these hills; but let us retrace our steps—pass through Muirkirk, and four miles below it we come to a wide, level, barren moor, which is

AIRSMOSS.

Sadly memorable as the field where the brave, honest, hero-hearted RICHARD CAMERON [illegible] and a few of his persecuted compatriots lodged on the moor, and next day the bloodhounds of the tyrant swept down upon them, and Cameron died fighting. They cut off his head and hands, and flung his body into a hole here. Over that hole a tombstone was laid by pious friends, and within the last few [illegible] has been erected, which can be seen for a distance of more than a mile from the spot. Cameron was one of the most far-sighted men of his generation; he saw as by instinct what was right and what was wrong, and sooner would he die a hundred deaths then compromise with sin or error. He was not a profound thinker, or a skilful director of affairs." The Bible and the solemn League and Covenant, were his alpha and omega. "Let Christ reign over a free church and a pure and righteous nation" was [illegible] him in all his actions; and this principle led him to anticipate the Revolution of 1688 in 1680. It made a prophet and a martyr of him. His fall at Airsmoss was one important if not an essential step towards the Revolution settlement. He was still a young man when he fell a martyr to truth on this Moor.

Here my mind recurred naturally to what is one of the most touching and tender of the incidents of the persecution of the Covenanters. Cameron had been in battle—gone to his rest [illegible] a peaceful grave. Perhaps [illegible] weary footed chased from [illegible] with bursting heart beside this stone, and raising his eyes to heaven, prays, "*O to be wi' Ritchie!*"—well might the poet exclaim:—

"Oh! dreary, dreary was the lot of Scotland's true [illegible]
A famine-stricken remnant, wearing scarce the guise [illegible]
They burrowed, few and lonely, 'mid the chill, dank mountain cave—
For those who once had sheltered them were in their martyr graves."

And well might Peden sigh, "O to be wi' Ritchie!" But there was work for him yet to do, and he did it.

What have not Richard Cameron, and Renwick and Peden done for Scotland? Their work stands forth to the light of this day; and [illegible] Presbyterian churches approach to purity, and the civil community to peace and righteousness, the nearer are they to the *ideal* for which these men strove. The bulk of Presbyterians cheerfully acknowledge the debt; and something has been gained towards the realization of the hopes and [illegible] of these martyrs. It is interesting to mark that the dates of nearly all the monuments of the Covenanting Martyrs coincide with the great liberalizing struggle in Scotland, which resulted in the Disruption of 1843.

There is hardly a sublimer episode in history than this of the few scattered Covenanters in Scotland boldly and calmly flinging down the gauntlet to the House of Stuart, and inaugurating a Civil War many years before the Revolution. The flame kindled by Cameron and his associates was never extinguished till the *Bloody and Treacherous House* was hurled from the British throne and torn up, root and branch. Alone, despised, hunted on those moors, hung and quartered wherever seized, the remnant held up the Blue Banner, till at last it waved in triumph over William, Prince of Orange.

PEDEN'S GRAVE.

After musing awhile by the brink of "Sweet Afton," I walked five miles to Old Cumnock, to visit the spot where the fiery Prophet of the Covenant lies. The story of his marvellous escapes from the jaws of the lion of persecution, and the peaceful close of his career, peaceful though amid storms and blood,—is familiar to all who take an interest in the Covenanting heroes. His friends laid him in a decent grave, not far from the humble cot in which he died; but Claverhouse and his party dug up the body after it had lain many days in the grave and buried it here out of contempt—here under the gallows tree where murderers were laid.

It is now one of the loveliest spots in Scotland. The Lugar and the Glisnock unite their waters and flow through the adjacent village. The village itself nestles in a valley sheltered from all winds, and surrounded with leafy groves of ornamental trees. The hills from which the Afton and the Nith take their rise, line the southern and western horizon; and other hills numerous to me but beautiful, and richly repaying the culturing hand, come closely down on the north and east. The town is quaint and old, most peaceful, warm and sunny, just such a resting place as tollworn, weather-beaten, weary wanderers like Peden might choose for the home of final repose. The pilgrim's ashes would sleep softly, sweetly here, if anywhere.

High above all the houses of the town rises this hill on whose crest is the grave of Peden. It is just beside the gate of the burying-ground, and the people of Old Scotland are not ashamed to lay their dead close to the dust of the once outlawed man of God. On the contrary, the nearer his ashes, the greater the honor, although the gallows once stood here.

The following inscription is on his grave:—

"*Here lies Mr. Alexander Peden, faithful Minister of the Gospel,* sometime in Glenluce, who departed this mortal life on the 26th January 1686: and was raised after six weeks out of the Grave; and buried here out of contempt. Memento morie."

Close beside his grave is another with the following epitaph:—

"Here . lyes . David . Don . and . Simon . Paterson . who . was . shot . in . this . place . by . a . party . of . Highlanders . for . their . adherence . to . the . Word . of . God . and . the . Covenanted . work . of . Reformation . 1685.

Another still with the following:—

"Here lies the corpse of Thomas Richard, who was shot by Colonel James Douglas, for his adherence to the covenanted work of Reformation, on the 5th of April, 1685.

[illegible]
Adhered to Scotland's Reformation;
And to our sacred covenant and laws;
Establishing the same which was the cause
In time of Prayer I was by Douglas shot.

Among the strong and prickly hawthorn tree [illegible] Who seeks the graves of the persecutors of Sharp, Claverhouse or Mackenzie? Who pays their memory any other tribute than the rebuke of malediction? Yet perchance that lonely rock at the gallows' [illegible] though rent over and over has enemies of mankind.

Ayrshire, beautiful in scenery, rich in poetic [illegible] especially rich in martyr memories, well rewards the pilgrims' toil. Musagiel [illegible] Myrtle, the sweet flowing streams of [illegible] the [illegible] heights of Priesthill, the [illegible] and [illegible] will combine to rouse the [illegible] most powerful emotions of the human soul. The rugged doggerel rhyme on the stone of the Covenanter will not be the less touching than the immortal strains of Robert Burns are echoing in your ears, and the gloomy caverns, the wild moors and the steep side of the misty hill will convey their burden of historic homilies not the less effectually that sunshine and calm are on all the vales and on the waving corn fields, and on the green meadows where the cattle herd.

August, 1862.

Presb. Witness, Halifax.

SECESSIONISM IN MISSOURI

St. Louis, Sept 18th, 1862

[illegible] doubt on the subject of slavery. In the admission [illegible] all powerful and gainful system, or else never had [illegible]

The Kansas outrages first revealed the existence of an anti-slavery feeling in St. Louis, and developed it to an unexpected extent. By virtue of its intimate connection with the South, it consted all the old issues of banks, franchise, tariff, and in a few years and slavery [illegible] vailed in our local political contests. Chiefly by the aid of the Germans [illegible] ing out of the rebellion, the cause of freedom was making a slow but sure progress when the rebellion began. Nearly all the state officers from the Governor down were conspirators. The Legislature was infamously disloyal. The perjured villains hoped to carry the State into secession by a convention called for that purpose, and to force St. Louis along with them.

Greatly to the surprise and astonishment of the traitors, the convention, though largely disloyal, and with few exceptions only conditionally loyal, refused to pass an ordinance of secession. Failing here, an effort partially successful was made to carry St. Louis at the principal election in April, 1861. A mayor of secession sympathies was chosen, but the common council was loyal by a clear majority. Startling events followed in quick and rapid succession. The Legislature grasped at the treasury of the State to provide means for the inevitable war it projected against the people who had chosen it to office, it passed an act organizing the militia, and vesting new and despotic powers in the Governor, and then disbanded to raise forces for the rebellion.

Jackson, under color of this law, ordered the militia to assemble in camps of instruction, and especially organized Camp Jackson in St Louis, and armed it with the evident purpose of seizing the arsenal and controlling the city. His plans were thwarted by the prompt action of General Lyon, Camp Jackson was taken and St. Louis saved to the government. At that period one half of the inhabitants of this city were disloyal. At least two thirds of American-born citizens were disloyal. The Germans, with few exceptions, were loyal. The Irish papists, with very few exceptions, were rancorously disloyal, but none were as bitter as men, and especially women, of American birth and parentage. Here as elsewhere, this rebellion was not the calm and terrible uprising of an oppressed people who could no longer endure evils and outrages more cruel than the horrors of war, but the reckless outburst of mean spite, ignorant prejudice, selfish pride and intolerant vanity, characterized above all and everywhere, both among men and women by a malignant, murderous, diabolical frenzy for blood. The language of would-be-ladies, refined, polite, educated ladies, was absolutely fiendish, and it will hereafter be a wonder that it so seldom provoked retaliation. The spirit of the rebellion here is sufficient evidence that its horrible atrocities elsewhere have not been exaggerated in the narrative. It was capable of any crime, however monstrous. Success of the rebellion here, or anywhere where there was a large party of unflinchingly loyal men to be exterminated, would have been the signal for a fearful carnage.

Some one has remarked that we are not only in the midst of a civil war, but in the midst of a great revolution, and certainly that is true of this city. Slowly at first but with gradually accelerated progress, this war has revolutionized public sentiment. The reproach of abolition is gone, swallowed up in the vociferous plaudits of vast multitudes upon the utterance of the most radical abolitionism. The old radical abolitionism of the Covenanter that was condemned by the multitude and by the learned alike as intolerant and unchristian, grows conservative before the stern demand of the new abolitionism of to-day for the instant demolition of slavery. The most able and uncompromising denouncer of slavery, who carries with him the voice of the people in a tumult of applause, is one who not two years since was the apologist of slavery.

The lines that divide society are being drawn more strictly every day. Loyal men remember the insults and threats of the secessionists in the day of their success, and are not now inclined to live on terms of friendship with those who besides their rebellion betrayed such animosity against them. The Governor of the State was unquestionably chosen as a compromise candidate, and has given little encouragement to hearty unquestioning loyalty. A few weeks ago, under a great pressure, he uttered some very bold opinions and sentiments and received much applause; but recently he has appointed to command the State militia such men as Col. Knapp, of known strong pro-slavery and of strongly suspected secession sympathies. He seems wedded to slavery.

The compulsory enrollment of the militia has disclosed the astonishing fact that a very large majority of the Irish residents of St. Louis have not exercised any political privileges whatever, at least so they swear, so as to obtain exemption from militia service. Another interesting fact comes out incidentally, that the loud-mouthed and unblushing denouncers of English oppression and injustice are the first to seek British protection, and the men who are all just about to free Ireland and attack England are the most meek and obedient subjects Victoria possesses, and have been faithful to their allegiance for years, in spite of all the blandishments of American democracy. Of course we believe it in

St. Louis

BRIEF REMARKS

This day is a day of rebuke. After a few splendid victories gained by the Federal arms in the West and Southwest, God seems no more to go forth with our armies. The "spirit of counsel and of might" seems to be withholden from our Generals. Or jealousies and rivalries have prevented them from acting in concert. Is there not a cause? Yes: for some time we have been talking and writing so much about slavery as the *crying sin of the South*, that we have been in danger of forgetting that with us, even with us in the North, there are sins against the Lord our God, however righteous our cause.

O the Sabbath-breaking, the profane swearing, the covetousness, the corruption and bribery reported to, to carry elections and for other political purposes, the practical Atheism which leads hundreds of our politicians to say, "Who is the Lord that we should obey his voice? As politicians, we know not the Lord, and will have nothing to do with him."

I am glad to notice some happy change of tone in the religious press of the North, and that earnest efforts are made to lead our people to see that our sins have procured these things for us.

There is just now real cause of alarm for our country, but not of despondency. God may turn our recent calamities into blessings, by teaching us that we should not rely on great hosts, or on mighty [illegible] save by few as well as by many.

Recently, hundreds of our choice young men have left their homes, and not a few of them their families, to defend their country and its valuable institutions. Many of them have been trained up in the way of truth and holiness, and are still walking in it; and we have confidence in the President and his constitutional advisers, that they will do their utmost to prevent them from being [illegible] less or incompetent commanders, or by military men who [illegible] tal.

Since the above was written the prospect has begun to brighten.

We [illegible] an anti-slavery paper. After noticing how greatly the hopes which were indulged a few months ago have been disappointed, the writer proceeds:

"What does it all mean? What is the import of the providence which has permitted these reverses? Is it that God has abandoned our cause, [illegible] to be [illegible] with the breath of destruction? We cannot believe it. Have we not exulted over the fact, that in all this war the South only has been the battle-ground—the South only has suffered severely from the desolations of the contest? Have we not said, [illegible] pression, and shielding the Free States because they have no slavery? Instead of that deep humiliation which ought to cover all our faces with [illegible] for our sin of oppression—have we not been lifted up with pride and ready to say, "We thank thee [illegible] the sins of others, we should always take care not to imbibe the spirit of the Pharisee

ENGLISH INTEMPERANCE.

The International Temperance Convention held daily meetings in London during the first week of September, when some facts were brought out which are by no means creditable to the morality of the people of Great Britain, and instead of sitting as self-constituted censors on our good or evil works, it is very plain that there is a field at their own door, more than enough to enlist all their sympathy and to exhaust all their charity. Sir W Trevyllian, the Chairman, mentioned that in a district in the east of London, only three-quarters of a mile square, there were 57 gin-palaces, 200 houses of bad repute, and only seven bakers, five butchers, and five butchers' shops It is also found, he said, that the liquor traffic flourishes most in the poorest districts of London and other large towns. A Quaker gentleman, Mr. Back house, declared that there was one drinking establishment in Great Britain for every 200 of the community. In Sunderland, with a population of 70,000, there were 490 places for the sale of drink, or about one to every 160 inhabitants, men, women, and children

Bad as the present state of affairs is, there seems to be some improvement upon the past, showing that some good men have got their eyes opened and are moving in the right direction. The Government has also reduced the duty on light French wines, and increased those upon spirits, the result of which has been to increase the use of wine and decrease correspondingly the use of spirits, and at the same time increase the revenues of the Government from this source $25,000 000 more last year than the preceding

The following are the official returns of spirits manufactured for home consumption for each of the last three years:

1859, - - -	23,878,088	gallons.
1860, - - -	21,404, 088	"
1861, - - -	19,698,792	"

Let us add to these figures the quantities of foreign spirits entered for consumption, to wit:

1859, - - -	4,911,819	gallons.
1860, - - -	5,154,018	"
1861, - - -	5,153 897	"

It thus appears that there has been a diminution of consumption of 2,005,319 gallons in 1861 as compared with 1860, and of 2,132,401 as compared with 1859. During the first six months of the present year the ratio of decrease has been still greater. The total quantity entered for consumption of foreign or British spirits during the half year was 11,306,982 gallons. Should the proportion remain the same during the succeeding six months, the consumption of spirits this year will be reduced to 2,244,723 gallons, as compared with 1861, making altogether a consumption of about six millions and a half less than in 1861 The indirect effect of the temperance agitation is here seen in some measure, but far more is this owing to the constant elevation of sentiment, and of the true social standard of hospitality among the middle and upper classes. The same is beginning to tell on the lower, but scarcely on the lowest class, although even there exceptions are to be found

These figures, however, show but a part of what the inhabitants of Great Britain drink, for malt liquor is the greatest beverage of the masses Beer, ale, porter, brown stout, in all forms of dark and pale, bitter and sweet, strong and mild, are constantly in use every where and apparently by all. Hundreds of millions of gallons of these are consumed every year, and their sweetest and mildest will quickly intoxicate those who are not habitual drinkers. Lager beer, so general with us, is used but very little, and almost exclusively by Germans. The corpulent bodies, the red faces, and the coarse bloated features so generally met with in all the towns and cities, and largely in the pulpits and among the females of the British Isles, bear unequivocal testimony to the fact that whiskey and ale are freely and habitually drunk by the great majority of the subjects of Queen Victoria

A reformation is beginning, and the duty of total abstinence is being agitated and strongly urged by many good and able men. But the work is going on very slowly, for the opposition is immense. Several millions of persons are directly or indirectly interested in the making and the selling of ale and spirits, and loath to lose their gain. The nobility, without an exception known to us, use liquor personally, or have it daily upon their tables. All fashionable society patronize drinking, and plus stamping the custom with the brand of fashion, every householder who [illegible] regard for public opinion, although an abstainer himself, feels compelled to have liquors upon his table and offer them to his guests. The masses love them for their own sakes. Then, the church has never said aught against the use of these beverages, and even clergymen and high church dignitaries use them freely and openly themselves, so that there is no church conscience against the custom. It is but just to say that the upper classes almost exclusively use ale and spirits only in connexion with their meals, leaving the social drinking to light wines. This, however, makes reformation but the harder, for it must war against a daily custom of good society, which is regarded as not only innocent, but is stoutly defended upon dietetic grounds. They drink at dinner, they say, to promote digestion; and when we regard the amount of roast beef and plum-pudding consumed at a meal, there may be some excuse for using a digester to guard against the danger of apoplexy. This only shows that intemperance in drinking is connected, to a certain extent, with intemperance in eating, that the roots of the evil strike deep into the customs, prejudices, and appetites of all classes of the people

We wish the advocates of total abstinence all desirable success, and hope they may not grow weary in well doing, but they must not be too sanguine of immediate and great success, for the habits of the people must be reformed as well as [illegible] and [illegible] first Britain is becomes Archbishop of Armagh. This great prize has fallen to the lot of a man who is likely to fit it well. He is somewhat too old, perhaps, to be very effective [illegible] is in the full year of his age, a period when the springs of life begin to flow with less force.

Dr Rowland Williams has published a [illegible] tion to him fiercely. He entitles his work "Pro[illegible] cution for the Word," and ranks himself in the same category as the martyrs of former ages!

Mr H. Seymour, in the House of Commons, more than once tried to get from Government a censure upon the Bishop of Oxford for his injunction to the clergy to call on the people for their prayers for a restoration of peace in this country. But he signally failed. He has since obtained an opinion from a couple of [illegible] it does the Bishop of Oxford.—*Church Journal.*

An Impressed Bishop—A [illegible] United States army at Helena, in Arkansas, writes from that place:

[illegible] Bishop [illegible] ville, Ala. I had not known it till they told me."

[illegible] likely to give to our Government just cause for imprisonment than Bishop Lay.—*Church Journal.*

Dashiell—The venerable Rev. Dr. Dashiell, who left Shelbyville, Tenn., on account of his anti-slavery sentiments, supplied the pulpit of Rev. T. Cuyler's congregation, in Brooklyn, during the absence of the pastor in Europe. He is greatly grieved at having several sons in the rebel army.

A Union Democrat, B. F. Harding, was chosen U. S. Senator from Oregon on the 14th, after thirty ballots.

Dr. Breckinridge.—We have just received information, from what we deem an authentic source, that the Rev. Dr. R. J. Breckinridge has fallen into the hands of the rebels. No particulars of the arrest have yet been received.—*Presbyterian.*

The Wrong Gasparin.—It appears that the Count de Gasparin, who died lately in France, was not Count Agenor de Gasparin, but his father, Count Adrien de Gasparin, former Minister under Louis Philippe. The [illegible] "The Uprising of a Great People" is happily still living, aged only 52, and we trust that he may live to see all his generous hopes and predictions concerning his "great people" fully realized. The march of events is following the line he has marked out, and the proclamation of the President, liberating the slaves of rebels, is one of the great steps that he has been looking for. We rejoice that he lives to hear the news he has been expecting.

Domestic Items.

The Meeting of the Governors of the loyal States.—Their interview with the President Washington, Sept 26.—The Governors of the [illegible] loyal States arrived here this morning [illegible] towns, namely: Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Michigan, New Hampshire, and Indiana—the last named State being represented by Col Ross.

Between 12 and 1 o'clock they had an interview of an official character with the President, and presented an address, expressing

First. A cordial personal and official respect for the President.

Second. A determination, under all circumstances, to support and maintain his constitutional authority, and the Governors therein speaking for themselves and the people of their respective States.

Third. Pledging to him their aid in all measures calculated to bring the war to an early termination, which should be vigorously prosecuted to ultimate victory, unless all the rebels shall return to their constitutional duty and obedience.

Fourth. Congratulating the President upon his emancipation proclamation, believing that it will be productive of good as a measure of justice and sound policy, and

Fifth. Referring to the merits of the soldiers who have fought our battles.

The Governors were courteously and kindly received, and their suggestions listened to with close attention.

Views of the Cabinet on the President's Proclamation - [illegible] now pretty well ascertained. Mr. Chase was the leader in urging the emancipation policy; Mr. Stanton and Mr. Welles [illegible] with less warmth. Mr. Seward and Mr Blair were very decided against it. Caleb B. Smith was somewhat less so, and Judge Bates perhaps still less. The majority, however, were against the proclamation The President, as usual, acted on his own responsibility.

Shooting of General Nelson.—LOUISVILLE, Sept 30.—There are many conflicting accounts of the shooting of Gen. Nelson by Gen. Davis. About a week ago Nelson placed Davis in command of the Home Guards of this city. At night, Davis reported to Nelson the number of men working in the intrenchments and enrolled for service. Nelson cursed him for not having more. Davis replied that he was a general officer, and demanded the treatment of a gentleman. Nelson, in an [illegible] ordered him from the room. Davis left the Planters' House, and [illegible] to eject him from the city.

This morning Gov Morton and Gen. Nelson were standing near the desk of the Galt House, when Gen. Davis approached and requested Gov. Morton to wit[illegible] between himself and Nelson. He demanded of Nelson an apology for the treatment he had received at Louisville. Nelson [illegible] ask him for an apology. Davis then demanded an apology. Nelson denounced him and slapped him in the face. Davis stepped back, clenched his fist, and again demanded an apology. Nelson slapped him in the face and again denounced him as a coward. Davis then turned away, procured a pistol from a friend, and followed Nelson, who was going up stairs. Davis told Nelson to defend himself, and immediately fired, the ball penetrating the left breast.

Despatch from General McClellan.—WASHINGTON, Sept. 30.—The following report of the victories of South Mountain and Antietam has been forwarded to the head quarters of the army by General McClellan:

NEAR SHARPSBURG, Sept 20, 1 30 P M.—Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief United States Army:—General [illegible] reports the following as some of the results of the battles of South Mountain and Antietam

At South Mountain our loss was—

K[illegible]	430
W[illegible]	1,806
Missing,	76
Total,	2,325

At Antietam [illegible]

Killed,	2,010
W[illegible]	9,416
M[illegible]	1,043
Total,	13,469

Loss in the two battles, 15,794

The Rebels, in the two battles, as near as can be ascertained from the number of their dead found upon the field, and from other data, will not fall short of the following estimate:—

Major Davis, Assistant Inspector-General, who superintended the burial of the dead, reports 4,724 rebel dead buried upon the field at Antietam by our troops Previous to this, however, the Rebels had [illegible] probably at least, five hundred.

[illegible] Medical Director [illegible] drove them, from the commencement of the action, and as a much greater number of their dead were seen on the field than of our own men, it is not unreasonable to suppose that their loss was greater than ours. Estimating [illegible] killed in the two battles would be four thousand. According to the ratio of our own killed and wounded, this would make their loss, in wounded, 18,742.

As nearly as can be ascertained at this time, the number of prisoners taken by our troops in the two battles, will, at the lowest estimate, amount to five thousand. The full returns will no doubt show a larger [illegible] It may be safely concluded, therefore, that the Rebel [illegible] their campaign in Maryland.

From the time our troops first encountered the enemy in Maryland until he was driven back into Virginia, [illegible] 6 pieces of artillery, 30 caissons, and 1 signal flag

We have not lost a single gun or color. On the battle-field of Antietam 14,000 small arms were collected, besides the large number carried off by citizens [illegible] other unarmed men arriving immediately after the [illegible]

[illegible] Medical Director [illegible] Major General Commanding

Rev. Rogers [illegible] the number of sick and wounded received in the Richmond hospitals since their organization, as 10,538. Of these 6,771 have been furloughed, 2,311 have died, and 7,003 have died At Chimbo [illegible] Hospital, received 24,893, deaths, 2,993 Winter Hospital, received 21,871, deaths, 1,271. Whole number [illegible] deaths, 11,170. Here, as in Richmond, the smallest number of deaths have occurred in the hospitals superintended by ladies.

Died.

Died, on Saturday, September 27th, PETER CARON, aged 115 years.

To be buried from his late residence, Brown Street, Frankford, at 3 o'clock, on Wednesday afternoon.

[illegible] years

One of the aged, and to be one hundred and five years old, died in Frankford on the 27th ultimo. We [illegible] thing we do know—he has entered into a life that has [illegible]

The Social, Civil, and Statistical Association of The Colored People of Pennsylvania open a subscription list to aid the freed men at Port Royal and other points where they may be located, and respectfully ask the co-operation of the colored citizens and others in this city, or elsewhere, in money or clothing

[illegible] will be duly received will be [illegible] ledged, with the name of the donor, in the Recorder, where a constant record will be kept.

Subscriptions may be sent to Jacob C. White, at the office of the Lebanon Cemetery, 711 Lombard Street, and to Rev. E. Weaver, 619 Pine Street

PAID

Statistical Society,	$50 00
Clayton Miller,	[illegible]
William Still,	[illegible]
[illegible] Alger,	[illegible]
Henry Minturn,	[illegible]
Catherine Johnson,	2 00
Vasti Locke,	[illegible]
Wm. Warricks,	[illegible]
Harriet Shorter,	1 00
Sarah S. Hawkins,	1 00
Rev. Jonathan C. Gibbs,	1 00
James P. Clay,	1 00
Benjamin F Hill,	[illegible]
S M S.,	2 00
[illegible]	1 00
F. J. Dreer,	[illegible]

It affords us pleasure to acknowledge the receipt [illegible] contributed to the S. C. and Statistical Association, to be applied as intended W[illegible]

Cor. Sec of S, C and Statistical Association of the United People of Color

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MRS MARTHA COLLINS

730 Russell Street, above Fitzwater.

Begs leave to inform her friends and the public generally, that she has opened an ENGLISH and CLASSICAL School for Boys and Girls, to whom she will pay special attention to teaching the [illegible] Reading, Writing and Arithmetic, and to [illegible] upon the most reasonable and accommodating terms. She does not hesitate to say that she will be able to please all who may give her a trial.

PERRY & FITZGERALD'S

PROCESS FOR MAKING LIGHT NUTRITIOUS, AND UNADULTERATED BREAD, WITHOUT FERMENTATION

The new process of breadmaking patented by Perry & Fitzgerald, removes all the obstacles which have hitherto rendered it impossible to manufacture perfectly pure, sweet, and nutritious bread. The entire process is performed by mechanical means, and is eminently cleanly

The [illegible] is [illegible] to flour in a closed vessel and the application of pure carbonic gas, under pressure, by which the [illegible] is [illegible] into pores. By batches, in the brief space of fifteen or twenty [illegible] The "charge" is usually 200 pounds, and each machine comprehends the operations, in all its details, from the putting in of the flour to the discharging of the dough, in from twenty five to forty minutes.

The Inventors [illegible] Scientific objections to the ordinary preparation of bread, by establishing a system of wholesale manufacture but subject to the vicissitudes and evils of fermentation, but exact and certain in its results.—L. Beeman, by the substitution of mechanical for animal labor, and in the superior value of the article produced. It promises large profits upon the capital employed. It requires such small amount of capital, as well as the profits accruing to the proprietor, gives adequate security against [illegible] of the evils of a monopoly, because it leaves the manufacture of all human [illegible] should the inventors prove prejudicial.

The application of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure, to a mechanically kneaded dough mass, as in the invention of Perry & Fitzgerald, did not occur to Dr Dyer, though he seems to have had a clear foreshadowing of the importance of the artificial use of the [illegible] resulting bread will be somewhat spongy (could a light article," he continues, "be produced in this way) then, as the sugar would remain undecomposed, the bread would be as much the sweeter and [illegible]

What, to Dr Dyer, was certainly a clearly comprehended chemical truth, has been practically developed by the ingenuity of Perry & Fitzgerald, and now [illegible]

ITS SUPERIORITY.—The superiority of unfermented bread is by no means new. Dr Cullen, who wrote more than seventy years ago, says:—

"In Scotland, also [illegible] of the lower class of people, and that in the greater part of the country, [illegible] unfermented bread, and by experience [illegible] that I have practised nothing [illegible] this will have [illegible] with [illegible] To avoid [illegible] leaven of fermentation

Also, more recently, Dr. [illegible] the "Food of Animals," after alluding to the fact referred to above by Dr. Cullen, and other kindred facts, observes:—

"Such, then, being sufficient evidence in favor of the wholesomeness of unfermented bread, it becomes important to discover in what respects it differs from fermented bread. The [illegible] process of fermentation may be entirely [illegible] the separation of the particles of which the [illegible] so [illegible] by the mere [illegible] Digestion. But, in this [illegible] ment of the flour, it becomes a matter of interest to ascertain the amount of the loss sustained in the process."

The result of Professor Thompson's experiments showed a difference in favor of unfermented bread of nearly seven per cent.; [illegible] Together with [illegible] of fermentation [illegible] by the process of fermentation, was driven into the air and lost.

We come now to a more particular consideration of the superiority of the Bread made without fermentation, or the use of chemical agents, over the Bread made by these processes Although, from what has already been said, the superiority appears in most vivid contrast, yet the public will be better satisfied to have the points stated specifically. So it only needs that the advantages secured by the method [illegible] in order to its universal introduction in the manufacture of Bread.

I. Its CLEANLINESS.—Instead of the dough being mixed by the naked hands or feet of the bread, from the moulding of the flour to the completion of the baking, is not, and scarcely can be, touched by any one. "One desideratum obtained in the manufacture," says Dr. Willard Parker, "is to entire cleanliness." Says Dr. Waterbury: "The process is not only purely scientific, but preeminently cleanly."

II. Its PRESERVATION OF ALL THE NUTRIENT PROPERTIES OF THE FLOUR.—As the raising of the dough is by the mechanical introduction of pure carbonic [illegible] gas, no [illegible] remains, it takes a perfect [illegible] or spongy texture. All the constituents of the flour remain as they are [illegible] while the process of raising bread by fermentation [illegible] a portion of the [illegible] of them, as has been already shown.

III. Its UNIFORM CHARACTER.—Bread made by the New Process is uniformly light, sweet, and nutritious The conditions being simple and not liable to variation, no failure can occur to always producing bread of the same quality. It retains its moisture much longer than fermented bread, and may be eaten warm with impunity. The [illegible] The London Times:—

"The "charge" is usually 200 pounds, and each machine comprehends the operations, in all its details, from the putting in of the flour to the discharging of the dough, in from twenty five to forty minutes.

"An Investigation [illegible] Scientific objections to the ordinary preparation of bread, by establishing a system of wholesale manufacture but subject to the vicissitudes and evils of fermentation, but exact and certain in its results.—L. Beeman, by the substitution of mechanical for animal labor, and in the superior value of the article produced. It promises large profits upon the capital employed. It requires such small amount of capital, as well as the profits accruing to the proprietor, gives adequate security against [illegible] of the evils of a monopoly, because it leaves the manufacture of all human [illegible] should the inventors prove prejudicial.

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"

PEACE OF PARADISE.

When [illegible] deep
[illegible]
When from [illegible] perfect order sprang,
[illegible]
Music spread o'er the universe its stream,
[illegible]
Around the bowers of happiness it hung,
[illegible]
And [illegible] one song,
[illegible]
The song it sang was the sweet song of Peace.

In Eden's grove, upon the primeval air,
It whisper'd love to the primeval pair;
Moved [illegible] trees,
And softly mingled with the [illegible]
The setting sun shed splendor on the scene,
And, rising, joy'd to hail its gentle again.
[illegible]
Where all was calm, and happy, and serene,
And as a man trod 'mid the opening flowers,
Bliss added wings to swiftly passing hours.

ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL.

On a Spring morning, after an exhilarating drive in Central Park, we were set down at the entrance of what might be called the "House Beautiful"—a stately building, with spacious halls and stair-cases, and a multitude of commodious, airy rooms. It is St. Luke's Hospital—the hospital of the "Beloved Physician"—on the Fifth Avenue, near Fifty-fourth street. The wide lawn is rich with a luxuriant verdure nowhere else to be seen, and here and there, peeping up from off their soft green pillows, are the sunny-eyed dandelions.

But golden blossoms have not undisputed possession of the fresh beauty of this lawn. There are a dozen little children beside.

But they are not rushing merrily about, tossing the flowers at each other in boisterous glee, making a mimic snow-fall of golden flakes, and shouting with the mad joy which the "new wines of the year" inspires. Two or three move languidly backward and forward with a swaying, uncertain motion; one fairly runs, but, alas! if it were not for those strong crutches under his little thin arms, he could not even walk; yet with their aid he accomplishes wonders of locomotion, to the mingled admiration and envy of his companions. The others sit or lie upon the grass wrapped in coats or tippets, as if it were January, instead of May, and watch with sad, wondering eyes the movements of the happier few. For these are all sick children, and they have come here to be made well again if skill and tenderest care can avail.

The ward which we entered was very long and high, and was brightened with many windows, through which the sunshine could come in. But its glory was a line of beautiful little snow-drifts, on either side, through its entire length. Snow, drifts, I say, since that was my first thought; but there was nothing so cold and cheerless as even the most exquisite snow-work must be in this lovely room. My snow-drifts proved to be little dainty white beds, and in many of them lay little children.

Before I introduce you to any of the occupants of these fairy beds, I must tell you more about their pleasant surroundings.

Of course, everything is as clean and pure as possible; but I cannot divine how the good people who take care of these sick children contrive to conceal, as they do, every sign of a sick room. I did not catch a glimpse of a single vial, or bandage, or medicine-glass. There were little tables by every bed, but they had not upon them even that half-filled glass of bubbly water, which seems incident to even the "best regulated" sick rooms. Instead of this, there were a few bright, fresh flowers in a tasteful vase; a bird's cage, with its garrulous little singer, telling its pleasant history to any one who would listen; or some gayly-colored picture-book, or pretty toy, or dainty doll—all within the range of the little invalid's eye and hand.

Then the walls of this beautiful hall were hung with charming pictures, such as a child would care to look at again and again. And chief among these was a copy of the well-known picture, more significant to me than any rosy Cherub of Raphael or Dead Christ of Rubens. It represents the Holy Child bearing on his baby shoulder the cross, held fast with dimpled hands; at his feet the crown of thorns and the blood-stained nails; and in his great pathetic eyes, awful shadows of Gethsemane and Calvary. The picture borrowed new beauty and significance from the scenes about it. The Holy Child seemed to lift up a standard in the midst of these little cross-bearers, and to be leading and sustaining them upward and onward, through patient and brave endurance to victory. May their baby feet keep close to his, and never miss his foot-prints!

As we passed down through the long hall, we began to distinguish the faces of the occupants of the little white beds, and they were quick to discover who had entered with us.

"Doctor! doctor!" cried a dozen eager little voices.

Now, you may suppose that these sick children shrieked "Doctor!" in fear, and passed on the alarm-cry from bed to bed that all might be prepared for his dreaded coming. What a mistake! This was not one of those doctors—nursery Ogres—with a gruff, raspy way of speaking: "Humph! sick, are you? See your tongue! quick, now!" Nor of that other kind, even more exasperating to childish sensibilities, the noisy-quiet species, who make great ado about walking softly, and yet ingeniously contrive to squeeze every bit of noise there is in their huge boots out at the toes. No, this doctor neither glowered at them savagely, as if he had half a mind to eat them up for daring to fall sick; nor went mincing and sighing about them with a yard-long visage, as if he thought they could never get well, and he did not mean to encourage them to try. All these poor little children seemed to love their young doctor with all their hearts. I could see it in the eyes of those too weak to speak their thoughts, who followed him, as he went from bed to bed, with loving looks, eager for their turn to come to share his cheery presence. As for those whose tongues were in working order—dear me, how they ran!

"Doctor, doctor, I want to see you this minute!"

"No, doctor; come to my bed!"

"Doctor, is that your light *waggin?*" asked little Peter, whose post was fortunately on the side of the room toward the street, and who having been taking observations from the window near his bed—his meagre little body propped up by his sharp elbows and the pillows—had seen the doctor's carriage drive up to the gate.

"Couldn't you give a *poor pusson* a ride?" piped a weak little voice from the opposite bed.

And many a "poor pusson" is indebted to the kind surgeon for a ride. Sometimes he takes them on the street in what little Peter called his "light waggin;" but oftener (for few of the sick children are able to endure this) he pushes them through the long corridors in a little house-carriage constructed for the purpose, the gift of little children.

Was there ever another such doctor? Even those children whom he has been forced to hurt most cruelly, in the curative process, seemed to love him best of all; for he and they understood each other perfectly, and they knew the pain would be as light and brief as possible, and that such pain is, indeed, only love called by a different name.

Some of the inmates of this children's ward had such healthful happy faces, that we wondered why they were not out among the dandelions at play. But we wondered no longer when the rope with its heavy cannon-ball, which hung over the foot of their beds, was pointed out to us. That pulley, with its heavy weight, was tugging at their little crooked limbs to make them straight and of equal length! When we saw this our hearts ached, and we could not understand how the little martyrs could have such laughing faces. But how good it is that they can be sheltered in this beautiful home safe from griping hunger and pinching cold—with happy little children about them; amidst pleasant sights and sounds, and with tender nurses and skilful surgical care—instead of lying neglected, and perhaps ill-treated, in loveless, comfortless poverty! We hardly know whether to laugh or cry, as we went the round of the children's wards. We did both, however, when little pale-faced Luke pulled us by the ribbons and whispered, eagerly,

"Couldn't you bring me a doll [illegible] and [illegible] Lord?

Poor little Luke was one of those who would have to wear a cannon-ball for many long months to come; but I suppose the little captive's fancy was haunted with memories and visions, and wide blue skies and pine winds for play-fellows, and he longed to hold some tangible representation of [illegible]

The doctor had one rival in the affections of the children when I saw them, and that was [illegible] baby! The little girl stopped pulling her long beard, and the boys stopped wrestling with his curly, pony little arms as the little pugilists flourished, when the baby appeared.

"Please bring her to my bed!"

"Lay her by me, please!"

"I want her on my pillow!"

"Give her here!"

These were the cries on all sides, and the nurse did not know where to deposit her charge first. No words can adequately set forth the perfections of that baby. It must have been an incarnation of the triplet spirit of Job the Patient, Moses the Meek, and Griselda the long-suffering. Suffocated by kisses, garroted by hugs, riddled by tickling fingers, it yet bore a dauntless front through all, and even smiled blandly upon its ruthless assailants. Its virtues seemed to us rather caoutchouc than human; but we were assured by the highest authority that it was of the same species with that for which the little transcendentalist prayed, when, disgusted with saw-dust shams, she cried:

"Lord! give me a baby! a *real meat baby!*"

Sometimes the conversation between these little beds is pitiful to hear. A little girl, who had been for a long time an inmate of the hospital, had recovered, and announced, with justifiable delight,

"I've got all well! and my mother's coming to take me away to-morrow!"

Whereupon her little sick neighbor responded, in a still more triumphant tone, "Ho! I haven't got any mother; and I am glad of it, for I shan't have to go away—never!"

Could anything be sadder than this—to give thanks that one has no mother? This reminded me of a scene of my school-days. I encountered a group of poor children in riotous dispute. As I passed them a boy shouted out, tauntingly, to a girl in the rival faction: "You need not feel so smart! I saw your father dead-drunk last night!"

The girl's *pose* was magnificent, as she turned upon the contemptible young bully, and said, slowly and almost impressively: "I thank your boner! I haven't got no father! My father's dead!"

All the sick wards of this hospital whose patron-saint is "the Beloved Physician," open into a central chapel, where prayers are read every night by one whose heart is in this noble charity, and to whom we owe some of the choicest hymns of the Church. How sweet and cheering his voice must be, as it goes softly on from bed, where lie the suffering men, women and children, for whom he prays! I think the many hearts which he has lightened and comforted could hardly say "Amen," when he sings, "I would not live alway, I ask not to stay," however eagerly they may appropriate to themselves the soothing tenderness and brave hope of the hymn. No, they cannot let him go yet!

The crowning grace of the beautiful chapel is an illuminated manuscript of the gospels, each page with its perfect text, and its own peculiar ornament of exquisite device, and all this magic wrought by the loving skill of a woman's hand! Indeed, the presence and ministrations of refined womanhood invest this House Beautiful with an indescribable charm. I dare not say what I would of the sisterhood whose voluntary service makes it what it is. No austere vow paralyzes heart and will; but, constrained simply by love to our Lord, they tenderly and faithfully wait on their ministry. Native grace, the finest culture and the heartiest devotion, are laid on the altar of sacrifice. But is it *sacrifice?* Were delicate hands, and cultivated powers of heart and head, more worthily or happily employed in the luxurious ease of home, or the brilliant rounds of society, than now, in alleviating a sick child's sufferings, or speaking peace to some poor soul tossed on the billows of death? I doubt not that to many an idler in Vanity Fair, with hungry heart and listless hands, the soft garb of the sisterhood would prove the garment of Peace, and the easy yoke of Christian service, rest to the soul.

The great city has no such fascinations for me as this very children's ward at St. Luke's; and although it is more than two years since I saw them, yet my heart still yearns after Susie, with her great brown eyes and pathetic face; after sharp little Luke, and comical little Peter, and their companions. These may have passed away, but other little faces lie on those pillows to be brightened by loving care: and more than this, for every child there sheltered a thousand little ones, with distorted limbs and suffering bodies, lie without, in the bleak, cruel world; and for some of these a word from *you* would provide the blessed novelty of a "sweet home!"

Harper's Magazine.

OUT-DOOR EXERCISE OF ENGLISH WOMEN.

The women of England are blessed with one pre-eminent advantage as regards exercise out of doors, which to us must be always wanting, and that is the character of their climate. Say as much as you will against the English climate, it could hardly be better for walking, and that is something, all must admit. There is nothing, comparatively, of summer heat or winter cold. Eighty in the shade is reckoned a very warm day in ordinary seasons. You will remember such a day a good while. The nights are few in which a blanket is not required for comfort. As to winter, England can hardly lay claim to anything to which we should accord the name. Snow is a rarity, and seldom remains on the ground for two days together. The ice in the London parks is so thin at best, that the skaters are constantly breaking through, and being taken out half dead. Gardening operations are suspended only for a very short time, if at all. Cabbages are left in the garden through the winter, and taken as they are wanted. The crocus anemone, ranunculus and polyanthus, are out in all their beauty in January, and peas are up and potatoes are planted by the middle of February. Mud is but little known, because there are excellent gravel sidewalks all over England. What is there to prevent the women of England from walking, then, if they want to, on almost any day from New Year's to Christmas? It is true they have gloomy clouds, and damp chilly winds, and rain in abundance, but these are hardly allowed to stand in the way. Equipped from head to foot, according to the weather, they sally forth in almost all weathers, and in almost all circumstances. The young wife never shuts herself up at home, nor stays away from church, as long as she is well enough to go abroad.

A deeply interesting illustration of the good health of English women is the fact that deaths among young wives and mothers are, comparatively, very infrequent. Such cases are far more numerous among ourselves. We remember to have seen an English lady amazed and appalled in wandering over a New England cemetery, and reading on the headstones the many inscriptions which tell this exceedingly sad and mournful tale. To her it seemed as if some very fatal pestilence must have visited that particular locality. Yet it was simply the tale which all our places of burial tell, and to which no one among us takes heed. An Englishman who should have committed his third wife to the grave at forty years of age, would be regarded with feelings approaching to superstition, and another woman would hesitate to assume the thrice vacant place. We knew one such case, and only one, in a period of fourteen years.

An English woman is a pedestrian almost from her birth, being taken out for an airing when she is scarcely a week old, passing several hours of every fine day out-of-doors during the first year of her existence, and walking thousands of miles before she has numbered her teens. Would it not be strange if she had not a full form, and a rosy cheek, and a merry, laughing eye? An English girl who would not rejoice in a walk of four or five miles, would be thought a poor feeble [illegible]

Post & Review

NEW ROYAL MAUSOLEUM AT WINDSOR.

The mausoleum now in course of erection in the royal grounds at Frogmore, and which is intended to receive the remains of the late Prince Consort, is situated about 100 yards from that of the late Duchess of Kent. A more secluded spot could not have been selected. The surrounding scenery is by many different species of flowering shrubs and trees of a large growth, while close by is a beautiful specimen of the deciduous cypress, the dark shapes of which will contrast well with the stones of the tomb. The building consists of a central cell with four transepts branching north, south, east, and west, with a porch adjoining the western transept. The whole floor is supported by brick vaults of massive work, which at the same time form chambers, with loopholes for the purposes of ventilation and the prevention of damp rising to the superstructure. They are entered by a small flight of stone steps. The central cell will be lighted by three light semicircular windows in the clerestory, which will be externally decorated with Aberdeen granite shafts and heads. The copper roof of the central cell (which is octagonal on plan) rises from the wall heads to the apex with a flat pitch in the manner of an Italian campanile, and will be surmounted with a gilt cross. Under this roof will be the sarcophagus for the remains of the Prince Consort. The reclining statue of the Prince will be executed by Baron Marochetti. The transepts are square on plan, are lighted by windows similar to those in the clerestory of the central cell, and will have pedimented copper roofs. The porch, which will be entered by a handsome flight of stone steps, will be lighted with circular-headed three light windows, with shafts and heads of Guernsey granite, and the front will be supported by monolithic granite columns, similar to those already finished in the mausoleum of the Duchess of Kent. The whole of the exterior will be decorated with Aberdeen and Guernsey granite, and with red Mansfield and various other stones. The interior will be different-colored marbles and stones. The building is in the Italian style, reminding one of the campanili at Pisa. As the erection stands upon a base of concrete, six feet in thickness, there is very little probability that the symmetry of the mausoleum will be marred by settlements. The erection, which is 70 feet in length and the same in height, will be adorned by several statues. The foundation stone, which was laid by her Majesty the Queen, bears the following inscription:—"The foundation stone of this building, erected by Queen Victoria in pious remembrance of her great and good husband, was laid by her on the 15th day of March, A. D., 1862. "Blessed are they that sleep in the Lord."'

THE DISTRESS IN LANCASHIRE

The subjoined extract is from a letter written by the wife of a Dissenting minister in Lancashire:—

I will just tell you the tales of some of my neighbors who come to me for help. One says, —Missus, have you got an old petticoat of any kind you could give me, for really I'm well nigh starved? My old man has got a day or two's work now, but we are so bad off that we are almost naked; Jonathan's shirt a' scarce got a bit in't of what it was the first." Another comes (a widow woman,) "Missus, an you got anything you could possonse? My daughter makes three days a week at factory, an' there's on'y us two. I get two shillings from the parish, but it's hard work to live upon that and get a bit of soap and coals—and look at this poor gown! 'tis the only one I've got, and nothing hardly underneath. I had a better gown, but our Mary's obliged to wear it to her work. She can't go without one." Another came to me on Saturday, and in a whisper, lest any one should hear—poor thing,—she said, "Maw, could you give me a few pence to buy a little coal? We have not had any fire for two days, and the weather is so cold. There is only my husband and me. We have buried our last child when she was sixteen; and now we are old and have not any one to work for us. I am truly sorry to ask you, but indeed I did not know where to go, nor who to ask; I went to the Relief Fund on Thursday, and they gave me one shilling, because there are so many large families on the list; but what is that for two; and we nearly *clemmed* (starved, or famished.") Now could I resist such an appeal? Well so it is day after day, and then my husband comes home,—"I have seen a poor woman to day, with a little baby three weeks old—oh dear! the poor mother looks so weak! She says she has not had anything but a little tea and gruel since her baby was born. You had better get a bit of meat, and make her some broth." Then I have to send for a pound and a half of mutton, and some Scotch barley, and stew her up something. It all needs a little fund to go to; but this somehow comes out of my own scrapings, and is given to the worthy ones, who are not exactly poor saints. Yours is to be devoted to them entirely, and will be only dispensed in very necessitous cases, for we are in anticipation of times being much worse, instead of better, and the mills stopping altogether. I fear I shall weary you, but one more case I must tell. Not two hundred yards from our door lives a comparatively young widow. She has four children; the eldest, thirteen, is still an infant in the cradle, and one other is badly afflicted. It is a pitiable case; and the poor woman, unable to leave home to do a hand's turn of work to get a mouthful of bread for these hungry ones! How they are to be fed and clothed in these hard times, God only knows! I believe every decent person about have given every article of clothing they could spare to one and another. Mine all go the very minute I can spare them."

SCENES IN CEYLON.

Dr. Johnson reached Ceylon on Nov. 6th, 1860, landing at Point-de-Galle at eight in the morning. The effeminate appearance of the natives, their beardless faces, the rings in their ears, and their petticoat-like wrappers at first gave him the impression that all whom he saw were females. After visiting the Wesleyan mission, examining the boys in the mission school, where their knowledge of divine things, as well as their general intelligence, was most gratifying, the doctor and his party went next day to Madura, skirting the coast in a southerly direction. From his description of the journey we quote the following passage:—

"There were European officials in loose clothing, covering themselves with cotton umbrellas; there were Singhalese natives clothed as I have described; and the women, some of them prematurely old and very ugly, in white jackets; there were Moors and Musselmans in turbans and yellow coverings, carrying japanned paper umbrellas; there were Malabars and Malays, and Buddhist priests with shaven heads and saffron robes; and mingled with these were English soldiers in cotton uniforms, and native chiefs in gay, embroidered dresses, and jewelled ornaments. On quitting the town we skirted along the side of the harbor, passed by the crowded market places, and entered a splendid avenue of tall cocoa-nut trees, over-arching the road, and rendering it pleasantly cool. The natives, like living bronzes, and in their pink, yellow, red, blue, and white costumes, thronged the road, and blending with the green foliage, formed a rich and pleasing picture. We saw many long snakes on the way and several chameleons. Sometimes the guana—a large green lizard, three or four feet long, a preadamite-looking reptile, but little afraid of man—ran across our way, or dragged up its length on the banks at the roadside. There were beautiful openings of the sea-coast at intervals, with masses of snow-white coral strewing the shore. As we advanced, innumerable insects of various kinds thronged the air, and filled it with a perpetual hum. Among these were large, gorgeous butterflies, and huge dragon flies of bright metallic lustre; while ever and anon would come, booming on their short wings, lustrous beetles of rainbow hues. The dark natives were turning their cocoa-nut mills under shady trees, at the sides of the road, or working in the open "paddies" or rice-fields. Long, slender cranes were standing in pools, and buffaloes, like huge black pigs, were luxuriating in deep, soft mud. Gay flowers, of bright yellow and deep crimson, on trees, and not on mere bushes, lined the way, and a vast variety of orchids climbed the boles of the palms, and entwined themselves gracefully around them. Trees with roots above the ground, seeming formed of writhing snakes, were seen at intervals, as also the drooping banyan tree, with its long, rope-like roots descending from its branches. We passed a gigantic figure of Buddha, carved out of the rock by the wayside, and reached Belligam in the forenoon, when the heat had become very oppressive, and when the hum of insects had ceased, and all living things had retired for rest into the shade. At Belligam there is a "rest house," provided by the government for travellers, as there are at certain distances on all the high roads of Ceylon. In these "rest houses" needful refreshment can be had at appointed prices. While the ladies reclined under the shade, and breakfast was being prepared, Mr. Scott and I went forth to see the village, our chapel and school in it, and some Buddhist temples.

Guernsey, with Notes by the Way.

DANIEL WEBSTER IN HIS COFFIN.

We find the following account of the private funeral of Col. Fletcher Webster, and of the inspection of his illustrious father's remains, in this week's issue of the *Plymouth Rock*:

"The tomb at Marshfield once again opens wide its portals to receive the last of the sons of the Great Expounder.'

The funeral of Col. Fletcher Webster took place in Marshfield on Wednesday, September 10th. The body was brought down from Boston in a richly caparisoned hearse, with four horses, by way of Hingham and South Shore. Several coaches conveyed his Boston friends from the Kingston depot, while a large assemblage gathered from the neighbouring towns. Rev. Mr. Aldeo, the village pastor, conducted the services, the body resting on his father's writing table in the library, according to his dying request. A large procession followed his body to the tomb, where the coffin was deposited with the family whom a nation mourns.

By request of Peter Harvey, Esq., and others, the oaken box containing the great statesman's coffin was opened, and the metallic cover of the glass removed. How were the feelings of those personal friends stirred within them to find those lineaments and features which so man ever looked upon to forget, retaining the same color and impress—natural as when ten years ago they gave him up to the grave.

The eyes were more sunken, but the heavy shadows beneath the brows were always there in life. Even in death, and for a decade the captive of a grave, that kingly presence inspired the same deep reverence and speechless awe as when in the living temple of his matchless mind."

WELL DONE WEST POINT.

Let the miserable demagogues who seek to cover their treachery to their country under the demagogue's cry against West Point, turn to the battle field at Frederick and read the glorious record—Hooker, Franklin, Fitz John Porter, Sedgwick, Keyes, Burnside, Reno, McClellan, Hallock! All soldiers from the nation's school! All heroes and veterans in their country's service; all leaders of a gallant army, in which, having confidence in their generals, the new regiments equalled the old, and have routed and defeated the rebel army.

GENERAL BANKS' ACHIEVEMENT.

Gen. Banks' retreat from Bristow's Station without the loss of a man, is regarded by military men as a masterpiece of strategy. He was left behind by Pope to destroy the stores on the railway, and to disable the road itself. He burned one hundred and forty-seven car loads of goods, worth two millions of dollars, after having told his soldiers to help themselves to what they wanted, which they did with a will. Old rags were doffed and new suits were donned in a hurry, without due regard to the arm of the service the clothes were made for. It was not surprising, therefore, that the division appeared to be composed of cavalry, artillery, and infantry, indiscriminately. The boys didn't care for the color of the stripes, however, so that they had new suits and were comfortable. It is said that the attempt to attain uniformity by tearing off the yellow and red braids, did not improve their general appearance in the least.

THE ART OF CATCHING HORSES.

A correspondent of the *Valley Farmer* truly remarks that there are few things more aggravating than to be in a hurry to go to some place, and have great trouble to catch a horse. I have sometimes made the assertion that a horse which I raise will never be hard to catch, unless some one else spoils him. The way I manage is to keep them gentle from colts, handling them as often as convenient. When young horses are running to grass, give them salt occasionally, and let them fondle about you, making as little show as possible of trying to get hold of them. There is nothing surer to spoil a horse forever than running as if trying to head him in, and yelling at him authoritatively, or scolding; he can see, just as well as you know, that he is out of your reach. To put on the cap sheaf, whip him severely for causing trouble, and, my word for it, the next time you want to catch him he "will not listen to the voice of your charming, charm you never so wisely." Horses learn a great deal by signs. In beginning to teach them to be caught, go toward them on the near side, slowly and cautiously, making no demonstration at all. If the animal begins to walk off, stop, and whistle, or otherwise manifest indifference, until he becomes quiet again, then approach as before. When you are so close as to be confident that he will not escape you, speak kindly, and hold up one hand, ready to touch him on the withers, and thence pass it along the neck until you can get hold of his head, but do not seize him with a grab, as this tends to excite fear afterward. By practising this reserve, using the sign, namely, holding up the hand when you are a little farther away each time, a horse may be taught to stop and be caught, even when in considerable glee, (playing,) simply by holding up the hand and using some familiar phrase, such as *whoa, boy*, &c. By way of caution, however, watch his actions and intentions closely during his tutoring, and if at any time or from any cause you see that he is going to run, do not by any means say anything or hold up your hand, as the sign given and disobeyed a few times, will almost inevitably prevent your making anything out of it in future.

INDIFFERENCE TO DEATH DURING BATTLE.

A soldier, who was in all the battles before Richmond, remarks that "it is astonishing how indifferent to danger a man becomes in action, after being in it a short time. While supporting the battery, some of our men laid down on the ground and slept soundly, utterly regardless of the shells that were bursting around them. If I had not seen this, I certainly never would have believed it."

THE CAT AND THE PUPPIES

A little black spaniel had five puppies, which were considered too many for her to bring up. As, however, the breed was much in request, the mistress of the house was unwilling that any of them should be destroyed, and asked the cook whether she thought it would be possible to bring some of them up by hand before the kitchen fire. The cook replied that the cat had that day kittened, and that, perhaps, two of the puppies might be substituted. The cat made no objection, took to them kindly, and gradually all the kittens were taken away, and the cat nursed the two puppies only. Now, the first curious fact was, that the two puppies nursed by the cat were in a fortnight as active, forward, and playful as kittens would have been: they had the use of their legs, barked, and gambolled about; while the other three, nursed by the mother, were whining and rolling about like fat slugs. The cat gave hers her tail to play with, and they were always in motion; they soon ate meat, and long before the others they were fit to be removed. When they were taken away, the cat became inconsolable. She prowled about the house, and on the second day of tribulation fell in with her other puppies. "Oh!" says Puss, putting up her back, "have you, who have stolen my children?" "No," replied the spaniel, with a snarl, "they are my own flesh and blood." "That won't do," said the cat; "I'll take my oath before any justice of the peace that you have my two puppies." Thereupon issue was joined; that is to say, there was a desperate combat, which ended in the defeat of the spaniel, and in the cat walking off proudly with one of the puppies, which she took to her own bed. Having deposited this one, she returned, fought again, gained another victory, and redeemed another puppy. Now, it is very singular that she should have only taken two, the exact number she had been deprived of.

SCRAPS

An Irishman being asked at breakfast how he came by "that black eye," said "he slept on his fist."

What is that which by adding something to it will become smaller, but if you add nothing will grow larger?—A hole in a stocking.

He is a first-rate collector who can, upon all occasions, collect his wits.

"The ugliest trades," said Jerrold, "have their moments of pleasure. Now if I were a gravedigger, or even a hangman, there are some people I could work for with a great deal of enjoyment."

Some one blamed Dr. Marah for changing his mind. "Well," said he, "that is the difference between a man and a Jackass; the Jackass can't change his mind and the man can—it's a human privilege."

The young lady who burst into tears has been put together again, and is now wearing hoops to prevent the recurrence of the accident.

"Caught in her own net," as the man said when he saw one of the fair sex hitched in her crinoline.

We are told to have hope and trust, but what's a poor fellow to do when he can no longer get trust?

A girl recently stole a pair of gloves, giving as a reason that she only wished to keep her hand in.

Old Dr. Strong, of Hartford, whose name is still a praise in the churches, had an unfortunate habit of saying amusing things when he meant it not so—as when he was presiding in a meeting of ministers, and wishing to call on one of them to come forward and offer prayer, he said:

"Brother Colton,
Of Heaven,
Will you step this way,
And pray?"

To which Mr. Colton immediately answered, without intending to perpetrate anything of the same sort:

"My dear brother Strong,
You do very wrong,
To be making a rhyme,
At such a solemn time."

And then Dr. Strong added:

"I'm very sorry to see
That you're just like me!"

The good men would not, for the world, have made jests on such an occasion; but they could plead the same excuse for their rhymes that the boy did for whistling in school: "I didn't whistle, sir; it whistled itself!"

Two lawyers in Lowell, returning from court the other day, one said to the other—"I've a notion to join Rev. Mr. ——'s church; been debating the matter for some time. What do you think of it?" "Wouldn't do it," said the other. "Well, why?" "Because it could do no possible good, while it would be a very great injury to the church."

Among the Sabbath School children of a certain church was a poor little fellow. He couldn't tell the number of the house in which he lived, and was charged when he next came to school to bring it. The next time he appeared, he was asked if he had brought the number. "No, sir," said he, "it is nailed on the door so tight, that I couldn't get it off."

An incorrigible wag, who lent a minister a horse which ran away and threw his clerical rider, thought he should have some credit for his aid in *spreading the gospel*.

A PETRIFIED CAT.

While workmen were engaged in pulling down a portion of the wall of the Assembly Rooms building, now undergoing extensive alterations they found imbedded in it the body of a cat, so imbued with the calcareous substance of the wall that it is completely petrified. It is complete in all its parts, even to the claws and whiskers. It is evident that it could not have found its way into the wall by accident, but would appear to have been deliberately built in from superstitious or mischievous motives by some Greenock mason nearly fifty years ago.—*Greenock Telegraph.*

PHOTO ZINCOGRAPHY.

More than once we have suggested the reproduction of rare old books—such as "Shak-peare's Sonnets"—by the new process of photo-zincography. By this process, which Sir Henry James has applied to a reproduction of "Domesday Book," every beauty, every flaw in the type, every peculiarity of punctuation or division in the arrangement of letters, is preserved. How important such trifles may become, has been recently shown by M. Philarete Chasles, in his letter on the publication of "Shakespeare's Sonnets." The idea has been taken up by Mr. Lovell Reeve, who is about to issue a fac simile of the first edition of the "Sonnets," taken by this new process from the famous copy in the Bridgewater Collection. This fac-simile we have now before us, and we cannot imagine a more perfect or more interesting present to a book-collector, or even to a reader of Shakespeare. The dedication of the Sonnet will enable every one to judge of the value of M. Philarete Chasles' discovery. Lord Ellesmere deserves every credit for allowing this fac simile to be made. Mr. Reeve, we are glad to say, proposes to issue other important books in the same style. "Much Ado About Nothing" is already in hand.

Family Circle.

TO MY SPIRIT SISTER

[illegible] to me than sweet [illegible]
And cherub-like, my sister; that the glance
Of thy meek eye was like the morning light
When first it wakes, and that thy lute-like voice
Spake sweetest melody.

I never saw thee.
Never read the [illegible]
That flitted, spirit-like, across thy mind,
And painted on each theme in thy pensive eye.
[illegible]
But they who saw and loved thee oft have told
Me [illegible]
And [illegible]
To him that would have told a brother's love
To her who never knew her brother's sport.

I've wander'd to the little mound of earth
Which marks thy resting place, and cull'd the flowers
[illegible]
Them in my mother's hair a rustic wreath,
Rec[illegible]
Alone in all my walks, communing with
My heart and address. In the silent hour
Of night when all was hush'd and [illegible]
My little couch held not a slumberer,
But I beguiled my tedious wakefulness
In converse with a spirit-form, whose beauty
Was not of earth, but heaven. When with my tasks
I've pausèd on the page a cherub face
I call'd my sister's. And so vividly
[illegible]
[illegible]
That [illegible]
Thy younger brother. Words of thrilling love
Breathed by his lips did never reach thy ear,
But thou didst shed the fragrance of thy love
Around the family-hearth, a summer day.
When He who gave, retook the tender flower,
[illegible]

COALS OF FIRE ON THE HEAD.

Joe's small feet clattered vigorously down to the little cave where his boat was hidden. But as he neared the place, an exclamation of surprise escaped him, for there were signs of some intruder, and the big stone before the cave had been rolled away. Hastily drawing forth his treasure, he burst into loud cries of dismay, for there was the beautiful little boat, which Cousin Herbert had given him, with its gay sails split to a hundred shreds, and a large hole bored in the bottom.

Joe stood for a moment motionless with grief and surprise; then, with a face as red as a peony, he burst forth—"I know who did it—the mean scamp? It was Fritz Brown; and he was mad because I didn't ask him to come to the launch. But I'll pay him for *this* caper," said little Joe through his set teeth, and hastily pushing back the ruined boat, he hurried a little farther down the road, and fastening a piece of string across the footpath, a few inches from the ground, he carefully hid himself in the bushes.

Presently a step was heard, and Joe eagerly peeped out. How provoking! instead of Frits it was cousin Herbert, the very last person he cared to see, and hastily unfastening his string, Joe tried to lie very quiet, but it was all in vain, for Cousin Herbert's sharp eyes caught a curious moving in the bushes, and, brushing them right and left, he soon came upon little Joe. "How's this?" cried he, looking straight into the boy's blazing face; but Joe answered not a word. "You're not *ashamed* to tell me what you were doing."

"No, I'm *not*," said little Joe, sturdily, after a short pause; "I'll just tell you the whole story;" and out it came, down to the closing threat, "and I mean to make Frits smart for it!"

"What do you mean to do?"

"Why, you see, Frits carries a basket of eggs to market every morning, and I mean to trip him over this string and smash 'em all."

Now Joe knew well enough that he was not showing the right spirit, and muttered to himself, "Now for a good scolding;" but to his great surprise, Cousin Herbert said quietly—

"Well, I think Frits does need some punishment; but this string is an old trick. I can tell you something better than that."

"What?" cried Joe, eagerly.

"How would you like to put a few coals of fire on his head?"

"What, and *burn* him?" said Joe, doubtfully. Cousin Herbert nodded with a queer smile. Joe clapped his hands. "Now, that's just the thing, Cousin Herbert. You see his hair is so thick he wouldn't get burned much before he'd have time to shake 'em off; but I'd just like to see him jump once. Now tell me how to do it, quick!"

"If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink: For thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee," said cousin Herbert, gravely; "and I think that's the best kind of punishment little Frits could have."

Joe's face lengthened terribly. "Now I do say, Cousin Herbert, that's a real take-in. That's just no punishment at all."

"Try it once," said Cousin Herbert. "Treat Frits kindly, and I'm certain he will feel so ashamed and unhappy that he would far rather have you kick or beat him."

Joe was not really such a bad boy at heart, but he was now in a very ill temper, and he said sullenly—"But you've told me a story, Cousin Herbert. You said this kind of coals would burn, and they can't at all."

"You're mistaken about that," said his cousin, cheerily. "I've known such coals to burn up a great amount of rubbish—malice, envy, ill-feeling, revenge, and I don't know how much more—and then leave some very cold hearts feeling as warm and pleasant as possible."

Joe drew a long sigh. "Well, tell me a good coal to put on Frits's head and I'll see about it."

"You know," said Cousin Herbert, smiling, "that Frits is very poor, and can seldom buy himself a book, although he is extravagantly fond of reading, but *you* have quite a library. Now suppose—ah! well, I won't suppose anything about it. I'll just leave you to think over the matter, and find your own coal; and be sure and kindle it with *love*, for no other fire burns so brightly and so long;" and with a cheery whistle Cousin Herbert sprang over the fence and was gone.

Before Joe had time to collect his thoughts, he saw Frits coming down the lane, carrying a basket of eggs in one hand and a pail of milk in the other.

For one minute the thought crossed Joe's mind, "What a *grand* smash it would have been if Frits *had* fallen over the string," and then again he blushed to his eyes, and was glad enough that the string was safe in his pocket.

Frits started and looked very uncomfortable when he first caught sight of Joe, but the boy began abruptly, "Frits, do you have much time to read now?"

"Sometimes," said Frits, "when I've driven the cows home, and done all my chores. I have a little piece of daylight left; but the trouble is, I've read everything I could get hold of."

"How would you like to take my new book of travels?"

Frits's eyes danced. "Oh, may I, *may* I? I'd be so careful of it."

"Yes," answered Joe, "and perhaps I've some others you'd like to read. And Frits," he added, a little shyly, "I would ask you to come and help mail my boat to-day, but some one has torn up the sails and made a great hole in the bottom. Who *do* you suppose did it?"

Frits's head dropped upon his breast; but after a moment he looked up with a great effort and said: "*I* did it, Joe; but I can't begin to tell you how sorry I am. You didn't know I was so mean, when you promised me the books?"

"Well, I rather thought you did it," said Joe, slowly.

"And yet you didn't"—Frits couldn't get any farther, for his cheeks were in a perfect blaze, and he rushed off without another word.

"Cousin Herbert was right," said Joe to himself; "that coal *does* burn; and I know Frits would rather I had smashed every egg in his basket than offered to lend him that book. But I feel fine;" and little Joe took three more somersaults, and went home with a light heart, and a grand appetite for breakfast.

When the captain and crew of the little vessel met at the appointed hour, they found Frits there before them, eagerly trying to repair the injuries, and as soon as he saw Joe he hurried to present him with a beautiful little flag which he had bought for the boat with part of his egg-money that very morning. The boat was repaired, and made a grand trip, and everything turned out as Cousin Herbert had said; for Joe's heart was so warm and full of kind thoughts that he never was more happy in all his life.—*Helps over Hard Places.*

A house full of children composes as powerful a group of motives as ever moved a heart or hand, and the secret of many a struggle and triumph in the world's battle may be found throned in its mother's lap at home, or done up in a little bundle of white flannel.

An Irish stationer, after advertising a variety of articles, gives the following *nota bene*: "To regular customers I sell wafers gratis."

SAYING PRAYERS

To say my prayers is not to pray,
Unless I mean the things I say.
Unless I think to whom I speak,
And with my heart his favor seek.

In prayer we speak to God above,
[illegible]
We seek for pardon for our sin,
And grace to make us pure within.

My infant lips were early taught
To say "Our Father," as I ought;
And every morn, and every night,
To use my daily prayer is right.

But O, if I am found to smile,
Or play or look at all like [illegible]
Or think vain thoughts, the Lord will see
[illegible]

There is no flock, however well attended,
But one dead lamb is there:
[illegible]
There is no [illegible]

LAZY STEPHEN.

Books were distributed, scholars commenced their studies, and Grace took no more notice of Stephen Wright, but perceived that he occupied himself in catching flies and pulling off their wings, and in tormenting scholars who sat near him. Two little boys complained that he had stuck pins in their boots, and was constantly pricking them; another complained that he stuck pins in the benches; all kinds of tricks were played by him; and when he was tired he laid his head down upon the desk and went sound asleep.

Grace proceeded hopefully with the rest; a few sullen spirits at first refused obedience, but when they

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Poetry.

THOU ART NEAR, O LORD!

Thou art near, O Father! on life's troubled sea,
How sweet and sustaining this thought is to me.
As an anchor, my surely-tossed spirit it keeps,
When temptation's wild blast like a hurricane sweeps;
For though perilous oftimes my transit appears,
Thy presence sufficeth to banish my fears;
Not all the rough billows my bark can o'erwhelm,
While Omnipotent wisdom and love guide the helm.

Thou art near, O my Father! The friends that have smiled
On the days that are past, and their sorrows beguiled,
Are now far away from the home which they blessed.
Some the Saviour has called to the mansion of rest;
Some amidst the confusion of life and its cares,
Rarely think of the heart that once echoed to theirs;
And others regard me with glances that chill,
But unchanged and unchanging thou lovest me still.

Thou art near, O my Father, how clear and how bright
Ought those actions to be, which are full in thy sight;
Then help me with child-like affection, each day,
To study thy will and thy precepts obey.
O nerve me for conflict with self and with sin,
And teach me the way steady conquests to win:
And when wearied with failure, hope seems to decline,
O point to the crown which through grace shall be mine.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE CONFLICT OF THE SOUL.

AN ALLEGORY.

"For that which I do, I allow not: for what I would, *that do I not; but what I hate, that I do.*" —Rom. vii. 15.

"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life which is in the midst of the paradise of God."—Rev. ii. 7.

It was upon an afternoon in the sultry month of ——, in the year ——, that as I sat musing in the house of a friend, all alone, there passed before my mind's eye two men. Shall I describe them? One of them appeared to be the very impersonation *of* divine beauty. Shall I ever forget those eyes—so piercing and so filled with love? And then those lips, and——but why particularize? Was not his whole appearance that of unearthly beauty? The other of the two was characterized by no peculiarities. He was of medium height, and possessed a countenance not altogether unprepossessing. Just such a one as we daily behold. My eyes followed them for some distance, as they walked side by side, evidently enjoying the society of each other. A smile of peaceful radiance seemed to light up the countenance of both.

In the distance I espied a church, and upon it was lifted up, at a respectful height, a beautiful Cross. With deep and holy thoughts I gazed upon that sacred emblem.

And with what emphasis did it speak to my soul! Beginning with Moses and the Prophets, it told the whole story of man's redemption

Methought that I arose, and with humbled spirits entered that church, in company with a great multitude of devout hearers.

The vast assembly realized God's presence, and was still, even as death.

Taking my seat in a pew, I sat in pensive mood; but imagine my surprise when, upon looking toward the altar, I saw that those same two individuals whose footsteps I had before followed occupied the holy place. Each, as he sat in the altar, seemed to be engaged in heart devotion, and in my soul I said, "Oh! that I possessed such holy and seemingly undisturbed equanimity!" I knew well what life had been to me. I knew in very deed that it was as a battle, a wrestle, a race—but when I gazed upon these two strangers, and beheld the place which seemed to possess their souls, I almost broke the tenth commandment. At this moment a still, small voice—whence it proceeded, I know not—whispered in my ear, "Follow those men when they shall leave this chapel."

After having listened to sound words as they fell from the lips of him who was most divine in his appearance, from Hebrews xii. 14, and the congregation having received the words of blessing after they had united in singing that heavenly Doxology—

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"

I maintained my seat while the congregation passed out.

In due time the two appeared, and as they passed I was enabled to take a good view of them, which served but to strengthen my first impression. In fact, the face of him who had spoken brought to my mind the appearance of Moses, whose face, after his communion with God on the Mount, shone with exceeding brightness. In the countenance of the other I could discern a certain ——passiveness, shall I call it? It expressed an absence of joy which illuminated the face of the other—and yet it did not altogether express anger or envy.

Howbeit, the two journeyed on, while, in obedience to the mysterious mandate, I followed them. As I thus sat musing, with my eyes intently fixed upon the travellers, I at once saw that they were engaged in the closest conversation—while the countenance of him who had given indications neither of joy nor anger, seemed to grow vivid with life. They seemed to be conversing upon some theme of importance, and, from the animation displayed, it was very plain that they were not of one mind. It proved to be that the one which took no part in the services at the chapel was opposing some of the arguments which the other had advanced—and that with such vehemence that he seemed to be angry. At this procedure I was greatly surprised, for, hitherto, perfect unanimity had seemed to characterize their every movement. In astonishment I still followed them, while the controversy between them grew hotter and hotter.

At this moment that same small voice which had so audibly bidden me to follow them, whispered again in my ears, "Where now is their supposed unanimity and peace? Knowest thou not, my son, that life is life, and that of necessity the flesh warreth against the spirit?"

Ere these words had fallen upon my ears, I was almost aroused from my half-unconscious state by the high controversy between the travellers. I listened even more attentively than before, and from their words I learned that in expounding the text, "Follow peace with all men and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord," Brother Innerman (for such indeed is his name) had given great offence to his companion, whom I now recognized to be Mr. Outerman. During the delivery of this discourse our good Brother Innerman had spoken plain words, as the whole congregation could bear witness. He boldly proclaimed therein the necessity of being completely dead unto the world, and alive unto Christ. At this Mr. Outerman took exception, and he fain would have brought his fellow-traveller to the same way of thinking and acting with himself. "Thou shouldst not preach such doctrine," he exclaimed; "for thou knowest, my friend, what the blessed St. John says in his first Epistle—'*If* we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.' And so it is very plain that thou art deceiving thyself."

I saw as they journeyed along that Brother Innerman seemed to be very fearful, and at times I thought I could see him tremble, and more particularly during the delivery of Mr Outerman's speech. Yet, at its conclusion, he bravely answered, "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ, that died, yea, rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."

War now began in earnest between the two parties, because the carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God—neither, indeed, can be; and hence it is a war of life and death.

I also noticed that during the whole time the two travellers were journeying, there were also within hailing-distance of each, armed legions. Those who were for the defence and protection of our dear Brother Innerman were under the leadership of a mighty Prince, perfectly panoplied, as were all his host—and he was of such skill, that he was never known to be vanquished in a battle.

And now I could perceive that between the two the war became very fierce indeed

And could the reader have beheld with me these numerous death-struggles! How they caused my blood to stand still, as each could be seen to triumph alternately over the other.

As my sympathies were all with the angelic Innerman, and when at times I would see him almost fall to the earth, and then be constrained to hear the shouts of victory from the exultant foe, my very flesh and my bones would tremble as of palsy.

Oh, there! see that struggle now going on—each have grappled the other—it is a wrestle! What skilful movements on the part of each for the slightest advantage! What desperate exertions!

See Brother Innerman, as his face verily shines with a holy determination! And how surely is he straitened—for he wrestles, not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, and against spiritual wickedness in high places.

Each moment increases the desperation of the struggle. Alas! alas! Brother Innerman falls! Is he really cast to the earth?

In sadness I turned away, but, from the confusion of the conflict, I recognized the voice of my friend, as he cried aloud, "Rejoice not over me, O mine enemy. Tho' I fall, yet will I rise again."

I turned and looked—and behold! Brother Innerman had regained his feet, and had renewed the conflict with greater vigor than before. And now, see, his panoplied Defender approaches him and whispers words of encouragement in his ear, while both are straining every nerve. The climax of the conflict is attained—and joy! joy! the carnal Outerman is giving way! See! he trembles—his strength has left him, and now methinks I saw brave Innerman grapple him with more than human power, and with one mighty exertion cast him to the earth to rise *no more.*

Brother Innerman was applauded—and as he entered the city above, to be crowned as victor through the blood of the Lamb, my soul, filled with ecstacy at the triumph of my friend, cried out—

"So let it be, O Lord of Hosts, with every saint in every Conflict of the Soul!"

BENJAMIN T. TANNER

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM J. R. V. THOMAS.

MR. EDITOR:—I promised you, some time ago, to write something for the RECORDER; but circumstances, over which I had no control, hindered me.

Having a few leisure moments, I employed them in sending you a few lines, hastily written, relative to the condition of the Rahway and Elizabeth Circuit

I was appointed to the above named circuit in consequence of the Rev A. C Crippen's request, who was to be removed therefrom. His request was granted, and he was transferred by the Rt. Rev. D A. Payne, D.D, to the Camden Circuit, Del., in the Baltimore District, (If I am correct)

I went on the circuit with a light heart, and with the prospect of a useful future brightening before me, believing that if I discharged my duty, as a reward for my labor, I would be blessed of God and enjoy an approving conscience.

The first point on the circuit, on leaving New York city, is Elizabeth, which is about five miles from the city of Newark. In this place, there is a neat frame church, that will seat about 200 persons. This church has 34 members in all; 28 are working ones, and six are on the indigent list. This society was formerly in the Zion's connexion, from which they withdrew some two years ago, and joined Elder Crippen's charge, which was Newark and Rahway. Elder Crippen offered this society to the Annual Conference of 1861, and it was received in our connexion, after which the Conference detached Rahway and Elizabeth from Newark, making the latter a station and the former a circuit.

The Tamco A. M. E. Church, in Elizabeth, are loyal to the connexion and easily governed. Their liberality is known by all who have in former times served them. They are a noble-hearted people, regular in their attendance to the church, and are trying to be practical Christians. The work of the Lord is reviving in their midst, and sinners are being brought to the knowledge of the truth.

The Sabbath-school attached to this church is a good one. It is composed of children and adults, and is officered by members of the M. E. Church, who take pride in instructing our children in the truths of the Bible. I always go to the school whenever I am in Elizabeth. The school is well attended, as a general thing, and the children are greatly attached to their teachers. There is an excellent choir, composed chiefly of young persons, who are members of the church. These singers are called the Philharmonic Society. Their tutor is Mr. John H. Sullivan, formerly of Baltimore. He is an excellent teacher. His equal for compass of voice and sweetness of tone is not found every day. He lectures for them every Wednesday evening. His scholars' avidity to study and learn, and their sweet singing is commendable.

Five miles south of Elizabeth is Rahway. In this place there is a plain church, lighted with gas. This church is capable of seating about 200 persons. It is called the Paran A. M. E. Church. There are 40 members, two-thirds of which are good working ones. The people at this point are worthy of praise for their constant attendance to the church, their benevolence and piety. This church is getting along finely in her financial matters, too, and, in a spiritual point of view, she is not a whit behind the chiefest.

The Sabbath-school in Rahway is composed of children and adults, too. Among those of riper years may be seen local preachers, exhorters, class leaders and trustees. This school also has my co-operation. It is conducted by members of the M. E. Church, who furnish it with books and fuel.

There is a good choir in the Paran Church. These singers are called the Quartette Association. They meet every Tuesday evening at the residence of Mrs. Anna Pippinger, (who is their preceptress) for the benefit of Black Board lectures. These singers, like those of Elizabeth, are new beginners; but, in consequence of having competent tutors and a taste for music, they excel all singers that I ever heard, (having no more experience than they.)

Mrs. Anna Pippinger is among the few females in our connexion that can read music and give black board lectures. She has an excellent baritone voice, and is mistress of her business. She reads with precision, and in the best of time. She spares no pains in giving her scholars instructions. In the science of the beautiful, it has been my happy lot to be in company and sing with some good ear singers; but a very few that can master the black dots.

In conclusion permit me to say, that in the midst of the excitement occasioned by the struggle between freedom and slavery, we, on the circuit, are composed; our trust is in the God of battles. There have been six added to the circuit since the 3d of August, three in Elizabeth and three in Rahway. Five profess to be soundly converted to God.

I am trying to get some yearly subscribers for the RECORDER. I think I will succeed. Pray for my success, and as soon as I get them I will send you the money and their names.

Yours, fraternally,
J. R. V. THOMAS.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM PETER LESTER.

Victoria, Aug 14, 1862.

DEAR FRIEND:—I find it impossible for me to follow up the subject which I promised in my last. In fact, I see so much of late in your movements to admire, that I know not where to commence; everything is working to a change. The day of the slaves' deliverance is near at hand.

I cannot say that I have any great love for your country; but really I have often thought that I would like to have been in the battle before Richmond. I suppose that this feeling grows out of the fact of that being my playground when a boy. I hope to hear soon that your prayer has been granted by the presidents of the passenger railways in your city.

My advice to you all is, seek to have an interest in the railways, and by so doing you will become strong. However, I believe, there is a good time coming for us all. We must wait a little longer. You will find in less than six months that colored men will have as much to do with settling the war as any other class.

The whole matter is plain. The present combatants cannot settle it themselves. They need just such help as can only be found among the colored people, both North and South; the American people have always been blind, and will continue to be to their best interest. They all act as if the breach which has been made could not be healed—the Northern people in particular. Then to think that the Southern people, after they have been well flogged, will return to the Union like so many obedient children, O, what a delusion for men of sense to entertain!

These are the times for anti-slavery men and women to gird on the armor anew, instead of laying it aside.

Now, I find, the mail steamer has arrived, so I can neither copy nor have this letter copied; so you must take it as it is. We are all well, and have nothing particular to find fault with.

Yours, as ever,
PETER LESTER

HOW CAN YOU!

How can you reconcile it with the teaching of Scripture to call yourself a Christian and not pay your debts—or make every honest effort to pay them?

How can you call yourself a Christian and contract debts without a reasonable prospect of paying them?

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM PITTSBURGH.

Rev. and Dear Brother Weaver:—Agreeably to the promise I made you when we were last together in Pittsburgh, I take this opportunity to forward to you the following communication:

We have held our second quarterly meeting in this Conference year. It was held Sept. 28th of the past month in Wylie St. Church. We held our usual prayer meeting at 6 o'clock, A. M., which has been especially organized under a covenant to pray for the universal and ultimate liberation of the oppressed race in this the

"Land of the free and the home of the brave."

Also for the Lord of hosts, by his almighty hand, to protect the innocent everywhere. It is evident that there is a Divine power needed to destroy the Satanic impressions made upon the minds and hearts of thousands. God alone can bring about the great moral revolution that is desirable, even after Slavery is abolished, before we can have permanent and enduring peace, for he alone is the God of peace. And then we truly can "worship him under our own vine and fig tree, where none dare molest us or make us afraid," and live together as Christians and friends in this the land which the Lord our God has given us.

Brother J. Peck filled the morning appointment. He preached a very appropriate and feeling sermon. Brother S. H. Thompson, preacher in charge of our church in Allegheny city, filled the afternoon appointment. At the conclusion of his discourse, which was exceedingly interesting and applicable to the occasion, the blessed Lord's Supper was administered to a large number of communicants. There was preaching at night as usual. On the following Monday night, we held our love feast, at which there were a great many persons, as was the case on the previous Sabbath. In short, we had a glorious time, for the blessed Lord was in our midst, and there was a shout of the King in the camp.

S W.

Wylie St. Charge, Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 1st, 1862

For the Christian Recorder

WRETCHED HOME.

You have all heard and read of the miseries of the drunkard's home. A more miserable home than that had Amy. She would tremble and shrink when her quick ear caught the sound of her husband's unsteady footstep approaching the door, for she well knew that however she might try to please him, some excuse would yet be found to make her suffer. She was very lonely, too, and often thought of her dear father and mother, who were so far from her; but if she was ever tempted to wish for her, she checked the thought in a moment, saying to herself: "It is better as it is. I never could live to see her almost daily cry." But they did not then know what she could or would live through, sometimes with food and sometimes without food. So poor Amy, after receiving the most cruel beating her husband had ever given her, was pushed rudely from the door, and told never to enter it again till she could submit to his will without a word. She found her way to the house of Mrs. B., a poor neighbor, who took her in and treated her with great kindness.

"But what is the matter with you? Does Reuben treat you very badly now?"

"O, worse and worse," answered the poor woman, bursting into tears.

"Why, then, do you stay with him?"

"Many and many a time, I have taken a bundle of clothes and left the house, thinking I never would go back, but I could not make up my mind to leave, and so I always returned. He has threatened to murder me, and I never go to sleep without thinking that, perhaps, before morning, he will be the death of me."

He drank more and more deeply, till at last he was brought down to death's door by that awful scourge of the drunkard—madness. O, how the wretched man would groan with agony till crowds would collect about the house for curiosity, though few dared to enter. Four or five of the strongest men would sometimes go in and hold him. But it pleased God that he should not then really go to that place of despair. The fit passed off, leaving him very weak, and unable to stir hand or foot.

"Love your enemies; do good to them which hate you; bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." "The drunkard shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven." "The wicked shall be turned into hell."

"I am going to hell, and if any man on earth knows what the torments of hell are, I am sure I do." Jesus is willing to receive all who repent of their sins and turn to him. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be like snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Let the lovers of the drunkard look at this.

JOSEPH CLARK, *Professor.*

Salem, N. J., Sept. 25th, 1862.

THE GLORIOUS LIBERTY OF THE CHILDREN OF GOD.

1. Freedom from sin. The child of God is freed from condemnation. The sentence of the law written against him as an impenitent sinner is blotted out, and being justified by faith, he has peace with God. While sin, as a tyrant, holds us as his subjects, the law holds us as prisoners and criminals. But the grace of God which makes us his children brings us out from prison, pardons our offences, and delivers us from punishment. At the same time the child of God is set free from the dominion of sin. "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit; for the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." It is characteristic of the child of God, that he walks not after the flesh but after the Spirit. He is not strictly perfect, so that he never errs. He is still imperfect, frail in the body, and surrounded by temptations, and often has occasion to mourn his errors and offences. Still he is no longer the slave of sin. He has been redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled. He is the freed man of the Lord. Now, he is the child of God, having been adopted into God's family, having received not the spirit of bondage again to fear, but in place of it the Spirit of adoption, whereby he cries, Abba, Father.

2. It is freedom from the fear of death. A bondage to the fear of death is a common torment of our race. Men, even without religion, rise above it by various efforts, and under different influences. Patriotism, anger, recklessness, skepticism, busy occupation, may subdue it. But the child of God has a glorious deliverance from it by being lifted above it, with the assurance of a triumph over it, and the enjoyment of a grand hope beyond it. He walks by faith, seeing things invisible to mortal eyes, knowing that the light affliction of the moment is to be followed by a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. For him Death is robbed of his sting. For the "sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law." But he can say: "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

3. Again, this liberty of the Christian is liberty under law. It is not pure independence. It is not mere license. It is not putting the Christian beyond control. He is still surrounded by the sovereignty of God, and all the defences of God's holy law. As before remarked, in all God's dealings with us there is no such thing as liberty without law. We as soon think of God's abdicating his throne, as of his abolishing the law. "Do we, then, make void the law through faith? God forbid. Yea, we establish the law." It is one of the chief beauties and glories of Christian liberty that it is according to law; that it finds its highest delight and completest development in obedience to the law of God; that whilst the life of the Christian flows on like a stream gliding at its own sweet will, it also flows as by a holy instinct in channels and courses of God's appointing, and in accordance with laws of his establishing. And this leads to the remark that,

4. Christian liberty is a spontaneous obedience to God. It is a new life, the life of God's children. Children are bound to obey their parents; but the relation which they sustain to them must ever be nearer, and more ennobling and free than that of servants. That man has no correct idea of the worth, the meaning, the beauty of the parental relation, who treats his children simply as servants subject to his express will, to be used only for the furtherance of his selfish ends. God does not treat his children so, and they have [illegible] wards him simply as his servants requiring prompt, careful, a complete obedience. They are his subjects, his servants, bound to obey the slightest intimations of his will. But they are more. Christ said to his disciples, "Henceforth I call you not servants but friends, for the servant knoweth not what his master doeth." But even more than friends, they are children. They are adopted into his family. But it is even a closer relationship than that. The blood of the parent flows in the veins of the child. The child receives the nature of the parent. God imparts his Spirit to his children. They become partakers of a divine nature. In their measure they love as God does; they live out the spirit that is in them; they engage spontaneously, naturally, that is, according to their renewed nature, in his service. It is their joy, the impulse of their spiritual life, to do that which pleases God. It has come into their souls as a vital principle to glorify God and enjoy him forever; and all their living is modified and controlled by this; and their happiness is found in their completest service of God. It is natural for the light to shine, for the flower to bloom in beauty and send out its fragrance, for the bird to sing its joyousness, for the meadow to smile in rich verdure beneath the summer showers and sun, and all this is according to strict, unvarying law. So the child of God spontaneously serves him, loves to worship him, loves to help forward his cause, loves to practice holiness, not simply because God requires him to do so, but because it stirs his heart to do so; because in his [illegible] being renewed, is sanctified, governed by a holy principle. This is the highest liberty, the liberty of a sanctified nature, of a will made free in holiness. This is the liberty of the flower blooming in the garden, of the bird sweetly caroling in the tree, or winging its flight unrestrained through the air. But it is vastly more. It is the freedom of the holy angels who do God's will in heaven; there unbroken and complete, here imperfect because of the defilement of sin not at once eradicated, and the presence of temptation. For the child of God often sighs because he does that which he would not, and longs to be delivered from the body of this death. Yet it is his great joy that his heart is set to do God's will. And these unwilling aberrations, these repeated failures, while they serve to keep him humble and watchful, also serve to enhance the glory and gladness of the hour of full release, and entrance on the perfect service of God in the heavenly home.

5. For consider that this is a perpetual liberty never to be interrupted.

The children of God shall never again become the willing bond-slaves of sin, and shall attain to a perfect love and freedom from all sin, and complete satisfaction in the likeness of God. "For I am persuaded," says Paul, "that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Preserved unto the end of this life by the grace of God, his children shall all be received into his heavenly home, and there they shall be free indeed, free from all imperfection, from all sorrow, serving God gladly forever in the untarnished beauty of holiness.

6. Finally, let it be considered that this liberty is wrought out for us through suffering, and bestowed on us by the grace of God.

All redemption, all advance of human freedom, has been secured through suffering and sacrifice. Liberty has had its heroes and its martyrs, through whom its deliverances and triumphs have been achieved. Each onward step, each successive achievement, has been at the cost of human lives, of pains and agonies.

In how much higher, holier sense is this true of this glorious liberty of the children of God! It comes to us as the purchase of the self-sacrifice of the Son of God. He came down from heaven and died to redeem us. Before him all the heroism of the champions of civil freedom, all martyrdoms for humanity, pale and sink into insignificance; or, rather, they are the far-off reflections of his glory, just as all human liberty is a faint connection from that resplendent redemption which he wrought out. For this grand liberty, as for all minor blessings, we are indebted to the cross of Christ, to the grace of God which bringeth salvation. The price of this glorious liberty was the precious blood of Christ; the incarnation, and suffering, and death, of the Son of God. Let it be added here, that as civil liberty is to be preserved only by unceasing vigilance, so does the enjoyment and preservation of this boon, gift as it is of God's grace, and continued to us by his kindness, demand of us unceasing watchfulness, lest it degenerate into license, or we, being found off our guard, shall become again the captives of the devil.

Now, my friends, is not this a "glorious liberty," this liberty of the children of God? Natural liberty is freedom to act as one chooses without restraint, except from the laws of one's own being. God's natural liberty [illegible] Human liberty is the right to [illegible] opinions, and to worship God according to the dictates of conscience, and the approval of one's own [illegible] power. The liberty of God's children is a heart set free from sin, loving and practising what is right, [illegible] his friendship, and having a sure prospect of perpetual and perfect bliss in holiness. To be delivered from the condemnation of the law, and the [illegible] have the Spirit of the Lord in our hearts, and to live superior to passion, and to worldliness, and to the fear of death; with the blissful anticipation of a perfection of holiness, in which every emotion of the heart shall be right, and a happiness like to that of God himself, shall be ours perpetually—is not that a "glorious liberty," greatly to be desired for ourselves and for others?

[illegible]

THE LORD'S SUPPER

The question has sometimes occurred to my mind whether the Church has not, in a great measure, lost the distinctive characteristic idea of the Lord's Supper. What this idea is, appears in the very name of the ordinance. It is a supper; solemn, not a fast. The Lord's Supper! The thoughts naturally connected with the designation are those of gladness, of festive reunion, as of children in their father's house, when all that is beautiful and costly in the paternal treasures is brought forth to grace their welcome, and all that is asked in return is to take freely and to be happy. But do our seasons of communion resemble such a meeting? Are they not rather times of sadness and depression, if not of absolute gloom? How often, in any church we are acquainted with, would a stranger, casually entering on one of those occasions, infer from the countenances of the participants, and from the general tone of the services, that he was present at a feast? Would he not rather suppose it to be a funeral?

Among my childish reminiscences, none stands out in stronger relief than the sombre gatherings of the church with which I was earliest acquainted, to celebrate the monthly communion. The minister, a grave and godly man, wore an aspect of yet sterner solemnity than usual, as he discoursed to his flock of the duty of self-examination, and warned them of the soul-destroying sin of partaking unworthily. His prayers, the hymns he read, the tunes they were sung in, would have been perfectly in place at a burial, or on a day of humiliation for some great calamity. His selections of Scripture for the occasion were invariably those which describe the Saviour's agonies, and his remarks upon them from month to month, as I now recall them, left on my young mind only this distinct impression:—"It is our sins that killed the Lord." Of the triumphant resurrection, the ascension to the right hand of power, the reign of immortal light and glory, the living, joyful, victorious King of saints, all-loving, all-forgiving ever-present as the source of light and joy to these gatherings of his people, I remember not a word. No doubt these themes were touched on; but it was in so subordinate a way as to make no impression. A mysterious, dreary awe hung over the scene; and the sacramental symbols were not so much tokens of love and grace as bitter memorials of the sin of sins.

This picture is too darkly colored for the present day, but the general features remain the same, and the Lord's Supper is still, in most evangelical churches, distinctively a season of humiliation and sadness, not of joy. That it often proves a means of grace as thus administered, that consciences are quickened by it into a wholesome life, that hearts are melted into repentant tenderness, that it becomes the medium of sweet communion with him who gave his life for us, is not denied. But the question still remains: Is the true idea of the Lord's Supper thus actualized? Did the Lord himself so mean it? Is the benefit which we derive from the ordinance the special benefit which he intended we should receive through it? If not, we sustain a spiritual loss; we have dropped the clue which leads to a certain chamber of precious gifts in his great treasure-house; and these wanting, our casket of spiritual [illegible] one of the essential elements of health. The body cannot perform its functions rightly unless there is joy in the spirit. The child condemned by poverty and cruel usage to perpetual sadness, is a sickly and unwholesome child. The soul, in its secular and earthly relations, does nothing rightly, if under the shadow of a constant melancholy. And this is just as true as our spiritual life; if we are not joyous Christians, we are not wholesome, efficient, growing Christians. What trait of the spiritual man is more commended in the Scriptures than this of joyfulness? Its possession is not something to be left to chance. Its cultivation is an imperative duty, no more to be evaded than that of cultivating truthfulness, purity, humility or any other of the Christian graces. With what emphasis does the Apostle Paul lay down this law in the code of Christian liberty: "Rejoice in the Lord always; and again I say, rejoice!" And that this grace might bloom gloriously, and shed its crowning glow over the whole Church, the Saviour gave us, as his parting gift, this ever-recurring feast, this perpetual rehearsal of that final marriage-supper of the Lamb, when his bride, having attired herself in the white bridal garments of joy, shall go to dwell forever with her Lord. Shall she rehearse this triumphant consummation in the garments of widowhood and mourning? The solemn and pathetic memories which cluster around the rite, and which touch the deepest source of tears, are not to be forgotten, but to be transformed into thoughts of tender joy. It is a flower nourished with the tears and blood of our dearest Friend, and therefore we must weep over it; but since he is not dead, but lives and reigns in unending bliss, joy should smile like a rainbow through our tears.

Examiner.

GREATNESS OF CHRIST'S WORK.

But Christ shows himself to be a superhuman character, not in the personal traits only, exhibited in his life, but even more sublimely in the undertakings and teachings, by which he proved his Messiahship.

Consider then the reach of his undertaking; which, if he were only a man, shows him to have been the most extravagant and even wildest of all human enthusiasts. Contrary to every religious prejudice of his nation and even of his time, contrary to the comparatively narrow and exclusive religion of Moses itself, and to all his training under it, he undertakes to organise a kingdom of God, or kingdom of heaven on earth. His purpose includes a new moral creation of the race—not of the Jews only and of men proselyted to their covenant, but of the whole human race. He declared thus, at an early date in his ministry, that many shall come from the east and the west and sit down with Abraham, and Isaac and Jacob, in the kingdom of God; that the field is the world; and that God so loves the world, as to give for it his only-begotten Son. He also declared that his gospel shall be published to all nations, and gave his apostles their commission to go into all the world [illegible] creature.

Here, then, we have the grand idea of his mission—it is to new-create the human race and restore it to God, in the unity of a spiritual kingdom. And upon this single fact, Reinhard erects a comparison [illegible] between Christ and the founders, going into a formal review of all the great founders of states and most celebrated law-givers, the great heroes and defenders of nations, all the wise kings and statesmen, all the philosophers, all the [illegible] and discovering as a fact that no such thought as this, or nearly proximate to this, had ever before been taken up by any living character in history; showing also how it had happened to every other great character, however liberalized by culture, to be limited in [illegible] and set in opposition, or antagonism, more or less decidedly, to the rest of the world. But he [illegible] alone, the simple Galilean carpenter it happens otherwise; that never having seen a map of the world in his whole life, or heard the name of half the great nations on it, he undertakes, coming out of his shop, a scheme as much vaster and more difficult than that of Alexander, as it proposes more and what is more divinely human! This thought of a universal kingdom, so [illegible] spire of his day, constructed by so many ages of war and conquest, is a bauble in comparison, both as regards the extent and the cost! And yet the rustic tradesman of Galilee propounds even this for his errand, and that in a way of assurance, as simple and quiet, as if the immense reach of his plan were, in fact, a matter to him of no consideration.

Nor is this all; there is included in his plan, what, to any mere man, would be yet more remote from the possible confidence of his frailty: it is a plan as universal in time, as it is in the scope of its objects. It does not expect to be realised in a lifetime, nor even in many centuries to come. He calls it, understandingly, his grain of mustard-seed; which, however, is to grow, he declares, and overshadow the whole earth. But the courage of Jesus, counting a thousand years to be only a single day, is equal to the run of his work. He sees a rock of stability, where men see only frailty and weakness. Peter himself, the impulsive and always unreliable Peter, turns into rock and becomes a great foundation, as he looks upon him. "On this rock," he says, "I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." His expectation, too, reaches boldly out beyond his own death; that, in fact, is to be the seed of his great empire—"except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth," he says, "alone." And if we will see with what confidence and courage he adheres to his plan, when the time of his death approaches—how far he is from giving it up as lost, or as an exploded vision of his youthful enthusiasm—we have only to observe his last interview with the two sisters of Bethany, in whose hospitality he was so often comforted. When the box of precious ointment is broken upon his head, which Judas reproves as a useless expense, he discovers a zeal propriety or even prophecy, in what the woman has done, as connected with his death, now at hand. But it does not touch his courage, we perceive, or the confidence of his plan, or even cast a shade on his prospect. "Let her alone. She hath done what she could. She is come aforehand to anoint my body to the burying. Verily I say unto you wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that this woman hath done shall be told for a memorial of her." Such was the sublime confidence he had in a plan that was to run through all future ages, and would scarcely begin to show its fruit during his own lifetime.—*Dr. Bushnell.*

PASTORAL WORK IN THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

The following extract, touching the mutual duties and relations of pastor and people to the Sabbath-school, is from the inaugural sermon of the Rev. Alfred Taylor, newly installed pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Bristol, Pennsylvania.

"Our Sabbath-school claims our prayerful attention, our earnest work and toil. We must not overlook it, or think it beneath our notice. The children of to-day are the men and women of to-morrow. The babe in arms escapes our observation for awhile, and lo! he is almost a man. He is worth attending to, and training in the way in which he should go. The duty is a duty which rests upon the whole Church. Our prosperity depends much on how we bring up our children. We can train them for a useful Christianity—we can let them run loose till they become very vagabonds.

"We have now a pleasant Sabbath-school, well officered, efficiently [illegible]. But we can do more than we are doing. Our rooms are but half full. We can fill them. Let us have a live Sabbath-school. Let us compel the little ones to come to the feast spread for them. Let us add to its efficiency by adding to the number of its co-workers, and engaging in all those modern improvements which make the Sabbath-school such a fruitful nursery of Zion. I deprecate the idea, however, of turning our Sabbath-school into a menagerie, or an exhibition, as is too frequently the custom. We can interest our children in various ways, and interest our friends in their behalf, without departing from the great object for which we gather them together. The great object is to teach them the truth as it is in Jesus. It must be presented to them in the most interesting way possible, or they will not listen to a word of it. No long-winded droning to them; no tedious harangues; no cross and impatient scoldings; no bitter sarcasm mingled with the teaching of God's truth. The truth must be spoken in love to them. And, as we look for good and able officers for our army, so we want more good, really good, really able, teachers for our Sabbath-school. There is no call for the irregular teacher, who comes only when it is not convenient to stay at home; no call for the slovenly one, who is always late; no call for the heedless one, who has not his heart in his work; no call for the stupid one, who can neither take an idea himself, nor impart one to his scholars; no call for the stubborn one, who is always finding fault with the arrangements of the school.

"But there is a call for one dozen faithful, competent, punctual, cheerful-faced teachers. We want them now. I believe they are here, and are willing to enlist in this work. I want to know every teacher and every child, and I want them to know me. I want to go among them, and encourage and instruct them; and I want them to encourage and instruct me. And that we may the better work together, I propose to preach a sermon to the children on the last Sabbath afternoon in each month. Although this is for the children, I will try to make myself understood to the grown persons who may be present, and I hope to see you all here, to show your interest in the lambs of the flock, if nothing more."

DIVIDING UP A SERMON.

It has always appeared to me extremely bad policy, in any preacher who desires to keep up the interest of his congregation, to announce at the beginning of his sermon that in the first place he will do so; and in the second place, such another thing; and in the third place something else, and finally close with some practical remarks. I can say for myself, that whenever I hear any preacher say anything like that, an instant feeling of irksomeness and weariness possesses me. You cannot help thinking of the long, tiresome way that is to be got over before happily reaching the end. You check off each head of the sermon as it closes; but your relief at thinking it is done, is dashed by the thought of what a deal more is yet to come. No; the skilful preacher will not thus map out his subject, telling his hearers so exactly what a long way they have to go. He will never let them have a long look-out. Let each head of the discourse be announced as it is arrived at. People can bear one at a time, who would break down in the simultaneous prospect of three, not to say of seven or eight. And then, when the sermon is nearly done, you may, in a sentence, give a connected view of all you have said, and your skill will be shown, if people think to themselves what a long way they have been brought, without the least sense of weariness. I lately heard a sermon which was divided into seven heads. If the preacher had named them all at the beginning, the congregation would have ceased to listen, or would have listened under the oppressive thought of what a vast deal awaited them before they would be free. But each head was announced just as it was arrived at; the connection was whiled along insensibly; and the [illegible] with no sudden attention, from the first sentence to the last.

Country Parson.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
[illegible]
He knows each chord, its various tone,
Each spring—its various bias;
Then at the balance let us be mute
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
[illegible]

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, October 11, 1862.

FROM THE CHURCHES

We have received a very interesting letter from the Rev. W H Jackson, of Dublin, Ind.

Brother Jackson was moved, after a very successful year of labor on the Vincennes Circuit, to the Blue River Circuit this year, and writes that the prospects were excellent but many of the people on all that large circuit did not know that there was a paper in the connexion. No wonder the Church don't prosper. We believe that Brother and Sister Jackson will soon set them to work.

We hope that Brother H. B. Smith will keep up the interest for the Recorder that Brother and Sister Jackson kept up last year.

A FAIR FOR CONTRABANDS.

The Sabbath School of the Seventh St. Presbyterian Church, of which Rev. Mr. Gibbs is pastor, gave a fair at the Masonic Hall last week for some three afternoons and evenings. We were not present, but we understood that they realized something handsome. The good Lord bless the dear children for what they have done. The way to have good men and women, is to educate the mind properly while young, and continue to impress it on their minds until they arrive at the age of discretion.

THE CONTRABAND

The Contraband Committee are still at work while we are writing these lines. They have already sent off some two or three boxes packed as full as they could well be. We have called at Bethel Church frequently, and really it is pleasant to behold the different denominations of our people and churches all come together, sitting and standing side by side, as one man and one woman, all trying to have a part in the good work. They know no form, but all labor to promote the great cause of humanity. God, who is just and is no respecter of persons, will reward the cheerful giver. May his name ever be praised.

TAKE NOTICE AND ACT ACCORDINGLY.

We have received a number of letters from brethren, that have neither the town, state, day, nor date. Some are asking one thing, some another. We really don't know where to answer them, for there are several young men taken up this year, and old ones too, that we are not acquainted with.

BETHEL CHURCH.

Last Sabbath morning Bethel Church was filled to its utmost capacity, on the occasion of the Lord's Supper. The first Sabbath in every month generally brings a crowded house.

We were also at the Union in the afternoon with Elder Davis, and preached for him.

It would be a good thing to lecture the young men about the manner of leaving the church immediately after the sermon is over.

QUARTERLY MEETING.

The Quarterly Meeting of Rev. A. L. Stanford, Wesley Church, Hurst St., come off on the 11th and 12th inst., as was published in the last No. of the Recorder. There will be preaching three times during the day on Sabbath, and the Sacrament of the Lord will be administered at 5 o'clock. The Lord be praised, and give us a good old fashioned time

NOTICE.

The Rev. Peter Gardiner, who is on the Camden Circuit, is having a great revival. Many souls are being converted.

"Hell may rage and vent his spite,
The Lord will save His heart's delight."

SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION

The brethren of the Philadelphia District will take notice, and govern themselves accordingly by notifying the several Sabbath Schools under their jurisdiction, that, according to an act of the Conference for such a convention, Bishop Nazrey has appointed for it to meet on Wednesday, the 12th of November, in Bethel Church, Sixth Street, Philadelphia. You will find his notice in the 20th number of the Recorder.

THE PATRIOT'S HYMN BOOK.

We have just been musing on a little hymn book called "The Patriot's Hymn Book," compiled by the Rev. Andrew Manship, of this city, who is the agent of the Tract Society of this city. It is a book gotten up and compiled with much care and taste. This patriotic little hymn book is not only adapted to the soldiers of the temporal warfare, but to those of the spiritual warfare, and we don't see any reason why they might not be adopted in the Sabbath Schools. We invite all who have not made a purchase of one, to go to No. 119 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

We have also the Rev. Mr. Manship's life of thirteen years in the itinerancy. We have not had time to peruse it through, but we have read enough to be satisfied that it will pay any one to read it through. Also the Memoir of his wife Rebecca. Many thanks to you, Brother Manship.

A GRAND PRIZE CONCERT

Mr. Andw. Barris will give one of his splendid musical concerts on next Wednesday night, the 15th inst., at the Franklin Hall, in Sixth Street, below Arch. Our friend and brother, Mr. Barris, is too well known in this city and vicinity not to have a full house. Price of entrance, only twenty cents. For further information we refer you to the hand-bills.

SHAME! SHAME! SHAME!

Every day or two we hear of cowardly and most outrageous treatment of some of the most civil and best colored citizens of Philadelphia, when quietly walking along the street, by three, and four, and often more cowardly rowdies. We say cowardly, because one of them, when alone, never interferes with the colored people. And what seems to be still more strange about these attacks is, almost invariably takes place in the police district of Mayor Henry, put a stop to it by having the police to be more watchful.

THE PROCLAMATION OF THE PRESIDENT AND THE COLORED PEOPLE OF THE SOUTH

President Lincoln has declared in his proclamation, that all the bondmen shall be free on the first day of January, 1863, if those States that are now in rebellion are not represented in Congress at that time. There are many who live here in the so-called 'free North,' who are really in favor of Slavedom. They are making all kinds of capital about such a proclamation, and, of course, use every means to work upon the animal passions of those who may not understand its righteous intentions—to incense and enrage, or arouse a sense of fury and indignation against the colored people, who are the cause of all the excitement both here in the North and in the South, in relation to the slave in the South. We call attention to hear from one who was born in the South, and who has travelled considerably through the Southern States, and has a pretty fair knowledge of the dispositions and feelings of both colored and whites throughout the South:—Now to those who are trying to kindle a fire of untruthful, unrighteous, and un-God-like indignation against the poor, oppressed slaves, and are using every effort to take their spite out of the free colored people here in the North, upon the grounds that, since the proclamation of President Lincoln was issued, the slaves would raise insurrections, slay, and kill men, women, and children wherever they could find them, we would say, it is a vague idea, a false premise, and erroneous. But, of course, they would strike for freedom, as much so as the white man would, and they probably would strike down their masters rather than be bound down as slaves; but even in this case they would forbear rather than take the lives of those claiming to be their masters. They are human beings, notwithstanding the efforts that have been put forth declaring them not to be; they are possessed with instinct, rest assured of that; they know that the child can't help what the father does. Those who have read the history of the emancipation of the West India Islands, do not read of a single instance where the slave interfered with the women and children; no, not a bit of it. As bad as the slave has been treated, he would not be as brutal as some portions of the rebel army have proved themselves to be, with all their instinct and intelligence, towards white Union men, women and children. History, and history alone, will unfold the facts which now remain hidden from the public mind, with regard to their brutal conduct during the contest with Southern rebellion against the flag of this Union. From reports, which have been confirmed, the rebels, when they invaded Maryland, took a colored preacher and, without judge or jury, hung him by the neck until he was dead. The slave would not be guilty of so vile or wicked a tragedy, though they might be every way justifiable. The rebels hung that man without any cause whatever. O! thou God of heaven, how long shall these things be?

Now, let the North, if they are in favor of the Union, not stop and tremble at the proclamation, but say, like all honest and good men will say, that it is the Lord's doings, and who shall hinder it? Yes, God has looked down upon this great national sin, and is now frowning upon it, and declares His judgment upon it. He has heard the groans of His people, and has come down to deliver them. Who art thou, Lord? I am that I am. The time has come; it is written by the prophet Jeremiah. Therefore, we would say that the women and children are in a much safer condition if they by chance fall into the hands of the slave, than the women and children in the North would be if they should fall into the hands of the rebels.

One other question we will notice, and that is in the event that on the 1st day of January, 1863, this country shall break the shackles off the bondmen, the question is being asked, What are we going to do with the blacks? Many ask this question, too, that a God-fearing man would not dream of asking. As this country would grow smaller as soon as all become free. Nonsense! Why, don't every man of common sense know that, if freedom is proclaimed, there will be as much land then as now? Assuredly, yes; there would be more need of their services then, than ever, since so many thousands of men have been slain

A BAD HABIT WHICH SHOULD NOT BE TOLERATED.

There is one thing which seems to be practised among our ministers in certain localities, which we think is productive of a bad omen. Let us for a few moments examine this subject more minutely. Brother A. will, or is to have, a two days' meeting, or a quarterly meeting At this meeting there are elders, deacons preachers, and exhorters. Among these there are those who may live in and around about the city, or circuit, as it may be, and the elder in charge may call upon another elder to preach for him; he may, in fact, be a stranger, or he may be an elder who has preached for them but seldom; that elder may preach a sermon that all the audience may feel to rejoice in that God who is no respecter of persons; he takes his seat; the choir sings; the collection is taken up; after which, the elder in charge calls upon an exhorter, or preacher, and sometimes a deacon or an elder, but the latter two but seldom; this exhorter or preacher, as the case may be, follows the elder with an exhortation, and often strives to excel the elder. Nine times out of ten, the congregation grows weary, though the exhortation may be a good one, yet the congregation had become so tired sitting in one position, that many began to wish they were at home; hence what good can there be in pursuing such a course? We say, as Bishop Quinn says, "it ought not to be." But they don't often stop at one exhortation, but it frequently happens to be three or four after one man Now, on some occasions we like to hear an exhortation. We say, if brethren wish to try or put up inexperienced beginners, put them up first, and then put up an elder or deacon to close immediately after them, by timing the exhorter or preacher. To be candid about the matter, we are opposed to these lengthy exhortations in any form:—1st. Because a congregation is not always prepared for it. There is a time for all things. There are times when a congregation needs teaching—sometimes lecturing—sometimes a short exhortation, as well as practical sermonizing. But there are few times if any, when there is a need for an hour and sometimes an hour and a half sermon and then a plurality of exhortations after a sermon. We repeat that it is a very bad practice, and ought not to be tolerated. For our part, we would much rather hear a good sensible exhortation, followed by good singing then a good warm prayer, and then for the congregation to be dismissed, each one repairing to their respective homes, and prayerfully thinking over what they heard until the next hour for divine service, than to have a good sermon preached, and then followed by three or four exhortations, for it seems more like rivalry to us, or novelty, than real sound honest teaching. We heard an elder some time ago say that he preached for another elder, and felt that what he had said in God's name it was, from all appearance, joyfully received by the congregation, and after he was through, the minister in charge put up some one after him, who set some of the people to laughing, and others threw their heads down, while some got up from their seats and went off. Now, if this be true, we would ask, what good resulted from this meeting? This custom, however, is more among our people this side of the mountains than is to be found west of the mountains. My brethren, the work we are about is a great work; a work which ought to be fraught with the glory of God; and in whatever position we are put in as leaders, as a part of the work, we should act with great caution, that all things should be for the promotion and the extension of the kingdom of Almighty God here upon the earth.

Again, we as leaders and pastors, should study the best practical and experimental mode of educating the people, by which they may grow firm and stable minded—yea, with a principle of honor before God and man, for we do hold that the people, as a general thing, are governed by their leaders. Whether they are pastor of this or that church, or whether they are editor of this or that paper, the "pulpit and the press" are the two great levers, and therefore should be twin sisters.

For the Christian Recorder

OUR CHURCH AT LEE, MASS

MR. EDITOR:—Permit me, through the columns of your invaluable sheet, to present before the generous public the condition of one of our eastern churches. It will be remembered by many that, at the rise of the Annual Conference for the New England District, I was appointed to the pastoral charge of one of our churches, situated at Lee, Mass. In obedience to said appointment, I hastened to my field of labor. On arriving there, I found the church in a very bad condition, having but twenty-two or three members, and a debt pending upon them to the amount of $425.00, and this amount being already due. Prior to my reaching this place, the mortgage had already been foreclosed. I found my members much discouraged. I, like every other man of God, endeavored to do what I could to encourage them. After much persuasion, and having exhausted every other means, I consented to take a travelling tour, and try to collect whatever our sister churches were willing to give us. *This will account for my absence from my charge.* While I must admit that times are hard and money very scarce; yet I can but admit that I have been not a little encouraged to trust in God. Since I left home, I have visited several of our churches, most of which have nobly responded to my call. Perhaps it would be encouraging to some to know what sort of a spirit of liberality there is in the North. I will, therefore, mention the names of a few of our churches, stating what they have done:

A. M. E. Wesley Church, Hirst St., Phila.,	$7 25
A. M. E. Union Church, Center St., Phila.,	8 00
A. M. E. Church at Media,	15 22
" Macedonia Church at Camden, N. J.,	2 52

There are several other churches that I called on, and spent the Sabbath with them, most of which were unprepared, but did what they could. It would not justify me to mention their names at this time. There are a number of individual friends who have given me $1 each to help on the cause. I hope the good Lord will bless them all. I leave here in a few days for the city of Baltimore, which is my old home. I have many true and sincere friends there I expect to get a good collection in the old Monumental City. I need not appeal to the sympathies of our people; for they are almost universally acknowledged to be the most sympathetic people living. I hope that our friends will do what they can for us; as I shall try to visit the greater portion of our churches in Maryland. God grant that this appeal may elicit a response pregnant with sympathy and efficient help for this part of the Christian Church.

JNO. H W. BUALEY,
Preacher in charge of Church at Lee, Mass.
Phila., Oct 8th, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

SIGNS OF REPENTANCE.

It is said by the teachers of religion that the strongest evidences of repentance is an open confession of sin. The recent emancipation proclamation of the President of the United States has, if it does nothing more, brought out a confession from the leaders of the present rebellion that slavery is a terrible evil; and that they have been sinners of the deepest dye, and by-poerites the most consummate, in their endeavors to magnify the horrors of the crime of the President in the issuing of his emancipation proclamation. They show us the wickedness of the system by citing as an evidence the want of discrimination on the part of slaves if servile insurrection is allowed to break out.

First, they charge that the slaves are ferocious, and will slay old and young, men, women and children alike; and cite as an evidence Nat Turner's Insurrection, in Southampton, Va. Comparatively, we have been taught that slavery was the best condition of the African, that the slaves of the South were better off than the free negroes of the North. Who would say that the negroes of the North, in mad ferocity, would murder innocent women and children? And yet these Southern mad-men are forced to confess that slaves are not able to discriminate between right and wrong, friend or foe.

Surely the coverings of these rebels are becoming too short. They cannot hide the deformity of that wicked institution. Is it possible that in this favored, Christian land, where so much has been done for the conversion of heathens, the translation of the Bible into different tongues, the publication of tracts and all sorts of religious works for foreign reclamation, that there should be in our midst, and connected with the domestic household, those unreclaimed, possessing all the ferocity of heathen with acts standing on the statute books forbidding on pain of imprisonment and death, the teaching of these brutes' passions into the feelings of human beings? What a mockery.

REPORT ON SLAVERY

Whereas, As we humbly believe that the Ruler of battles permits reverses as well as victories, and by these defeats he is bringing this nation to the performance of its duty, not only to the country, but our enslaved brethren, therefore,

Resolved, That we, as ministers, will do all in our power to impress upon the minds of our respective congregations the importance of patiently waiting upon the Lord, believing this war is a judgment upon the American nation for its hypocrisy and God-insulting slave-holding system.

Resolved, That we discourage all attempts to the colonization of our people in Central America or elsewhere; we feel that this is our country, for it was bought with our blood, fertilized with our tears, and cultivated with our hands; hence we want to remain here until that good time comes which we trust is nigh at hand, when men shall be as brethren, and all unconditionally taste the sweets of liberty and enjoy true manhood.

Resolved, That we still believe that God has a controversy with this nation on account of our brethren; let us stand still and see God use up slavery in His own way, while our hearts shall be united in giving him praise.

After the disposition of some ordinary matters, the appointments were read, as follows:

APPOINTMENTS FOR 1862—'63.

Elmira, N. Y., Jos. H. Smith; Ithaca, N Y., John Thomas; Binghampton, N. Y., and Montrose, Pa., J. W. Logan; Syracuse and Geneva, N. Y., Bazil Mackall; Auburn, N. Y., Wm. A. Cromwell; Lockport, N Y., Wm. Sanford; Little Falls, Utica, Canjoharie, Richard T. Eastep.

Rochester Circuit: Rochester, Genessee, Bath, Corning, Dundee, Horsehead, Canandaigua, Thomas James; in his charge, Hezekiah Butler.

Johnstown Mission. Johnstown, Fonda, Gloversville, Schoharie, Amsterdam, Watertown, George Bosley; in his charge, Isaac Stewart.

The next Conference will meet in Binghampton, the first Saturday in September, 1863.

The business of the Conference being finished, a vote of thanks was tendered the superintendent, for the able manner he had conducted the Conference; to the congregation, for their liberality; and the friends, for their kind hospitality.

The superintendent then delivered his valedictory address, and closed the Conference with singing and prayer, after an agreeable session of nine days.

S. M. G.

CORRECTION

MR. EDITOR:—In the article headed the Genesee Annual Conference, published September 27th, I find a mistake. It reads: "The Superintendent then celebrated the Conference." It should have been: "The Superintendent then addressed the Conference."

For the Christian Recorder.

GARRISON JAMES.

A eulogy was delivered on the life, character, and death of Garrison James, from Psalm xxiii 4, in the A. M. E. Union Church, on the 30th of September, 1862.

Garrison James was born in Philadelphia on the 23d of January, in the year 1812. He was married, in 1841, in Philadelphia. He embraced religion in the second year of his marriage, and he joined the above named church shortly after, where he continued a faithful and a worthy member while he lived. He was a Trustee in his church for some nine years, and the Treasurer for four years. He was a punctual business man in his church.

Brother James was taken in his death sickness about the first of May, 1862, and lingered nearly five months; during which time he bore his affliction with great Christian fortitude. On the 26th of September, 1862, in the morning, he called his beloved wife to him, and said: "Lizzie, I am going to leave you, and don't you weep a tear for me for it is all well with me, and the good Lord will take care of you." At about fifteen minutes before 12 o'clock, the same day, he departed this life in full hope of a better resurrection, aged 50 years 8 months and 7 days.

"Mark the perfect man and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."

Rev. H. NEY DAVIS, Asst.

For the Christian Recorder.

OBITUARY.

Departed this life, Sept. 23d, 1862, Henrietta Constable, aged 65 years. She was born in Maryland, and formerly a resident of Baltimore. For many years she was a faithful member of Sharp St. M. E Church. After removing West, she joined the African M. E. Church. She suffered with the asthma and dropsy for about six months, and bore her afflictions with much patience. She was resigned and waiting long for her change to come; and whenever interrogated, she could always give her ministers and members a cheerful answer concerning the hope within her. She loved to talk about the Saviour, and expressed a desire to depart and be with him, which she thought far better. She was removed from Louisville to New Albany during the excitement ordering women and children to leave. There she died and was buried.

"Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low,
Thou no more will join our number;
Thou no more our songs shall know."

W. H. G.

Louisville, Sept. 29th, 1862.

DIED.

The friends of Sister H. Constable, an old resident of Baltimore, will regret to hear of her death. She is the mother-in-law of Brother William Gibson, of Louisville, Ky

NOTICE

TO THE DISTRICTS OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW ENGLAND, OHIO, INDIANA, AND MISSOURI, OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH MINISTERS.

Dear Brethren:—As we have a number of superannuated ministers on the list in said Districts, therefore it will be expected that the ministers and preachers, on their circuits and stations, will do all they can to collect the *two cent money;* and we also recommend that the Class leaders be instructed to collect and set the amount on the Class book opposite each member's name, as also all the collections called, per Discipline, for the Annual Conference, and publish the same once every quarter, that it may be seen who they are that work for God and his cause. We think it is time to give credit to those of our people who do work, so that God's name may be glorified.

THE TRIAL OF FREE LABOR.

It seems strange that additional evidence should be required of the ability and willingness of the colored race to labor without the smart of the lash, after the abundant evidence to the contrary since their emancipation in the West Indies, and their colonization in Liberia. Such, however, is the fact, and it is but another proof of the blindness of prejudice that some editors are conjuring up all manner of imaginable consequences which are to result from the idleness of emancipated slaves, while in the very same articles they object to such emancipation because their labor will come in competition with the free labor of the North?

Happily for our country, however, this great problem is now being wrought out before the nation; and in addition to the official despatches of General Saxton to the Government, the most abundant and satisfactory evidence to the ability of the freedman to labor, is furnished by the letters of numerous correspondents to the leading journals of the land. It may suit certain lewd fellows of the baser sort, like Bennett, of the New York *Herald*, and kindred sheets to tamper and pervert the facts of history; but the truth on this subject is becoming so palpable that it can no longer be set aside nor its force be evaded.

Out of a number of late letters bearing on this important question, we select the following from an exchange, from a gentleman who has had the most ample opportunities to form a correct judgment on the facts which have been brought out in the experience of the past nine months. They will be of special interest to the Christian and the patriot, in view of the recent proclamation by the President, and the probable emancipation by it of several millions of colored men in the Rebel States:

Beaufort, S. C., Sep. 10, 1862.

SIR:—There is no phase of the present war which has attracted more of the attention of those who look beyond the incidents of battles, sieges, retreats and victories, than the probable success or failure of the experiment of free-labor as attempted on the sea-islands of South Carolina. If 15,000 *freed men* are found to have no insane desire to overrun the North, but, on the contrary, are found to evince the strongest attachment to the place of their birth; if 15,000 freed men working on these plantations with no other stimulus than that common to mankind since Adam was condemned to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, can produce a cotton crop, why may not three or four million similarly circumstanced do as well? The experiment has been tried and hundreds of fields and thousands of acres whitened by the king of staples attest its success.

During this week I have ridden over several plantations on St. Helena and Ladies' Island to witness the process of cotton picking. The plants are opening rapidly now, though the crop is generally backward on account of the late planting. For the first time in South Carolina can now be witnessed thousands of men, women and children rapidly filling their bags with the snow product without the hitherto indispensable motive power of the lash!

Many circumstances have conspired to prevent the production of a large crop of cotton. One of them is found in the very large number of the best hands being withdrawn from the plantation to work in the quartermaster's department at Hilton Head and Beaufort. The value of the labor performed by them cannot be estimated in dollars and cents, when it is remembered that it would otherwise have fallen to the lot of our Pennsylvania and Connecticut soldiers, who would have sunk by hundreds under such drudgery in this climate. Gen. Hunter's regiment of South Carolina Volunteers drew off another thousand of prime field hands, now returned to the plantations to find the crops planted by them in the spring overrun by weeds and lost by neglect. Still another loss was experienced in the evacuation of Edisto Island, which was the richest in the quality of land and quantity of crops of any island in the department. Twelve hundred people were thus added to the population of the remaining islands at a time when their industry could not be available. It is hoped that before the crops planted there are lost we may be able to return and gather them. Above all, the sense of insecurity, so fatal to business activity everywhere, has regarded labor here It is difficult to plan broadly for next year or next month when there is no certainty of being here to-morrow.

The total number of effective plantation hands on Port Royal St. Helena, and Ladies' Islands is about 3,250; non effective (including children, old and infirm,) is about 3,600. The ground cultivated in—

Corn,	6,444	Peas, beans, etc.,	360
Potatoes,	1,407	Cotton,	3,294

A little calculation will show that enough food has been produced to support the workers, and a cotton crop estimated to be worth about half a million dollars in addition.

Before closing this subject let me say a word of the conduct of these ignorant people, during their transition period from chattelism to manhood. I believe I express the opinion of both friends and foes of emancipation when I say it has been admirable. The same patience exhibited under the oppression of former masters has been shown under the frequent insults and wrongs of a portion of the soldiers. Their respectful demeanor towards white persons has been preserved, notwithstanding the privileges of freedom accorded to them. The crops on the plantations, and the records of the Quartermaster's Department, prove them not to be lazy. The judicious manner in which they spend their earning proves them not to be thriftless. The experiment thus far has justified the sanguine expectations of their friends, and rebuked the calumnies of their enemies.

I am, sir, with great respect, yours,
J. G. T.
Lutheran and Missionary.

THE CATHOLIC RELIGION IN AUSTRIA

Churches are very numerous in Austria. In the course of a ten miles' ride in the country, you will see as many as twenty. They are all very neat little buildings with white walls and tinned or gilded spires. They all have bells and an organ, with four or more altars, emblems and ceilings painted in the fresco, tesselated floors, pictures and statues. There is one series of pictures to be seen in every church—sometimes of large size, sometimes miniatures. The first of these series represents Christ condemned to death by Pilate. Then we have Christ going to execution bearing his cross. Then he falls under the weight of it. Next, some charitable persons come to his aid, and help to carry it. Afterwards we have him ascending Mt. Calvary. Then he is stripped and bound. Then we have him stretched on the cross, with a thief crucified on either side, and the women weeping. Finally, we have the taking down from the cross and the entombment.

In the cities the churches are very numerous and splendid They have two, three, or four towers, with clocks and chimes of bells, which are very musical. Generally they have a dome over the central part. In fact they are all of the one model, that of St Peter's at Rome They are in the form of a cross—the long part constituting the nave, divided into several aisles by rows of tall pillars of marble, black, white, or variegated, which support the roof; the roof being elegantly painted in fresco, and the flour of splendid mosaic. Sometimes, when these pillars are of inferior material, they are covered with crimson damask. The dead are buried in the churches In the cathedral at Trieste lie buried Don Carlos and his two sons. His widow still resides in Trieste. Two sisters of Louis XVIII. were formerly buried here; but after the restoration their bodies were removed, the King making a very handsome present to the church. About the church are stone basins for holy water, into which the worshippers dip their fingers and then wet their foreheads and cross themselves. Also baptismal fonts, some of them very highly ornamented. The dead body is carried in procession in sumptuous coffins, with wreaths of flowers and white drapery for the young; the poorer class have the coffins painted sky-blue. I have never seen a Catholic marriage. Baptisms may be seen at any time.

The ornamentation of the altars descends to the minutest particulars. In the cathedral at Trieste upon one of the altars is a complete puppet show of the Nativity: Christ in the crib of the stable, the oxen eating out of it; his mother in the straw, the shepherds coming to announce the singing of the angels; and the wise men of the east, who had followed the star to Bethlehem, presenting their gifts. Whether the figures can be made to move by a wire I do not know, but that is probable, as that is usually the way with puppet shows. There are also little images, in white wax, of bishops, the Virgin Mary, Moses, oxen, cows, sheep, and smoking lambs placed on the altars, which are also ornamented with artificial flowers which can hardly be distinguished from the real ones. The priest, in consecrating the mass, stands with his back to the audience. He kneels and bows many times. Books are brought to him, by little boys in white robes, on cushions, out of which he reads, but not in an audible voice. He partakes both of the wafer and the wine; he also puts a wafer into the worshipper's mouth. There are several organs, each with its choir, in each church, and their singing and responses are very fine The worshippers have prayer-books; but the Bible, except in Latin, is not allowed.

New York Independent.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The following is the substance of Dr. Morgan's report to the late General Assembly of the church in Ireland, upon their Foreign Missions.

"In the last report of this mission its general features, illustrative of its past history and its present condition, were mainly dwelt upon The object of the present report shall be to put the Assembly in possession of the actual operations carried on at each of the stations, so far as they are known, and as the space allotted to such a record will admit. It is natural to advert to these stations in the order of their occupation by the missionaries of the Assembly.

"RAJKOTE.—This was the earliest station of the mission. It was selected because it is central, and is the principal military depot in Gujarat. Since the Indian mutiny, however, it has undergone changes. The number of troops stationed there is not so great as formerly. Yet it is still a place of importance, and there is no reason to regret the location of our mission there, or to contemplate a removal from it. The mission premises are good and convenient, and its connexion with European society, as well as with a heathen population, requires that there shall be no diminution of the labor that has been bestowed upon it. The following reports of correspondence will sufficiently explain the condition of the mission there. Mr. M'Kee writes on the fifth of October last:—'On the 23d, 24th, and 25th of September we had a public examination of our schools. One hundred and fifty were examined in the common elements of secular instruction, and at length in Scripture truth. The political agent and several officers were present on the second day and took part in the examination. A class of very little boys, though as yet unable to read or write, excited a good deal of interest. These form our infant school They are taught in very simple rhyme, moral maxims and Gospel truths, as also mental arithmetic, and elementary catechism My senior class of twenty-six boys gave much satisfaction. They were examined in geography, writing, reading, doctrinal catechism, but especially on the New Testament, with the truths it contains they are strikingly familiar. Their answers on the doctrines, miracles, and parables of Christ, and the great end of his mission, gave much satisfaction. My morning exercise has uniformly been teaching these lads the truth, and I have ever endeavored to address myself both to the understanding and the heart. May the Spirit of God water His own Word!' It is painful to have to add that the state of Mr. and Mrs. M'Kee's health has latterly very much hindered his labors at Rajkote. He has been compelled to leave it for a time and seek restoration to health by a visit to the hills that are the resort of invalids He has been urged by medical counsel to return to his native land, but he has refused to do so while there is any hope of his being enabled to resume his labors. The directors have fully considered his case and authorized him to act as he shall think proper, or be advised by his brethren of the Presbytery. His conduct has been more than satisfactory; it has been zealous and self-sacrificing. He has commanded the esteem, and affection, and gratitude of all who know him and his work. He has proved himself a most faithful missionary of the Lord Jesus Christ and of His Church. And our earnest prayer is, that he may yet be enabled, according to his own longing desire, fully to resume his labors in his chosen and beloved field of this mission.

"GOGO.—This is the next station in the order of occupation. It has been served throughout the year by the unbroken labors of Mr. Wallace. All the accustomed labors have been prosecuted with the usual diligence and success. The native Church consists of 14 members, and there are 170 children under Christian instruction. Our missionary has had great help in these young men who have been under his care for a considerable time, and who are prosecuting their education under his superintendence in the hope of being qualified for usefulness among their own countrymen.

"SURAT.—It is known that our mission was undertaken in this station at the request of the London Missionary Society, and through an arrangement entered into with them to that effect. It is a position of great importance and influence. It is an ancient and populous city. It has recently been connected with Bombay by a railroad, or is on the eve of being so. Then that railroad on the other side of the city goes on toward Borsad and Ahmedabad, and will eventually be carried Northward as far as Agra; whence it is expected that it may traverse the land to the Eastern coast of Hindostan, and have its terminus at Calcutta. Such a pathway in the East is of incalculable moment. It will create a new era in agriculture and commerce, and develop the resources of the country as they have never been before. What a call there is thus presented to us to occupy the field for Christian influence! The leading cities, such as Surat and Ahmedabad, by the way ought to be strongly occupied. We are happy to say our mission is strong and prosperous in the former. It has been sustained throughout the year chiefly by the labors of Dr. Glasgow and Mr. Montgomery; but others have given occasional help. Mr. M'Kee rendered most valuable service by putting the press into thorough working order. Before leaving this country, on his late visit to it, he got himself instructed in the management of the press by the kind offices of one of our Belfast houses, and he has turned his knowledge to good account in Surat before he settled in Rajkote. Mr. Taylor also has been there recently, and while taking advantage of the press in the publication of a work on education, has made himself otherwise most useful. A very satisfactory report has been furnished by Mr. Montgomery, and it will be the best to give it in his own words. He says:—

"'Through God's great goodness we have been spared to send you another annual report from this station. All the agents of the mission at Surat have enjoyed uninterrupted good health during the year, and opportunity to labor unremittingly in the Lord's work. For our day thus lengthened out we thank the God of our health, and we ask you to unite with us in blessing His name. The works with which we are endeavoring to occupy the "day" thus vouchsafed to us may be learned from the following particulars:—

"'THE PRESS.—The press has been very efficiently managed during the year. The new superintendent continues to discharge his duties in a very satisfactory manner. I never saw our press nearly so efficient as it is now. The printing of the revised version of the Gujarati Old Testament has been completed; and the binding of it is now going on under the superintendence of one of our young men who spent four years at the Government Press at Bombay, in connexion with its binding. We hope to commence immediately the printing of 5,000 copies of the New Testament in large type, with a view to facilitate the study of the word of God by imperfect or dim-sighted readers.

"'SCHOOLS.—The number of our schools at present is 7. The number of children is—boys, 434; girls, 29; total, 463—with an average daily attendance of 322. Are we not entitled to more aid in this work?"

"ROMAN.—Mr. Taylor continues to occupy this station with much encouragement and success. While he gives his attention principally to Borsad as the place of his residence, however, he does not confine his labors to it. Jambusir and Dewan are in his neighborhood, and he superintends native teachers who are located there. At Borsad the church built by the generosity of Major Wallace, and for which he received the thanks of the Assembly, is completed; but there is one thing in connexion with this station to which, from its high importance, our attention must be confined. It is an extension of the spirit already noticed in the neighborhood of Gogo, whereby the inhabitants of a neighboring village of their own accord sought for Christian instruction.

DEATH OF BISHOP MEADE, OF VIRGINIA.

We have already noticed the death of this eminent Bishop, who expired at Richmond, on the 14th of March. The *Episcopal Recorder*, of Philadelphia, has just come into possession of a number of *The Southern Churchman*, published at Richmond, containing the address of Bishop Johns at the funeral. The latter speaks of the deceased as "he who, more than any other man, was honored as the instrument in raising the Church in Virginia from what was pronounced hopeless extinction." Alluding to the Bishop's condition a day or two previous to his death, he says:

The chronic affection of the heart, of which for years he was conscious, and from which he long expected sudden death, now developed itself in fearful action. For several days and nights his manly frame bore the assault with extraordinary powers of endurance, and his Christian spirit, strengthened by the Word of God, sustained his great bodily suffering with exemplary patience. "Read me," he said to a friend, "a portion of the sacred Scriptures." "What shall I read?" "The history of the crucifixion." And when this was done he observed, "Yes, six hours did our Lord suffer the intense agony of the cross, and that for us—for our sins—and shall we complain of our sufferings?"

At another time, to one of his respected Presbyters, who was at his bedside taking leave of him, he thus closed his solemn counsel:

Speak boldly to your people Tell them to persevere in sustaining their country in this struggle. The war against us is iniquitous. I am persuaded that God is with us, and will give us success.

On Thursday morning, the day before his death, he requested others who were present to retire, that he might communicate something to me (Bishop Johns, his assistant in the Diocese of Virginia,) in private. When we were alone, he said:

I wish to bear my testimony on some things of importance. The views of evangelical truth and order which I have held and advocated for fifty years, I approve; and exhort my brethren, North and South, to promote more than ever. My course in civil affairs I also approve, resistance to secession at first, till circumstances made it unavoidable. I trust the South will persevere in separation. I believe there are thousands in the North who condemn the course of their administration towards us, and in time will express themselves openly The prospect of rest from sin and suffering is attractive, though I am willing to remain and take my part in the labors and trials which may be before us. My hope is in Christ, "the Rock of Ages." I have no fear of death, and this not from my courage, but from my faith. The present seems a proper time for my departure. I am at peace with God through Jesus Christ my Lord, and in charity with all men, even our bitterest enemies. All that has ever been said in commendation of me, I loathe and abhor, as utterly inconsistent with my consciousness of sin. I commend you, and all my brethren to the tender mercies of Christ, and pray for his blessing on the Church in Virginia.

MISSIONARIES COMPARATIVELY SAFE.

God's providence is the surest protection of his servants. Rev. Dr. Turner, author of *Nineteen Years in Polynesia*, said, when speaking, in a lecture at Glasgow, Scotland, of the few violent deaths connected with the missions in the South Sea Islands compared with others, that two hundred and sixty persons in search of sandal wood, had been killed during the last thirty years, while of one hundred and twenty missionaries, who had labored there the last twenty years, only Williams and Harris and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon had been killed. The missionaries had already rescued 250,000 from savageism. How small a sacrifice to secure such results!

NEWS FROM DR. LIVINGSTONE.

The well-known African explorer, in a recent letter from the interior of Africa, remarks that Africa is a continent of the future. It is impossible to resist its capabilities. It is pre-eminently a young country, for there the plant is perennial, and requires little of that heart-breaking toil re

FRANCE A LAND OF LAW.

Whatever France may have gained or lost in exchanging a Republic for an Empire, she certainly presents to-day a rare exemplification of complete—perhaps excessive—government. We entered Paris on the 26th of July at midnight, and although that is scarcely too late for the busy life of Parisian life, we were surprised at the universal order that seemed everywhere to prevail.

Whatever orgies may have been in progress within that vast and densely populated area, were at least conducted in an outwardly quiet manner And the explanation was clearly enough seen in the ubiquitous though silent tread of the armed garded police, and when we wheeled into the splendid Rue de Rivoli and confronted the Imperial Guards that stood like statues at every gate and corner of the Palace, there came over us in its strength and fulness the impression that we were in an Empire—a land whose power is the sword, and whose sceptre is the outward symbol of one stern and unflinching will.

This minute extension of power and this close surveillance may not be of necessity irksome to the subject. Its contact with the people is so skilfully managed as scarcely to be felt; or even remembered by the loyal; but it is there, and is prepared to exert itself sternly at any moment Monarchy, in these latter days, has learned to draw its strong cords very deliately

There is nothing of the savage and insulting display of personal superiority and dominion so common among the despots of the past The feeling of self-respect, and so far as may be, even the sense of pride in the subject, is treated with consideration. In France especially Imperial power aims to be imposing and yet unobtrusive; to be everywhere felt, and yet unfelt It is a lion asleep, and yet by no means asleep. Care is taken to please the people and to thoroughly unite their interests with that of the Empire. Whether the monarch is first or the people, is a question which is not named in France, but every energy of the profoundest statesmanship is employed to render each great in the greatness of the other. The same splendid edifices that are covered with "N's," are also objects of pride to the humblest citizen, and whatever renders France the most glorious of Empires, at the same time proves each individual Frenchman, in his own eyes at least, the most glorious type of a man. The Imperial decrees which have filled Paris with magnificent monuments to the present reign, are therefore called "public benefactions"—works which Napoleon has done *for the city*, and in a sense they are such, though the merit of favors is always less obvious where the recipient is compelled, *nolens volens*, to foot the bill. Still the masses, so long as the supply of bread is continued, take all for good, and rejoice in the great Babylon, whoever built it. The national band enter the gardens of the Tuileries and the Palais Royals every day at 4 o'clock P M, to play for the people who gather round them by thousands; for the work of the Frenchman is finished at this hour, and he has only to enjoy his late dinner and the various diversions of the evening —*Evangelist.*

HOW TO SETTLE THE SECESSION DIFFICULTIES IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

What we expect from the coming General Convention, is the enactment of a canon something like that which we sketched two weeks since, viz.: *That when in any Diocese the ecclesiastical authorities have testified their withdrawal from the jurisdiction of the General Convention of the Episcopal Church in the United States, it shall be lawful for the Presiding Bishop to extend Episcopal supervision to any clergy and congregations desiring the same in such Diocese, in the same effect as if said clergy and congregations were in the Presiding Bishop's particular Diocese.*

By this process, our Church will be rescued from the stigma and the disastrous consequences of disloyalty in such Dioceses; the loyal clergy within their borders be enabled to continue in their old allegiance, both secular and ecclesiastical, without danger of discipline, and the moral support given by Southern Episcopacy to secession broken.

If the next Convention does not act in the matter, it will be too late. The canons of Virginia, and we presume of all the Southern Dioceses, treat as contumacious all ministers who do not, within a specified period, report to their ecclesiastical authorities. If they continue contumacious they are suspended or deposed. Unless we, in the mean time, establish new and loyal authorities for the loyal clergymen of the South, they will be either forced into ecclesiastical secessionism, or placed under disabilities which it will be then out of our power to relieve. For, as our canons now stand, our whole loyal Church cannot remove the disciplne which a secession Bishop and court may be pleased to inflict on any loyal minister within their diocesan borders.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

BRIEF REMARKS.

A "United States convention of Universalists" lately assembled in Chicago, and continued its sessions for some days. Their object—at least one of their objects, seemed to be to reader themselves a "power" in the "church;" for they claim to be a branch of the church. They deliberated about colleges, and Sabbath schools, and talked about the "gospel" "So abominably they aped" a Christian convention.

Now, it is well known that I am not one of those, who think that the first and great duty of the faithful Christian is to strengthen and build higher the walls of separation between the different denominations of evangelical Christians. To say no more, I believe this to be bad policy: for the higher these walls are, the sooner they will begin to totter and tumble down, as two or three of them have done within my remembrance. I believe that Christians should delight to meditate more, and talk with one another more, on the great, precious and vital truths on which all denominations of evangelical Christians substantially agree, than on those points about which they differ, important as some of them may be in their own place. A man may be faithful to the particular church to which he belongs, and to all her distinguishing principles which are of any practical moment, and still not sit on the top of the wall which surrounds her, with his bow and quiver, ready to let fly an arrow against every one he sees outside, unless he humbly craves admission from the keepers of the gate. Furthermore, I believe with John Newton that the best way to keep an enemy from filling a bushel with tares is to endeavor to be beforehand with him and fill it with good seed This, if the Apostle is correctly interpreted, in what he chiefly means by contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. In these views, I have no doubt I will be sustained by at least nine-tenths of my brethren in moments of sober reflection.

But, I feel it to be my duty to say that Universalism is simply infidelity in disguise. The claim of Universalists to be recognised as a branch of the visible church of Christ, I can by no means admit. Its leaders say that a declared infidel is regarded with distrust—that the more sober sort even of irreligious men were shy of open, professed infidels. Therefore they saw that their only hope of success in their endeavors to propagate their principles, was in professing a regard for the teaching of the Scriptures, calling themselves by the name of Christians, and talking about the "gospel."

Though entitled to our commiseration and good will as our erring, deluded fellow-creatures, and to our kind offices as neighbors and friends in society at large, they have no claim on us to recognise them as brethren in Christ

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TRUTH is an anvil which has broken many a hammer

Domestic Items.

Honor the Brave.—We saw a Methodist preacher in the forty-dozen of the Fire Railroad, foot of Chambers street rose up when he saw a Union soldier enter the house with his wife beside him, and their babe in his arms. Forty-one men, two ladies, a soldier and wife, and the following conversation ensued. Preacher to the soldier: "Where are you from?" "From Bedloe's Island, sir; I'm there among the sick soldiers, though I am very much improved; was sunstruck, and had my back injured from carrying loads of ammunition during the six days' fight in Virginia." "Where did you come from?" "Delaware did you say?" "Yes, sir, and my wife here has come all the way to see me, with our little baby." (There were some most eyes then more than loved them, outside of two.) "Do you know Dr. Harris out there?" "Oh! yes," said both man and wife, "we know Professor Harris and all the Professors; Dr. Thomson married us in his own house." "Well," speaking to the soldier, "going home with your wife?" "Oh! no, only came to the ferry, got to go back right away." "Not going over the ferry to see her on the car?" "No sir, they won't allow that, I must now go back to the Island, get well, and go back to my regiment." "Well, I'll take the babe for you, and see your wife in the cars." "Thank you, sir;" and they all stepped along to the gang plank, where the soldier kissed his wife and babe, perhaps for the last time. The lookers-on were all-kind, but all had to move along, and we rather envied the Methodist preacher whose privilege it was to carry the baby and wait upon the soldier's wife.—*The Methodist.*

The Coinage and the Scarcity of Specie.—It will be seen by the following table that, although specie is so scarce, the amount of gold coined at the Mint in September was more than the monthly average since January 1st:—

	Gold Coinage.	Silver Coinage.	Copper Coinage.
January,	$118 100	$124,411	$12 000
February,	80,319	117,930	10,000
March,	171,317	90,000	11,000
April,	162,671	2?,?05	10 000
May,	174,164	20,634	10,000
June,	268,266	42,000	15,000
July,	167,995	16,499	30,000
August,	440,322	22 481	21 000
September,	410,906	18,045	28,000

High Prices.—In order that our readers may be better informed in the current articles of home consumption as compared with the rates at the time of last year, we have prepared the following statement:

	Cost on Oct. 1st. 1861	Cost on Oct. 1st. 1862.
Brown sheeting,	6½c. ₱ yard.	10c ₱ yard
Prints, calicoes, &c.,	6½c ₱ yard.	13½c ₱ yard.
Bleached muslins,	6½c ₱ yard.	13½c ₱ yard.
Canton flannels,	10c ₱ yard.	18c ₱ yard.
CLOTHING.		
Doeskins,	125c ₱ yard.	25c ₱ yard
Brown jeans,	25 ₱ yard	37½c ₱ yard
Tweeds,	$1.50 ₱ yard.	$2.50 ₱ yard.
GROCERIES.		
Oolong Tea,	60c ₱ lb.	80c ₱ lb.
Young Hyson Tea,	60c ₱ lb.	80 cents ₱ lb.
Oregon Tea,	50c ₱ lb.	60c ₱ lb.
Gunpowder Tea,	60c ₱ lb.	80c ₱ lb.
Imperial Tea,	60c ₱ lb.	80c ₱ lb.
Cube Sugar,	12c ₱ lb.	20c ₱ lb.
Porto Rico Sugar,	9½c ₱ lb.	20c ₱ lb.
Lagunyra Coffee,	16 cents ₱ lb.	25c ₱ lb.
Rio Coffee,	13½c ₱ lb.	20c ₱ lb.
Porto Rico Molasses,	40c ₱ gal.	65c ₱ gal.
Salt,	$2.50 ₱ sack.	$4.50 ₱ sack.
Nutmegs,	60c ₱ lb.	75c ₱ lb.
Pepper,	18c ₱ lb.	30c ₱ lb.
Allspice,	12c ₱ lb.	20c ₱ lb.
Cinnamon,	75c ₱ lb.	90c ₱ lb.
RAW COTTON, &c.		
Cotton Laps,	16c ₱ lb.	40c ₱ lb.
Wadding,	16c ₱ lb.	20c ₱ lb.
Carpet Chain,	22c ₱ lb.	40c ₱ lb.
Lamp Wick,	20c ₱ lb.	40c ₱ lb.
Oatmeal,	4c ₱ lb.	7c ₱ lb.
Dried Cloths, Cassimeres, &c., have increased from 10 to 12 ₱ cent.		
DRUGS.		
Camphor,	50c ₱ lb.	$1.50 ₱ lb.
Opium,	$4.75 do.	$7 00 do.
Gum Shellac,	30c. do.	75c. do.
Borax,	18c. do.	30c. do.
Cream Tartar,	30c do.	60c. do.
Indigo,	$1 00 do.	$2.00 do.
Rhubarb,	50c. do.	$1.50 do.
Red Senna,	15c do.	$1.00 do.
Pink Root,	15c. do.	25c. do.
Virginia Snake Root,	25c do.	40 cents do.
Tartaric Acid,	50c do.	75c do.
Sulphur,	4½c do.	9½c do.
Sulphate Quinine,	$1 00 ₱ oz.	$2.00 ₱ oz.
PAINTS.		
Manuf. Cerussite,	10c ₱ lb.	20c ₱ lb.
Sugars	12c ₱ lb.	25c ₱ lb.

Mme Demorest, of 473 Broadway, has recently introduced a very small and efficient sewing-machine that makes the running-stitch exactly like hand-sewing. It uses a common needle, sews very rapidly, and is so easily understood that a child cannot fail to use it with advantage. It is so diminutive that it can be carried about without inconvenience, even in the pocket, and is attached to the table like a sewing-head, and sold at only $6. Every lady can now have a sewing-machine, and those who have one already, will find this one a valuable auxiliary on account of the running-stitch.

Maps—We have just received a copy of Lloyd's New County Colored Map of the United States, Canadas and New Brunswick, engraved on steel in the highest style of art, from actual surveys up to July, 1862. This is certainly the finest and most accurate map we have ever seen. And the price is so low that it is within the reach of every one. The map can be folded without creasing, put up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail at a cost of 54 cents.

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Rebel Loss Since Leaving Richmond. Sixty Thousand.—An officer in Washington has stated that he had heard from General Lee the acknowledgment that, since their advance upon General Pope at the Rapidan, in all their battles at Manassas and Bull Run, before Washington, and in the several engagements in Maryland, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and from sickness caused by marching and other causes, and by desertion, their army had suffered a reduction of 60,000 men.

They have undoubtedly lost much from desertion and sickness, and, in consideration of the immense number of stragglers, I think these numbers are not beyond what is credible.

Grand Review of the Troops by President Lincoln and General McClellan.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Friday, October 3.

The President, accompanied by General McClellan, has to-day reviewed the several corps of the Army of the Potomac, beginning with General Burnside, which is located near the mouth of the Antietam, and concluding with that of General Franklin, at Boonsville, and embracing those of Porter and Banks.

At each point the people collected in large numbers, and manifested the greatest enthusiasm towards both the President and General McClellan. The prevailing spirit of loyalty was clearly inherited by the greetings which on every hand were showered upon these distinguished personages.

The President, after visiting General Richardson, who lies wounded near by, in the morning, will be escorted to Frederick, where he will take a special train for Washington.

The Torn Flag.—In the battle of Antietam the regimental colors of Massachusetts 19th were literally cut into ribbons by the storm of the enemy's shot. It happened the next day that the wreck of this gallant regiment, bearing this honorable remnant of their banner, marched by General McClellan. The General and his staff uncovered their heads—a token of respect for the tattered flag—as it passed them, a recognition of their trophy which was welcomed by the men with enthusiastic cheers.

Sigel—The *New York Post* of last evening says: "A letter from Gen. Sigel's command, received in the city to-day, confirms the statements which have already been published concerning the condition of that corps. General Sigel's cavalry are without horses, and nearly destitute of officers or arms. Many of his troops have been taken from him, and some of them sent to Western Virginia, and his repeated calls for reinforcements have elicited no response. An earnest appeal is made for new recruits to bring up the several regiments of the corps, and it is understood that active efforts will be put forth in the city to meet this call."

The President's Proclamation in the South—The Richmond *Whig*, speaking of President Lincoln's proclamation, says it ordains servile insurrection in the Confederate States, and is and unconstitutional, either North or South. It is a stab at the pen to destroy four thousand millions of our property, and is as much as a bid for the slaves to rise in insurrection, with assurance of aid from the whole military and naval power of the United States. It speaks of the cruelty in the Administration, and says Butler is a saint when compared with his master. Our military operations are henceforth to assume a very grave character. The [illegible] will [illegible] all terms between us. The next campaign will be a tremendous one, both for the magnitude and character of the hostilities. Let our authorities prepare the [illegible] The enemy is making great preparations, as well as issuing foolish proclamations. We must respond with equal energy. If we do not we shall be lost. But we will do it.

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heat, and declaring that as it is levelled against the citizens of the Confederate States, it is "a gross violation of the usages of civilized warfare, an outrage on the rights of private property, and an invitation to an atrocious servile war, and therefore should be held up to the execration of mankind, and counteracted by such severe retaliatory measures as in the judgment of the President may be best calculated to secure its withdrawal or arrest its execution." After some debate, during which the immediate raising of the "black flag" was [illegible] the matter was referred to the Judiciary Committee.

From McClellan's Army.

General McClellan's Headquarters, October 5, 1862.

A company of the 54th Pennsylvania Regiment, who were guarding the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad bridge at Pawpaw, about half way between Hancock and Cumberland, were yesterday attacked by a rebel force, and all taken prisoners. At the same time a cavalry force under Col. McReynolds captured the encampment of the rebels, and brought away two pieces of artillery, ten wagons, and sixty horses and mules.

A strong cavalry force under Gen. Averill has been sent in pursuit of the rebel force.

HARPER'S FERRY, OCT. 3.

The Railroad bridge was completed yesterday, and trains of cars passed over it into Harper's Ferry to-day with troops and munitions of war, and army stores. The Winchester road is being put in order, and trains will run at once to and beyond Bolivar Heights.

The President spent the day in reviewing the different divisions of the troops, after a long consultation in the morning with General McClellan. A strong advance will undoubtedly be made into Virginia—but whether it will be by way of Harper's Ferry, or over the Williamsport ford, no one has the slightest idea.

A large body of the enemy are still at Falling Waters and Bunker's Hill, in the rear of Martensburg, whilst a few regiments are at Charlestown, their pickets meeting those of General Sumner about three miles this side of that place. The fortifications on the Maryland Heights are being strengthened, so as to make the place truly impregnable in case of a reverse, and also to enable the holding of Harper's Ferry with but a small force.

The guns being mounted there will command both Maryland and Bolivar Heights, and can be swung around so as to be brought to bear on the approaches to Solomon's Gap, in the direction of Antietam Valley.

Kentucky.—The army of Kentucky has been thoroughly reorganized and strengthened, and now consists of three heavy corps of 25 roads, respectively, under command of Gens. McCook, Crittenden, and Gilbert, the whole commanded by Gen. George W. Morgan, the distinguished officer who captured the Cumberland Gap and held it for more than four months, although at one time entirely surrounded by the enemy. Major-General Don Carlos Buell has been relieved of command in Kentucky, and ordered to report himself at Indianapolis to take charge of the camp of instruction near that city, and to attend to the reorganization and disposition of paroled prisoners. Gen. Buell has evidently failed as a general field officer. He has always stood very high, however, as a tactician, and, although an admirable adjutant, he has failed to display the qualities usually found in a great general in any of his movements.

The Monitor.—The arrival of the United States iron-clad gunboat Monitor at Washington has been the cause of many persons originating silly rumors about the powerful engine of naval warfare which we deem it our duty to correct. The reasons why the Monitor is now at Washington, are as follows:—During her last engagement with the Merrimac, in moving about, she broke some of her propelling machinery, which was only temporarily repaired at Fortress Monroe, in order that she might accompany the Galena and Naugatuck up the James river. Her ventilation is not as good as it should be, and the vessel wants housing in some parts. The "Monitor" has been under steam and on duty incessantly for more than six months, and the "wear and tear" on her inner works has been considerable. A shot from the Merrimac, an "11-inch solid Dahlgren," knocked off a portion of the edge-plating near the bow. She greatly needs cleansing and oiling up on every part, and in view of all this, and the fact that the Young Merrimac is not coming down from Richmond for some time to come, the Monitor has come to Washington to rest her officers and crew, and obtain some repairs. The turret of the Monitor was severely tested by the Merrimac, and guns at Drury's Bluff, but she seems to be perfectly invulnerable to any ordinance now used by mankind. The New Ironsides and Galena take her place at Newport News, and await the coming down of the young Merrimac.

Despatch from General Halleck to General McClellan.

WASHINGTON, September 30, 1862.

Major General McClellan, Commanding the Army of the Potomac:

General—Your report of yesterday giving the results of the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, has been received and submitted to the President.

Those were hard-fought battles, but well-earned and decided victories. The valor and endurance of your army in the several conflicts which terminated in the expulsion of the enemy from the loyal State of Maryland, are creditable alike to the troops and to the officers who commanded them. A grateful country, while mourning the lamented dead, will not be unmindful of the honors due the living.

(Signed) H. W. HALLECK, General in Chief.

Rebels Preparing to Retreat.—My informant states that for ten days the rebels have been sending back their sick and wounded up the Shenandoah Valley towards Staunton. Baggage wagons have been passing continually filled with them.

The Confederates have also been sending back cannon during all that time. My informant states that no one has any idea that the rebels will make a stand Conversing with a rebel officer, he said, "Don't you see your army is all demoralized—you can't fight again." The answer was a confession of their deplorable condition, but an assurance that they could and would fight, though just now it was not appearing when. So impressed with the disorganization of their army is our informant, that he believes it will be impossible for them to do anything hereafter. His great reliance is that the Government, not appreciating the desperateness of their case, may be inclined to accept terms of peace far more favorable for the rebels than we are able to impose upon them.

The Rebels at Winchester.—WASHINGTON, October 3, 1862.—A letter from Sharpsburg, dated last night, and received here to-day, states that there are decided indications that the enemy is fortifying Winchester and Martinsburg, and seem determined on holding themselves in a defensive position. Another reconnoissance had shown that the rebels had left their dead unburied on the field after the late skirmishes. News from the front to-day represents nothing of special interest.

Garibaldi's Army Tendered to the United States.—New York, October 4th.—R. A. Wilkens, of this city, has received a letter from an officer of Garibaldi's army, tendering the services of from four to six thousand veteran soldiers and two hundred officers, to fight for the Union, and asking if the State of New York would engage them. They can arrive in New York fully equipped, and will have no difficulty in leaving Italy, as they have taken no part in the late demonstration.

The Cartel of Exchange.

First—An equitable exchange of prisoners, man for man, officer for officer, or officers of higher grade exchanged for officers of lower grade, or for privates, according to the scale of equivalents.

Second—That privates and officers, and men of different services may be exchanged according to the same scale of equivalents.

Third—That all prisoners, of whatever arm of service, are to be exchanged or paroled in ten days from the time of their capture, if it be practicable to transfer them to their own lines in that time—if not, so soon after as practicable.

Fourth—That no officer, soldier or employee in the service of either party is to be considered as exchanged or absolved from his parole until he equivalent has actually reached the lines of his friends.

Fifth—That the parole forbids the performance of field, garrison, police, or guard, or constable duty.

JOHN A. DIX,
Major-General U. S. Army.
D. H. HILL,
Major-General C. S. Army.

The War in Kentucky—The Masterly Retreat of General Morgan.

Cincinnati, October 4th.—A despatch from Captain Hauser, of the Thirty-third Indiana Regiment, dated Greensburgh, Kentucky, the 3d inst., says: "General George W. Morgan arrived with his whole command at Greensburgh this evening. He brought all his trains and artillery with him. His men are in fine health, notwithstanding the many hardships they have undergone in their march from Cumberland Gap.

The Great Victory at Corinth. Miss.—Official Despatches of General Grant

Yesterday, the rebels, under Van Dorn, Price, and [illegible] were repulsed from their attack on Corinth with great slaughter. The enemy are in full retreat, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. Reconnoissances [illegible] The enemy is making great preparations, as well as issuing foolish proclamations. We must respond with equal energy. If we do not we shall be lost. But we will do it.

Emancipation and the Rebel Congress.—The [illegible] 20th ultimo, as we learn from the Richmond Whig. Mr. Benjamin, of Louisiana, submitted a joint resolution embodying the declaration of the Proclamation, that [illegible]

seven hundred to one thousand prisoners, besides the wounded, are left in our hands.

(SECOND DESPATCH.)

General Ord, who followed General Hurlburt, and took command, met the enemy to-day on the Hatchie River, as I understand from his despatch, and drove them across the stream and got possession of the heights with our troops. General Ord took two batteries and about two hundred prisoners. A large portion of Gen. Rosecrans's forces were at *Chewalla*. At this distance everything looks favorable, and I cannot see how the enemy are to escape without losing everything but their small arms. I have strained everything to take into the fight an adequate force, and to get them to the right place.

U. S. GRANT,
Major General Commanding.

Letter from General McClellan—The Valor of Pennsylvania Acknowledged.

(From the Harrisburg Telegraph, Oct. 2)

The following letter will explain itself. As part of the history of the rebellion, it deserves to be printed wherever there is a man who went forth at the summons of Gov. Curtin to rally on the border for the defence of the Common wealth from invasion.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, SHARPSBURG, Sept. 27, 1862.

GOVERNOR: I beg to avail myself of almost the first moment I have had since the general battles, to tender to you my thanks for your wise and energetic action in calling out the militia of Pennsylvania for its defence, when threatened by a numerous and victorious army of the enemy. Fortunately circumstances rendered it impossible for the enemy to set foot upon the soil of Pennsylvania, but the moral support rendered to my army by your action, was none the less mighty. In the name of my army and for myself, I again tender to you our acknowledgments for your patriotic course; the manner in which the people of Pennsylvania responded to your call and hastened to the defence of their frontier, no doubt exercised a great influence upon the enemy.

I am, very respectfully, and cheerfully yours,
GEO. B. MCCLELLAN,
Major-General.

His Excellency A. G. CURTIN, Governor of Penna.

The Social, Civil, and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Pennsylvania open a subscription list to aid the freed men at Port Royal and other points where they may be located, and respectfully ask the co-operation of the colored citizens and others in this city, or elsewhere, in money or clothing.

Any amount of value received will be acknowledged, with the name of the donor, in the *Recorder*, where a constant record will be kept.

Subscriptions may be sent to Jacob C. White, at the office of the Lebanon Cemetery, 711 Lombard Street, and also to William Still, 107 North Fifth Street, and to Rev. E. Weaver, 619 Pine Street.

PAID.

Statistical Society,	$50 00
Clayton Miller,	2 00
William Still,	5 00
Robert Adger,	1 00
Henry Minturn,	2 00
Catherine Johnson,	2 00
Wm Lewis,	2 00
Wm Wormley,	1 00
Harriet Shorter,	1 00
Sarah S. Hawkins,	1 00
Rev. Jonathan C. Gibbs,	1 00
James P. [illegible]	2 00
Benjamin F. Hall,	2 00
S. M. S.,	1 00
Elizabeth Gordon,	1 00
P. J. Dreer,	1 00

It affords us pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of ten dollars, the proceeds of Miss Anna E. Dickinson's lecture at Concert Hall for the contrabands, contributed to the S. C. and Statistical Association, to be applied as intended.

WM. STILL,
Cor. Sec. of S., C. and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Penna.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MRS. MARTHA COLLINS.

730 Russell Street, above Fitzwater.

Begs leave to inform her friends and the public generally, that she has opened an INFANT SCHOOL for Boys and Girls, to whom she will pay special attention in teaching the primary departments of Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, also Singing, upon the most reasonable and accommodating terms. She does not hesitate to say that she will be able to please all who may give her a trial.

MRS. S. SHORTER HAWKINS'

DRY GOODS, HOSIERRY, AND TRIMMING STORE,

No. 615 LOMBARD STREET, PHILADELPHIA

Mrs H calls the attention of her friends and patrons to a new stock of Fall and Winter Goods, consisting of Delaines, Calicoes, Flannels, Muslins, Drills, Shawls, Removal, and Hoop-Skirts

N B Regalia and Dress Trimmings still on hand. All will be sold as near the old prices as possible. Call and see.

PERRY & FITZGERALD'S

PROCESS FOR MAKING LIGHT, NUTRITIOUS, AND UNADULTERATED BREAD, WITHOUT FERMENTATION.

The new process of bread-making, patented by Perry & Fitzgerald, removes all the obstacles which have hitherto rendered it impossible to manufacture perfectly pure, sweet, and nutritious bread. The entire process is performed by mechanical means, and is eminently cleanly

The process consists in mixing the flour in a closed vessel, and the application of pure carbonic gas under pressure, by which the dough mass is made thoroughly light and ready to be discharged into pans, for baking, in the brief space of fifteen or twenty minutes. The discharge is speedy, the vessels, and each machine requires the operation, in all its details, from the putting in of the flour to the discharging of the dough, from twenty five to forty minutes.

The invention of Perry & Fitzgerald effects a revolution in the preparation of bread, by establishing a system of wholesome manufacture not subject to the vicissitudes and evils of fermentation, but exact and certain in its results:—1. Because, by the substitution of mechanical for manual labor, and in the superior value of the article produced it promises large profits upon the capital employed. 2. Because such employment of capital, as well as the protection afforded by the patent, gives adequate security against competition. But whilst preventing undue competition it produces none of the evils of a monopoly, because it leaves the consumer at all times in possession of his former means of supply, to be resorted to, should the monopoly ever use improperly.

The applied carbonic acid gas, under pressure, to a mechanically kneaded dough-mass, as in the inventions of Perry & Fitzgerald, did not occur to Dr. Liebig though he seems to have had a clear & reckoning of the importance of the artificial use of the gas since he states, hypothetically, that "if water, highly impregnated with carbonic acid gas, be used for kneading the dough the resulting bread will be somewhat spongy. Could a light article," he continues, "be produced in this way, then, as the sugar would remain undecomposed, the bread would be so much the sweeter and more nourishing."

What to Dr. Liebig, as a scientific theorist, was a comprehended chemical truth, has been practically developed by the brilliant invention of Perry & Fitzgerald. Precisely still hold their masses in grateful remembrance, as can any one who has ever tasted Liebig's [illegible]

ITS SUPERIORITY. The superiority of unfermented bread is by no means new. Dr. Cullen, who wrote more than seventy years ago, says—

"In Scotland, nine tenths of the lower class of people, and that in the greater part of the whole, live upon unfermented bread, and unfermented farinaceous in other forms, and there are not a more healthy people anywhere to be found. In the course of fifty years, that I have practised among them, I have had occasion to know this, and have hardly met with a disease, of any consequence, that I could impute to the use of unfermented farinacea."

At a later period Professor Thompson, of Glasgow, in his work on the "Food of Animals," after alluding to the facts collected in above by Dr. Cullen, and other kindred facts, observes—

"Such, then, being sufficient evidence in favor of the wholesomeness of unfermented bread, it becomes important to discover in what respects it differs from fermented bread. The result gained by this process (fermentation) may be considered to be merely the dispersion of the particles of which the loaf is composed, so as to render the mass more readily divisible by the proper(illegible) organs of digestion. But, as this object is gained at a less cost by the [illegible] are [illegible] it becomes a matter of interest to ascertain the amount of the loss sustained in the process."

The result of Professor Thompson's experiments showed a difference in favor of unfermented bread of nearly seven per cent over that made by the ordinary process. In other words, there was a loss of over one eleventh of the nutritive properties of the flour which, by the process of fermentation was driven into the air and lost.

We propose now to show particularly and clearly [illegible] of the Bread made without fermentation [illegible] agents, over the Bread made by these processes. Although it is [illegible] that has already been said, the superiority appears in so many [illegible] contrast, put the public still in better position to have the points stated specifically, for it only needs that the advantages secured by this method be clearly understood in order to its universal introduction in the manufacture of Bread.

I. ITS CLEANLINESS.—Instead of the dough being mixed by the naked hands or *feet* the bread, from the wetting of the flour to the completion of the baking, is not, and cannot even be touched by any one. "One desideratum attained in its manufacture," says Dr. Wardsworth, "is the entire cleanliness." Says Dr. Wardsworth: "The process is not only purely scientific, but pre-eminently cleanly."

II. ITS PRESERVATION OF ALL THE NUTRIENT PRINCIPLES OF THE FLOUR.—As the raising of the dough is by the mechanical introduction of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure, in a closed vessel or receiver it takes a perfect yeast-like or spongy texture. All the constituents of the flour remain wholly undisturbed, while the process of raising bread by fermentation inevitably sacrifices some of them, as has been already shown

III. ITS UNIFORM CHARACTER.—Bread made by the New Process is uniformly light, sweet, and nutritious The conditions being simple, and not liable to variation, a uniform result is always produced, even in the hottest weather Says the London Observer—"The objectionable consequences of fermentation being avoided, the constituents of the flour are not [illegible] and unchanged, the resulting loaf being absolutely pure."

A SERMON
ON
SECRET SOCIETIES.

Preached in Portland, Oregon, October 21, 1862. By Rev. P. B. Chamberlain, pastor of the First Congregational Church. Third edition. Price 10 cents.—$1.00 per dozen. $7 00 per 100. Will be sent by mail, on receipt of the money and direction. Wm. S. Young, No 702 Race street, Philadelphia

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Advertisements.

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 10th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

From Garnet Union No 4, D. of T. from Phœnix Union, No [illegible], D of T., from Northern Union, No 10, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Dr. Rose' Union of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union No 19 D of T from Vanbrunt's Union No 15, D. of T., of Norristown, Pa

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:

Grand P., Sister Bennet, Grand Associate Sister Burrin, Grand Treasurer, Sister Lawrett, Grand Conductress, C Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. L. Dunnett, Grand Chaplain, Elder Hall.

G P. F.,	Sister E. Roberts,	G. P. P	Sister Anderson,
"	" E. Bowers,	"	" J F Black,
"	" M H Newby,	"	" E. A Grant,
"	" S Nyeap,	"	" White,
"	" S. Davis,	"	" S Hall.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY

The STATED QUARTERLY MEETIN

SONG OF THE RIVER.

Clear and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shingle and foaming weir,
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle and foaming weir,
Under the crag where the eagle sings,
And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings;
Undefiled, for the undefiled,
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child!

Dank and foul, dank and foul,
By the smoke-grimed town in its murky cowl;
Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf and sewer and slimy bank;
Darker and darker, the farther I go,
Baser and baser, the richer I grow;
Who dare sport with the sin-defiled?
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child!

Strong and free, strong and free,
The flood-gates are open away to the sea,
Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my stream as I hurry along
To the golden sands and the leaping bar,
And the tameless tide that will not be char.
As I lose myself in the infinite main,
As a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again,
Undefiled, for the undefiled,
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child!

—Charles Kingsley.

TO COLUMBUS DYING.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY W. H. FURNESS.

Soon with thee will all be over,
Soon the voyage will be begun,
Which shall bear thee to discover,
Far away, a land unknown.

Land which each alone must visit,
But no tidings bear to men,
For no sailor once departed
Ever hath returned again.

No carved wood, nor broken branches,
Ever drift from that far wild,
He who on that ocean launches
Meets no curse of angel child.

All is mystery before thee,
But in peace, and love, and faith,
And with hope attended, sail'st thou
Off upon the ship of death.

Undismay'd, my noble sailor,
Spread thee, spread thy canvass out,
Spurt, on a sea of ether,
Soon shalt thou serenely float.

Where the deeps no plummet soundeth,
Fear no hidden breakers there;
And the fanning wings of angels
Shall thy bark right onward bear.

Quit now, full of heart and comfort,
These Azores, they are of earth;
Where the rosy clouds are parting,
There the blessed isles loom forth.

Heest thou now thy San Salvador?
Him, thy Saviour, thou shalt hail;
Where no storms of earth can reach thee,
Where thy hopes shall no more fail.

THE YOUNG VOLUNTEER.

"If you were only a Christian, Albert, I would not oppose your enlistment; but how can I send you to the army, with the knowledge that if you fall, you lose your soul and body both?"

"I don't mean to get killed, father; but if I do, my patriotism, like charity, will cover a multitude of sins."

"Do not trifle, Albert; impenitence is not a slight stain, to be easily effaced by some praiseworthy deed. True, patriotism is a duty as well as repentance; but a duty performed, will not atone for, or excuse a sin committed. Only give yourself to God, my son, and I will heartily give you to your country."

"Father, I cannot stop to get religion now. I am bound to see my country pulled through the straits in which she is labouring; but if you will let me go to the army, I promise to become a Christian as soon as I come back."

The father hesitated—and thought—and finally answered, "go."

"It is not because of your promise, Albert," he added, "though I doubt not you are sincere in making it, yet I know better than you how little likely you are to fulfil it. But I fear that in withholding you from the call of your country until you become pious, seems to be *making terms with God*. I feel that the patriot's call is truly a voice from heaven, and as such I will yield you to it, and trust the Lord to prepare you for whatever he is preparing for you. Only remember, my son, that one who once declined the gospel message with a promise of attending to it at "a more convenient season," was never afterwards known to hear or receive it."

Albert Johnson went from his father's presence with an arrow in his heart. So long as his parents opposed his enlistment, even under the plea of his want of preparation for the terrible contingencies of war, he thought them obstinate, and possibly insincere. But when his father, struggling between a parent's love and a Christian's duty, submitted to the call of Providence, and sent him forth to acknowledged danger and possible death, with only his simple trust in God to stay his breaking heart, Albert felt, as he never had before, the sacredness of God's claims, and the worth of an immortal soul.

He went to Camp L——, and diligently performed the various military evolutions required of him. But through the busy day and the quiet night the thought of a higher and holier duty pressed upon his heart. In vain did he seek to quiet conscience with the promise which he had offered to his father. "He would not accept it," said Albert to himself, "and how much more will God, who requires my heart now, frown upon my dismissing his claims with the promise of obedience in future—that future which, in the just exercise of his sovereignty, he may never give me. Oh, to be a Christian now—to live as a child of God, loving and trusting the Saviour in life or in death—to fight the battles of the Lord in my own heart, amidst a sinful world, and against my country's foes—this, this is what I want." And falling on his knees, he offered that simple petition never rejected when it is the voice of a penitent and trusting soul, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Henceforth, Albert Johnson served his country as unto the Lord—and his father had the unspeakable joy of believing that God had thus rewarded his struggling faith when he gave his son as a volunteer.—*Congregationalist.*

GRAY SQUIRREL

The gray squirrel is one of the most beautiful and graceful of the inhabitants of our forests, in which it generally makes its home, hardly ever venturing from them, unless occasionally, when the Indian corn is ripe, it enters the fields to add a little to its winter store of nuts; the amount which it pilfers could hardly be missed, however, unless the field should happen to be in or near the woods.

It prefers forests of chestnuts or oaks, in which its winter store can be readily collected. The first heavy frost is the signal for this work to commence, and the dropping of the chestnuts and acorns which the frost has loosened, accompanied by the rustling of the squirrel through the newly-fallen leaves as it gathers the nuts together, and carefully deposits them in hollow trees and crevices of rocks, or buries them in some secure place beneath the leaves, are the sounds most intimately connected with our woods in the autumn season.

The summer nest is built in some tall tree, at the junction of several limbs with the trunk. It is composed of sticks and leaves, and is lined with soft grass and ferns; in this the young are reared, and live with the female till they are old enough to shift for themselves. At the approach of winter, some hollow in a tree is selected, sometimes the abandoned nest of a woodpecker, in which a warm nest is built, composed of grass and soft leaves; this is the winter home of usually the whole family. In early spring the young are driven off by the old ones, who soon build the summer nest, in which to rear another family. The young, after being driven off, soon pair, and in their turn become heads of families.

The habits of this animal are very interesting. You may be walking through the woods, and shortly you hear what you at first think to be the barking of a small dog; on listening, you discover your mistake; the abrupt notes you *can*, with chattering guttural additions, proceed from the tall tree a few rods from you; you cautiously steal on tip-toe to the fruit of the tree, but do not see the animal, even after looking carefully on every side. You know the little fellow is there, for he could not possibly have got out of the tree unless you had seen him. Now, if you go close to the tree, and step quickly to the other side, you will see him whisk suddenly to the opposite side from you, where he is now closely hugging the tree, and perfectly motionless; your interest has now become awakened, you are curious to see more of him; very well, you must retire a few rods, and remain perfectly still. You had better take a comfortable seat, for he will not move while you are near the tree. Presently you see his head, with its bright, lively eyes, slowly moving around to the side where you are; this is the first reconnoitering movement. If you remain perfectly still, he will soon take his position on a limb, where, jerking his tail, and flaunting it in conscious security, he gives vent to his satisfaction at your removal in a series of chattering barks, which are answered, perhaps, by other squirrels that you had no thought were in the neighbourhood; soon one of them, with a challenging bark or chatter, chases another, and shortly three or four of them are scampering about, running through the fallen leaves, and up and down the trees in high sport; presently one of them, in escaping from the others, comes suddenly near you; with a shrill whistle of astonishment he scampers up the nearest tree, and is soon as effectually concealed as all the others were the instant he gave the alarm. You may as well retire now, for you will see nothing more of them; as long as you remain near, they will not budge a foot.

MYSTIC MEMORY.

In February, 1828, Sir Walter Scott was breaking himself down by over-hard literary work, and had really fallen to some extent out of health. On the 17th he enters in his Diary, that, on the preceding day at dinner, although in company with two or three beloved old friends, he was strangely haunted by what he would call "the sense of pre-existence;" namely, a confused idea that nothing that passed was said for the first time—that the same topics had been discussed, and the same persons had stated the same opinions on them. The sensation, he adds, "was so strong as to resemble what is called *mirage* in the desert, or a calenture on board of ship, when lakes are seen in the desert, and sylvan landscapes in the sea. . . . . There was a vile sense of want of reality in all that I did and said."

This experience of Scott is one which has often been felt, and often commented on by authors, by Scott himself amongst others. In his novel of *Guy Mannering*, he represents his hero Bertram as returning to what was, unknown to him, his native castle, after an absence from childhood, and thus musing on his sensations: "Why is it that some scenes awaken thoughts which belong, as it were, to dreams of early and shadowy recollection, such as my old Brahmin Moonshie would have ascribed to a state of previous existence? How often do we find ourselves in society which we have never before met, and yet feel impressed with a mysterious and ill-defined consciousness that neither the scene, the speakers, nor the subject, are entirely new; nay, feel as if we could anticipate that part of the conversation which has not yet taken place." Warren and Bulwer Lytton make similar remarks in their novels, and Tennyson adverts to the sensation in a beautiful sonnet:

"As when with downcast eyes we muse and brood,
And ebb into a former life or seem
To lapse far back in a confused dream
To states of mystical similitude,
If one but speaks, or hems, or stirs his chair,
Ever the wonder waxeth more and more,
So that we say, All this hath been before
All this hath been, I know not when or where.
So, friend, when first I looked upon your face,
Our thoughts gave answer each to each, so true
Opposed mirrors each reflecting each—
All-ignorant of what is yet in place, time, or place.
Methought that I had often met with you,
And each had lived in the other's mind and speech."

TALKS ABOUT HEALTH.

BY DIO LEWIS, M. D.

Eating Too Much.

Ten persons die prematurely of too much food where one dies of drink. Thousands eat themselves into fever, bowel disease, dyspepsia, throat affections, and other maladies

Some years ago the residents of a German city were one morning wild with excitement. Everybody was *poisoned*. The doctors were flying in every direction. Water was the only thing they had swallowed in common. The reservoir was examined. In one corner a paper of deadly poison was found.

The stomach is the reservoir which supplies the whole body. A fever, an inflammation, or some other malady appears. Look to the reservoir. There you will find the source of the disease.

I am acquainted with the table habits of a large number of persons. They have all eaten too much food. Nearly all, too much in quantity, but all have eaten food too highly concentrated. Yesterday, I saw a dyspeptic friend eating pears at a fruit-stand. He said, with a smile, "I go a few Bartletts half a dozen times a day." Certain dietetic reformers seem to think if they eat coarse bread and ripe fruits, a peck is all right. Fine flour bread, pies and cakes are great evils.

A friend, who has decayed teeth, dyspepsia, torpidity of liver, and a disagreeable eruption—all produced by excessive eating of improper food, declared, in response to my remonstrance, "But I never eat more than I want." Every person wants the quantity he is in the habit of eating. If he could digest well two pounds a day, but eat four pounds, he wants the latter quantity. A man may want a glass of spirits on rising. He is in the habit of drinking at that time.

The body is strengthened by what it can digest and assimilate. Every ounce more than this is mischievous. The large eater is always hungry. The man who eats just enough suffers little from hunger.

Pardon a word of my own experience. During many years' practice of my profession, I had but little muscular exercise. I ate enormously. An hour's postponement of my dinner was painful. Now I labor very hard several hours a day in my gymnasium. I do not eat more than a third the quantity of former years. Now I can omit a dinner altogether without inconvenience. I have lost twenty pounds in weight, but feel a great deal younger. (More than half of the thin people would gain flesh by eating less.) I have only one dietetic rule, kind reader, I commend to you. Always take on your plate, *before you begin*, everything you are to eat. Thus you avoid the dessert and are pretty sure not to eat too much. This simple rule has been worth thousands to me.—*Independent.*

PREACHING AND PRACTICE.

Dr. Channing had a brother, a physician, and at one time they both lived in Boston. One day, a countryman in search of the "divine," knocked at the "doctor's" door, when the following dialogue ensued:

"Does Dr. Channing live here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can I see him?"

"I am he."

"Who—you?"

"Yes, sir."

"You must have altered considerably since I heard you preach."

"Oh, I see your mistake now. It's my brother who *preaches*. I *practise*."

"THAT IS MA'S."

Lieut De Kay was dying in New Orleans, of his wound received in capturing that city. He had before him a Bible, which his mother had given him. He was reading, or rather gazing at some lines written by her in the fly leaves. He was asked what it was that pleased him. He pointed to the lines written in pencil: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, for he shall sustain thee." Many recollections seemed to flash over his mind, but he remarked only, "That is ma's."

Many, many a mother has blessed her dying son with her handwriting in his Bible.

TRICKS OF ANIMALS.

In breaking or managing a horse, however intractable or stubborn his temper may be, preserve your own. Almost every fault the brute has, rises from ignorance. Be patient with him; teach and cure him, and success in time is certain. There are tricks, however, which are the result of confirmed habit or viciousness, and these sometimes require a different treatment. A horse accustomed to starting and running away, may be effectually cured by putting him to the top of his speed on such occasions, and running him till pretty thoroughly exhausted. A horse that had a trick of pulling his bridle and breaking it, was at last reduced to better habits by tying him tightly to a stake driven on the bank of a deep stream, with his tail pointing to the water. He commenced pulling at the halter, which suddenly parted; over the bank he tumbled, and, after a somerset or two, and floundering awhile in the water, he was satisfied to remain at his post in future, and break no more bridles. A ram has been cured of butting at every thing and every body, by placing an unresisting effigy in a similar position. The sudden assault on a wintry day then resulted in tumbling his ramship into a cold bath, which his improved manners took good care to avoid in future. A sheep-killing dog has been made too much ashamed ever again to look a sheep in the face, by tying his hind leg to a stout ram, at the top of a hill, while the flock were quietly feeding at the bottom. The ram being free, and in haste to rejoin his friends, tumbled and thumped Master Tray so sadly over the stones and gullies, that he was quite satisfied to confine himself to cooked mutton thereafter. Man's reason was given him to control "the beasts of the field, and birds of the air," by other means than force. If he will bring this into play, he will have no difficulty in meeting and overcoming every emergency of perverse instinct or habit in the dumb things, by his superior cunning.—*American Agriculturist.*

ALLIGATORS TO BE TURNED TO ACCOUNT.

A recent author says that the time is not far distant when alligators will be called upon to discharge their obligations to society, and that the business of catching them will afford another chance for profitable industry. Oil of a very fine quality can be obtained from the alligators, and it is considered most valuable for scalds, burns, and rheumatism. Excellent saddles, and beautiful boots and shoes have been made out of their tanned skins. Their hard, white, and polished teeth may be used for a variety of purposes; while under the fore fins there is an odoriferous substance resembling musk, and which it is supposed can be employed as a substitute for that expensive article

SELECTED RECIPES.

Buns.—Use cup of butter, one of sugar, half a cup of yeast, half a pint of milk; make it stiff with flour; add allspice and nutmeg.

Baked Rice Pudding.—Two cups of rice, two quarts of milk, half a cup of sugar, a large teaspoonful of salt; bake it two hours; serve it up with butter.

Fruit Rice Pudding.—Swell the rice with milk over the fire, then mix fruit of any kind with it—currants, gooseberries, or quartered apples; put one egg in to bind the rice, boil it well, and serve it with sugar and butter, beat together, with nutmeg, or mace.

Batter Pudding.—A pint of milk, four eggs, made thick with flour, a little thicker than cream. Boil it one hour, serve it up with sauce made of flour and water, butter, sugar, a little vinegar, or tart with spice to your taste.

Pudding Sauce.—One pint of sugar, one table spoonful of vinegar, a piece of butter the size of an egg, boil fifteen minutes, add one table spoonful of rose water, a little nutmeg, boil it, with the sugar, in nearly a pint of water, and a large table-spoonful of flour.

To Boil a Ham.—Put a ham in the boiler, whilst the water is cold; be careful that it boils slowly. A ham of twenty pounds takes four hours and a half, larger and smaller in proportion. Keep the water well skimmed. A green ham wants no soaking; but an old one must be soaked sixteen hours, in a large tub of soft water.

Bird's Nest Sago Pudding.—Soak half a pint of sago in three pints of water, stirring it occasionally, until it is uniformly swelled. Pare and core ten or twelve apples; fill the holes in the centre, and put them, without piling them one over another, in a pudding dish so that the sago will just cover them. The sago may then be poured on, and the pudding baked, until the apples are soft—very nice for dyspeptics.

MANUFACTURING IN LEEDS.

Your readers all know that Leeds is a large manufacturing town in Yorkshire. But they are not all aware (at least I was not till I came here and saw with my own eyes) on what an enormous scale manufactures are carried on here, and how rapid the growth of the town has been of late years. The population is about two hundred thousand. The town stands upon the edge of the great midland coal-field of Yorkshire and Derbyshire, and this is doubtless the great cause of its manufacturing importance. The coal is, as usual, accompanied by iron ores; and those about Leeds are said to be among the best in England. Quarries of excellent building-stone and flagging abound in the immediate vicinity, as do different varieties of clay, for brick and pottery-ware. All the elements of a great manufacturing industry are thus gathered about the spot. The river Ayr, which passes through the town, affords water-power, and is also navigable up to the town, affording communication with the Humber. Canals communicate with the Mersey and the Ouse, thus reaching both eastern and western seaports. The most important point of all is, that Leeds is the greatest railway centre in England, next to Manchester. The town has been noted for six hundred years for its manufacture of woollen cloths, and up to a recent period this was almost its only branch of industry. To day, Leeds is perhaps the greatest emporium for cloth in the civilized world; in its spacious "cloth-halls" every variety of goods is exhibited, and purchasers are gathered there from all parts of the earth. There are over a hundred woollen factories, with nearly a thousand power looms, one hundred and twenty thousand spindles, and about twelve thousand factory hands. There are fifty or more factories in worsted, flax and hair, employing also about twelve thousand hands. More flax work is turned out here than at any other place except Belfast. The flax mills of the Messrs Marshall cover several acres of ground.

Within the present century the iron manufacture, in its various branches, has risen to proportions almost rivalling those of woollen goods in Leeds. The factories for locomotives and machinery employ over ten thousand hands. Glass works, tanneries, and chemical works are carried on upon a vast scale. What one would least expect in such a place to the *tobacco* manufacture, but there are nine large establishments devoted to it, using up a quarter of a million pounds of tobacco annually.

As you would naturally suppose, Leeds is not a very beautiful or attractive town. The smoke of its countless chimneys overhangs the city over like a pall; and when the sun makes his strongest efforts, but a few pale and sickly gleams reach the busy denizens of this hive of industry. Nor are the factory operatives pleasant to look at. I took part in a central spot among the factories at noon yesterday, to watch the work people coming out to dinner. At the stroke of the bell they began to pour forth, and in a few minutes hundreds had passed me; men and women, boys and girls, generally lively and cheerful enough, but squalid and filthy to a sad degree.—*M. Chisholm to the Motherdld.*

The Duke of Wellington.—When the Duke of Wellington was dying, the last thing he took was a little tea. On his servant handing it to him in a saucer, and asking him if he would have it, the Duke replied, "Yes, if you please." These were his last words. How much kindness and courtesy is expressed by them! Don't forget three little words, "if you please."

PHILADELPHIA.

There is a degree of low-toned defamation of Philadelphia, in certain New York journals, when the name of the city is mentioned, that has produced a most unhappy effect on the good feeling which ought to exist between the two cities. The English word "provincial," which is applied abroad to any town except the metropolis and capital of England, the great London, is flung in the face of Philadelphia by her ungracious assailants, as though it had any American meaning, or as though any city of this country could assail another as inferior in culture or refinement. To apply such a term to Philadelphia is simply foolish, as well as coarse and bad-hearted.

The city is larger than any in Europe, Paris and London alone excepted, numbering six hundred thousand inhabitants, and covers with its unbroken buildings a larger space than New York, and having no dirty internal dens called tenement houses, each man is lord of his own little castle; and it may be affirmed beyond contradiction that nowhere under heaven is the same amount of working humanity so condensed enjoying the same comforts, decencies, and prosperities, as in Philadelphia. The journeyman mechanic can rent, in a broad, well-ventilated street, his comfortable little house, with all the modern conveniences of gas, bath-room, kitchen range and so forth, for an expense within his means and economies.

Compare this with the metropolitan treatment he receives in New York, where he soothes in back slums, families piled on families, and with the desperate filth of uncleansed streets assailing his nostrils, and creating a greater proportion of tubercular consumption than any other city is afflicted with, notwithstanding the magnificent advantages of our bays and rivers. Philadelphia, so far from being provincial, has all the requisites of a great city. In her great hospitals she was the pioneer of all the States and Colonies; in her libraries she led the way; in her theatres she was first and now has the finest in the country; in her halls of Science she rivals Europe; in her markets she stands almost unequalled for profusion; and her miscellaneous manufactures exceed those of any other city in the world. But, nevertheless, whenever New York, so far as certain journals may be supposed to represent us here, can speak disparagingly of Philadelphia, it is done.

But now we think these things should cease, especially in respect of the attitude of Pennsylvania and Philadelphia in the war. Besides having contributed already the greatest proportion of troops of any of the great States, Pennsylvania has given additionally about 100,000 men, and of these 20,000 were raised in a single day in Philadelphia. If Philadelphia be not adequately protected by the military skill, courage, and the numbers, of the citizens siding our armies, if she be invaded and taken, where does New York stand? In view of the common, undivided interests of the two cities, we do trust that this most ungracious spirit toward Philadelphia may cease, and that she may be treated with the fairness and honor she so fully merits as the great city of a great State.

New York Tribune, Sept. 24th.

THE GREAT PLAGUE OF 1666 IN SCOTLAND.

It was a fearsome time! whole households died, and there were none to bury them, neither would any go near to them; and these houses of the dead were wonder till first the thatch fell in, then the walls, and then a green knoll covered all, giving them a burial, many, many years after it had been denied them by man. You see there Carradale Glen, where the plantings are, and where the river comes down from the mountains. Well, sir, in that glen, in the time of the great plague, there was a man who took the sickness; and hearing of what I've told you of the people dying in their houses, he feared he should not be buried. So this fear took such a power over him that he prevailed on some of his friends to dig his grave, and he went and sat by and saw it done. When it was dug, he laid himself in the grave, and with his sword by his side, and presently he died, and his friends covered his body with turf. Mac Caog was the man's name; and they will show you the grave to this day. "Uaigh-Mhic-Caog" is its Gaelic name, which means, "the grave of Mac Caog."—*Cuthbert Bede's "Glencreggan."*

THE REBEL SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

Gov. Foote recently offered a resolution in the Rebel Congress, "That the Hon. R. S. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy, does not possess the confidence of Congress or the country." The resolution was discussed at some length, when a resolution was agreed to appoint a select committee to investigate the affairs of the Navy Department. Mr Foote moved to reconsider, and proceeded to descant at some length upon the incompetency of the present Secretary of the Navy. If it were the determination of the government to retain Mr Mallory, after the expose made there, he should not repine, although he should regret it. He then told an anecdote of an acquaintance of his, who, when he was a young man, resolved, like many others, to marry. We give the anecdote, as it is pretty pointed:—"So he went to a house where a dozen young ladies and a dozen young men were assembled. It was a log house, and at night. When they retired the young men heard through the thin partition, the ladies talking about their beaux. One of them said;—'Oh, as to Thompson—I do love Thompson; he's such a fool.' (Laughter.) And so, continued Mr. Foote, if, after this exhibition, the President and his advisers shall retain Mr. Mallory, he will excuse them on the ground that they 'do love Mallory, he's such a fool.'"—*Yorkshurgh Whig.*

HOW THEY FIRE IN BATTLE.

An army correspondent says:—"You wonder whether the regiments fire regular in volley, or whether each man loads and fires as fast as he can. That depends on circumstances, but usually, except when the enemy is near at hand, the regiments fire only at the command of their officers. You hear a drop, drop, drop, as a few of the skirmishers fire, followed by a rattle and roll, which sounds like the falling of a building, just as some of you have heard the brick walls tumble at a great fire. Sometimes, when a body of the enemy's cavalry are sweeping down upon a regiment to cut it to pieces, the men form into a square, with the officers and musicians in the centre. The front rank stands with bayonets charged, while the second rank fires as fast as it can. Sometimes they form in four ranks deep—the two front ones kneeling with bayonets charged, so that if the enemy should come upon them they would run against a picket-fence of bayonets. When they form in this way, the other two ranks load and fire as fast as they can. Then the roar is terrific, and many a horse and his rider goes down before the terrible storm of bullets.

ELEVEN REBELLIONS.

Since the organization of the Federal Government eleven attempts have been made to resist its authority. The first was in 1782, a conspiracy of some of the officers of the Federal army to consolidate the thirteen States into one, and confer the supreme power on Washington. The second in 1787, Shay's insurrection in Massachusetts. The third in 1794, called the Whisky Insurrection of Pennsylvania. The fourth in 1814, by the Hartford Convention. The fifth in 1820, on the question of the admission of Missouri into the Union. The sixth was a collision between the legislature of Georgia and the Federal Government, in regard to the lands given to the Creek Indians. The seventh was in 1830, with the Cherokees in Georgia. The eighth was the memorable nullifying ordinance of South Carolina, in 1832. The ninth was in 1842, in Rhode Island, between the Suffrage Association and the State authorities. The tenth was in 1850, on the part of the Mormons, who resisted the Federal authorities. The eleventh is the present attempt at Secession.

We make ourselves more injuries than are offered us; they many times pass for wrongs in our own thoughts that were never meant as such.

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

A stupendous conflagration was the burning of Moscow, in 1812, owing to its increased extent. It was attended with many horrors, for all who could not fly—the sick, infirm, and wounded—inevitably perished. Upon the approach of the French invaders, and the loss of the great battle of Borodino, it was determined to abandon the old capital of the Czars; and on the Sabbath, Sept. 15th, its three hundred thousand inhabitants were suddenly aroused from a sense of security by a peremptory order to quit their houses, while the Russian army of defence filed through the midst of them in full retreat. On the morrow, the officers of the government and the police withdrew; the prisons were thrown open, and none were left but the incapable, and those who remained to execute the secret orders of the authorities. Towards evening, the advanced guard of the enemy arrived, and before midnight Napoleon was in the Kremlin. The city, with its churches and palaces of semi-Asiatic architecture, rising above an immense mass of private dwellings, must have presented a strange, solemn, and even awful spectacle to the new comers. Not a Muscovite was to be seen; not a chimney smoked; not a sound was heard. An unclouded moon illuminates these deserted streets, vacant hotels, and empty palaces. "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people!"

Scarcely were the French established in their new quarters, when smoke and flames, were observed issuing from houses closely shut up in different districts. By Tuesday evening, the 15th, the fires had assumed a menacing aspect, distracting by their number the efforts made to quench them, while a high wind rapidly connected them with each other, and wrapped Moscow in a vast sheet of flame. Midnight was rendered as bright as day, for at that hour, at the distance of nearly a league, Dumas could read the despatches forwarded to him by the light of the burning metropolis. Thirty thousand houses, seven thousand principal edifices, and fourteen thousand structures, were reduced to ashes. The private loss is supposed to exceed thirty millions sterling. "Palaces and temples," writes Karamsin, the Russian historian, "monuments of art and miracles of luxury, the remains of past ages, and those which had been the creation of yesterday; the tombs of ancestors and the nursery cradles of the present generations, were indiscriminately destroyed." Napoleon shuddered at the sight, as ominous of a series of disasters, and was compelled to decamp precipitately. Much mystery has been effected with reference to this transaction. But there can be little doubt that, as it was intended to dislodge the French, it was the work of Rostopchin, the governor, carefully prepared for, with the full consent of the cabinet of St. Petersburgh. He brought away with him the fire engines, so that the French might have no means of extinguishing the conflagration.

It is a curious fact that, the year after the fire, seedling aspen plants sprang up everywhere among the ruins of the city. That tree is very abundant in Russia, particularly in the woods around Moscow. The seeds had been wafted by the winds; and if the inhabitants had not returned to the site, it would speedily have become one immense forest.—*Leisure Hour.*

HEROIC CONDUCT OF TWO LADIES.

The conduct of two young ladies of Danville, Ky., on the occasion of the arrival of the Rebels at that place, was equal to our idea of Spartan courage. For many months a beautiful specimen of the national flag has floated from the residence of Mrs. Taylor, an estimable widow lady, and when the Rebels took possession of Danville it was but natural that they should seek to remove the hated emblem. A squad of half-a-dozen men was sent to Mrs Taylor's residence, to take possession of the flag, but they were confronted at the door of the residence by Miss Maria and Miss Mattie Taylor, the two accomplished and charming daughters of the patriotic widow, the young ladies announcing their determination to defend the cherished banner. The chivalrous half-dozen returned to their commander and reported that it would require a force equal to a full company to capture the flag, and a company was accordingly despatched to make the capture. Arriving in front of Mrs. Taylor's residence, the commander of the company demanded the surrender of the flag; but the two young ladies again made their appearance, bearing the flag between them, each armed with a revolver. In response to the demand for the flag, the ladies informed their persecutors that they would never surrender it to Rebels, and drawing their pistols, vowed that they would shoot the first Rebel that polluted the sacred emblem with his foul touch. The company of Rebels retired, leaving the ladies in quiet possession of their flag, which they yet retain.—*Louisville Journal.*

GREED OF GOLD.

When Napoleon, about 1811, desired to build a palace for the King of Rome, near the Barrier de Passy, the shop of a poor cobbler, named Simon, stood in the way. Simon having learned what was going on, demanded twenty thousand francs for his tenement. The administrator hesitated a few days, and then decided to give it; but Simon, goaded by the greed of gain, now asked forty thousand francs. The sum was more than two hundred times its value, and the demand was scouted. An attempt was made to change the frontage, but being found impossible, they went again to the cobbler, who had raised his price to sixty thousand francs. He was offered fifty thousand, but refused. The Emperor would not give a franc more, and preferred to change his plans. The speculating son of St. Crispin then saw his mistake, and offered his property for fifty thousand francs, for forty thousand, thirty thousand, coming down at last to ten thousand. The disasters of 1814 happened, and all thoughts of a palace for the King of Rome were abandoned. Some months after, Simon sold his shop for one hundred and fifty francs, and in a few days after the sale was removed to an insane asylum; disappointed avarice had driven him crazy.

OLD MANUSCRIPTS REPRODUCED.

M. Silvy, of Paris, has recently reproduced photographically one of the curious old manuscripts of early literature. He states that not only is the copy more legible than the original, but certain passages which could not be deciphered on the old parchment have been actually revived; and this is particularly visible on the last page, where a note, written in German under the signature, has become both visible and legible, while there is not a trace of it left on the original. This curious circumstance is explained as follows: "During the photographic process, the brilliant and polished parts of the parchment reflect light much better than those where the ink has been deposited. However colorless it may appear, the ink has not its antiphlogenous qualities opposed to the photogenic ones of the parchment; and thanks to this opposition, black characters may be obtained on the sensitive surface, in return for much paler ones on the original."

CONSUMPTION OF WOOL FOR THE ARMY.

It is estimated that a complete outfit for an American soldier requires twenty-five pounds of raw or unmanufactured wool. From the excessive wear and tear in time of war, and losses from various causes, it is thought that, on an average, each soldier requires three outfits per annum.

At the lowest estimate, we shall soon have over a million men in the field. The annual consumption of wool for army purposes, therefore, will amount to the enormous quantity of seventy-five million pounds! According to the census of 1850, the product of the whole United States amounted to only fifty-one million pounds! It is now, undoubtedly, much larger—perhaps double; but at all events, this extraordinary demand for wool, especially for the coarser grades, cannot fail to insure high prices.

The cheerful are the busy; when weariness knocks at your door or rings the bell, he will generally retire if you send him word you are "an engaged."

"HER ROLLING RAPIDLY."

It is related of some friends of Campbell, the author of "Hohenlinden," in leaving his room after a gay supper, that one of the number had the misfortune to fall down a long flight of stairs. The poet, alarmed at the noise, opened his door and inquired—"What's that?" "'Tis I, sir, rolling rapidly," was the immediate reply of his fallen friend.

CONSEQUENCES AND CAUSES.

There is no action of man in this life which is not the beginning of so long a chain of consequences, as that no human providence is high enough to give me a prospect to the end.—*Hobbes.*

Southey, quoting this, observes, "Although the chain of consequences be so long, I will venture to say that the chain of causes is longer."

Delicate Praise.—When Sir Matthew Hale was made Chief Justice, his commission was brought to him by Lord Clarendon, who told him that, "If the king could have found out an honester and a fitter man for that employment, he would not have advanced him to it."

American Ice.—Sydney Smith, in London, was shown a lump of American ice, upon which he remarked, "that he was glad to see anything solvent come from America."

ODDS AND ENDS.

The only flag of any nation that has attempted to run the blockade has been that of England.

The newly born infant of the Queen of Spain has received one hundred and twenty-four names.

It has been calculated that the fibres of pure Sea Island cotton average one inch and three quarters in length. If it were possible to place the fibres end to end, one pound would extend 4,777 miles.

Hollow metallic canes filled with condensed gas are now used in some of the European cities. The bearer has only to turn a small nipple and apply his match, when he instantly finds himself furnished with a torch that will light him several hours.

Among the captures of the rebel Col. Stewart, in his recent raid, was the baggage of his father-in-law, Gen. Philip St. George Cooke, commanding a Federal brigade of cavalry. His valise contained a box of silver, worth $25. The General, referring to his loss, said he would cut off his vegrant son-in-law with a shilling. A wicked wit replied that he was "afraid he never would cut him off with cavalry."

Fur Off.—A friend was trout fishing on the sides of "old Saddleback's, a mountain in the interior of New England, a hundred miles from the coast. Supposing himself ten miles from any village and half as far from any house, he was surprised by hearing the blows of an axe. Soon he came to a small clearing, where the proprietor of the axe surveyed him with some curiosity. "Hello, stranger!" said he. "How are you, sir?" "Well, now, stranger, where be you from?" "From New York." "From New York! Why, I should think you'd hate to live so far off."

Two distinguished philosophers took shelter under one tree during a heavy shower. After some time one of them complaining that he felt the rain—"Never mind," replied the other, "There are plenty of trees; when this is wet through, we will go to another."

Arms vs. Coats.—A gentleman having called a ticket-porter to carry a message, asked his name; he said it was Russell. "And pray," said the gentleman jocularly, "is your coat of arms the same as the Duke of Bedford's?" "As to our arms, your honor," said the porter, "I believe they are much alike, but there is a great difference between our coats!"

Family Circle.

AS WE PASS ALONG.

BY DR. TRACY R. WALLER, U. S. A.

In the cars and on the boat,
As we pass along,
Love and friendship all afloat,
Bleeding hearts beneath the coat,
In the cars and on the boat,
As we pass along.

Tales of sorrow fill the eye,
As we pass along;
Trickling tears cannot deny
Blighted hopes that you and I
See in others passing by,
As we pass along.

Weeping, hoping, when we part,
As we pass along,
Dearest memories of the heart
Meet us, thrill us with a dart,
When we stop and when we start,
As we pass along.

On the field we meet a brother,
As we pass along;
In the cars we meet a mother,
Weeping sadly for another,
Killed or wounded, like some other
As we pass along.

May the angels come and greet us,
As we pass along;
Let no deeper sorrow meet us;
Meet we none who can defeat us,
Guardian spirits thus entreat us,
As we pass along.

THE MASTER'S CALL.

"Why stand ye here all the day idle?"—Matt. xx. 6.

Why stand ye wasting your time here so idly?
Methinks I can hear the kind Saviour to say,
Go work in my vineyard, and spread the seed widely
'Mong perishing sinners, without more delay.

Why stand ye idling your time, when the heathen
Are groping in darkness for lack of the word?
Go at once to the great work and strive to relieve them
By preaching the gospel of Jesus our Lord.

Why stand ye so idle, when mortals are falling
The victims of sin and of Satan around?
These are warnings to you that the Saviour so calling;
Arise, and prepare to obey the sweet sound.

Oxford, Pa. J. W. C.

RELIGIOUS TRAINING OF CHILDREN

Children are God's heritage, committed to parents for a time, that they may train them up for heaven. This duty is a Divine command, with a promise, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." The parents who faithfully obey the command, need not doubt that the promise will be fulfilled. We cannot, indeed, look for earthly crowns for our children, but there is a crown of glory for every one of them, in heaven, who is faithfully trained for God. All our little ones may not become the great ones of the earth, but if reared in faith and prayer, they will become "kings and priests unto God." They may not possess mansions and places on earth, but being children of God, they are *heirs*, "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ," to mansions of glory above; to "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away;" to those happy and glorious homes of which Jesus speaks when he says:—"In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also."

Some forty-one or two years ago, a royal Duke was on his dying bed; he had one only child, a daughter, quite an infant. Taking the babe in his arms, in an earnest prayer he dedicated the little one to God; then giving her to the mother, he solemnly charged the royal parent to train that daughter up in the fear of God, assuring her that he would give her an ample reward. With trembling solicitude, the mother faithfully discharged her trust, and the child was trained up in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord;" was affectionate and obedient, and is now a *wife, a mother*, a queen, and reigns over a kingdom on which the sun never sets, the beloved Queen of England, whose son last year was welcomed to our shores, in one place, by a banner with this inscription, "Laddie, we will welcome thee for thy mither's sake."

A little over fifty years since, a youthful mother, away in the distant part of Scotland, was near her death, and a little unconscious infant lay by her side. In the trustful calmness of a truly pious heart, she committed her child to the care of a pious and faithful nurse, tenderly and earnestly charging her to train up her infant boy in the way in which he should go.

That pious nurse accepted the charge, and faithfully performed her duty, and the boy was carefully trained for God, and in early life his heart was renewed by Divine grace; he was prepared for the sacred ministry; he became a clergymen of the Church of England, and is now the Bishop of London.—*Maine Evangelist.*

(From the Tract Journal.)

NORA CAREY.

"Oh mother, dearest mother,"
Sweet Nora Carey said,
"May I go up the mountain
To search for berries red?
All under the old birch trees
The vines are hanging full;
I'll bring my basket loaded,
All bright and beautiful."

"Yes, go, my little Nora,
But pass not by the stream;
It runs both deep and swiftly,
However calm it seem.
And stay not till the

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Poetry.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE

BY MRS. EDWIN JAMES

Oh, there was a wild wind; it cleft the rock,
And the mountains were rent at the direful shock—
It swept over the seas, and the earth, and the air,
But Jehovah, the Mighty One, was not there

Then came an earthquake: it rocked the ground,
And the trees of the forest lay scattered around;
All Nature, astonished, hushed ghastly and chill,
But the Lord spoke not then his almighty will.

Then followed fire, and raging and dread;
Rivers were scorched at their fountain head;
The beasts and the wild birds lay down to expire,
Yet came not Adonai in that withering fire;

When lo! there was heard a still small voice—
It bade the fiend spirit exult no rejoice;
But the prophet bowed low with his face to the ground,
When he heard that gentle, that soul-soothing sound.

It came like the sweet notes of music gone by,
Like the harpings of angel ministrelsy;
'Twas dear as the hope of a happier morrow
To the lone heart that's wasted with anguish and sorrow.

O Brother! 'tis thus 'mid the dark night of sin,
The still voice of Religion breathes gladness within,
For she tells how Christ left the eternal spheres
To whisper of heaven to mortal ears.

She bids all thy sins, all thy sorrows to cease,
O'er thy torn, wounded heart, sheds the balsam of peace;
And she bids thee press onward through much tribulation,
To a kingdom of glory, a crown of salvation.

For the Christian Recorder.

IN THE PASTOR'S FLOCK.

MR. EDITOR:—Permit me to pen a few thoughts in your paper on this subject. I find, after a little experience in this direction, that there is a great deal to do in our pastoral charges. When all the batteries are silenced and a breach is made in our consciences, we look out for some secret way to leave Sodom without taking notice of those who fight under Satan's banner. We have found it a duty to speak to the flocks in haste concerning the evils that destroy the flocks of Christ. Pride, that odious vice, which feeds on the praises it coyly procures, lives by the applause it has meanly courted, and is equally stabbed by the reproof of a friend and the sneer of a foe. Pride being an inordinate love of one's self, and one's own excellence, which induces man to refer everything to himself and his own attributes, instead of attaching himself and referring all to his God. This we hold to be the greatest and most dangerous of all evils; first, because it caused the fall of the angels as well as the first man. The greatest, because it aims directly at God himself, and all evils may be traced to it. Most dangerous, because it insidiously creeps into our very virtues, like a demon clothed in light. Again, the spirit of independence gets in his flocks which cannot bear control; is galled by the easiest yoke, gnaws the slender cord of just authority as if they were the heavy chains of tyrannical power. This sheep jumps from pasture to pasture; his cry is, I will do as I please; he winds a thousand ways to climb up to the high seat of power, shines on the tottering stage of honor; wears the golden badge of fortune; glitters in the gaudy pomp of dress, and draws by appearances the admiration of a gaping multitude. Again, sloth get in his flocks, which unnerves their soul, enfeebles their bodies, and makes them deaf to the call of duty, loath to act about their business, ready to postpone or omit it upon any pretence, and willing to give up even the interests of society, and dose the time away in stupid inactivity, or enjoy themselves in the disorderly indolence which passes in the world for quietness and good nature. Again, envy get in his flocks. She looks with an evil eye at the good things that some enjoy; takes a secret pleasure in their misfortunes; under various pretexts exposes their faults and stings their heart when they eclipse them of their great success or superior excellencies. Covetousness gets in his flocks. He is always dissatisfied with his lot or portion; watches it with tormenting fears; increases it by every sordid means, and turning his own executioner, justly pines away for the want of the treasure, or to hold it. Impatience gets in his flocks. She frets at almost everything, finds fault with every person, and madly tears herself under the distressing sense of the present evil, which distorts her face, racks her breast, alarms her household. Jealousy gets in his flocks. He through a fatal skill in diabolical optics, sees contempt in all the words of a favorite friend; lives upon the wicked suspicions it begets, and turns the sweets of the mildest passions into wormwood and gall. Thorn is malice in his flocks, which takes as unnatural, hellish pleasure in quarreling with one another. The offspring of this evil is revenge, which always thirsts after mischief or blood, and shares only the delight of devils when they can repay a real or fancied injury seven fold. There is hypocrisy, which borrows the cloak of religion, bids her flexible muscles imitate vital piety; attends the sacred altars to make a show of her fictitious devotions. Also pestiferousness, which puts on a look of a true benevolent Christian; speaks language of the warmest affection; with solemn protestations invites the pastors to depend on them or their sincerity while they lay a deep plot for their destruction, and with repeated oaths beseeches Heaven to be witness of their artless innocence, while they move the centre of hell to accomplish their design. We find, to cleanse the Church, the pastors will have to pray unitedly, shoot Gospel bullets well aimed from the pulpit forts, and for all things, ask the Lord of armies to help, even so, amen. We believe no longer that David killed Goliath with a grain of sand, and cut off his head with a spire of grass; or that our rulers sink men of war with a puff of breath, while our soldiers batter down ramparts with snow balls, for the Lord is in the field of battle.

WM. H. WINDER.

Freehold, N. J.

For the Christian Recorder.

ON SANTIFICATION OF BELIEVERS IN CHRIST

The work of sanctification of believers in Christ is indispensable for the subsequent reasons:

The first is, that they may be cleansed from their carnal nature, which is not subject to the law of God. The apostle Paul says the "Carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." He also says it is the "will of God, even your sanctification" is not merely pardoned of actual guilt, but that they should be made pure from the corruptions of sin, and be assimilated to the likeness and image of Christ, their divine Master, by the approbation of the Holy Spirit, through the truth as revealed in His blessed word. That even their bodies should be set apart and dedicated to His holy service, that He might work in them His own good will and pleasure.

Our blessed Saviour says, "Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth." He also says, "for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth."

The second reason is: That no one in an unclean state can enter into the kingdom of Heaven. The good book says, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." The Bible again says, "Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord." Taking into consideration the above reasons, how indispensable it is that believers in Christ should be sanctified. SAMUEL WATTS.

Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 13th, 1862

New Bedford, Mass., October, 1862

REV. AND DEAR BROTHER:—This will inform you that we have had a very pleasant visitor. Our venerable bishop, Willis Nazrey, arrived in this city on the 4th inst. We were glad to find him enjoying such good health, but I was disappointed in not seeing his good lady with him. I was informed that she had loosted for awhile. On Sabbath morning, at Willis' Point, I baptized three candidates by immersion; at 7½ A. M.: there was quite a large gathering of Methodists and Baptists to witness the ceremony. It being the first time that I was called to perform that duty, the good Lord assisted me. We all returned from the river in better spirits than when we went down. In the forenoon I tried to speak to the people. At 8 o'clock the Bishop spoke and administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper: he also baptised three adults by sprinkling. Brother Mitchell spoke at night. We had a day of feasting, but more particularly in the afternoon, the Holy Spirit descended in power, and there was a shout of general rejoicing among the children. On Monday night we held a love feast, the God of love was there, and we had a glorious time; after which we received twenty-five into the fellowship of the Church. In regard to this station, I can truly say that God is with us. The entire church is working harmoniously together, cemented not with the frost, but love. Mr. Editor, my attention has been called to the Rev. G. A. Rue's letter, in which he charges me with departing from the truth. Permit me to say the Lord never called me to fight through the papers, but to use the sword of the Spirit. But permit me to say first, that my information was received through brother Rue himself.

Second, the money was received of myself, and part from Rev. H. J. Johnson, and I have his account with my own, and it falls short a few cents, not dollars, of what I said. I answer to the third, I have his own handwriting, written since the date of my letter, stating that what I said, on what he calls the third error, is true, why should he write me such a letter unasked for, and then say in your paper it is not the truth? In answer to the fourth, in my letter as published, it said he wrote to the trustees, this was a mistake of mine or the printer: it should have read treasury, and not trustees. He will not deny writing to the District Treasurer. With the best of Christian feelings to my brother, I will write no more, or say no more, till we meet. Good by

We had a very sudden death here. Mr. G. W. A. Smith, who is well known; a tailor by trade, on Wednesday afternoon was well and hearty as usual. After sundown he was standing at the door of his residence conversing with his friends, after which he went in and lay on the bed; at 8 o'clock he breathed his last. He was buried on Friday, the 10th inst., by the members of Union Lodge, No 7 of A. Y. Masons. His funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Wm. Jackson of the Salem Baptist church. The address to the fraternity was by the pastor of the A. M. E. church, Kempton street.

WM. W GRIMES

For the Christian Recorder

MR. EDITOR.—When I began to give my views of colonization, as I did a short time since, in a series of letters, I had not at that time seen Bishop Payne's advice, which is equally alike to each, and all who are in the bounds of, and belong to the A. M. E. Church. Had I seen his advice before writing, I would not have written until I had more carefully, and more fully, carried his admonitions and counsels into practice; because, I highly respect him, as also his counsels. I had expected to have continued my letters against the scheme of colonization proposed by the President, for various and many reasons, if I had not seen the communication referred to.

I also thought, Mr. Editor, that while I was writing the above, I would give you some account of my charge. When I returned to this charge, the brothers and sisters belonging to it seemed very willing to receive us for another year. As a proof of their sincerity, they have commenced buying me a fine suit of clothes. They have got my suit partly bought and paid for. My first Quarterly Meeting for this Conference year closed last night with a love-feast, which went off pleasantly, and peacefully; the brothers and sisters, a majority of them, seemed to enjoy themselves well: we had a large turnout, and most excellent order. As it regards other matters coming under my control and observation, I believe they are tolerably encouraging. W J Gresely has taken up a day school for us, to continue through the fall and winter. We hope he has now a fine start, his school numbering some forty scholars already; and we also have on hand a good Sunday School, which we have just re-organized, and officers for the present Conference year. Bro. W. J. Gresely has also a good singing school still on hand, and he consequently has his hands quite full. There have quite a number of fine-looking men, (colored) come from the south, who are here in our midst, seeking for labor and homes, and they are doing well. I think, Mr. Editor, that your old home—Terre-Haute, is becoming very much anti-slavery since the war; and some of our men have whipped two or three white men here very lately like all the world; and I think that that had a tendency to help abolitionize and civilize them to some extent

I will try what I can do by the 1st of January, 1863, in the way of getting new subscribers.

T. STROTHER, of Terre-Haute, Ind.

For the Christian Recorder.

DEAR BROTHER:—As I am writing to have my name corrected, I think I must express to you and all others, my deep joy in learning from your paper, that the Haytien Scheme is somewhat on the decline. In reading the farewell address of Mr. James Redpath, I noticed that several of the agents had retired from the movement with him; and from the depths of my heart, I could but exclaim "Thank God." You will doubtless desire to know what is my objection to the Haytien Scheme. What has caused my great aversion to that Scheme, which is stirring up the minds of hundreds, yea, and perhaps thousands of the colored race? If you should ask that question, I shall answer as follows:

I had an only son. He was his father's pride, and his mother's joy. For that son I had that love which only mothers feel. I loved him because he was my child, loved him because he was a dutiful son, loved him more tenderly and passionately, because he was an only child That son, the child I cherished, nursed from his infancy, the child I had early taught to lisp the Lord's Prayer, the son I had learned to look upon as my future pride, was assailed by these heartless agents of the Haytien Scheme. They filled his young mind with strange stories of the great wealth to be amassed in this far-famed isle of Hayti, and of the high political standard of the young men of color. Poor child! his young mind was completely turned, perfectly confused; and in this state of mind he embarked for Hayti. What are the fruits? Has he amassed his riches? Has he gained that standard for which he was so earnestly striving? I can answer for him, No! Now he fills an untimely grave. He is dead! He died in Hayti under a burning tropical sun, with no kind mother to smooth his bed. No mother to bathe his aching head. No mother to wipe the death sweat from his brow. And last of all, with no mother near to shed the parting tear. But, alas! buried in the land of strangers, and by strangers. Ah! yes, a stranger's hand closed his eyes in death, and performed the last ceremonies; whilst I, his mother, was denied that privilege. What was the cause? These Haytien agents.

Now, dear brother, is not this enough to satisfy the inquiries of any thinking mind, why I rejoice at the apparent decline of the Haytien Scheme? I fancy every heart, yes, every mother's heart, answers, yes.

Since the death of my son, I have visited Canada, and there I learned the full details of this grand scheme, and Oh! it seems to me, that it relieves my heart of a great burden, just to have the privilege of telling the public, that I disapprove of the Haytien Scheme.

Yours truly,
E. G. CAREY.

For the Christian Recorder.

MR. EDITOR:—I hope you will not censure me for not writing regularly, as I am both in poor health and very much engaged. I merely write these few lines to let you know that I have not forgotten you since the gentle showers of heaven's rain has fallen upon our earth again. The clouds of dust hitherto so annoying to the finely dressed gentlemen and ladies, have condensed themselves into an equal proportion of mud and slop.

Prof. A. M. Green is carrying everybody here before his sterling eloquence like a rolling tornado. We little fellows, who only have a smattering knowledge of the King's English, have to lie very low, but in justice to the Professor he is unquestionably a great man. Thus far, he is the idol of our literati.

Three distinguished divines have paid us a visit within the space of two weeks:—Rev. A. W. Wayman, J. M. Brown, and J. P. Campbell,—the latter of whom preached on Sabbath morning at Union Bethel Church, and, in the evening, at Israel Church. Both of his sermons were marked by a masterly distinction rarely exhibited by white or colored.

We learn that the Central American expedition is deferred till the first of October. This is done in consequence of Senator Pomeroy's delay in Kansas. I hear that over a thousand applications are made to go in the first expedition.

The young men of Israel Church came together on Monday night last and organized a grand lyceum, to be known as the Israel Lyceum. They elected H. M. Turner President, Thomas H. C. Hunton, Vice-President, J. B. Cross, Secretary, William Tunny, Treasurer, J. T. Castin, McGill Pearce, and Wm. Brown, Managers, &c. The institution bids fair to be one of the very things to wake up the latent powers of the minds of all identified with it. Some twenty-three gave their names immediately, and several more are sending in their applications.

The armies about here are all standing still, as if they were waiting for the first of January, 1863, so as to secure the assistance of millions of colored freemen.

I see that that miserable sheet called the *New York Herald* is raving mad on the negro question. Too late now, Bennett; the thing is out, and if you don't repent of your sins, which outnumber the drops of all the oceans in the universe, you will be out, too—but it will be *into outer darkness*. Mr. Editor, I hope you will excuse me for referring to that infamous, rotten scrap of paper and the proprietor of which I regard as an incarnate fiend. But it speaks so contemptibly of my race, whether they be the so called contrabands or more intelligent colored men, that it unmans all my Christian gravity to think of it. Nothing less than a hell, where the fire burns forever with brimstone fuel, and where chain-lightning is employed to fasten you down in the gridirons of perdition, and where red-hot lead, burning lava, and boiling pewter, is poured down the throat for water, and where the lurid, angry flames, heated ten thousand times redder than imagination can depict or thought conceive, can be adequate to the punishment due one so dreadfully steeped in hatred to his fellow-man.

I still hear nothing of that committee's report from the President. I suppose they are preparing a document to tell with lasting effect. It is looked for with much anxiety. H. M. T.

Washington, Oct. 13, 1862.

PROGRESS IN HOLINESS—HOW IT IS EVINCED.

All life has its infallible marks of development, its indices, which, wherever they clearly appear, prove incontrovertibly that it is passing on from infancy to maturity. In the animal world, this is, generally, an enlargement of physical proportion; in the vegetable, the same fact is conjoined with others more specific and peculiar. The blade of corn manifests its growth by the ear that is gradually formed upon it; the wheat, by its bearded head; the plant, by the unfolding of its buds and the tree, by the mellowing of its fruit.

We are rarely in doubt as to whether life, in any of these various forms, is really in the process of development. In no case, indeed, is its unfolding so manifest as to be palpable to our senses at the very moment of its occurrence. We do not see the tree grow; nor does the flower-bud burst into full bloom the instant that we gaze upon it. The lapse of time seems to be essential to the perception of growth.

Precisely thus is it with the life of God in the soul. It has *its indices*,—veiled, of course, to its internal and spiritual character,—yet equally definite and marked with times which distinguish other growths, and, like them, clearly perceptible at intervals more or less distant. What these are, it is our present purpose to endeavour to show, Progress in holiness, how is it evinced?

Our blessed Lord indicates one way, in that oft-repeated declaration, "Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Great piety is like great knowledge, always connected with humility. Men go down in their own esteem, as in character they approach the divine. He who has the clearest apprehension of God has the most truthful and vivid sense of his own imperfections. "I have heard of thee," said Job, "by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee: wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes."

The Apostle Paul, when he was first converted, said, "I am not worthy to be called an apostle;" when he had made greater progress in holiness, he said, "I am the least of all saints," but just before he died, when his views of heaven were brightest and his knowledge of himself the clearest, he exclaimed, "I am the chief of sinners." Eliphaz, Job's friend, uttered many an unwise, and even untruthful, sentiment, in his discourses to the patriarch; but this saying is not among them: "When men are cast down, then thou shalt say, *There is lifting up.*"

As believers progress in holiness, their *religious emotions*, also, become more *disinterested*. In the religious life of a young convert every thing is personal and subjective. His thoughts are mainly upon himself, and he is conscious of little else save his own sinfulness and the redemption which is in Christ Jesus. Even those rapturous feelings of gratitude and adoration sometimes felt by the youthful believer, and which the older disciple of Christ longs after when he exclaims,

"Oh for the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord!"

are, to a great extent, occasioned by a view of the grace of God as manifested in *his salvation*.

But this absorption of thought upon self cannot long continue if the soul advances in the divine life. Personal interests provided for, and personal anxieties abated, the believer comes more and more out of himself. The chief characteristic of piety becomes *disinterestedness*. He delights in the contemplation of Christ's character, in the study of His word, and in the examination of divine truth.

A profound axiom of Christian experience is contained in the remark of a Scotch divine "that one of the most unequivocal signs of ripeness of Christian character is a growing fondness for the *doctrines* of the gospel, as distinguished from its precepts." In that period of mental repose which follows the first and more anxious years of Christian life, the believer extends the range of his meditations, and soars over the whole realm of moral truth. He looks backward as well as forward; and even those themes which in their logical order precede revelation have to him a special charm

It is often observed that a mature Christian disciple invests the Old Testament with peculiar interest, and finds its adoring contemplation naturally expressed in the imagery and language of the Song of Solomon, a book almost without meaning to many a young disciple. Of McCheyne, the Scotch divine, so remarkable for the richness and maturity of his Christian experience, it is said that he had preached as often on the Canticles that at last he had scarcely left himself a single text of its "good matter" which had not been discoursed upon.

And with this is conjoined a desire, most intense and consuming, for the salvation of others. When Paul said to his countrymen, "I could wish that myself was accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh," he was no novice in the school of Christ. Such disinterestedness of religious emotion was the result of long culture. He could not, we are quite sure, have uttered such language when, in all the fervor of his "first love," he entered the city of Damascus.

The great philanthropist Wilberforce, at a time when every energy of his being was absorbed in the effort to secure the abolition of the slave-trade, was asked by a friend if he had not been neglecting his personal prospects and endangering his soul. His magnanimous answer was; "I do not think about my soul. I have none for thoughts of self. I have really forgotten all about my soul." It was when the disciples of Christ were but half baptized with His Spirit, and before that prayer of their Master in their behalf was offered, "Sanctify them through thy truth," that they proposed to [illegible] and followed thee: what shall we have therefore?"

In a shipwreck, when a man tossed upon the angry bosom of the waters first feels that he [illegible] saved, all is anxiety. He thinks of nothing but of that object's stability, strength, and capacity to save him. He even forgets that others are all around him sinking in the waves. So soon, however, as this question of personal safety is answered, —so soon as he finds himself secure,—his heart is instantly filled with earnest desires for the salvation of others. Indeed, the man *soon* forgets himself, and is wholly absorbed in concern and effort for others. Thus is it with the true believer. At the commencement of his religious life, we cannot deem it strange that it itself himself that he thinks [illegible] should be saved always? He first humbly planted upon the Rock of Ages, should not his deepest concern now be for the vast multitude who are all around him sinking beneath the waves of sin? Such must needs be whenever there is any real growth in grace. Progress in holiness has as one of its indices an increasing disinterestedness of religious emotion.

And to this we may add, as still another infallible test of Christian advancement, *increased fearlessness to the world*. As a power for evil, the love of the world has not lost all its influence even upon the truly regenerate soul. It is to professed Christians that the command is addressed, "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind." The young disciple of Christ is not, indeed, in doubt which to choose as *his portion*, the world or his Saviour; nor does he suppose that this earth can make him happy without the blessing and smile of God; but then, there are in this world so many fair and bright and beautiful things to fill his fancy, and to awaken hopes of enjoyment, that he is very prone to be too highly pleased with the goodly show The world has still too fast a hold upon him. It intrudes upon his closet, pollutes his Sabbaths, and sometimes persuades him to drink of its tasteless streams, when he ought to have quenched his thirst with the sweet waters that flow from Christ, the living Fountain. It never, indeed, converts him into an apostate and treacherous Judas; but it does sometimes make him a fickle and foolish Demas.

But as the Christian advances in the divine life, this love of the world dies, and hence the liability of being drawn away by it into sin lessens. The old nature more and more thrown off, and the new nature more and more put on, the believer becomes more and more disengaged from the passions and affections of earth. As faith sheds on his path the light of heaven, he sees more clearly the emptiness and vanities of those glittering bubbles, with which the world allures and decoys. Its losses affect him less painfully, and he receives its prosperity with a more sober and subdued spirit.

But what is true of this generic form of sin is equally true of all the specific acts which it includes. As the soul goes inward and upward in the divine life, it marks every step of its progress by its increased power to meet and overcome all temptations to sin.

The young Christian is frequently conquered by his spiritual foes. His relapses into sin are numerous. Ignorant to a great extent of the wiles of the adversary, he is often unable successfully to resist them. Clad in the whole armor of God, he yet wields so unskilfully his weapons as, in many an evil day, to be overcome. Moreover, the whole power of the *great law of habit* is, with a young Christian, against his successful resistance of temptation. He is *not accustomed* to do evil; and hence it is very hard for him to do good.

It is an interesting fact, in illustration of this remark, that Bunyan, in his "Pilgrim's Progress," —a book which, as Dr Arnold says, "seems to be a complete reflection of Scripture, with none of the rubbish of the schools mixed with it,"—has made Christian yield to one of the first temptations that beset him, after at the cross he lost the burden of his sins. How plaintive is the language of his penitence! "Oh, wretched man that I am, that I should sleep in the midst of dangers! that I should so indulge the flesh, as to use that rest for ease to my flesh, which the Lord of the hill hath erected only for the relief of the spirit of pilgrims!"

And this liability to sin on the part of young Christians is especially in the direction, either of their natural defects, or of their previously formed sinful habits. Every individual has vulnerable points in his character. There are sins which—in Scriptural language—*easily* beset him, and it is to their precise that Satan particularly allures. Prone, before our conversion, to anger, envy, pride, covetousness, our greatest danger afterwards is in these infirmities. It was the natural self-confidence of Peter, his ardent and impulsive disposition, never properly disciplined into restraint before he became a disciple of Christ, that in that base denial of his Master reappeared to dishonor his apostleship.

Advancing, however, in holiness, these relapses into sin become more and more infrequent. The mature disciple meets temptation with far more steadiness and success than the young convert. Using the weapons of his warfare, the Divine acquires the art of using them better," and, watching the wiles of the adversary, he learns how more skilfully to escape from them. Natural defects of moral character are ameliorated as the soul progresses in the divine life, and the power of sinful habits is broken Petulance softens into amiableness, envy into brotherly kindness, pride into humility and covetousness into a large and generous beneficence.

And this mark of Christian progress how conspicuous! We can hardly mistake it if we would. It calls us to a plain reckoning of our sins. It bids us tell their number. It exhorts us to compare our present with our past sinful relapses. It inquires whether our obedience is becoming more perfect, and whether the imperfections of our character are being gradually eradicated. Provocation to malevolence, pride, anger, impurity, do we *now* as frequently yield to them as we once did? It is impossible, if we are really growing in grace.

But there is one other evidence of Christian progress that we must not fail to notice. When the pious Rutherford, in writing to a friend, subscribed himself "a man borne down and hungry and waiting for the marriage supper of the Lamb," we all instinctively feel that, if these words were truthful and honest, his soul must, in the maturity of its graces, have been nearly ripe for heaven

To the fear of dying, the unregenerate man is all his lifetime in bondage; and, though one of the objects of Christ's incarnation is to deliver His people from this thraldom, yet full and complete liberty in this particular is, perhaps, never the immediate result of true conversion. It is "*perfect love*" that "casteth out fear." It is not until the believer feels some assurance of the personal love of Christ, and until the great objects of his faith begin to assume in his vision the aspect of substantial realities, that he views the close of his life with calm, and even joyful, expectations The attractions of heaven increase as the Christian in the holiness of his character approaches it, and as the strong ties that once bound him to earth are severed.

We should think it almost strange to hear a young Christian, as expressing his own desires, singing that familiar hymn,

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Would God I were in thee!
Oh that my sorrows had an end,
Thy joys that I might see."

A better prayer for such a believer would be those words of David: "Oh, spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more seen." And that sweet hymn beautifully and truthfully expresses the feelings of a mature disciple.

That men sometimes welcome death for reasons very different from this, indeed, cannot be denied. There are in society disappointed and restless worldlings, men so "whipped of their own guilty conscience" as to feel that life is a burden and earnestly to desire that they might lay it down Such are all suicides; and to this class belong a much larger number, who, with the same inward unrest, are deterred from the outward crime only by [illegible] Between such a desire to depart from earth, and that which characterizes the mature disciple of Christ, how striking the contrast! There is with the latter nothing of a chafed, vexed, or murmuring spirit, but all is sweet, quiet and meek. The longing for death of a ripened saint is not so much to escape the sufferings and disappointments of life, as to be free from its temptations [illegible] He would not [illegible] away from himself as continually annoyed by a [illegible] [illegible] to get near to a friend whose, having not seen, he yet loves with an affection all-absorbing and supreme.

Dr Darling.

A SALUTARY THOUGHT

When I was a young man, there lived in our neighborhood a farmer who was usually reported to be very liberal man and unusually upright in his dealings. When he had any of the produce of his farm to dispose of, he made it an invariable rule to give good measure—rather more than could be required of him. One of his friends observing him frequently doing so, questioned him as to why he did it—told him he gave too much, and said it would be to his disadvantage Now mark the answer of this excellent man. "God Almighty has permitted me but one journey through the world, and when I am gone I cannot return to rectify mistakes." Think of this. But *one journey* through the world!

ON PLEASING OUR NEIGHBOR.

BY NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

"Let every one of us please his neighbor for [illegible] to edification," says the Apostle Paul. There is a pleasing of our neighbor which is very different from this; a pleasing him by chiming in with his prejudices, by flattering his inferiorities—by complying with his sinful wishes—by laughing at his wicked jokes—by countenancing him in his evil ways; in short, by doing or not doing that which will ensure us popularity with our neighbor, though at the expense of principle in ourselves. This is indeed pleasing him, as we please the drunkard when we give him drink, or the self-willed when we give them their own way, but it is not pleasing him "for his good to edification," but rather for his injury to destruction. And nothing, I repeat it, is more common than this sort of pleasing each other. It is done, people say, "for the sake of peace," "to give no offence," "because to find fault is none of our business." With these plausible excuses, men cloak over their own unprincipled and slothful selfishness and want of love to their neighbors. For if they really loved their neighbor; if they felt themselves responsible for their conduct toward him; if they were concerned for his *good*, they would seek to please him, consistently with that good, and in such a way as he would thank them for when on his dying bed, or at the day of judgment. What we all must learn is, to seek our neighbor's well-being, so that his evil should be our burden, and his good our happiness and reward. We must learn so to love him, as that we shall, if necessary, *displease* him, and put him to pain, and make him perhaps angry with us for a time, if in this way we can only do him good *in the end*; just as a kind surgeon will put us to pain in order to save our lives.

"*Every one of us*" must thus please his neighbor; because every one has some neighbor thus to please. Do you ask, "Who is my neighbor?" I reply, That person, whoever he be, with whom, God in his providence brings you in contact; whether you meet him by accident for a few minutes only, or associate with him every day of your life; the person, in short, who can in any way be *influenced* by you—by what you *are*, as well as by what you *do*—that person is your neighbor; he is more or less closely "bound up in the bundle of life" with you; and in as far as you can by word, look, or action, "please him for his good," so far it is your duty and privilege, as fellow-workers with God, to do so.

And a moment's consideration will show you that there is no one, however poor, however unknown, however unlearned, but has, at least, *one* talent of influence which he may use, and which he *must* lay up in a napkin. Not only so, but that he possesses greater opportunities of influencing one or more individuals than any other on earth has. I ask you, reader, is there not some one whom you know better, and come in contact with more frequently than any others do? It may be your child or parent, your brother or sister, your fellow-workman or daily acquaintance; but some one there is whom you know better than any one else does, and is therefore in a special sense, your neighbor—for whom you are, in a special sense, responsible. This one talent, I say, every man possesses; while thousands from their position in society, possess many more: this one work each one of us may do for others, and perhaps no one else can do it so well.

The opportunity of doing this good is a power given us by God, which is peculiarly our own. You cannot point to a single case in which this will not hold true. That old decrepit woman, for instance, who cannot stir from her chair by the fireside, may, day by day, "please" the children who play around her knee, "for their good to edification," —a good which may tell upon families yet unborn. That poor invalid who can scarcely move or speak, may by patience, and love, and meekness, and consideration of the feeling of others, springing from a trust in God, shed a holy influence around her dying bed. That sick-nurse who watches beside this other sleepless sufferer may, in the silence of the night, speak words which by God's blessing, may end in life everlasting. That infirm man, who, for support, leans on his staff, may, by his affectionate advices to the young; his pious visits, rich in prayer, to his sick neighbors; his kindly words, and peaceful, happy walk before all—scatter blessings around him while he lives, and leave them behind him in the hearts of many when he dies.

But not to multiply instances, or to select them from higher walks in life, it will suffice to say in conclusion, that if we only remember how each one of us comes in contact with many individuals every year, and how every hour we cannot but exercise some influence upon others, we must see how we never can want neighbors, whom we have the means of "pleasing for their good to edification." This talent of doing good or evil to others is a very solemn one. But it is a fact, and no power of ours can alter it; nor should we seek to have it otherwise, for all God's appointments are good, both for the world and for us. In order to make this great talent gain other talents, one thing alone is needful; but that is every thing, namely, *that we be good ourselves*. If we first please God, by giving him our hearts for our own good to salvation, then we cannot but choose to please our neighbor for his good to edification.

REPEATING SERMONS.

We are not among those who flounce and fret on hearing a minister repeat a sermon, for we have settled it in our mind, that a sermon must be a poor affair which will not bear the operation. There are abuses, however, which should be guarded against. While it is freely admitted that a settled pastor may occasionally repeat himself with advantage, or may be under the necessity of doing so from some providential hinderance to his studies, care should be exercised that it is not done in the indulgence of an indolent habit Unintermitting study in a minister is an essential part of his vocation; and it this fact be lost sight of, he may rely upon it that he will never meet the demands of a thoughtful congregation, and instead of growing in efficiency, he will retrograde [illegible] if he flatters himself that he can fall back on his old [illegible] We [illegible] in some instances, with any thing but pleasing results.

In most cases, a sermon prepared with careful study depends for its effect on the fresh and awakened feeling of him who has prepared it, and which is manifest in its delivery When the occasion has passed which led to its preparation, and the feelings with which it was imbued have departed, its delivery is apt to become a cold recitation, which neither interests the speaker nor hearer. The plan of construction is the same, the words are the same, and yet it is a very different thing, which no artificial attempt can galvanize into life

We have known ministers who have relaxed in their studious habits, earnestly entering a change of place, under the false impression that in this way they could, by the use of their old sermons, very greatly lighten their labors; and we have seen such go from place to place, repeating the same series of discourses, which, however good in the first instance, failed to awaken their own hearts, and, by inevitable consequence, the hearts of their auditors. The life and freshness of them had evaporated; the skeletons alone were left. The thoughts and expressions were the conceptions of the author in former years, and, of course, could not have the vigor and raciness of the productions of yesterday. The people were disappointed, because they were put off with a stale rehash, when they had a right to expect fresh beaten oil.—*Presbyterian.*

THE TIMES WORSE.—The Apostle Paul had three wives that he married [illegible] and that he married them all for Christ, and that he might magnify Christ. Luther

CHRISTIAN STEADFASTNESS.

That is a beautiful description of the good man with which the sweet singer of Israel opens his strain. He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." He is not compared to a plant easily rooted up, or a shrub of little account; but a tree, the pride of the vegetable kingdom And the stands, not on a plain or by a brook, where it might be parched with drought; but by the rivers, in a fertile soil. It is not for mere ornament, but bears fruit, regularly and continuously

There are Christians that resemble such a goodly tree. They may not be great. The tree is not said to be lofty. But they are living, fruitful, consistent, regular, ever blessed. They are what the church and the world need. There is much to try the faith of the best men. Those who stand in high positions, extolled by every tongue, sometimes prove treacherous, and bring reproach upon the cause they were set to defend. The masses often prove unreliable. In the sunshine of prosperity they appear to run well, but they become fickle, indifferent, wayward, and Zion languishes in the day of adversity. Did all thus prove inconstant, hope would fail, and general ruin ensue; but there are some who abide, and they are the salt of the earth and the light of the world. They are the very pillars upon which every moral edifice stands

What shall be done to increase Christian steadfastness? There is no good reason why three or four in a church and community should bear all the burdens and secure all the blessings. The gospel was never designed to be exclusive, to build up an aristocracy in any sense. It is a great democratic leveller; but it levels up, not down. It always elevates, never depresses. Its tendency is to make all its votaries as trees planted by the rivers, living fountains, kings and priests unto God. Cannot more be done to diffuse its mighty power and saving efficacy—to gather the multitudes to its healing waters, to forsake them no more? What the gospel does for a few, it may and should do for all.

Morning Star

BEGINNING FAMILY PRAYERS.

The commencement of this sacred and delightful duty must often be attended by difficulties where the head of the family has for years neglected it. "I have never done anything since I became a Christian," writes one, "which required so much self denial, and which was so truly a bearing of the cross, as beginning family worship I felt that it was a duty from the time that I devoted myself to the service of Christ; but I shrank from its performance so painfully, that day after day and week after week passed away without my attempting it. At length conscience remonstrated so loudly, and my conviction that it was a sin to neglect it so long was so strong, I determined to make the effort to perform it the next morning, cost what it would. It occasioned me a wakeful night; again and again I implored strength from on high. I was constitutionally timid, and when the morning came was much agitated

"Before breakfast I said to my wife, 'I feel, C——, as if we ought to have prayer in the family. We have all souls to be saved, and need God's blessing. I am sure you will not object to it.' 'No,' she replied; but the tone in which she said it was not encouraging. When we arose from the breakfast table, it seemed to me the children had never been so noisy before, and it required an effort to request them to keep silence and be seated. They did so, but I felt that their eyes were fixed wonderingly on me. I took the Bible from the shelf and sat down. I wished to preface the service with some remarks, but I could not trust my voice, and I opened the book and read the first chapter that presented itself. I then knelt, and with faltering voice began to address the Creator. But my hesitation soon passed off. I know not why it was, but during the performance of the service my soul was so filled with thoughts of God's great goodness in permitting me to approach him, and to place myself and those dear to me under the shelter of his protecting love, that I forgot the presence of others, and poured out my heart in supplications for his blessing with as much freedom and fervor as I had ever done in secret When I arose I perceived my wife's eyes were moistened with tears.

"The conflict was over, the duty entered on, and the peace which follows the consciousness of having done right came into my heart. Prayer with my beloved ones was no longer a burden, but a delightful privilege; and ere long I had the satisfaction of knowing that the heart of my companion ascended in full unison with my own to the throne of grace. I can now speak freely in my family of the value and sweetness of this service, and to many of them I believe the hour of prayer has become one of the most highly prized of all the day brings us."

"AND THEN!"

The following story is told of Filippo

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, October 18, 1862.

NOTICE

TO THE M. E. CHURCH MINISTERS OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW ENGLAND, OHIO, INDIANA, AND MISSOURI, OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH MINISTERS

Dear Brethren:—As we are a number of [illegible] from the [illegible] herefore it will be expected that the ministers and preachers, on their circuits and stations, will [illegible] they can [illegible] We would also recommend that the Class leaders be instructed to collect and set the amount on the Class book opposite each member's name, as also all the collections called, per Discipline, for the Annual Conference, and publish the same once every quarter, that it may be seen who they are that work for God and his cause. We think it is time to give credit to those of our people who do work so that God's name may be glorified.

For the Christian Recorder

SPECIAL NOTICE.

I would have left report on the 22d, and according to the answer of Brother Wm H. Winder to my request in a previous number of the *Recorder*, shall be at Riverside, New Jersey, on the same day, and will remain on the circuit until the 29th, when I shall leave for Allentown circuit, where I shall remain until the 3d or 4th of November. The ministers will make the appointments and arrangements.

N. B.—I have to go back to Boston on the 14th to attend to some business there.

W NAZREY

Providence, Rhode Island, Oct 11, 1862.

NOTICE

We hope our brethren will not forget to lay before their congregations the fact that any person or persons who wish to read the *Christian Recorder*, can have it from now till the first of Jan., 1863. Will each pastor keep this before the minds of their people, and let them send me fifty cents, and read the *Recorder*

We see that, from Rev. W. R. Revels' letter, the Rev. Charles Burch has taken to himself a wife.

QUARTERLY MEETING

Quarterly meeting in the A. M. E. Union Church, on the 18th and 19th inst. Preaching on the 19th, at 10 o'clock, by the Rev. John A Williams; at 3 o'clock, by Rev. James P Campbell; at 7 o'clock, by Rev. Anthony L. Stanford

On the next following evening, at 7 o'clock, the Lord willing, Love Feast.

Rev HENRY DAVIS, Elder.

NOTICE

THE SACRAMENT.

The Lord's Supper will be administered in the Zion Mission Church, on Sabbath, at 3 o'clock, P. M. Preaching and administration on the occasion by Rev. Elisha Weaver, General Book Steward.

W. D. W SCHUREMAN, Minister.

Rev. W. D. W. Schureman's Quarterly Meeting is at Thorntown to-day and to-morrow.

GOOD AGAIN.

On last Tuesday night we had the pleasure of going in holy wedlock Mr Samuel Johns and Miss Anne M Gibbs The ceremony was performed at our place of residence Both were of Dover, Del. The week before, we joined two others. We don't care if they come every week to No. 619 Pine Street—for we do love to tie knots; for the change they give us is always acceptable. So give us yours, as our house is always open for that.

MANY THANKS.

From Steubenville, Ohio, we have received a handsome box of two kinds of grapes from our kind and good sister of Steubenville, Ohio, where we lodged all night—and we are quite sorry that the name of that good sister and her daughter have been misplaced. We would say that more fine and delicious grapes we have never tasted—and we are glad that there are some who think of us. Those grapes, rest assured, my sister, are very delicious, and we shall regret when they are gone—and we hope that the blessing of Almighty God may ever rest upon you.

THINGS ABOUT PHILADELPHIA

Last Sabbath we had a nice time at Wesley church. The Rev. Anthony L. Stanford, a gentleman of the highest stamp and clerical distinction, preached an interesting sermon in his own peculiar and masterly style of rendition, in the morning. In the afternoon we spoke for him, and assisted him in the consecration and administering the Lord's Supper

The Lord was with us. Elder Stanford has been carrying on a protracted meeting, which, it seems, resulted in the salvation of some fifteen souls. To God give all the glory.

UNION CHURCH

It was Sacrament day with them also.

7TH. ST. PRESB CHURCH.

Under the administration of Rev. Mr. Gibbs, this church had the ordination of some two elders into its communion. One was our friend, Mr Parbeau, but the name of the other brother we cannot just now recall to memory.

The Rev. J. P. Campbell being out of the city, there was nothing more than usual going on in his (Bethel) Church, the fountain-head.

The Rev Mr. Reeves, pastor of the Lombard Street Presbyterian church, is absent from his congregation for two weeks.

The energetic and skilful Dr. Wilson, of our city, is kept busily on the alert in attending to his patients.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Dr. Leber, per Rev H Davis, [illegible]

Mrs. Euphemia Johnson, per Rev. H Davis, [illegible]

Mrs. M A. Hatton, [illegible], Mass., 1 00

Rev H M Turner, Washington, D C, 5 00

Mr James Pettiford, Vincennes, Ind., per Rev William Andrews 1 00

Rev. R. P. Gloster, [illegible] 2 00

Rev. Thos. Gould, on account for paper, [illegible]

Rev W. R. Revels, Indianapolis, Ind., for [illegible]

Mr G H W[illegible], Philadelphia, 1 00

per Rev. W R Revels, for Recorder, 1 00

Mrs Elizabeth Harris, of Hornstown, and Mr Allen Doherty are regularly paid up.

THE ELECTION

On the morning of the day appointed for the Election in this city, as we were returning from the Post Office, we were handed a circular purporting to come from the colored people, of their Literary Institute, and some five names signed as a committee—and were profusely scattered around throughout the different wards. We would say that the colored people held no such meeting, and every word contained in the circular was but so many lies heaped upon the innocent colored people.

The object was of a two fold character. First, a political one—to defeat His Honor, Mayor HENRY and the Union Republican party; that by [illegible] to such a low contemptible [illegible] scheme, they would be able to turn a sufficient number to defeat the Republicans. The second object was to incense and array the foreigners, and others, who knew but little about the colored people, against them, and thus to create a mob. We had never before interested ourselves much about the elections—but when we received the said circular, filled as it was with falsehood, we [illegible] heartily.

We exhibited the circular to gentlemen of note, and told them of its stupendous perjury and falsehood—thence to the *Press* office—thence to the *Bulletin* office—and thence to the *Journal* office, &c. We then repaired to His Honor the Mayor, and read the circular before him, informing him of its base and malicious intent, and furthermore that not a word of it was true—and thence we went around to many of the most respectable gentlemen, so that they might spread around the exposure of this foully-planned scheme. And we do firmly believe that we were the means of many votes being cast for the Republican party—and if we had five hundred votes to give, we would have cast them all for Mayor Henry, as we really believe that principle has more to do with him than party. But we [illegible] did the deed were [illegible] and afraid to own that it was them—and, the best of all, notwithstanding they resorted to such low and vile trickery, the Union Republican party triumphed. Thank God that in the end right will always triumph over the wrong. God did not intend for Mayor Henry to be defeated, let alone the whole party.

WARNING TO MINISTERS.

How often are we caused to sit in the sanctuary and hear some brethren, who declare their calling to be the ministry, after ascending the desk or pulpit, read the longest hymn they can find in our Hymn-book, pray a long prayer, and then when they arise for the purpose of preaching to their audience commence to make some kind of apologies for not being brought up at the college; they can't spit dick; they can't talk among the stars, and you need not look for a high fluent sermon: and to this way some ten or fifteen minutes is taken up. Silly! you are My brother, dost thou not know that thy congregation will know very soon if you are not an educated man? Well, what profit is there in telling that in the way of an excuse? But you say that you are called to preach. Let me ask you a question—Who called you, my brother? The Lord, you say. Very well; did not the Lord know before, and when He called you, that you had not been to college? Yes. When you came for license to exhort, and license to preach, did you then and there make so many excuses before the brethren who granted you the right to do so, in that portion of God's Church to which you belong? No. Well, then what is the matter? Now, you said, when God called you, He said, "Open thy mouth in my name and I will fill it" Then, my brother, you surely have [illegible] in God, and trust to Him. If not, what is the matter?—for we claim that He is the same God now and forever, to change. But you say you are ordained a deacon, and still you offer up to the people a good lengthy exhortation in the way of excuse, after which time the preacher or deacon, and often the older, reads his text, and is very frequently from an hour to an hour and a quarter, and from that to an hour and a half preaching. This is not right. Again, sometimes brethren make excuse for being very sick, not able to preach, &c., and are very apt to speak longer than they do when they make no excuse, and at the same time promise the people that they are only going to speak but a very few minutes. I have heard some brethren tell their congregations as high as six times, saying, "another thought, and I am done;" "another thought, then I am done,"—with a space ranging from three to five minutes. What do you call that, my brother? We say to all brethren who are accustomed to make a practice of this, to take warning.

FROM BROTHER REVELS

Please find enclosed three dollars. Credit two dollars to me for the *Recorder*, and one dollar to Mr Stewart, formerly of Vincennes. I have forgotten his Christian name.

There is great demand for hymn-books in this district. If you will send a few down, they can be sold.

Our charge has been looking up ever since the Annual Conference. Ten have recently been added to the Church. Pray for me that the good work may continue until the whole world shall be converted to God.

I will send you some Minutes soon.

W R REVELS

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM BURLINGTON.

The people of Burlington having received a circular stating the wants of the Contrabands in Washington, immediately responded to it.

On Tuesday evening a meeting was called by the Rev Joseph H. Smith for the colored citizens to assemble and to take into consideration the best means of assisting our brothers and sisters now free from bondage. The meeting assembled according to order at the A. M. E Church, Pearl street. Opened by singing, and prayer by the Rev. Joseph Long, Pastor. Rodman Dutton, Secretary.

It was moved and seconded that there be a sewing society established, to meet twice every week. Carried.

It was then put in motion to elect a President, Treasurer, and Secretary for the said Society

The motion being put before the house and seconded that Mrs. Martha Tudy be President [illegible]

It was moved and seconded that Mrs Lydia A Thomas be Treasurer. Carried.

[illegible] and E [illegible] Secretary. Carried.

It was then moved [illegible] a committee of three appointed to see what would be [illegible] such articles as were needed for the Sewing Society to forward to the needy. Carried.

It was moved and seconded that Mr Way Jones Mr Robert Taylor, Mrs. Ann McNeil, Mrs Lydia A Thomas be that committee Carried.

It was moved and seconded that the doings of this meeting be published in the *Christian Recorder*. Carried.

It was moved and seconded we adjourn, to meet on Tuesday, Oct 7. Carried.

Closed with benediction by the Rev. Joseph Long

Mrs. Martha Tudy, President.

Mrs Lydia A Thomas, Treasurer.

Miss Rosetta Rennie Secretary

Mr. John M Taylor, Asst Sec.

COMMITTEE

Mr Way Jones, Mr. Robert Taylor, Mrs Lydia Thomas Mrs Anna McNeil

A collection of one dollar and seventy four cts. was taken up at the meeting

Yours respectfully,

REV JOSEPH H SMITH

For the Christian Recorder

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

Washington Oct 13th

MR. EDITOR:—Eventful are the times in which we live. It is the glory and boast of our day that assistance is afforded to the God-given principles of man, and they struggle to free themselves from the trammels and superstitions of the past, the slavery and prejudices of the present; and with truth may it be said that eventful was the age in which we lived. The agents of slavery, darkness and the devil, seem to be retiring to their native shades before the noontide blaze of the powers of light. This world is improving, the unsettled state of national affairs, both in the old and the new world, the burning passions, tumults, crimes, mob-rule, bloodshed, prejudices, that prevail throughout the length and breadth of our distracted, bleeding and almost broken country, to the contrary notwithstanding. That man is blessed who lives to-day, and whose great privilege it is to aid in carrying forward these heaven-begotten principles, ordained by God for man's [illegible] Gloomy is the prospect; the timid falter, the weak give back, and the strong man inquires with trembling solicitude, What shall be our next hope?

The war-cry has been changed from onward to Richmond to onward to Washington. And to-day the rebel foot desecrates the land of Wm. Penn. But amid the general darkness, dismay, disappointments, another light is seen rising in the distance. Slowly and steadily it presents itself to view. It is a star of the first magnitude, and as it comes nearer and still nearer, and sheds its heavenly light around, abroad, all over, we discover its beauty, its grandeur and its power. And far off in the distance we see vast multitudes of men, women and children, buoyant with hope, and fresh with life, eagerly, with arms clasped around each other, and their eyes fixed on this beautiful star, they laugh, they cry, they shout. What means this vast multitude clad in the noble panoply of manhood, and on their breast a star? Ah! the mystery is solved, for I see in the front ranks a banner flung to the breeze, and on its waving folds I read in golden capitals, Freedom to the slaves in all the land. Abraham Lincoln

On Thursday (2d inst.) the Rev. H. M. Turner, the popular pastor of the First A. M. E. Church, Capitol Hill, convened his large congregation to a thanksgiving discourse to Almighty God for his goodness to us as a people, and to pray for God's blessing upon the President of the United States, the grand army, and all the branches of the government. In the pulpit were the Rev A W Wayman, H J Rhodes and James A Handy Several distinguished white gentlemen were present. Rev Mr Turner opened the meeting with the soul-stirring old hymn,

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform," &c.

He read the 3d verse of the 2d chapter of the Prophet Habakkuk. He laid down nine propositions. The three most prominent were:

1st. God is acting agreeably to a plan in which there is a fixed time for executing all the designs announced in prophecy.

2d. In executing his plan occurrences often arise which disappoint the expectations of the world, and cause it to suppose that the fulfilment of the promise for which they looked is delayed beyond the appointed time.

3d. The punctual and full accomplishment of every Divine prediction is, nevertheless, certain.

The Rev. gentleman handled the subject in a masterly manner, showing conclusively that God is in the war in the executive branch of the government, and in the councils of this nation; and our duty is to wait: though he tarries wait. Prof. A M. Green, of your city, is here. He lectured a few nights ago at Israel Church. It was decidedly the ablest lecture delivered in this city for a long time. He is an orator and a true scholar. On Sabbath I strayed to Union B thel Church, and listened to a discourse from my old friend, the Rev. J P Campbell. The doctor has lost none of his fire of former years

At this church a series of meetings are going on. God is in the work. A score or more have been happily converted to Christ. Rev. S L. Hammond is in the city looking well. Rev B. T. Tanner, of E St. mission, is working with great success He raised at one collection last week $143 14. Good for the times. God prosper that mission. Hundreds of our brethren are arriving here weekly in great distress They are in need of everything. A great deal has been done, and there is yet a great deal to be done to enable them to pass through the winter. The Rev. Mr. Campbell and Prof. Green are looking after their interests

A man that said his name was John Young, of Pittsburg, Pa., came to Washington with a company of soldiers, as cook. He was taken sick and left on the street to die. He was cared for by Mr. Cyfax and Mrs Susan Sinney. They made him comfortable. He died on Sabbath, Oct. 12th. They gave him a Christian burial

More anon. APRICANUS

It has recently been discovered that a number of valuable books belonging to the British Museum have been stolen by an Irish solicitor. He transferred them to his own shelves, having first pasted his own name and arms over the mark of the Museum. As he had filed with the librarian [illegible] that the theft remained so long undiscovered has suggested some inquiries as to the faithfulness with which those having charge of the library are accustomed to perform their duties.

The British Government has granted a pension to Mr. Isaac Taylor, as an acknowledgment of his [illegible] departments of history and philosophy.

THE PROCLAMATION.

The world moves. We are living years in days and centuries in years. If, when we witnessed the uprising of a great people, for a Government of law and constitutional liberty, and the sublime sacrifices of life, property, and all that men hold dear, we wrote that we devoutly thanked God we were permitted to live in such a crisis of our country's history and of the world's, what shall we say now, when we stand on the eve of events, which, in the good providence of God, must not only girdle the deadly Upas of American slavery, but sooner or later make it a dry and lifeless trunk? Believing that liberty is better than bondage, and that slavery, as it exists in our land, is monstrous, unnatural, and wholly contrary to the clear teachings of the Divine Word, we daily and hourly thank God, over every successive step which is taken in the way of that "righteousness which exalteth a nation," and in the constitutional overthrow of that "sin which is a disgrace to any people."

While the President of the United States, in the discharge of his sworn obligations to obey the Constitution, had no choice left but to annul the bold action of individual Generals, like Fremont, Phelps, and Hunter, in reference to the enslaved, he has, after due consideration, approved and signed the first Confiscation Act; the bill abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia; the bill forever forbidding slavery in any present or future territory of the United States; the new treaty with England for the suppression of the slave trade, "in which the long resisted right of search was, for the purposes of humanity, conceded by our nation;" and, finally, the joint resolution, offering compensation from the national treasury to such of the Border States as should adopt a system of immediate or gradual emancipation. This last policy, the General Synod of the Lutheran Church in the United States, after a calm and thorough discussion, almost unanimously approved; thus leading the way for a clear and manly utterance on the great question of human liberty, which was followed by the principal Christian denominations of the land. If any of our readers are so addicted to the old order of things, when the slave mart disgraced the national capital, and the coffle-gang could be daily seen from the Capitol steps on its road to the Southern cars; when the virgin soil of a new territory must be polluted with slavery for every territory devoted to freedom; when cargo after cargo of miserable Africans were annually landed on our shores, and New York capitalists became millionaires by fitting out ships for the devilish traffic of human flesh; if any are so devoted to the state of things "as it was," we are not of that number. On the contrary, we rejoice before God with the deepest thankfulness, that these shameful days are over. Whatever may be the final result of the great Rebellion, the Sun will never go backward from these points on the dial of our nation's history. Slave ships in our harbors, slave marts in our capital, slave territory in our national domain, will be seen and known among us no more. All this is clear gain, and it is a gain so unspeakably great, when viewed in its relations to the future, and the unnumbered millions of the white and colored races who will be affected by it, that no tongue of man can utter its greatness, and no pen of man portray its far reaching and beneficent consequences

Another great step has just been taken in the direction of human freedom. Slavery is at once the strength and the weakness of the Rebellion. It is its strength, because it furnishes it the sinews of war, the food of its armies and a laboring class to remain at home, while the entire effective white population may be thrown into the field to fight its battles. It is its weakness, because whatever disturbs, arouses and renders insecure this laboring class, cuts off the very locks of the Rebel giant, and makes him comparatively helpless for evil We need not prove that the President's Proclamation of freedom to every Slave in the Rebel States, after the first of January, 1863, must turn the strength of the Rebellion into weakness. The quaking and fear in the Confederate Congress already tell how this offer is affecting them. Though a war measure, necessitated by the needless waste of treasure and blood, and set forth solely as such by the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States for the preservation of the Government and the Union, it strikes with a moral power which is irresistible. It draws the lines between liberty and slavery, and boldly sets the Government at once the world on the side of liberty for all men. This cuts up intervention by the roots, creates a consciousness of right doing by the Government in the hearts of our population; and, what is infinitely more important, secures for our nation the approbation of Heaven. Having the power, under the Constitution, "to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound," as well as to do everything else which might cripple the enemy and bring the Rebellion to a close, how could we hope for success while coldly turning away from the oppressed and loyal slaves of the South, or even aiding their Rebel masters to drag them back into slavery from our very lines? No! God cannot smile upon such intolerable wrong. But now all is changed. The proclamation is occasioned, indeed, by the necessities of the war, but it is made also because it is eminently right. God has spoken the word, "Let my people go," and the Government arrays itself with God against the oppressor, and on the side of the oppressed. Now we know where we are, and who is on our side. It is that God who rebukes hypocrisy and sham—and says, in language which eats into the flesh like fire, "Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and He shall say: 'Here I am' *If thou take away from the midst of thee the yoke*, the putting forth of the finger, and speaking vanity; and if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul, THEN shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness shall be as the noonday!"

Lutheran and Missionary.

BREVITY IN SABBATH SCHOOLS.

Children soon become listless and weary, if any exercise to which they engage is tedious in length

Superintendents and [illegible] both schools [illegible] you to remember this, and be guided by it. Another paper shall be on the *Manner* of the [illegible]

"Brevity!" Such was the reply of a man of great [illegible] when interesting ideas into his pupils. I would fain whisper it in the ears of my fellow teachers. Make your speeches brief. Above all, make your prayers brief. You have only an hour for reciting lessons, hearing catechism, reading and questioning, exhortation, singing, and devotional exercises. [illegible] body addresses the school fifteen minutes, what time is left for other duties?

I listened last Sabbath with great pain to a prayer at the opening of a school, which could only be described by a word coined by the Rhenish translators, longanimity. It was a good prayer, an earnest one, and the officer remembered every interest of the Church, from Christ to the Pedimanes, but right in front of me was a class of rowdy boys, without a teacher, trying to steal each other's caps and cut the buttons off each other's jackets; and the class behind that was trading knives; and the infant class was carrying on a comparison of patterns and skating caps. O how I longed to pull that brother a skirt and whisper to his ear, "Stop!" [illegible] to the children—be a more acceptable prayer from that Sabbath school, than the fifteen minutes' prayer, for things which they could not possibly understand, and had no thought of

Teachers, never exceed three minutes in your prayers. Every minute more is only training the children to formalism and hypocrisy.—*Christian Guardian.*

PURITANISM SKETCHED BY A BOSTON LAWYER

One of the most extraordinary passages we have ever met with that attempted to characterize the religious meddling of the system of New Englandism, occurs in the speech of a Boston lawyer on a late criminal prosecution there. It reminds one of the earlier pages of Hildreth's history of the United States. If we could accept such testimony, (as in our opinion we cannot) the religious system of Puritanism has not been the most favorable to individual rights or freedom. The passage is as follows:—

The man who attends to every other man's affairs, whether his own are attended to or not, is almost exclusively a Massachusetts nuisance To Massachusetts society meddling is, indeed, a scourge so great that it may be doubted whether it does not fully counterbalance every comfort and blessing concentrated in this country. Puritanism, which exalted the manly English spirit to fanaticism on the one hand, degraded it on the other to espionage. Its churches were mutual assurance societies for the morality of their members. Its doctrines are forgotten But the evil which the Puritans unconsciously did lives after them, and churches which detest their memory and deny their teachings are managed on their principles. New England today is covered with societies in which the best of men and women conscientiously, but reluctantly, and the worst of men and women eagerly and with a devilish delight perform the part of spies and informers upon each other. To say that such a gigantic system of mutual espionage does not tend to degrade character, is simply to say that eaves-dropping and tale-bearing are not low and mean occupations. Under its influence, nothing is known of a man's real character and disposition. Habitual watchfulness upon the one side awakens habitual hypocrisy on the other.

And it is only when the little saint of Boston expands into the gigantic villain of New Orleans or San Francisco, that you can tell how vast a benefit you have derived from his emigration. The wickedness looked little here, because we saw but little of it. The enormous pressure of universal listening and peeping had driven it deep into the innermost fibres of society.

* * * * * * But be the turn whose it may, the system of a barbarous age and people applied to the control of civilized mankind awakens the fiercest resentment. Men have put up with the savagest taskmasters. They have endured the bloodiest tyrants without resistance for many years. They have submitted to the Kings of Prussia—to the Czars—to the House of Austria—and even the Turks But a government of meddling philanthropists they cannot bear.

Individually vile and odious, but quite insignificant; when collected they are all pervading, all-devouring, appalling, loathsome to every sense, and intolerable to the strongest body and the firmest mind

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"Never, perhaps, in any period of the world's history," says a contemporary of Scott, "did literary talent receive a homage so universal as that of Scott. His reputation was co-extensive, not only with the English language, but with the boundaries of civilization. In one year, too, his literary productions yielded him £15,000. The king conferred on him a baronetcy, and wherever he appeared, at home or abroad, he was the lion of the day. All the good things of life were his. His mansion at Abbotsford realized the highest conceptions of a poet's imagination, and seemed like a poem in stone. His company was of the most honorable of the land, and his domestic enjoyments all that his heart could desire. Yet he was not happy. Ambitious to found a family, he got into debt, and in old age he was a ruined man. When about to leave Abbotsford for the last time, he said: 'When I think on what this place now is, with what it was not long ago, I feel as if my heart would break. Lonely, aged, deprived of all my family, I am going [illegible] and unbecoming [illegible] to be [illegible] But [illegible] the great [illegible] a [illegible] piece [illegible] I walk [illegible] that it may open for me at no distant period' And again: 'Some new [illegible] appear every moment. Sicknesses come thicker and thicker; friends are fewer and fewer. The recollection of youth, health, and powers of activity, neither improved or enjoyed, is a poor ground of comfort. The best is, the long halt will arrive at length, and close all.' And the long halt did arrive. Not long before he died, Sir Walter Scott requested his daughter to wheel him to his desk She then put a pen into his hand, but he fingers refused to do their office. Silent tears rolled down his cheeks. 'Take me back to my own room,' he said, 'there is no rest for Sir Walter but in his grave.' A few days after this, he died, realizing, in reference to all his fame, honor, and renown, the truth of Solomon, 'Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity and vexation of spirit.'"

JERUSALEM UNDERGROUND.

An account of Signor Pierotti's discoveries in the subterranean topography of Jerusalem has been published. Employed by the Pasha as an engineer, he has discovered that the modern city of Jerusalem stands on several layers of ruined masonry, the undermost of which composed of deeply bevelled and enormous stones, he attributes to the age of Solomon, the next to that of Zorobabel, the next to that of Herod, the next to that of Justinian, and so on till the times of the Saracens and Crusaders He has traced a series of conduits and sewers leading from the "dome of the rock," a mosque standing on the very site of the altar of sacrifice in the Temple, to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, by means of which the priests were enabled to flush the whole temple area with water, and thus to carry off the blood and offal of the sacrifices to the brook Kedron. The manner of his explorations was very interesting. He got an Arab to walk up through these immense sewers, ringing a bell and blowing a trumpet, while he himself by following the sound was able to trace the exact course they took. About two years ago he accidentally discovered a fountain at the pool Bethesda and on [illegible] this discovery [illegible] of water [illegible] Nobody knows from whence it comes, nor whither it goes. He found the great [illegible] and [illegible] Messiah's coming, and portended the speedy restoration of their commonwealth. This fountain, which has a peculiar taste, like that of milk and water, is identified by Signor Pierotti with the fountain which Hezekiah built

MORAVIA

The Moravians or United Brethren, of Germany and America, are taking measures to promote the resuscitation of evangelical religion in Moravia, which is the land in which their Church originated, and whence it derives the name by which it is often called This is a noble work, and is now practicable under the more liberal policy which the Austrian Government has begun to pursue in relation to Protestants of the Empire

It is the theory of a famous speculator in politics that [illegible] right to be in the world, he has no business to complain if he be allowed to starve However hard this principle may seem when applied to [illegible] it is perfectly just when applied to a poor. It has [illegible] of [illegible] that some duties [illegible] tive want.

A PENMAN ON PENS

What a pen is to be made of is still unsettled. The quill, the steel pen, and the hard nibbed gold pen, have their several advocates, and are largely used; but still every one complains that he is not suited; nothing that is good and cheap lasts Various other names have been adopted for keeping steel and corrosion apart. Pens have been galvanised on Davy's plan for protecting the ship's copper, but not with good effect. Washes of all kinds have been applied; the latest we have seen is that of *gutta percha* pen. Glass has been tried, but has not come into use. A correspondent informs us, that he strongly suspects that simple gold, without any hard nib, is the true material When his nibs have come off, whether by wear or accident, he grinds the gold ends in an unskilful way into something like a practical form He thus produces a rough pen, which is so durable that he thinks the manufacturers would do well to turn their attention to the imitation of a quill in gold The metal is to be excessively thin, and our correspondent suspects that the best imitation of a quill would require so little gold, that a pen might be sold for a shilling. This pen, he thinks, would last for six months at least, even in the hands of a reviewer. At any rate, it is worth while to repeat from time to time, the complaint that the world, in this prodigiously-puffed and [illegible] age, is [illegible] pen.—*London Athenæum.*

SEA SICKNESS

R M Bache, in a letter recently read before the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences, gave a new theory of the cause of sea sickness. He attributes this annoying malady not to motion, or the appearance of motion especially, but to *unaccustomed* and *irregular* motion, the extent and direction of which the mind is unable to calculate and anticipate. As soon as persons become accustomed to this life, and the mind does not act at variance with the motion of the body, the nausea ceases. He advises sea sick persons, therefore, to keep near a quiet horizontal position, so as not to be worried with the seeming motion of the horizon. Let the food be the same as is ordinarily used. There is no specific for sea-sickness, except to [illegible] to the motions of the ship, and any tampering with the stomach in the way of unaccustomed articles of food or drinks is only likely to aggravate the nausea. If, in addition to what has been recommended above, says Mr. Bache, the passenger will spread a mattress, and put him if in a recumbent posture, all will then have been done that can be done to prevent, to cure, or to alleviate sea sickness, until the education of the senses is completed.

Mr. B. FRANK PALMER, the inventor and manufacturer of the artificial limb which bears his name, has recently tendered to the Government his services, with the free use of his time and abilities, for the assistance of the halt and maimed of our armies. Congress, it will be remembered, passed an appropriation of $15,000 for the purchase of artificial limbs for such; and Mr. Palmer has generously offered to take the sum specified, and to apply it, without profit to himself, to the construction of as many of his artificial limbs as the amount will pay for.

CHILDREN.

A friend of ours—a publisher—once thought of republishing a Christmas story from a large English collection which he had imported. He made his selection, and gave the balance to his little son to read. Next day the boy rushed to his father with one of the stories in his fist, and with glowing face and sparkling eyes exclaimed: "Oh, father, this is the story for Christmas; it's a real steamer, and will take down the world!" The father published both. His boy's selection went through four editions; his own still has unsold on his shelves.

We know a little chubby-faced boy who being taken down town and suited to a new jacket and pants by his father, made the following remark as they were about to take the cars for home: "Now father, you [illegible] me [illegible] to-day that I can't bear to have you spend any more, so you just jump in the car and ride home, and I'll trot along on the sidewalk and save you three cents." There was thoughtfulness for an eight-year-old!

"THE LORD'S NO DEAF."

A poor old [illegible] man residing in a Yorkshire village was visited one day by the parish clergyman, who had recently taken a resolution to pay such visits regularly to his parishioners, and therefore made a promise to the wife of this villager that he would call occasionally and pray with him. The minister, however soon fell through this resolution, and did not pay another visit to the deaf man until three years after, when, happening to go through the alley where the poor man lived, he found the wife at the door, and therefore could not avoid inquiring for her husband.

"Well, Margaret," said the minister, "how is Thomas?"

"Nae the better o' you," was the rather curt answer.

"How, how, Margaret?" inquired the minister.

"Ou, ye promised twa years syne to ca' and pray anee a fortnight wi' him, and ye never anee darkened the door sin syne."

"Well, well, Margaret, don't be so short. I thought it was not necessary to call and pray with Thomas, for I see, you know, and cannot hear me."

"But sir," rejoined the woman, "the Lord's no deaf."

And the [illegible] clergyman shrank abashed from the cottage

HAD TO SAY IT

The late eloquent and learned Dr. Rice excelled in the fervor and unction of his prayers. In his congregation was an aged negro, very pious and excitable, who would always shout "Amen!" when any petition was put up which touched his feelings This at length became quite annoying to Dr. Rice, especially as Cæsar's hearty amens not unfrequently [illegible] the congregation. Finally, the Doctor told him that his shouts disturbed the congregation, who were not accustomed to them; and if he could restrain them, it would be a great favor. The good negro was shocked to learn that he had disturbed any one, and faithfully promised silence in future. But it happened the very next Sunday that the Dr. was unusually earnest in his supplications to the throne of grace He fairly "wrestled in prayer." In the gallery, as usual, sat Cæsar, writhing sympathetically with the emotion which he could not repress and would not utter More and more fervent waxed the prayer—deeper and deeper grew Cæsar's emotions—more and more violent his struggles to avoid giving vocal utterance to them Nature at last could hold out no longer. "Amen!" shouted Cæsar. "Massa [illegible]

EVILS OF MENTAL PRECOCITY

[illegible] pleasant to find parents to see how bright, intelligent and witty their children are; and they often find great satisfaction in showing to others the brilliancy and mental sprightliness of their precocious darlings. Such parents know not what they are doing. [illegible] parental folly, and fond aunts, and doting grandparents, and injudicious friends, tends to the ruin of [illegible] children. [illegible] science are but the indications of an over-stretched [illegible] year. This neglect of the physical, and stimulating the mental man, is the more to be deplored, from the fact that this early precocity is wholly unnecessary, because many of the best [illegible] and most [illegible] very dull pupils in early childhood. Andrew Fuller, Sir Walter Scott, and Daniel Webster were [illegible] has ever done more in theological discussion than the former? Or who, in the whole world of intellect, than the second? Or who at the bar and in the Senate than the latter.—*Mrs Farrington.*

VERDICT OF A JURY OF BOYS

When Dr Nathaniel Prentice taught a public school in Roxbury, he was very much a favorite; but his patience at times would get very much exhausted by the infractions of the school rules by the scholars. On one occasion, in rather a wrathy way, he threatened to punish with six blows of a heavy ferule the first boy detected in whispering, and appointed some as detectors. Shortly after, one of the detectors shouted,

"Master, John Ziegler is whispering."

John was called up and asked if it was a fact. (John, by the way, was a favorite both with his teacher and schoolmates.)

"Yes," answered John; "I was not aware of what I was about; I was intent on working out a sum, and requested the boy who sat next to hand me the arithmetic that contained the rule which I wished to see."

The doctor regretted his hasty threat, but told John that he could not suffer him to whisper or escape the punishment, but continued:

"I wish I could avoid it, but cannot without a forfeiture of my word. I will," he continued, "leave it to any three scholars you may choose, to say whether or not I omit the punishment."

John said he was agreed to that, and immediately called out G. S., T. D., and D P. D. The doctor told them to return a verdict, which they soon did, (after consultation,) as follows:

"The master's word must be kept inviolate—John must receive the threatened six blows of the ferule; but it must be inflicted on voluntary praties—and we, the arbitrators, will share the punishment by receiving each of us two of the blows

John, who had listened to the verdict, stepped up to the doctor, and with outstretched hand exclaimed:

"Master, here is my hand; they shan't be struck a blow. I will receive the punishment"

The doctor, under pretence of wiping his face, shielded his eyes, and telling the boys to go to their seats, said he would think of it. I believe he did think of it to his dying day, but the punishment was never inflicted.—*Methodist Journal*

TEACHING CHILDREN

Do all in your power to teach children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by gentle and patient means, to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him. If he is [illegible] out of it by encouraging frank good humor. If he is indolent, accustom him to exertion. If pride make his obedience reluctant, subdue him by counsel or discipline. In short, give your children a habit overcoming their besetting sin.

A WORD TO YOUNG WRITERS.

Do not aim to be eloquent. Be sure to have something to write about, and then tell your story with plainness Whenever a writer begins with stars and rainbows, we always find it difficult to discover his subject. If, however, we find him scientific and instructive, we read him with pleasure, and print him also, if we judge his article suited to our columns; but if his stars and rainbows are only introduced as ornaments, we grow weary in looking for his thoughts, and generally dismiss the article.—*Meth Prot.*

BIBLIOMANIA.

An interesting volume, called the *Book-Hunter*, has lately fallen into our hands, filled with very pleasant matter concerning a harmless and not very numerous class of men, whose passion is a peculiar one, but hurtful neither to Church or State, and, incidentally profitable to all literary men. It is the class of book-collectors, or, as he entitles them in one of the chapters of his general essay, "mighty book hunters"—bibliomaniacs, to use the sounding, scholastic term, which the Greek language has furnished for them. The curious habits and peculiar fancies of this class of men are well [illegible] and literally much information is given concerning the *objects* of these men's passion, the rare or celebrated books which they were wont to hunt after with so much zeal, and hoard with so much care.

The division of labor which is so perceptible a feature in our modern society, obtains also among this unwieldly and secluded class of men. Only the division is made among them very much by the caprice or fancy of the various persons visited by this interesting malady

LITERARY SCRAPS.

Daniel Webster said: "Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and amply repaid is its patron, I care not how humble and unpretending the Gazette he takes. It is scarcely possible to fill a sheet without putting in it something that is worth the subscription price. I well remember what a marked difference there was between those who had access to some good newspapers and those who had not. Other things being equal, the first were always superior to the last in debate, composition, and general intelligence."

Rev. Dean Trench, in his excellent work on "English—Past and Present," after noticing the anomalous construction of the word "its," says it does not once occur in the whole of our authorized version of the Bible—occurs only three times in the whole of Shakspeare—was a word unknown to Ben Jonson—was not admitted into his poems by Milton—and did not come into common use until a few years before Dryden sanctioned it in his writings.

Anthony Trollope contributes to the *Athenæum* an open letter to James Russell Lowell, headed *American Literary Piracy*. He relates in it the story of his difficulties with certain American publishers about the publication of some of his works and the payment of his claims as author, and on this bases an eloquent argument for an international copyright. He very truly says that the effects of the present system are to take away all security both in author and publisher.

But why is it—inquires the *Methodist*—that we hear so much of "American" and little of English "Literary Piracy?" Mr Trollope barely admits that there *may* be such a thing. We assure Mr. Trollope that there is such a thing, and far more heinous in its nature than the crimes committed this side of the water. American publishers appropriate the works, but always give the credit of their composition to the foreign authors. English publishers have been known not only to steal American works, but to claim them as by English authors, and at the same time abuse the original itself as worthless and the author as incompetent. *Andrews's Lexicon* was "republished" in this way by [illegible]

A great fac-simile reprint in quarto has been published of the well-known Caxton volume, *The Game of Chess*, supposed to be the first book printed in England

The death of Prof T. Stewart Trail, at Edinburgh, [illegible] Mr Trail was the editor [illegible] the recent edition [illegible]

PSALM CVI.

[illegible]

O! [illegible]
The custom of eternal love;
[illegible]
Have stood, and will forever last.

Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

Rev. Asbury Lowrie publishes a letter "declaring that he had received no new views in regard to the Trinity, the Atonement, and other doctrines of grace." He says—

"I know nothing of the origin of the statement, but I would observe, that I do not take exception to every part of it, in the direct statement and in that is implied in it. I have made no change in regard to the views which I have so often and abundantly expressed in my writings. By a change of views, I suppose you mean a change from views which I have once held, and which I have so often expressed—views which I regard as my attempt to call attention to the ministry, and which I have endeavored to maintain, through the press—on the doctrine of the Trinity, the Atonement, the Spirit's work, and the doctrine of the Christian generally." The doctrines and the mode of government of the Presbyterian Church are what I have been preaching, more and more the longer I live; and in the belief of those doctrines, in which I was trained, and which I have published and endeavored to maintain for nearly forty years of my life, I expect to die."

METHODIST.—EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN PARMA, ITALY.—At the Easter Monday Conference, a letter was read by Mr. Arthur from Rev. H. J. Piggot, who had purchased at Parma, for £250, a building which had formerly been the church of a monastery, and which, after a fourth sum of £40 had been expended upon it, was opened on the Sabbath preceding the date of the letter. To show the impression which this event had produced, he stated that a large congregation had assembled on that occasion, that "450 persons were within the doors," orderly and attentive, and that hundreds remained in the street. Every indication was given of sympathy and encouragement, and he considered that nothing could have greater promise for Italy. Mr. Arthur gave translations from a Parma journal, which announced the opening "that morning, for the first time in that city, of "an evangelical church," and which added that "the place was small, the crowd great, and the heat oppressive," so that many were obliged to retire, but that it was filled with successive congregations. In conclusion, Mr. Arthur expressed his opinion that Italy must be evangelized by native energy, but denominational efforts and the men of well-united piety should be employed to "preach the Gospel," and leave developments to God.

At the late meeting of the Massachusetts General Conference, an interesting discussion arose on the propriety of teaching the children of Congregationalists the Westminster Assembly's Catechism. We are pleased to learn that the importance of the measure was so stoutly maintained.

One said that the Catechism, next to the Bible, had made New England what it is. Another stated the historical fact that the great apostacy in this Commonwealth commenced by ignoring the Catechism, and substituting another in its place, which excluded the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel. This was done in Plymouth county more than a hundred years ago. The same thing was done in Worcester county more than fifty years since. It was by gradually lowering down the Gospel that heresy was introduced into these churches. Let our children be brought up without being taught the fundamental doctrines of the Gospel, and we shall have a second crop of Unitarianism. This generation will not pass away before the battle with heresy will have to be fought over again. Let the saying of an old writer be remembered: "Let me fill the bushel with wheat, then let him that can, fill it with chaff." Fill the minds of our children with Bible truth, and it will fortify them against being led away by error.

EPISCOPAL.—TRINITY CHURCH PATRONAGE.—There are nine clergymen connected with the wealthy corporation of Trinity church in New York—a rector and two clergymen to each of the four congregations. The following statement will be read with interest, as showing the loyalty and devotion to the country of the clergy of "Old Trinity":

"The rector, Dr. Berrian, has a son connected with the Navy Department. In Trinity Church, Dr. Vinton has two brothers in the United States army; Dr. Ogilby has a son and other connections fighting gallantly at the Peninsula and in other Western battles. In St. Paul's chapel, Dr. Haight has a son in the army in Virginia. Mr. Dix has a father a major general, and a brother a chaplain in the United States service. In St. John's chapel, Dr. Weston has gone home as chaplain with his (7th New York) Regiment. In Trinity chapel, Dr. Higbee has two sons in the naval service of the United States, and Dr. Hobart a nephew in the army."

The *Boston Review* says of New England Unitarianism:

"As a whole, it is obvious that it is neither increasing nor aggressive, and if Boston, its fountain head, may be quoted as a true exponent of its quantity and power, it has lost much during the last thirty years. Instead of holding that city as formerly, it has been compelled to relax its grasp, and behold evangelical elements assert and maintain a power more than quadrupled in the number of its churches, members and influence."

Domestic Items.

An important reconnoissance was made to Leesburg on Sunday, by a cavalry force of Negley's Fifth, the Fortieth New York regiment, Colonel Egan, where they captured a rebel wagon train, which, among other things, contained the personal effects and official papers of the rebel General Longstreet, and a good deal of army supplies, tents, and so forth. Several fine horses, beef cattle, and a caisson filled with ammunition were also captured.

A New Currency.—A new plan for obviating the small change trouble has been suggested and is being urged out by parties in Connecticut, which seems to be the best expedient to adopt until we come back to our good old tokens of gold and silver. The small change now in use are incased in a thin white metal covering, with a mica face, so that their denomination is easily seen. The whole is then of exactly the same shape, though not as large or as thick as a quarter dollar, and is as handy to every respect as ordinary silver change. It can be furnished at about five per cent. premium. An effort is to be made to induce the Treasury Department to adopt this style of currency in preference to the small bills, which, it is argued, being printed on inferior paper, will soon become dirty and ragged.

George Francis Train has issued a statement and protest against his expulsion from Faneuil Hall, Boston, on the occasion of the Emancipation Meeting and address of Charles Sumner. He states that the meeting having adjourned, he (Train) was prevented from holding another meeting, and being called upon, he attempted to go on the platform, when dozens rushed upon him, striking him, and lifting him from the floor by the collar, and finally succeeded in throwing him down. On his way out the mob attempted to throw him over the bridge.

The London Times on our Victory.—Though a greater victory than that now claimed would still leave the Federal Government in a desperate position, the enormous extent of the theatre of war, the number of generals and armies, the variety of details, is likely to produce a great effect at New York requires but slight encouragement to be heard as a note of triumph. Richmond is the object of Washington, will probably make the commercial capital jubilant. Unless reversed by some Confederate victories, the present engagement will revive McClellan's popularity, so that many will be disposed to consider which he set out from Washington in pursuit of the successful Confederates, it is a considerable one. Movement to have marched or fought at all. Yet he has done both with a celerity that did not distinguish his operations in the Peninsula; and he has done it with troops that must have been fatigued by the continued retreats, and the spectacle presented will in the long run of Washington, from which they again moved to recommence the struggle. But if McClellan has really won the battle, it is still a fatality of the Federal Cabinet that it will not gain an unqualified advantage from the [illegible] will thank [illegible] the conquered [illegible] the ravages of the invader and driven him from their borders. While reposing at the victories which, under God's blessing, have crowned our exertions, let us [illegible] of any good through all these troubles to a peace be[illegible]

Episcopal Convention, and Secession.—The [illegible] was held in New York on the 1st inst. The Right Rev. Bishop Potter who not present, in consequence of a domestic affliction. A number of clergymen from [illegible] were present.

The mooted subject of an expression in regard to the [illegible] and the [illegible] church, was [illegible] before the Convention by the Rev. Mr. Brount [illegible], who offered a preamble and resolution, declaring [illegible] never by ecclesiastical enactments the [illegible] and the [illegible], thereby grievously rending the body of [illegible] in His Church," and requesting the House of [illegible] to set forth a special form of prayer pleading [illegible] God's gracious [illegible] praying that it may please Him [illegible] ment, giving it the victory over all its enemies; that [illegible] will abate their anger and pride, assuage their malice, and confound their devices, and, giving them better [illegible] that He will restore our National Union, bring back [illegible] peace and prosperity to the State, and godly unity to [illegible] churches.

The resolution was debated and laid on the table by a vote of 75 yeas to 31 nays, and an attempt to reconsider was lost. The argument against the adoption of [illegible] was, as follows:

He considered the resolution unnecessary and an [illegible] West [illegible] Church was loyal; it could not be imputed to them that they were in any sympathy with the rebellion. In the most fervent prayers of the Church there were supplications [illegible] overlooked. The Church could well say with truth that it was not responsible for the rebellion. She could, indeed, exclaim, "Thou canst not say, I did it." It had been said that the press and the people of the country would expect some expression from the Convention with regard to the war. But that should not [illegible] that character. He hoped that no subjects calculated [illegible] would be brought up. They were in the midst of a civil war. The North and South had drawn the sword. If the [illegible] should be divided, and, then, if they were to have two churches instead of one, then, indeed, it would be time to introduce such a resolution. Now it was impolitic, and he would impress upon them the force of the old maxim, which declared that they should treat their enemies as friends, knowing that at one day they might be [illegible] friends.

Hon. Horatio Seymour also took part in the discussion on the attitude of the Church towards the rebellion, and while a full and free [illegible] of love for their mistaken brethren. He believed that the [illegible] of the Government [illegible] the peace could be restored to us as well as by force. It was for that reason he had previously voted for a special form of prayer in which they could all unite. But he urged the importance of dealing with our Southern [illegible] Christian men, in the expectation of meeting them again some time and wiping out all past differences. The resolutions were [illegible] committee. The [illegible] position was made of other resolutions suggesting modification of the [illegible] same subject.

Statement of a Refugee from Richmond—Affairs at Staunton and Winchester.—[Special Correspondence of the Baltimore American.]—WILLIAMSPORT, Md., Oct. 4, 1862.—Jn Clay, an Englishman, and others, left Richmond Oct. 4th. By slow traveling they at length reached Staunton on Friday night. He was told by those with whom he conversed, that there were 1,500 Confederate States soldiers in the hospitals of the place, and at Charlotte, from 2000 to 3,000. Staunton was so full of soldiers that he could not procure any bed, and only slept in the hotel parlor by paying dearly for its accommodation. On Sunday another train of cars brought to Staunton 500 more convalescents. Here he again had to procure a pass.

On Monday morning he left Staunton. All along the way he saw companies of men passing in the direction of the army as he looked from out the stage-coach. According to his own judgment, he supposes that he saw about 1,500 wagons on their way to Staunton, filled with sick and wounded soldiers.

On Tuesday morning, about nine o'clock, he reached Winchester. This place, he says, was so full of soldiers that he found it impossible to procure either bed or boarding. The greatest destruction of property he has ever seen he beheld here. He saw soldiers here upon the side-walk, without any regard for decency, picking up the vermin off their bodies. Some [illegible] and [illegible] were [illegible].

About eleven o'clock on Wednesday morning, he left Winchester. At this point of his progress he had to abandon the idea of traveling by conveyance. He therefore was obliged to walk. Within a short distance of Martinsburg he met three regiments of cavalry going into the town. These regiments he afterwards saw dismounted on the road leading to Shepherdstown. Here his papers were demanded, but he succeeded in effecting his passage through their lines after showing them. He attributed his easy escape beyond [illegible] about Martinsburg, and to the last night's reconnoissance [illegible] river he only met several cavalry, whom he was ordered to pass by. He reached here between five and six [illegible] man, and a close observer of things which occur [illegible] him. He does not ask many questions, but is ready to answer any inquiries about Dixie's land. Richmond, [illegible] 8,420 Confederate mails he purchased $1100 in gold. [illegible] lors ample information. He says he saw men tarred and feathered, wounded and stubborn with half of their heads [illegible] of their [illegible] to the United States and Stephen [illegible] continuance of the war are the speculators of Richmond.

The Sioux War.—The Sioux war is regarded as practically at an end. 1,500 prisoners have been taken, and more are brought in every day. In the engagements which have broken the strength of the red men, only [illegible] on the [illegible] part upon record.

Refugees from Virginia.—White refugees from the counties of Virginia skirting the Potomac, and even from those surrounding Richmond, are beginning to arrive here in considerable numbers, induced to come as much, it may safely be conjectured, on account of the danger of starving to death as from incentives to loyalty. Ten or a dozen men have come in to-day, and several women with children and babies. There seems a strong probability that the negro will increase with the approach of winter.

Noble Contribution from San Francisco.—The people of San Francisco have raised and forwarded to the Sanitary Commission at Washington, the magnificent contribution of one hundred thousand dollars for the relief of our sick and wounded soldiers and seamen.

Massachusetts in the War.—Massachusetts will have sent, in all, under the different calls of the President, 80,400 men, as follows:—36 regiments of three years' men, 36,000; 19 regiments of nine months' men, 19,000; number raised to fill up the old regiments' 7,000, other miscellaneous contributions, 2,700; 1 cavalry regiment 1,200, 11 batteries, 1,700, enlisted in the navy, 12,000.

Iron clads Building at Greenpoint L. I.—Six iron-clads are now building at the Continental Works, Greenpoint, One—the Passaic—was recently launched and is near completion. The Montauk and Naiskil will be ready to launch in two weeks. The plating of the fourth and fifth—the Puritan and Dictator—will be commenced soon, and the completion. The Quidnick Battery—has her frame up. She will have two turrets, and carry four 2 inch guns.

Business at New York Custom House.—Contrary to the expectations of many of our merchants, the importations continue to be heavy, and the amounts received for duty large, notwithstanding the new tariff. The rates of duty were thought to be so high that the quantity of goods imported would be much less than [illegible] Dress [illegible] and [illegible] have been more than usually heavy, and the quantity of [illegible] *Evening Post.*

From The Army of the Potomac—Congratulatory Order of Gen. McClellan to the Soldiers of the recent Victories, &c.

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }
Camp near Sharpsburg, Md., Oct. 3, 1862. }

General Order No. [illegible]

I announce to the army that the President of the United States has expressed his appreciation of your recent services in general terms of congratulation to the army under his command for the victories achieved by their bravery at the passes of the South Mountain and upon the Antietam.

Hagerstown, Boonsboro, Keedysville, Sharpsburg, Hagerstown, Funkstown, Frederick City, Middletown, Boonsboro, Hagerstown, Williamsport, Falling Waters, Martinsburg, Bunker Hill, Charlestown, Harper's Ferry, Halltown, Bolivar Heights, Hagerstown, Boonsboro, Middletown, Frederick City, Jefferson, Harper's Ferry, Bolivar Heights, Charlestown, Bunker Hill, Martinsburg, Williamsport

THE BATTLE AUTUMN OF 1862.

The flags of war like storm-birds fly,
The charging trumpets blow;
Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,
No earthquake strives below.

And, calm and patient, Nature keeps
Her ancient promise well,
Though o'er her bosom sow'd with deeds
The battle's breath, they toll

And still she walks in golden hours
Through harvest-happy farms,
And still she wears her fruits and flowers
Like jewels on her arms.

What mean the gladness of the plain,
This joy of eve and morn,
The mirth that shakes the beard of grain
And yellows locks of corn?

Ah! eyes may well be full of tears,
When hearts with hate are hot;
But even-paced come round the years,
And Nature changes not.

She greets with smiles our bitter grief,
With songs our groans of pain;
She mocks with tint of flower and leaf
The war-field's crimson stain.

Still in the cannon's pause, we hear
Her ceaseless sounds and sights;
Tho' near to God for doubt or fear,
She shares the eternal calm.

She knows the seed lies safe below
The fires that scar and burn;
For all the tears of blood we sow
She waits the rich return.

She sees with clearer eye than ours
The good, of suffering born—
The earth that feeds on blood and tears
And ripens like her corn.

Oh, give to us, in times like these,
The vision of her eyes;
And make her fields and fruited trees
Our golden prophecies.

Oh, give to us her finer ear!
Above the stormy din,
We, too, would hear the bells of cheer
Ring peace and freedom in!

Atlantic Monthly for October

BIOGRAPHY OF A NOTORIOUS ELEPHANT

Among the most attractive features of Van Amburgh & Co.'s Menagerie is the celebrated elephant, Hannibal, the largest animal ever exhibited in this country or in Europe, and, as the old fellow has so frequently furnished newspaper itemizers with materials for spicy paragraphs that his name has become familiar to almost every one, a brief sketch of his history may be found of interest.

Hannibal was brought to this country in 1824, from the East Indies, and was purchased by a butcher in New York, who exhibited him for a time in a stable in that city. He shortly after fell into the hands of his present owners, who have retained him ever since, and who would not now sell him at any price. He was supposed to be about twenty-five years of age when imported, which would make him sixty-three years old at the present time

Hannibal first distinguished himself at the Zoological Institute in the Bowery, New York, in 1825, when he saved the life of his keeper, Mr. Joseph Martin, who now resides at Girard, in Erie county. A large tiger and tigress had escaped from their cage and fastened upon a lama which was allowed to run wild about the building. Mr. Martin, hearing the noise, entered the apartment, without suspecting the extent of the danger, when the tiger immediately crouched to spring upon him. Martin was entirely unarmed, and all resistance to the attack of the infuriated beast would be useless. At this juncture Hannibal rushed forward, seized his keeper, and raising him out of danger, held him in safety until assistance arrived and the animals were secured.

The admirable disposition exhibited by Hannibal in the incident just narrated gained him great credit with the public as a humane and well-disposed elephant, of good feelings and generous impulses; but his subsequent conduct, we are sorry to say, has entirely destroyed that favorable impression, and he is now regarded, and not without reason, as a morose and incorrigible old rascal, who can only be kept within the bounds of decent behaviour by the constant use of chains and frequent applications of condign punishment. His breaches of peace have been so numerous that it would be impossible to detail them within the limits of a newspaper article, but we will briefly allude to some of his most violent outbreaks.

In 1847 this city was the scene of one of his most violent bursts of fury. The menagerie was wintering in the warehouse of Leech & Co., on the banks of the canal, where the Cleveland and Pittsburg freight depot now stands. "Queen Ann," an elephantine maid, for whom Hannibal had formed a tender attachment, was removed from his companionship, and he immediately fell into a fearful state of sullenness and rage. For three days he refused all food, and during that time lost no less than *three thousand pounds* in weight, as was definitely ascertained at the time by the scales He endeavored to drown his sorrows "in the flowing bowl," refusing to drink unless the water given him was stiffly infused with whisky; but this indulgence, by which it was sought to humour him, only rendered him more frantic in the end. His keeper, and a favorite dog with whom he had been on the best of terms, became the special objects of his animosity. At the first symptoms of insubordination he had been loaded with chains, and so firmly secured that it was thought impossible for him to break loose. Day after day passed away without any diminution of ill-temper upon the part of the large beast, until at last his uninterrupting "surgings" resulted in tearing away his fastenings, and the infuriated elephant was at large in the building. A scene of the wildest terror ensued The lions, tigers, leopards and other animals commenced dashing against the sides of the cages, while the air resounded with their cries of fright; the people by thousands gathered around the warehouse armed with rifles and every description of fire-arms. Hannibal roamed through the building, tearing down timbers, raising his enormous bulk upon his hind legs, and beating the roof with his trunk, and threatening every moment to make a complete wreck of the whole structure. But the manager of the menagerie had provided for this. Long poles, with strong steel hooks at the ends, were brought forward and inserted in his flesh on every side; these were attached to ropes and tackle, manned by hundreds of men, and finally the angry monster, the blood flowing from his lacerated body in torrents, but still struggling desperately and trumpeting fiercely, was brought to the ground and so chained as to render him perfectly helpless Spears and pitchforks were then brought into requisition, and he was punished, until completely exhausted, be announced in his usual manner his complete submission and promise of better behaviour, when he was released, a wiser, and, for a time, a better elephant. His appetite returned immediately, and in a very short space of time he had more than supplied his extraordinary loss of flesh.

In 1851, while going from Pawtucket to Fall River, in Massachusetts, he had a misunderstanding with his keeper, whom he compelled to fly for his life. Finding himself at liberty he started off at a furious pace, attacking every animate object that he found in his path. He threw a horse and wagon into the air, smashing the vehicle all to pieces, and then carried the mangled remains of the horse a distance of fifty feet, to a pond, into which he threw the lifeless body. He next encountered another horse and wagon, and made kindling wood of the latter, the horse escaping by flight. Coming to a third wagon he smashed up the whole establishment, threw the horse thirty feet into an adjoining field, and then, tearing down the fence, brought the body of the horse and hurled it down on the road. Overtaking still another horse and wagon he demolished the vehicle, and, the horse changed with the fore-wheels, he pursued him for eight miles, without being able to overtake the frightened steed. In this race he travelled a portion of this distance at the rate of a mile in three minutes. Fortunately, the occupants of the vehicles sustained no very serious injuries, and the proprietors of the menagerie offered a satisfactory compromise to the parties interested. After killing another horse and doing other mischief of a less serious character, he laid down exhausted in the bushes, where he was soon after found and properly secured

A few years since, while the menagerie was at Williamsburg, N. Y., Hannibal suddenly broke out in a furious fit, during the absence from the tent of his keeper, and after demolishing a wagon loaded with sawdust, turned his attention to the cages of animals which he upset right and left, fortunately, however, without setting loose any of the dangerous inhabitants, with the exception of a hyena or two, which were soon captured. He then sallied forth into the street, dragging his chain after him and trumpeting defiance The attaches of the menagerie followed him and drove him into a stone-yard, where he was kept until the long pikes and hooks of the Young America Hook and Ladder Company were brought upon the ground, when he was surrounded and kept at bay until ropes were thrown around his legs and wound so he could not move. He was then thrown, after which he was speared and stabbed with pitchforks until completely reduced to submission, as he signified by "begging" piteously, when he was led back to his old quarters as docile as a lamb.

His last fit of insubordination occurred in Philadelphia, in February, 1861, and continued for three weeks. His owners know him so well now, that they can detect the approach of one of these fits at once, and guard against its unpleasant consequences. So, on this occasion, he was most securely chained upon showing the first symptoms of ill-temper, that he was unable to do any mischief, except tearing down an iron column which stood within his reach, and throwing it with great violence across the building. Since then he has conducted himself with great propriety, and Van Amburgh & Co. are in hopes that he has reformed, and will hereafter conduct himself as a peaceable, respectable elephant should. Still they watch him with the utmost vigilance, and his keeper is always ready for him in case he should manifest any disposition to return to his old, disreputable tricks.

In 1859, while travelling in Mississippi, Hannibal was ordered to swim the Black Warrior River, which was then greatly swollen by a freshet. Instead, however, of crossing as directed, he started on a voyage of discovery down stream, emerging suddenly on a plantation some twelve miles below where he entered. He came ashore on the edge of a cotton-field, where a large number of darkies were at work, and the effect produced among them by the unexpected and terrific apparition may be imagined, but cannot be described. The news spread, with all the exaggerations which would naturally be given to such an event, with incredible rapidity, and resulted in a general stampede of the entire colored population of the country. It is even said by some that a good many of the darkies turned white with fright. As a proof of this, numbers are pointed out in that region who have not fully regained their natural hue. It would hardly be fair, however, to hold Hannibal responsible for all the doubtful shades of complexion to be found in that vicinity.

In 1856, a keeper who had taken care of Hannibal for many years, fell from his horse in a fit near Zanesville, Ohio. The huge beast, instead of deserting him, stood watching over his senseless form until the train of cages came up, and then suffered himself to be chained and led away by Mr. Thomas, his present keeper, without making the slightest resistance, although had the other keeper been well, such an attempt at authority on the part of Thomas would have been resented with fury.

Hannibal is temperate and regular in his habits, eating about four hundred pounds of hay and a couple of bushels of oats daily, with such allowance of apples, gingerbread, &c., as the generosity of visitors may bestow upon him, and an acre (more or less) of clover, by way of salad when he can get it. His only beverage is water, of which he consumes a couple of barrels every day. His weight is probably from 15,000 to 18,000 pounds. In consideration of the recent good conduct of Hannibal his owners have had a magnificent golden-fringed and embroidered covering manufactured for him, at an expense of nearly one thousand dollars, and as he marches in the line of cages in all the pride of his gorgeous apparel, the spectator cannot but feel that the old fellow is fully sensible in his own mind that he is the most important individual connected with the establishment

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

For a short distance either side of the Lo-wan Pass the wall is constructed of brick with rubble in the centre; but further away it is composed almost wholly of stone; in fact, whatever materials were closest at hand would appear to have been made use of: thus, as at the spots we visited, granite abounded in greatest profusion, so in the construction of the wall was it made the principal ingredient, and for miles the wall consists of large, shapeless masses of granite, smoothed only on the outside. We observed but one tower built entirely of stone—they being, with this exception, composed of brick, with foundations of hewn stone The height of the wall from the top of the parapet is about seventeen feet ten inches at most parts, though occasionally, where the parapet is highest, it measures eighteen feet six inches; its breadth is thirteen feet, and the height of the parapet five feet four inches. The towers are thirty one feet three inches high, and twenty-eight feet one inch broad. The parapet is both crenelated and loopholed, and the towers are pierced for the discharge of some projectile. From any elevated site the scenery well repays one for the trouble of ascent; clear streams are seen meandering down the passes, whilst on every side, and looming far in the distance, are a succession of brown hill-tops, with small patches only under cultivation Droves of pack-asses are seen going and returning, the former unladen, and the latter bringing a small kind of brushwood, which the borderers burn instead of the millet stalk in use on the plains whilst in wild abundance are scattered innumerable ash, poplar, and fir-trees.

Offshoots branch out from the wall in occasional places. For their construction it is difficult in every case to assign a reason; the little town of Lo-wan Eu is completely encircled by one, and on the opposite side a double wall winds upwards with the portions in nearly parallel lines.

A visit the following day to the Pass of Chapyw, distant about twenty-one *lee* from that of Lowan, confirmed our surmise that in the erection of the wall the contractors, if such there were, availed themselves to any extent of the building materials closest at hand. We noticed several gaps, most of which were partially imbedded in the earth or rubble forming the centre of the wall; one bore an inscription recording that it was cast in the reign of Wan Lee, the last Emperor but one of the Ming dynasty; it must therefore have been upwards of 200 years old and was evidently fashioned after a European model A great many of the towers were in a decay ed state, and the interior of some of them, having been erected of *adobe*, were converted into gardens and granaries

The Chinese speak of the wonderful structure as the 10,000 lee old wall, and appear to consider it extremely natural that strangers should desire to visit it; the sight amply repays one for the troubles and difficulties of the journey; and when the fact is realized that for thousands of miles this extraordinary product of masonic art pursues its serpentine course, all other so-called wonders of the world fade by comparison with this lasting memento of a despot's folly and the involuntary labor of a submissive people.—*Once a Week.*

BRIDGING THE SUSQUEHANNA

The Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad Company are now constructing a pier in the Susquehanna river, preparatory to the construction of a railroad bridge across that stream. Piles have been driven where the water has a depth of thirty feet, and by the aid of machinery they have been cut off even with the bed of the river. In constructing the pier, an iron caisson, made of boiler iron, the size of the pier, is first constructed, and each section will be sunk by filling it with blocks of granite until the stone-work is above the water. A frame-work at the bottom of the river, around the edge of the pier, will keep the iron caisson in its place It is expected that this pier will be completed before the cold weather sets in

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

THE JEWISH ORIGIN OF THE CELEBRATED POPULAR LEGEND "THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT"

As the occupation and pleasures of childhood produce a powerful impression on the memory, it is probable almost every reader who has passed his infantile day in an English nursery, recollects the delight with which he repeated that puerile jingling legend, "The house that Jack built." Very few, however, are at all aware of the original form of its composition, or the particular subject it was designed to illustrate. And fewer still would suspect that it is only an accommodated and altered translation of an ancient parabolical hymn, sung by the Jews at the feast of the Passover, and commemorative of the principal events in the history of that people. Yet, such is actually the fact. The original, in the Chaldee language, is now lying before me, and as it may not be uninteresting to the readers of the Congregational Magazine, I will here furnish them with a literal translation of it, and then add the interpretation, as given by P. N Leberecht, Leipsic, 1751. The hymn itself is found in Sepher Haggadah, vol. 23.

1. A kid, a kid, my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

2. Then came the cat and ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

3. Then came the dog, that bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money
A kid, a kid.

4. Then came the staff, and beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money;
A kid, a kid.

5. Then came the fire, and burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

6. Then came the water, and quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

7. Then came the ox, and drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

8. Then came the butcher and slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

9. Then came the angel of death and killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money,
A kid, a kid.

10. Then came the Holy One, blessed be He,
And killed the angel of death,
That killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

The following is the interpretation:

1. The kid, which is one of the pure animals, denotes the Hebrews. The father by whom it was purchased, is Jehovah, who represents himself as sustaining this relation to the Hebrew nation. The pieces of money signify Moses and Aaron, through whose mediation the Hebrews were brought out of Egypt.

2. The cat denotes the Assyrians, by whom the Ten tribes were carried into captivity.

3 The dog is symbolical of the Babylonians

4 The staff signified the Persians.

5. The fire indicates the Grecian empire under Alexander the Great

6. The water betokens the Romans or the fourth of the great monarchies to whom the Jews were subjected.

7. The ox is a symbol of the Saracens, who subdued Palestine, and brought it under the caliphate.

8. The butcher that killed the ox denotes the Crusaders, by whom the Holy Land was wrested out of the hands of the Saracens.

9. The angel of death signifies the Turkish power, by which the land of Palestine was taken from the Franks, to whom it is still subject

10 The commencement of the tenth stanza is designed to show that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land, and live under the government of their long expected Messiah.—*London Congregational Magazine.*

NOVELS.

The Rev. Dr. Caird, of Glasgow, in a recent lecture on the uses of poetry and fiction, thus sums up the matter:

"In pointing out some of the uses of poetry and fiction, he said that the most obvious and important might be said to be these three—first, the stimulation, the wholesome excitement or vent for excitement of thought and feeling which were to be derived from this sort of literature; second, the wider range of human experience and knowledge of life which they opened up; and third, the nobler ideal of life which they set before us. After dwelling at considerable length on the advantages that might be derived from such literature, he said the works of imagination had their dangers as well as their advantages The main objection to novel reading was that it was too pleasant To a sensitive and excitable nature, the world of romance was a much more delightful one than the world of reality; and the attractions of works of fiction were apt to interpose a serious obstacle to the work of life. There were cases in which fiction, in its purest and most unexceptionable form, should be read very sparingly—such as by the weak and excitable, and persons who lacked the counteractive of hard work to regulate their minds, or to minds that have not a strong anchorage in reason and reality "

CHARACTER OF ST PAUL'S HANDWRITING.

The text in Galatians vi. 11, has caused great diversity of opinion among the commentators; but the translation should be, "Ye see in what large letters I have written unto you in mine own hand." St. Paul here refers to the capital—uncial—letters, in which the best and most ancient manuscripts of the Greek Septuagint and New Testament are written, as distinguished from the small or cursive letters, in which slaves wrote. Thus Cato, the elder, wrote histories for his son in large characters. (Plut. Cato, the Censor, xx.) The writing in Greek capital letters, as in Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, and Ethiopic, which had then no cursive character, indicated a solemn and dignified manner, and would be more legible to the Gauls than the cursive character, which, even now, from its numerous contractions, embarrasses the Greek student. In legal documents of a more solemn character, the writing is engrossed (*—en gros*, or large character.)

English Notes and Queries.

THE FREAK OF A RIFLE BALL.

Among the curiosities of the wounds received at the battle of Fair Oaks, we notice that of Captain Eli Dougherty, Company K, 93d Penn. Regiment, who was wounded in the breast A Minie ball struck him in the clothes over his heart. It went through his coat, vest, and shirt. It smashed a gold watch (which he had bought for his sister) all to pieces. The ball then went into a Bible and dog its way through the lid and through about six hundred pages At the beginning of the 4th chapter of 2d Timothy it went out of the Bible and inflicted a slight wound in his breast. It left its last mark on the first verse of that chapter. It is as follows:—

"I charge *thee* before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom."

The Bible is so disfigured that it will only be valuable as a relic. It was given to the captain by a lady.—*Medical and Surgical Reporter.*

HOW TO GET A GREAT MAN'S AUTOGRAPH.

It is well known that, toward the latter years of the late Duke of Wellington's life, it was next to impossible to coax or wheedle his autograph out of him. All the stratagems used to get a reply from him to letters failed; he either did not answer them at all, or directed his private secretary to do so, and thus the famous signature of "Wellington" became a rarity highly prized by collectors. A lady who had an album garnished with the autographs of most of the great men of the day but who wanted that of the "Great Captain," mentioned her distress to the late Mr. H——, and a few days after he, to her great surprise and pleasure, brought her a note from under the hand of the victor of Waterloo. It ran thus:—

"Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington never ordered a pair of braces of the Messrs. Simpkin. If F. M. the Duke of Wellington had ordered the articles he could not forget it. F. M. the Duke of Wellington always pays for his braces."

This was a very odd document for a lady's album, but its authenticity was undoubted, and it therefore found the best place in the interesting collection. The way in which this singular note was elicited was this:—Mr H—— filled up one of the Bankruptcy Court forms, and signed it, informing the Duke that in winding up the affairs of Messrs. Simpkin he (the assignee) found on their books the sum of 6s 6d due by his grace for a pair of braces, which he requested the Duke would immediately pay or have paid. Mr. H——'s ruse was founded on pure fiction, but it succeeded; and now in a certain lady's album may be seen the curious note of which we have given a copy.—*English Paper.*

RUNNING INTO THE RAIN.

The keeper of the house on the top of Mount Holyoke says that he has witnessed seven thunder storms in one day; and that he has often seen a man in the hay field harness his horses, and run and put on a load, and drive right into the storm. Up where he was, he could see that the storm was moving away, and that the man, if he would remain where he was, would save his harvest. But the man, in his precipitation and not having the higher vision, ran right into the difficulty, for fear of it, and wet his hay. This is a small matter, but I see the same thing in a higher sphere. I stand and behold men living down so low, that, though the storm is moving off, they fail to perceive it, and run right into it.—*H W Beecher*

HURRAH.—A great many people have shouted "Hurrah" "many a time and oft," but comparatively few know its derivation and primary meaning. It originated among the eastern nations, where it was used as a war cry—from the belief that every man who died in battle for his country went to heaven. It is derived from the Sclavonic word "Horrag" which means "To Paradise."

Family Circle.

AN EVENING TALK WITH FRANKIE

The shadows of evening had not been gathered long that December day, when I tucked my little brother snugly between the sheets of the bed he shares with me, and said—

"Now pet, I'll tell you a story. Did you know that once, a great while ago, this earth where we live, was all dark, with water all over it, and not a tree, nor a bird, nor flower, nor anything on it?"

"Was it?" said he, "why, it isn't now."

"No," I said, "for God gathered all the water together, and formed it into seas and oceans and brooks."

"Did He make the little brook down beside the road then?" asked Frankie.

"Perhaps so," I answered, "and he made light."

"So he could see how it looked," commented my interesting little listener.

"And then the first day ended," I went on

"Then did he go to bed?" questioned Frankie.

"No, for there is no night with God," said I, "but he called that the first day. The next day he made the beautiful blue sky, and the work of the third was to make the grass, the herbs, the flowers, and the beautiful green trees."

"Oh, Ella!" interrupted Frankie, "did He make a Christmas Tree? But what did he do next day?"

"Then he made the sun, the moon, and stars, to give light to us."

"But we have lamps and candles to make it light" said my little pet

"Yes, in the house, I answered, "but God saw that it would not be pleasant for us to carry them always, and without the sun, you know, it would be always night"

"Oh, yes" said he in a satisfied tone, "was that on Sunday?"

"No. On the fifth day He made the birds, eagles, and robins, and sparrows, and bluebirds; and He made, too, the great whales and the fishes. All these things he said were 'good'"

"Wasn't He glad that they were so, for then He wouldn't have to make them over" put in my pet

"On the sixth day He made the cows and creeping things and the ones can't sheep"

"And did he make our hens?" inquired my listener.

"I think not," said I, "but hear what he made last of all—he made man"

"And who made the rest of mans and womans?"

"God made everybody. He made you"

"Frank don't see how He got me down here," said he

"And then, Frankie," I continued, "the world was finished. Just think, it took God only six days to make this great, great world, and all its birds, beasts, flowers, trees, and insects. When the men built pape's barn, last spring, it took them almost a month, and then they thought it had been built quickly. But, you see, God can do everything just as he pleases"

"Can he turn this house topsy-turvy?" Frankie said, as if he had a new idea.

"If he should choose," I replied; "but as I told you, He had been six days making the earth, and on the seventh, He '*rested*,' and so the day on which He rested was for man to rest too. It was the Sabbath, and now, Frankie, I want to tell you, this great God who made the earth, takes care of you, and loves you. He sees everything you do, and knows everything you think; so you must try to be good, and try to do as He wants you to Now, dear, say your little prayer to Him."

So he began to lisp—

"Now Frank lays Frank down to seep; Frank pays the Lord, Frank's soul to keep. If Frank should die before Frank wakes—

"Frank don't want to die before Frank wakes," he said with tears in his brown eyes

"But, if Frank is good, it will be only his body that lies in the ground, and the part that thinks, will go to heaven, where God is."

"Frank does love God," said the little voice, quite comforted, "and will you and papa and mamma and the horse go too?"

This question was not easily answered, and so, as the eyelids drooped, I left him safe in the shadow of His wing, "who giveth his beloved sleep!"

—*Little Pilgrim.*

HOME CONVERSATION.

Children hunger perpetually for new ideas, and the most pleasant way of reception is by the voice and ear, not the eye and the printed page. The one mode is natural, the other artificial. Who would not rather listen than read? We not unfrequently pass by in the papers a full report of a lecture, and then go and pay our money to hear the self-same words uttered An audience will listen closely from the beginning to the end of an address, which not one in twenty of those present would read with the same attention. This is emphatically true of children. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they deem it drudgery to study in the books; and even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of the educational advantages which they desire, they cannot fail to grow up intelligent if they enjoy in childhood and youth the privilege of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people; Let parents, then, talk much and talk well at home. A father who is habitually silent in his own house, may be, in many respects, a wise man, but he is not wise in his silence.

We sometimes see parents, who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent, uninteresting at home among their children. If they have not mental activity and mental stores sufficient for both, let them first provide for their own household. It is better to instruct children and make them happy at home, than it is to charm strangers or amuse friends. A silent house is a dull place for young people—a place from which they will escape if they can. They will talk and think of being "shut up" there; and the youth who does not love home is in danger. Make home, then, a cheerful and pleasant spot. Light it up with cheerful, instructive conversation. Father, mother, talk your best at home.

THE WHITE FEATHER

"What a dreadful affair!" said a hen, who was walking about on the other side of the village from where the circumstance was supposed to have taken place, "what a dreadful affair took place in our house last night! I shall not be able to sleep alone any more, I am afraid. But it is a fortunate thing that the most are on my side."

Thereupon she began to state that the feathers of all the other fowls bristled up the night before, and the bravest of their defenders had dropped their combs from fear. "It's as true as you live!"

Now I must begin my story, the facts of which were believed to have occurred on the opposite side of the village. The sun had already been down some time, and all the chickens began to fly up on their roost. One of them was a young hen. She had beautiful white feathers and short legs; she laid eggs as regularly as her sisters, and was as respectable as any individual in the whole henhouse. While sitting quietly she pecked about her wings a little, and one of her beautiful white feathers fell down on the floor.

When she saw it she said: "It seems to me, that the more I peck myself the more beautiful I grow." She only spoke in sport. She was very handsome, but she never grew proud about it; indeed she seldom thought of it. She was very witty, and only said what she did, to make a good hearty laugh all through the house.—Then she went to sleep. She slept soundly because she had been good all day.

It became very, very dark One hen sat beside another and slept, and all was asleep except a certain one whose name I will not here repeat She had heard, and she had not heard. But she was pretty sure that she heard some one say that if you want to become very pretty, you must peck yourself a great deal. So nothing would do but she must tell it to her neighbor.

"Wake up, wake up," she whispered "didn't you hear what was said awhile ago? I will mention nobody's name; but there is a certain proud hen in our house, who says she makes it a habit to peck herself so that her feathers may fall out, and may become more beautiful all the time. Such a hen ought to be despised by every one in our whole city."

Right over the hens and chickens, and close under the roof, was a pair of old owls with their young ones. That family were noted for their sharp ears, and they heard some one whispering about a certain young hen. They rolled their great eyes around, and the old mother owl said to her little children:

"Did you hear what was said below us a few moments ago?"

"No, mother," they replied, "we were almost asleep"

"Well, I'll tell you. A certain hen has pecked out fifty of her white feathers, and says she is going to keep doing it till she has pecked out three hundred. She does it because it makes her prettier. I can't keep such an absurd thing as that to myself. It ought to be known"

"Take care, children," said the old owl father, "I think there is some mistake about it."

"I shall tell it to my neighbors, anyhow," spoke the old mother. And then she flew out. "Dreadful! dreadful!" she cried, as she came up to the front door of the pigeon-house. "Have you heard the news? Dreadful! We have a hen in our house who has pulled all her feathers out because she says it makes her handsome. She will freeze to death, if she's not dead already. Dreadful! It's as true as you live."

"Where? where?" cried a few of the pigeons.

"In our house. I have as good as seen the affair myself One can scarcely believe the things, it is so ridiculous But you may depend upon it It's as true as you live."

Then the pigeons who heard the news, went to every room in their house and after waking up all the sleepers said: "What awful news we have just heard! There are two hens in this city who have pecked out all their feathers to make them beautiful But they have only been frozen to death Served them right There's no doubt of the matter It's as true as you live"

Off flew an old pigeon to a crow with whom she was acquainted "Wake up! wake up! I have some wonderful news to tell you. In our city there are three hens that have plucked all their feathers out to make them pretty But they are now dead and buried Our people met to keep a fast but now to behold the sad relics of your relations They would be glad to hear about it."

So the crow told it to the bat, and the bat to the hawk, and it passed from one to another until finally it came back again to the hen-house from which it had started

The blackbird flew into the hen house door, and said: "What terrible news is creeping all over the country! Five hens have plucked out all their feathers, because they thought it made them beautiful. But an assassin came upon them, and killed them all just afterward; and their bodies have been stolen away, so that no one can tell what has become of them."

The little white hen who had accidentally plucked out a single feather, could not at first recognize this news as having come from her remark. But, as she was of a shrewd turn of mind, the whole thing finally flashed upon her.

"Now," said she, "I'll tell my friends here what I am going to do I shall narrate this wonderful thing, and mention the name of each tell-tale who has been so busy, and made such a mountain out of a mole hill. At the conclusion of my account, I am going to say that it all came from my having lost a single feather. This shall be published in all our papers, and the name of every tell-tale shall be printed in large, capital letters; it's as true as you live!"

The next day everybody read the account of the little white hen, and the names of the tell tales were never forgotten in that country.

MY FIRST YEAR OF HOUSE-KEEPING.

BY MRS. H. D. GARDNER.

I was just twenty years old when I became the wife of a clergyman, a poor country pastor It was a love match, and with the usual thriftlessness of lovers, I think it did not then occur to us that we could not live upon love, or that it would need such vulgar appliances as roast beef and palatable puddings to preserve in its purity the divine essence of the grand passion.

Everybody said that I was totally unfit for a minister's wife. I was naturally exceedingly joyous and mirthful, and without a particle of the staid dignity expected from persons in my position; while my husband was a grave, thoughtful man, endowed by nature with a commanding personal appearance and prepossessing manners I do not wonder now that people could see the impropriety of his choosing me for a wife when so many patron women stood ready to accept him. My own family had but one objection to the match; he was poor, and I had no idea of housekeeping.

Ah, how well I remember the first washing-day. My husband after vainly trying to persuade me to hire a washerwoman, (I knew he could not afford it) came into the back kitchen to help me himself We were very merry at first, but after rubbing off little patches of skin from every knuckle, and burning our arms till they looked like illustrated maps of some unknown country, we began to find out there was but little poetry and no fun in the washtub.

But the ironing day was worse yet—nothing but pride kept me from rolling those starched shirts into a bundle and taking them across the field to my mother's kitchen.—I forgot to mention that we had taken up our abode in a parish but one mile distant from my father's house.

I had never ironed any starched clothes of any description, but from my brothers at home I had imbibed very exalted ideas in regard to the importance of the immaculate shirt bosoms. My husband told me all that he could remember of his mother's method, and then betook himself to his study. Shall I ever forget the feelings when the flat iron, heated seven times hotter than its wont, and carefully applied to the gluttonous surface, suddenly struck up an attachment for the same, and when it forcibly separated left its whole image and superscription behind, in black and brown colors. I have that shirt now. I keep it to show to those wise mothers who are training their daughters for future usefulness.

But it was in cooking that I found my chief trouble. All my attempts in that line, at the time I commenced housekeeping, had resulted in spoiling several kinds of rich cake, concocted in accordance with those possible receipts which fill our modern cookery books. I had never made a loaf of bread in my life.—Baker's bread served me for a time—for so long a time, indeed, that we found out all its good qualities, and have not tasted its excellencies for many years.

We had been married and settled nearly a fortnight, when, one morning my husband came in with a letter in his hand and a very anxious expression on his face. I sprang up from my seat, nearly upsetting the breakfast table which was prepared for him

"What is the matter, Frank? Is any body sick or dead? have you got bad news?"

"No. At least it ought not to be bad news."

"Well what is it? Something serious, I know from your looks."

"No, Hattie, nothing of the kind. Only I feared it might annoy you.—It is only a note from my college chum, Fred. Knowles, saying that he is going to Boston and will call on us, —and get his dinner to-day," said my husband, finishing the subject reluctantly.

It was my first call to entertain company, and knowing by this time my ignorance, I shrank back affrighted from the prospect. I confess, to a feeling of deep mortification that my husband could not receive his most intimate friends without so serious a drawback upon his pleasure. All my natural energy and pride was aroused, and I determined to become a good, practical housekeeper at whatever cost of time or labor.—But the present emergency was first to be attended to.

"I suppose I had better get some fresh loaves from the bakery?" Frank looked at the dry, light slices on the breakfast table as he spoke.

"Yes, I think so. And some meat, Hattie, That forlorn old roast has lasted for a fortnight, I am sure —I think I should recognize its bones if I saw them in Africa. Do you think you could broil a steak, Hattie?"

"Yes. But, Frank, you must come out of the parlor and overlook me.—And if you will get me some peas and lettuce, and other vegetables, I shall get up a famous dinner."

"Well we must do our best. The cars will not arrive till two o'clock, so there will be plenty of time for marketing and cooking."

"Is Mr. Knowles very particular?" I asked, timidly. "Will he notice if things just go a little wrong?"

"Perhaps not. But he will have natural curiosity in regard to the capabilities of his friend's wife. But I think we shall do very well."

"I am sure we shall," was my encouraging response, inspired by a bright idea that suddenly occurred to me. In accordance with it, my husband had no sooner started for market, than I, slipping on my hat and shawl, started on a long walk through the fields and woods. I was going to consult my mother about dinner. I surprised her by bursting into the dining room, quite out of breath from my hurried walk, just as the family were sitting down to a late breakfast.

"Is it Hattie, or her ghost?" asked my father, getting up to welcome me.

"If my memory serves me, our Hattie used to be a late riser."

"Housekeeping improves me, papa."

"Don't wait to talk," said mamma. "The coffee will be spoiled. Take off your bonnet, Hattie, while I get another cup and plate, and we will chat afterward."

"No, I thank you, I cannot stop a minute." Mamma opened her eyes in astonishment.

"You are not going to walk directly back again. Let me take your shawl."

"But I must go. We are going to have company to dinner, Frank's chum. And I want to know how long to broil the potatoes and other —"

Such a chorus of laughter as interrupted me. "Why, my dear child, broil them until they are done."

"I know as much as that, mamma: but when must I begin them to have them done at the right time? I have got peas to cook, and beef steaks, and I ought to make a pudding. Oh dear!"

They all laughed again, as much at my distressed looks as at my ignorance. I did not join them; indeed it was as much as I could do to keep back my tears

"It is not her fault that she knows so little about cooking," at last said my father kindly. "You must not mind our laughing at you, my dear, I have been longing to ask you what you put in that mince pie I ate at your table last Sunday? I have tasted it ever since. But I will not trouble you for I have no doubt that you will in time be as good a cook as your mother. And now as regards the present difficulty," he went on pleasantly, "I have a plan to propose. I will put the horses on old Fanny, and you, mother can take the poor child home and stay to superintend the dinner."

Mamma always accepts papa's plans so my load of responsibility was gone at once. It was pleasant to see the look of relief on my husband's face as we drove up to the door.

"I have been searching everywhere for you," he said, "and I could almost find it in my heart to scold you for causing me so much anxiety, but your safe return satisfies, especially as your excursion has brought your mother to aid us in our extremity. But, Hattie, I must insist on your having no more private walks."

"Ah, sir, if you had known you would have forbidden it. That would have spoiled all."

I have no doubt that Mr. Knowles left us that day under the impression that my husband had secured a matrimonial prize But I take a hypocrite for weeks afterwards.

It came to pass after many days, that bakers' bread became unendurable I tried to believe in it—I praised and tasted; but it would not do. Its glory had departed. I began heartily to approve of Pharaoh's course in lifting the head of the chief baker from off his shoulders and hanging him upon a tree; but I saw no way out of my trouble. I had tried many times to raise bread but had not succeeded in making any fit to appear on the table I had a trifle better success in making milk biscuit, though I never could guess right as to the amount of soda required Sometimes they were yellow enough to be mistaken for lumps of virgin gold, but often they had the appearance of having been hardened and compacted in a cheese press. My husband pretended that they were passed through heavy rollers like those they used in iron foundries At first I tried to work the cold puddings and griddle cakes, but their peculiar solidity frustrated all such attempts to economize. But when the case appeared hopeless I had still one resource There was a wide ditch behind the garden, and in its deep waters I buried my biscuit out of my sight Inexperienced girls should never commence housekeeping without a convenient ditch at hand. But my troubles did not end here. In an evil hour a neighbor's hen hatched a big brood of ducklings, which in due time found their way to a batch of provisions. The biscuit so long in soak had now a resurrection, and I remember watching the fowls as they tried to divide them with their strong bills.

"My dear, dear Hattie," said my husband one morning after the usual toil of breakfast was over, "don't you think you could learn to make raised bread?"

"I cannot tell; I am quite discouraged"

"You have learned to cook so many things in so short a time," he went on encouragingly, "that I am sure if you had some one to give you a few hints about the best method you would succeed admirably. Why don't you consult your mother?—She is a superior cook."

"You forget, Frank, how we resented it when my mother, and sister, and aunts, and, in fact, all our friends predicted our present perplexities. No, it would be too mortifying to go home for counsel in this matter. Indeed, consulting any one. I give all my visitors bakers' bread, and they having it only occasionally, seem to like it"

"Suppose we try boarding, Hattie?"

"We cannot afford that; and besides we want a home by ourselves. You would not be contented to give up our home liberties and privileges, Frank. If it were not for the eternal bread question, we could get a little enjoyment out of life; but comfort is now out of the question. I wish, Frank," I added, pettishly, "that you had married a housekeeper and I had gone into a convent"

She face flushed.

"I was not fin

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Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder.

OUR COUNTRY.

O this, our native land,
Weeping under oppression's hand—
Oppressing human beings is the cause;
It defies God's holy laws.

Let truth and justice have their sway;
Oh! to do this, why delay?
Let every human mind and heart
Come up to the work and do their part.

It will make it better for all.
O let us not from this Republic fall,
In carrying out what its founders designed.
In God's holy laws the remedy we find.

That will redeem us from oppression's hand,
And give us abiding peace in the land.
Under its banner of Justice and truth
The earth shall yield its abundance of fruit.

Who can say this is not the Chief Magistrate's design?
May he help to the God of Armies find.
Deliver the nation to what it was intended to be—
That under its banner all shall be free.

SAMUEL WATTS.

Pittsburgh, Penna., October 15th, 1862.

HARVEST AND VINTAGE.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

I dreamed of a marvellous harvest—
I dreamed of a threshing floor,
Where men, like grain, by angels swam,
Were garnered in mausoleum store;
All bound in sheaves, like corn in the leaves,
And flailed from husk to core.
And the angels sang with voices sweet,
"Out of the grain the dross we beat,
Out of the chaff we winnow the wheat:
True souls are the wheat of a nation!"

I dreamed of a wonderful vintage—
I dreamed of a wine-press red,
Where men, like grapes, by angel-shapes,
Were trodden with wrathful tread,
As grapes ye work to must and to murk,
And crush them, shred by shred
And the angels sang, with tongues divine,
Out of the murk the must we line,
Out of the grapes we mellow the wine:
Brave hearts are the wine of a nation!"

I would that my dreams were real—
That angels this land might beat!
And scourge our sad with the flails of God,
And scatter the chaff from the wheat,
And mightily tread, in our wine-press red,
All dross beneath their feet!
That our souls might sing in hymns strain,
"Out of the chaff the wheat we gain,
Out of the murk the wine we drain:
The wheat and the wine of our nation!"

I pray that the Angel of Freedom
May strive with the Angel of War:
Till men, like grain, these winnowers twain
Shall flail, from husk to core;
Till men, like wine, in libation divine,
To thee, O God! they pour!
And forevermore sing, with tongues divine,
"God of the true! the wheat is thine!
God of the free! receive this wine:
The heart and the soul of our nation!"

From the Jewish Record.

YOM KIPPOR.

I

To your knees! to your knees!
[illegible]'s an angel, in sable, afloat on the breeze!
[illegible]nions extend o'er our wide-scattered race,
[illegible]sh or to fold them in holy embrace;
[illegible] bears on his bosom the couplet of me,
Kippor"—in starry-eyed letters of fire.
Israel, fly to your knees!
Comes the whisper from Heaven on every breeze.

II

To your knees! to your knees!
[illegible]he pave of the Synagogue never before
[illegible]ighter burden of penitence bore!
—the gates of the Holy of Holies roll back,
the High Priest of God treads the sanctified track,
[illegible]o the grand old laments of the Temple—interred
a year—burst their tomb, and in sorrow are heard;
Israel, now on his knees,
Bends a prayer for mercy on every breeze.

III.

The judgment is past,
[illegible]d Yom Kippor is into eternity cast.
[illegible]e angel in sable departs from the breeze,
[illegible]nd the Shophar calls Israel up from [illegible]r knees,
Now Joy, like a midsummer sun with a shower,
Chases Wo, 'till she's lost in the light of her power.
Israel sings the loved strains.—
Yom Kippor is past, and God's mercy remains.

For the Christian Recorder.

ALEXANDRIA CORRESPONDENCE.

The work goes bravely on, Mr. Editor. What work? inquires a voice from the crowd. The work of subduing the rebels, and causing them to return to the Union, by the strange, yet effective way of driving them *from you* at the point of the bayonet? Not by any means, Mr Inquirer, for since the battle of Antietam in Maryland things have returned to the stand still or do nothing period. It really seems that in conducting this war, our Generals, doubtless after a long and tedious war council, have adopted, as part of the "programme," the principle taught in Eccl iii. 3, "A time to kill, and a time to heal." But they, doubtless, have that passage paraphrased, so that to some of them, at least, it reads, "A time to kill *Rebels and our own men*, and a time to heal or comfort *both*." But, Mr. Editor, have not they forgotten that Solomon was pre-eminently a man of peace, and knew nothing whatever of the art of war?

But if our Generals are determined to adopt a Bible saying as a maxim of war, why not accept the words of the father instead of the son—why not take the precepts and example of David, the man of war, instead of that of Solomon, the man of peace? While the son is singing of love and of peace, we hear the father say, in speaking of the enemies of his realm, "Let them be as chaff before the wind, and let the angel of the Lord chase them. Let their way be dark and slippery, and let the angel of the Lord persecute them."

But no, no. Our Generals seem to prefer Solomon, and so they have a period for killing, and a period for healing, or doing nothing offensively Knowing the truth of the poetic words,

"God moves in a mysterious way."

your humble correspondent, for one, says, Amen.

But, Mr. Editor, the work goes bravely on. You know it is said to the world's conqueror, in Psalm xlv. 3: "Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most Mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty." This Almighty Conqueror has come to our rescue in *accred* Virginia, the state which has always declared upon her statute books that to be *colored* is proof positive that you are incapacitated for the Christian ministry—materialism of the grossest kind.

The banner of the A. M. E. Church floats upon Virginia soil

Our foes here, both white and colored, are numerous indeed; but in reference to our church, we can with great truth use that common figure of the oak, against which fierce winds blow and blow, resulting only in the roots of the tree being sunk deeper into the earth. We are progressing slowly and surely. In connexion with our Church, we have what promises to be a most excellent choir, under the leadership of Mr Richard Lyle. The choir is regularly instructed in the do, re, me's by Mr Jacklow Strange, than whom none understands them better.

Our Sabbath School is under the superintendence of Mr. Chas. Watson, and you may rely upon it, that it is a school of great credit. Upon last Sabbath, Oct. 12, we had a Sabbath School Reunion—the first ever held upon this soil, the Spain of the States. Let me give you a brief account of it. The day was extremely cool, and drizzling rain; and yet at the hour appointed, St John's Chapel, (the name that is given to our house of worship,) was comfortably filled, and before the service regularly began, the house was full—even to overflowing, there being over 250 children. The sermon on the occasion was preached by the pastor, Rev. Benjamin T. Tanner, from Prov. xxii. 6. After which the exercises consisted in a number of the most interesting addresses, delivered by the following gentlemen: Mr. Philip Ware, who descanted upon duty; the Rev. George Parker of the Baptist school, which was the only one that accepted the invitation, and which appeared in full force, spoke upon Union; Rev Richard Berry, who is a veteran in African Methodism upon this soil, exhorted them to liberality, while Father Smith, who is a very patriarch, brought up the rear.

During the interval of these speeches, the children sang a beautiful anthem, and the Choir honored the occasion. The whole was concluded by singing, "My country, 'tis of thee." More anon.

H. T. T.

For the Christian Recorder

Indianapolis, Oct. 15th, 1862

Mr. Editor:—The following address was read by me at the celebration held here on the first day of August, 1862. Hoping it may prove interesting to some of your readers, I send it for publication.

Fellow Citizens and Friends to the Great Cause of Universal Liberty.

We have assembled here this day to commemorate an event which shines bright upon the annals of the world's political history; an event in which every noble and grateful heart that beats high with the principles of freedom, should observe and appreciate in the highest degree.

Honorable Freemen; This is a day sacred to the cause of liberty; a day in which warm and loving hearts sequience together in harmonious reunion, to express these glowing sentiments and sacred rights which God decreed that every man should possess.

There are now thousands of our race in these United States who are enjoying the festivities of this glorious day, and whose opinions and principles unite as one upon the great boon of liberty. Multitudes of our race are now listening with breathless emotion to the cheering and impassioned eloquence of our own orators. This illustrious day has dawned upon many of our freemen who are enjoying a high degree of liberty and happiness, with the irradiance of heaven's glorious-ness beaming upon them in their prosperity and freedom. There possibly may be some on this broad continent of America, that saw blest with the rights and immunities of men to the fullest extent, but if at all it is the individual right and *not* the privilege of the masses. It is true that we claim the right of being American citizens, and that we claim protection under the stars and stripes of this Union, and we may repose beneath the broad canopy of America's protecting wing, and yet she will refuse to interfere when our immunities are crushed and we are deprived of those political privileges which would insure our citizenship and lawful protection. But while we are deprived of our political rights, and otherwise oppressed, we should still express our heartfelt thanks to the All-wise Creator for the prosperity and happiness that we enjoy; and that our condition, although not improving to that extent to which it should, is, however, not degenerating, but rather keeping a slow step with the march of improvement.

This glorious anniversary that we celebrate will never be forgotten while there is a drop of the blood of Africa's noble sons coursing through our veins; and although we may lose that difference which distinguishes us from the white race; and may become by the ties of consanguinity with them, unknown as possessing our original blood: yet we will still cherish those divine principles of right, truth, justice, and liberty, and will hail with joyous enthusiasm the day that so many thousands of our countrymen were released from the tyrannical bonds of slavery

GEO. H. W. STUART.

(To be continued.)

For the Christian Recorder.

DEAR BRO. WEAVER:—This will inform you of my health and the state of the Church. The cause of religion seems to have been quite dull, but I think the spiritual interests of the Church are on the increase. I preached for the people at half-past ten o'clock, and half-past seven, yesterday, (Sunday) and the Lord was with us, and we had a good time. The S. Sabbath School connected with the church, under the supervision of Brother Alexander Clark, seems to be interesting, and we have a good day school here, kept up by the School fund, and the people in general seem to be awake to the interest of education. Our Quarterly Meeting will come off on the 18th and 19th of this month. Pray for us, that the Lord may pour out his Spirit upon us.

I feel very grateful for the reception of the CHRISTIAN RECORDER, which you have so kindly sent to me since I have been here. I appreciate its instructive columns very much, and I will be a regular subscriber; just as soon as I can get the amount I will send it to you. I have been laying the claims of the paper before my people, and many of them said they would like to have the paper, but they were afraid it would not come regularly; but I told them that I would vouch for them getting it. So I think I will be able to send you the names of four or five yearly subscribers in the course of a week or two. I will do all I can for the interest of the paper, for I think its instructive columns are a welcome visitor to the family circle of every Christian family and every true lover of religious literature. May the smiles of God rest upon you in your great work, and His sacred blessing rest upon your labors.

Yours to Christ, E. C. JOHNSON

Muscatine, Iowa, Oct 13, 1862

For the Christian Recorder.

MR EDITOR:—Permit me to make a few statements which may be useful to the readers of the Recorder. We have in John Wesley A. M. E. Church, a number of our friends, commonly called contrabands; they were in a very indigent and suffering condition when admitted to the basement of the church. The members of the church and the friends generally, have contributed to their support in money and clothing, that which their own aid they are doing as well as can be expected. They have been in the church near three months. The members of the church appointed a committee to take charge of money and other useful articles collected for them, which have been distributed. There was a demonstration given in the above named church, on Sunday afternoon, the 12th inst., at 4 o'clock, P. M., by three societies, the Daughters of Levi, the Sons of Levi, and the Young Men's Union Benevolent Association, for the benefit and convenience of the contrabands. These societies are beneficial to themselves, but very benevolent in many praiseworthy and benevolent acts; we speak of the Sons of Levi more particularly, who have distinguished themselves in responding to the many philanthropic, beneficent and benevolent acts in which they have been called. The other societies that associated in the demonstration on Sunday, are young, that being their first public appearance. We hope they may by their acts, distinguish themselves equal with the other. Instead of a sermon that was to be preached on that occasion, Professor A. M. Green being absent, was solicited to address them, he was introduced by the pastor to the societies, they being in regalia, it was an interesting and touching scene. The address was an able one, suitable for the times. One of the members of the Sons of Levi, Mr. George Newman, was introduced by the President, and gave an interesting address, after which a collection of $37 70 was taken up. At this moment, Deacon Wm. Wilson stated the condition of a colored friend, deceased, who had fallen near his residence the day before, and lodged in the house of Mrs. Quinn, died the next morning: $6 76 cents was taken up to assist in the burial; I learned there had been $6 00 taken up at the Union A. M. E. church in the morning for the same purpose. The deceased was from Pennsylvania, and had been in service with one of the regiments, who left him in his affliction; he gave his name as John Young.

Rev. H. M. Turner preached in the John Wesley Church on Sunday morning, 12th inst. The subject was practical and very interesting, especially to the young. I visited Rev. J. H. Handy at Union A. M. E. church, on Sunday night, the 12th inst., and had a comfortable time; he has quite an interesting revival going on. May the good Lord revive his work in all the churches. Elder J. D. Brooks, at Wesley Zion, has had a revival in progress for some time; the friends, generally, seem to be untiring in their efforts.

Deacon J. H. Anderson, of Union Wesley A. M. E. Zion church, is doing as well as can be expected, as the society is not very large, and money is to be raised to pay for the church building and other current expenses of the church, it will require the united and untiring efforts of all directly concerned in order to succeed; we hope they may be successful.

Deacon R. H. Dyson, of Galbreath Chapel, is getting along finely; they are coming up to their duty in the different departments of the church; they bid fair to rank, in time, with any of our churches.

On Sunday, the 19th inst, we had our second Quarterly Meeting: Elder J. D. Brooks preached in the morning, the subject was plain dealing and pointed as usual, the effect of which is not always seen at present, but as it is always within strict keeping with the Scriptures, it is bound to prove effectual. "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous; nevertheless afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby," Heb xii 11. Superintendent J. J. Clinton preached in the afternoon. We had a good time, his being absent from the district some time, the friends generally desiring to see and hear him. The church was well filled; his subject was very interesting, and we sat in a heavenly place, and felt as said the text, "We would see Jesus," John xii. 21, after which the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered, the Superintendent taking the lead; it was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

Deacon J. H. Anderson preached at night; we had a comfortable time; the friends generally seemed to be satisfied with the exercises of the day.

J. P. HAMER.

Washington, D. C., October 20th, 1862.

(For the Christian Recorder.)

LETTER FROM IOWA.

Keokuk, Iowa, Oct. 15th, 1862.

BROTHER WEAVER,—I thought that I would drop a few lines to let the friends know what is going on out here at present. Our hospitals are receiving fresh recruits from the battle field—other Regiments are filling up to the country's call. Our border is now quiet. Things along the line here are generally quiet. Now about my people. We are not doing much in religion at present. We have had one wedding. On the 2d of Oct., 1862, Miss Mary Story, a lovely young lady, and secretary of the Ladies' Union Sewing Circle, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony, to Mr. Austin Bland to whom she gave her hand, and the union was perfected. May the union always be preserved. I have paid a visit to Quincy, Ills., as it is a part of my work this year. I preached twice on Sunday, the 5th, to small, but intelligent congregation; and on Wednesday evening met the Church Aid Society. They were giving an exhibition to raise money to pay up the indebtedness of the house. Let me here narrate the scene in part. Nine young ladies, as handsome as can be found in the West, the very picture of health. Nature's work was well done in size, and hence there was no need of paint, for they were naturally very beautiful. The first piece performed was the Countess of Florence Nightingale by the Misses. Considering the time of practice, it could not be beaten. Then came Miss Zenobia Cager, declaiming "The Dying Soldier, and the Scenes of the wounded upon the Battle-field," with so much mournful pathos, that the audience was made to tremble at the thought. A returned soldier, sitting in the audience, forgetting where he was, was so moved by her vivid description of the battle-field and its heart-rending scenes, that tears stole down his cheeks, despite his efforts to restrain them, as he imagined himself gazing on the field of carnage.

Next came Miss Sarah Jones, of Palmyra, Mo. She declaimed, "The arrival of the May-flower—how gallantly she sped with her pilgrim freight to New England's shore." She is a most sublime declaimer, as well as one of Nature's beauties.

Ne xt came Miss Mary Modley formerly of Wakequan, Ills., heralding the "Battle Scenes of Napoleon Bonaparte in the vale below Mt. Tabor, in connexion with the scenes of that sacred mountain." You might have fancied yourself standing upon that hill-top and, with prophets and generals, taking a peep into the past. It was hard to tell which was the best speaker, although the two last named were called out a second time; but the audience came no nearer deciding. The subjects were grand, and they were handled as by masterworkmen. I hope to see all those young ladies Christians, and in the church. May God bless them. A part of the members took an active part in giving a festival, the proceeds of which go towards liquidating the debt of the church.

A. T. HALL.

P S. Miss Sarah Gray wishes her paper sent to Rock Island instead of Madison. Please inform me through the Recorder whether the *Repository* is living or dead. I subscribed and paid for one year at our Conference, and have not yet received a single number. No more, until I come back from Muscatine.

A. T. H.

"THEE wisdom is to be sought after during the [illegible]. We cannot expect to find places of shelter in a storm which we did not look for while it was calm.—*Augustine.*

PALM TREE CHRISTIANS.

The psalmist, in describing the happy and prosperous condition of the righteous, says they "*shall flourish like the palm tree.*" Planted in the courts of the Lord's house, they are to be "fat and flourishing," and "still bring forth fruit in old age." This comparison of a good man to the palm-tree is appropriate and beautiful, and would be sure of appreciation by the inhabitants of Palestine. A heathen historian speaks of Judea as a land "renowned for palms," and some of the principal towns of the country took their names from the presence of these trees. The date-palm has several characteristics that constitute it a fitting emblem of the character and influence of a righteous man. It attains to a great height, grows perfectly erect, and its leafy crown is always green and flourishing. It is not only natural for the palm to be upright, to lift its head straight toward heaven, but it is almost impossible to force it to grow in any other direction. It may be burdened with heavy weights, storms may beat upon it, and tempests wrestle with it, but it will not be bent or warped into any crookedness. It bears ill-usage well. Some assert that it is most fruitful when most abused, and that the blows that bruise and wound it only increase the quantity and improve the quality of its golden fruitage. This beautiful tree is of long life, and continues to grow steadily from generation to generation. Long-continued rains and floods of water do not drown it; nor does it droop in drouth, or wither under the rays of a tropical sun. To every man who has the taste to appreciate its beauty, the palm-tree must be an object of interest and affection. But its beauty is not its sole or chief recommendation. It is a prolific fruit-bearer—a single tree often yielding three or four hundred pounds of dates in a year. This fruit is not a mere luxury, for thousands of the inhabitants of Egypt, Arabia, and Persia have little other food, and subsist almost entirely upon it. And every part of the tree is turned to some useful purpose. The leaves, which are six or eight feet in length, are used as a covering for the sides and roofs of houses, and in making baskets, mats, and other household articles. The fibrous parts of the tree are made into thread and cordage, and the more solid parts are used for fuel. The sap, when thickened by partial evaporation, is almost as sweet and palatable as honey. The stony pits or seeds of the dates are broken or ground, and fed to the Arab's camel. So enthusiastic are the Orientals in their appreciation of this tree that they profess to enumerate no less than three hundred and sixty distinct uses to which it may be usefully applied. It is no wonder that the palm-tree was at one time the emblem of Judea, or that David, in selecting an object by which to symbolize the beauty and utility of a good man's life, should say, he "shall flourish like the palm-tree." The beauty in which the righteous grow and flourish is the beauty of goodness. Their lives are invested with the beauty of holiness. We have no disposition to disparage the material beauty with which the world is adorned. "God hath made everything beautiful in his time;" and standing in the midst of all this glory, we feel like exclaiming with the psalmist, "All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord." But "that is the best part of beauty which a paint-er cannot express," and it seems like the desecration of a holy word to say of the depraved and corrupt that they are beautiful. Ahab's wife, Jezebel, and Cleopatra were what the world calls splendid women, and the daughter of Herodias was graceful and accomplished, but who thinks of them but with disgust? Mary, Queen of Scots, was a beauty, and may have wondered that stanch old John Knox was proof against her blandishments; but here was the beauty of the kindled tiger or the stealthy serpent. Herod so won upon the people by his presence and oratory that they said, "It is the voice of a god and not of a man;" and Byron had fine features, and a head that statuaries love to copy. We hear nothing of the beauty of Hannah or Dorcas. And there were those who said of the apostle that his bodily presence was weak, and his speech contemptible. Unselfish goodness, devotion to truth and duty, love to God, and charity to our fellow-men, are always beautiful; and with this beauty the righteous are adorned. Some of these characters of grace and loveliness are in my mind's eye as I write. One of them is an unmarried female—the heartless and the flippant call the class to which she belongs old maids. She was not young twenty years ago, when I saw her first, and time has aged her harshly since then. She was never handsome, and she is plain even to homeliness now. But her life has been given to sweet charities and kindly offices. She is the friend and benefactor of the whole neighborhood in which she lives. She visits the sick, instructs the ignorant, comforts the sorrowful, and relieves the necessities of the poor. When her own resources fail, she informs the rich where they may bestow their charities, or acts as the almoner of their bounty. The humble path in which she has walked is fairly lustrous with her good works. She lives in the affections of all who know her; and when she departs to her rest and reward, hundreds will rise up to call her blessed, and cherish the memory of her virtues. Without being at all aware of it herself, she is far more beautiful than the stately and graceful palm-tree to which the Arab poet compares his lady-love. I am sure, my reader, that you keep in your heart and memory the portraits of some of these symmetrical and mature Christians, and that they are to you a perpetual joy and inspiration. It may be a mother's likeness that you enshrine with tender and filial piety. That mother is advanced in life, and the infirmities of age are pressing sorely upon her. The roses have faded from her cheeks, her eye is dim, and her brow, once so smooth and fair, is furrowed with many wrinkles. Those who knew her long ago will lament the decay of so much loveliness, but to you she never seemed so beautiful as now. How much we need in the family, in the church, and in the world, these palm-tree Christians—men and women whose lives point us constantly toward heaven, and are a perpetual protest against whatever is sensual and grovelling. There are professors of religion who remind us of the stunted pines and dwarf oaks that grow on a thin and sandy soil. Others are like low-lived and creeping vines, that have no ambition to lift themselves above the surface of the earth.

Some who make a show of standing up have no more strength or stamina than brook willows or mullen-stalks. They are tossed to and fro by every gust of temptation, or break under the first burden that is laid upon them. These marvelling and unstable Christians misrepresent the Gospel, and bring the way of truth into disrepute. But those who serve the Lord in the beauty of holiness cannot fail of being useful. They are "the light of the world," "a dew from the Lord," "the horsemen of Israel and the chariots thereof." To abide in Christ and bring forth much fruit, is the privilege of all who are called to be saints. The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree. Oh that these trees of righteousness, planted by the rivers of water, may increase a thousandfold, till their fruit shall shake like Lebanon.—*Independent.*

FORMAL professors are far more difficult to arouse than even the desperately bad. Arch deacon Trench, in his late book on the Apocalypse, gives us the reason for this. The lost are those who are truly zealous; the "cold" those who *might* become zealous; but the "luke-warm" are those who have heard, who know, but who have rejected.

CLOUDS.—We often live under a cloud, and it is well for us that we should do so. Uninterrupted sunshine would parch our hearts; we want shade and rain to cool and refresh them. Only it behooves us to take care that whatever cloud may spread over us, it should be a cloud of witnesses. And every cloud may be such. If we can only look at the sunshine that broods behind it.

THE MINIMUM CHRISTIAN

The minimum Christian? And who is he? The Christian who is going to heaven at the cheapest rate possible. The Christian who intends to get all of the world he can, and not meet the worldling's doom; the Christian who aims to have as little religion as he can, without lacking it altogether.

The minimum Christian goes to church in the morning, and in the afternoon also, unless it rains, or is too warm, or too cold, or he is sleepy, or has headache from eating too much dinner. He listens most respectfully to the preacher, and joins in prayer and praise. He applies the truth very sensibly, sometimes to himself, oftener to his neighbor. He goes to the weekly lecture occasionally, more rarely to the prayer-meeting, as the latter is very apt to be uninteresting. He is always, however, at the preparatory lecture, and at all the services of the Communion Sabbath, and is frequently quite regular in his family prayers for a week or two after it.

The minimum Christian is very friendly to all good works. He wishes them well, but it is not in his power to do much for them. The Sabbath School he looks upon as an admirable institution, especially for the neglected and ignorant. It is not convenient, however, for him to take a class. His business engagements are so pressing during the week, that he needs the Sabbath as a day of rest—but does he think missionary questions a reason a teacher. There are so many persons better prepared for this important duty, that he must beg to be excused; still, he will do if he must. He is in favor of tract distribution, and of visiting the poor; but he has no time to take part in those labors of love. He thinks it a good thing for laymen to assist at prayer-meetings, and in social religious circles; but he has no gift for public prayer, or for making addresses, and he must leave it to others. He is very friendly to home and foreign missions, and gives his "mite." He thinks there are "too many appeals," but he gives, if not enough to save his reputation, pretty near it—at all events, he aims at it.

The minimum Christian is not clear on a number of points. The opera and dancing, perhaps the theatre and card-playing, and large fashionable parties, give him much trouble. He can't see the harm in this, or that, or the other popular amusement. There is nothing in the Bible against it. He does not see but that a man may be a Christian, and dance, or go to the opera. He knows several excellent people who do. Why should not he?

In short, the minimum Christian knows that he cannot serve God and mammon—he would if he could—but he will come just as near doing so as he can. He will give to himself and the world all that he may, and to God as little as he can, and yet not lose his soul. He stands so close to the dividing line between the people of God and the people of the world, that it is hard to say on which side of it he actually is.

Ah! my brother, are you making this attempt? Beware, lest you find at last that in trying to get to heaven with as little religion as possible, you have missed it altogether—lost, without gaining the whole world, you lose your own soul. The true child of God does it easy. "How little," but, "How much may I do for my God?" They thus judge, that if One died for all, he died that they which live should no more live to themselves, but for him that died for them. Leaving the things that are behind, they reach forth toward those that are before, are exclaiming, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?"

Reader, are you a minimum Christian? There is reason to fear that such are no Christians at all. "Not every one that saith Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

DRAW NIGH TO GOD

The excitement and intense anxiety about the war is in danger of depressing the religious zeal of the Church. The war engrosses the attention; hangs like a weight of sadness upon every heart; rolls like a dark and fiery storm cloud before our eyes; fills the ears with its rumbling, muttering discords by day, and crowds the soul with night visions of blood, we, mutilated brothers and sons, and liberty weltering under the treacherous blow of vile men; and it seems as if there was left no time, heart, strength nor capacity for pious labors. The ordeal is a severe one, the burdens which press upon us are ponderous, and seem likely to crush us; but if we take a proper attitude and view the terrible strife and trials as we should, we shall not be separated from the Lord, but shall draw nearer to him than ever before.

How numerous and weighty are the reasons for faith, mighty pleadings with God and spiritual effort! How much we need the help of the Almighty in our distress! A saint on ship-board in the midst of a terrible storm, which threatened sudden destruction, was appealed to: "If you have a God, now secure his help." A day and night were spent in fervent prayer, and the ship was saved. If we have a God, if we have any faith in his word, if there is any spiritual life in us, now is the time to pray. Sword and gun will never save our country. The God of battles alone can give success to our arms, and that needed help will come when Christians pray with united heart and fervency of soul.

How much we have to pray for now! How near to the throne of grace we ought to live! Here is our country in danger; our loved ones are in the centre of the storm of death; tens of thousands, with mutilated limbs, are enduring untold distress in hospitals; thousands are suffering the barbarities of southern prisons, almost innumerable hearts are bleeding with anguish over the loss of their sons and brothers, the Christian churches and the various benevolent societies are distracted and crippled by the terrible strife; pious men who have joined the army are apostatizing by hundreds; tens of thousands are travelling on the brink of wo, with missiles of death flying all around, and must be reached by the Gospel or lost forever; the spirit of revenge and the legion vices which war breeds spontaneously are threatening to corrupt and destroy our Christian civilization; and our enemies are rushing forward to damnation, and our religion makes it our duty to pray for them. Every one of the facts mentioned, and many more, call earnestly upon every Christian to stand true to his Lord, to be zealous, prayerful, spiritual, Christ-like. The power and influence of religion is now needed more than ever; this is a crisis in our history; we are in the crucible now, and it depends upon Christians to decide whether we survive the ordeal.

Our churches should be thronged, our prayer rooms crowded, our closets the scenes of fervent supplications, everywhere we should be full of spiritual life.

Morning Star

STRENGTH OF CHARACTER

Rev F. W. Robertson makes some excellent remarks on STRONG CHARACTER, among which the following are worthy more than a passing notice:

Strength of character consists of two things; power of will, and power of self restraint. It requires two things therefore for its existence, strong feelings and strong command over them. Now it is here we make a great mistake; we mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake—because he has his will obeyed and his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is, that is the weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we never see a man receive a flagrant insult and only grow a little pale and then reply quietly? That is a man spiritually strong. Or did we never see a man in anguish stand as if carved out of a solid rock, mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home-peace? That is strength. He, who with strong passions remained chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with manly power of indignation in him, can be provoked, and yet restrain himself and forgive—these are the strong men, the spiritual heroes.

THE CHRISTIAN'S JOY

SCOUGAL, in one of his books, after stating what worldly men value, says:—"But the pious person hath his thoughts far above these painted vanities: his felicity is not patched up of so mean shreds; it is simple, and comprised in one chief good. His soul advanceth itself, by rational passions, toward the Author of its being; the fountain of goodness and pleasure. He hath none in heaven but him, and there is none upon earth whom he desireth beside him. The knowledge of nature hath been reputed a good means to enlarge the soul, and breed in it a contempt for earthly enjoyments. He that hath accustomed himself to consider the vastness of the universe, and the small proportion which the point we live in bears to the rest of the world, may, perhaps, come to think less of some acres; or of that fame, which can at most spread itself through a small corner of this earth. Whatever be in this, sure I am, that the knowledge of God, and the frequent thoughts of heaven, must needs prove far more effectual to elevate and aggrandize the mind. When once the soul, by contemplation, is raised to any right apprehensions of Divine perfections, and the foretastes of celestial bliss, how will this world, and all that is in it, vanish and disappear before his eyes! With what holy disdain will he look down upon things which are the highest objects of other men's ambitious desire! All the splendors of courts, all the pageantry of greatness, will no more dazzle his eyes than the faint lustre of the glow worm will trouble the eagle after he hath been beholding the sun. He is little concerned who obtained this dignity, or that fortune; who sits highest at table, or goes first out of the door. His thoughts are taken up with greater matters—how to please his Maker, and obtain an interest in that land of promise some of the fruits whereof he hath already tasted. And from thence ariseth that constant and equal frame of spirit which the pious man's mind maintains in all the changes and vicissitudes of things; while he who hath not his spirit balanced with religious principles is lift up and cast down, like a ship on the sea, with every variation of fortune; and partakes, perhaps, of all the motions of this inferior world whereunto his heart and affections are fastened: and, certainly, he must be far more happy and generous, both who sitteth loose to the world, and can, with the greatest calmness and tranquillity, possess his own soul, while all things without are in hurry and confusion. Private disasters cannot dispossess him, nor public calamities reach him; he looks upon the troubles and combustions of the world as men do on the ruin and desolation of cities where men, to themselves, have little interest; with no other concern than that of pity to see men trouble themselves and others to no little purpose. If the world should shake and the foundations of the earth be removed, yet would he rest secure, in a full acquiescence to the will of God, and constant dependence on his providence. He shall not be afraid of evil tidings—his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord."

A BLASTING WIND IN PALESTINE.

At the close of the day, March the thirty-first, we pitched our tents near the site of Ashdod, the Azotus of Acts viii. 40. A little village not far off, called Esdud, perpetuates the ancient name. Ashdod was one of the chief cities of the Philistines, but is now utterly forsaken. The prophet's sentence has been executed upon it to the letter: "I will cut off the inhabitant from Ashdod," (Amos i. 8.) The only marks of antiquity which I could discover were a high mound, where the old city stood, covered now with fragments of pottery; two or three cellars or cisterns, that seemed to have been recently laid open; two marble columns, one prostrate in the court of a neighboring khan, and the other wrought into a drinking trough, several broken pieces of columns or tablets, mostly built into a Sakieh or watering machine; and a few traces of masonry near the Jaffa road, which may have belonged to the city walls. These last are so concealed as to be found only with special pains. Just before dark, the temperature, which during the day had not been oppressive, suddenly changed. The air, in a few moments, became hot like that from a strongly heated furnace. This extreme variation lasted but a short time, though the night which followed was exceedingly warm. Had it continued much longer, as the natives assured us, it would have done serious injury to the grain, which was then near its maturity. A hot wind, occurring just before the harvest is ripe, is often mentioned in the Bible as one of the greatest calamities which the husbandman had occasion to fear. When Pharaoh in his dream saw "the seven ears of corn blasted by the east wind," he beheld in that symbol the significant intimation of an approaching famine. The blasting of the grain, that is, as the original word shows, by scorching wind, is threatened as a judgment in various passages.—*Hackett.*

PUBLIC READING OF SCRIPTURE.

We observe constant complaints in the English press, religious and secular, of the poor way in which the Scriptures are read in public worship. These complaints are well founded, and the evil at which they are directed is inexcusable. Perfect reading is, indeed, a rare and difficult attainment; for by *perfect* we mean such reading as puts the reader in easy and entire possession of the sense and spirit of the passage read, without for a moment diverting his attention to the reader. It requires an unusual combination of physical and moral qualities to effect this. But subordinate degrees of excellence are within the reach of almost all. The two main requisites are clear, distinct utterance, and such a thorough comprehension of the meaning and aim of what is read as will enable the reader to express it as if he were uttering sentiments of his own. Who shall say that these requisites are unattainable by any one? Yet, these being secured, there is an end at once of hesitation, of tones false emphasis, undue rapidity, the greed of pauses, spluttering, coldness, deadness, and all the other defects which often make it almost a painful task to hear the best of books read even by one of the best of men. The reason of the prevalence of these defects is the erroneous views many have of the exercise. They think little of its importance, and still less of the qualifications necessary for performing it rightly.

A change on these points would soon be followed by a change elsewhere. Men of taste are agreed that few accomplishments are so precious as that of reading well; but if this be so in the general, how much more need it be the case in the pulpit? There easy, intelligent, sympathetic reading always gains attention, conciliates favor, and, what is of far more importance, impresses the simple word of God upon the mind and memory and heart of the hearer.

Christian Intelligencer.

A MAINE editor thus distinguishes between different sorts of patriotism: "Some esteem it sweet to die for one's country; others regard it sweeter to live for one country: and yet others hold it sweeter to live on one's country."

THE man who with a business meddles the end of his own finger, probably thinks he hasn't hit the right nail on the head.

THE SOLITUDE OF THE CHRISTIAN HEART.

One of the wonders, which cluster so thickly about our life, is that of human loneliness. We are in a world, peopled by unknown millions, we are justled every day by thronged crowds, yet, as far as giving and receiving sympathy in our most hidden and precious life is concerned, we might as well be walking alone in an untravelled solitude. It is true, men have the same general characteristics, but there is a wide diversity in individual cases. All have bodies and minds and souls, but no two bodies are alike in appearance, —no two minds are alike in their manner of thinking,—no two souls alike in their experience. Men resemble each other as members of the human family, but every man has an individuality, which does not and cannot belong to another. Therefore, though they may sympathize with each other in their general sorrows, and rejoice with each other in their general joys, and comfort each other in their general afflictions, yet every one has sorrows and joys and afflictions, which cannot be shared. Even in things pertaining to this world, there is a solitude around the human heart. "The heart knoweth his own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy."

Especially is this true in spiritual life. While all Christians have the same Father, the same Redeemer and the same Sanctifier,—while all are members of the same family, while all are fighting the same battles and looking forward to the same rewards, yet every Christian has his peculiarities in his past experience and in his future hopes, which cannot be shared by another. There is a community of interest and feeling in many things, but there is an individuality in the deepest and purest thoughts of the heart. In this spiritual life, there are sorrows too sacred to be expressed in words,—joys too precious to be made known to our fellow—stings of affliction too sharp to be told to human language.

The peculiar circumstances, under which Christians are placed in

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, October 25, 1862.

NOTICE

TO THE DISTRICTS OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW ENGLAND, OHIO, INDIANA, AND MISSOURI, OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH MINISTERS.

Dear Brethren:—As we have a number of superannuated ministers on the list in said Districts, therefore it will be expected that the ministers and preachers, on their circuits and stations, will do all they can to collect the *two cent money;* and we also recommend that the Class leaders be instructed to collect and set the amount on the Class book opposite each member's name, as also all the collections called, per Discipline, for the Annual Conference, and publish the same once every quarter, that it may be seen who they are that work for God and his cause. We think it is time to give credit to those of our people who do work, so that God's name may be glorified.

THE AVERY COLLEGE.

ALLEGHENY CITY.

This institution was bequeathed for the education of the colored people by that great and good man, Rev. Charles Avery. He not only left a whole square and a magnificent building upon it, opposite his own private mansion, but he has also provided and bequeathed means for its permanent support.

Now, we cannot see why we might not take hold of it and recommend our young men and women to be there educated. Why not make provision for board and any number of teachers? More anon.

QUARTERLY MEETING.

The quarterly meeting of the A. M. E Bethel Church will take place on Saturday and Sabbath, the 25th and 26th of October, 1862. Preaching and exhortation on Saturday evening.

Sabbath, the 26th, at 10 o'clock, A. M., Rev. Peter Gardiner.

3 o'clock, P M., Rev A. L. STANFORD.

7 o'clock, P. M., preaching by a *stranger*, with exhortations.

General class meeting of the membership on Friday evening, the 24th inst.

Love Feast on Monday evening, the 27th instant.

☞ Doors open at 7 o'clock.

J. P. CAMPBELL, Pastor.

ANNUAL MEETING.

From Rev. E. H Cain, of Brooklyn, L. I., on account,	3 00
From Mr. Franklin Lee, Ferton, N J, per Joshua Woodlin,	50
From Rev. James Lynch, of Baltimore, Md., on account,	1 00
From Rev. Wm. H. Winder, for the following gentlemen:	
Wm. Guy, of Riceville, New Jersey,	50
Elias Stillwell, " "	50
Mr. George Boston, of Media, Pa., paid,	1 00

THINGS IN AND AROUND ABOUT PHILADELPHIA.

Last Sabbath morning we paid a visit to St Thomas' Church, and heard a discourse delivered, or read, from these words: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." The subject was handled in a plain, practical sense by the speaker. At 3 o'clock we preached in Zion Mission for Rev. W. D. W. Schureman, and administered the Lord's Supper,—a good time. The Rev. Henry Davis' Quarterly Meeting came off, also, on the same day. They had a very good time.

The Rev. Peter Gardiner is having good meetings in the Camden circuit.

The Rev. James Hollas, Elder of the Salem circuit, has been doing a great work, which may be seen from his letter.

The Rev. James Lynch writes us that he is having a great time in his church. The altar is crowded every night with mourners—over twenty-five at a time. Some, he writes, and many have already professed a hope in Christ Jesus the Lord The Lord be praised. Go on, Brother Lynch; do all the good you can, for it is much needed.

We are glad to hear from so many of our brethren, and of the good Lord blessing their labors.

CONTRABANDS IN AND AROUND ABOUT WASHINGTON.

Our people seem to be awake to their interest It will be seen that the members of Rev. Henry Davis' church are engaged in the work. Also, the members of Rev. Joseph Smith, Elder of the Burlington circuit, are engaged in gathering and making up for the benefit of the contrabands.

MONTHLY REPOSITORY.

The October number of the *Repository* made its appearance on our table on the 21st instant. Our worthy contemporary, the editor, it would seem, has worked himself into a great *stew* about "Inquirer's" article, which appeared in the 39th number of the *Christian Recorder*—a man of much distinction and moral worth in our connexion, who signs himself as, "From the West." This gentleman ("Inquirer") requested us to answer several certain questions, which we did in a Christian and brotherly manner, being very cautious of saying or penning anything deprecatory concerning the existence or affairs of the *Repository*, unless it should presume to interfere with the Book Concern. The editor of the *Repository*, however, came out the next week in No. 90 of the *Recorder* with nearly a column and a half, (which we most forbearingly permitted to be inserted entire,) in which he denies the right of any such interrogatories being made. Having asserted this much, the editor of the *Repository*, it appears, found it impossible to wind up his article without pouncing upon the editor of the *Recorder*, (our humble self;) though we did not regard the unjustifiable attack as made intentionally, but, rather, "*ignorantly*"—although some of our friends tried to persuade us that a part, at least, of this obnoxious communication was intended for us. But, not being satisfied with a column and a half, or nearly so, in the *Recorder*, he comes out with a column in the *Repository*, in which he shows strong desires for a *fight*. You shall be accommodated, my pugilistic brother—for there are many things we can and will say, if necessary, which we shall not say in this article. In is locus to deduce, ut, antequam ego communitus judicium exorgam, tu superus negligentiæ, tuus judicium, convince fateor

You say, in your *Repository* editorial, by way of asking, "Will some one tell us when the General Conference authorized the publication of the *Recorder?*" None but an *insane* man would ask such a question as this, only [illegible] A. M. E. Church. Now we will answer that brother [illegible] Whenever the [illegible] Conference authorize the discontinuance of the *Christian Recorder?*

Now, for the satisfaction of the brother, we will answer his interrogatories. In the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and fifty-two, the General Conference sat in the city of New York, and did then and there decree that the organ of the African M. E. Church should be called the *Christian Recorder.*

The General Conference which sat in Cincinnati in 1856 did not decree its non-existence—for we were there also. When it sat in the city of Pittsburg it did not decree its non-existence—and the man who says it did, only says so because he is ignorant of the true action of that great body It was fortunate for us that we escaped all the Committees except the one to draw up the rules for the government of that body, and of which we were made the Chairman. Therefore, we were present at nearly every motion made during the sessions of that body—and we are free to say that the General Conference did not say that there should be no *Recorder* published—but, on the other hand, it did most positively say that there should be a weekly paper and a monthly magazine. And the man who seeks for the truth will not become offended when he hears it.

Now, mark: Non sum is, qui nil verus sum videar. God forbid that we should ever be. Now I ask any honest man or woman of God, let him be a minister or not, to open one of the Disciplines of 1856, which were used up to 1860, and considerably since that time, and look on page 211, and see whether or not the following words are there found:

"The Editor and General Book Steward shall publish, for the intelligence of our people, a quarterly magazine and a weekly newspaper, to be called the *Christian Recorder.*"

Now what General Conference endowed with the same amount of intelligence as the A. M. E. Church would have been guilty of so base a principle as that of plotting the overthrow of light and truth—of denying the means of intellectual improvement to our people? We hope the man does not live who would or could be guilty of such an attempt—and, if there was, the Conference would not have disgraced herself so much had she done so

I made the following motion, which motion did prevail—and if the Secretary of that august body has any recollection of it, he will affirm the same, which was

Resolved, That the term Quarterly Magazine be stricken out, and be so amended as to read, Monthly Magazine and weekly paper."

This was carried unanimously. Those words do not appear in our present Book of Discipline, but the fault lies rather with the Secretary, or with the Committee who prepared the Minutes for the press.

But let me tell my brother, aside from all that, that the General Conference empowered the General Committee with the same power that she invested in the Philadelphia Annual Conference, when under her jurisdiction. The General Committee, when in session, did most positively order its continuance, and elected Elisha Weaver as its editor.

If there were no other authority, this is sufficient to stand the test, civilly or ecclesiastically. Art thou satisfied with the truth—the whole truth, on abundant authority—Elisha Weaver, General Book Steward and Editor? For we hope, on the account of truth, Let and Abraham not to part.

For the Christian Recorder.

REVIVAL IN THE SALEM CIRCUIT.

MR. EDITOR:—There seems to be quite a change among the people in our circuit, and I thank the Lord that it appears to be for the better. We have had a series of meetings at Bushtown—Brother Jay, it appears, being the instrument through which the Lord was pleased to display His power. Our meeting was held for two weeks, and the slain of the Lord were many, while the sword and the bayonet are waving and glittering through the air. May the sword of the Spirit also wave and prevail. Our meeting closed on the 11th inst., at which time there were 37 added to the Church; and the most of them profess to have received the blessing. Our Quarterly Meeting came off at Dutchtown on Sunday last. We had a glorious meeting. There were five added to the Church; besides that, there were several mourners. Our next Quarterly Meeting will be held at Bushtown, the Lord willing, on the 27th and 28th inst., at Fogletown on the 1st and 2d of Nov., and at Salem on the 11th and 12th.

May the Lord revive the work in all of our hearts. J. HOLLAN AND J. P. JAY

Salem, New Jersey.

For the Christian Recorder.

MERIT

REV. E. WEAVER:—I send you these lines for a place in your valuable paper,—not to flatter you; by no means I send them because you are deserving of every word.

Too much credit and praise cannot be given to Rev. Elisha Weaver, for the beautiful and neat appearance of the CHRISTIAN RECORDER. It is not only a credit to the A. M. E. Church, but to all the community at large. May the great Head of the Church bless him in that noble and manly enterprise, and we pray that the paper may continue to prosper in his hands.

Yours truly, DAVID H. CROSBY.

Cleveland, Ohio, Oct. 15, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

REV. ELISHA WEAVER, EDITOR:—I send you these lines as an item of news, and hope you will give them a place in your popular paper.

The Grand United Order of Odd-Fellows held their seventeenth meeting of the annual movable committee, in Chester, Delaware County, Pennsylvania, on the first and second days of October The business was done in the very best of harmony. The following named brethren were duly elected officers for the ensuing year:—David H. Bowser, Grand Master; Jas. M'Cummill, Deputy Grand Master; James Needham, Grand Secretary; Henry Gordon, Grand Treasurer. Directors:—Ulysses B. Vidal, Charles Simpson, S. Smith, E J. Davis.

As myself and family are present, please direct my paper to Box 3180. Nothing more at present

Your brother in Christ,

DAVID H. CROSBY.

Cleveland, Ohio, Oct. 18, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

DEATH OF MR RESPES.

MR. EDITOR:—As an item of information I would inform the friends of James Respes, of Columbia, Ohio, through your paper, of his death He was a well-known and [illegible] friend by many who visited that city.

He deceased August 25th, 1862, after a protracted disease of some six years, which he bore with fortitude. He was a professed Christian and a gentleman, as those who knew him best know: he was a member of the A. M. E. Church His house has been a welcome home for the messenger of the cross of Christ. The church has lost a friend, and the community a worthy citizen.

He gave evidence that he was victor in death, and conquered when he fell. He left an affectionate wife, daughter, mother and aunt, with hearts smitten with sorrow. Having called to his bed-side his only daughter living, with the affection of a father he requested her to treat her mother kindly, be good to John (her husband) to whom he had so recently given her in marriage, and requested her to meet him in heaven.

"Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Brother spirit, come away."

All thy sufferings now are over. Enjoy thy rest with saints above!

EDWARD D. DAVIS.

For the Christian Recorder.

EVENING SCHOOLS.

We have been informed that the "Friends" will open their evening schools for *colored men and women* at the corner of Raspberry and Aurora Sts, near Ninth and Locust, on the 3d of 11th month (November)

We are also informed that these schools are *free*, and that the Friends have been giving their time, labor and money towards keeping them up in the winter for more than thirty years.

They also say that the men's school is not near so well attended as it should be. They spend too much money for so small an amount of benefit partaken by the colored men. Now, whose fault is it? We think it lies pretty near the feet of some of our brethren who do not appreciate such kindness. Come, brethren, this should not be so. Wake up every one of you, and fill up the seats of that excellent school!

We do not treat our friends well by being so regardless of their good-will towards us. Education is a great thing for the colored man, and these friends are ready and willing to give it to him.

For the Christian Recorder.

TAKEN FROM ZEDIKIES' ALMANAC, ENGLAND.

Annual eclipse of the sun, at Washington, in America, 3 h. 39 m. 6, P M., 26th May, 1854, mean time in that city.

This great defect of the greater light of heaven will be of a most remarkable character, for the very moment of the eclipse is that of the Solar Conjunction with the evil planet Saturn. The sun, moon and Saturn will all be found in 13th minute of the 6th degree of the sign Gemini, which rules America. Such a phenomenon does not occur in many centuries: perhaps, before has never taken place. At the time we find Mercury ruler of the eclipse in the 3d degree of the same sign, and Mars casting a baleful square thereto in the 9th degree of Virgo, at the very moment the ecliptic conjunction Jupiter falls on the lower meridian, exactly; and Venus is found descending below the western horizon, forming a baleful square to the greater fortune.

It is no idle task to read the great and momentous indications of those heavenly indices of the sovereign will to their great Creator.

Alas! for the men of the United States They are about to be visited by the Avenger. The cup of their national iniquity is full. The cry of the crushed and toil-worn miserable slave has reached the ear of his Maker. The bell born system shall cease; but not without a fearful struggle, which, like the rush of the mighty Niagara, shall shake to pieces the social system founded by Washington, who left the fatal taint of slavery among his country's institutions—the only failure in that immortal hero's noble character. Yes, before the eclipse shall end his rule, nay, before Saturn leaves the sign, American blood shall flow like water. The federal system shall be rent asunder. The pride of the American people shall be humbled, and their cruelty punished They, too, shall feel the heel of the oppressor. Their vaunted liberties curtailed, civil war will rage and martial law silence the bravest defender of the Union! The world's attention will be drawn to the destruction of the power of the American eagle; but from its ashes a phœnix will arise freed from the stain of that foulest of all human crimes—domestic slavery.

F. MYERS.

For the Christian Recorder.

MEETING IN BEHALF OF THE FREEDMEN.

October 7th, 1862

A meeting was called by the pastor, Rev. Henry Davis, at the Union A. M. E. Church, Coates St. The meeting was called to order. Prayer by brother James H. Smith.

On motion, Rev. Henry Davis was appointed Chairman, and Edward Young Secretary

The Chairman then stated the object of the meeting, and a letter was presented and read from the Freedman's National Association, signed by the President thereof, stating the aid required to assist those freed men, women and children, having, by a kind Providence, escaped from the house of bondage.

A series of resolutions were then submitted and adopted.

A committee of twenty-one was appointed to receive all goods and moneys, which may be sent to either of the following persons:

Rev. Henry Davis, No. 813 Wood St.
Mrs Sarah Davis, No 538 Vincent St
Mr. William Randolph, No. 1310 Alder St.
Mrs Eliza Bowen, No 436 Lyal St
Mr. Willis Scutchens, No 1315 Perry St.
Mrs. Susan Faucett, No. 416 Lyal St.
Mr. Joseph S. Thompson, No. 1240 Hutchenson St.
Mrs Margaret Hitchens, corner of Rawl and Orchard Sts
Mr. James H Smith, 1226 Alder St.
Mrs. Hannah Scutchens, No. 1315 Perry St
Mr. James S. Hallowell, No. 461 Kerr St
Mrs. Maria T Hallowell, ditto.
Mr Redman Faucett, No. 416 Lyal St.
Mrs. Ann Lawe, No. 1034 Vernon St
Mr. Joseph Draper, No. 1014 Vernon St
Mrs Sarah Saunders, No 534 Vincent St
Mr. James Jainor, No. 1323 White Hall St.
Miss Angelina Henry, No. 1235 Girard Av.
Miss Ann Cornelia Johnson, Mervine above Orchard:
Miss Angeline Harmon
Mrs. Julia Shanklin
And, further,

Resolved, That each person be requested to keep a book record of all such aid as they may receive. That the committee also have power to increase the funds for this object by any means in keeping with Christianity or morality.

Collected and paid over to the Treasurer, Ridgway Cauft, $15.00.

On motion,

Resolved, That the meeting adjourn, subject to the call of the chairman.

The committee is to meet on Wednesday evening, the 15th inst.

HENRY DAVIS, Chairman
EDWARD YOUNG, Secretary.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Washington, Oct 20th, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—Our city is still the seat of bustle and stir. The militia tramp, and sabre clank, are among the many things engaging attention. People seem never to lose curiosity in the war matters, but with an insatiable anxiety they untiringly hunger and thirst to see all that can be seen, and hear all that can be heard; no deep metaphysical disquisition is engaging to the attention now; every body desires something light, something easily digested. Washington might be compared to Athens, when every body was on the alert to hear something new. The inactivity of nothing is appreciable, but all is commotion, move, and stir While nature is laying off her green carpet and blooming foliage, to slumber through the cheerless nights and dreary days of the coming season of another wintry chill, the human mind walks in all the vigor of its native powers, and permeates the elements of every circle. No blighting frost or numbing wind appears to arrest its roving spray, but dashes as with electric prongs—surcharged with ever restless elements that defy boundaries or limitation.

On Monday evening, Oct. 13, Rev. B. T. Tanner delivered a lecture before a Washington audience in Israel Church, on the duty and destiny of the A. M. E Church.

After its delivery the large assembly present organized themselves into an informal Mass Meeting. Rev. J. P. Campbell of Philadelphia being present, by motion was called to the chair. After which John T. Castin, Esq., moved that this honorable body request Rev. B T. Tanner to publish his very able and elegant lecture. Prof. A. M. Green moved to amend Mr. Castin's motion, by empowering the President to appoint a committee to negotiate with Rev B T. Tanner relative to its publication, which prevailed unanimously. After which the Rev. James Reed, John T. Castin, and Rev. Wm Hughes, paid most eloquently a glowing tribute to the rare merits of the lecture, which had just held them enchained for an hour and a half.

Wednesday night the 15th inst., Rev. J. P. Campbell also lectured before the Contraband Association, at Union Bethel Church. Rev. Campbell spoke very applaudingly to the society, and his great power of creative genius which is never at a loss for an idea, poured out in living streams a flood of encouragement, unlike the man who had never drank deep at the fountain of science, theology and polite literature.

The sons and daughters of Love and Charity, No. 17, held a grand demonstration in Israel Church on Thursday night, the 16th inst, of which Mr. James Thomas was the grand Master. They appeared in their full regalia with emblems answering to every grade or degree of their order. Mr. Wm. Thomas delivered a lecture before the large assemblage, vindicating the honor of secret institutions, which he did with arguments irrefutable. This was the first time we ever saw this much spoken of gentleman, and we are proud to say, that he is a fit representative of the race with whom he is identified.

Rev. A. W. Wayman preached the funeral sermon of the lamented Henry Tatte, Sabbath afternoon, 19th inst., from the text, Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace. And just imagine what he did with it. His former reputation will speak it better than I can write it. H. M. T.

MODERN DISCOVERIES

Bayard Taylor, the celebrated traveller, thus sums up the results of modern discoveries: "Within the last twenty-five years, all the principal features of our own vast interior regions have been accurately determined; the great fields of Central Asia have been traversed in various directions, from Bokhara and Oxus to the Chinese wall; the half-known river systems of South America have been explored and surveyed; the icy continent around the Southern Pole has been discovered; the Northwest Passage—the *ignis fatuus* of nearly two centuries is—at last found; the Dead Sea is stript of its fabulous terrors; the source of the Niger is no longer a myth, and the sublime secret of the Nile is almost wrested from his keeping; the Mountains of the Moon, sought for 2,000 years, have been beheld by a Circassian eye; an English steamer has ascended the Chadda to the frontiers of Bornou; Leichardt and Stuart have penetrated the wilderness of Australia; the Russians have descended from Irkoutsk to the mouth of the Amoor: the antiquated walls of Chinese prejudice have been cracked, and are at last tumbling down, and the canvass screens that surround Japan have been cut by the sharp edge of American enterprise Such are the principal results of modern exploration. What quarter of a century, since the form of the earth and the boundaries of its land and water were known, can exhibit such a list of achievements?"

"A CONTINENT OF THE FUTURE"

This is the expressive remark lately made by the celebrated explorer, Livingstone, of Africa. And the light received recently in regard to its interior, justifies the predictions. Geographical research, commercial adventure, colonizing enterprise, and missionary zeal, unite in opening the continent, and in exhibiting vast fertile regions densely inhabited by much more intelligent and powerful tribes than those to which our former acquaintance was restricted.

The explorers of the Tanganyika Lake, in Eastern Africa, report the land visited as abounding in iron and timber, copal mines and ivory, and that the cotton plant is indigenous, and rivals in fineness, firmness and weight the medium staple of the New World.

Livingstone wrote to a friend at Cape Town the result of his recent three months' tour on the Nyassa. He states that the lake is over two hundred miles in length, the water fresh and cool, and is "surrounded by mountains, or by the high table lands that appear as such A mountainous cape divides the southern end into two bays, one thirty and the other eighteen miles in length. We went along the western shore, and found it a succession of bays, until, in the far North, the spurs of the mountains, running sheer down to the water, scarcely afforded landing places In the South no bottom was felt with our sounding line of thirty-five fathoms. * * * We never saw so many people anywhere else as on its shores; they were on the whole very civil. * * * Healthy localities can be secured on the highlands, which arise on our [illegible] seven thousand or eight thousand feet above the sea.

Dr Kirk thus concludes an interesting communication to the [illegible]

GEMS OF CHRISTIAN THOUGHT

RELIGION.

"Whatever objections the vain or vicious make against religion, they must allow, if they have any regard to truth remaining, not only that nothing else promises happiness, even here, as that disposition of mind to which religion proposes to bring us:—for he who loves God sincerely, and obeys him willingly, and trusts in him cheerfully who delights in doing justice, and showing goodness to his fellow-creatures, and takes pleasure in regulating his conduct by the dictates of reason and Scripture, studying to be useful in his station, and keeping his heart shut against hurtful indulgence, while he opens it, in a proper degree, to every innocent gratification, hath, unquestionably, the truest enjoyment of his being that is possible He destroys not his health by intemperance, nor his fortune by extravagance, nor his character by criminal or mean behaviour. He generally obtains esteem and friendship; and he always feels the most comfortable testimony of his own conscience Whatever he denies himself, or parts with, it is for a valuable consideration,—the discharge of his duty:—whatever he suffers, he escapes the greatest of evils,—remorse and shame—and he enjoys the greatest good, a conscious sense of the Divine favor, conducting him graciously through the afflictions of this life to an endless felicity in the next, that shall be more abundant for them. And where shall we find upon earth a securer, an easier, a more joyful situation? Right actions, it must be owned, are often accompanied, in the beginning of a Christian's course, with great inward struggles; but they diminish continually, in proportion as a right temper is formed; and, when we arrive at a proper maturity of goodness, we shall be entirely free from difficulties, and absolutely at peace."—*Commencement of Archbishop Secker's Sermon on Matt. v. 6.*

PIETY.

"Piety, in its true sense, is the first and great commandment. Many think external observances in religion to be piety; and too many think piety to consist in the exercise of reverential affections towards God, though it prompt very little, if at all, to imitate his moral attributes and obey his injunctions Perhaps they are induced by this regard to God not only to abstain from gross vices, usually so-called, but to do acts of charity, also, and to contribute to religious uses: and so far is well; but by no means do they sufficiently consider their obligations as extending to everything in every part of life, and in their own breasts, in which there is a right and a wrong. And hence they conceive themselves at liberty, in point of conscience, to act as they will in multitudes of instances where they act very much otherwise than they ought. Therefore, I wanted your Lordship to add a fourth conference to the three you have already written, for the purpose of saying more explicitly, and dwelling more upon it, that religion extends its authority to everything; to the most worldly, the commonest, the lowest things; and binds us to behave reasonably, decently, humbly, honorably, meekly, and kindly, in them all; and that interfering so far, instead of being a hard ship, is a great blessing to us, because it interferes always for our good."—*From a Letter of Archbishop Secker to Bishop Hoblesby, arraigned by a publication of the latter.*

NOTHING MINE BUT GOD.

In the memoir of Mrs. Savage, the sister of Matthew Henry, the commentator, is this entry in her diary: "*Resolved*, To call nothing mine but God" How forcibly does the expression remind us of the Saviour's requirement, "Whosoever he be that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple;" and, at the same time, of the Apostle's inventory of the Christian's possessions, "All things are yours" Truly, if this be so, "He that loseth his life shall find it."

CONTENTED JOHN

One honest John Tomkins, a hedger and ditcher,
Although he was poor, did not want to be richer;
For all such vain wishes he from his heart [illegible]
By a [illegible]

Though cold were the weather, or dear were the food,
John never was found in a murmuring mood;
For this he was constantly heard to declare,
What he could not prevent he would cheerfully bear.

"For why should I grumble and murmur?" he said,
"If I cannot get meat I'll be thankful for bread;
And though fasting may make my calamities deeper,
It never can make them [illegible]

If John was afflicted with sickness or pain,
He wished himself better; but did not complain,
Nor lay down to fret in despondence and sorrow;
But said that he hoped to be better to-morrow.

If any one wronged him, or treated him ill,
Why, John was good-natured and sociable still;
For he said that revenging the injury done
Would be making two rogues where there need be but one.

And thus honest John, though his station was humble,
Passed through the sad world without even a grumble,
And "here we'll stone look, whoever greater and richer,
Would copy John Tomkins, the hedger and ditcher.

MISS TAYLOR

ODDS AND ENDS.

It is said that one of the visitors' albums at Niagara Falls contains the following specimen of pathetic Latin verse:—

"Tres fratres simul
Took a boat for Niagri!
Magnum frothum surgebat
Et boatem overturnibat
Et omnes drownidederunt
Qui swimmere non potuerunt!"

ALBERT the Good is now the accepted phrase in the English weekly journals, when alluding to the late Prince Consort

THE Oxford *Democrat* copies the following description from a deed recorded in that county: "Thence northerly four rods, thence so crooked as you can go to the north line of the Phillips Academy grant."

A PAPER can publish the appointments after the coming in of a new administration; but what paper in the world is large enough to publish half the disappointments?

[illegible] may favor fools, but that's a poor reason why you should make a fool of yourself.

A team follow sometimes drives contentiously by a pair of grays when he is driven by a score of duns

THE lions of the forest are said to live a century. The lions of fashionable society are generally [illegible]

NAPOLEON was one day [illegible] to his library, and at last discovered it on a shelf somewhat above his reach. Marshal Moncey, one of the tallest men in the army, stepped forward, saying, "Permit me, sire; I am higher than your majesty" "You are longer, Marshal," said the Emperor, with a frown

A Jewish Wedding.—A wedding in Jewish high life took place at the Green Street synagogue, and was attended by the *crème de la crème* of Hebrew society The parties were Mr Mannheim Cohen and Miss S., [illegible] Henriques. The building was crowded [illegible] *elite*, and the display of dress and jewelry on the part of the ladies was very fine. More than five hundred carriages attended the bridal party. That evening [illegible]

A SABBATH IN SARATOGA.

Such is the title of an article in a periodical lately sent to me, entitled "The Volunteer," and published by "The Ladies' Educational Union" of New York. Among other Sabbath scenes of Saratoga, noticed in this article is the following, headed—

"THE WAR MEETING"

"in Pavilion Grove, at 3 P. M. It was organized by the appointment of *Rev. Dr. Wayland* as Chairman. Rev Dr Beecher, Mayor French, and others made stirring speeches, and were enthusiastically cheered. Recruits, however, were slow in coming forward, yet the leaven was working silently in many minds Speech followed speech, powerful appeals were made, patriotism burned in many a heart. The crowd increased. Earnest, anxious, and thoughtful minds were pondering the question of duty; old men wished they were young again, the invalid sighed for health [illegible] our country, the mother was tearing her love of country by the heart struggle of consecrating her only son. (We wonder how the reporter discovered all these patriotic mental processes in the silent crowd) Silently the tide is welling up in many a heart, and now the balance trembles on the pause; one little weight will turn it: Hush! 'tis not a speech. Stand back, strong men! your powerful arms have tried in vain! But see! it comes "gentle as the breath of evening," 'tis woman's magic charm. A lady detached her jewelled chain from her neck, and gently laid it on the scale. "This for the first to stand forth in our defence." "I take it," says young —— stepping forth, "and by this token victory or death be mine!" The ball was started and rolled on. Chains, pencils, watches, rings were freely handed in. *Cheer on cheer* went up as recruits came forward [illegible]

None but a lady could describe such a scene in such style as the above. The object of the meeting is one which commends itself to the heart of every loyal man. But we would like to ask the Rev. Dr. Wayland, Beecher, and others, whether *assisting the draft* is a matter of such necessity or mercy as to justify such a meeting on the Lord's day? "It has been said that "war knows no Sabbath," and [illegible] the last year we have had many evidences of the truth of the statement. "No one can visit a camp or a garrison even, without observing this anti-Sabbatic influence of *war*. How lamentable then that a distinguished Doctor of Divinity and Christian pastors should be found actually stimulating, and so to say, consecrating this dreadful tendency of war! If Saratoga had been threatened by an enemy, or if the tidings had reached there on Saturday, that Washington or New York was in imminent peril, the necessity of such a meeting as the one above described would have been too obvious for dispute. But no such urgent reason existed for the devotion of sacred time to secular business, however patriotic it might be. What was done on Sabbath could have been done as easily on Saturday or Monday. And it behooves all who love the Lord's day, all who do not wish to see a German or a French *Sunday* taking the place of an American *Sabbath*, to lift up their voices in earnest protest against all such instances of Sabbath desecration as occurred on "the last day of summer 62 in Saratoga." F

A VISIT TO SHARPSBURGH

Hagerstville, Monday, Oct 13th, 1862

DEAR BROTHER:—We were not long in the cars until we discovered that many were traveling on a sad mission. Fathers and brothers in search of sons or brothers, who were wounded, were sick, or near to death, or had fallen, and whose bodies they wished to recover. As we neared the scene of action, their number increased. In the hotels, the hospitals, the field, everywhere, we met men in search of friends. Sometimes they were successful soon, sometimes they were directed from hospital to hospital, from town to town, for days, sometimes they searched in vain. The person sought for had been removed, or had died, or was buried in an unmarked grave.

I visited some of the hospitals in Harrisburg, and was pleased with them in general. The sick affected me much more than the wounded. I will not soon forget how one man asked me, "Do you know anything good for the dysentery?" The wounded were doing well, and received good attention.

At Hagerstown, I visited two out of the three hospitals. Most of the wounded had been removed. I did not find any acquaintances. The men are glad to be visited, even by one who is a stranger. At the hotel, we found the rates better than the fare. My efforts on the beef-steak in the evening were a failure. In the morning I chose veal; but I might as well have called for chicken—it would have been off the same piece.

The first object of attention was the hospitals near the battle-field. I kept no record, and, therefore, cannot give any details. To give you some idea of the number and extent of the hospitals, imagine all the houses on contiguous farms for six or seven miles, through a good farming district, occupied as hospitals. Up stairs, down stairs, sometimes basement, barn, straw-stack, barn-yard, everywhere filled with wounded. It was a sickening sight. These hospitals are not like the ones in our towns and cities. A little straw in the bed—their blanket is their covering—if they happen to have one. Their privations are very great. Wounded in every possible part of the body, suffering every degree of pain, without friends, without many of the commonest comforts, without, in some cases, proper medical attendance, or care of nurses, there they lie and pine away. But, to a most remarkable degree, I found the men cheerful I scarcely heard a groan, seldom a complaint. Surgeons generally appeared to be doing their duty, nurses attentive, hospital stores, in some cases, scarce. There were, no doubt, some cases of neglect; but when so many were wounded, it could not be otherwise. In the villages, Sharpsburg, Keedysville, Boonsboro', &c., they are well cared for. I visited many hospitals during my visit. I do not desire to witness such scenes again; but such is war—it is barbarism. Nothing touched me more than the spiritual destitution. There are no chaplains, no attention paid to the spiritual condition, no service at burial. In hospitals near camps or in villages, necessary matter is supplied; but in the field hospitals it is not so. Men suffer and die without a word of comfort, and are buried without ceremony. The latter is not needed; for there are no friends to weep. A visitor cannot do much, unless he remains some time. Sometimes remarks are gratefully received, sometimes evaded. In a hospital in Harrisburg, I asked a young man who is sick, a native of New Hampshire, if he was a member of church. He said not; but his mother is. His eyes filled with tears at once. While I talked, they ran down his cheeks. He had been in the service a year—had not heard a sermon. He belonged to a battery The man next him was his neighbor and companion, and like him. I talked awhile, and then knelt down in prayer with them. May it be answered and blessed!

I visited the rebels and talked with many On our right, they were a poor, miserable-looking set; on our left belonged to a better class I did not find one forced into the service. Some said [illegible] volunteered because they knew they would have to go—so did many of our men Ignorance and hatred characterised them. I talked with many concerning the war. They mostly said they were tired of it. So did our own soldiers. Some said they would gladly get out of it if they could. Some said as soon as they got well and were exchanged, they would go at it again and fight till they die. They generally spoke of the Abolitionists wanting to free the negroes as the cause of the war. Some said John Brown began the war, and they appear to be fighting him yet. Fortunately his body is beyond their harm, and spirit is not subject to the same laws with matter, his "soul is marching on." One fine looking man said when I asked him what he was fighting for, "I am fighting for slavery I believe it right, and, therefore, it ought to be extended. You believe it is wrong, and, therefore, it ought not to be extended. Now that's the difference, and we're trying to fight it out; and just as soon as I get well and am exchanged, I will go at it again."

My impression is that we are not yet cured of our folly in believing what deserters and spies tell us. There are men in the rebel army who have no love for the cause; there are some Union men in the South; but the men who have been able to lead or drive them thus far are not likely to lose their power over them, especially so long as they are victorious The rebel army is not in the least danger of breaking up. They are not as well clothed as our men, and, perhaps, not as well fed; but *there is perfect discipline*, and the most resolute determination, and, I think, also bitter hatred, towards an imaginary class, indeed, but real and intense

I visited the battle-fields of South Mountain and Antietam. Of course the dead were all buried; but the scene was horrid enough still. The battle of Antietam began on our right and moved to our left. We could easily follow the course in which the forces moved. Newly-ploughed fields were trampled hard as a road, fences were levelled, fields of corn were cut off by the balls, trees were marked and torn, and, in some instances, cut off. You read of a corn-field on the right, and of certain fences and roads and a church where severe fighting was done. The carnage was fearful. All over the field hats, caps, cartridge boxes, haversacks and rations, or something of the kind, and a blood-stain on the ground are seen, showing how terrible the battle was. We could tell generally whether it was a Union or rebel soldier. Along the fences the rebels were concealed, and had fallen in very great numbers. The Dunkard Church is shattered by the balls and shells. Where Burnside fought, on the left, the rebels had all the advantage of the ground. I wonder he ever reached the crest of the hill. Sharpsburg lies just over the hill. We can trace the progress of the fight in the houses. First the balls struck the steeple of a church, then lower down as our forces advanced, until they struck the foundations of the houses. The dead were all decently buried; our soldiers singly or a few together, marked with boards, and commonly fenced in with rails. The rebels were laid side by side in trenches.

I did not go over all the battle-field on South Mountain—only the centre and our left. As I stood on one point and looked over the Middletown Valley, I could not think we were in the midst of such scenes. It is a beautiful valley, well cultivated to the summit of the Catoctin Mountain. All was quiet and happy apparently; but here stood a rebel battery, behind these stone heaps, and in those woods were concealed rebel soldiers; up that open steep came the brave soldiers of freedom. The fragments, the blood-stains, the graves show the carnage of the battle. I felt sick of war, and turned my face homeward.

I visited many of the camps. At home we scarcely know the value of friendship; it is known in the army. O, how the soldier rejoices to see one from home! Men who had never seen me gathered around me. Old acquaintances, neighbors, and members of my congregation rejoiced as if a brother had come. Separated from home so long, suffering privation, exposed to death so often, no wonder they rejoice to see one from home.

On Sabbath I preached at 9 o'clock to the 13th Reserves; but the audience was gathered from the whole brigade. How different it is preaching to such a congregation from preaching to our congregations at home! There is no restraint of form or ceremony, no fear lest we offend good taste by a mischosen word, or an unmethodical sermon. The spirit is free, and, I think, with an earnest man, must be powerful. At 10.30 I preached to the 155th, Col. Allen, a new regiment. There is no chaplain yet; but the Col. arranged for the services in the best manner. The regiment was taken out to a piece of woods, and were seated by companies under the trees. A barrel with a box turned over it was the Bible-stand; but I did not need it. O, how cheering it is to preach to such an audience! There were members of my congregation present who had not heard a sermon since they heard me at home. In the evening, I was walking by the 129th Regiment, and joined in their service and addressed a few words to them. At sunset I preached to the 126th, Colonel Elder

It made me sad to visit the old regiments. When I saw them last winter, they were in strength and full of confidence. Now they are reduced to a handful, and are weary. The new regiments are full of hope yet; but are not eager for the battle

On the whole I was not well pleased with the condition of the army. The men are poorly provided for. Many of the old regiments lost their knapsacks on leaving the Peninsula, and have nothing but what is on their backs. Their knapsacks are probably stored in Washington. I saw men on dress parade without shirts, for the simple reason they had but one, and it was drying Many of the new regiments also have no tents or gum blankets; some have just overcoats or blankets. During the heat of the day when off duty, they hang their blankets on the guns, and sit down in the shade. At night they wrapped themselves in them and laid down on the dust, and in the morning rose wet with dew and chilled with cold. They soon built for themselves shelters of branches. The camps are not kept clean. Filth accumulates around them, and, in many cases, from carcasses of dead horses, offals of butchers, &c., there is a constant stench. But what surprised me most, the carelessness of the army. There is a censorship of the press; but no guard around the camp. I went wherever I wished to go without a pass. I passed from brigade to brigade without meeting a guard. Of course there are pickets along the river, and, in some cases there is a small brigade guard; but there is nothing to hinder any spy or emissary of Jeff. Davis to enter the camp and go where he will. I met scores, hundreds of soldiers, strolling everywhere over the country. In one case, I met them with guns ten or twelve miles from camp. Any person who wishes can desert by going to some farm-house or village and buying a suit of old clothes. In many cases the men do go home. I will not say the army is demoralized; but discipline is not strict—by any means not as it is in the rebel army. I was altog

THE BELFAST RIOTS.

The Dublin correspondent of the London *Times*, under date of September 20, gives the following as a sketch of the main facts of the riots in Belfast:—

On Wednesday night (17th) the inhabitants of the Pound district almost entirely Roman Catholics, began to assemble in groups at the corners of the streets, when they got out of the mills and other places where they are employed. It is said they began by attacking every decent-looking person they saw passing. The police were soon on the spot, and partially succeeded in dispersing them. But they got round into Berry street, and before the police could come up they had smashed the windows of the Rev Mr. Hanna's church. Mr. Hanna is a Presbyterian minister, who had formerly given offence by preaching in the open air, and by strong speeches against Romanism.

The Mayor and a number of magistrates were out during the evening, endeavoring to restore order and protect the peaceful citizens. The constabulary exerted themselves as well as they could. Some of them were wounded by blows of bricks and other missiles. The riot act was read several times. But, as the Belfast mobs are used to that ceremony, we are told that they regard it only as a pantomime and the police as so many harlequins. They laugh at the whole thing and throw stones at the magistrates during the performance. If they dispersed it was to do mischief in other localities.

Last night the riots were resumed. Early in the day the magistrates met and adopted all precautionary measures they could devise for the preservation of the peace, or rather to "terminate the riots." A great number of magistrates were present near the spot where it was expected the disturbance would break forth. But there during the whole night all was quiet; the soldiers piled their arms and amused themselves joking and singing "Annie Laurie." The first movement of the "enemy" came from an unexpected quarter. A large body of navvies from the Ulster Railway marched up Durham street and on to the Pound, four deep, carrying their spades and shovels on their shoulders—quite an unusual thing.

In the rear of this body marched the police, to prevent a collision with the Orangemen, which might have had fatal results. The Orange blood, however, was now well up. Sandy-row and Durham street poured forth their hosts of fighting men, who were resolved to be revenged for the wrecking of Mr Hanna's church. The war-cry was "For St. Malachi's!" meaning the principal Roman Catholic church. By great exertion a body of constabulary was got there in time, by taking a short route, to prevent that building from being wrecked. At this actual moment 250 of the constabulary from the reserve force in Dublin arrived by the express train. They had come in heavy marching order, with their knapsacks containing "full kit" their great coats, blankets and undress caps strapped to their backs, and their shakoes on their heads.

But they had no time to get rid of these incumbrances or take refreshments till morning, being obliged to assist in quelling the riots; but the police and the military were dodged so artfully that there was not a guardian of the peace to be seen where most of the mischief was done. Balked in their attempt to demolish the windows of St. Malachi's, the Orangemen cried "To the *Whig* office!" Here the police were again before them. But they went back to Donegal square, the residence of the proprietor of that liberal (not Roman Catholic) journal, and smashed every pane of glass in the windows. A great number of heavy stones remain in the rooms. Fortunately the family were absent, Mr. Finlay being on the continent, and only two female servants being in the house. They next smashed every window in the large bakery establishment of Mr. Barney Hughes, a wealthy Roman Catholic.

The windows of the Royal Hotel, a fine building, were also demolished, and some valuable articles of furniture injured by the stones and bricks flung into the apartments. In Charlotte street all the houses had their windows smashed, it is supposed because they were the property of Mr. Coyle, an inoffensive Roman Catholic gentleman, whose Protestant neighbors endeavored to protect him in vain, for he was struck by a brick, which injured him severely. In Church street and North street upward of twenty houses were damaged by the mob. In Ballymacarrett a great number of respectable houses were attacked indiscriminately, whether they were inhabited by Protestants or Roman Catholics.

The Roman Catholic mob broke the windows of the Unitarian meeting house, the minister of which, the Rev. J. Scott Porter, did all he could to prevent the meeting being held in the Botanic gardens.

During the evening the riot act was read several times by Mr. Dunseville, Dr. McGee, Mr. Lyons, and others of the magistracy; but their desire, it was evident, was not to resort to extreme measures. A great number of injuries were inflicted on constables and civilians by the mobs of rioters; but the wounds received were not of a dangerous character.

The chasing of the mob—the Roman Catholics here, and the Orangemen there—running in all directions, doubling round corners and rushing through by streets, to be able to wreck a house before their pursuer overtook them, was quite exciting. The respectable inhabitants were out in the streets, trying to see what was going on. The troops and the constabulary were striving to disperse the crowds, and all was a scene of wild confusion and clamor, rioting and reveling, as if Belfast, the most industrious, prosperous, religious town in Ireland, had been turned into Bedlam and Bedlam was let loose in the streets.

Personal.

The Rev. Smylie Robson, of Damascus.—Mr. Rodgers read a recommendation from the Board of Missions, to the effect that the Rev. Smylie Robson should be allowed to leave Damascus, with a view to take charge of the moral and spiritual training of two sons of the late Said Beg Jimblat, chief of the Druses, who made a request to Lord Dufferin when he was dying that his two sons should be brought up on the religious customs and manners of England.

Professor Porter gave an interesting sketch of the late Said Beg Jimblat, who was the most influential chief among the Druses. He described minutely that part of Palestine where the Druses reside, and stated that the opening is a most favorable one for the extension of Christianity. He bore flattering testimony to the zeal and energy of Mr. Robson as a missionary of the Gospel.

The recommendation was unanimously agreed to.

It was moved by Dr. McCosh, and seconded by Mr. Macdonnell, that they should join in thanksgiving for the gratifying statement they had heard. At the request of the Moderator, Dr. McCosh engaged in prayer.

The Bishop of London.—The new Archbishop of Canterbury is not to be the Bishop of London, as was at first supposed, but the office is conferred upon the Archbishop of York, whose place will probably be filled by the Bishop of Lichfield. The State has had more to do in this arrangement than the Church. The Government wants a man in the Primacy who will not be disposed to meddle too much with the political affairs of the nation, but who will be contented to let things rub along smoothly, as they have been doing for many years.

The new Archbishop is nearly seventy years old, and has no means likely to set the river Thames, or even the Parliament Houses, on fire.

A Jewish Organist in the Church of the Puritans.—Mr. Abraham Dropsekar has been appointed organist to Dr. Cheever's church, being the only instance in our knowledge of a Jewish organist carrying off the palm for a position in a Christian church.

Re Election of Senator Foote, of Vermont.—Montpelier, October 14.—Solomon Foote was re-elected United States Senator to-day, for six years, by a unanimous vote in the Senate. There were only seven votes against him in the House.

The Chinese Government is purchasing quite a fleet in England. The admiralty has sold it three gun-boats, and a side-wheel steamer, and two mailed gun-boats are to be built. The fleet is to be taken out to China by its commodore, Capt. Sherrard Osborn, R. N.

Domestic Items.

News from Kentucky

[From the New York Ledger, 17—.

The opposite [illegible] Buell, between Cumberland's corps and Kirby Smith's army, is now confirmed as quite generally credited. The battle was fought on Wednesday, and what we publish of its details is taken from citizens of Richmond. By Hall's to Madison county, on the turnpike leading from Richmond to London, Barbourville and Cumberland Gap. It is distant from Richmond 18 miles.

The battle commenced at about eight o'clock in the morning, and raged fiercely during the remainder of the day—four o'clock in the afternoon—when the night.

The attack was made by our troops, under the immediate command of Major General Nelson, who was in command of the advance division. The rebels were commanded by Kirby Smith, whose division were acting as the rear-guard of the rebels in their retreat from Camp Dick Robinson.

This wing of the rebel army had charge of most of Bragg's supply train, including a large number of cattle, horses, mules, ammunition, &c., from Camp Dick Robinson.

The result of the battle, so far as we can learn, is a decided Federal victory—the rebels being fairly and badly whipped.

Numbers of stragglers from the rebel army have arrived at Richmond, and quite a number at Lexington. They report that Smith's army was completely routed, and that whole regiments had thrown away their arms and were fleeing in every direction, completely demoralized.

It is said that we have captured nearly the whole of the rebel train, including about two thousand head of cattle, a large number of hogs, horses, mules, &c., &c. We also captured a considerable quantity of ammunition.

The rebels are said to have fought desperately, and the loss in killed and wounded is reported heavy on both sides. We heard no estimate of the number. It is reported, however, that we have taken several thousand prisoners, and a large number of cannon and small arms.

We will, doubtless have full reports of the engagement to-morrow.

The rebels were driven back slowly, fighting in their retreat, and only abandoning their positions after the most stubborn resistance.

Our troops were pressing on them vigorously, and we hope to hear of the capture of the entire rebel army. We have good reason to credit all the reports of Federal advantages as far received.

General Gilbert's corps was in pursuit of the main body of Bragg's army, which passed through Crab Orchard on Wednesday morning, some seventeen miles in advance of our pursuing army. They were moving on the road to Mount Vernon and London.

A portion of McCook's and a portion of Crittenden's corps have united with Gilbert's corps, and are engaged in the pursuit. General Buell, it is said, is with the wing of the army.

Curiosities of Nature.—Among the papers published in costly style by the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, is one on the microscopic plants and animals which live on and in the human body. It describes quite a number of insects. The animal which produces the disease called itch is illustrated by an engraving half an inch in diameter, which shows not only the ugly little fellow's body and legs, but his very toes, although the animal himself is entirely invisible to the naked eye.

When Lieutenant Berryman was sounding the ocean, preparatory to laying the Atlantic telegraph, the quill at the end of the sounding line brought up mud, which, on being dried, became a powder so fine, that, on rubbing it between the thumb and finger, it disappeared in the crevices of the skin. On placing this dust under the microscope, it was discovered to consist of millions of perfect shells—each of which had a living animal.

The President on Brigadiers.—A gentleman recently from Washington tells a characteristic anecdote of our facetious Chief Magistrate. In response to a very high recommendation for a Brigadier-Generalship, Mr. Lincoln replied that, as the number of officers of this grade allowed by Congress (two hundred) was already full, he could make no more appointments. What he needed now was the rank and file. There were enough Generals. Our army would soon be in a like predicament with a certain great Western herdsman, who, in his ambition to improve his stock, had entirely overlooked the value of cows and calves, and, to his dismay, found he had nothing left but bulls.

The Rebel Pirate "290."—Washington, October 18th.—The report that the *pirate* "290" (otherwise known as the Alabama) is at Mobile, is not only improbable, but positively untrue. Captain Pelton, of the bark Virginia, which was destroyed by the pirate "290," has arrived home.

The descriptions which have been given of the famous "290," show that she was never intended for a war vessel, and her operations make it manifest that the aim of her rebel owners and their English friends is to cripple our commerce. She has already wantonly destroyed a number of merchant vessels, and the alarm caused by her depredations has increased the premium demanded by underwriters.

With twenty such ships afloat, the perils of carrying merchandise in American vessels would become so great as to render the business unprofitable, and all our vast trade would fall into the hands of English merchants.

Two objects would thus be accomplished by our English neighbors. The difficulty of subduing the rebellion would be increased, and they would gain an immensely lucrative business.

As as a mere penny-wise speculation, the money invested in building a number of swift steamers would be profitably expended.

The State Election.—Harrisburg, October 19th.—The result of the election in regard to the State ticket is still in doubt, but the probabilities favor a Democratic majority.

Fifteen Unionists are no doubt elected to Congress, including Mr. Reilly, in the Sixteenth District.

The State Legislature will probably stand as follows:—

House, 46 Unionists and 54 Democrats. Senate, 20 Unionists to 13 Democrats. It is generally conceded here that there will be a Democratic majority of one on joint ballot.

The Army of the Potomac.—Oct. 18, 1862.—The troops, under Generals Hancock and Humphreys, who left on Thursday morning to make a reconnoissance in the direction of Winchester, returned after arriving at Smithfield, five miles from Bunker Hill. None of the enemy interfered with the return of Gen. Hancock's command.

With Gen. Humphreys' command it was different. They followed him with cavalry and artillery within a short distance of Shepherdstown, and opened with the latter whenever they could get within range. Our loss was one killed and six wounded.

The troops safely recrossed at Shepherdstown ford last evening, bringing with them a number of prisoners.

The rebel wounded, numbering one hundred, left at Charlestown, were brought within our lines yesterday afternoon, where they will be paroled.

The rebels had between forty and fifty killed and wounded, on Thursday, whilst disputing the advance of Gen. Humphreys' command.

Our advices indicate that Gen. McClellan is again about to measure strength with the rebel hosts under Lee. There appears to be no doubt that the latter intends to give battle at or near their present location, which is now well known to our Generals, through the thorough reconnoissances recently made.

Reported Negro Plot in Virginia.—Washington, Oct. 20.—The Republican of to-day says:

A refugee who recently came into General Sigel's headquarters gives information of a highly important character. He escaped from Amherville, Culpeper Co., Virginia, and states that the greatest consternation and trouble exists among the white people at that whole section of country, in consequence of an apprehended slave revolt.

Seventeen negroes, most of them free, had been arrested on suspicion of being engaged in plotting the uprising of the entire colored population. Copies of late newspapers, which published President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, were found in their possession. The fact that such a proclamation has been made is well known among all the negroes, and it produces the most startling effect.

The terror of the whites is beyond description. Apprehensions of a re-enactment of the Nat. Turner horrors are felt to an alarming extent. The accused negroes were promptly taken out, at Amherville, and hung.

It is said that the negroes of the different counties around Culpepper are all engaged in the conspiracy for a general insurrection.

Conscription in the South

[From Fredericksburg, Virginia.]

Washington, Oct. 21.—We have information from Fredericksburg of a late date. The conscription law of the Davis Government is being rigidly enforced. Every man coming within range of its operation is forced into the army. Some have demurred, and to these little mercy is shown, and they are thrust into jail at once.

Money.—Washington, October 20th.—There is no foundation for the current report that the Secretary of the Treasury will apply to the next Congress for authority to issue more Treasury notes. It is probable that Mr. Chase will ask Congress to legislate so as to curtail the issue of bank bills, and thus restore the value of Government paper to the gold standard. It is the opinion of many financiers who have been in Washington of late, that if no more Government paper was to be issued, and all the paper issues of the banks could be suppressed, the Government paper would instantly rise to the value of gold. The Government is convinced that something must be done to lessen the present disparity between specie and paper money.

A Speck of War with Spain.—Considerable excitement has been caused at Havana, and throughout the entire island, by an alleged "outrage" by the officers of an American man-of-war. The facts of the case are briefly these: On the afternoon of the 7th instant a steamer was seen rapidly approaching the Spanish coast, about six miles to the westward of Morro Castle, pursued by a man-of-war. The steamer had French colors flying at the time, and the pursuer, from her general appearance, was a United States vessel. The captain of the British ship was clearly endeavoring to make for the harbor of Havana, but the Federal boat hailed her, and the vessel was forced to run ashore. Launches were at once despatched from the cruiser to capture the captain and crew, and to get off the steamer if possible. No sooner had the launches touched shore, however, when a detachment of Spanish soldiers were seen approaching, on the appearance of which the commander of the boats gave directions to fire the vessel, which was immediately done, and the launches returned to the war steamer, taking with them the pilot of the destroyed vessel, whom they had captured. The cruiser immediately proceeded to sea.

The ship destroyed proved to be the steamer Blanche, last from the port of Molato, where she had stopped for coal.

As to her mission and to where she belonged, accounts differ. Some say that she was a slaver, others, doubtless more correct, affirm that she hailed from Port Lavacca, Texas, and had a cargo of cotton.

Avoiding the Draft

Surgeon—What's the matter with you?

Would-be-Exempt—Weak back, sir—very weak back.

S.—Weak knees, you mean.

W.—Yes, sir, weak knees—very weak knees—can't march.

S.—Yes, I'll give you a certificate. (Writes.)

"Upon honor I hereby certify that the bearer ——, is weak in the *knees*, a great coward who shrinks from defending his country. Hope he will be put in the front ranks, where he can't run away.

——— ———, Surgeon," &c.,

W.—(Handing the surgeon a quarter,) Thank you, sir. I knew I was entitled to a certificate. The rebellion, so wicked and monstrous, must be put down. It has done my heart good to see the energy of the President in ordering a draft.

(Here reads the certificate and limps.)—*Hartford Times.*

Old Hundred in the Army.—Never before have we heard anything so magnificently grand as that same Old Hundred song by the soldiers of the Union army on the plains of Yorktown. The air was made vocal by the music, and the woods around reverberated with the mighty strain. Beneath the canopy of heaven the soldier gazed upward into the starlit sky, and sung unto God, "from whom all blessings flow," an anthem that stirred in the heart of man the best and noblest emotions. The incident was a sublime one, either for the poet or the artist.—*Inquirer.*

Postage Stamps.—The first postage stamp was used in London, January 10th, 1840. The first American stamp in 1840 or 1845. France adopted them about the same time we did. The Taxe und Taxis office introduced them in Germany in 1850. They are now used in sixty-nine countries in Europe. In all the countries there are used fifteen hundred different stamps. The most beautiful are those of Russia and Lubeo, one of the Hanse towns. Ours are not far behind those of any country.

The Coming Mora.—Rev. J. S. C. Abbott concludes an article in the *Congregationalist* thus:

"History proves that nearly every war which has desolated our globe, has originated in the same cause which is now drenching our land in blood—the desire of the strong and the rich to live at the expense of the weak and the poor. The last conflict ended, and though there may be a lingering skirmish yet to come, we have essentially peace.

'Peace, and no longer from her brazen portals
The blast of war's loud organ shakes the skies,
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.'

Then comes the coronation of humanity. The long dark night of woe will disappear in the blaze of an endless morning."

An Act of Justice.—General Butler has made the following special order:

"It is made to appear to the Commanding General that Marcellin Soniat, an old soldier of the war of 1815, under Jackson, did not give up his arms under the general order No. 60, and has been sentenced by the provost court to imprisonment for thirty days, therefore, knowing the love an old soldier has for his arms, and believing that something is to be pardoned to that fond feeling, the sentence is remitted."

Prayer in the War.—Never before have so many earnest hearts been lifted in prayer, night and day, to the God of battles as now. Mothers praying for their sons, sisters for their brothers, wives for their husbands. Never in the thousands of Christian pulpits of the Free States has the Gospel been more earnestly, broadly and fervently preached than during the present moral crisis of the age. It is the testimony of many ministers that the exercise of public prayer in the sanctuary—prayer for the outpouring of God's Spirit upon the people, for victories to our armies, for the binding up of wounded hearts at home, for the sick languishing in hospitals, for the divine guidance of the President and all others in authority—never has been more unpressive, hearty and touching than in these very Sabbath days whose quietude has been disturbed by the echoes of war.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The London Times says:

"The Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln as a political concession to the Abolition wing of the Republican party. When the Union existed, the Constitution gave no right, either to the President alone, or to the President and Congress combined, to abolish slavery. Emancipation was the thunderbolt placed in President Lincoln's hands to destroy the whole social organization of the South at a blow. It is a thunderbolt which President Lincoln has assumed the right to launch—but he is without the power to enforce his decree.

The North must conquer every square mile of the South before it can make the proclamation of more effect than mere waste paper. Commercial advices from New York show that there is a strong impression among the leading merchants that a termination of the war will ultimately occur from a financial crisis and confusion in the North."

FRANCE.

General Changarnier denies that President Lincoln has offered him the command of the Federal forces.

Vera Cruz letters give a different account of the state of affairs in Mexico from what the French papers have published.

Juarez is far from giving up the contest, and was preparing for a most desperate resistance to the French.

The city of Mexico is strongly fortified, and the road from Orizaba will be defended inch by inch.

The Paris Bourse was much excited, and the Rentes closed on the 7th instant at 75f., a decline of a half per cent.

ITALY.

The King has signed a decree granting an amnesty to all persons concerned in the acts and attempt at insurrection which took place lately in the Southern provinces, with the exception of the deserters from the Italian army.

Sicilians have been disarmed, in consequence of numerous assassinations.

PORTUGAL.

The new Queen, the daughter of King Victor Emanuel, had arrived at Lisbon.

SPAIN.

The Spanish "Escocheron" had been torn down in Mexico.

PRUSSIA.

The Crown Prince and Princess were to proceed on a tour through Switzerland and Italy.

The budget was still under consideration in the Berlin Chamber of Deputies.

The Hanoverian Government has declined to join in a treaty of commerce with France.

RUSSIA.

Zimoyski is banished from the whole kingdom of Russia.

While Garibaldi remains in confinement, pending his recovery and trial—if he is to be tried—the numerous meetings and several small actual insurrectionary movements throughout Italy, the voice of the press there, and other indications of an increasingly distinct and intense public sentiment, all signify that the Italian nation is filled with a settled and strong determination to possess Rome, and to possess it soon. It is probable that any open opposition to this national resolve would quite peril the authority of Victor Emmanuel.

A telegram, dated Sept. 2, from Alexandria to Paris, states that the Mohammedans have murdered the American Protestant Missionaries, Smith and Thompson, and their families. Lately an outbreak of fanatical outrages in that region, and troops have been sent from Aleppo to [illegible]

Married.

On the 12th instant, by Rev. Wm H Wheeler, Mr JAMES M. T. FIELDS to MISS AMANDA GREEN, all of Freehold, N. J.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. M. Hirst, Dr J. H. WILLIS to MISS HARRIETTA V. S. GUY, of Washington, D. C.

The Social, Civil and Statistical Association, of The Colored People of Pennsylvania, open a subscription list to aid the freed men at Port Royal and other points where they may be located and respectfully ask the co-operation of the colored citizens and others in this city, or elsewhere, in money or clothing.

Any amount of value received will be acknowledged, with the name of the donor, in the *Recorder*, where a constant record will be kept.

Subscriptions may be sent to Joseph C. White, at the office of the Lebanon Cemetery, 711 Lombard Street, and also to William Still, 107 North Fifth Street, and to Rev. E. Weaver, 619 Pine Street.

PAID.

Statistical Society,	$30 00
Clayton Miller,	2 00
William Still,	5 00
Robert Adger,	2 00
Henry Minturn,	2 00
Catherine Johnson,	2 00
Vasti Locke,	2 00
Wm. Warricks,	2 00
Harriet Shorter,	1 00
Sarah S. Hawkins,	1 00
Rev. Jonathan C. Gibbs,	1 00
James P. Clay,	1 00
Benjamin F Hill,	3 00
S. M. S.,	2 00
Elizabeth Gordon,	1 00
P. J. Dreer,	5 00

It affords us pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of ten dollars, the proceeds of Miss Anna E. Dickinson's lecture at Concert Hall for the contrabands, contributed to the Soc. C. and Statis tical Association, to be applied as intended. WM STILL,

Cor. Sec. of S. C. and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Penna.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MRS MARTHA COLLINS,

730 Russell Street, above Fitzwater.

Begs leave to inform her friends and the public generally, that she has opened an INFANT SCHOOL for Boys and Girls, to whom she will pay special attention in teaching the primary departments of Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, also Singing, upon the most reasonable and accommodating terms. She does not hesitate to say that she will be able to please all who may give her a trail.

MRS. S. SHORTER HAWKINS'

DRY GOODS, HOSIERRY, AND TRIMMING STORE,

No. 615 LOMBARD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Mrs H calls the attention of her friends and patrons to a new stock of Fall and Winter Goods, consisting of Delaines, Calicoes, Flannels, Muslins, Drills, Shawls, Balmoral, and Hoop-Skirts.

N. B. Regalia and Dress Trimmings still on hand. All will be sold as near the old prices as possible. Call and see

PERRY & FITZGERALD'S

PROCESS FOR MAKING LIGHT, NUTRITIOUS, AND UNADULTERATED BREAD, WITHOUT FERMENTATION.

The new process of bread-making, patented by Perry A Fitzgerald, removes all the obstacles which have hitherto rendered it impossible to manufacture perfectly pure, sweet, and nutritious bread. The entire process is performed by mechanical means, and is eminently cleanly.

The process consists in mixing the flour in a closed vessel, and the application of pure carbonic gas, under pressure, by which the dough soon is made thoroughly light, and ready to be discharged into pans for baking, in the brief space of fifteen or twenty minutes. The "change" is exactly 20 y ards, and cork machine completes the operation, in all its details, from the putting in of the flour to the discharging of the dough, in from twenty five to forty minutes.

The invention of Perry & Fitzgerald effects a revolution in the preparation of bread, by establishing a system of wholesome means hitherto not subject to the vicissitudes and evils of fermentation, but exact and certain in its results—1 Because, by the substitution of mechanical for manual labor, and to the superior value of the articles produced, it provides a more profitable upon the capital employed. 2 Because such employment of capital as well as the protection afforded by the patent, gives adequate security against competition. But whilst preventing undue competition it produces none of the evils of a monopoly, because it leaves the consumer at all times in possession of his former means of supply, to be resorted to, should the monopolist become prejudicial.

The application of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure, to a mechanically kneaded dough mass, as in the invention of Perry & Fitzgerald, is now for the first time effected, and we have had a clear foreshadowing of the importance of the artificial use of the gas, since he states, hypothetically, that "if water, highly impregnated with carbonic acid gas, be used for kneading the dough, the resulting bread will be somewhat spongy. Could a light article," he continues, "be produced in this way, then, as the sugar would remain undecomposed, the bread would be as much the sweeter and more nourishing."

What, to Dr. Dee, was evidently a clearly comprehended chemical truth, has been practically developed by the brilliant invention of Perry & Fitzgerald. Formerly this field under seance in practical remembrance, as one of the most eminent benefactors of mankind.

IV. Its Wholesomeness.—Being free from the deleterious substances which are the product of fermentation, or chemical operations, by the old modes, the bread made by the Perry Process is easy of digestion, and agrees with the most delicate stomach. "Dyspepsia," says Dr. Dee, (late of the N. Y. Medical College,) "it will be invariable, as they will be able to use it when the fermented manufactured bread has been found to have signally failed on an infinite class."—Says the London *Medical Times and Gazette*:

"Since the introduction of the new unfermented bread, there have already been received from members of the medical profession, who have recommended it in their practice, as well as from non-professional sources, accounts of the really astonishing results that have followed its use in cases of deranged digestion and constitution. Many persons have reported their recovery to health, after years of suffering and misery, by the simple use of the bread as a diet. Many must have also been reported by medical men of position, in which extreme distress of stomach complaint, which had remained intractable under every kind of treatment, have yielded as if by magic, almost immediately after adopting the use of the unfermented bread."

"The beneficial effects of the new bread are attributable to two causes. The one is the absence of the prejudicial matters imparted to ordinary bread by the presence of fermentation, and the other is the presence in the bread, unchanged, of those elements which are the essential agents of digestion and assimilation."

The most eminent members of the medical profession, both in Great Britain and in the United States, not only speak in the highest terms of the ease with which it is digested and of its rich, nourishing qualities, but especially of its peculiar palatableness, and wonderful keeping properties. The absence of acidity and other strong flavors, which, in a greater or less degree, are characteristic of fermented bread, renders the new bread peculiarly delicate to the taste.

V. Its Economy.—By the use of mechanical means, instead of manual labor, a barrel of flour is converted into baked loaves in forty-five minutes; whereas, by the ordinary process, four or five hours are occupied in the formation of the "sponge," and a further time in kneading, raising, and baking the dough.

"The conditions of the consumption of bread," says a correspondent of the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, "renders it an article peculiarly suitable to be prepared and supplied by a public company. And since the new process removes all the objections of many persons, and the expenses of the machinery gives a comparative monopoly, the supply of bread is placed at once in the same category with gas, water, or other articles of prime necessity."

VAN RIPER & CAMP,

EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS,

Corner of Broad and Buttonwood Streets,

PHILADELPHIA.

TO THE FRIENDS

OF

OUR PATRIOT DEAD.

Repeated applications having been made to the subscriber to establish a branch of his business in the vicinity of the late battle-fields, with a view of reducing the cost of bringing home the bodies of the dead, he respectfully announces that he has now established a branch at HAGERSTOWN, Md., and is prepared to attend to the business at greatly reduced rates. Orders from a distance promptly attended to.

The Burial Casket

furnished by me is equal to any other in use with regard to security, economy, and entire absence of any of the unpleasant circumstance which generally surround similar articles. Wherever used it has given entire satisfaction, and the subscriber challenges comparison with any Casket now before the public.

Much complaint has been made of the extortionate prices charged by unprincipled men engaged in this business, which the subscriber will honestly avoid,

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Advertisements.

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 10th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

From Garnet Union No 4, D. of T., from Phœnix Union, No 8, D of T., from Northern Union, No. 16, D. of T.; Wash's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Dr Rice Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 19, D. of T.; from Vanbrakle Union, No. 14, D. of T., of Norristown, Pa

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—

Grand P., Sister Bennet, Grand Associate, Sister Burris; Grand Treasurer, Sister Fawcett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dubhart; Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall

G. P. P., Sister E. ROBERTS, G. P. P Sister ANDERSON, " " E. BOWEN, " " J. P BLACK, " " M. H. [illegible], " " E. A CLARK, " " S NEWMAN, " " WHITE, " " S. DAVIS. " " S HALL.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY.

The STATED QUARTERLY MEETING of the Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August, and November.

The meeting of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the society.

MRS SARAH CARTER,

President.

Mr. L. S. SEYMOUR, Sec'y.

THE BOOK DEPOSITORY

OF THE

AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,

No. 619 Pine Street,

PHILADELPHIA

We keep on hand, in connexion with our other books Sabbath school books of various kinds: Question Books; Catechisms, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. We have a good assortment of such books as are generally used in the Public Schools. Also, Stationery, inks, Pens, Paper, Envelopes and Blank Books.

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Dec 25 1y 604 MARKET STREET

GOOD NEWS

To Tailors, Dress-makers, and to those wishing to be such. Also to owners of sewing [illegible] or tailors and large families, for in one day by practice learn to cut and make Pants, Vests, Jackets, Boys and Men's Coats and Overcoats, perfectly. Ladies Dresses, Boys' and Men's

Local and Traveling Agents Wanted.

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Or, apply to Mrs. Mary C. Weaver, (wife of the Editor of this paper) 619 Pine St., Philada., Pa. June 12—1y

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STOVE STORE,

107 NORTH FIFTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and all in want of good stoves, that he has now on hand a general variety of excellent PARLOR, COOK and CHAMBER STOVES, including Gas-burning, as well as other patterns, which he is selling at very low rates. He buys entirely for cash, of the best wholesale founders, and of course can sell much cheaper than those buying on the usual credit system. At any rate his friends are invited to give him a call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere, as he feels that they would be convinced that it would be to their interest to give him their patronage. Coal orders constantly on hand.

WM. STILL.

JOSEPH H. COLE,

CONTINENTAL RESTAURANT,

NO. 717 LOMBARD STREET, PHILA.,

(Above Seventh St., under Philadelphia Institute,)

Where he continues to keep always on hand the very best assortment of OYSTERS and other refreshments—hoping that all his friends and the public in general will favor him with their patronage.

☞ Meals served at all hours. Families supplied with Oysters of the best quality and flavor at the shortest notice

☞ Also, public and private waiting done on the most reasonable terms. 1y.

MISS JANE JOHNSON,

Respectfully informs her friends and the public, that she continues laying out and shrouding the dead,

☞ All orders will be immediately attended to.

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"UNION COTTAGE,"

ATLANTIC CITY, NEAR THE INLET.

The subscriber will always be happy to welcome his numerous friends, and the public in general.

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Board per week,	$6 00
" " day,	1 25
Single meals,	50

S. H. WALLS, *Proprietress.*

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MRS. S. PLANT (formerly Richardson) respectfully announces that she has opened a first-class BOARDING & LODGING HOUSE at No. 97 HOYT STREET, Brooklyn—where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city, and within five minutes' walk of Fulton Ferry, is made thus a very desirable and convenient place.

BOARDING.

Mrs. AMIA WILLIAM, of Cape May, will open the Banker House for the season, for the accommodation of all who wish to spend the season there, and she will spare no pains to make all comfortable. Those wishing to spend one, two, or three days, will find the Banker House the right spot. Prices very reasonable. 1sep6

COAL, STOVES, &c., &c.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the store,

NO. 107 NORTH FIFTH STREET,

formerly occupied as the Anti-Slavery Office, (where he has been engaged for the last fourteen years,) to occupy it henceforth as a place of business for the sale of

COAL, STOVES, &c.

Having made arrangements with one of the first Coal Dealers in the city, to furnish the best qualities of Lehigh, Schuylkill, &c., at the lowest Cash prices, he hopes to give full satisfaction in this branch of his business

He will also keep constantly on hand a general assortment of good NEW and SECOND-HAND STOVES, FURNACES, &c

Persons wishing Stoves taken down, stored away, put up, or cleaned, can be promptly accommodated by applying as above.

He hopes by energy and strict attention to business to obtain a fair share of patronage.

WM. STILL,

107 North Fifth Street, Philadelphia

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J. M. McKim,	Dr Casper Wistar,
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Dillwyn Parrish,	Thomas Williamson,
Prof. C. D Cleveland	W. H. Furness.

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One or two respectable colored men in a quiet and respectable family to lodge where they can secure all the comforts of a home, with a furnished room.

INQUIRY,

No 424 South 7th St., Phila.

REV LEWIS S. LEWIS'

FAMILY LINIMENT

IS PREPARED WITH GREAT CARE,

EXPRESSLY FOR FAMILY USE.

Its composition is very simple, containing nothing that is injurious in any form, and there is no danger in its use from exposure to the weather. No family should be without it. Having a wish to benefit mankind in general, and those afflicted in particular—and having had recourse to the article in several cases of rheumatism, bunions, chilblains, and other lameness, it proving to be a remedy in every case—I therefore recommend it to the public.

CERTIFICATES

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov 27, 1861

Rev. L. S. LEWIS—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with the rheumatism eleven years, during which time I tried almost everything, but received no cure relief. For the last four months my limbs and joints were so swollen, that at times I could not walk or use my slippers. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and at the first application was instantly relieved. After using one or two bottles, I was enabled to enjoy the free use of my limbs. Rev. GEORGE A. RUE

NEWPORT, R. I., October 29, 1861.

Rev. L. S. LEWIS—Dear Sir: I have been affected for a number of years, more or less, with a pain and weakness in my chest, arising from some cause unknown to me. I made two applications of your Liniment, and was relieved. I was attacked with the diphtheria, and was cured by using your Liniment. Its worth has proved itself ten times its cost. ANTHONY RANDOLPH

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 19, 1861

Rev. L. S. LEWIS—Dear Sir: I have been cured of suffering in my joints by using your Liniment. I recommend it to all who are thus troubled. RICHARD WHITE.

NEWPORT, R.

WHEN THE GREAT REBELLION'S OVER.

Clemmie the baby on her knee,
Was [illegible]
Pulled [illegible]
"When will papa come to me?"
"Papa!" and the mother cried—
"Papa! ah! the naughty river!
Sweet, my pet, he'll come in thee
When the great rebellion's over!"

"Mamma once had rosy cheeks,
Danced and sang a merry tune;
Now she rocks me in the moon,
Sits and sighs, but scarcely speaks."
Sad the smile the mother wore—
"Sweet, mamma has lost her lover,
She will blush and sing us more
Till the great rebellion's over!

"Till the bush of peace shall come,
Like a quiet fall of snow,
And the merry troops shall go
Marching back to hearts at home—"
"Papa—home!" the baby lisped,
Balmy-breath'd as summer clover,
"Yes, my darling, home at last,
And the sad rebellion over!"

Entered at the open door,
While the mother soothed her child,
One who neither spoke nor smiled,
Standing on the sunny floor.
Wistful eyes met mournful eyes,
Hope took flight, like airy plover;
'Ah! poor heart, thou'lt wait in vain
Till the great rebellion's over!

Heart, poor heart! too weak to save,
Vain your tears—your longings vain—
Summer winds and summer rain
Beat already on his grave!
From the flag upon his breast,
(Truer breast it never shelter'd)
From its mouldering colors, wet
With his blood, shall springs beget
Lily, rose, and violet,
And a wreath of purple clover,
With the flag upon his breast,
They have hid away your lover—
Weep not! wail not! let him rest,
Having bravely stood the test,
He shall rank among the blest,
When the great rebellion's over.

Methodist

LITTLE FEET.

Up with the sun at morning,
Away to the garden he hies,
To see if the sleepy blossoms
Have begun to open their eyes.
Running a race with the wind,
With a step as light and fleet,
Under my window I hear
The patter of little feet.

This child is our "speaking picture,"
A birding that chatters and sings.
Sometimes a sleeping cherub—
(Our other one has wings.)
His heart is a charmed casket,
Full of all that's cunning and sweet,
And on harp-strings laid such music
As follow the twinkling feet.

When the glory of sunset opens
The highway by angels trod,
And seams to unbar the city
Whose Builder and Maker is God,
Close to the crystal portal,
I see by the gates of pearl
The eyes of our other angel—
A twin-born little girl.

And I asked to be taught and directed
To guide his footsteps aright,
So that I be accounted worthy
To walk in the sandals of light,
And hear, amid songs of welcome
From messengers trusty and fleet,
On the starry floor of heaven
The patter of little feet.

CHANGE OF HABITS IN OLD AGE.

A man may change his mode of life as long as he is on the youthful side of middle life; the meridian line once passed, all such radical change is attended with the peril of death. Have you never noticed in burying-grounds, or in the necrological columns of newspapers, how often husband follows wife or wife husband, with brief intervals of time between their departure, when they have long lived together? The age-worn constitution is unable to react against the bereavement and to adapt itself to the new circumstances in which it is placed. The usual form in which death invades the body of these aged persons demonstrates this truth; for they die either of apoplexy or of paralysis of the brain. The mind, shrinking instinctively from death, exerts all its powers of recovery to rally after the blow received; the exertion is too much for it, 'tis shattered by the very attempt. There used to be an old diplomatist here, Count de Lowenhelm, from Sweden, who represented the court of Stockholm near the Tuilleries for nigh fifty years. He was a well-preserved old man, an habitual frequenter of the Grand Opera and French Comedy, going constantly into society, and never absent from a single court-ball. The Crimean war gave unusual importance to the diplomatic relation of the two courts, and it became necessary to appoint a more active man to the Swedish Legation here. The old minister seemed to grow older every hour after the newspaper recorded the appointment of his successor. He roamed about the lobbies of the Grand Opera and the French Comedy like a person lost in the woods. He went to Stockholm, and fell dead of apoplexy a few days after his arrival. His letters of recall were his death-warrant. Have you never heard the vulgar remark that the builder of a house dies almost as soon as the house is completed? The observation has some foundation in truth, but the cause of the [illegible] is not "luck," it is this very inability of the aged mind to react against old habits lost. Men rarely build houses until they have amassed something like independence of fortune; in other words, they are generally in the afternoon of life, and they build the house for a harbor from the cares of business, where they may twirl their thumbs and "enjoy life" by oppressing themselves with idleness. As long as the house is building, all goes well; they don't miss the absent shop or counting-room. There is the bricklayer to be scolded and the carpenter to be overlooked, and discussions to be held with the architect, and money to be paid out; in fine, there is something to think about, something to worry over, something to fret about; it is the old round of life in miniature if you will, but still it is the old round which has been paced for forty years. But when the house is complete, when the last coat of paint has dried, and the last chip has been removed, and the bit of mortar taken away, when the owner has nothing to do but to enjoy his fine house and his affluent fortune, then comes—the vacuum—nothing to do. The old man finds years have not changed his mind as much as they have changed his body, and the toy tires the old man even sooner than it tired the child. There is no correlation between building a house and death, but there is a close connection between age and change of life.

Spirition.

GENTLE WORDS.

"O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last."—Mahmay.

A correct idea of the power of language is seldom entertained. Many of us forget that our conversation, yea, almost every word we utter, exercised a mighty and a lasting influence. We who are Christians, fail to realize the great amount of moral power we might exert by the loving use of encouraging words. We are prone to distrust and shun the penitent prodigate, and too apt to turn the "cold shoulder" on the church member who once yielded to temptation, but who is now confessing his sin, and seeking the forgiveness and favor of God. This course is contrary to the spirit of the Gospel, and to the example of our blessed Saviour. "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more," were the gracious words that fell from the lips of Jesus, like heavenly music, on the ear of the penitent. We who are too conscious, forget our own liability to fall, and remember not the apostle's injunction—"Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye who are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted."

We may foster good resolutions to a struggling heart by a single word fitly spoken. Sunshine and dew are not greater blessings to the drooping flower than smiles and gentle words of hope and love to the tempted soul. On the other hand, how many spirits emerging from the [illegible] error and sin into an atmosphere faintly illuminated by the first rays of truth and holiness—how many spirits beginning to aspire Godward, have been astonished and wounded by harsh or thoughtless words from an ill-tempered, morose Christian. *An ill-tempered, morose Christian.* What a contradiction of terms!

Speak gently for an angry word
May [illegible]
And a [illegible]
Amongst [illegible]

Let gentle words—words of [illegible] encouragement, faith, and love,—fall ever from our lips. Jesus will smile upon them, and they will be transforming influences of spiritual sunshine. Our souls will then be fountains, our lips outlets, and our words beams of heavenly love and light. Our own hearts will be cheered, enabled, and purified while many among the redeemed in time and eternity, will bless the Lord, that he gave us souls in which Christian thoughts were conceived, and tongues that uttered gentle words.

Speak gently, like the morning dew
Thy words will rise and shed
From on the [illegible]
Of blessings on thy head.

Thus thou may'st cheer a drooping soul
For whom thy Saviour died,
And shed a thought of [illegible]
Thus cheer'st the Christian.

CHINESE CUSTOMS ILLUSTRATIVE OF SCRIPTURE.

The subject has been started by some one, whether the Chinese are not, some of them, the descendants of the ten lost tribes of Israel. I know one missionary who, several years ago, stoutly maintained that the Chinese were the descendants of Abraham by Keturah. I have never seen sufficient reason to adopt the latter nor the former theory. There are, however, many customs now prevalent among this people, which bear a very striking resemblance to customs which are referred to in the Bible. Some of these I propose to mention.

I propose to prefix to each custom described, a passage of Scripture, or to refer to one or more verses. Let not the reader, therefore, infer, that the Chinese custom illustrates the Scripture passage. In some instances there may be a very great similarity between the customs described and the customs referred to, as once prevalent in the land of Judea, or adjacent countries; in other cases there will be a very great dissimilarity. Perhaps the manifest dissimilarities are as worthy of being noted as are the marked coincidences.

1. *And he asked for a writing table.*—Luke 1 63. The Chinese have boards of various sizes and thickness, painted white, which they often use to write upon—much as in some Western lands the slate is used. Pupils in schools use such boards, of only about half an inch thick, and six or eight inches long, by four or five wide, on which they practise writing the Chinese character. They are not unfrequently found in private houses. In offices, shops, &c., they are found suspended from the walls, several feet long and two or three feet broad, used for noting down items for reference, or for advertising the prices of goods, &c. The characters, whether written in red or black ink, are removed by the application of a wet cloth, or wet paper. A board covered with a thin coating of metal, like tin, is more adapted for expeditious use, but the painted board is much more common, perhaps because cheaper.

2. *And Laban gave to Rachel his daughter, Hilhah, his handmaid, to be her maid.*—Gen. xxxix. 29. The custom prevails extensively here, and probably in other parts of China among wealthy families, of giving a female slave to a daughter on the occasion of her marriage. Sometimes two female slaves are given, or sometimes, though rarely, one female slave, and one male slave. Male slaves are very seldom found in this part of China. These slaves are all Chinese, and are bought with money when quite young, and usually brought up in the family with their future mistress. Some rich families, it is said, not unfrequently have some ten or fifteen maid servants; and when a daughter is married, she is often allowed to take the one she likes the best. This female slave is generally treated more as a companion among the daughters in the family, than is usually regarded consistent with the relation of bond-women in Western lands, where slavery prevails. To say the least, there is not so much moral degradation (apart from heathenism) connected with female slaves in pagan China, as is often found in Christian America among the same class of slaves. Female slaves usually have their liberty given them, and are provided with husbands not very long subsequent to their becoming of marriageable age. Very seldom do they arrive at the age of twenty-five or thirty years of age unmarried.

3. *Be shod with sandals.*—Mark vi. 9. Travellers of the lower class, and the common porters and sedan bearers, found everywhere in the streets in this part of China, always wear straw shoes or sandals. They can walk easier in these sandals, and are not so liable to slip as with other kinds of shoes on their feet. There are many varieties of sandals, as regards quality, size and value. Those worn by coolies, or sedan bearers, cost only about one cent. They are made very coarsely out of common rice straw, braided or plaited together, in size large enough to cover the sole of the foot. They are fastened on by straw strings, or strings made of some other coarse material, passing up over the toes and heel, and to join the top of the foot, or around the ankle. There are other kinds manufactured out of a very tough kind of grass, or rush, in shape resembling a Chinese shoe, sometimes colored red, and of various sizes and prices, costing from a few cents to several shillings, or even a dollar per pair. These are often worn in houses by Chinese gentlemen.

Who had his dwelling among the tombs.—Mark v. 3. Coffins containing the remains of the dead, are most usually put under ground with considerable show of respect, in less than seventy days after death. Sometimes, however, proper burial places have not been secured, and in such cases the coffin is placed, temporarily, in a certain kind of house, or tomb above ground, erected for the purpose of holding such coffins. These houses are some eight or nine feet high, and eight or twelve feet long, and wide enough to hold a coffin. Their general appearance is like a diminutive dwelling-house without windows. Several coffins oftentimes are placed in one such dead house, or tomb above ground, where they remain till a suitable burial place has been secured, and till it is convenient to inter them in the usual manner. At the festival of the tombs, which generally falls in the month of April, it is the universal custom for the family to whom any coffin belongs, to send some one who hangs up strips of perforated yellow or white paper, representing money, for the spirits of the dead, to use in the future world, on the sides of the dead houses, or under their roof. Sometimes strips of the paper are put on the coffin by entering the door.

These tombs above ground, oftentimes become very much dilapidated, and the coffins sometimes are never removed and buried, either because the family to whom they belong has become very poor, or has become extinct, &c. In such cases, they are neglected, and the dead houses, or tombs, become the residence of beggars or of thieves, or afford a place where they pass the night, in seeking to avoid detection, or where they deposit their stolen goods. The houses belonging to respectable families, are attended to and repaired from time to time, and beggars, thieves, &c., are not allowed habitually to frequent them, and make their dwelling among those tombs, as did the man possessed with an evil spirit in the time of the Saviour.—*Chinese Homily.*

SINGULAR FACT.—One day last week, a flower resembling a full blown white rose, was picked up from an apple tree on the farm of Harlow Burghardt, in this town, on the road to Egremont. It was nearly two inches in diameter, and consisted of over a hundred leaves. The tree is loaded with small apples, and the singularity of the phenomenon is the subject of much foolish superstition.—*Berkshire (Mass) Courier.*

THE FIDGETY SUPERINTENDENT.

This person is constitutionally uneasy. He is in a row at home, at his place of business, and wherever else he goes. He never was thoughtfully calm for five minutes at a time. He unwittingly puts into a stew those with whom he associates or has business. It would be well if, in putting on his Sunday clothes, he could clothe himself with a garb of quiet dignity, but he cannot. So he brings his every-day manners and customs with him, as he comes to the discharge of his official duties in the Sunday School. His entrance into the school room introduces a general odor of disquietude and restlessness. He seems to have been chased by a dull razor, or bitten by a venomous [illegible]. Perfectly [illegible]. As he constantly bolts over on the subject of punctuality, he is careful not to be after the time for the opening of school. But he hurriedly bolts into the school just as the clock is on the strike, and as hurriedly arranges his affairs, so that the opening of the school may at once proceed.

His opening exercises are as when a jar of fermented preserves is opened. Great boisterous, little orderly profanity. His ways are different. Sometimes a hymn, a chapter, a prayer. Sometime a hymn, a prayer, a chapter. Sometimes no chapter, sometimes no prayer. Generally without the care in selection and arrangement which is desirable. Always lacking in that spirit of earnest devotion which should mark every religious exercise. The school is opened, or rather torn [illegible] in such a manner as to jar the religious feelings of all right-minded teachers; and the exercises of study are due. But the impetuous official has a notice to give, or a new regulation to announce. He rings the bell with violence, and failing to gain the attention he desires, thumps on the desk with a stick till enough noise is made to cause everybody to look and listen. The notice or regulation is an unimportant one, which might have been otherwise disposed of. The Library duties, contrived as awkwardly as possible, are then attended to. Five adjutant superintendents, under the name of secretaries, then march around, attending to the roll, which our fidgety friend might as well do himself, but for the fact that he does not see how one man can do so much work.

The school is fairly set in motion. Not the stately and dignified motion of the well freighted and balanced ocean steamer, but the nervous wriggling of the unballasted skiff, which a flaw of wind may upset at any moment. A constant buzz is heard when the superintendent moves around. Not, however, the buzz of the busy bee, children industriously studying and reciting; but something more like the buzzing of a family of hornets, as he goes from class to class, stimulating teachers and scholars with some over new species of worry. The boys are a special plague to him. The girls constantly minister to his vexation. As for his teachers, never were such an inefficient set known to be in any one school. The ventilating apparatus distresses him. The arrangement of the shutters and blinds requires his unremitting attention. He flutters at the stoves, and disturbs the school by making a noise with the poker. He bothers the librarian until that officer is on the point of resigning. The sexton is his natural enemy.

The fidgety superintendent has no lack of rules and regulations. In fact, he has too many; enough for several Sunday schools. He has so many that it is impossible to enforce a quarter of them. Some of them conflict with others. Most of them are the product of his own unassisted wisdom. Some of them have been extemporized for particular occasions. For instance, when a boy (not too able bodied) has behaved badly, the school is reminded of the rule that all such boys so behaving shall be made an example of, by being temporarily imprisoned in the coal cellar. With strong cries and great bustling, the evil doer is thus made an example of, the bigger boys wishing that he had tried it on them, that they might see whether boy or superintendent would go to that dimly lighted place of punishment. The school is thrown into confusion. Superintendent declares that among such a set it is impossible to keep order, and that the school is rapidly going to destruction. So it is. And if the teachers value the school and think it is worth saving, the best thing they can do is to call a special meeting, unanimously request Mr. Fidgety to consider himself put out, and then elect a wiser and more placid man in his place.—*S. S. Times.*

ABOUT FLIES.

Flies do not breathe, like men, through the mouth, but through a set of holes in the abdomen, called stigmata, or spiracles. By these, the air passes into beautifully constructed tubes, called tracheæ or wind-pipes. The spiracles are furnished with a curious contrivance to prevent dust from entering. The hole is closed by a sort of sieve or screen, which must be seen to be appreciated. A drawing gives you some idea of its nature, but the real thing is far better; and as not every one is up to such minute manipulation, recourse should be had to microscopic preparations, which are furnished at a reasonable rate by Amodio, of Throgmorton street, London, and other first-rate opticians. The fly supplies an interesting series of objects. Beside the compound eye, the antennæ, the foot, and the spiracles, the proboscis of a fly is a thing to wonder at. It is more complicated than the trunk of an elephant. A portion of this proboscis acts as a lip; in addition to its lancets, a fly has teeth—yes, real teeth, like notched chisels, and as plain as pike-staves, if you only know where to look for them.

With these claims on our interest, we can hardly be surprised that, in countries not too much infested with them, flies should have had their patrons and protectors. Not to mention the Indian hospital for insects, a compassionate damsel is described as delighted to

Save drowning flies that float along the stream.

A toper invites a jolly fly to take a cheerful drop with him:

Eager, busy, curious fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I.

Uncle Toby had not the heart to extirpate on a fly. "Go," says he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had tormented him cruelly all dinner-time. "Go," says he, lifting up the sash and opening his hand to let it escape; "get thee gone; why should I hurt thee? This world is surely wide enough to hold both thee and me."

PERSIAN window-glass, of which panes have been discovered as large as 20 by 28 inches, has proved, on examination, to have been cast in a manner similar to that now followed in making plate-glass, except that it was not rolled flat, as now, by metal cylinders; but pressed out with a wooden pallet, so that its thickness is not uniform.

NAKED ARMS AND NECK.

A distinguished physician, who died some years since in Paris, declared, "I believe that during the twenty-six years I have practised my profession in this city, twenty thousand children have been carried to the cemeteries, a sacrifice to the absurd custom of exposing their arms naked."

I have often thought if a mother were anxious to show the soft, white skin of her baby, and would cut a round hole in the little thing's dress, just over the heart, and then carry it about for observation by the company, it would do very little harm. But to expose the baby's arms, members so far removed from the heart, and with such feeble circulation at best, is a most pernicious practice.

Put the bulb of a thermometer in a baby's mouth, and the mercury rises to 99 degrees. Now carry the same to its little hand; if the arms be bare and the evening cool, the mercury will sink to forty degrees. Of course all the blood which flows through those arms must fall from 2 to 59 degrees below the temperature of the heart.

Now I say when these currents of blood flow back into the chest, the child's general vitality must be more or less compromised? And now I add that we ought not to be surprised at its frequent recurring affection of the [illegible] throat or stomach.

I have seen more than one child with habitual cough and hoarseness, or choking with mucus, entirely and permanently relieved by simply keeping the [illegible] heart warm. Every evening, [illegible] plunges his little opportunity in with the same [illegible]. *Hygienic.*

WASHINGTON IRVING IN EUROPE.

The second volume of the life of Washington Irving includes the greater part of the period of his residence in Europe. His *Knickerbocker's New York* and *Sketch Book* had been published, and had proved successful. He had grown into high favor with English men by means of qualities in his writings which could not but endear him to them, heightened, as their effect must have been, by the agreeable surprise that an American should have acquitted himself so creditably. He soon found a place in the most polished literary and social circles in the kingdom. He shortly appears on intimate terms with Leslie and Newton, the artists, and with Scott, and Moore, and Rogers, and others whose names hold a prominent position in the catalogue of celebrities. His account of his introduction to Rogers is quite amusing, exhibiting some of the most marked characteristics of the banker-poet.

The introduction took place at a dinner at Lord Spencer's, at Wimbledon. Rogers "received him with the hearty cordiality of an old friend. Irving was overrun with invitations from many of whom he knew nothing. Rogers cautioned him to be on his guard, or the common place would hunt him down. 'Show me your invitations,' said he, 'and I will give you a hint or two. This accept,' to one, 'that decline,' to another; to a third, 'this man avoid by all means; oh! he's a direful bore.'"

The essays composing the *Sketch Book, Bracebridge Hall*, etc., are but relieves of his daily life during the period to which they were composed. The story of the Stout Gentleman is said by Leslie to have had its origin in a rainy Sunday which the two were compelled to spend in a hotel at Oxford. "It rained incessantly, and we were confined to the inn, like the nervous traveller whom Irving has described as spending a day in endeavoring to penetrate the mystery of the stout gentleman. The next morning, as we mounted the coach, I said something about a *stout gentleman* who had come from London with us the day before, and Irving remarked that 'The Stout Gentleman' would not be a bad title for a tale. As soon as the coach stopped, he began writing with his pencil, and went on at every like opportunity." *Apropos* to the stout gentleman, the author gives us the following anecdote:—

"I was once reading aloud in his presence, a very flattering review of his works which had been sent him by the *Critic* in 1848, and smiled as I came to this sentence: 'His most comical pieces have always a serious end in view.' 'You laugh,' said he, with that air of whimsical significance so natural to him, 'but it is true. I have kept that to myself hitherto, but that man has found me out. He has detected the moral of the stout gentleman.'

The idea of the *Tales of a Traveller* was conceived at the Hotel de Darmstadt, Mayence, whence the essays profess to have been dated. Here he met several officers, of various nationalities, who exhibited strongly marked characteristics, and were full of conversation, to which, doubtless, he was indebted for many an incident afterwards woven into his delightful work. Here also he found the valuable Katrine, of whom he makes so sweet a heroine.

The *Conquest of Granada* and the *Alhambra* were written as relaxations from graver duties during his residence in Spain, the scene of the romantic events he describes, and chiefly in the Alhambra itself. Here he made his abode for several weeks, having the complete range of the whole place. He would "breakfast in the Court of the Lions, or the Saloon of the Ambassadors, or would stroll about the courts, and gardens, and arcades, day or night, with nothing but bats and owls to keep him company."

"It absolutely appears," he would say, "to me like a dream; or as if I am spell bound in some fairy palace." How perfectly does his book reflect these scenes and the feelings to which they gave birth!—*Methodist.*

USES OF THE BOOK-HUNTER.

It will serve to secure for the race of book-hunters some kindly consideration at the hands of Christian men, to know that their pursuit has kept for us rare editions of the Holy Scriptures, and assisted thus to preserve the purity and correctness of the sacred text. We suppose that there have been very few editions of the Bible published, of which some copies are not to be found, either in private collections or public libraries. The book-hunter's curiosity has scented them out in strange places, and while the edition to which they belonged has perished in the using, they remain for the scholars, critics, and proof-readers, of succeeding generations. It serves also to exemplify the imperial rule of the Bible, its power to command into its service the labors of widely different men, and to make them instruments in its perpetuation and diffusion, to see a class of men, whose pursuit is but a fancy or a freak, becoming in time a passion, thus made to be keepers and guards of the Book whose words are to endure when every other book shall have perished, and the great libraries of the world become rubbish.

"IMITATION OF CHRIST."

Of all the uninspired books in the world, none has been so often reprinted; none has been translated into so many languages, as that entitled, "The Imitation of Christ." It is believed that there has been more than two thousand editions of the original Latin, not less than one thousand of the French translation. It first appeared about the year 1415, and came rapidly into general circulation. The authorship of this remarkable devotional work is still unsettled. It is commonly ascribed to Thomas a Kempis, or Thomas Hamerken, of Kempen, a small town in Rhenish Prussia, about twenty miles north-west of Dusseldorf. He was born about 1380, lived a monk, and died in 1471, in the Augustine convent of Mount St. Agnes, near the town of Zoolle, in the Netherlands. The book appears to have been circulated at first without the name of the author. Many of the oldest manuscripts of it bear the name of Thomas a Kempis, and two of them were written with his own hand. John Busch, a contemporary of Thomas, and a brother of the same monastic order, ascribes the work to him. It is also attributed to him by two or three other writers, who lived in the same century. The style, too, in the opinion of such scholars as Gieseler and Milman, confirms the tradition which ascribes the work to Thomas. Still, the authorship was early and long a matter of earnest controversy. "Whole orders of monks, and whole nations," says Hase, "have contended respecting the author of this work." The work is ascribed to John Gerson, the learned Chancellor of the University of Paris, in a manuscript as early as 1563. The editor of the French translation, published in 1488, says it is doubtful whether to ascribe it to Gerson or to St Bernard. It has also been imputed to John Gerson, who was the Abbot of a Benedictine convent at Vercelli, in the first half of the thirteenth century. The controversy became so warm between two rival orders of monks, that the Parliament of Paris, in 1602, to put an end to the strife, decreed that the book should henceforth be printed with the name of Thomas a Kempis. We suppose that there is really very little reason to doubt that he is the author of the work; but the long and impassioned controversy upon the subject shows how greatly the book was esteemed, and how anxious the various disputants were to establish the claims of their particular party, or favorite writer to the authorship.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

A NEW PLANET.—A new planet was discovered by Dr Robert Luther, Director of the Observatory at Bilk, Germany, on the evening of August 31st. It was situated in right Ascension three degrees, and declination two degrees north. It was equal in brilliancy to a star of the eleventh magnitude. Dr Luther has devoted many years to the discovery of these bodies, and during that time has discovered twice as many as was known to exist at the beginning of the present century.

An Irish tailor making a gentleman's coat and vest too small, was ordered to take them home and alter them out. Some days after the old man was told that his garments happened to fit a countryman of his, and he had let them out at a shilling a week.

Family Circle.

AFTER ALL.

The apples are ripe in the orchard,
And the work of the reaper is done,
And the golden wood-nuds redden
In the hood of the dying sun.

At the cottage door the grandsire
Sits pale in his easy chair,
While the gentle wind of twilight
Plays with his silver hair.

A woman is kneeling beside him,
A fair young head is prest,
In the first wild passion of sorrow,
Against his aged breast.

And far from over the distance
The faltering echoes come
Of the flying blast of trumpet
And the rattling roll of drum.

And the grandsire speaks in a whisper—
"The end no man can see;
But we give him to his country,
And we give our prayers to Thee."

The violets star the meadows,
The rose-buds fringe the door,
And over the grassy orchard
The pink-white blossoms pour.

But the grandsire's chair is empty,
The cottage is dark and still—
There's a nameless grave in the battle-field,
And a new one under the hill.

And a pallid, tearless woman
By the cold hearth sits alone,
And the old clock in the corner
Ticks on with a steady drone.

Vanity Fair. WILLIAM WINTER.

A FLYING SQUIRREL IN THE HOUSE.

One bright morning in May a singular pet came to us in a singular manner. One of the girls, while sweeping the sitting-room, heard a slight scratching behind the fire-screen. Feeling some curiosity to know the cause, she removed the screen, and out into the middle of the room darted a—flying squirrel. He seemed a little bewildered at his new position, and ran about the room, examining the furniture with great attention.

He had delicate fur of a soft gray color, and very bright black eyes. His wings were membranes, with but little fur upon them. He had evidently darted from a tree near the house into the chimney, which he thought to explore, and thus unexpectedly found himself a guest in our household.

We were very much amused in watching his tricks. He scaled the mantel-piece, examined the clock admiringly, raised himself up to peep into a mug or vase, and then with a sudden flight reached the floor again.

A little dish of corn, another of bread-crumbs, and a third of water, were placed upon the mantel. He accepted this hospitality quite as a matter of course.

He slept nearly all the day, and played all the evening, and probably all the night. During his stay with us, he showed not the slightest fear of any one, although it was evidently his first acquaintance with human beings. His associates had been of the woods—fellow-squirrels and brown robins. He had never heard the voices of any but chattering wrens, or carolling blue-birds; but with an entire trust in mankind, he relied upon the kindness of all for safety. He certainly showed a very unworldly spirit.

His favorite amusement of an evening was to climb up the muslin curtain, by clinging with his sharp claws, as he used his wings only in coming from a height. Having reached the top, he would spread his wings and slight in the middle of the room; then return and repeat the game for an hour or more at a time.

As so much of his time was passed in sleeping, he was quite particular about his selection of a sleeping-place. He chose first to nestle beneath the chintz cover of the lounge, or under a cushion. One day an overcoat having been left across the arm of the lounge, he crept into one of its pockets, and frequently, when the owner of the coat caught it up hastily, he was warned by a weight in pocket or sleeve, that the garment was already in use.

THE BABY.

The baby rules everybody in the house—issues her mandates in the feeblest of voices—yet all hasten to interpret her wishes. It matters not that they may be expressed in the most unintelligible of dialects, every one intuitively wise meaning, and watches with the intensest interest for the next utterance. Even papa is vanquished by baby's feeble cry, and when she stretches out her arms to go to him, he is prouder, happier far, than when news of gain, by sea or land, quickens ambition, but still's the gentler voices of his soul, the music tones of humanity.

Is baby asleep? Then is the household hushed, and the mother, as she sits by its side, sewing and occasionally rocking the cradle with her foot, is most truly the "guardian angel" of its happiness, and the smiles that flit across its innocent face might well be the reflections of her own love-lighted beauty.

Is baby sick? How dull and dark seems the dwelling: how envied the mother, because she only can soothe the little sufferer and hush that plaintive moaning; and if baby dies, how silently and shiveringly do the household gather round the family hearth, whence the light is departed and the fire seems quenched. Those who say it was only a baby never knew how the tendrils of affection twine round the innocent helplessness, which we would fain guard from sorrow, and develop into the full maturity of truth and beauty. Such never knew how that tiny touch can magnetise into forgetfulness the pain of care; how the thought that upon that mind is yet unwritten the consequences of sin, makes us emulate ourselves, in the desire to throw upon its impressive nature the light of a holy life; and how the wondrous mystery of its unfolding life sends us to the Mercy Seat, seeking the wisdom that cometh from above, that we may train the child for God.

M.

THE WISE GOOSE.

It was in vain the sun shone over head, and earth spread her many-colored carpet under foot, while music and perfume filled the soft, summer air. None of the season's sweet charms could gladden the heart of young mother-goose, as she stood amidst her pretty brood of goslings, looking sadly from one to another, as they contentedly nibbled the tender grass at their feet.

"Why, wifey, what's the matter?" inquired the gander, suddenly looking up from the repast which he, too, was enjoying. "You are the picture of care," he said, approaching her side—"won't you confide your trouble to me, dear?"

"I am thinking," said the goose, with a deep sigh, "of the doom which awaits these little innocents—the knife, the spit, the table!" and she thrust her head under her wing and wept.

"Come, come," said the gander, "you must not give way to such gloomy thoughts. Even though it is the doom of our race to be food for man, we are not the only creatures so doomed. All the birds in the barn yard are as liable to the knife and table as we, and yet they do not allow the thought to interfere with their happiness."

"Nor did it interfere with mine while I had only myself to think of," murmured the goose; "but now, as I look on my precious brood, a knowledge of what they are born to fills me with sorrow."

Thus, wiping her eyes with the feathers of her breast, the goose looked up at her husband.

"Nor do I see," she said, "how it mitigates the wrong of our race that all the birds of the barn-yard are alike devoted. Look at our beautiful goslings, with their straight legs, arched necks, and green and yellow down—are they not of a class far above the common fowls of the barn-yard? The first wrong done us, was placing our family in the barn-yard at all. Our place should have been in the pleasure grounds, with that pretty pond to sport in—it grieves me to see it monopolized by those haughty swans. We are as handsome as they, and our goslings are far prettier than their cygnets. Oh! it is for my goslings I care!" And again the poor goose thrust her head under her wing and wept.

The gander tried to soothe his disconsolate mate, but in vain. Visions of the knife, the spit, the table, had filled her imagination, and the more happy and engaging her little brood appeared, the more painful her anticipations of their cruel doom.

But while this scene was enacting between the parent geese, one of the goslings happened to be near enough to hear every word that was said, and, though she could not fully understand the subject under discussion, she saw that her mother was unhappy in consequence of some evil which their race endured, and from which there seemed no escape. She immediately became interested. To be sure she was but an infant goose, and geese are, at best, considered silly things; yet she thought it no harm to inquire upon a subject that so nearly concerned her family, and so, at the first opportunity, she coaxed her kind mamma to tell her all about it.

The goose was very sorry that her little one had learned of a fatality the knowledge of which would blight her young joy, and so endeavored to say as little on the subject as possible. But the gosling plied her with questions until the whole frightful truth came out, that the goose family owned no privileges, possessed no rights, and were only the slaves of despotic man, born, cared for, and nourished to no higher end than that their feathers might encourage his indolence, their flesh gratify his palate.

The gosling, upon this discovery, hung her head. The world was not the same as it had seemed in the days of her ignorance. The barn yard, such a pleasant play-ground, and the little green outside, where such sweet, tender grass grew, she had supposed to be an estate owned, in common, by her papa, Mr. Drake, Mr Gobbler, and Mr. Doodle; and the neat little home, where she and her brothers and sisters had been born, and which they had been used to call "papa's house," how different all looked now!

Then there were huge creatures around—some on four feet and some on two—who had dwellings in the barn-yard and contiguous, and who she had supposed to be guardians and providers to the feathered families. The two footed folk, she thought, were special attendants of the birds, for they brought them their food and cleaned after them. It was only the day before that she herself had met with an accident. Something sharp had run into her foot, and caused her intense pain, making it very difficult for her to walk. While suffering so, some elegant creatures, covered with gaudy plumage, had entered the yard, when one of them cried out:—

"Oh! see, one of the goslings is lame!"

They then ran and caught her, and she was held gently against a soft cheek, and soothed with kind words, while the largest of the strangers examined the ailing foot, and soon extracted the cause of the pain, at the same time saying, in a displeased tone:

"How careless to throw broken needles about! That must have come from the house in the sweepings."

It was very fine to be thus waited on by such large, grand creatures; and when little gosling was set on the ground she ran to join her family, and told them, with some pride, of what had occurred. Oh! how different from pride is the feeling now!

Now, that the relative positions of man and the feathered races are explained to her, she understands the nature of the interest which the family of the farmer manifests in her family; and even in the case of her injured foot, she writhes with grief and humiliation when told that the special attention paid her had reference to her growth and plumpness which might be seriously hindered by a painful wound. "For," added her mamma, with a sigh, "it is well known that the lame bird doesn't thrive."

From that day the gosling had something to think of; and the subject that occupied her little head was no less a one than the question as to the possibility of raising herself above the condition to which she was born, and so obtain the great boon of life.

She sought an early opportunity of taking a peep at the swans, of whose superior fortune she had heard her mother speak in envy; but she saw that they were, indeed, much grander birds than geese, and that no gosling might ever hope to purchase life by exerting in the breast of man such admiration as that princely tribe commanded.

This thought was depressing; but our little goose was not going to yield to depressing influences. She had a sanguine nature, and this, added to a passionate craving for life, kept her mental energies astir, and so, as she still pondered the all-engrossing question, she soon learned that beauty was not the only quality that recommended the animal races to mercy. Some, she perceived, were allowed to live because they were useful. They worked for their master, and he seemed to value them quite as highly as the birds which he nurtured for their beauty. *Could she work?* This was the question now. Was there any way in which a little goose could serve the human tyrant? She thought, and thought, and thought, but without avail—she could discover nothing that she could do. She was willing, indeed, but incompetent. She had neither the strength nor the talent. She could not carry and draw like the horse, nor hunt and track game like the dog; and she loathed the thought of earning life by devouring vermin like the cat. It was a puzzling question, which, day by day, agitated our gosling. Yet she would not give it up—indeed, the difficulties made her cling to it all the more.

And all this time the little brood were growing. The down of their coats was magnifying itself into feathers, the green hue of which was fading into gray and white, and they were stretching and expanding in size, and our little friend thought that as she advanced towards maturity, perhaps she might find the ability to employ herself in her master's service. But, as she was comforting herself with this hope, a circumstance occurred which filled the whole family with grief and alarm.

One morning, when the maid who usually fed them came with their breakfast, instead of spreading it in the yard as usual, she went into their house, on the floor of which she laid the dish. They, forthwith, followed her, and, entering the house, hastened to plunge their bills into the food.

While they were eating, another woman came in, and the door was shut; and then both women proceeded to lift the goslings and weigh them in their hands, feeling their limbs and breasts.

The goose and gander became greatly agitated, and the goslings began to cry and run about. If vain were these demonstrations; the young birds were all examined, and the two largest and fattest put into a basket, which the strange woman carried away. What became of them never transpired, though, from a remark which fell from one woman about "green geese and gooseberries," the sorrowing family knew pretty well what was the fate which had broken their circle.

This affair was a great shock to our gosling. When she was in the woman's hands, with her life in the scales, her heart died within her. How childish and ridiculous than seemed the hope of ever being able to escape this hereditary doom! And even when the trial is over, the life that was still left to her seemed such a mocking uncertainty that she felt it was scarce worth possessing.

A month passed away, during which two others of the young geese were taken; and yet our poor friend had discovered no work that she could do to compensate man for sparing her life. It had become a habit with her to think of this subject, though now she thought of it without hope.

One day the geese were reclining in a group at the edge of their bath in the barn-yard, when a company, belonging to their master's family, entered the gate and walked round among the inhabitants. A stout old lady, in heavy, black satin, leaning on a fine boy, walked towards the water, saying she wished to look at the ducks. Our young geese watched the pair, as they passed at a little distance, and presently she saw the lady drop her handkerchief. A little pig who stood near, also saw it, and, doubtless, thought it would be a nice thing to play with, for he immediately moved towards it. The gosling, knowing that piggy meant mischief, and seeing here a chance to make herself useful, started up, and flying forward, seized the precious piece of cambric in her bill, before the naughty little snout had reached it. She then ran after the lady, and, getting before her, politely held the handkerchief up, stretching her neck to its utmost length in doing so.

But never was a bird so astonished as the young goose to suddenly find herself a heroine. The act had been witnessed by two young ladies at a little distance, who, with loud exclamations of admiring wonder, rushed to the spot. Seized with momentary fright, the gosling was about to fly away; but before she could do so she was caught, and her fluttering nerves soothed with caresses, while her exploit was told again and again, as the company came hasting together. They all declared she was the first goose they ever knew to do a smart thing, and that the act ought to be published.

"And, grandmamma, I think you ought to adopt little goosey," was the merry remark of one of the young ladies.

"Yes, indeed," said the old lady, pleasantly, "she has introduced herself to my kind regards."

"Then, come, let's take her to the house," was the next proposal.

"Yes, come." And the party began to move, the young lady still carrying the fortunate goose.

The latter stretched her neck over the soft arm that supported her, and

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Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE POOR MOUSE'S PETITION.

O hear a pensive prisoner's prayer,
For liberty that sighs,
And never let thy heart be shut
Against the wretch's cries!

For here, forlorn and sad, I sit
Within the wiry grate,
And tremble at th' approaching morn,
Which brings unpending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glowed,
And spurned a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy strong oppressive force
A free-born mouse detain.

Oh! do not stain with guiltless blood
Thy hospitable hearth,
Nor triumph that thy wiles betrayed
A prize so little worth.

So, when destruction lurks unseen,
Which men, like mice, may share,
May some kind angel clear thy path
And break the hidden snare!

HYMN.

How blessed are the sons of light!
Though poor on earth, and ill at ease;
The path of faith and not of sight,
Is that of pleasantness and peace.

Loud laughter and the idle jest
May rise amid the ungodly throng,
But calm content, and holy rest,
To pilgrims of the cross belong.

In Thee, sweet source of heavenly peace,
All fresh and living springs are found;
And the deep well knows no decreases,
From whence those gladdening springs abound.

What though the vain and worldly deem
The way of God a desert rude,
Green pastures and the tranquil stream
Are found in that sweet solitude.

There the Good Shepherd loves to lead,
In noontide heat his little flock:
There they repose and there they feed,
Beneath the shadow of the rock.

Partners of birth, to that clear spring
The doves descende, her wandering o'er,
Loves in the stream her weary wing,
Nor leaves the quiet shelter more.

Thou God of grace, and peace, and love!
Teach me to find that region blest;
O for the pinions of the dove,
To flee away and be at rest!

For the Christian Recorder.

THE GOSPEL METHOD OF VICTORY.

Philadelphia, Oct. 20th, 1862.

MR. EDITOR, *Dear Sir:*—Permit me to say a few words to the public through your paper, which I'll title the Gospel Method of Victory. Sufferings are ways of victory in another method and form. He that conquers under persecution, receives in the enmity, wrath and opposition of his enemies into himself, and there quenches it and destroys it in the Spirit; for the Christian, being one with the Lord Jesus, flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone, is partaker of that power and glory which was in Christ, and through him who hath overcome the world. We are more than conquerors, and this is our victory, even our faith. And the strength and life of Christ is shed abroad through all his people, so as death has no sting for them, and the grave no victory over them. The violence of fire is quenched, and the mouths of lions stopped, kingdoms subdued.

No more at present, but remain your humble and obedient servant, WM. HAZZARD.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE WEST INDIES.

The group of islands known under this name comprises four divisions, viz.: the Bahamas, Great and Little Antilles, and the Carribees. The latter are sometimes known by the names of Winawhra and Luwara. In 1492, embowered amidst its palm, cocoanut and orange trees, Guanahani first met the wearied eye of Columbus, who had been threatened with death by his mutinous crew. The West Indies must have presented a scene not to be found in any other but a tropical country. The natives, uncivilized, living in simple luxury, roaming whichever way they pleased, their rudely-constructed huts surrounded by palm, cocoanut and orange trees, giving it, at a distance, the appearance of a vast grove. Its dense woods, filled with feathered songsters of various sizes and hues, whose melodious voices re-echoed through the grassy plains, intersected with rivulets and small streams, within whose dense bosom reposed numbers of the finny tribe; filled with those members of the animal kingdom indigenous to the tropics; and numbers of reptiles existed here, without having cause to use their venom.

Everything was as God had made it, free, unowned and unconquered. The sea lashed the coast without having known what it was to bear anything heavier than a light canoe. The mineral wealth of the soil was untouched.

The climate was, and still is, delightful, and most of the year it is uninterruptedly mild, except two months when violent hurricanes occur. The islands are clothed with constant verdure, and every island to a traveller who, for many hours has rested his eyes on naught but sea, appears like a beautiful garden. Its chief productions are coffee, sugar, cotton, tobacco, logwood and mahogany, all of which, in large quantities, are exported to the United States and Europe. The history of the West Indies is but a continuation of wars, sieges, robberies and treaties. The islands discovered within a few years of each other were settled by the Spanish. The English, in trying to displace them, were involved in a war; then a servile war, which has placed in prominent position in the history of the world many dark-skinned patriots, many deeply dyed heroes, who equalled, if not surpassed in magnanimity, the heroes of the old world, among whom we may mention "Toussaint L'Overture" and "Dessalines." The government of the West Indies is a mixture of Republicanism and Despotism, liberty and slavery. In Hayti, we have a military despotism. In Cuba, a dependency, as well as those of the British Islands.

It was on the 11th of November that we reached the beautiful island of Hayti. We landed and were awe-struck at the beautiful prospect that met our view—the dark blue sea, the tall trees swayed by the gentle wind, the fruit in wasteful abundance. And a little distance inland we found the purling brook, the towering mountain; and the clear blue sky rendered us thoughtful. Hark! what is that we hear? The splashing of oars? Who is that? —our friend, to whose house we were going. We proceeded and arrived just in time for dinner, composed of tropical fruits. The house looked like a miniature "Swiss cottage," so elegant and neat, nestled in its tropical trees. We remained all day; the evening was moonlight. We proposed a walk; the proposition was accepted. We started and walked about half a mile. The spectacle that met our view was beautiful in the extreme. The moon in majestic beauty had risen to the zenith. The refulgent light had given a kind of limpidness to the scene. The distant mountain, with its outlines perfectly distinct; the tall trees seemed to touch the luminary; every bush assumed a fantastic shape; the usual shrill cry of the owl and whip-poor-will was softened. After viewing this we returned home, and involuntarily exclaimed, "O, Lord, how manifold are thy works: in wisdom hast thou made them all!"

CORUNO.

Philadelphia, October, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS.

(Continued from last number.)

But while we are commenting upon the great demonstrations that are going on in the United States, if we could see the military pageantry, the pomp and splendor of brilliant parades, the soul-stirring influences of music, with the banner of freedom unfurled to the breeze! To see the national flag with the British lion reposing majestically upon it, with his noble, protecting look of justice and liberty, the thousands of colored soldiery under arms, their polished steel glittering in the pure light of the glorious day; their fine habiliments beautifully displayed! To view their perfect manœuvres and hear the cheering shouts of the multitude, must altogether command an array of components as grand and magnificent as the brilliant ages of Rome when she was at the height of her military glory!

According to Biblical authority, slavery came into existence soon after the commencement of sin and disobedience to the laws of God: hence it must be allied to evil, and cannot possess a single Divine principle. The fact of its union with evil is sufficient proof of its wickedness, and the truth that it grows and flourishes best where God's laws are disregarded, and where all manner of evil is at its climax is sufficiently convincing of its atrociousness.

There can be no better illustration given of the withering effects that slavery has produced in governments, than the calamitous and destroying consequences that befell Rome, which caused her to fall from her high and commanding position of fame and power, and to gradually decay, until her sickly, and emaciated form fell headlong into the endless abyss of oblivion!

It will not be my object in this address to trace all the effects of slavery in different governments, or even in this; but merely to show the great acting cause which produces so much discension in any government where it is tolerated.

The great effects upon our moral, and particularly our intellectual condition, show that it has blighted our most sacred rights, and deprived us of the towering advantages which the other enjoys. Why are the sons and daughters of African descent refused admittance into most of the schools and colleges of this country? It is simply because they are degraded by the cursed influence of slavery.

The institution of slavery, as it has existed in this country ever since its independence was declared, has rivated the chains of oppression upon us in every tyrannical form that the heel of abject degradation could impress. It has not only deprived us of the right of suffrage, but the right of our own persons, which has been clearly demonstrated in enforcing the Fugitive Law, where a free man's person could be claimed, and by a simple act of perjury by the claimant, reduce the poor human being to chains and slavery. * * * *

It is useless for us to shut our eyes to the fact that this government is in a very dangerous period of existence. A country that commits wrongs will be as surely punished as the man who commits a sin, and he will be punished in proportion to the magnitude of those crimes. Why is the whole nation now thrown into mourning? Why do we pause in sorrow at the threshold of nearly every door in the land, and behold that lone widow stricken down with grief, her careworn and emaciated countenance telling too truly the weight of sorrow that is hanging like a dark pall over her troubled mind? In the midst of her gloominess, her imagination carries her to the field of blood and carnage, and there she beholds the bones of her once beloved husband bleaching upon the lone waste. So must it be a haughty nation is suffering for the many great sins she has committed.

(To be continued.)

AS IT was the spirit of the world that nailed our blessed Lord to the cross; so every man that has the spirit of Christ, every man that opposes the world, will certainly be crucified by the world some way or other.

For the Christian Recorder

NEWS FROM CAIRO.

Cairo, Ill., Oct. 21st, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—DEAR BRO.:—After a long silence I again open my communication with you. We left Louisville on the 22d of Sept. and arrived at home on the 28th. We left in the midst of great confusion, yea, I may say consternation, as GEN. Nelson had given orders that morning to remove all the women and children out of the city; every person was trying to get out; thousands of government teams and droves of mules crowded the river banks at every available point of crossing, while some of the mules were swimming the river; the scene was shocking. Our boat pushed out just at dusk in the evening. I left the people crossing the river in every kind of vessel, skiff, flat, ferry, and steam boats.

We floated down on the bosom of the Ohio, feeling anxious to know what would be the fate of Louisville, but when we reached Cairo on the 25th, we learned that all was quiet again in Louisville.

Now to the church. We found the church in good condition. I have visited Sparta and found the church there alive, thank God; the church in Chester is in good care. I am now in Cairo, Ill., and have organized a society here, and one at Mound City, enough to form a class at each place. With a number of anxious souls there is a prospect of great work here. We had a great meeting here last night, the Lord was with us.

Now to the paper. I have not had time since I have been home to seek subscribers, for I had to make my family comfortable first: for he that will not provide for his family is worse than an infidel. But now I am ready; please send me twenty copies, and one of each back Nos. from the 7th of Sept. and I will try what I can do for the *Recorder*. Yours truly,

B. L. BROOKS.

For the Christian Recorder.

ALEXANDRIA CORRESPONDENCE.

Once more, Mr. Editor, your unasked for, and, perhaps not desirable correspondent, addresses you. Since my last, with an occasional exception, things have pursued the even tenor of their way.

Let me first notice the death of one of the most aged, as well as the most estimable of our colored residents—a true mother in Israel, Mrs. Hannah Lyles, the mother of the excellent leader of the choir of our infant church. Your correspondent was in Washington at the time, when a note arrived requesting his presence at the funeral.

The deceased for many years had been one of the living stones in Roberts' Chapel, the colored Methodist church. Of her it truly could be said, "She hath done what she could." At home or abroad, in the church, or in the social gathering, she did what she could to make life pleasant to all; and so at her death her praise is in the mouth of all. Her death was that of the righteous, even as her life had been.

The Methodist, or old side church as it is commonly called, has two stations here; one white and one colored. The pastoral work of both being performed by Revs. Reed and Lemon, officiating alternately in either church. The Rev. Mr. Lemon, I believe, attending in chief to the colored church. The object of stating the above fact will appear very shortly. Your correspondent upon receiving the note, last no time, and very shortly he found himself seated in Roberts' Chapel awaiting the arrival of the pastor in charge. A few moments after the hour appointed, the Rev. Mr. Reed walked in, to whom I was introduced, and who after, very cordially invited me up in the altar and also to take part in the exercises. He preached the funeral sermon, choosing for his text the words of the prophet Amos, "Prepare to meet thy God." His remarks were stirring and truthful, but not by any means appropriate. Its very inappropriateness, Mr. Editor, perfectly satisfied me of two things, and they are, 'The utter incapacity of white men for colored churches;' and secondly, "The absolute necessity of social equality between priest and people." I believed them before, but the incidents and facts of that day confirmed me in that belief.

Among many remarks of the Reverend speaker, was the following: "Personally, I do not know how she spent her last days, or how she died."

What think you of that, Mr. Editor, a shepherd thus ignorant of his sheep. Nor is the Rev. Mr. Reed altogether to blame, for I can assure you that upon a short acquaintance, I am persuaded that God intended him to be a good man, but like us all, owing to circumstance, that purpose or intention has been thwarted to a degree. But the fact is the gulf between the two is too wide. The waters are too rushing. We must take up our good old Bibles and follow the examples there given. And what are these examples? Why, a Hebrew for the Hebrew, as Moses; a Greek for the Greeks, as Timothy, and a Roman citizen for a world of Roman citizens, as Paul. So must we here in this land, Anglo-African priests for Anglo-African people. And it is just here that God speaks to our Church. May we hear his voice.

In company with Miss Amanda Bowden, who is a very Samaritan, I visited the "Contraband" quarters on Washington Street. I merely make this allusion, promising in my next to speak at more length. More anon. B. T. T.

For the Christian Recorder.

INFORMATION FROM BISHOP MAZREY

Having visited the churches in the New England Annual Conference District, we shall give some knowledge of matters and things.

1st. On visiting New Bedford, my first point, where I found some letters from Boston, informing me of the state of the church, and also found Rev. J. M. Mitchel, the minister in charge, who informed me that he had left Boston, some time since. I found everything in New Bedford in a very favorable condition, and the people doing well and also Newport. At my next point I found an excellent state of things. Bro. Desmond who was absent, being in a feeble state of health, and seeking means of relief, saw my arrangements in the *Recorder*, and wrote to Bro. Lewis, who he had left in charge in his absence, to look out and prepare for my reception, and which he did. Brother Desmond got home before I left, but little improved in health. May his health improve, and he be long spared to do good. The state of the church at that place is good. I left for Providence, next point, and found them worshipping in the same old place, and had not come to the conclusion on the precise point on which they would build, though they had gathered $200.00 since the conference for that purpose, and are still going on in the good work. We expect to hear from them before long. Leaving this point, I went back to Boston, where I found the church laboring under a debt of nearly $6000, and the minister gone. I met and counselled with them. I hope for the best, but when or how that enormous debt is to be mastered with a membership of 25 or 30 working members only, as I was informed how many there are, I cannot tell.

Elder Rue having failed to accomplish his North Carolina mission, I appointed him to the charge of the Boston station, until the next annual conference of the New England District. Bro. Rue was yet unable to labor, from the effects of the camp fever, but thought he would be able to go to his work in a week or two. I hope no time will be lost, nor pains spared to redeem that church if possible. Bro. Mitchel has engaged to go to California, to assist in that long neglected field, and informed me since, that he was making considerable progress in collecting means to pay his passage. The Missouri Annual Conference pledged themselves to raise their portion of the means this year, as directed by the last general conference to pay my expenses out to that portion of our work, and Bro. Turner of that conference has volunteered to go out with me, to labor in that part of the vineyard, and that will be 2 elders, and if the other districts will raise their quota, I shall go out there, after the rise of the next New England Annual Conference, and labor there, leaving myself time to reach the general Conference of 1864, and as I have made so many appeals to the districts, and no notice has been taken of it, I give this as the last.

New Haven church is laboring under some 1000 or 1200 dollars debt, and anxious to relieve themselves of it, which I think they will. They have a fine little building, and all that is wanted, is a little more energy. I hope to hear from them before long.

I visited Bridgeport, as it is the last point in the New England District. I should have visited Bro. Burley's field, had he been there, or could I have learned any thing from his whereabouts. Any brother, in future, who intends leaving his field to which he is sent from the Conference, under my first direction, to collect money or otherwise, will please inform me, if he is going to stay. I am now passing through Bro Winder's circuit, and have been to Riceville and Fair Haven. A few hours ago, arrived at Freehold, N. J., and so I shall proceed onward. We meet the *Christian Recorder*, as a welcome guest in nearly all my route, and think that a little more effort on the part of the ministry, and it will more effectually accomplish its mission. Will the Editor send a half dozen copies to Madison M. Bell, and one to Rev. T. M. D. Ward, San Francisco, California? W. NAZRET.

For the Christian Recorder.

CONDITION OF THE CONTRABANDS IN WASHINGTON.

MR. EDITOR:—Before giving you an account of my own personal observations upon the condition of the contrabands in and about Washington, I have greatly preferred to spread before your readers the following correspondence, believing that the letter of Rev. H. M. Turner will be to them highly interesting, and, to several associations and committees, useful.

Rev. H. M. Turner, Dear Brother:—Having received through Mr. Still, of this city, a communication from Mr. Hemlin, the President of the Freedmen Association, making an appeal to the colored community for aid to relieve the sufferings of the refugees from human bondage, we are about making a most hearty response to that appeal. In his appeal the President sets the contrabands before us in a most destitute and suffering condition. Many persons to whom we appeal for aid, desire additional light upon the subject. And thus, on behalf of my church and congregation, I thought proper to ask you to be kind enough to send us a communication which may be read before said church and congregation, setting forth facts and observations made by yourself upon the subject in question. You will greatly benefit the cause of humanity by a speedy compliance with this request. Yours in Christ,

J. P. CAMPBELL.

Philadelphia, Oct. 6d, 1862.

One week after the above date, we received from Rev. H. M. Turner the following reply.

Washington, Oct 6th, 1862

REV. J. P. CAMPBELL and others:—Yours of the 2d inst., requesting me to give a succinct account of the contrabands and all that appertains to their condition, is before me. And in order to better enable me to give a true and proper delineation of their wants and necessities, I procured the assistance of Mr. John T. Catlin, who accompanied me to the various camps where the contrabands are now located.

The first place we visited was the camp of Captain Warner, where we found, I judge, about four hundred of all sorts and sizes. And here we stopped to make observations and propose interrogatories commensurably to the object in view. Captain Warner, being a gentleman of large benevolence, as well as a true philanthropist, invited us into his quarters, and tendered us all the information desired, and then volunteered his services to conduct us to several of their tents, which we found to our very agreeable disappointment in many instances, much more comfortable than we had anticipated.

They have good military tents, cooking utensils, and the Captain stated plenty of common provisions, but not the kind of delicacies adapted to the wants and disordered systems of the sick, especially that kind of nourishment required for sick children, of which there were a large proportion.

He further informed us that there was a great want of proper clothing; particularly, such as socks of various sizes, shirts for men, and clothing for children; and as the weather grew colder the exigencies of all kinds of clothing would be considerably enhanced. And I would further state, that our communications with the contrabands led us to a still stronger credence in the above statements, from their very many corroborative attestations.

Having made the necessary investigations in this department, we proceeded to the camp of Rev. J. D. Nichols, into which we were admitted without any restrictions, indispensable to the completion of the object of our mission.

Here were nearly seven hundred contrabands, ranging from infants to sires of eighty winters, many of whom were very sick, and most earnestly craving that kind of nourishment suitable to their condition.

We were there informed by the superintendent that they stood in great need of at least a thousand blankets. The matron, a distinguished lady from Boston, also told us that all kinds of clothing were in great demand; that many of the women were merely clothed in rags, and had no changeable apparel even to serve them while they washed what they had on. "But," said she, "anything and everything in the shape of clothing would be most gratefully received, for unless Providence opens up some merciful way by which their needs can be supplied, the winter's chilling, blasting, wind will carry many of the half naked contrabands to a premature grave." And she very particularly emphasized upon the needs of the little children, who were not able to help themselves.

We also saw many who were very comfortably clothed, and a very large proportion of others just the contrary. Indeed, some were very finely dressed. But there appeared to be many things over which they had great reason to grieve. The superintendent, however, assured us that the Government would provide stoves, tents, wood, cooking utensils, and such like things, plentifully for the winter campaign, but that blankets, bed-ticking, etc., could not be obtained from that source, and all assistance given in that direction would be most gratefully acknowledged. I am happy, also, to state that the greater number of the contrabands who have come to Washington, display an amount of enterprise highly commendable. Hundreds of them never go to the camps provided for them, but seek immediate employment. They say if the Government will free them, they ask no other favors. But hundreds are compelled to remain at the camps, because it is impossible to procure a house or room in which to stop. And to the honor of the Washington people, many of them have thrown open their finest parlors, given up their kitchens, garrets, and even closets to shelter these escaping sons of humanity, and every day we are besieged by contraband hunting houses. I assure you if we had house room and remunerative employment proportionate to the demand, this benevolent appeal would not have to be made. And those who have disseminated it, that the contrabands are all a set of lazy, trifling dupes, are liars to the back bone. But I must congratulate you and your noble-hearted people for that laudable spirit of generosity which has prompted you to engage in such a distinguished enterprise.

I think with what our people in Washington are doing, and with what you are willing to do North, for the relief of the contrabands, we could establish a regular hospital. They suffer mostly in sickness, and it is pretty good dying, out of a camp of seven hundred, for four and five to die nightly, which is quite the average. I see them often moving along the streets so sick and weak that they can hardly wag. Death seems to be figured in their countenance, and yet no where to go, no where to rest that weary, fevered head, that fainting frame. But it would be needless to try to describe what passes before my actual observation, or to descant the arguments favorable to a colored hospital, for the picture would be too horrible. The fact is, we need a colored hospital, and the next question is, can we have it. I answer, we can if we will try. Let the generous hearts of the great North unite on the subject and Baltimore and Washington do the same, and in a short time we will have a house fitted out, properly officered with intelligent men of our race, with every thing necessary for the sick and afflicted. One cent per week from our people would support as fine a hospital as could be desired. And I believe that many would be willing to give from one to five dollars per month for the sustenance of an institution of that kind. Besides, many of our white friends would greatly aid in the project, and the moral influence which would grow out of it would tell with thrilling effect upon our opposers and calumniators. It would, furthermore, turn the attention of our people to the great subject of their own responsibility, or to the help-yourself doctrine, which must ultimately triumph, if we ever triumph. I hope you and your congregation will give this matter some consideration, and if the plan is approved of, neither myself nor congregation will be found wanting in the sphere which must help to its achievement. Lest I weary you, I forbear. Your brother in Christ,

H. M. TURNER.

For the Christian Recorder.

MORAL HONESTY.

Moral doctrine of the duty of life,
Honesty, Justice, Truth, Sincerity.

Moral honesty! What a subject—one that should engage the attention of our lower world, and all finite and intelligent beings. Honesty is a precious jewel; the diamond jewel. Is it to be found among the sons of men? Rarely. If the subject of moral honesty was well studied and practised by a majority of the children of men, the woes and sorrows that are felt would be less experienced. What a great want of moral honesty do we find in our dealings with individuals, in our business or engagements in this life, where we have to deal with fallen humanity. Not only is this want found in others, but we oftimes find it in ourselves. Let us notice two particular points.

1. Sentiments. 2. Actions. Where is that person who is honest in the expression of the sentiments of his mind on every subject which pertains to his own interest? He is more particular to know what are the sentiments of others on the subject, and if he finds that the opinions of others are not the same as his own, and the giving of his own sentiments will conflict with others, and be detrimental to his own interest, he is very apt or certain to withhold his own views, and accord with others for his own advantage. Hence we see the want of honesty in the person who agrees with others for his own personal benefit, when at the same time he differs in sentiments. In a word, an individual finding that to express his own sentiments would do himself an injury, (no matter whether he think his own opinions in keeping with truth and justice or not,) for the sake of the benefits which he will gain by keeping secret his own sentiments, will be dishonest in sentiments. Secondly, are we always honest in our actions? If we let conscience speak it will say No! View the action of many, and you may see a great want of moral honesty. Men do not act according to what they believe to be right and just, but according to what will promote their own interest, and best please others. Here we see the great want of honesty in actions. No jewel is more counterfeited than this precious jewel—honesty. What an amount of pretence to honesty there is in the world. And what a great love there is in the world for honesty; but how little is possessed or manifested in sentiments or action. How many in this world and the other, have been deceived by taking for honesty that which was only a show of, or a pretence to it. The individual who would please God must cultivate that honesty which has been planted in the human heart by God—if planted or possessed at all—because it embraces in an abstract sense two of the divine attributes, justice and truth. Hence, we are told to love mercy, deal justly, and to walk humbly with God. And how can man please God unless he is sincere? Wherever moral honesty is practised and acquiesced with, there is peace and happiness.

Georgetown, D. C. H. J. RHODES.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE COLORED RACE IN AMERICA.

We copy the following article from the London *Daily News*. We return our thanks to the friend who so kindly furnished us that paper. We trust the article will be carefully read by all of our readers.

While we take due note of the broad hints given in American newspapers of all parties about the allowance to be made for what the President does not say, and the interpretation to be put on what he does say, we must be permitted to treat him with the common civility of supposing that, as far as he goes, he means what he says. The universal reply to the question whether Mr. Lincoln is honest is that he *is* honest; yet, from the extreme difficulty of his position, nine in ten of the people about him expect that he will come out on their side at last, and that meantime he is only saying what the circumstances of the time require. On the latest opportunity for any public declaration Mr. Lincoln made a long speech on a subject of the very gravest importance; and it is of the deepest concern to every public interest in America that the address should be understood as it was meant, and treated as it deserves. We refer to the President's address to a deputation of men of color, who waited on him "to hear his views upon their position." The occasion was planned; the deputation was invited; and if ever a public man was aware of the weight of his own words, and prepared to say what he meant, President Lincoln must have been so on the 14th of August. It is pertinent to this matter to notice one or two preceding incidents. When we recently mentioned the organising of a negro regiment by the Governor of Rhode Island, it was not known here how the President would take such a practical dissent from his own course. He had just before refused to accept of two negro regiments offered to the army, and the remark then was that he had simply refused the offer, and had not condemned the procedure. The inference drawn proves to be just. Mr. Lincoln leaves Governor Sprague of Rhode Island and Governor Andrew of Massachusetts to their own action, and intimates that it is a matter of time and means. He must himself wait (so he thinks) till national opinion warrants him calling on the colored people to join in the defence of the country; but, if any State chooses to enrol its own people without distinction, he is not bound to interfere. So he settles one point. But he has a course of his own to pursue. In his Message of last March he proposed a scheme for the emigration of the colored people; and Congress made a grant for the purpose. He must take some action upon this; and the method he has chosen is to invite a deputation to hear his "views" and receive his counsel. So far all is plain. Then comes the perplexity. What he proposes is impracticable, and the scheme is based upon a doctrine which every unprejudiced mind must see to be untenable. He tells his hearers that their presence in the Republic is injurious to both races; that it has caused all the great evils of the State; that it is the cause of the war; that it is fatal to the development of the negro character and fortunes; that it places the political and moral welfare of the whites in constant jeopardy; and that the solution of all the perplexities can be nothing else than the removal of the whole body of their race to a new country. He proposes, therefore that they should set about the removal to Central America, by means of funds provided by Congress. This being promised, we may come at once to the practical point of the President's address. The removal which he proposes is impossible. Five millions of persons never have been, and we may safely say never will be, removed en masse from one country to another. No settled country can receive five millions of laborers into its bosom; and such a crowd of strangers cannot by any power be thrust upon it. The project would be impracticable for a single million, for half a million, for a hundred thousand, under the best circumstances of preparation and fitness. In regard to a population of four millions and a half of slaves, and half a million of better trained people, the scheme is so wild that its proposal amounts to a mere confession of perplexity, if not despair. Mr. Lincoln declares himself of opinion that the colonization of Liberia is a "success;" yet he presently states that the number of negroes from America is twelve thousand. Twelve thousand in forty years! Twelve thousand after vehement efforts and vast expense on the part of the slave-holders who made the scheme, and their pro-slavery abettors in the North, who gave their money and their services to it, in hopes of getting rid of the blacks! While those twelve thousand emigrants have been passing to Africa, the slaves have increased in America literally by millions. Mr. Lincoln seems to be aware how his hearers might reply about removal to Africa, for he passed lightly over that part of his discourse, and dwelt chiefly on Central America as the future home of American negroes. He extolled the coal fields of Central America. The reply of the people of color may be anticipated. They prefer the cotton and corn fields of their own country. They will refuse to starve among unopened coal fields while the cotton and corn fields of their own country need their labor, and will afford them subsistance. They have abundantly shown that they can take care of themselves in a country where society is organized, and where labor secures subsistence first, and as much comfort and luxury afterwards as its quality may be worth. Let any number depart in this voluntary way, and there will still be millions left at home. The President must surely see this; and he must see that their whole number will be wanted more now than ever, if the industry and the fortunes of the Republic are to be sustained. While tens of thousands of the citizens are perishing in the war, and hundreds of thousands are leaving their industrial pursuits for the army, it is no time to propose the banishment of five millions of the working class. The notion is so extravagant that its announcement must be understood as an indirect disclosure of Mr. Lincoln's policy in his singularly difficult position. In the military matter, he uttered what he supposed to be the predominant feeling, but left it to State Governments and people to act as they think best, and now, in the negro question, he expresses what he imagines to be the public wish, and he will certainly acquiesce when circumstances show that, in the first place, the negroes cannot go, and, in the next, that, if it were possible, they could not be spared. Meantime, there are many of those people who are prosperous and happy. "The prospects of the black man are bright to-day," said an escaped slave on the 1st of August, their festival day. "We wonder," said a citizen to a fugitive from the South, the other day, "that you have not had an insurrection." The answer was, "We don't need one. The white men are killing each other, and we have only to sit still. If either party will give us our freedom, we will take it. If not, we will wait till they have done with each other, and then our time will come." President and nation had better leave these people to take care of themselves and one another, and rise in the world through the opening which a natural retribution has made.—*Daily News.*

SUBMISSION.

Thus saith the Lord: "Thy days of health are over!"
And like the mist my vigor fled away,
Till but a feeble shadow was remaining,
A fragile frame, fast hastening to decay.
The May of life, with all its blooming flowers,
The joys of life in colors bright arrayed,
The hopes of life, in all their airy promise,
I saw them in the distance slowly fade.
Then sighs of sorrow in my soul would rise,
Then silent tears would overflow my eyes!
But a warm sunbeam from a higher sphere
Stole through the gloom and dried up every tear;
Is it thy will, good Lord! The strife is o'er,
Thy servant weeps no more.

"Thy cherished flock thou mayest feed no longer!"
Thus said the Lord who gave them to my hand;
Nor even was my sinking heart permitted
To ask the reason of the dread command.
The shepherd's rod had been so gladly carried,
The flock had followed long and loved it well;
Alas! the hour was dark, the stroke was heavy,
When sudden from my nerveless grasp it fell!
Then sighs of sorrow in my soul would rise,
Then rushing tears would overflow my eyes!
But I beheld Thee, O my Lord and God,
Beneath the cross lay down the shepherd's rod!
Is this thy will, good Lord! The strife is o'er,
Thy servant weeps no more.

"Never again thou mayest feed thy people!"
Thus said the Lord, with countenance severe,
And bade me lay aside at once, forever,
The robes of office, honored long and dear.
The sacred mantle from my shoulders falling,
The sacred girdle loosening at His word,
I could but feel and say, while sadly gazing,
"I have been once a pastor of the Lord!"
Then groans of anguish in my soul would rise,
Then burning tears would overflow my eyes!
But He own garment once was torn away,
To the rude soldiery a spoil and prey!
Is this thy will, good Lord! The strife is o'er,
Thy servant weeps no more.

"From the calm port of safety rudely severed,
Through stormy waves thy shattered bark must go,
And dimly see, amid the darkness sinking,
Nothing but heaven above, and depths below!"
Thus said the Lord; and through a raging ocean
Of doubts and fears my spirit toiled in vain.
Ah! many a dove went forth of hope inquiring,
But none with olive leaf returned again!
Then groans of anguish in my soul would rise,
Then tears of bitterness o'erflowed my eyes!
Yet through the gloom the promised light was given;
From the dark waves I could look up to heaven!
Is this thy will, good Lord! The strife is o'er,
Thy servant weeps no more.

"Thou shalt find kindred hearts in love united,
And with them in the wilderness rejoice;
But stand prepared, each gentle tie untwining,
To separate at my commanding voice!"
Thus said the Lord. He gave as he had promised;
How many a loving heart has met my own!
But ever must the tender bonds be broken,
And each go onward, distant and alone!
Then sighs of sorrow in my soul would rise,
Then tears of anguish overflowed my eyes!
But these hast known the bitter parting day—
From the beloved John last turned away.
Is this thy will, good Lord! The strife is o'er,
Thy servant weeps no more.

[MOWBRAY, in Sacred German Lyrics.]

THE PRE-EXISTENT STATE.

In 1762, the Rev. Capel Berrow published a work entitled, *A pre-existent Estate of Human Souls Demonstrated.*—More recently, we find Southey declaring: "I have a strong and lively faith in a state of continued consciousness from this stage of existence, and that we shall recover the consciousness of some lower stages through which we may previously have passed, seems to me not improbable." Wordsworth, too, founds on this notion in that fine poem where he says—

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that riseth in us, our life's star,
Has had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar."

With all respect for the doctrine of a previous existence, it appears to us that the assertion in question is no sort of proof of it; for it is clearly absurd to suppose that four or five people who had once lived before, and been acquainted with each other, had by chance got together again, and in precisely the same circumstances as on the former occasion. The notion, indeed, cannot for a moment be seriously maintained. We must leave it aside, as a mere poetical whimsy.

DISCIPLINE IN CHILDHOOD.

Young people who have been habitually gratified in all their desires, will not only more indulge in capricious desires, but will infallibly take it more amiss when the feelings or happiness of others require that they should be thwarted, than those who have been practically trained to the habit of subduing and restraining them, and consequently will in general sacrifice the happiness of others to their own selfish indulgence. To what else is the selfishness of princes and other great people to be attributed? It is in vain to think of cultivating principles of generosity and beneficence by mere exhortation and reasoning. Nothing but the *practical habit* of overcoming our own selfishness, and of familiarly encountering privations and discomforts on account of others, will ever enable us to do it when required. And *therefore* I am fully persuaded that indulgence *invariably* produces selfishness and hardness of heart, and that nothing but a pretty severe discipline and control can lay the foundation of a magnanimous character.—*Lord Jeffrey.*

CHRIST'S LOVE, PRECIOUS AND POWERFUL.

I, his exiled prisoner, sought him and he hath rued upon me, and hath honoured for me, as he doth for his own, (Jer. xxxi. 20; Isa. xlv. 11,) and I know not what to do with Christ; his love surroundeth and surchargeth me. I am burdened with it, but oh, how sweet and lovely is that burden! I cannot keep it within me: I am so in love with his love, that if his love were not in heaven I should be unwilling to go thither. Ah, what weighing and what telling is in Christ's love! I wonder what he meaneth to put such a slave at the head of the table, at his own elbow. Oh, that I should lay my mouth to such a fair, fair, fair face as Christ's! But I dare not refuse to be loved; the cause is not in me why he hath looked upon me, for he got neither bribe nor hire of me; it cost me nothing; it is gratuitous love. Oh, the many pounds-weight of his love, under which I am sweetly pressed!

I urge upon you a nearer communion with Christ, and a growing communion. There are curtains to be drawn by in Christ that we never saw, and new foldings of love in him. Therefore, dig deep, and sweat, and labor, and take pains for him; and set by as much time in the day for him as you can; he will be won with labor.

I thought it had been an easy thing to be a Christian, and that to such a God had been at the next door; but ah, the windings, the turnings, the ups and downs, that he hath led me through, and I see yet much way to the Lord. He speaketh with me to me in the night season; and in the morning, when I awake, I find his love nowa, that he shot at me, sticking in my heart. Who will help me to praise? Who will come to lift up with me, and set on [illegible]

Rutherford's Letters

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, November 1, 1862.

NOTICE

TO THE DISTRICTS OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW ENGLAND, OHIO, INDIANA, AND MISSOURI, OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH MINISTERS.

Dear Brethren:—As we have a number of superannuated ministers on the list in said Districts, therefore it will be expected that the ministers and preachers, on their circuits and stations, will do all they can to collect the *two cent money;* and I also recommend that the Class leaders be instructed to collect and set the amount on the Class book opposite each member's name, as also all the collections called, per Discipline, for the Annual Conference, and publish the same once every quarter, that it may be seen who they are that work for God and his cause. We think it is time to give credit to those of our people who do work, so that God's name may be glorified.

NOTICE.

To the Executive Committee of the Book Concern of the A. M. E. Church:

You will please take notice that you are hereby notified to meet in the city of Philadelphia, on the 13th of November, 1862.

I make this announcement in order to save expense, as the Sabbath School Association meets here on the 12th.

ELISHA WEAVER,
General Book Steward and Editor.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Will those of our friends who are in arrears for the paper, and otherwise, please forward us the amount due immediately, by return mail? We never needed it more than at present. Remember, friends—send it NOW.

HAVING A GOOD TIME IN THE CHURCHES.

We have received letters from a number of brethren, giving an account of the working of the Spirit in their respective churches. One from Rev. B. L. Brooks, and from several other ministers.

That most energetic and never-tiring divine, the Rev. J. P. Campbell, has, we are pleased to learn, started a series of meetings in his Church every night, except Saturday. Prayer-meeting at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

HYMN-BOOKS.

Several brethren have written to us for hymn-books. We wish to say to those brethren that we have no hymn-books for sale in the store, with the exception of seven or eight. We have sent them to the brethren—and of course we are without both the money and hymn-books. We fall short of about one hundred. Hence we have no more to bind up, and have no means to publish any more, unless some thoughtful brethren will send us the means.

Brethren, it is a moral impossibility for us to work without means. We need now, at the very lowest calculation, several hundred dollars to operate with in this department. Will not some, at least, if not all, of our brethren, raise collections, and forward them on to us? The demand is urgent. Do not delay.

SOCIETIES IN WASHINGTON, D. C., FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CONTRABAND.

Mrs. Keckley, formerly of St. Louis, Missouri, who is now a resident of Washington, D. C., arrived in this city on Tuesday last, in company with Mrs. Gilbert, of this city, on her way to New York.

She is looking very well, indeed. She is also empowered to collect funds for the benefit of the contrabands in Washington. Mrs. Keckley, who is a member of our Church, some time in July or August last, seeing and hearing of the *sufferings* of the contrabands who are sent to Washington! proposed to some of her lady friends, when returning from church one Sabbath day, the necessity of a contraband relief association, which appears to have met with warm approval from her friends.

They met at the house of Rev. Mrs. Cook, on a lovely silver-moonlight night, and the result of the meeting was thirty-nine members, who have been in constant attendance, she states, ever since that time. She is also the President of the Association.

We have also the Constitution of the Union Relief Association of Union Bethel Church, under the control of Rev. James A. Handy, of Washington, D. C. It was organized September 10th, 1862. Mr. Thomas E. Green is the worthy President.

☞ Donations may be forwarded to him at No. 420 Eleventh Street, between I and K Sts., Washington, D. C.

We are so thronged with matter that we cannot find room for the Constitutions that have been sent to us of Societies.

NOTICE.

We have received, through Rev R Berry, all dues to the first of January, 1863, from West Philadelphia subscribers.

NOTICE.

Philadelphia, Nov. 1, 1862.

The following named elders are hereby notified to meet in the basement of Bethel A. M. E Church, on the 11th of this month, at 9 o'clock, A. M., to attend to the business assigned them by the last Annual Conference of this district in the case of Rev. Wm. James Fuller.

Rev. Joshua Wooldin
" Richard Robinson.
" Peter Gardiner
" Stephen Smith
" Richard Berney.
" James Holloo.

HENRY DAVIS, Chairman

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Elizabeth Reed, Moralton, N. J	50
Charles C. Green, Mt. Laurel, N. J.	50
Henry Butler, Haddonfield, N. J.	50
Thomas Anderson, Camden, N. J.	
Hannah Liston, Woodbury, N. J.	1 00
Mary E. Mitchel, Mount Holly, N. J.	50

MARRIED.

We have the pleasure of announcing the marriage of our highly esteemed friend, Dr. James H. Wilson, of Philadelphia, to Miss Henrietta Guy, of Washington, D. C.

We wish them a long and happy connubial life. The worthy Doctor has changed his residence, since his marriage, to No. —— Lombard Street, above Ninth street.

QUARTERLY MEETING

At Jordantown, on the Burlington Circuit, under Rev. Joseph Smith, the presiding elder in charge

Last Sabbath morning, we left for Jordantown, N. J.; we went to the foot of Market St., where we took a carriage, in company with elder H. Davis; after we were driven aboard of the boat the rain poured down to such a degree that the indications bespoke a stormy day, and brother Davis not being well concluded to return home, which he did, we kept on our journey, in company with Mr Sockum and lady, Mr. M'Key, and another lady. We arrived at Jordantown a little before love feast was over. We met with Rev. J. Smith, and brother Joseph Long, both of whom were looking well. Brother Joseph Smith is a gentleman and a Christian in reality. He spoke to his people of the *Recorder* and of the editor, in the highest terms, so much so that we felt a little delicate when speaking. Brother Joseph Long, a young brother who has just started out in the field this year, is a zealous, good man, gentlemanly in his ways, and is improving finely in his studies. He preached in the morning from the words, "Thou art worthy," to be found in the Revelation. He gave us a very clever discourse, and said many good things, which the congregation seemed to enjoy; it reminded us of the Methodism of by-gone days. At 3 o'clock, P. M., we preached and administered the Lord's Supper. Though it rained all the day there were people from nearly all parts of the circuit, and we must say that it was one of the best, if not the best meeting we have been at since we have been in the Philadelphia District. We got six subscribers for the *Recorder*, and an opening for more. May the good Lord bless the two Josephs.

Bethel Church, Philadelphia, of which Rev. J. P. Campbell is pastor, have had their second Quarterly Meeting. We are told that Rev. Peter Gardiner preached one of the most able sermons that they ever heard; he is a *master builder*. We look upon brother Gardiner as one of the ablest men in the Philadelphia District. As a historian we have not got his equal. On Monday night, Rev. Campbell had his love feast, and there was a good representation of ministers in the persons of Rev. Gibbs, of Carlisle Circuit; Rev. Henry Davis, of Union Bethel; Rev. Gardiner, of Camden Circuit; Rev. Scharcman, of Chester Circuit; Rev. Stanford, of Wesley Church. There were also some seven or eight white ministers present. The church or main audience room was pretty well filled. After the bread and water had been passed around, elder Campbell announced that we could all break and eat bread. Just imagine the heavenly time—yes it was a little heaven to go to heaven in. The speaking was pretty well timed, and upon the whole we had a good time.

WORK FOR EVERY ONE.—WHY STAND YE IDLE?

Perhaps there never was a time in the history of our people in this country when there was more need of a union—a oneness of determination upon the part of our men, women and children, than there is at the present time. If a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand. So it appears that the United States—so called—is divided against itself, a party for the Union, a party for a dissolution; a party for slavery, ignorance and degradation of the colored people; and a party for freedom, irrespective of hue, clime or condition. God has made every man his own moral, free agent; but we are sorry to say that there are many whose God-given rights have been suppressed and usurped by those claiming to be their superiors, both in goodness and numbers. There are many whose hearts have become like old Pharaoh's of old, who declared that he would not let the people of God go. Their hearts are like adamant against truth and right; therefore God, in the person of Abraham Lincoln, President, sent him down to Washington, where they meet to make laws to govern the people, and there to say to the South and all those who hold with oppression, That I, Abraham Lincoln, am the highest in authority; but I come not here as a monarch, but to reason with you about your national sins; and if ye will not hear to reason, I am authorized from high Heaven to declare deliverance from the hands of the oppressor. That declaration has been made, and the first of January, 1863, is the time for the final consummation. Many of the oppressed are delivered, and still being delivered now, and are coming to Washington, where the decree was made, and other places where they can find protection. The poor creatures have long been in darkness on account of being deprived of their God-given rights. They are very thinly clad, and being without means, of course, must fall on the sympathies of humanity. The greater part of the fall, with its white, biting, Jack Frost, is almost gone. Then comes winter, with her cold, frozen icicles, whose Northern winds almost pierce you through. O, what will become of the many thousands in their unprotected condition? The Government, probably, is doing what it can just now under the circumstances.

Then, we repeat, there is a work for every one. Why stand ye idle all the day long? Arise! arise! and to action. I say to my people all through the North, not to stand idle all the day long. Instead of buying rum, tobacco and segars, all of which you can easily do without, take those pennies and dimes, and give toward the relief of the contrabands. There is no need of idleness; but room for all to work Why stand ye idle, while there is so much to do? God holds us responsible for our stewardship here below.

SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION OF THE PHILADELPHIA DISTRICT.

Brethren, we wish to call your attention to a portion of the reports, as we think each school will be required to give an account of—1. How many scholars are in your school? 2. What kind of books do you use in your school? 3. Where do you get your books from? 4. What kind of Superintendents have you? 5. What hour do you meet? 6. How do you open and close your schools? 7. What mode do you adopt as teachers to improve your pupils, &c

If our preachers will look on page 21, of the Philadelphia Minutes they will see the resolution in regard to the delegates.

NOTICE

All the unordained travelling preachers, and those who have not been received in full connection with the Philadelphia District, that were left in the hands of the Committee on Examination are requested to meet said Committee, November 14, 1862, in Bethel Church, Philadelphia, Pa., at 10 o'clock, A. M.

W. D. W. SCHUREMAN, J. P. CAMPBELL, A. L. STANFORD, *Committee.*

For the Christian Recorder.

THE ADDRESSES OF THE CONTRABAND COMMITTEE OF THE UNION BETHEL CHURCH.

October 17, 1862.

A series of resolutions were then submitted and adopted.

A committee of twenty-one was appointed to receive all goods and moneys, which may be sent to either of the following persons:

Rev. Henry Davis, 818 Wood street
Mrs Sarah Davis, 538 Vincent street.
Mr. William Randolph, 1310 Alder street
Mrs. Elias Bowen, 136 Lynd street
Mr. Willis Scotchens, 1315 Perry street.
Mrs. Susan Faucett, 416 Lynd street.
Mr. Joseph S. Thompson, 1240 Hutchenson street.
Mrs. Margaret Hitchens, corner of Rawle and Orchard streets.
Mr. James H. Smith, 1226 Alder street.
Mrs. Hannah Scotchens, 1315 Perry street.
Mr. James S. Hollowell, 461 Kerr street.
Mrs. Maria T. Hollowell, do.
Mr. Rodman Faucett, 416 Lynd street.
Mrs. Ann Laws, 1304 Vernon street.
Mr. Joseph Draper, 1014 Vernon street.
Mrs. Sarah Saunders, 534 Vincent street.
Mr. James Joiner, 1323 White Hall street.
Miss Angelina Henry, 1235 Girard Av.
Miss Ann Cornelia Johnson, Mervine, above Oxford street.
Miss Angelina Harmon.
Mrs. Julia Shanklin.

And, further,

Resolved, That each person be requested to keep a book record of all such aid as they may receive. That the committee also have power to increase the funds for this object by any means in keeping with Christianity or morality.

Collected and paid over to the Treasurer, Richard Caulf, $15 00.

On motion,

Resolved, That the meeting adjourn, subject to the call of the chairman.

The committee is to meet on Wednesday evening, the 15th instant.

HENRY DAVIS, Chairman
EDWARD YOUNG, Secretary.

OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

MR EDITOR:—The world is still moving onward, not only performing his elliptic revolutions and making one of the sun's grand retinue, which he swings to his side by the power of attraction, while he struts in majestic order the trackless path of boundless space, or whirls by the force of under-laws a thousand things, subjectively menial, but activities are rife in the moral and social world equally proportionate; every observable object bears the insignia of an eternal go on. This necessarily arises from the fact that no law is suspended, nor its claims of obedience neglected; for that homogeneous attraction exhibited in the atomical ingredients of a feather, is as significantly stamped with the force of immutability as that instantaneously transmitted gravitation, which binds everything, from the lowest geological stratum to the minutest particle that floats upon the boundaries of the aerial region, to the centre of its action.

So, when we contemplate the circle of human action, man, by virtue of his own constitutionality, lives in its ever-telling manifestation, despite the efforts to still him; he talks and thinks, he walks and runs, he contends and battles, he lives and dies,—onward he moves regardless of his repugnance to it.

But leaving the sphere of his extraneous mobilities, we come to consider his motive relations. We behold him moving in the confines of will and choice, treading the path of his own selection, or rejecting it with the sternness of defiance, or gliding along its defunct track with a grim countenance of aversion. Oh, what a heaven-granted legacy! but how wretchedly disposed of! Man's inadaptedness to so great a favor is evidenced by thousands of his daily follies. And likely it could not be better depicted than in the slow, tardy move of the American people to come to the place where God would have them. In short, war they have got to fight, blood they have got to shed, the firebrands of devastation they must by force of irresistible circumstances scatter, till they lay waste and desolate every unjustly erected fabrication.

These are the uncontrollable agencies which they neither can thwart, arrest, or subvert; they must, they will, they shall go on.

But, sentimentally, how indisposed they are to look the bull in the eye! Motively, how tardily they creep around the cylinder grooved spiral of God's incompressible plans! for, notwithstanding all their indefatigable resistance, they shall become "willing in the day of his power." The institution of slavery must go into an eternal nonentity, and that by the choice of the American people Southern sympathisers, under the garb of Northern Democrats, may exultingly elect and send their candidates to Congress, to stay the progress of freedom, but it will prove as vain as did the attempt of Xerxes to stay the waves of the Mediterranean. Gen McClellan may feed the worms of the Peninsula with the bodies of his stagnant army, or not them upon the suburbs of Harper's Ferry rather than move upon the enemy. Gen Buell may hold his great command in the plains of Kentucky as lifeless as death, or permit them to wager for sport, rather than become an element in the great freedom resolution, but, as Galileo said, "it moves nevertheless."

The weather here is again very dry and dusty. A few mornings ago the wind rose very high for a few moments, and the clouds of dust were so dense that I imagined it resembled the judgment day.

Prof. A. M. Green lectured on the 22d inst., in Zion Wesley Church, to a large audience of white and colored. I am informed he gave Central America fire and brimstone.

The Sabbath School Association gave an exhibition on Monday last, in Israel Church, to one of the most densely crowded houses I ever saw. The children acquitted themselves admirably, and their selections reflected great credit upon the teachers.

A venerable sister, namely, Milly Bell, died on the 22d inst. She was about 80 years of age, and had been a member of the church for 46 years. Her Christian character was unsullied to her death. Her remains were rested in Israel Church, where her funeral sermon was preached by Rev. H. M. Turner. Her high character brought together a very large concourse of people.

Yesterday some 800 new contrabands came into Washington, and went to the quarters provided for them. They are of all sizes, shapes, and colors, and many are in great need. The people of our city are making great efforts to relieve their wants.

Rev. John H. W. Burley, from the New England Conference, is here, and preaching very acceptably to our people. Rev. Mr. Burley is a great friend to literature, and is destined to be one of the great defenders of the Christian faith.

I am informed that Mr. Joseph E. Williams, of Central American notoriety, was serenaded a few nights ago, prospectively to becoming the Governor of Lincolnia. I am also informed that some parties who were very recently much opposed to the Central American project, have become its converts, and are going out in the first ship. All I have to say, is, *ecce homo.*

On last Thursday morning a terrible accident occurred at the Alexandria wharf, caused by the explosion of a steamboat boiler. The report was extremely terrific, but providentially the disasters were not so great as was at first supposed. A few colored people, whose names we have not just in mind, were among the killed and wounded.

H. M. T.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 24th, 1862.

EVENING SCHOOLS.

We have been informed that the "Friends" will open their evening schools for *colored* men and women at the corner of Raspberry and Aurora Sts, near Ninth and Locust, on the 3d of 11th month (November.)

We are also informed that these schools are *free*, and that the Friends have been giving their time, labor and money towards keeping them up in the winter for more than thirty years.

They also say that the men's school is not near so well attended as it should be. They spend too much money for so small an amount of benefit partaken by the colored men. Now, whose fault is it? We think it lies pretty near the feet of some of our brethren who do not appreciate such kindness. Come, brethren, this should not be so. Wake up every one of you, and fill up the seats of that excellent school!

We do not treat our friends well by being so regardless of their good-will towards us. Education is a great thing for the colored man, and these friends are ready and willing to give it to him.

THE MIDNIGHT MISSION IN LONDON.

This remarkable movement has lost nothing of its first efficiency, though it has long ceased to excite the interest of novelty. It was a bold, but an important enterprise. It is now confessedly a great success. It demanded a more than common amount of good sense, discretion, and delicacy; it laid its promoters open to severe censure in case of failure, and exposed them to great ridicule and smart gibes on the part of those who can always laugh at what they cannot understand or will not help. The brief history of this movement is instructive. Many kind and earnest ministers and laymen felt deeply for the condition of 40,000 fallen women traversing nightly the streets of London. They were not only lost sheep, but apparently inaccessible to the aggressive efforts of those whose compassion their sorrow and their sufferings had excited. That there might be no fair opening for censure, the first promoters sent out to leading and influential persons 700 notices of their design. On the 8th of February 1800, 500 invitations, enclosed in envelopes, were distributed among the women frequenting Regent Street, Coventry Street, and the Haymarket, and in the various casinos which they are in the habit of visiting, affectionately and respectfully inviting them to meet a few friends at tea in the Restaurant of St James' Hall, at half-past 11 P. M. About 250 of these "unfortunate ladies" accepted the invitation.—They were addressed by the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, in words full of earnest remonstrance, Christian feeling, and in a temperate spirit, and the effect was most impressive. Numbers felt chords touched in their nature that had long ceased to vibrate, and remembered stirred that had been almost effaced, and applications many and fervent were made by the victims of a great evil for deliverance from its bondage. The results, in a mere statistical point of view, were as follows:—12 meetings of this kind were held, 2400 unfortunate women attended, 26 were restored to their friends, 18 were placed in service, 91 were gathered in various "Homes" provided for this purpose, four married, and two emigrated. A contemporaneous attempt was made by some French pastors, under the same sanction, to impress the very numerous Frenchwomen who have fallen into the same degraded condition; but here the difficulties were very great. The haunts of these unfortunates are the property of Belgians and Frenchmen, who import the unhappy creatures into this country by gross misrepresentations, and afterwards live and become rich by their gains. These taskmasters forbade their victims to accept the invitations, and threatened to fling them if they disobeyed their order. It was also found that the skepticism and separations in which they had been trained in their own country enabled them to a great extent to resist every attempt to awaken them to a sense of their position, and to throw off every earnest and salutary appeal. But excepting all the failures, there remains sufficient success to be a reward to these benevolent persons who so nobly pitied and so kindly toiled for those who did not pity themselves. The countries to which the 188 reclaimed unfortunates belonged were as follows:—50 were natives of London; two came from Wales, three from Scotland, and six from Ireland. Yorkshire furnished three, Gloucestershire four, Somersetshire eight, and two were from each of the remaining English counties. Their average age was 22 years. The sources and springs of the "social evil" are many and various. Not a few start on their unhappy career from fashionable dressmakers' establishments. Young and beautiful, they feel oppressive of fatigue of vitiated air, late hours and incessant work. They meet with them that "smile and are villains." Dissatisfied with their intolerable toils, yearning for relief and sympathy they yield, are forsaken, and die alike unknowing and unknown. Another source of this evil is found in the army. The rules of the service allow only six wives in each company, and the marriage of the soldiers is generally discouraged. Regiments sent out to India are accompanied by 30 wives, though composed of 1000 men. If young women could look forward to early marriages, they would thus be lifted out of the way of temptation. But owing to the consumption of men by the navy and army, by emigration, and by the fact that there are thousands of shopmen whose masters would dismiss them if they dared to marry, there were found at last census 1,400,000 women between 20 and 40 years of age unmarried. Servants out of places swell the ranks of the fallen. In fact, poverty has much to do as an occasion, if not a cause, of the first step downward. They see thousands of their sex on the streets gaudily attired, apparently prosperous and merry, while they are cold, and hunger bitten, and in rags.—The temptation to plunge into the current is strong, and their principles or powers of calculation are weak, and they are ruined. The upper classes also contribute their share of victims. Fashionable mothers cultivate the society of profligate young men of rank and fortune, and often reap the fruits they have been fostering in the degradation of their daughters. Nor is not more worthy of censure. We ought to be reprobated in man as fiercely as in women. If we cannot extinguish the social evil, we may do much to lessen it. Earlier marriages would be a step in the right direction. Let young men begin as their parents live after thirty years of prosperous labour. Let mothers learn to appreciate a fortune *in* a young man as highly as a fortune *with* a young man. The former is a mine, the latter is but a balance in the bank. At all events, he can not have much pity or compassion in his heart who refuses his best wishes for the success of an enterprise that has already lessened the burden of human suffering, and appears to have capabilities of increased success.—*Times.*

There is no medium between truth and falsehood

MISSIONS OF THE AMERICAN BOARD.

We cut the following from the report made to the late meeting of this board, in reference to its several missions:—

The mission in Southern Africa has enjoyed usual prosperity. Twenty-two were added to the church, others were hopefully converted, and church members were quickened and revived. The churches are making some progress toward self-support. A Missionary Society was formed for sustaining native home missionaries. The body of converts all so lately barbarous, contributed $750 for various purposes. But so great are the inducements to trade, growing out of the incoming civilization, that only a few of the converts have yet been induced to give themselves to the ministry of the Word.

The *Turkish* mission, considered as one, has 21 stations, 84 out-stations, 40 missionaries, 44 authorized native preachers, (of whom 11 are pastors,) and 125 other native co-laborers. Of churches there are 43, with 1,504 members, almost 200 of whom were received the past year; 117 common schools contain 8500 pupils, and there are 3 high-schools for training a native ministry. Dr. Goodell has nearly completed the revision of the Armeno-Turkish version of the Bible. Dr. Riggs is engaged upon the Bulgarian, and Dr Schauffler has about completed the Arabo-Turkish translation of the Scriptures. Dr. Dwight was killed in the early part of the year by a sad accident, and Mr. Colling and Mr. Merriam were murdered by Turkish brigands, followed by the death of Mrs. M. in consequence. Dr. Jewett, another laborer in this field, died suddenly at Liverpool; and another, Mr. Dunmore, has lately been killed while acting as chaplain of a Western regiment. It is but rarely that such a series of calamities comes upon a single mission in a year.

In *Syria*, more persons have avowed themselves Protestants in the last twelve months than during the whole previous forty years, and never were so many inquiring on the subject of religion. In Homs, a city north of Damascus, two hundred and fifty persons avowed themselves Protestants, and earnestly requested either a missionary or a native preacher. Two hundred and thirty-two Maronites in B'teddin declared their adhesion to the Gospel, and have remained steadfast for months, with a flourishing school among them. In Cana, the Protestant community has increased three fold, and greatly needs more room for religious meetings, and the same is true of Dier-Mimas. A new meeting house has been built in Merj-Ayun, costing $500, without aid from the Board. The Hasbeya church was broken up by the massacre, but a new church of seventeen members has been formed in the Merj-Ayun district, most of them from that church. Six were admitted to the church in Sidon. There were also additions to the churches in Beyrout and Abeih, and nearly forty persons are reported as hopeful candidates for admission in connexion with these three stations. Missionary associations have been formed, both of males and females, for weekly offerings to support a native preacher in Homs, and a city missionary in Beyrout, and to supply preachers for several localities in the south. They also publish a small *Missionary Herald* in Arabic, and have printed a collection of sacred songs in Arabic, for the Sabbath-school children, which they are taught to sing. An unusual number of adults are learning to read in order to study the Scriptures, and Bible classes have been largely increased. As a consequence of this, the old hostile religion has been revived, and there has been much persecution and suffering in various places.

In view of the probable embarrassments growing out of our civil war, liberal donations have been made to the Mahratta mission by our English and Scotch brethren in India and elsewhere. Even Hindoo gentlemen, not Christians, made donations amounting to about $200. A young Hindoo merchant of Bombay, educated in the Government schools, sent $50, accompanied by a letter, in which he says: "Though I am not a believer in Christianity, still I admire the disinterested zeal and exertions of the Christian missionaries in doing good to the people of India; and I believe the American Mission has been and is still doing much good, in the way of the moral and social elevation of my countrymen. I therefore deem it my duty, accordingly to my ability to the support of the mission in their present embarrassing circumstances." The war has been the occasion here also, as well as in several other missions, of stirring up the native Christians to good works. The total amount given and pledged by the native Christians within the bounds of this mission, exceeds $500; and the total amount from all sources is $7,687. Four new churches were organized during the year, making the number of churches twenty two. The members received were eighty five. The number of cities and villages represented in these churches is one hundred and one; showing the diffusion of Christianity among the people. Several persons of high caste were received to the church. The social condition of the Christians is improving.

The brethren among the Dacotahs, at the close of their missionary year, made a favorable report. Ten persons had recently professed their faith in the Saviour; and the whole number of communicants was eighty-three, advancing, it was believed in knowledge and stability. The schools seemed to be as prosperous as they had ever been. Such of the Indians as came more immediately under the influence of the mission, were making decided progress in civilization. The use of intoxicating liquors in the vicinity of the different stations, had become much reduced. It is not strange, therefore, that these brethren were hopeful, as well as happy, in their work. On the 18th of August, however, the families of Yellow Medicine and Hazelwood (Mr. J. P. Williamson being out of the State,) discerned the tokens of a portentous storm. They fled for their lives, and after wandering about for several days, they reached a place of safety. They would have gladly sought a refuge in Fort Ridgely, though it was beleaguered by an unknown force of Indians; but its defenders were worn out by a five days' conflict, and by no means confident of relief, had already given shelter to five hundred women and children. The missionaries had no alternative, therefore, but to press forward, avoiding dangerous localities, as far as practicable, in the hope that the Angel of the Lord would encamp round about them. This he did to the end.

The Nestorian.—This mission has suffered much during the past year. Mr Breath died of cholera in November, and was an irreparable loss; and Mrs Breath has since been obliged to return to this country with her children. The health of Mr Ambrose has required him to relinquish the missionary work. The same is also true of Mrs Thompson. The health of Mr. Coan demanding a cessation from labor, he is now on a visit to this country with his family. Dr. Perkins, the founder of the mission, is on his way back to Persia.

THE STAMP TAX.

The following schedule in relation to stamp duties, approved by Governor Hontwell, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, is of the utmost importance to every man of business, and should be carefully studied:—

1st. Agreements or contracts, other than those hereinafter named, for each sheet or piece of paper upon which the same shall be written, five cents, .05

2d. Checks, drafts, or orders, for the payment of money, payable *at sight or on demand*, for any sum exceeding $20, each two cents, .02

3d. Inland bills of exchange, drafts, checks, or orders, drawn upon places other than the place of issue, *if payable at sight*, or on demand, are subject to the same rate of tax, viz., two cents, .02

4th. Inland bills of exchange, drafts, or orders for the payment of money *otherwise than at sight or on demand*, and all promissory notes *on demand or on time*, (excepting circulating bank notes,)

Exceeding $20,	and not exceeding	$100	.05
" 100	"	200	.10
" 200	"	300	.15
" 300	"	500	.20
" 500	"	750	.30
" 750	"	1,000	.40
" 1,000	"	1,500	.60
" 1,500	"	2,000	1.00
" 2,000	"	2,500	1.00
And for every additional $2,500, or part of $2,500, one dollar,			1.00

5th Foreign Bills of Exchange drawn *out of*, but payable *in* the United States, and all such bills, *drawn in*, but payable *out of* the United States, "when drawn singly, or otherwise than in a set of three or more," and all Letters of Credit, pay the same rates of duty as in the preceding schedule.

6th. Bills of Exchange drawn *in*, but *payable out of* the United States, "if drawn in a set of three or more," for every Bill of each set, not $150, or its equivalent, three cents, .03

Exceeding $150	and not exceeding	$250	.05
" 250	"	500	.10
" 500	"	1,000	.15
" 1,000	"	1,500	.20
" 1,500	"	2,250	.30
" 2,250	"	3,500	.50
" 3,500	"	5,000	.70
" 5,000	"	7,500	1.00

And every additional $2,500, or part thereof, .30

7th. Bonds of Indemnity, fifty cents, .50

8th. Certificates of Stock in any incorporated company, each twenty-five cents, .25

9th. Certificates of Deposit of Bank, Trust Company, Banker, or person acting as such, not exceeding $100, two cents, .02
Exceeding $100, five cents, .05

10th. Powers of Attorney—
For sale or transfer of stocks or bonds, or for the collection of dividends or interest, twenty-five cents, .25
Or proxy for voting at an election, ten cents, .10
For receiving or collecting rents, .25
General Powers—For all purposes other than those above specified, 1.00

NOTE.—General powers will not be valid for the specific objects above named, without the addition of the stamp required therefor.

11th. Protests, each twenty-five cents, .25

12th. Tax on all dividends, and on all sums added to or contingent funds, 3 per cent.

13th. Stamps issued for specific instruments cannot be used for any other, (see Sec. 96.)

14th. The person using or affixing a stamp must write thereupon the initials of his name, and the date when used, (Sec. 99.)

The penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind, without the same having thereon a stamp to denote the duty, is *fifty dollars*, and such paper will be invalid and of no effect. (Sec. 95.)

The certification of checks, already duly stamped, will require no additional stamp for such certification

The stamp tax upon protests should be added to the expense thereof

Checks dated, or payable ahead, are subject to taxation as promissory notes.

Stamps are not required upon documents made prior to Oct. 1st, 1861, excepting upon foreign bills of exchange, which must be stamped on acceptance.

Stamps must be affixed to all documents by the party issuing the same, before presentation at bank; and all documents issued by a bank must be stamped by it before delivery, as required by resolution unanimously passed at a meeting of Bank Officers, Sept. 15.

Orders to pay dividends are not Powers of Attorney; but, like drafts at sight, are subject to the stamp of two cents.

Bills of Exchange, drawn in duplicate, must both be stamped.

The omission to cancel the stamps on checks does not invalidate the check, but subjects the maker to a fine of fifty dollars.

Revenue Stamps may be ordered from the Internal Revenue Office at Washington, in quantities to suit the purchasers. Orders should cover remittances of Treasury Notes, or an original certificate of a United States Assistant Treasurer, or designated depository, of a deposit made for the purchase of stamps.

The following commission, *payable in stamps*, will be allowed:—

On purchases of	$50 or more,	2	per cent.
" "	100 "	3	"
" "	500 "	4	"
" "	1,000 "	5	"

In sending orders for stamps, it should be remembered that every stamp expresses on its face its kind as well as its denomination, and that each stamp must be used for the purpose thus specified, and for no other. Every correspondent is requested to give the State, as well as town and county of his residence.

If not otherwise instructed, the stamps will be transmitted by mail.

In regard to Receipts and Licenses, it will be noticed that the tax is levied on the receipts from the first day of September, notwithstanding the fact that the law was not enforced at that time. The license tax must be paid at once, as most of the collectors are ready to receive the money, and heavy penalties are imposed for transacting business without having taken a license. As this is a matter of great importance, and one which seems to be neglected, we give the section of the law relating to the penalty:—

SECTION 59. *And be it further enacted*, That if any person or persons shall exercise or carry on any trade or business hereinafter mentioned, for the exercising or carrying on of which trade or business a license is required by this act, without taking out such license as in that behalf required, he, she, or they shall, for every such offence, respectively, forfeit a penalty equal to three times the amount of duty or sum of money imposed for such license, one moiety thereof to the use of the United States, the other moiety to the use of the person who, if a collector, shall first discover, and if other than a collector, shall first give information of the fact whereby such forfeiture was incurred.

The licenses taken out are to be dated September 1. The following persons are required to take out licenses for the transaction of their business:

Apothecaries, Auctioneers, Bankers, Billiard table keepers, Do. for private use, Brewers, Brokers, Bowling alleys, Cattle brokers, Claim agents, Coal oil distillers, Commercial brokers, Confectioners, Circus keepers, Dentists, Eating houses, Horse dealers, Hotels, Jugglers, Lawyers, Livery stable keepers, Manufacturers, Peddlers, Photographers, Pawnbrokers, Physicians, Retail dealers, Retail dealers in liquors, Rectifiers, Soap boilers, Surgeons, Tobacconists, Theatres, Tallow chandlers, Wholesale dealers.

EDWARD IRVING: HIS GREATNESS AND HIS WEAK POINT.

Where was the flaw? What was the fault? What shipwrecked Edward Irving? Carlyle, it is well known, attributes it to the "poison of popular applause." The world of fashion, in which he had looked to see the "gum flowers of Almack's" changed into the "roses of a new Eden," suddenly, after its manner, left him; "forgot this man—who, unhappily, could not in turn forget," and so plunged into excitements of a spiritual intoxication. We do think, and we rejoice to say it, that Mrs Oliphant seems to have shown that this was not the case. There is, at least, in all the materials she has brought forward, no evidence of such a crisis and reaction. On the contrary, Irving's progress all through his life seems to have been steady and continuous, ever higher and truer. As a young preacher, he is more religious than when a student. As minister in London, his personal piety is deeper than when he preached in Glasgow. Year after year domestic joys and sorrows, and the events of his ministry, made him more earnest, living nearer to God, and more under the power of divine things; and the farther down he goes into the darkness of mistake and ruin, the more is his struggling sincerity towards God apparent. The thing that ruined him was not any particular incident, such as the gain or the loss of London celebrity. It was far deeper and far earlier than that; and there is not a page of this memoir that does not bear testimony to it. Mrs. Oliphant claims it as a merit that in writing this life, she has been "interested chiefly with the man himself," rather than with the questions that lay around him. An unkind critic might say that it was very fit she should be so, for this was precisely what the man himself was; and the saying would be false, yet not without some relation to the truth. This noble soul was tainted from his earliest years with egotism and vanity. While a young man, and without much sense of religion, it is very manifest. It occupies much too large a space in his devotion of himself to the Christian ministry. Love of eccentricity, love of applause, scorn of others, pride of genius, pride of religious imagination, all accompany it. Yet such was the wealth of his nature, and such the loveableness of the man, that this hardly injured him, in the merely human sphere. Mr. Carlyle gives him this memorable testimony: "But for Irving, I had never known what the communion of man with man means. He was the freest, brotherliest, bravest human soul mine ever came in contact with: I call him, on the whole, the best man I have ever, after trial enough, found in this world, or now hope to find. But that utter want of humility, which hardly impaired his nobility as a man among men, he carried into a higher sphere. He became a more earnest, a much more religious man—but hardly more humble or more self forgetful. He had carefully educated himself into singularity and self-admiration; and he found it impossible to divest himself of it when he came to deal, and that very earnestly, with God and his truth and grace. And so the hero stumbled where God will guide the meek, the humble, and the child-like, and the wayfaring man, though a fool."

But hath he stumbled that he should fall? God forbid. The whole latter part of Irving's career, full of failure and ruin externally, seems to us, far more than the earlier portion, to show the true heart of the true man cleaving truly to his God. And if, indeed, there was that flaw in his nature, the origin of all his troubles, surely never man was passed through a hotter furnace to purge it out. All that "destruction of the flesh," all that wasting and terrible process of humiliation, which the record of these volumes will records, was, we doubt not, for the saving of the spirit in the day of the Lord—even in that day of perfect salvation and humiliation, when he was able to say, "If I die, I die unto the Lord."

Leaving Mrs. Oliphant, whose beautiful book we have treated rather unjustly, let us quote what the most powerful writer of our age has finally to say of his friend: "Irving clave to his Belief, as to his soul's soul; followed it whithersoever, through earth or air, it might lead him; toiling as never man toiled to spread it, to gain the world's ear for it—in vain. Ever wilder waxed the confusion without and within. The misguided, noble minded, had now nothing left but to die."

"Adieu, thou first Friend; adieu, while this confused Twilight of Existence lasts! Might we meet where Twilight has become day."

Amen! Amen! for the living and the dead.

News of the Churches.

IS YOUR SOUL SAFE?

These are days of unusual anxiety. People are deeply moved about the safety of the country, of their property, of their friends and children. But what are country, property, and friends, if the soul remains exposed to the wrath of Almighty God? I have seen great crowds at various points, where men pressed upon each other to obtain exemption from draft into the army; but what is exemption from the privations and perils of military duty, if the soul be not exempt from the dangers and penalties which hang over an unsanctified heart and life! Many who have hitherto lived in comfort and ease, by the hard necessities of the times are fretted and wondering how they are to secure their bread and living; but what is meat and drink to the great question of the safety of the immortal soul!

I have recently been over the scenes of the late conflicts, and upon grounds still blood stained, desolate, and full of new graves and piles of putrifying dead. I have looked upon the still plain evidences of the anxiety of the combatants to save themselves from each other's power. And as I gazed upon houses riddled, fences splintered into atoms, trees split into fragments, and walls of stone, and even the earth ploughed and torn with the dreadful instruments of destroyed destruction, hurled by one army upon the other, I could well enter into the feelings which induced the men to gather into pits, and hide themselves behind embankments, and build up before them breastworks of stone and wood, and shelters of every imaginable sort. But at one of these places, where multitudes had intrenched themselves to receive the dreadful shock of battle, I picked up the cover of a little book bearing these words: *Your

JEWISH PRAYERS.

At the laying of the corner stone of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum in New York, on the 30th of September, the following prayer was offered by Rabbi Isaacs:

Thou Holy One of Israel, whose glory exceeds all definition; whose attributes alike defy comparison or computation! From Thy pavilion, high enthroned, Thou guidest the tempest; by Thy supreme direction the storm is calmed, the raging deep quelled. Age after age witnesseth Thy power and boundless condescension. Succeeding generations attest Thy praise. In the decay of worlds, Thou alone endurest, unchanging and unchanged.

Great Cause of all, a portion of Thy people have assembled here this day to commence a labor of love. Actuated by those principles of humanity which Thou hast implanted in every breast, they have inaugurated a structure they design erecting for the purpose of affording spiritual instruction and temporal support to those poor children of sorrow who have been deprived of their earthly parents. Thou, who art the Father of orphans, will not withhold Thy approval from an institution to teach the lear of grief of Thee and Thy unlimited goodness.

In this act of philanthropy, the members of the Hebrew Benevolent Society have been materially assisted by the State and City authorities, who, with their characteristic liberality, have aided in placing the banner which was displayed in the Orient—engraven with characters of life, light, and glory, containing within its centre Thy ineffable Name—side by side with the flag unfurled in the West, so that entwined they may embrace each other and neither of them be tarnished with the contact. For this and kindred acts of true liberality, which Thy people have at all times received from their fellow-citizens, we ask thy blessing for them, and for this, the beloved land of our adoption. Oh that it may please Thee to restore union and peace, to supersede the present dissension and war!

We pray Thee, prosper the work in which the sons of Abraham, of Isaac, and Jacob, are engaged. Vouchsafe to all that are employed in this act of elevating the lowly, from the veteran who has this day laid the first stone, to the humblest of Thy servants, who presumes to supplicate for others, the happiness of bringing this work to successful issue, so that they may witness the ingathering of the orphans now left without succor, and teach them to bless Thee, our Father—our God! Amen, Selah!

A LESSON FOR OUR LAND.

Three hundred and forty-five years ago, the first thrill of the earthquake of the Reformation was felt in Europe. Men knew so little of its nature that they imagined it could be suppressed. They threw their weight upon the heaving earth, and hoped to make it lie still. They knew not that they had a power to deal with, which was made more terrible in its outburst by the attempt to confine it. As the result of the opposition to the Reformation, Europe was made desolate. After the final struggle of the Thirty Years' War, Europe seemed ruined, its fields had been drenched with blood, its cities laid in ashes, hardly a family remained undivided, and the fiercest passions had been so aroused that it seemed as if they could never be allayed.

Yet the establishment of the work of the Reformation has richly repaid Europe for all she endured. The earthquake has gone, the streams of desolation have been chilled, and the nations make a jubilee over the glorious anniversary of that grand movement which, by the depravity of men, was made the occasion of so much disturbance and misery. The evils of which the Reformation was the occasion have passed away. We must go to the page of history to know what they were. The blessings of which the Reformation was the cause, abide; we feel them in our homes, in the church, in the state; they are inwoven with the life of our life Once feeling them, we know that this would be no world to live in without them.

And to them not comfort for our desolate and mourning land in these facts? We are trembling and weeping as the molten and seething elements make the earth quake, and pour themselves out in red and wasting streams. But their outbursting is essential to their consolidation, and to their bearing part in the work of the world. What was once lava, marking its track in ruin, shall one day lie below fair fields, whose richness it has made. The olive shall stay the vine, and the shadows of the foliage of vine and olive shall ripple over flowers; and women and children, lovelier than the fruits and the flowers shall laugh and sing amid them. The blessings from the upheaving of the heart of the world shall gladden the children of those who gazed on it with wo-begone eyes. Had a war of three hundred years been necessary to sustain the Reformation, we now know the Reformation would ultimately have repaid all the sacrifices it demanded. Had our fathers surrendered the truth, even under that pressure to which ours, as yet, is but a feather, how would we have cursed their memory, as we contrasted what we were with what we might have been.

And shall we despond, draw back, and give our names to the reproach of generations to come, because the burden of the hour seems to us so heavy? God, in his mercy, forbid. If all others are ready to yield to despondency, and abandon the struggle, we, children of the Reformation, dare not. That struggle has taught two lessons which must never be forgotten. One is that the true and the good must be secured at any price. They are beyond all price. We dare not compute their cost. They are the soul of our being, and the whole world is as dust in the balance against them. No matter what is to be paid for them, we must not hesitate to lay down their redemption price. The other grand lesson is that their price is never paid in vain. What we give can never be lost, *unless we give too little*. If we give all, we shall have all. All shall come back. Our purses shall be in the mouths of our sacks. We shall have both the corn and the money. But if we are niggard, we lose all—lose what we meant to buy, lose what we have given.

Personal.

Presidency of Harvard College.—Rev Thomas Hill, late President of Antioch College, has been renominated by the Fellows of Harvard University for the Presidency of the Institution. It was not known, at the time his nomination was before the Board, a few months since, that he had resigned the Presidency of Antioch College, and his connexion with that institution, it is said, had much influence in their causing his rejection. He has since been elected by the Board.

Conversion of the Last Descendant of Timour.—The Baptist Missionaries at Delhi, notwithstanding recent discouragements, are cheered by manifest tokens of the Divine presence. Among their converts is a nephew of the ex king, the only remaining member of the great house of Timour in Delhi who can lay claim to pure royal blood. He is the author of a tract on the *Divinity of Christ*, and has had to encounter much persecution from Mohammedans; one rich Moslem offered a native christian a large estate if he would persuade him against changing his religion. Another relation of the ex king has been hopeful and several persons of various ranks are seeking admission to the church.

Capt Wm L. Hudson, of the U. S. Navy, died suddenly, on Wednesday night, the 15th inst, in Brooklyn. He was about 70 years of age, a native of New York and had spent most of his life in active service, having entered the Navy in 1816 and risen through every grade from the forecastle to the quarter deck. He was second in command of the Exploring Expedition under Capt. Wilkes, and in 1854 he took command of the U. S. steam frigate Niagara, in the Atlantic Cable Expedition.

The Hon Townsend Harris, who has just returned from his mission in Japan, says that the last person he parted with was "Tommy," who was in fine health and spirits. "Tommy" was attached to the American Embassy before he visited the country, and resumed his position on his return.

Judge Rice, of Illinois, has decided that colored persons are not privileged to teach school in that State, and that the public moneys cannot be appropriated to pay their salaries.

Mrs. Douglas resides near the Douglas Hospital, Washington, and is constant in her visits to comfort the sick, in the small villa originally occupied by the Illinois statesman.

Ex President Buchanan will in a short time present to the people of the United States his long-prepared and elaborate defence of his administration.

Domestic Items.

The Draft in the State.—Harrisburg, Oct. 24.—In one or two districts a disposition has been manifested to resist the enforcement of the draft. Gov. Curtin has prepared himself fully for any emergency, and has authority to use any troops within the State to enforce the laws at every hazard.

The draft has been patriotically sustained in nearly all the counties, and transportation has been provided for most of the drafted men to their different places of rendezvous, and in a few days the large force will be at the service of the Government.

Our Guardian Bird in Battle.—In a letter dated at Corinth, Oct. 12, written by Chester D. Howe, of Co. E. Twelfth Illinois Volunteers, is the following. Speaking of the recent fight at Corinth, he says:

"The finest thing I ever saw was a live American eagle, carried by the Eighth Iowa, in the place of a flag. It could fly off over the enemy, during the hottest of the fight, then would return and seat himself upon his pole, clap his pinions, shake his head and start again. Many and hearty were the cheers that arose from our lines as the old fellow would sail around, first to the right and then to the left, and always return to his post, regardless of the storm of leaden hail that was flying around him. Something seemed to tell us that that battle was to result in our favor, and when the order was given to charge, every man went at them with fixed bayonets, and the enemy scattered in all directions, leaving us in possession of the battle-field."

A Hospital Chapel.—Rev. Nathaniel West, chaplain of the West Philadelphia Army Hospital, has issued an appeal to our citizens in behalf of the construction of a hospital chapel. The cost of such a building he estimates at $1,500. Dr. West says:

"All in authority, the general commanding, the medical director, the quartermasters, the surgeon in charge, the chaplains, and all concerned, heartily concur in the project of erecting a hospital chapel. The plan and specifications are prepared, the site is selected, and nothing but money wanted. Thus the Christian people of Philadelphia will not withhold. A city whose devotion to the army has been so largely proved, whose loyalty to the Government has been so eminently manifested, will surely give her sick and wounded a 'house for God,' that it may prove 'the gate of heaven to their souls.' Nothing can be done, however, until the sum required is secured."

Davis' Opinion of Rebel Officers.—In a recent message to the Rebel Congress, Jeff. Davis speaks in the following terms:

"While the deficiency of competent officers exists in some cases, there is a large excess in others. Numerous regiments and companies have been so reduced by the casualties of war, by sickness and other causes, as to be comparatively useless under the present organization. There are companies in the army in which the number of officers exceeds that of the privates present for duty, and regiments in which the number of such privates does not exceed that which is required for a single effective company."

Brilliant Victory at Maysville, Arkansas.—St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 24, 1862.—Our arms are entirely successful against North-west Arkansas.

General Schofield, finding that the enemy had encamped at Pea Ridge, sent General Blunt, with the first division, westward, and moved towards Huntsville with the rest of his forces.

General Blunt, by making a hard night's march, reached and attacked the rebel force at Maysville, near the North-west corner of Arkansas, at 7 o'clock, A. M., on the 22d instant. The enemy was under cover, and estimated at some 5,000 to 7,000 strong.

The engagement lasted almost an hour, and resulted in the total rout of the enemy, with the loss of all his artillery, a battery of six-pounders, a large number of horses, and a portion of their transportation, camp and garrison equipage.

The War in Virginia—From Sigel's Advance.—Washington, Oct. 25.—*The Evening Star* says: "We have very late information from the region of country between the lines of Sigel's army corps and Gordonsville. Three days ago the only rebel troops occupying it were a regiment of North Carolina cavalry and a regiment of infantry. They had their headquarters at Warrenton, with pickets thrown out along the Rappahannock, and, at times, small scouting parties in various directions.

"Culpeper Court House had then ceased to be the railway terminus, at which the supplies from Richmond for Lee's army were put on wagons. They are now taken to Staunton by rail, and wagoned from there all the way up to Winchester."

Affairs in M'Clellan's Army—Rebels Retreating to Gordonsville.—Washington, Oct. 26.—The recent reconnoissance from General Sigel's command to Leesburg discovered that the rebel General Mumford is there, with 1,500 men and some artillery.

Another reconnoissance to Thoroughfare Gap discovered a small rebel force at New Baltimore.

Late Items from the South.—The Richmond Enquirer of the 20th contains copious extracts from the New York Times of the 17th inst. It admits that "General Bragg has fallen back from his late position a distance of forty miles, for the purpose of securing subsistence. The combinations of the enemy, who had been strongly reinforced, doubtless rendered such a step absolutely necessary. It is surmised, also, that Rosecrans had commenced a strategic movement to form a junction with Buell, and cut off his army entirely."

The Wilmington Journal of last Monday says that the sudden change to cold on last Saturday night had a deadly effect on five hundred pending cases of yellow fever. . . . Coffins are in great demand, and cannot be obtained as fast as the orders die. The number of new cases on last Saturday was 56, and on last Sunday about 40. The paper making these announcements suspends its issue in consequence of all its hands nearly having died or fled the infected city.

The Raleigh Standard notices the death of General George B. Anderson, Confederate States Army, from a wound received in the foot at the battle of Sharpsburgh, Maryland.

The Richmond Enquirer clamors for the most stringent measures to prevent the crime of desertion, otherwise called "straggling," and boasts that the Kanawha salt mines are furnishing enough salt for the curing of all the pork now almost ready to be slaughtered. The price of salt at the mines is one dollar per bushel—"Confederate money at the bank rates of any of the Southern States taken at par." The capacity of the furnaces now at work is stated to be about equal to 7,500 bushels per day.

The rebel loss in the three days' battle of Corinth is estimated by an army correspondent of the Atlanta Confederacy at 3,000 killed, wounded and missing. Our loss is put down by the same authority at hardly less than 2,000. The letter concludes thus: "The future is dark in this part of the country. I fear other reverses are in store for us, including loss of much ground now held by us. The enemy can readily in a few days concentrate three to one against our forces."

The Wilmington (N. C.) Journal (Rebel) says that seven regiments of negroes, which have been in camps of instruction under white officers for three months, and which have become remarkably proficient in drill, have arrived to garrison the towns and fortifications during the sickly season.

Mr Lyons has proposed a resolution in the Rebel Congress, offering $20 to every negro who should kill a white Union soldier.

The New Charleston Ram.—The good people of Charleston, South Carolina, have had some sort of grand mudscraph celebration in their city in "lap ping" a marine ram, or "ladies' gunboat," built there.

Mr Yeadon, who was selected to administer the rite of baptism, made a speech of several hours' length, and quoted, of course,

"O woman, in our hours of ease," &c.,

and of the boat—

"She'll walk the waters as a thing of life," &c

After his literary exertion, Mr. Yeadon is reported to have performed the rite of baptism in the following invocation:

"With all solemnity and reverence, and invoking on these the blessing of Almighty God, noble boat, 'Palmetto State,' I baptize thee in the name of the patriotic ladies of South Carolina. Amen."

A Movement Along the Whole Line.—After the many reported changes in military affairs, we have at last stated that the Army of the Potomac is moving along the whole line into Virginia, and that important events may be daily expected.

The advance of the army of the Potomac commenced October 26th, and there is reason to believe that the movement will be general along the whole line, placing the Potomac in our rear.

At daylight the cavalry force of General Pleasanton —with four pieces of artillery — passed the new pontoon bridge at Berlin, eight miles east of Harper's Ferry, and proceeded direct to Lovettsville, in Loudon county.

At Lovettsville our cavalry entered about 8 o'clock, in the morning, and the few rebel pickets stationed there fled before them, in the direction of Leesburg. The people of this loyal town, especially the ladies, received our troops with great enthusiasm, and the Stars and Stripes were thrown out in all parts of the town. Many of their fugitive husbands and sons returned with the cavalry, and the demonstration was most earnest and unmistakable.

Another Disastrous Attack on the Charleston and Savannah Railroad.—The rebel papers report an attack by the Federal forces on Pocotaligo and Coosawatchie, on the Charleston and Savannah Railroad, on the 22d instant, and their repulse. It is said that our troops were driven back to their boats, and left their dead upon the field.

Removal of Gen. Buell.—Gen. Buell has been removed from the command of the forces in Kentucky, and Gen. Rosecrans ordered to assume the position. This is the sequel of the late campaign in the West, around which so much interest has hung, North and South. It is not a little singular that the campaign for which Gen. Bragg receives the marked displeasure of his Government, excites likewise on the part of the rebels the utmost degree of applause for Gen. Bragg. Neither General has done the work that was expected at his hands, and they will probably share the same fate.

No better selection for a successor to Gen. Buell can be found than Gen. Rosecrans. He is one of our ablest generals and most popular men. His campaign in Western Virginia, and latterly in the West, will form one of the brightest pages in the history of this war, and place their hero as one of our greatest military officers. General Rosecrans is quick in design and rapid in execution, and when his blows fall upon rebels they are of the hardest kind. From the new commander of the Army of the Ohio we look for the achievement of grand results. He has a large army, well equipped as the *materiel of war*, and we feel sure will not let it lie idle. The design of Bragg is now known to be Nashville, and we hope such measures will be taken as will prevent that city, with its garrison, 7,000 in number, from falling into the hands of the rebels. We congratulate the Army of the Ohio and the people of Kentucky in having at last at their head a *live general*.

Important News from Tennessee and Kentucky.—Louisville, Oct. 22.—On Sunday, the rebel General Forest, with a considerable force of rebel cavalry, commenced crossing the Cumberland river. His advance, one thousand strong, encamped on the Gallatin pike, seven miles north of Nashville.

Gen Negley immediately dispatched Col. Miller, with a detachment, to intercept them. The rebels were attacked on Monday at daylight, and driven in great confusion across the Cumberland river. But few were killed or wounded, but a number of thereabouts, including a Colonel, were captured.

From the West and South-west.—The intelligence from the West and South-west is varied and interesting.

From Galveston, Texas, we learn that that city was evacuated by the rebels on the 4th instant, the last day of grace accorded the citizens by the commander of the United States forces, for the removal of the women and children.

On the following day the city was occupied by our troops.

Galveston is the most populous and commercial city of Texas. It is situated upon an island, at the mouth of Galveston Bay, and is about four hundred and fifty miles south-west of New Orleans. It was stated a few weeks since that several mortar-boats had been sent thither, and they probably operated first against Sabine City, and having accomplished the capture of that point, next visited Galveston.

On Thursday, Colonel McCook, Acting Brigadier-General, with five hundred cavalry, left Crab Orchard, a village in Lincoln county, Kentucky, sixty miles south-east from Frankfort, and moving northward towards Richmond, the capital of Marion county, a village of some two thousand inhabitants, captured at that point two hundred sick and wounded rebels, whom they subsequently released on parole.

Patriotic Lady in Frederick.—During the recent rebel raid into Maryland, the wife of a National officer, the latter of whom is connected with the Potomac Home Guard, secured some ninety rifles belonging to the men and threw them into a well in a main street of the city, to prevent their falling into the hands of the rebels. The lady is the wife of Lieut. Groffy, of the regiment referred to. Her patriotism has been the subject of warm commendation in social circles during the week.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Advices from Italy say that Garibaldi is about to issue another manifesto, and that he will endeavor to carry out his project of taking Rome. This can hardly be true at present. The Liverpool cotton market was rather flat, with no change in prices. Breadstuffs were easier, and provisions steady.

The steamship Australia, from Liverpool on the 10th instant, and Queenstown on the 11th, has advices from Europe two days later than were received by the Kangaroo. The news is interesting, and, in some respects, important.

The English press continued its comments on the President's Emancipation Proclamation, and managed to find a good deal of fault with it. It was reported that the "Southern Association" in Liverpool had agreed to a proposition which has for its object the memorializing of the British Government for the recognition of the Confederate States. The movement was chiefly caused by the remarks of Mr Gladstone, at Newcastle.

It was also said that the members of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce were about to petition Government as to the necessity of recognizing the South. There appears to be no danger of recognition, however. The Liverpool Post of the 11th says "Two of the highest class Liverpool houses received yesterday evening a telegram from their headquarters in London that the British and French Governments have lost no time in announcing that they are resolved on persisting in a policy of perfect neutrality." The city editor of the Times asserts that the feeling among the commercial classes of London is so strongly opposed as ever to any action on the part of the Government toward a formal recognition of the dissolution of the Union, and he says that there is a suspicion that the desire for such a recognition comes rather from the North than the South. The London Commercial Daily Last says it is enabled to state that there is no likelihood of an immediate recognition of the Southern Confederacy.

There is an exhibition in Paris an instrument which imitates the human voice so as to be mistaken for it. It represents a female seated, and the larynx is constructed on physiological principles of construction. The voice has the compass of two octaves, and sings any air with the tone of the female voice.

Garibaldi to the Swedes

Varnhams, Thursday, October 2.

To the People of Stockholm:

When you came from the manufactories where manual labor renders still more vigorous the temper of your soul, or when you leave your domestic hearth, where the holiest of affections raises your soul to sublimity, and strong in your numbers, you assemble in your public places to manifest your feelings, you never think of stifling your thoughts—your words, your cheers, are the reward of the kindness shown to those who suffer from temporary misfortunes, or those who lie prostrate by slavery.

You, also, fair-haired Scandinavian people, sent me an affectionate greeting when God gave me strength to wrench the crown of thorns from the brow of our Southern brethren. Now you assemble once more to offer to a good cause the moral support of your good wishes—the real union of the Italian nation—Italy matures at home.

In the name of my countrymen, I thank you, O noble race, one of the finest in Europe! Let us all unite to raise and enforce the great voice of affection and concord.

The sword as a crime, as the punishment of death is an abuse, and conquest an insult.

Let us make war on anarchy—on, and labor a hymn to the Most High. When bells and cannons shall have been turned into productive instruments, force, disarmed, will return to the darkness from whence it has escaped for the misfortune of mankind, and the dawn of felicity will whiten the horizon, to flood the whole world to the depths of its rays.

From the depths of my soul, greeting and gratitude people of Stockholm.

GARIBALDI.

The Social, Civil and Statistical Association, of The Colored People of Pennsylvania open a subscription list to aid the freed men at Port Royal and other points where they may be located, and respectfully ask the co-operation of the colored citizens and others in this city, or elsewhere, in money or clothing.

Any amount of value received will be acknowledged, with the name of the donor, in the *Recorder*, where a constant record will be kept.

Subscriptions may be sent to Jacob C. White, at the office of the Lebanon Cemetery, 711 Lombard Street, and also to William Still, 107 North Fifth Street, and to Rev. E. Weaver, 610 Pine Street

	PAID.
Statistical Society,	$40 00
Clinton Miller,	2 00
William Still,	5 00
Robert Alger,	[illegible]
Henry Minturn,	2 00
Catherine Johnson,	2 00
Yasti Lawks,	2 00
Wm. Warricks,	2 00
Harriet Shorter,	1 00
Sarah S. Hawkins,	1 00
Rev. Jonathan C. Gibbs,	1 00
James P. Clay,	1 00
Benjamin F Hill,	2 00
S. M. S.,	2 00
Elizabeth Gordon,	1 00
F. J. Dreer,	5 00

It affords us pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of ten dollars, the proceeds of Miss Anna E. Dickinson's lecture at Concert Hall for the contrabands, contributed to the S. C. and Statistical Association, to be applied as intended. Wm. Still.

Our Soc. (S. C. and Statistical Association) for Colored People of Penna

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MRS MARTHA COLLINS.

730 Russell Street, above Fitzwater.

Begs leave to inform her friends and the public generally, that she has opened an INFANT SCHOOL for Boys and Girls, to whom she will pay special attention in teaching the primary departments of Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, also Singing, upon the most reasonable and accommodating terms. She does not hesitate to say that she will be able to please all who may give her a trial.

MRS. S. SHORTER HAWKINS'

DRY GOODS, HOSIERRY, AND TRIMMING STORE.

No 613 Lombard Street, Philadelphia

Mrs. H calls the attention of her friends and patrons to a new stock of Fall and Winter Goods, consisting of Delaines, Calicoes, Flannels, Muslins, Dells, Shawls, Bonnets, and Hoop-skirts.

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The new process of bread-making, patented by Perry & Fitzgerald, removes all the objections which have hitherto rendered it impossible to manufacture perfectly pure, sweet, and nutritious bread. The entire process is performed by mechanical means, and is eminently cleanly.

The process consists in mixing the flour in a closed vessel, and the application of pure carbonic gas, under pressure, by which the dough mass is made thoroughly light and ready to be discharged into pans, for baking in the brief space of fifteen or twenty minutes. The "charge" is usually 280 pounds, and each machine completes the operation, in all its details, from the putting in of the flour to the discharging of the dough, in from twenty five to forty minutes.

The Invention of Perry & Fitzgerald effects a revolution in the preparation of bread, by establishing a system of wholesale manufacture not subject to the vicissitudes and evils of fermentation, but exact and certain in its results. 2. Because, by the substitution of mechanical for manual labor, and in the superior value of the article produced, it promises large profits upon the capital employed. 3. Because such employment of capital, as well as the protection afforded by the patent, gives adequate security against competition. But whilst preventing undue competition it provides none of the evils of a monopoly, because it leaves the consumer at all times in possession of his former means of supply, to be resorted to, should the monopoly become prejudicial.

The application of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure, to a mechanically kneaded dough-mass, as in the invention of Perry & Fitzgerald, did not occur to Dr Ure, though he seems to have had a clear foreboding of the importance of the artificial use of the gas, when he states, hypothetically, that "if water, highly impregnated with carbonic acid gas, be used for kneading the dough, the resulting bread will be somewhat spongy. Could a light article," he continues, "be produced in this way, then, as the sugar would remain undecomposed, the bread would be so much the sweeter and more nourishing."

What to Dr Ure, was evidently a dearly comprehended chemical truth, has been practically developed by the brilliant invention of Perry & Fitzgerald. Patently will hold their names in grateful remembrance, as among the most eminent benefactors of mankind.

IT. For Wholesomeness.—Being free from the deleterious substances which are the product of fermentation, or chemical reagents, by the old modes, the bread made by the New Process is easy of digestion, and agrees with the most delicate stomach. "To dyspepticism" says Dr Cox, (late of the N. Y. Medical College,) "it will be invaluable, as they will be able to use it when the fermented manufactured bread has been found to have signally failed as an article of diet." Says the London *Medical Times and Gazette*:—

"Since the introduction of the new unfermented bread, there have already been received from members of the medical profession, who have recommended it to their practice, as well as from non-professional sources, accounts of the really astonishing results that have followed its use in cases of deranged digestion and assimilation. Many persons have reported their recovery to health, after years of suffering and misery, by the simple use of the bread as a diet. Many cases have also been reported by medical men in practice, in which certain alarming complaints, which had remained intractable under every kind of treatment, have yielded as if by magic, almost immediately after adopting the use of the unfermented bread."

"The beneficial effects of the new bread are attributable to two causes. The one is the absence of the prejudicial matters imparted to ordinary bread by the process of fermentation; and the other is the presence in the bread, unchanged, of those elements which are the essential agents of digestion and assimilation."

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From Garnet Union No 4, D. of T.; from Phœnix Union, No. 8, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 16, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Dr Rias' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 19, D. of T.; from Vanbrackle Union, No. 15, D. of T., of Norristown, Pa

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—

Grand P., Sister Bennet; Grand Associate, Sister Burrle; Grand Treasurer, Sister Fausett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dunham; Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall

G P P, Sister E. Rogers, G P P Sister Anderson,
" " E. Bowen, " " J. F. Beach,
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" " S Newman, " " White,
" " S. Davis, " " S Hall.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY

The State Quarterly Meeting of the Society, are held on the first Wednesday of February, May, August, and November.

The meeting of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the society.

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Mrs. AMIA WILLIAM, of Cape May, will open the Banker House for the season, for the accommodation of all who wish to spend the season there, and she will spare no pains to make all comfortable. Those wishing to spend one, two, or three days, will find the Banker House the right spot. Prices very reasonable. 1sept

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THE POETRY OF PLOUGHING.

BY C. W. HOLMES.

CLEAR the brown path to meet the coulter's gleam,
Lo! on he comes, behind his smoking team,
With toil's bright dew-drops on his sun-burnt brow!
The lord of earth, the hero of the plough!
First in the field before the reddenod sun,
Last in the shadows when the day is done,
Line after line, along the burning sod,
Marks the broad acres where he feet have trod;
Still where he treads the stubborn clods divide,
The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and wide,
Matted and dense the tangled turf upheaves,
Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield cleaves;
Up the steep hill-side, where the laboring train
Stands the long track that scores the level plain;
Through the moist valley clogged with oozing clay,
The patient convoy breaks its destined way;
At every turn the hamming chains resound,
The swinging ploughshare circles glistening round,
Till the wide field one billowy waste appears,
And wearied hands unbind the panting steers.

NORTHERN SUGAR.

IT would be a singular result of the rebellion, if the North and West should become independent of the Southern climes in the articles of sugar and cotton. The cotton culture will be tried next season in regions farther north than it ever was before—with what results, time will show. The various products that will yield sugar will also become more extensively sought after.

The sorghum, the sugar beet and the rock maple are all demanding attention. They can all be used in Maine and the other New England States. The maple and the beet are at home in the North, and the sorghum and imphee produce abundantly in the Western States. The earlier varieties of imphee will undoubtedly ripen in Maine.

The sorghum has already been proved in the West, and its culture next season will be quadrupled. A Sorghum Convention was held at Rockford, Ill., last fall, where many samples of the syrup and some sugar were exhibited, and much valuable information elicited, which will lead to improvements both of culture and manufacture the coming season. One individual had made 16 gallons of syrup from an acre. Another had made 100 gallons from three-fourths of an acre. Seven gallons of juice made one of syrup.

The Illinois Horticultural Society, at their meeting held in Chicago not long ago, had some discussion upon the subject of the production and manufacture of sorghum syrup and sugar. Among other interesting facts, it appears that "The cultivation of the sugar cane in the North-west is no longer a matter of doubt. As high as 500 gallons of syrup have been produced per acre. One hundred and fifty gallons in a small yield;" and it was confidently asserted that they would soon have a home supply and a surplus to export to the Eastern States.

Our farmers in northern New England should be preparing themselves for the maple sugar campaign. The time for it will soon be along, and should be improved in every way possible.—*Maine Farmer.*

USE OF SWEET APPLES.

A sweet apple, sound and fair, has a deal of sugar or saccharine in its composition. It is, therefore, nutritious; for sweet apples, raw, will fat cattle, horses, pigs, sheep and poultry. Cooked sweet apples will fat children, and make grown people fleshy—"fat" not being a polite word as applied to grown persons. Children being more of the animal than "grown folks," are not so fastidious in their classification. But to the matter in question. In every good farmer's house who has an orchard, baked sweet apples are an "institution" in their season. Everybody, from the toddling baby holding up by its father's knee, away back to "our reverend grandmother" in her rocking-chair, loves them.

No sweetmeat smothered in sugar is half so good; no aroma of dissolved confectionery in half so simple as the soft, pulpy flesh of a well-baked apple of the right kind. It is good in milk, with bread.

WHEN the farmer's wife wants to color a bright red, she must wash her yarn clean and nice, and boil in strong alum water; then dry in the sun a day—but don't rinse it out. Then the next day boil in good madder, soak over night; then dry it again, after which wash it, and you will have a brilliant bright red. When you want to color a bright green, you must boil in alum water the same way, having everything very clean; then boil in the kettle some good, strong black hickory bark; take out the bark and put in the yarn; boil thirty minutes; after drying, wash the yarn; then make some blue dye in the usual way, from indigo and a small bit of madder.

CHOIR SINGING.

We once heard a hymn sung, the second verse beginning with—

"He careth for the fatherless;
He feeds the hungry poor,
And in the pious He delights," etc.

The tune (Transport) was one that repeated part of the third line. The consequence was that, after "He feeds the hungry poor," there came—

"And in the pig,
And in the pi-ous he delights," etc.

We have heard of a case where the fourth line had to be sung in part by the bass voices, and then repeated and finished by the whole choir. The result was that the cry went up from all the bass singers—

"Send down an-
Send down an!"

And this singular petition was only explained when the choir took it up and finished the line—

"Send down an-nation."

As a counterpart of that, the story is told of a stranger who was startled to hear all the women in one of our churches breaking out at the end of the third line with the earnest cry of—

"O for a man,
O for a man!"

And his surprise was only abated when the choir chimed in and converted this amorous song into the more spiritual prayer of—

"O for a man-sion in the skies."

AN UNSANCTIFIED QUAKER.

A Methodist preacher, a traitor, formerly belonging to Hartford county, Maryland, returned thither a short time since a fugitive from Virginia. Having occasion to visit a store in the neighborhood, kept by a Quaker, he began, while there, to utter his treasonable sentiments.

"Thee must not talk so in my store," exclaimed the Friend. "Thee has left thy friends and come hither—thee must now go out of my store, or I shall put thee out, and thrash thee afterward."

"I thought that Quakers did not fight?" said the preacher.

"Friends who are sanctified never fight," replied the Quaker; "but I am one that is not; hence thee had better leave quickly."

The secessionist had not provided for this emergency, and judged it expedient to leave.

HUMAN.

A LEFT-HANDED CORRECTION.—In a late Scotch paper appears the following curious correction of a reporter's error:

SIR: In your report of a meeting of the New Monkland Parochial Board in *The Advertiser* on Saturday last, you represent me to have said, "We've all along had a very drunken set of officials." Although true, it is not what I have said. I said, "We all along had a very drunken set o' paupers in our parish."

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
ALEX. MONTGOMERY.

HUMAN GLORY!—The Roman Forum is now a cow-market, the Tarpeian a cabbage-garden, and the Palace of the Cæsars a rope-walk.

IN the way to heaven is narrow, it is not long; and if the gate be straight, it opens into endless life.—BISHOP BEVERIDGE.

THE POPE AND THE NOBLES.

In one of our London Exchanges we find the following extract of a letter from Rome, giving a reason why many of the Roman nobles desire the continuance of the temporal rule of the Pope:

It appears that many of the Roman nobles are bound to the present order of things by rather a singular tie. Their lands were granted to them in the days of papal nepotism by the popes, to whom they had the honor to be related, the said lands having been wrongfully and violently taken from their rightful possessors. The descendants of the original owners in many cases, still survive, and what is more remarkable, they have for these two, three, or more centuries persisted in putting in a legal claim to their lost lands, and holding out a threat of disputing the transfer. This has happened in the family of the Borghese, who usurped the territories of the celebrated house of Cenci, a junior branch of which family actually commenced a suit for the restoration of the enormous property during the revolution of 1848, and would probably have gained it but for the return of the pope. Many other princely and noble houses being situated like the Borghese, it is manifest that the pope, who upholds the grants of preceding popes, has no small lien on their fidelity.

THE "SILVER-RULE"—PASTE IT UP.

You all know the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would wish them to do to you." Here is a rule which is almost a part of the golden rule, but which we will put by itself, and because of its value, call it the "Silver Rule." —*Think and say all you can of the good qualities of others; forget and keep silent concerning their bad qualities.* You cannot conceive how much such a course will heighten your own happiness, and raise you in the esteem of your mates. Did you ever think any more of a boy or a girl because he or she found fault with others? Never call your schoolmates or playmates ugly, or cross, neither to their faces nor behind their backs. If they are ugly, or stingy, or cross, it does not make them better to talk or think about it, while it makes you love to dwell upon faults of others, and causes your own soul to grow smaller, and you become like the foul bird that prefers carrion for food. Rather tell all the good you can, and try to think of some good quality.

CHARITY FOR OTHERS' FAULTS.

What we look through determines what we see. I have made this conclusion from frequent glimpses at the office window and through it. Our neighbor just below passes frequently—judged through the middle pane of glass, second row, his nose is considerable above the middle of his face, and his eyes are green. A great mistake. He has bluish eyes, and his nose is quite equal to the average, both as to shape and position. Why, then, these false impressions he makes upon me in passing? Is it due to the window? Dear, dainty friend, do you suggest that it needs washing? I believe it does, and the glass is imperfect besides. A new, perfect pane of glass and some pure water would alter our neighbor's complexion as well as the window.

The world is all blood-stained when we look through a red glass; and grass-grown from sky to pavement when we look through a green one; so I say again, what we look through determines what we see.

There are some who look at the world through windows rendered misty with prejudices, and dimmed by self-love. The good and evil of another's life seen through them assumes shapes unreal as a dream. Oh! for the blessed washing of charity to give clear sight to such as these!

SOLDIERS' HEALTH.

The Sanitary Commission have reported that the general rate of disablements by sickness in the army is one hundred and four persons out of one thousand; whereas, only thirteen out of a thousand should be sick at any one time in common life. A Massachusetts regiment, after being a year at the seat of war, has lost no more men from all causes than would have been the case under the ordinary circumstances of home life. A New York city regiment, after three months of camping, lost but one man out of eight hundred, and he had heart-disease before he left home. But it was a regiment whose average of intelligence and culture was perhaps the highest among the whole Federal force. Both these cases show that camp-life is not necessarily fatal to health or life to a remarkable extent, and that the exercise of an intelligent care on the part of each individual soldier may almost banish disease from an army. And if the officers would co-operate with the men, would encourage them, and do all in their power to facilitate their efforts in this direction, the cost of the war and its duration would be most favorably modified. It is true that only one result is possible, even if Washington were laid in ashes, and the enemy were besieging New York and Boston—the annihilation of the "Confederacy;" still it is desirable to do this in the shortest time and at the least cost of life and treasure. To bring this about in the most enduring manner, *while the Government is* WISELY *waiting on events, until the proper moment arrives for the consummating act*, let each soldier for himself, and each soldier's friend at home, and each patriotic officer among too many who are not so! do all that is possible to keep the army in the very highest state of health; before health is efficiency! Just as Lord Nelson's ship was leaving England, he discovered that the flannel shirts of the men were six inches shorter than they ought to have been, and refused to go until the proper kind were furnished. He was ridiculed and called an "old granny." The result was, that while the rest of the fleet was decimated, he did not lose a man! and "his ship, in efficiency, *was as good as* any two others!" Aside from the dictates of love and humanity, a soldier's health should be the highest consideration of any officer who hopes to accomplish great results.

If any one item of health is a soldier is of greater importance than any others, it is a sound condition of the feet. It cannot easily be overestimated. It is the very first of the four great needs of a soldier—good feet, good stomach, good head, and a good heart, that is loyal to the core, to the authority and honor of his country. To have good feet, there should be good shoes and plenty of walking. A soldier's shoes should not have a high heel, should be made straight on the inside, to give the great toe room to spread out to the fullest; the soles should be abundantly wide, and not too thin. Good food; wearing woollen flannel all over next the skin, winter and summer, the latter most especially; dry bed-clothes; and the most complete ventilation, that is, a constant re-supply of out-door air every second, night and day; those are the grand points to be aimed at, with large fires kindled at sun-down in and around the encampment, and kept burning until sunrise. These precautions would save nine out of ten of all the disablements of the army, including both sickness and wounds; for the astounding testimony was given us to the British army in the Crimea, (*see Soldier-Health*, p. 142,) "where one man was under the surgeon's hands for wounds, twelve were under the doctor's for typhus fever, dysentery, and some other diseases brought on by bad food, bad camping arrangements, and the crowding and *unvisitable* dissipation of the men.—*Hall's Journal.*

TOBACCO.

The most universally consumed and least injurious of narcotics is tobacco. From the time of its first introduction to the civilized world, it has constantly enlarged its circle of consumption, and it is probable that there is not now a people on the earth which does not enjoy the luxury of the quid, the pipe, and the snuff-box. It has been estimated that the human family spends annually 1,250,000,000 dollars for tobacco. In 1851 the city of New York spent 1,050,000 dollars for cigars, or 240,543 more than was spent for bread. Notwithstanding the protests of moralists, the denunciations of physicians, and the frightful formulas of chemical analysis, the world continues to smoke and chew. Whether tobacco is injurious or not is still a mooted question, on both sides of which much may be said. Our reviewer thinks it is a very good thing. Undoubtedly total abstinence from all artificial stimulants is the best course for morals, for health, and for long life. The world would be better off in more respects than one if neither tobacco nor any other artificial stimulant had ever been invented or discovered.

PHYSICIANS CURING DIPHTHERIA BY THE SUCTION OF THEIR MOUTHS.

It is not long since one of the most promising of the younger members of the medical profession sacrificed his life in the voluntarily contracted contagion of diphtheria, in an attempt to clear, by the suction of his own lips the throat of an infant, dying strangled by the exudations of that fearful disease. Notwithstanding the proved danger of this expedient, however, it has not lacked, and will never lack imitators, for the sole reason that it is the promptest and often the only means of saving life.

We find an instance recorded in the *Union Medicale* for May, which should not be limited in its circulation to the medical press. The expedient, notwithstanding the operator well knew its danger, was practised, and with complete success in rescuing the child, by Dr. Edmond Besnette, a young surgeon of Angouleme. What adds to the satisfaction of the account, the child was not only saved by his heroism, but Dr. Besnette suffered no ill effects. This is attributed to his immediately rinsing his mouth and throat with strong brandy. The case is reported, and not by the noble young operator himself, but by his superior in the Angouleme Hospital, Dr. Claude Gigon.

THE BOOK TRADE SALE IN NEW YORK.—The end approaches, and the booksellers are going home. The attendance on Wednesday was slim, and prices ruled low until evening, when the chairs were mostly filled. Lee and Pratt labored zealously to keep up the market, and Joe, like "Pip's Joe, "went on with his hammer and clink—hammer and clink," but to no avail, for, with some exceptions, the books went slowly, and buyers would not pay the duplicating prices. W. B. Smith & Co. of New York did better than the others, for they disposed of something like 3,000 volumes in all—of which 1,000 were Willis's Poems, in plain and gilt muslin, turkey, and calf. Young's Night Thoughts, the Paradise Lost, and an 8vo. edition of the New Testament with Psalms were extensively sold; and three hundred copies of Youatt and Spooner on the Horse were called for. The Juveniles of this house found a good market, as those of all others have. Jacob Abbott's Lucy and Jonah books were favorites, as usual, some 700 volumes being taken; while no less than 500 dozen *paper dolls*—which are printed on sheets, costumes and all—went off.

The feature of the day's sale was the photograph album, of which several houses sold large invoices. This new manufacture has already reached an enormous development. As a matter of curiosity, we counted the invoices and styles, and find that there are fourteen houses engaged in the business. It has all sprung from the importation of French Albums by D. Appleton & Co. three years ago, and the example they soon set of commencing the manufacture for themselves.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE.

There have been going the rounds of the press for several years, various extracts from the old poem, "What constitutes a State?" but most of them are changed or garbled, and none of them, as far as we have noticed, have been credited to the real author. This poem was written in 1781, by Sir William Jones, a native of London. The author was one of the most remarkable men of that age, and would have been distinguished in any era. He was born in 1746, lost his father in 1749, and was reared by his mother, a woman of uncommon endowments, and exceedingly well fitted for such a task. He began his school education at Harrow, continued it at Oxford, and afterwards pursued his studies on the Continent. He was the finest linguist of his time, and not only wrote in the Latin, French and German languages with great precision and elegance, but excelled in the oriental tongues, to which he gave years of enthusiastic study. His contributions to literature from the Arabic, Persian and Hindoo poets, are among the finest specimens now extant, the translations having been pronounced in some cases superior to the originals. He was a careful student of law, and in 1783 was appointed Judge in the Supreme Court of Judicature in Bengal, under the British East India Company, at which time he received the honor of knighthood. He was taken sick at Calcutta in 1794, and died after a few days' illness in the 48th year of his age.

Few men, living or dead, have acquired such deserved celebrity in so many different walks of life. As a statesman, jurist, philosopher and poet, he was justly celebrated, and his taste for belles lettres gave enthusiasm to all his literary pursuits. His prose was far more elegant than any specimens of the Addisonian school, and everything from his pen gave evidence of the most profound research. He was a great and good man, whose name must be revered wherever virtue and literature are cultivated.

He was at once an earnest advocate of reforms, and a stickler for law and order. He stood up boldly for the rights of the people, and at one time lost casts with the British Government for his defence of the American Revolution. He wrote a most spirited Latin ode to Liberty, dedicated to the struggling colonists, which was hailed as a masterpiece by all the scholars of Europe. We have been at some pains to procure a correct copy of the poem named in our caption, which we here subjoin. It is usually known by its first line, but we have prefixed the original title. Alcæus, it will be remembered, was a celebrated lyric poet of Mitylene, in Lesbos, contemporary with Sappho, 600 before the Christian era, whose muse was devoted to the praise of liberty, and who was the inventor of Acaic verses. The sentiment of the annexed ode was taken from a fragment attributed to Alcæus, which prefaced the poem when first published:—

AN ODE
In Imitation of Alcæus

BY SIR WILLIAM JONES.

What constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlement or labor'd mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starr'd and spangled courts,
Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No! — Men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and bramble rude;
Men, who their duty know,
But know their rights, and knowing dare maintain;
Prevent the long-aim'd blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a State.
And sovereign law, that State's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill;
Smit by her sacred frown
The fiend, Dissension, like a vapor sinks,
And soon the all-dazzling crown
Hides his foul rays, and all his bidding shrinks
Such was this heaven-loved isle,
Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore!
No more shall freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish and be men no more!
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,
'Tis folly to decline,
And steel inglorious to the silent grave.

Abergavenny, March 31, 1781.

N. Y. J. of C.

Scotch papers announce an interesting republication. It is said that we are to have soon, from a tried and competent historian, a volume of history, in which some 1000 letters of John Knox, never before published, will be made the basis of some chapters on Scottish affairs.

WHO ARE THESE? WHENCE CAME THEY?

Not from Jerusalem alone
To heaven the path ascends;
As near, as sure, as straight the way,
That leads to the celestial day,
From farthest realms extends;
Frigid or torrid zone.

What matters how or whence we start?
One is the crown of all,
One to the hard and glorious race
Whatever be our starting-place;
Rang round the earth the call
That says, Arise, depart!

From the balm-breathing, sun-lored isles
Of the bright Southern Sea,
From the dead North's cloud-shadowed pole,
We gather to our gladsome goal—
Our common home in thee,
City of sun and smiles!

The cold rough billows hinder none;
Nor helps the calm, fair main;
The brown rock of Norwegian gloom,
The verdure of Tahitian bloom,
The sands of Mizraim's plain,
Or peaks of Lebanon.

As from the green lands of the vine,
We from the snow-wastes pale;
We find the ever open road
To the dear city of our God;
From Russian steppe, or Burman vale,
Or terraced Palestine.

Not from swift Jordan's sacred stream
Alone we mount above,
Indus or Danube, Thames or Rhone,
Rivers unnamed or unknown;
From each the home of love
Beckons with heavenly beam.

Not from gray Olivet alone
We see the gates of light;
From Morvan's heath, or Jungfrau's snow,
We welcome the descending glow
Of pearl and chrysolite,
Under the setting sun.

Not from Jerusalem alone
The Church ascends to God.
Strangers of every tongue and clime,
Pilgrims of every land and time,
Throng the well-trodden road
That leads up to the throne.

Christian Treasury.

A LOST CHORD.

SEATED one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
That came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

—*Adelaide Anne Procter.*

"SAY, COME."

How simple and easy this duty! and yet alas! how much neglected! How few of the many, whose duty it is to say Come, ever think of the obligation! Have you ever heard of Christ? Do you know how great and precious a Saviour he is? Then you are commissioned to invite all whom you meet, to come to him for salvation. "Let him that *heareth* say, Come." Any one, and every one who has heard the gospel, no matter where or how, is both authorized and enjoined to preach it to others! It is his duty to say, Come, come to Jesus. It may not be his duty to enter the pulpit; he may not be called to go to the heathen; but he is commissioned to preach Christ. Every one who has ever heard of Christ, is thus commissioned. It is a duty that God has laid upon us all. It is *your* duty and mine; and we is me, and we to you, if this duty is not performed! Were you journeying in a vast desert where thousands and tens of thousands were famishing of thirst, and you chanced to find a spring of living water where all might obtain an abundant supply, would you not feel it to be a duty to tell every poor famishing pilgrim you met where that spring could be found? Assuredly you would. Every man who has the heart of a man would do this. And any who would refuse or neglect to publish such information, would be reckoned a monster. Well, are we not all journeying in such a desert—a moral desert—where vast multitudes are famishing for the water of life? Do we know where it can be obtained, and yet refuse to say, Come? We would not let the veriest wretch on earth perish of hunger if we could relieve him. We would make any effort and any sacrifice to relieve ourselves of so fearful a responsibility. Should we allow one poor pauper to die of hunger, having the power to prevent it, we would feel a burden of guilt that would greatly distress us. But have we no responsibilities touching the soul? Do we not meet many every day, who are without God and without hope?—who are going thoughtlessly in the broad road to death, and we know it? We cannot help knowing it. And what are we doing to save them? Do not say, I have no talent for such work. It requires no special talent. All that is required is to say, "Come." "Come to Jesus and be saved." It requires no great learning to do that! Any little child that has ever heard the story of the cross can do it. Say not, I have no time. It requires very little. You can say it all in a single breath; say it as you pass your friend in the street; when you meet him on the road—when he calls on business. If you saw his house on fire, or knew that his child had fallen into the well or cistern, and was in danger of drowning, you would find time to sound the alarm, and render all the aid demanded. Then why no time to warn him of danger infinitely greater? O, it is not time or ability we want. It is a mind to the work—a heart warm with love to Christ and to perishing souls. Say not this is the work of the minister—the missionary—the elder—the Sabbath School teacher. It is your work and mine. It is the work of all who have ever heard of Christ—and we, we, be to us all if we do not say, Come! Nor will it discharge our souls to say this in any timid, heartless manner. We must say it so as to be understood, and so as to make those we address, feel that the matter is important. If we saw a friend about to be crushed by a locomotive, we would not speak to him in a whisper—we would shout aloud! We could not help it. We would rush up to him and drag him, if need be, from the track. And shall we be less earnest in snatching immortal souls as brands from an eternal burning? Surely not. Then say, Come—come now—come at once, and without delay. Now is the accepted time—now is the day of salvation. To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart. Up—haste thee for thy life—tarry not in all the plain! Flee ye to to the mountains—even to the Eternal Rock, which is Christ.—*Presbyter.*

A Russian "Artist's Album," under the name of *The Northern Light* is in course of publication in St. Petersburgh. It is to contain copies of celebrated Russian paintings, scenes from Russian history, illustrations of Russian writers, and views of Russia.

Lovers of literature will hear with regret that the poet Uhland, the last of the great race of German minstrels, has been of late most seriously indisposed. His very advanced age renders his illness peculiarly alarming. Perhaps no German poet, after Goethe and Schiller, is so well known to English readers as this noble old lyrist and patriot.

HINTS TO CHURCH MEMBERS

As thousands of preachers are now going to their new fields we hear the question from all quarters, "how do you like our new preacher?" "Not very well," says one, "I think he is both dull and dry." I wonder if such complainers have ever prayed for their preacher. I suppose not. They seem to think it is the preacher's business to do his own praying as well as preaching; to study, and read, and prepare his sermons, and preach them without the hearer's aid.

But true preaching is not a mere intellectual exercise, that pertains to the mind alone, and has nothing to do with the heart, but it must come *from* and go *to* the heart; and unless the hearts of the hearers are engaged it cannot do that. If Paul, learned and zealous as he was, needed the prayers of those to whom he preached, much more do ministers of our day need them. I don't pretend to say your prayers will benefit the preacher, but if you pray much you will have a kind of sympathy, or fellow-feeling for him, which will cause you to listen more attentively to his preaching: and truths that once seemed old and common-place, will seem new and fresh, and in short, you will find the dullness was as much, or more, your own than the minister's, and that is what made his sermon dull.

What a vast amount of *dull preaching* the church is responsible for! Reader, the more you are exercised in prayer *for* your preacher, the more you will be blessed in hearing *from* him.

It frequently happens that people have some misunderstanding with their neighbors who attend the same church. These difficulties often create jealousy, and some people attempt to induce the preacher to adopt their personal quarrels. They want the preacher to manifest a dislike to those towards whom they feel inimical. They sometimes complain because he ignores their personal antipathy. But this is unreasonable; a minister should know nothing of your personal variances. He ought to be the bond of union in the church and society. Let him enjoy the confidence and affection of all his people by treating them all in a friendly manner, and showing partiality to none.

Don't wish him to be at variance with any of his people, because you are. Don't ask him to hear your complaint against your neighbor, nor to pronounce your proceedings just. If you want your preacher to unite the people and build up the society, and at the same time demand such things of him, you are unreasonable. If you regard his happiness, and usefulness, and the interests of the church, you will be glad to see him enjoy the confidence of all. If possible, live peaceably with all men. If you must have contention, with any of your neighbours, be sure'el that you do not embroil others in them. By all means allow your preacher to stand aloof from them.—*Telescope.*

THE CHURCH PAPER IN THE FAMILY.

We commend the following article to all who read or take church papers:

Perhaps one of the greatest blessings of the church paper, is the love for and attachment to the church it begets among the members of the Christian family. It is a living bond of union with all parts of Zion. We once listened to the inquiries of an aged grandmother, living in the southern interior of Pennsylvania, in regard to different ministers in our church. She was accustomed to sit by a window of her dwelling northwards towards a line of railroad near by, with spectacles on, reading the Bible, religious books, and her church paper. We asked her whether she knew this one or that one about whom she inquired, and she did not, but *she had often read their names in her church paper.* Here she made their acquaintance. How much there is in these very names to familiarize us with the church. And how much is to be learned from those names, and what stands opposite them often! Annually, or semi-annually, they appear with the contributions from their charges to the benevolent operations of the church. In the reports of the annual meeting of the Conventions, and of the consecration of new churches, and sacred communion seasons, they appear, until they become familiar to us as household names: yea, they are the names in the household of our beloved Zion.

Then there are the letters and communications from all portions of the church, containing words of comfort and cheer for the aged, of instruction and correction for the young. And the short and pointed articles of the editor, who comes to possess a true, fatherly affection towards his readers, with whom he had been in communication for many long years. And the sharp discussions that sometimes suddenly spring upon mooted questions, upon which all do not think alike, (*aright* we had written)—they too, often instruct as much, if not on the subject discussed, at least on the temper and spirit of the writers.

And what is all this worth in the family? Ah, who can estimate its value in drawing the minds and hearts of young and old towards the church we all love as a common heritage? It is a constant reminder of what is going on in the field of Christ. In the spring, when flowers begin to bud and bloom, through the dry heats of summer, in the autumn when winds carry the sear leaves around our dwellings and whistle in every opening and crevice, in the winter when storms rage and howl without, and old and young are gathered around the comfortable fire within, during all the changing seasons of the year, it pays us its regular visits, to remind us of the permanency and prosperity, the cares and trials of a church which will continue to exist until the end. And it leads us and aids us to love the church. It is a golden tie to bind us to dear brethren with whom we hope to dwell in eternity.

Parents! would you train your children to love the church? See to it that you teach them to read and value the church paper. Keep it from being destroyed. Read it yourselves, and teach them by your example, that you value it more than all papers beside. What though it may not come in gaudy dress and with exciting headings of thrilling worldly news? What though it may possess a plain and modest appearance beside some city paper, which has combined the church and the world to captivate and please? Still it is *our* church paper, and we love it more than all others. We have heard of some who have stopped the church paper because the times are hard, while perhaps double its cost went for other papers or articles of little or no worth, nay perhaps positive injury to their own children. Does this not argue a want of proper love for the church? If not, it shows at least, that such persons fail to comprehend the great value of a religious paper in the family.

Family Circle.

THE WOMAN AND THE SURGEON.

An interesting case has come to my knowledge within a day or two, where a New England woman, alone and friendless, achieved a great reform in one of our hospitals. The surgeon having charge of this particular hospital was a brute, treating the men in his charge, visitors, and indeed the surgeons beneath him, with contemptuous cruelty. Having political influence, it was not an easy matter to remove him, though there were a hundred acts of his, any one of which would or should be considered sufficient cause for his instant dismissal from the service. But every one beneath him was afraid to take the first step, for fear the brutal man would turn upon the person beginning the complaint, and with his superior position and influence crush the complainant. One day a New England woman came to the hospital to see her sick son. She soon met the chief surgeon, and was treated with coarse rudeness. If he could have his way, he said, he would not permit a woman to come near the hospital. It was in vain that she urged that she had not seen her boy for long months, and that he was now very ill, and perhaps dying. The monster continued to revile her, but dared not refuse her admittance to see her son. She soon found the surgeon in immediate attendance upon her boy, and told him of the treatment she had received from the chief surgeon. He replied that he was not at all surprised, the chief surgeon treated every body brutally. "Why then do you submit to such cruel outrage?" was the spirited woman's question. "I suppose, we are all of us afraid to make the complaint against him!" was the reply. The woman found that her son was incurably ill, and was the proper subject of a discharge. The assistant surgeon so informed her. She then sought the chief surgeon, and asked him to make a report to the Surgeon-General upon the condition of her son. He refused with a dreadful oath. The New England grit in the woman's heart took fire. "You stand there," said she, "and jeer at my sorrow. You use language toward me that a beast would be ashamed of. But let me tell you, that poor and friendless as I am, *I am more powerful than you, and I will not leave Washington till I have exposed your brutality.*" She was as good as her word. She went at once to see Secretary Stanton. He referred her at once to the Surgeon-General, with a request that he would look carefully into the case, and if the facts would warrant her assertions, that he would mete out rigid justice to the hospital surgeon. The first act of the Surgeon General was to order the surgeon-in-charge to make a report upon the case of the woman's son. The report was returned the very next day, and its language was insolent in the extreme. The surgeon was angry at the woman's interference.

"This is enough," said the Surgeon-General "A man who will send me such a report is capable of all you charge against him. I will not take the trouble to examine the case. *He shall be dismissed the service!*" That very night, as the chief surgeon of Blank Hospital sat with his assistants around him, indulging in his usual bluster, a pleasant-faced gentleman appeared at the door and inquired for Surgeon ———, in charge of the hospital. That person was speedily pointed out to him. "I am directed to hand this to you from the Surgeon-General," said the stranger. The Surgeon opened it and found that it ordered him to hand over the hospital and supplies to the bearer, who would take charge of them, and, to conclude, dismissed the brutal Surgeon from the service. The New England woman had triumphed at last!

OLD TUNES.

The good old tunes of other days,
In which we sang our Maker's praise,
When life with us was young,
When music flowed from heart and tongue,
Oh how to memory now they rise,
Like angel notes from yonder skies;
For oft we sang them with the blest
Who now in heavenly mansions rest.

My father sang them; when a boy,
I heard their notes with gladsome joy,
And round his dying bed we raised
The words and notes in which he praised
The name of God, and sang of bliss
In purer, brighter worlds than this.

My mother sang them soft and sweet,
And oft her tones my spirit greet,
When dreams, beyond the upper air,
My soul on wings of fancy bear,
To that bright world to which she rose,
When leaving life with all its woes,
Oppressed with grief, of joy bereft,
An orphan I was early left.

I sang them with a brother flown
Where sin and sorrow are unknown,
And with a sister, oh how dear!
Whose notes now greet her mother's ear.
I sang them with a youthful bride,
Who early withered by my side;
They cheered her when life's setting sun
Shone on her heaven on earth begun,
And only ceased her soul to cheer
When heavenly music met her ear.
I sang them with a manly son,
Whose race on earth was early run,
And with a daughter bright and fair,
Who knows in heaven a mother's care.

I've sung them in the forest wild,
Where nature lovely towered and smiled,
I've sung them on the rolling sea,
Whose deep-toned surges joined with me
In sounding forth their Maker's praise,
Whose word can check, or wildly raise
The surging billows to the skies,
Or still them when to heaven they rise.
I've sung them in far distant lands,
Where rail the waves on classic strands;
And tears of grief would quickly come,
At thoughts of distant friends and home,
With whom, and where, I sang these lays,
The good old tunes of other days.

I've sung them with the wise and good,
As by Death's stream they joyful stood,
And saw beyond, the walls that rose,
Where blissful mansions greet the eyes.

How dear to me these noble lays,
The good old tunes of other days!
On earth I've sung them with the best;
And when I reach the heavenly rest,
I hope to sing them there with those
Who know no more life's cares or woes,
Where golden harps the notes shall raise,
That fill all heaven with endless praise.

THY WILL BE DONE

Old Betty was very poor, and sold matches for a living. She was converted late in life, and felt that she had a great debt of gratitude to pay to her precious Saviour, and but a little time to pay it in. She was, therefore, very active in doing good, visiting the sick, collecting money for the poor and for the heathen, giving something to those who were poorer than herself, and speaking to every one, where she had an opportunity, a word for Jesus. If she had but one talent, she would not bury that in the earth, but use it in his service. "The love of Christ constrained her." She believed and therefore spoke. How many under similar circumstances would plead that they had no influence, they could do nothing, they were too poor or ignorant to do any good. Not so with old Betty. She had tasted of the goodness of the Lord, and she must tell others what a rich feast she had found, and bid them come.

One day while engaged in her active duties she took cold, and was laid up with rheumatism and a severe cough. For many months she was confined to her bed, and unable to do anything for herself or others. An aged minister visited her while in this condition and asked her if it was not very hard to be laid aside from active duty, and how she was enabled to bear her long confinement so patiently. "Not at all hard, sir, not at all," said old Betty. "When I was well I used to hear the Lord say to me, day by day, 'Betty, go here; Betty, go there; Betty, do this; Betty, do that; and I used to do it, as well as I could; and now I hear him say every day, '*Betty, lie still and suffer.*'"

What profound philosophy as well as devoted piety did this answer evince. It is foolish as well as wicked to rebel against the allotments of Providence. It is like the eagle beating its breast against the iron bars of its cage until it falls down exhausted. It does no good, but harm. We cannot change our condition by murmuring at it, but we can make ourselves and all around us very miserable. God knows where we can do most for him, and he puts us in that *very place* that is best for us and for all. It is a hard trial, one of the hardest no doubt, for an active and devoted servant of Christ to be rendered unfit for work. But we are very unwise to murmur at it. Those who are deprived of the privilege of laboring for Christ may suffer for him, and by their suffering in a Christian spirit do more good than they could in any other way. "The Dairyman's Daughter" did a far nobler work for Christ by suffering upon her couch than if she had possessed perfect health. She might have been a good milkmaid, and know how to make fine butter and cheese, and been a faithful daughter and sister and Church member; but who would ever have heard of her beyond her little circle. But from her sick bed her feeble voice had gone out through all the earth, and her words to the ends of the world. She is preaching in the language of almost every civilized nation. She little thought at the time of the greatness of the work she was doing. *No one ever does who is doing a great work.* She simply did her duty, and suffered meekly and humbly and cheerfully for her precious Saviour all that he saw fit to lay upon her. She lost her will in the divine will; and [illegible] of happiness and [illegible]

"Not my will, but thine, O God, be done," was the utterance of the happiest and most useful Being who ever trod the earth in human form, and it came from the deepest darkness of sorrow, and was the incense of a crushed and bleeding heart. The more we resemble him the happier we shall be, and the more good we shall do. When our wills perfectly harmonize with the di[illegible]

vine will—when we can *feel* as well as *say* "thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven"—then nothing can disturb us. Everything will please us, because it is the ordering of our heavenly Father.

Dr. Payson wrote near the close of his life: "O what a blessed thing it is to lose one's will! Since I have lost my will I have found happiness. There can be no such thing as disappointment to me, for I have no desire but that God's will may be accomplished. I can find no words to express my happiness. I seem to be swimming in a river of pleasure, which is carrying me on to the great fountain."—*Presbyter.*

LITTLE THINGS.

Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to use
The traveller on his way;
Who would not miss the smallest
And softest one that blow,
And think they made a great mistake,
If they were talking so!

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom too;
It wants a loving spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
For others by his love.

DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE

BY J. D. STAVER.

DEATH, relentless and unsparing,
Daily rideth forth to slay;
Rage on all his features bearing,
Ne'er relieved by Mercy's ray.

Fierce on vacancy he grasps,
Looking mother left last night,
In his eyes fierce fury blazes,
And his brow is black as night.

On he rides with fierce abandon,
Never halting for respite;
Hurling forth his darts at random,
All unheeding where they strike.

Naught cares he for scent or essence,
For the loveliness of the strong,
So that in the race he's winner—
Heedeth none among the throng.

Beauty hath no charms to stay him,
Helpless innocence he spurns;
Vain for mercy 'tis to pray him,
To destroy he only turns.

See! those dreadful arms displaying,
Poised on high above his head,
Lightning shafts, to do the slaying
For the harvest of the dead.

In his train as he advances,
Come the scourges of mankind—
War, and pestilence, and famine,
All, his mandates seem to bind.

See he not that

No. 44, November 8 should be No. 45

No preceding, of November 1

is also No 44 !

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TO "BABY JULIA," WATCHING THE MOON.

Why so calmly lying, Julia,
Lying on thy mother's knee!
Art thou thinking, art thou dreaming,
While the moonbeams softly gleaming,
Cast their light on thee!

Does thine eye pierce farther, Julia,
Farther than to us is given!
As the angels art thou gifted!
Canst thou, where the clouds are rifted,
See thy native heaven!

Canst thou trace the moonlight, Julia,
Trace it through the summer air,
Trace it to the fairy bowers!
Dost thou catch the scent of flowers
That are blooming there!

Would that thou couldst tell us, Julia,
Tell us whether this be so!
Are there in that distant planet,
Valleys, rivers, walls of granite!
Surely thou must know.

Vain are all our efforts, Julia,
Vain—and thou alone canst see,
We had once that gift from heaven;
Now to thee the trust is given—
Stained by earth are we.

September 30, 1862.

DEAD.

"Two hands upon the breast, and labor is past."

How the shock stunned me when they said
"She's dead!" Ours only in the heartache:
To die is gain, and for her sake
Will we strive to be calm instead.
Why do my tears flow on! She's dead.

Sweet soul, whose loss we mourn to-day,
Thou truest friend, of gentlest heart,
Many for whom thou hast healed the smart,
Hiding thine own woes all away,
Look lovingly upon thy clay.

All beautiful and tender things
Blent with us if a part of thee,
Reflecting what thy love might be
In most exalted mindstrings.
To-day, the bride of Christ, she sings!

So faithful who on earth have been,
So meekly still on earth to stay,
How welcome near the throne are they,
The life eternal to begin!
How beautiful the crown they win!

The Christ to her hath made it plain,
That song of Sabbath evening's breath,
"By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal blessed gain:
For ever with the Lord! Amen!"

P. G. T.

For the Christian Recorder.

COLORED SCHOOLS.

We are in the midst of a mighty revolution. The fierce and bitter contest between freedom and despotism shakes the continent. The result will, to a great degree, shape the destinies of nations yet unborn. More than those of any other nation or class of people on the globe, are our interests and liberties at stake. Can we be idle spectators at such a crisis? Let us continually beseech God to put forth his strong arm in behalf of the oppressed and down-trodden; and let us do all within our power to accomplish that for which we pray At this time more than at any previous time, should our schools be well conducted and filled to overflowing. A new era is dawning upon us. Our sons and daughters are to act in nobler spheres; are to move in higher circles. To imagine that they can act well the part that will be assigned them without a well cultivated and fully developed mind, is in the highest degree nonsensical The rising generation must not be permitted, or rather compelled to grope their way through the midnight darkness of ignorance, inactivity and superstition. The condition of our country, generations from far off periods in the future, justice, humanity and God, all unitedly demand that they be educated.

The colored teachers of Ohio are taking hold of the work in earnest. In 1860 they convened at Xenia and formed the Teachers' Association. Their first annual meeting was held at Springfield in 1862. The next meeting will be held in Cincinnati, commencing on the 25th of December, and will continue in session three days. The object of this Association is nothing less than the elevation of our oppressed and down-trodden people, and the education of Ohio's 14 000 colored youth. The work is a vast one, yet willing hearts and strong hands can do it. Already the number of colored schools in Ohio is 168; the number of colored teachers, 190. During the last eight or ten years the number of our schools and the number of our teachers has rapidly increased. Our schools are now better organized and better attended; our teachers are better qualified and more in earnest.

Let us strive, we intend to bring our schools up to a higher standard. The 14,000 colored youth of Ohio must be educated, yes, and all the colored youth of our country.

Cincinnati, Ohio J. G. MITCHELL.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR:—To snatch a feather from the wing of time with which to record a few passing events, and bid hush all bothering distractions till the work is executed, would not, I think, be out of place. The wheels of life must ever and anon revolve till touched by the chilly waters of death. And while they revolvingly speed their way through time's changing cycles, the greatest possible use must be levied upon its immunities. The best use must be made of the best advantages, and there is nothing ever offers itself at all times more favorably than the grace of God. In whatever condition or in whatever circumstance an individual may be placed, the great saving element is needful. In health it is a protection from the ungodly acts of the world; in sickness, a solace more comforting than can be obtained from the perishable objects of all sublunary things; in death, a sure protection from the anger of an incensed God, or the thundering denunciations of the judgment. With this heaven-donated virtue, the children of Immanuel are ever garrisoned and fortressed against every assailing danger. Hell's raging billows may roll and dash only to fall shattered at their feet, but stationed upon the mount of protection, they are insured against whatever may oppose.

Several Catholic sisters have been holding a festival this week for the benefit of the contrabands. I am informed they were largely patronized. It is a glorious thing that no denominational differences exist in regard to the contrabands, but every one appears to work regardless of sect. Rev. Caleb Woodyard, pastor of Second Baptist Church, has also a very fine festival going on in his church. Several of the industrious sisters of said church are holding up his hands pecuniarily, like sisters indeed. Rev. Woodyard is very much beloved by his congregation, and has a crowded church at all times. He has taken in some thirty-five members within five months.

The Quarterly Meeting of Rev. Jas. A. Handy came off last Sabbath, but owing to its being a rainy day, few persons were out

Rev. David Smith is still in the city, and has an extensive medical practice. I am informed that he is coining the dimes to his own desire. The Israel Lyceum, lately organized, is prospering flatteringly. The genius displayed by some young men that might have been considered raw material is astounding. It bids fair to be one of the noblest institutions ever connected with that church.

There is great complaint in high circles against the slow movements of General McClellan. I am informed that even members of the Cabinet are disgusted.

They have been holding a week's meeting in Israel Church, which was attended with evidences of God's approval H. M. T.

Washington, Nov. 1st, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder

DEAR EDITOR:—Please allow me a small space in your columns for a few lines in regard to some matters that have appeared in print, about the colonization of the colored people in Central America, or any other place, and as that has come to be one of the great questions of the day, and some of the colored people seem to be greatly alarmed at President Lincoln's scheme, let me tell them not to be alarmed, as they can use their own pleasure about going, and there will be no compulsion in the matter, and that the President only wishes those to go that are willing, and that are the proper persons to found a colony, men that have become tired of being foot-balls for the white man, those who have become weary of working for other people, and feel like doing something for themselves; last of all, those who feel themselves degraded, and are sick of hearing their wives and daughters slandered and insulted on the highways, and feel their position; those who are willing to sacrifice their lives for a better home, if such can be found. Such are the kind of men to found a colony in a foreign land, and if successful in their undertaking, will be treasured in the hearts of their countrymen as a Columbus or a Washington; but those that are satisfied with their present condition let them remain as they are; we have no objection, but for myself, I intend to seek a better position. Had we done so long ago, we would have been at the present time like other happy nations, for instance Liberia; but what are we now? Nothing, not even respected by our own people; let us try and make ourselves respected. Thousands are coming North daily, supposing they are free; but I see no free men of color in this country, no, not one to-day. God looks for a work from us, and if we remain idle, what can we hope to have done? We can never expect to become a great people. It is our duty to lay hold of this colonization scheme and carry it through to the end, and see what we can accomplish through the means offered to us. Let the people see we have the energy to accomplish the work set before us. Will we let Congress give us $5000, and make no effort to see what benefit can be derived from it? They say, what will be done with the negroes? Let them go where there will be equality, and they will act for themselves; and if every man of color feels the same as I do upon the subject, they will join heart and hands in building up a country where we can enjoy liberty to the utmost extent.

The administration has done all it can for us; furnished us with money, freed all the slaves; now let us delay at nothing, and show our pride as a people, and take hold of all that is given to us and build up a home for thousands of our brothers who have no place to lay their heads. We have worked long enough, as our fathers before us for other people; and if we love our wives, families and liberty, let us make one great effort to place ourselves in a better position, and delay is no longer.

We are certain the President has no wish to harm us by this colonization scheme; but instead of giving us $5000, and sending us to Central America, he could send us to the battle-field. This is my birth place, and I dislike to leave it, but for the precious boon of freedom, I will dare even death. Such are the kind of men that are going to found a colony W. C. D.

Newport, R. I. Nov. 1st, 1862.

POVERTY.

Bulwer says that poverty is only an idea, in nine cases out of ten. Some men with ten thousand dollars a year suffer more for want of means than others with three hundred. The reason is, the richer man has artificial wants. His income is ten thousand dollars, and by habit he spends twelve or fifteen thousand, and he suffers enough from being dunned for unpaid debts to kill a sensitive man. A man who earns a dollar a day and does not run in debt, is the happier of the two Very few people who have never been rich will believe this, but it is true as God's word. There are people, of course, who are wealthy, and enjoy their wealth, but there are thousands upon thousands with princely incomes, who never know a moment's peace, because they live above their means. There is really more happiness in the world among working people than among those who are called rich.

THE DUTY OF SMILING

How often do we see conscientious men, full of charity, seeking out objects of want, and bestowing them, whose deeds of beneficence are known only to the recipients and to God, and yet who are regarded as austere. These men have far less influence than they who are not their equals in intelligence and virtue. Whence? Mainly from the fact that they seldom smile—courteous in greeting acquaintances, and expressing in words their pleasure at their approach, but upon whose lips a smile is seldom found. Thus men misapprehend their character, and their influence is seriously impaired.

We infer the duty of smiling, having reference to the muscles of the face as well as to the feelings of the heart.

Should a man hypocritically smile when he does not feel like it? He should feel like it, and should do it when he meets his fellow-men in the ordinary intercourse of life.

From the Lutheran and Missionary

THE METRES OF HYMNS.

It is not an accidental nor unimportant matter, into what metre a hymn is thrown. The outward form has much to do with the inward life; and if

"Rhymes the rudders are of verses,
Of which, like ships, they steer the courses,"

it is no less true that the metrical form and structure exert a mighty influence on the thoughts and feelings which are committed to their keeping, and contribute much towards the result which stands before the eye and mind. It may have been a serious question with many a poet, whether he should throw his epic into heroic or blank verse, into the Spenserian stanza or Hexameters: and the success of the experiment has often depended on the justness of the choice. For each form of verse has a character of its own; and in proportion as that character harmonizes with, and is fitted to express the spirit and matter of the ideas in hand, will those ideas appear to best advantage, and be developed to their highest possible perfection. This applies not less to Lyric Poetry than to more ambitious sorts; and among the different kinds of lyric poetry, to Hymnic, the most important and clearly defined of all. The scope and object of Hymnic Poetry limit it necessarily to certain special forms of metre; yet among these forms there is great number and variety. The loose liveliness of many song and ballad measures is unsuited to sacred themes; and utility excludes the irregular rhythm of the ode. Yet within the boundaries of decorous, fitting, and regular rhythm, we shall find abundant supply for all the wants of the Church; and a column or two will not be wasted, devoted to the survey of the Metres in which Hymns are written, examining, as we go, the characteristics, merits, and aptitudes of the several measures.

IAMBIC METRES. (⏑ –)

By far the greater number of hymns are built on the foot called Iambus, comprising a long and a short syllable. Of this are composed all the Regular Metres, and some dozen of those called Particular, several of them old and familiar, others less known and used Of this sort are the ancient versions of the Psalms; all the hymns of Watts and Doddridge (with two exceptions, to be noticed hereafter;) nearly everything in Hymnology, until the time of Charles Wesley and the great Methodist revival, both in religion and sacred poetry; and since that day, the productions of those who closely follow the example of Dr Watts The Iambus has been generally regarded as the foot most suited to the needs of Church song; and its metres form the solid, sober, staid portion of our Hymnologic possessions, and are thus definite, because it is better to be so Much trouble would be avoided by an acquaintance with the nature, structure, and relations of the different measures, and by calling them by their right names. Much ignorance or carelessness exists in Hymn books in this respect. The old practice of designating everything not Long, Common, or Short, by one sweeping title of Particular Metre, is scarcely better than no notation at all. [Not much more satisfactory is the habit, in some modern Hymn books, of marking Common Peculiar Metre (C. P. M.) as 8, 8, 6; Long Metre, 6 lines, as, 8s; and the like.] Such errors produce, rather than save confusion. A little knowledge of Prosody would bear valuable accomplishment, which most choirs lack. To look slightly into the principles of things would help greatly in choosing and adapting tunes, and prevent many a blunder and many a confession of incompetency. But to our subject.

LONG METRE

is neither the oldest, the most popular, nor the most useful of measures, yet it is somehow regarded as the chief. A verse of four lines, each one comprising four Iambuses, or eight syllables, alternately short and long. That is the whole philosophy of it, yet how many singers know so much! We have many more Hymns and Tunes in long metre than are needed. The truth is, it is the most difficult of measures to write acceptably in. A versifier of mediocre talent, writing under no special inspiration, can take no surer way of downing his production to obscurity and uselessness, than by putting it in Long Metre. A hymn must have some remarkable merit—must be eminently earnest, touching, graceful, or dignified, to be tolerable in Long Metre. Otherwise, verses which might be respectable in Common or Short Measure, will be heavy, lifeless, and unfit to sing For examples of this, we need look no farther than our own Hymn book. If neither gods nor men will tolerate mediocrity in poetry at large, still less can it be allowed in Long Metre. Often a hymn has been visibly improved, and fitted for use, by striking out two syllables in the 2d and 4th lines, and so changing it from L. M. to C. M.

Yet for some purposes the measure is admirably suited For solemn strains of praise it is unsurpassed. Nothing is nobler or more appreciated than the notes of Old Hundred, joined to "Before Jehovah's lofty throne," or to Bishop Ken's famous Doxology. Dr Watts was the greatest master of this form of verse; and some of his Psalms, in it, are models of majesty and compact strength of language: we feel that no other measure could have answered the end so well. But Dr. Watts was unrivalled in that kind of poetical power; and even he fell often, and generally, far below his own standard. Dr. Doddridge's Long Metre hymns are mostly heavy; and few, by lesser men, possess the dignity and force which make the peculiar glory of Long Metre.

There is another lesser excellence of Long Metres. It is favorable to the expression of quiet, sober, devotional thought. Narrative, experimental, and meditative hymns have been written in it, with great success; for instance, "Return, my roving heart, return;" "Far from thy fold, O God, my feet." Charles Wesley also has used this measure for several most earnest petitions, in his own peculiar and inimitable manner. I annex examples of some of the two sorts of excellence; they are totally distinct, yet each is perfect of its kind They are from Watts and Wesley:

"Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in His praise,
His nature and His works invite
To sacred pleasure and delight."

"I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art:
I ever into ruin run;
But thou art greater than my heart."

It should be said, that that kind of Long Metre which rhymes by couplets, (except first example above,) is, as a rule, more lyrical than the other, where the rhyme is by alternate lines. And as we leave Long Metre: an instrument hard to play on, but in the hands of one skilled by art and nature, capable of discoursing excellent music.

COMMON METRE

is preferable to the last, by being more familiar to every experience and comprehension, more natural, and more easily sung It is the favorite metre of the Psalms, designed for general use In Rouse, especially, (the Scotch Kirk's version,) [illegible] (who died 1691,) and the few others prior to Watts, are mostly written in Common Metre; and it will doubtless keep its place, while the Church sings on earth, as the most standard, popular, largely used of measures. If we had no other, this possesses such melody and such variety, that it might be all things in itself. Its capacities are infinite; its excellencies are not of a single sort, but catholic and comprehensive. To every mood of mind, to every subject and style of sacred song, it adapts itself with a natural grace which makes it a pleasure either to read or sing. Doctrine, meditation, confession, praise and prayer are alike at home in it The various thoughts and feelings of a Christian mind in view of all subjects, sad, solemn or joyful—the vast range of experience, from the humble petition of a convicted sinner to the rhapsodies of ecstatic faith, can all be, and have all been expressed in the sweet and simple rhythm of Common Metre, as if that were their natural language. Among all the metres, it is the acknowledged stand-by. We cannot soon exhaust the excellent hymns and tunes which it comprises. Everybody knows "Come, Holy Spirit," "There is a fountain," "When I can read my title clear." There are few people who cannot sing Ortonville, Dundee, Ilaleraa. There is no instrument for the praise of God more precious than Common Metre.

But, as with all familiar blessings, we scarcely understand its value. Its metrical structure is so simple, that we seldom notice its admirable adaptedness to serve the purpose of sweet sounds. In fact, the measure is as musical, that he must be a poor rhymster—a mere machine poet—who cannot write smoothly and harmoniously in it. Dr. Doddridge had no ear for music, but he produced some hymns of consummate melody in Common Metre. Secular poets have used it with eminent success; many of our finest ballads and most elegant lyrics are in it; and any Hymn book will show specimens of no less perfection. Bishop Heber wrote in this measure with great elegance; and Charles Wesley used it with a master's hand. From many verses of the latter, flowing with equal grace, we give the following:

"Thy goodness and thy truth, to me,
To every soul, abound,
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.
Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store,
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore."

SHORT METRE

has, I think, not been appreciated. The number of its hymns and tunes is considerably less than that of either Long Metre or Common Metre; yet it has more to recommend it than the first, while its capacities are not much inferior to those of the latter Like Common Metre, it is fitted alike for themes of mourning and rejoicing, of self-communing and of praise. But its peculiarity arises from the unevenness of the lines, and consists in a certain swelling and march of rhythm, which reaches its climax at the end of every verse It may be easily seen how this differs from the even stateliness of the lines in Long Metre, and from the regular melody of the couplets in Common Metre This circumstance makes the measure especially fit for hymns of joy, triumph, and praise, such as "Come, ye that love the Lord," "Awake, and sing the song," and one less known, of Kelly's:

"From Egypt lately come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
In hopes a rest to gain."

Continued through a whole hymn, the repeated effect becomes marked and impressive.

Short Metre is abundant, also, in hymns of a quieter class. Beddome excelled in largely for his unpretentious, epigrammatic lyrics, among them, "Did Christ o'er sinners weep!" and "Heirs of unending life." That it is very favorable to the language of self-examination and exhortation, may appear from the prevalence of such hymns as "A charge to keep I have," "My soul, be on thy guard," "And am I born to die?" Nor less so—to earnest, touching devotion, whether joyous or mournful—"My God, my life, my love," "Behold, the amazing sight!"

In all its uses it is an eminently lyrical measure, and its few fine tunes are very fine. It is nearly allied to Hallelujah Metre, and stands, as it were, on the border land between so called Regular and Peculiar Metres. PSYCHUS.

MILITARY AFFAIRS AMONG THE ANCIENT HEBREWS.

NO. I

THE ENROLMENT—EXEMPTIONS—DRAFT

At the present time, when so many of our countrymen, including a large number of our church members, have been called upon to bear arms, military affairs have assumed an unusual importance. The quiet current of our country's progress has been lashed into rage by the terrible things that are occurring. Men are looking into each other's faces with bewilderment, and anxiously awaiting the news of each day to hear of some happy change in the tide of events, which may afford some prospect of returning peace An unparalleled number of volunteers have given themselves cheerfully to the service of their country, and now the military draft is laying compulsion on many who respond with reluctant hearts. In this state of affairs, I have been led to consult "The Record," and have found, as Solomon long ago remarked, that there is nothing new under the sun The things that fill our minds with so much amazement are the same that have been of old

War is undoubtedly one of the very worst evils But experience has shown it to be a necessary evil. The great results of Providence have been wrought out by the antagonism of opposing forces There is, in the very conditions of their existence, a continual conflict of knowledge with ignorance, of science with superstition, and of the Church with the world. Peace or compromise in either of these cases, would arrest the world's progress, and prove the saddest of all calamities to the race.

There can be no question about the divine approval of war in necessary cases. Self-preservation is the first law of nature. Hence resistance is a duty where escape from the violence or oppression of an enemy is impossible This voice of nature finds its response in the war-trumpet of revelation. The wars against the Canaanites were expressly enjoined. Some of the best men whose names are on record were men of war. Even Abraham armed his trained servants to capture an invader. Gen. xiv. 14–16. Joshua was the hero of many battles. Gideon and Barak were armed with faith and the sword at the same time. Heb. xi. 32 David, whose whole life was a warfare, thanked the Lord for teaching his hands to war. Ps. xviii. 34.

Among the ancient Hebrews there was no regular army. By this I mean that there was no class who made war their business. They depended wholly on the militia, who were called out in cases of emergency As soon as the war closed, the entire force was disbanded. The first mention of an army in time of peace, was that of Saul, who kept two thousand men for his body guard, and one thousand for his son Jonathan. 1 Sam. xiii. 1, 2. David had two bands, called the Chorethites and Pelethites, which, according to Josephus, were his guards. In a later age, large armies were kept even in times of peace.

The enrollment, (of which we have a full account in the first chapter of Numbers,) included all the males of twenty years and upwards. One who had exceeded fifty years, could obtain his release The tribes and families were enrolled separately. Several classes were exempt

1 The whole tribe of Levi was left out of enrollment Those on the ground of their special appointment to the service of the tabernacle They were not, however, wholly excluded from [illegible] Speed of their wives' families as musicians, Num. x. 9, 10; and their special work was to blow the trumpet when the army moved into battle. In case the ark of the covenant was taken into battle, it was their duty to carry it. There is one case of great emergency in which they were armed, and posted as guards around the king's house. 2 Chron. xxiii 5–7. There are individual cases in which the sons of priests even became eminent in war. Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada, was appointed chief of the army by Solomon, in place of Joab whom he slew with his own hand. 1 Kings ii. 29–35. The manner in which this transaction is recorded, leads to the belief that it was no unusual thing for members of the priesthood to serve in the army. Yet, as a class, there is no doubt about the priesthood being exempt from military duty

2 If any man had builded a new house, which he had not yet occupied, he enjoyed a temporary exemption. From the title of the thirtieth Psalm, it was evidently the custom to consecrate a new dwelling with religious ceremonies, previous to its occupancy. This was a very appropriate service, designed to secure the divine blessing on the household God honored this custom so far as not even to allow the exigencies of war to interfere with its observance. An important effect of this exemption, besides its tender benevolence and encouragement to piety, would be to encourage improvement by stimulating the Hebrew youth to erect for themselves permanent homes. By this arrangement they ran no risk of leaving a house unfinished, or of leaving their families without shelter during their absence, or homeless in case they fell in battle.

3 In like manner, if any man had planted a vine or oliveyard, and had not yet eaten of its fruit, he was exempt. This arrangement had a similar foundation with the above. It had reference to the feelings of the proprietor, and also to the wants of his family. The tender vines and olive plants, upon which the support of the household depended, needed special attention No man need be deterred from planting a vineyard, under apprehension of being called to war before it had matured some fruit.

4. The man who had betrothed a wife and had not married, was exempt; also the newly married man for one year after his marriage. The Hebrews considered it a religious duty to rear offspring, and hence their laws, in various ways, encouraged marriage. Besides, it was the custom of the age to regard separation soon after marriage as deeply afflicting. Homer represents the case of Protesilaus as distressing almost beyond endurance, when obliged to go to the Trojan war, leaving his wife in tears and house unfinished.

5. The fearful and faint-hearted were allowed to return of their own accord. This regulation had in view the efficiency of the army. Much of the fighting was done hand to hand The result depended not so much on numbers, as desperate valor. The timidity of cowards would embolden the adversary, and occasion the risk of a panic Hence it is not unusual in ancient warfare to find one man putting to flight a company, or a few brave spirits chasing a whole army Three of David's captains broke through the whole host of the Philistines 1 Chron xi 14. Sometimes one could literally chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight. Deut xxxii. 30 So we read in Homer, that Achilles and Hector, by individual prowess, sometimes drove whole squadrons Goliath, the Philistine, was regarded with terror by the entire army of Israel, from which they were relieved only by the personal valor of David. Sometimes a large portion of the army returned to their homes under this rule. Of thirty-two thousand, only ten thousand remained to fight the Midianites under Gideon. Judges vii 3 But this purging of the ranks only made victory the more certain.

The enrolled militia were required to hold themselves in readiness for service at all times. In cases of great emergency—as when the country was invaded by a powerful foe—the whole force, or at least all in the immediate vicinity of the enemy, was called out. But ordinarily, a part only were *selected*. There was no such thing as a *levy*, or *draft* by lot. The best material for the army was taken. Joshua fought the Amalekites with *chosen men*. Ex. vii 9, 10. And this was no exceptional case. The law did not regard equality of rights or obligations on the part of citizens, but the public safety. The same custom prevailed among the Romans. If it prevailed to a greater extent with us, our armies would be far more efficient, our hospitals would have fewer patients, and the list of mortality would be wonderfully curtailed. A. E.

WRESTLING JACOB

Come, O thou traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee;
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell thee who I am,
My misery and sin declare:
Thyself hast called me by my name;
Look on thy hands and read it there:
But who, I ask thee, who art Thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

In vain thou struggle to get free,
I never will unloose my hold;
Art thou the man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell,
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

What tho' my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak then I am strong:
And when my all of strength doth fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail

Yield to me now, for I am weak;
But confident in self-despair
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer:
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name is love.

'Tis love! 'tis love! thou diedst for me!
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal love thou art:
To me, to all, thy bowels move,
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

THE ARREST OF DR. HAY.

Extended as the following notice is, we think it will be read with great interest. We extract it from the *Harrisburgh Daily Telegraph*, Oct. 30th

The illegal arrest of Rev. Dr. Hay—its cause—the hearing—honorable discharge

We have already announced that the Rev. Dr. Charles A. Hay, minister of the First Lutheran church in this city, had been illegally taken from his home on Tuesday morning, on the strength of telegraphic despatch from Gen. Wool to Gen. Wilson, asking the Provost Marshal to secure Dr. Hay and bring him at once under guard to his headquarters in Baltimore. In obedience to the despatch, Marshal Kleckner arrested Dr Hay on Monday evening, placing guard inside of his residence, and also one on the outer door. The Rev. Dr had been engaged to perform the funeral services of one of our oldest and most respectable ladies, Mrs. Judge Hummel, on Tuesday morning, but he managed to send word to Mr. William M Kerr, president of the Harrisburgh Bank, and son-in-law of the deceased, that he would be unable to attend, and that he was held a prisoner. Mr Kerr, who is well known to every man in this city as one of the most upright and loyal men in the country, made an attempt to have an interview with Dr. Hay, but he was not permitted to see him, nor would the guard accompany him so that he might hear all the conversation. Dr Hay was treated worse than a criminal guilty of a high offence.

The writer of this article saw Dr. Hay but a few minutes before the cars started, and upon examination of the paper on which the arrest was made, it was discovered at once that the whole proceeding was illegal, since by an express order of the War Department, it has been ordered that no person should be arrested unless by authority from the War Department direct, or the Judge Advocate, General Turner.—Dr. Hay, however, perfectly conscious that no offence had been committed, and acting as a loyal citizen, who would suffer any privation for the sake of supporting the government, submitted to this tyrannical proceeding, and accompanied the guard to Baltimore.

Before, however, we give the proceeding had before Gen. Wool, we will narrate the offence which Dr. Hay committed, in the judgment of the General, and for which he was summoned hence to answer.

During a late visit to Baltimore he met with the wife of one of the leading merchants in that city, who boastingly told him how those who openly sympathise with secessionists in Baltimore were permitted to take sick rebel prisoners captured in battle, to their homes, and quarter them among their friends, and that quite a rivalry existed among them to honor the rebel sick and wounded. This, of course, mortified Dr. Hay most extremely. It was almost too much for a man who had devoted day and night to the care of the sick Union soldiers, to hear, and knowing the lady intimately as truthful, he left that city with a sad heart, deploring that it could be possible that secessionists of Baltimore can nurse the sick rebels while our own Union soldiers are left to the tender care of hospital nurses.

Dr. Hay found upon reaching home that Rev. Dr. Lochman, a highly respectable and loyal clergyman of York, had made several applications to the Surgeon General, asking for the transfer of a loyal sick soldier from Camp Curtin Hospital to the hospital at York, so that his friends and relatives might minister to the sick soldier at home. This reasonable request had been denied to a loyal man who had been fighting and bleeding for his country. Feeling indignant at this contrast between the treatment of the rebel and loyal soldiers, he wrote the following card:

EDITOR OF THE TELEGRAPH:—I have just returned from Baltimore. Whilst there I fell in with a lady of well-known secession proclivities, who boasted of having brought away from Fort McHenry, by *permission of General Wool*, four of the wounded prisoners lately transferred from Frederick. I inquired if they were in any of the Baltimore hospitals "No, they are in the hands of OUR FRIENDS. A dozen ladies scrambled for them, but I had already promised them to others, and they are well cared for"

Now I wish to call public attention to this fact, which speaks for itself. Would the same General allow similar privileges to loyal ladies in behalf of loyal soldiers?

CHARLES A. HAY.

Harrisburgh, Oct. 24th, 1862.

Dr. Hay arrived at Baltimore at one o'clock, and was ushered at once into the Headquarters of General Wool. After waiting some time, the General appeared seemingly very much excited, and after examining several papers lying on his table, he accused Dr Hay with being the writer of different articles published in the *Baltimore American*, remarking at the same time that "they were all a pack of lies."

Dr. Hay replied coolly that he had never written anything for that paper

Gen. Wool then remarked that an article had been published over his own signature, at the same time still hunting in great excitement over his papers, but unable to find the article in question.

Dr. Hay then stated that he had published an article in the Harrisburgh paper, at the same time handing him the article cut from the TELEGRAPH.

Gen. Wool took the slip, read it, pacing up and down the room, and stating that "it was a pack of lies."

Dr. Hay answered coolly that he was not in the habit of telling lies.

After this conversation Dr. Hay gave a full history of the transactions at Camp Curtin, and of his visit to Baltimore, giving the author of the fact that secession prisoners had been taken from the fort and quartered among the secessionists of Baltimore

Gen. Wool stated that he had an official account of the transactions at Fort McHenry before him, but insisted that Dr. Hay had been wrong in stating that he had given permission to take these secession prisoners from the Fort, at the same time not denying that this had been done by the commander of the Fort. Gen. Wool read from the official report of Gen. Morris concerning the disturbances there, which corroborated many of the statements of Dr. Hay's informant, and satisfied him that the General to whom the lady referred was not Gen Wool

Dr Hay saw after this explanation that the deed had not been directly committed by Gen. Wool, yet it was done under his command, and he was responsible for it. He told the General at once that he had no hesitation in saying publicly that he had been in error in regard to the person granting such permission

This seemed to satisfy the General, who had no doubt heard of some in connexion with the affair, and he thereupon discharged Dr. Hay without condition

This illegal arrest and examination has ended in failing to disprove the fact that some one under the *control of Gen. Wool*, had permitted four secession prisoners to be taken from the Fort and quartered among secessionists in Baltimore, which privilege has been denied to Union soldiers. We are therefore glad that an opportunity has been given to investigate this matter, and we have no doubt, that the illegal arrest of Dr. Hay will bring about the discharge of incompetent officers (to use the mildest term,) and arrest abuses in the department of Gen. Wool, which have grown almost insufferable to loyal men.

The Baltimore papers have not been quiet on this subject, and it seems strange indeed, that Gen. Wool should find it necessary to arrest innocent men in the country, when he could find persons nearer home The following extract on the military management in Baltimore, we copy from the *American* of Monday last.

The *Union men* of this city know that they are a *power, able, without the aid of a bayonet from a neighboring State, to protect themselves and to put treason at a discount;* and may not much longer tolerate the growth of evils so dangerous to their peace, as the *poisonous Upas tree* to whose root the axe should be laid, and to destroy which *the work is being urged*

It is time, then, that the *Government* and the *country* should know that the loyal men of this city will not much longer patiently bear those grievances, and that they *desire and demand* such an administration of affairs here as will give them confidence in the *discretion* and *patriotism* of those having military authority in this department

Gov. Curtin telegraphed at once, when he ascertained the arrest of Dr Hay, to the War Department asking his immediate release — Secretary Stanton answered promptly that no authority had been given for such arrest, and desired to know by whom it was ordered.—This shows clearly that the whole responsibility rests upon Gen. Wool, and that he will have to answer for his conduct to a higher power. The Administration is not in the least to blame, and it was done without its knowledge. The whole matter will be laid before the War Department, and somebody discover that, however they may set the tyrant over a sick soldier and discharge rebel prisoners, they will not be permitted to drag loyal and better men from their homes with impunity

UGLY INSECTS.

"The sage, and the beetle at his feet, have each ministrations to perform."—TUPPER.

Oh, term not insects "ugly!"
There never yet was one
Of God's created creatures,
Since earth from chaos sprung,
But that possessed beauty,
Or proved a purpose wise;
So think of Him who made them,
And ne'er their form despise.

Ants are endowed with instinct
So wonderfully great,
That men, with reason gifted,
Might them their models make,
In various daily matters
Pertaining to this earth;
For industry and foresight
Are traits of sterling worth.

There's beauty in the beetle—
Look at his burnished wing;
And usefulness—he clears the ground
Of many a nauseous thing.
And as he aids to till the soil;
Thus we should ne'er condemn
His form as "ugly," nor forget
The good he does for men.

The earthworm is not lovely
To look upon, I ween,
But many a serious lesson
We from a worm may glean.
Did we but rightly ponder
That sad yet true decree—
"The worm, she is thy sister,"
How humble we should be!

Then call not insects "ugly,"
For God has made them all:
The huge, gigantic white ant,
And ladybird so small.
They all possess some virtue,
Are objects of His love,
Who says that not a sparrow falls
Unknown to God above.

ENGLISH WOMEN.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

I have heard a good deal of the tenacity with which English ladies retain their personal beauty to a late period of life; but (not to suggest that an American eye needs use and cultivation before it can quite appreciate the charm of English beauty at any age) it strikes me that an English lady of fifty is apt to become a creature less refined and delicate, *so far as* physique goes, than anything that we Western people class under the name of woman. She has an awful ponderosity of frame, not pulpy, like the looser development of our few fat women, but massive with solid beef and streaky tallow; so that (though struggling manfully against the idea) you inevitably think of her as made up of steaks and sirloins. When she walks, her advance is elephantine. When she sits down, it is on a great round space of her Maker's footstool, where she looks if nothing could ever move her She imposes awe and respect by the muchness of her personality, to such a degree that you probably credit her with far greater moral and intellectual force than she can fairly claim. Her visage is usually grim and stern, not always positively forbidding, yet saleny terrible, not merely by its breadth and weight of feature, but because it seems to express so much well-founded self-reliance, such acquaintance with the world, its toils, troubles, and dangers, and such sturdy capacity for trampling down a foe. Without anything positively salient, or actively offensive, or, indeed, unjustly formidable to her neighbors, she has the effect of a seventy-four gun-ship in time of peace; for, while you assure yourself that there is no real danger, you cannot help thinking how tremendous would be her onset, if preposterously inclined, and how futile the effort to inflict any counter-injury. She certainly looks tenfold—nay, a hundredfold—better able to take care of herself than our slender-framed and haggard womankind; but I have not found reason to suppose that the English dowager of fifty has actually greater courage, fortitude, and strength of character than our women of similar age, or even a tougher physical endurance than they. Morally, she is strong, I suspect only in society, and in the common routine of social affairs, and would be found powerless and timid in any exceptional strait that might call for energy outside of the conventionalities amid which she has grown up.

You can meet this figure in the street, and live, and even smile at the recollection. But conceive of her in a ball-room, with the bare, brawny arms that she invariably displays there, and all the other corresponding development, such as is beautiful in the maiden blossom, but a spectacle to howl at in such an over-blown cabbage-rose as this.

NARCOTICS.

THE *North-American Review* for October contains a valuable article on Narcotics. We shall do our readers a service by presenting some of its most important facts in a popular form. The use of narcotics is universal. Every people—from the savage, sunk in the lowest depths of pagan barbarism, to the highly enlightened Christian—has its favorite weed or gum, which is chewed or smoked for the purpose of producing that dreamy state in which

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, November 8, 1862.

NOTICE

TO THE DISTRICTS OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW ENGLAND, OHIO, INDIANA, AND MISSOURI, OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH MINISTERS.

Dear Brethren:—As we have a number of superannuated ministers on the list in said Districts, therefore it will be expected that the ministers and preachers, on their circuits and stations, will do all they can to collect the *two cent money;* and we also recommend that the Class leaders be instructed to collect and set the amount on the Class book opposite each member's name, as also all the collections called, per Discipline, for the Annual Conference, and publish the same once every quarter, that it may be seen who they are that work for God and his cause. We think it is time to give credit to those of our people who do work, so that God's name may be glorified.

NOTICE.

Philadelphia, Nov. 1, 1862.

The following named elders are hereby notified to meet in the basement of Bethel A. M. E Church, on the 11th of this month, at 9 o'clock, A. M., to attend to the business assigned them by the last Annual Conference of this district in the case of Rev. Wm. James Fuller.

Rev. Joshua Woodlin.
" Richard Robinson.
" Peter Gardiner.
" Stephen Smith.
" Richard Barney.
" James Hollon.

HENRY DAVIS, Chairman.

NOTICE.

To the Executive Committee of the Book Concern of the A. M. E. Church:

You will please take notice that you are hereby notified to meet in the city of Philadelphia, on the 13th of November, 1862.

I make this announcement in order to save expenses, as the Sabbath School Association meets here on the 12th.

ELISHA WEAVER,
General Book Steward and Editor.

PROTRACTED MEETING.

Rev. J. P. Campbell, of Bethel Church, Philadelphia, is holding a series of meetings. There seems to be quite an interest manifested. The Lord grant that it may continue, for it is much needed in Philadelphia.

Quarterly Meeting at Deep Valley, Nov. 16th. Quarterly Conference at Patville on the 21st; at Reading, the 28th; at Downingtown, Jan. 5th; at Centerville on the 12th; at Bardsburgh on the 19th. JEREMIAH BULAUGH.

We have had our annual meeting for the election of officers for the Social, Civil and Statistical Association, on last Monday night, the result of which may be seen in another place. The Episcopal Church, St. Thomas', in Fifth street, have been holding evening meetings for every evening this week, Saturday excepted. Rev. Wm. Alston, of New York, is expected to take charge of St. Thomas' Church. We congratulate our old North Carolina friend upon entering upon his ardrous duty as a man of God.

LECTURES.

We propose to deliver some Lectures this fall and winter. The first one we shall deliver will be to the mothers of Philadelphia, at which time and place we want to see a full house. The subject ought to interest every feeling and thinking mother, for the welfare of her sons and daughters. We will announce the time and place of the first one.—ED.

PERSONAL.

Philadelphia has had the presence of two of our bishops, viz., Bishop Payne and Bishop Nearey, the latter of whom is the presiding Bishop of the Philadelphia district. They both have given us their presence in our book-store. Bishop Payne is looking very well. He only spent one night and day, or two pieces of days with us, and then left for Baltimore, where he will spend two weeks, at which time he will leave for Washington city, and will spend some two weeks there. Bishop Nearey has been travelling through his diocese, an account of which may be seen in our last week's paper. This is what we like, and what we think ought to be done by every Bishop, and if so, our people would know more about the condition of the church than what they really do. Every body admires Bishop Nearey's course in visiting his people, and publishing it in the Recorder.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Received of Bishop Nearey as follows:—

Wm. Jackson,	35
J. W. Taylor,	44
Walter Hawkins,	$1 00
Rev. R. R. Disney,	1 00
Rev. L. C. Chambers,	1 00
Rev. J. H. Shreeves, of Providence, R. I.	2 00

At an Adjourned Meeting of the Social, Civil and Statistical Association, held at the Benezet Hall, Monday evening, Nov. 3d, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year.

President, ... J. C. Wears.
Vice Presidents ..... (Franklin Turner, U. B. Vidal
Recording Secretary, ... Rev. J. C. Gibbs,
Corresponding " ..... William Still.
Treasurer, ... Jacob C White.

Executive Committee.

Henry Gordon, Robert Jones,
Wm. J. Price, S. Morgan Smith,
Rev. Stephen Smith, Dr. James H. Wilson
Moses H. Wheeler.

For the Christian Recorder.

MR. EDITOR:—Having completed my tour through the Freehold circuit, and also Allentown, and found them in good condition, and the people doing well as a general thing, I left for Bordentown on the 3d of November, where I shall remain till the 17th, at which time I shall leave for Bridgeton, N. J., remaining until the 24th, and will then visit the Cape May circuit, if the elder in charge will inform me at what point to meet him, and make provision for me to travel over his circuit. I will give farther notice in the future. W NARNEY.

VISIT TO SNOW HILL, N. J

In accordance with a most cordial invitation kindly extended to us by our Christian and gentlemanly brother, Joseph Smith, we left for the above named place on the morning of Saturday last, at the hour of 4 o'clock, P M. Taking the boat at the foot of Vine Street, we crossed the swiftly-gliding waters of the noble old Delaware, and gained the Jersey shore, where we found the cars in waiting We had not long to wait. The "iron horse" soon started on his swift flight, and steamed us along the rail

In a very short time we reached a little town called Haddonfield, where we got out, expecting to meet a conveyance for brother Smith and ourself. But, from some cause, the conveyance did not arrive—probably owing to some misunderstanding concerning the appointed time Determining to make the best of the thing possible, and nothing daunted, we concluded to walk it—the distance to be travelled being only about two miles.

We did walk it, and well did we consider ourself repaid by the beautiful sights which met our eyes as we journeyed on Looming up like some beautiful vision of nature, the tall pines and wavy cedars reared their grand old tops in the face of heaven—and stretched away in the distant horizon as far as the eye could reach. The sight was sublime. Instinctively our thoughts flew back to the merry days of our boyhood, when in childish glee we trod the sandy plains of North Carolina, in the sunny South. A feeling of sadness stole over us, and we thought of the sublimity of nature and of nature's God.

Oh! but we did keenly realize the beauty of such scenery. Brethren, you can't imagine what a nice time we had of it. Brother Smith seemed quite struck with our speed as a pedestrian—for he thought that as we had resided in the city so long, we had now lost all taste for walking; but, reader, you may just imagine in your mind how readily we could move over the sloping little hills and dales, beautiful in nature—beholding the foliage, bitten by stealthy Jack Frost, and drooping sadly down in decay to mother earth, reminding us of the shortness of time, and the certainty of a never-ending eternity.

In a little while we arrived at the place known as Snow Hill, which has all the appearance of a little town. We stopped at the house of Mr and Mrs Hodge, known better by the ministers of the Philadelphia district by the name of Mamma Hodge. She is really worthy of the title, being very kind and thoughtful. There are only the two together. Friend Hodge is about 74 years old, and moves about as though he were only 45. He is quite friendly and hospitable to preachers, but we are sorry to say that he is an old, experienced backslider, of which fact he is quite sensible. His wife, Mamma Hodge, is about 55 or 60, and does all of her own work, and a considerable for other people. She is a tried worker in Zion, and a great friend to the cause of Christ and His ministry. May the good Lord bless her and her husband.

After the Saturday night's rest, we woke up on another beautiful Sabbath morning, and at the proper time we repaired to the church, which was about a quarter of a mile from Mamma Hodge's. The church, we would just say, is about forty feet long by twenty wide, with a gallery all around it. In a little while it was filled to its utmost capacity, down-stairs and up-stairs, and many could not gain admittance.

The occasion (of the morning services) was the funeral of a young sister who had departed this life. The Society of which she was a member, by the name of the F lends of Christian Union of the Thomas Anderson and J. S. Cowis Society of Fork Landing, Burlington County, New Jersey. The members were on hand, in their full regalia, and they all marched in and took their station.

We are told that this Society is one of the best in this country. And that they have over three hundred dollars in one man's hands, just to hold for them, and he only gives them a note, and no interest. We say to that Society, that if they will lend us a hundred or two dollars to operate with in our business, we will allow them interest on it, and at the same time it will be doing good in two ways—*to;* your Society and for the Church. Let us know.

But to resume our subject. Brother Smith was solicited by the Society to preach her funeral sermon, which he did, from Revelation, 20th chapter and part of 21st verse—"And there shall be no more death." It was a sermon long to be remembered. Brother Smith preached a funeral sermon to suit us, for it is not every one who can do so.

At three o'clock, according to arrangement, we met again and preached for them. A glorious time we had, rest assured, dear reader. Then after we were through we laid the claims of our paper before them. Now comes the fruits of our labors, both from our members and friends, and the Wesleyans, which we take delight in recording. The whole list are residents of Haddonfield, New Jersey, contributing as follows:

The January, 1863

Mrs. Hannah A Saddler, paid,	50
James Adams, p	50
Mary Ann Hulbert,	50
Edward Miller, p,	50
Joseph M. Johnson, p.,	1 00
Mrs. M. Ann Jackson, p.,	50
Harrison Cornelius, p.,	50
Thomas Stokely, p.,	50
Mrs. H. Lewis, p	50
Stephen Thomas, p.,	50
Isaac Butler, p	50
George Colley, p.,	50
M. L. Haney, p.,	50

Aside from this, we had taken 65 copies of the Recorder with us, which number we disposed of at 5 cents per copy without any trouble whatever; and we could have easily disposed of one hundred copies.

Now, we say to our brethren, we want you to properly lay the claims of our paper before your churches, and they will take hold;—and if you don't get them to take hold, just send for us, and announce well the fact that we are coming, and give us a fair trial, like Brother Smith has done, and we can persuade them into it. We shall be satisfied then on the part of our connexion, of whom we are but the servant and agent to transact their affairs.

In conclusion, we will say that at night Brother Smith preached again. And, we must say that, it was one of Brother Smith's strong efforts. The meeting was closed by brother Edward Miller, a preacher of the old side, a man of good head, common sense, and a Christian May the Lord bless the Snow Hill people. And on the first day of January, 1863, we hope to see the renewal of the subscription from all those, and enough to increase it to twenty—and those forty dollars will gladden our heart on opening the letter on the first of second day of January. Remember that brother Hyard is authorized to act as agent for the whole place and neighborhood of Snow Hill during our absence

THE ELECTION.

In New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Michigan, and the Western States, there are many of the Democrats who are jubilant over their apparent triumph over the Republicans, and many of the Republicans heads are hung down. But permit us to say to the Republicans, "Hold up your heads, for there is only the beginning of good times." We find the following in the Tribune:—"At Tammany Hall on last Tuesday night, Mr Elijah F. Purdy occupied the chair, and said he hoped the nigger was rid of forever. But this was not deemed sufficiently explicit by a Hibernian present, who asked—'How is the nigger now?'—to which Mr. Purdy replied, 'My noble Celt, he is dead'" We would ask that august body, when did he die? I see many of them yet, walking about as happy as a king, while there is so much said about him as a hobby-horse, and as an excuse to make capital of to prejudice the minds of the ignorant, in order to carry certain points for position, so as to run the hand down into the pocket of the Government to buy their rum and cigars, &c., and to keep from hard labor. When the time is near at hand for the office to be filled, he had been a year or more studying how he can bring up the nigger question, as they call it, and the very first start he makes is to call up the ignorant voters, and treat them to rum and brandy. This he can afford to do, for he has run the whole length of his arm into the Government funds. He turns round two or three times, and then says—"Come up, gentlemen, and have another drink." Up they step, and each one takes a long horn. Says the aspirant for the office which he has been holding the second time, "Boys, there is a woolly-headed nigger in the woodpile He wants to come on an equal footing with the white man, and if you vote for Mr. A., his object will be to put niggers above white folks. Boys, won't you have another drink? Come up, boys, I have plenty of money, for I run my arm full length into the Government's pocket the past year," &c. This is the way that a great amount of prejudice is brought to bear against the poor innocent colored man

But there is one great consolation the colored man has. While such a class of the whites spend all their days in open violation of the word of God, in trying to oppress the poor colored man, the people of color have a building not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, where none but the pure, the upright, and the honest can go So we say you may kick him out of the woodpile if you can, but you can't kick him out of heaven.

ADDRESS OF THE UNION RELIEF ASSOCIATION OF THE UNION BETHEL CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

BRETHREN AND SISTERS: We appeal to you for aid in behalf of our poor, destitute, and suffering people from the South, who have come amongst us destitute of all the comforts of life, and in the most abject poverty and want, from the hoary-headed old man and woman, to the infant at the breast. They have fled from the storm of battle, from the fire and the sword, leaving everything behind them, and after a long and tedious journey, in which they have been taxed almost beyond human exertion, and through trials most severe, have sought an asylum in our midst, with the hope of finding peace and repose from the exciting scenes of this terrible war. They have continued to come until they have increased from hundreds to thousands, and still they come, some almost naked, and many without covering or a place to rest their heads upon at night, except the cold earth, which has already produced considerable sickness among them; and unless great exertion is made for their relief, there will be the most dreadful suffering among our unhappy and disconsolate brethren that has ever been experienced in the Capital of this once peaceful and happy nation. A great deal has been done for the relief of some of them, and there are friends, both white and colored, who are doing all they can for their good, but the means at their command are too limited for them to accomplish as much as they desire in these labors of love—to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and administer those little nourishments so desirable and dear to the hospital patients, which is a pleasant duty to many benevolent and kind-hearted friends, who languish and lament the want of means for the furtherance of these objects in a more extended field of labor and a more general concert of action and aid We have organized an Association, and enclosed a copy of our constitution, hoping that it will meet your approbation, and, in the name of humanity, and the ties which bind us together in the bonds of a common brotherhood, you will give us all the aid in your power by contributing clothing for adults, or children of both sexes Bedding, or bed clothing, old or new, money, or any nourishment for the sick will be thankfully received by the Association, and faithfully applied by the Executive Committee Donations may be forwarded to the President of the Association

THOMAS E. GREEN,
No. 420 11th, between I and K Streets.
By order of the Association.

JAMES L. THOMAS,
HILLIARD BURK,
JOHN A. SIMMS, } *Committee.*

Washington, October 25, 1862.

"THEY SHALL BE MINE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SAVED FROM THE BACKWOODS."

"They shall be mine." Oh! lay them down to slumber
Calm in the strong assurance that He gives;
He calls them by their names, He knows their number,
And they shall live as surely as He lives.

"They shall be mine." Unarmed from earthly pillows,
Girt red from death's red sand, from mortal's child,
Called from the graves beneath old ocean's billows;
Called from each distant land, each scattered fold

Well might the soul, that wondrous spark of being,
Lit by His breath, clay's mate for heaven,
Stone in the circle which His love, forewoving,
Destined to glitter brightest round His throne.

But shall the dust, from earthly dust first taken,
And now long mingled with its native earth,
To life, to beauty, once again awaken!
Thrill with the rapture of a second birth!

"They shall be mine." They, as on earth we knew them,
The lips we kissed, the hands we loved to press,
Only a subtler life is living through them
Unfading youth, unchanging holiness

"They shall be mine." Children of sin and sorrow,
Give'st thou, O Lord, heaven's utmost verge to them!
No! for on earth they have the same whole heirship
An added light, a purged and costly gem!

"They shall be mine." Thought fails and fancy falters,
Striving to sound, to fathom love divine,
All that we know—no time thy promise alters,
All that we trust—shall be there

THE HOLY BIBLE is a well of truth; and faith is the vessel that draws up its refreshing waters

BELOW AND ABOVE.

Down below, the wild November whistling
Through the beech's dome of burning red,
And the Autumn sprinkling penitential
Dust and ashes on the chestnut head.

Down below, a pall of airy purple,
Darkly hanging from the mountain-side,
And the sunset from his eyebrow staring
Over the long roll of the leaden tide.

Up above, the tree with leaf unfading
By the everlasting river's brink,
And the sea of glass beyond whose margin
Never yet the sun was known to sink.

Down below, the white wings of the sea-bird
Dashed across the furrows, dark with mould,
Flying like the memories of our childhood
Through the trees, now waxen pale and old.

Down below, imaginations quivering
Through our human spirits like the wind,
Thoughts that rose, like leaves about the woodland,
Hope, like sea birds, flashed across the mind.

Up above, the host no man can number,
In white robes, a palm in every hand,
Each same work sublime for ever working
In the spacious tracts of that great land.

Up above, the thoughts that know not anguish,
Tender care, sweet love for us below,
Noble pity free from anxious terror,
Larger Love without a touch of woe.

Down below, a sad, mysterious music,
Wading through the woods and on the shore,
Burden'd with a grand majestic secret
That keeps sweeping from us evermore.

Up above, a music that entwineth
With eternal threads of golden sound,
The great poem of this strange existence,
All whose wondrous meaning hath been found.

Down below, the church in whose poor window
Glory by the autumnal trees is lent,
And a host of worshippers in mourning,
Missing some one at the sacrament

Up above, the burst of Hallelujah,
And (without the sacramental mist
Wrapped around us like a sunlit halo,)
The great vision of the face of Christ.

Down below, cold sunlight on the tombstones,
And the green, wet turf with faded flowers,
Winter-roses, once like young hopes burning,
Now beneath the ivy dripped with showers.

And the new-made grave within the churchyard,
And the white cap on that young face pale,
And the watcher, ever as it darkeneth,
Hushing to and fro with that long wail.

Up above, a crown'd and happy spirit,
Like an infant in the eternal years,
Who shall grow in love and light for ever,
Order'd in his place among his peers.

Oh the sobbing of the winds of autumn!
Oh the sunset streak of stormy gold!
Oh the poor heart, thinking in the churchyard,
Night is coming, and the grave is cold!

Oh the pale and pinch'd and sudden roses!
Oh the desolate heart, that grave above!
Oh the white cap, shaking as it darkens,
Round that shrine of memory and love!

Oh the rest forever and the rapture!
Oh the hand that wipes the tears away!
Oh the golden horses beyond the sunset,
And the hope that watches o'er the clay!

Dublin University Magazine.

THE APOSTOLIC SALUTATIONS AND BENEDICTIONS.

BY DR. A. J. OWEN.

If the patriarchal and Mosaic dispensations, serving as mere types and shadows of the good things to come, and not being the very image of those things, were yet so fraught with blessings, that patriarchs, priests, and kings were invested with official authority to bless those who waited for the word of the Lord, might we not, with reason, expect that this prerogative, or something like it, would constitute a prominent feature of the new dispensation? Was it the privilege of Moses to bless the people of God before he ascended Mount Nebo to die, and of David and Solomon to pronounce a benediction upon the great congregations convened on such occasions as the bringing of the ark to Jerusalem and the dedication of the temple; and was Paul, the servant and apostle of Jesus Christ, the High Priest of good things to come, and the mediator of a better covenant, established upon better promises, to be restricted to the simple utterance of his wish or prayer that the grace of his Divine Master might rest upon the churches which he had planted? We are slow to believe this The same line of argument which proves that the ordinance of infant baptism, resting, as it does, upon the Abrahamic covenant, and abrogated by no enactment expressed or implied, is the right and privilege *a fortiori* of those who live under a dispensation so much more ample in its covenanted blessings and mercies, demonstrates beyond a doubt, that no official prerogative, like that we are considering, belonged to the patriarchs, prophets, and kings of the Old Testament, which did not, in increased degree, belong to the apostles and evangelists of the new dispensation.

We pass, then, from the Old to the New Testament. In the very foreground is the Sermon on the Mount, the beatitudes of which cast far into the background the benedictions of the Old Testament, whether regard be had to the dignity of the one who pronounced them, or the richness and amplitude of the blessings themselves. Similar beatitudes or benedictions meet the eye throughout the gospels. "My peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you." In the spirit of this great utterance, which secures the possession of true and lasting peace to the soul of every believer, Paul, with no misgivings that he is doing something extra-official or presumptuous, announces in his salutations and benedictions, that the peace of God, through Jesus Christ, does, and ever will, abide with all true believers.

Was this an official prerogative too great to be granted to him and his fellow apostles? Did our Lord not say (Matt xvi 18,) that he "would give unto them the keys of heaven, that whatsoever they should bind on earth should be bound in heaven, and whatsoever they should loose on earth should be loosed in heaven," and did he not, when he had imparted unto them by his divine breath the Holy Ghost, also say, on another occasion John xx 22, 23,) "Whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained?" Is it an unwarrantable stretch of authority for men clothed with such extraordinary powers to declare, in the name of their Master, that his graces, and always will be, with all who believe in his name? Interpreted as solemn averments of this great truth, the apostolic salutations and benedictions very appropriately introduce and close the epistles But if, through a mistaken apprehension that words of such gracious import cannot be uttered by human lips, we interpret them as mere prayers or earnest desires, their prominent position at the beginning and end of the epistles, we cannot but regard, is comparatively meaningless and incongruous We have only to ask, which of these interpretations comports best with the solemn promises, hopes, and consolations of the epistles, which serves as the most fitting introduction to and triumphant consummation of graces to be sought to view in the eighth chapter of Romans, the fifteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians, or the first chapter of Ephesians, and there can be but one reply namely, that interpretation which regards these salutations and benedictions as declarations of God's accredited ambassadors that the grace of Christ is the portion of every believer. Thus explained, the epistles serve to expand and illustrate the great idea of the salutation, which is again repeated with increased emphasis in the closing benediction

The only question which remains, and which may be disposed of very briefly, is, whether the ministers of Christ are authorized to pronounce these salutations and benedictions, in the sense in which they were authorized "When he ascended up on high, he led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men. And he gave some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ" (Ephes. iv. 8, 11, 12.) Were these ascension gifts designed only or chiefly for the apostolic age of the church? Were there no saints to be perfected, and no body of Christ to be edified, after Paul and his fellow laborers had ceased from their work on earth? May not the Christian minister now come before his people in the fulness of the gospel of Christ, as Paul was sure he should come to the church at Rome? Has he no official authority to pronounce words of peace and joy to those who are the Israel of God, and to whom in a special sense pertain the promises? Most assuredly he has. When he pronounces the salutation or benediction in the forms given by the Spirit of inspiration, it carries with it all that wealth of spiritual grace and peace which it was designed to convey when expressed by Paul, Peter, or John. It was not in their own name or by their own authority, but as ambassadors of Jesus Christ, that they uttered words of such blessed and comprehensive import Every minister of Jesus Christ, however obscure his position or humble his sphere, is commissioned to preach the same gospel which the apostles preached, and to feed the church with the same hopes and promises. There is no official prerogative, apart from their extraordinary apostolic powers as inspired teachers of truth, which he does not possess

But while the power to pronounce these salutations and benedictions in their full original sense is to be accorded to every ordained minister of Jesus Christ, the people should be carefully instructed in regard to the nature of this service, and its position in the ordinances and worship of God's house. They should be cautioned against attaching to it any mysterious virtue or efficacy, as though the minister who pronounces it has power to forgive sin, or bestow blessings. It should be well understood that no new or special spiritual gift is communicated by this ministerial act, but that it is the reiterated declaration of a truth as old as the Christian religion itself; that the grace of Jesus Christ is with his people, in accordance with the express provisions of his everlasting love ratified by his death on the cross, and that it will ever abide with them in this world and in that which is to come. The congregation should be explicitly taught that, although the language of these formulas embraces all who are within sound of the minister's voice, inasmuch as it is not his prerogative to withhold the riches of the gospel of grace from any who wait upon his ministration, yet the blessing contained therein belongs to and rests upon those only who are true believers, and even upon such has little vitality and force, unless they are in the lively exercise of faith to discern its full and gracious import.

It is to be feared that there is in all our congregations much misapprehension in regard to the nature and import of the benediction The people stand in reverential attitude during the pronouncement of this simple and sublime formula There is danger, however, of their coming to regard themselves as the passive recipients of a blessing, in reference to which their only duty is to assume a befitting posture. This may not be true of all Some, doubtless, have such enlightened views, as to attach to this part of divine service no vital saving power, only as it rests upon those who by faith in Jesus Christ appropriate it to themselves, as a pledge and earnest of God's unchanging love. But such is the natural tendency to rely upon forms and observances, and to substitute them for the living faith of the gospel, that no doubt with many the benediction is regarded as the actual conferral of a blessing, irrespective of that spirituality of mind in the recipient necessary to make it such

It has always seemed to us eminently befitting the relation which subsists between the minister and people, the one as God's ambassador, the other as a congregation gathered together to listen to the divine message, that public worship should be commenced with a salutation, not necessarily in a form composed in Old Testament language, but sometimes in that employed by Paul, "Grace be unto you and peace from God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ." This solemn and affectionate announcement that the favor of God rests ever upon the congregation of his saints, would constitute a fitting introduction to the services of the sanctuary, and confirm the faith and animate the hopes of those who "wait upon the Lord," and seek in the ordinances of his house to renew their spiritual strength. A beautiful correspondence also would then be maintained between the commencement and close of public worship, and due prominence would be given to the great and comforting truth of the superabounding grace of God bestowed upon his people.

But whatever position may be assigned them in public worship, let not these salutations and benedictions be regarded, on the one hand, as possessing some mysterious, indefinable power, when pronounced by priestly lips, so that a blessing is communicated to the whole congregation irrespective of personal faith in Christ, nor on the other hand, as merely expressive of a wish or prayerful desire for the bestowal of the divine favor upon those in whose hearing they are pronounced let them rather be regarded as declarative of the great and fundamental fact of the gospel, that the grace of Christ abides with all his saints according to his promise, when about to lay down his life to bring in eternal redemption from sin and death.

LOOK AT THE PREACHER.

Yes, look at him while he is preaching.

1. Because he is speaking to *you*. He speaks to all that are present. You do not drop your head or avert your face when a friend or any man speaks to you in the house or the street. Acknowledge by looking that you are spoken to.

2 Because, looking at him is a proper return, so far as it goes, for his pains to interest you. He puts himself into communication with you, and your attentive gaze at him is obedience to his virtual solicitation that you be in communication with him. It is simple justice.

3. It is politeness too. You would call one rude and ill-mannered who should avert his face when you attempted to speak to him. Politeness in the social circle should go with you into the sanctuary

4 It is kindness too You can do the preacher service—perhaps a very great service. He is anxious to instruct or profit you, to some way. It will greatly help him to notice your fixed gaze It will cheer him. Perhaps he is troubled at his own conscious deficiencies, or at the inattention of others Your kind look is "cool water to a thirsty soul."

5. Would not you, if the preacher, like the same treatment now sought for him?—Would not that hearer's attentive gaze as you do you good? Can you refuse to do as you would be done by?

6 Look at the preacher because there is power in your example It will rebuke the unkindness and impoliteness of others, whose averted faces and wandering eyes show that the laws of kindness and courtesy have lost dominion in their hearts.

7. Look at him, because it will help you fix your attention more seriously and firmly upon the all-important truths he is trying to impress upon your heart

Here are seven good reasons for doing what will cost you but little effort, and which is certain to be profitable and kind to yourself profit, kind, cheering to the preacher, and greatly useful to others.—*Sel.*

THE GOSPEL HIDDEN FROM THE WISE AND PRUDENT

What a solemn, and equally true, statement of our great Teacher is this—the gospel a hidden, concealed thing to the carnal mind! "*Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent*" The "wise and prudent," in the general acceptation of the title, include the great men of the unregenerate; all those to whom the mysteries of the kingdom are not revealed; but, doubtless, our Lord had a special reference to the carnally wise, the lettered philosophers of the world, who, wise and prudent in the learning and science and arts of this life, were yet profoundly ignorant of the things of the Spirit of God. Now, this arises from no defect either in the nature of the gospel, or in the evidence of its divinity, or in the simplicity of its statements. There is everything in the gospel to awaken the intellect, to incite the imagination, to gratify the taste, to enlist the sympathies and sensibilities of the finest and most cultivated minds. Its themes of thought, its touches of [illegible] its unrealings of grandeur, its history, its philosophy, its poetry, its science, are such as to charm and feast the noblest intellect that ever shone in the world of mind. And when the soul at first wakes up to the sublimity and power of the gospel of Christ, it marvels and it wonders that all this magnificence and beauty and tenderness, all these sources of the highest thought and purest feeling, should have been so long and so deeply veiled from its view.

Nor does this ignorance of the gospel, and lack of interest in its revelations, arise from any deficiency of evidence. God has made nothing more demonstrably true than His gospel. If ever proof, self-evident and overwhelming, accumulated around an object, that object is the glorious gospel of the blessed God. Internal and external, immediate and collateral, positive and presumptive, the evidences of the truth of the gospel are many and mighty, convincing and conclusive, leaving the skeptic, unbelieving mind without one excuse to justify or palliate at Christ's tribunal the fearful crime of its rejection. If you, my reader, are rejecting the Bible on the ground of its unsatisfactory proof, on the plea of its lack of evidence, and at the same time, it may be, giving the fullest credence to some old wives' fable unsupported by one shadow of evidence, I bid you pause before you advance one step further, and ponder these solemn, searching words of Christ —"*This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil.*" Light is come—the light of Christ, the light of revelation and the light of evidence. Not for want of light, then, will you finally be condemned. Then, for what? For your wilful rejection of that light. And why this rejection of the light? Because you love the darkness of sin! Examine yourself honestly, and ascertain if your infidelity, your skepticism, your unbelief, your quibbling and cavilling at the truth of the Bible, has not its seat, not in a mind that cannot be convinced, but in a heart that will not! Infidelity is not the child of reason; it is the deformed offspring of a depraved heart There is a love of sin—of some master, dominant sin—underlying all skepticism. The light is rejected, because the darkness is loved; the truth is renounced, because the sin is preferred. The Bible is hated and ignored, because it is against sin, and testifies of the world that the works thereof are evil We reiterate the statement, that atheism and infidelity are not the beauteous flowers of intellect, as some affirm, but the indigenous plants of a sinful and sin-loving heart. "*The fool hath said in his* HEART"—not in his *head;* the intellect could not affirm that—"*there is no God.*" The words, "*there is*," are in italic, denoting that our translators have supplied them, needlessly we think, as that, viewing the passage as in the original, it would read —"*The fool hath said in his heart*—no God" —*i. e.*, "No God for me, I want no God, though in my judgment I know that there is one." Such is the wisdom of the worldly wise and prudent Truly may the apostle affirm, "*the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God,*" and "*the wisdom of God is foolishness with men.*"

Nor does this blindness of the unrenewed mind to the glorious gospel of the blessed God arise from any want of *simplicity* in the gospel Inconceivably great, indescribably grand, transcendently sublime as is the gospel of Christ, it is the very essence of simplicity—as all God's works and ways are Was ever any scheme, any plan, any command so simple as this, "*Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved?*" And yet, this is the whole gospel! This is the sum and substance of salvation! The first principles of Christianity, the elements of the gospel, are few and simple. And this forms the stumbling-block—the naked simplicity of "the truth as it is in Jesus" The "wise and the prudent" stumble, not at the profoundness, not at the grandeur, not at the difficulties of the gospel, but at its severe, its pure, its perfect simplicity. And because it subsists its mysteries to faith, and not to reason; appeals to the heart, and not to the intellect; demands the evidence of the child, and not the understanding of the philosopher; the silent, lowly, believing homage of the soul, and not the haughty, towering reasoning of the mind, the philosophizing, pharisaical, and proud of this world instantly, scornfully, and totally reject it.

Such is the solemn truth our Lord affirmed; and the entire analogy of Scripture maintains the fact. The gospel is a hidden glory to the unrenewed man. The apostle thus confirms the statement—"*The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.*" The Greek is more emphatic—"he is not able to know them"—his spiritual organs are impaired; he has eyes, but the transcendent wisdom and sublimity of the gospel he sees not; he has ears, but the thunders of its threatenings and the soft breathing music of its doctrines he hears not With all his human acumen—his attainments in philosophy, his discoveries in science, his perfection in art, his power to sound the depths of human mystery, the Bible is to him—unenlightened, untaught, unregenerated by the Spirit—a book seven times sealed—he is not *able* to know it. And the poor, uneducated peasant, dwelling in some lowly cottage, with naught but his Bible and its Divine Author to enlighten and instruct him, shall travel far into the depths of revelation and sound their wonders; shall grasp the truths of the Bible, understand their meaning, feel their power, receive their comfort, and explain the mind of the Spirit with a lucidity, beauty, and power which might put to the blush many an acknowledged champion of literature and many a professed college divine. And what causes the difference? The cottage expositor of God's Word is taught by the Divine Spirit, the learned expositor of the schools still belongs to the worldly, wise and prudent," to whom the gospel is a *hidden* thing! My reader, become a disciple of Jesus! Quit the schools and the teaching of men for the school and the teaching of Christ. Receive the gospel as a little child. Become a fool that you may be wise Lay your human learning and philosophy, your pride of intellect and of merit, beneath the cross, and take your place at the Saviour's feet, and learn of Him, and be taught by Him the truth as it is in Jesus Be this your petition, urged importunately until the Spirit responds—"*Open mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.*"

O. Winslow, D. D.

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

RESOLUTIONS.—Adopted by the Illinois Presbytery of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, at its late meeting in St. Louis, October 3, 1862;

1st. *Resolved*, That this Presbytery does most cordially indorse the proclamation of general emancipation recently issued by the President of the United States, and declares that it would have given us unfeigned satisfaction if it had been made unconditional and universal

2d That we express our unfeigned gratitude to the most high God, Ruler of Heaven and Earth, that he is thus giving intimations that he has arisen to set the oppressed in safety from their cruel and heartless oppressors.

3d. That it is the duty of Reformed Presbyterians, as Christians and patriots, to aid in suppressing this rebellion in every way consistent with our principles, and to effect the emancipation of the enslaved.

4th Believing that God is chastening the nation for its sins, so long persevered in, we call the nation to repentance and humiliation under the mighty hand of God, and we regard grief and painful apprehension the pride and impenitence of the nation in respect to its rejection of God's authority and the enslavement of man.

SAN FRANCISCO.—There has been one Congregational church in that city for several years. It is a large and flourishing church; Rev. Mr. Lacey is the pastor. Lately an effort is being made to form a second church on the same platform. Several of the members of Mr. Lacey's church are uniting with individuals who had not connected themselves with any church after reaching the city, and they are worshiping together in a small but comfortable house in a part of the city where such an enterprise is needed. They have secured the service of Rev John Kimball, a young minister of much worth. There are quite a number of Congregational churches in this new and rising state, several of which have able and devoted pastors. The country is large, and there is great need of able, self-denying ministers of the Gospel. The Lord raise up many such and thrust them into his whitening harvest.—*Correspondence of Christian Mirror.*

THE WORSHIP OF GOD.

"I and the lad will go and worship, and come again to you." Gen. xxii. 5

"And he said unto Moses, Come up unto the LORD, thou and Aaron, Nadab and Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel, and worship ye afar off." Ex. xxiv. 1.

"Ye shall not fear other gods, but the LORD who brought thee up out of the land of Egypt, with great power and a stretched out arm; him shall ye fear, and him shall ye worship, and to him shall ye do sacrifice." 2 Kings xvii 35, 36.

"Give unto the LORD the glory due unto his name: bring an offering and come before him; worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness." 1 Chron. xvi. 27; and repeated several times in the Book of Psalms

"He is thy Lord, and worship thou him." Psalm xlv 11

"O come and let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the LORD our Maker." Ps. xcv. 6.

"Worship him, all ye gods" Ps xcvii. 7.

These, and many similar passages which might be quoted from the Scriptures, contain exhortations not to neglect the worship of God; reasons why he should be worshipped, and worshipped with becoming reverence; inducements to his worship; cautions not to give to any other, the worship which is due to Jehovah our Maker; calls to the rulers and great ones of the earth to worship him, &c. They all presuppose that if men admit the existence of a Supreme Being, and have some knowledge of his essential attributes, they cannot but know and feel that they ought to fear, revere me, and worship him. The great truth that God should be worshipped had its origin in the moral law of nature, and not in any positive precept. It is a self-evident and unavoidable inference from the glorious perfections of the LORD our Maker, and our relation to him as our Creator and kind Benefactor.

From the beginning, all holy men, *i. e.*, all except those "who did not like to retain God in their knowledge," worshipped at his footstool. And they worshipped God in their families—they observed family worship; and to this let us turn our attention for a moment

Of Abraham God said: "I know him that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord" In the patriarchal age, every father was the sole prophet priest, and king in his own house Abraham would commend as a king, teach as a prophet, and offer sacrifice, which was then a leading part of divine worship. Hence, when he was about to sacrifice his son Isaac, as he was commanded for the trial of his faith, he said to his young men whom he left behind: "I and the lad will go and worship." And we find that in every place to which he removed he built an altar, and called on the name of the Lord. Thus he brought up his household in "the way of the Lord." Families or households at length grew up into tribes or nations. On the death of the father the eldest son succeeded him by the right of primogeniture, and again, on his decease, his eldest son succeeded. Hence the origin of monarchy, and of the right of the king's eldest son to sit on his throne after his death. Hence, also, the union of the sacerdotal and regal functions. Therefore we find that Melchisedec was a king-priest—the priest, as well as the king, of a tribe which had not as yet apostatised to idolatry. In contradistinction from those king-priests in the land of Canaan who sacrificed to idols, he is called, "priest of the Most High God."

Job's sons were enjoying gala days of

From the New York Observer

THE DUNKARDS

BY A DUNKARD

Bushtillsville, Woodcock Co., Md., Oct. 19, 1862.

A few days ago, looking over the *Lutheran Observer*, I discovered an article headed "Dunkards in Maryland," accredited for its origin to your paper. As a minister and member of that Society, I cannot let that communication pass without correction. We are charged with entertaining ideas of religion which we would regard as absurd "They believe that heaven is obtained only by penance and outward mortification in this life."—Not so. "They admit works of supererogation."—Not so. "And deny the eternity of future punishment."—A few members do, yet it is not preached. "They are small slaveholders."—Not so; they have ever been opposed to slavery. Occasionally a member violates that principle. "And are non-combatants" That is true; and where they are not exempt from military duty by law, as happily they are in Maryland, they have to suffer greatly for conscience' sake. As in Virginia, at this time, they are required to pay $500 for an exemption. Before that arrangement was made with the Confederacy, some paid as high as $1,500 for a substitute. With regard to what is said about marriage, not a word is true. So with regard to meats to be eaten; neither is it true that all speak in the congregation, except it is purely a council meeting.

But you may be desirous to know, by this time, what we do believe. Well, in brevity, we baptize none but believers, by a triune immersion, by a plunging way, the candidate in a kneeling posture. And while we believe baptism is initiatory in the church, we also believe baptism washes away sin previously committed, when preceded by true penitence and faith. We believe that when we commune, or have the emblems, bread and wine, distributed among us, representing the sufferings of our Saviour, that it should be done in the evening, preceded first by the washing of the members' feet; next in order, the partaking of a meal by all the members, which we denominate the *Lord's Supper*; then follows the communion.

These are, perhaps, all the distinctive features of our faith; we hold much in common with other professing Christians; our habits are generally plain, in many respects resembling the Friends, particularly as regards dress; opposed to all superfluity in any thing, yet we are not always successful in our opposition. Our people are generally industrious and frugal: as a consequence wealth accumulates, pride follows almost as a necessary consequence. Thus is verified the danger of riches, as the Saviour declared. I think you will but be doing us simple justice to publish this, with a request that all who copied the former article will also copy this. Yours, with great respect,

EMMANUEL SLIFER.

P. S.—History assigns our origin to Schwartzenau, Germany, in 1708. Our first minister's name, the same authority says, was Alexander Mack. The word "Tanker," or "Dunkard," by which we are known in history, we assume by way of convenience, yet we call ourselves "German Baptists," or Brethren. E. S.

Personal.

The venerable **Lewis Cass** attained his 80th year on the 9th inst.

The Rev. Dr. **Hawks** has accepted the rectorship of Christ Church, Baltimore, and removes to that city during the present week.

Rev **Wm S. Smart**, pastor of the Congregational Church at Benson, has been appointed chaplain of the Fourteenth Vermont Volunteers, and taken a vacation from his church, of nine months, to enable him to accept.

Mr. **Corwin**, the American Minister in Mexico, is very ill in the Mexican capital, and it is thought he cannot long survive.

Rev. **Matthew Hale Smith** has recently joined the Baptist Communion. Everybody knows who the ... Hale Smith is. He is half lawyer, ..., with a sprinkling of politician. He has ...terian, Unitarian and Methodist, off and on, ... years past, but now that *he* has joined the hard-shell Baptists, it is hoped he will cease to be "everything by turns and nothing long." The Rev Matthew, with all his shrewdness, however, is a tolerably clever fellow, though, as correspondent of the Boston Journal, it would not damage him much if he would cultivate a habit of veracity, just for variety's sake.

George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, has sold 75,000 copies of Parson Brownlow's Book, and paid the Parson $17,000 as copyright. The copyright on Dr. Kane's Arctic Exploration is $60,000, the largest sum ever realized by any author in the English language for copyright on one volume.

Brigadier-General Price of the Rebel Army, ...the Oath of Allegiance.—Brigadier-General Edwin Price, son of Major-General Price, of the Confederate army, has taken the oath of allegiance to the United States. He was captured near Warsaw, Mo., last winter, and since that time has been on parole. He was recently exchanged for General Prentiss, and, ... among the rebel camps at Grenada, Miss., returned to St Louis. He gives it as his opinion that the rebellion is nearly broken, and that the Confederate army can exist but a short time longer. He visited General Curtis' headquarters, and immediately on his return resigned his position under the Richmond Government, and gave his commission to General Curtis for the latter to send through the lines. After subscribing to the oath of allegiance, he announced his ... determination to observe it in both letter and spirit.

Gen Mitchell died at Beaufort, on the 30th ult., of yellow fever, which deadly epidemic is now prevailing there

Domestic Items.

Elections.—In Massachusetts the election on Tuesday resulted in favor of the Republicans. In New York the Democrats elected their State officers and a majority of Congressmen. In New Jersey the Democrats did the same. In Illinois and Delaware the vote is very close From the other States we have not heard enough to form any estimate of the result, except the probability that the Emancipationists have carried Missouri, certainly St Louis, and that Potter, of the Milwaukie district, in Wisconsin, is defeated. As a whole, there is a large Democratic gain.

News for Bachelors—According to the United States census of 1860 there were, at that time, about 780,000 more males than females in the United States, a fact unprecedented in the census of any other civilized nation. In most of the older States there is an excess of females, in Massachusetts 37,000 more females than males, while in Illinois there is an excess of 92,000 males; in Michigan 10,000 excess of males, Texas 37,000; in Wisconsin 13,000, in California 30,000; and in Colorado there are twenty males to one female.

Bishop Whipple on General McClellan—Bishop Whipple, Episcopal Bishop of Minnesota, after visiting the battle-field of Antietam, and the wounded in the hospital, writes as follows

"Never have I seen such love as these men have for McClellan The men would die for him. I am ashamed more and more of the injustice of the assault on him. A man who can take a demoralized army from defeat, and drive a superior force as he did, deserves no praise. One thing I do say don't dismiss McClellan or the men will not fight; and more, he is the only man that can take that army Better than all he is a Christian, and cares for his soldiers when wounded or sick. He told me the Minnesota First were as noble a regiment as ever honored any army, and never faltered a hair's breadth The boys send love to you Yours, faithfully,

H B WHIPPLE

Troy University—We learn from the *Troy Times* that the University building, with the land adjacent, has been sold at auction, in a suit commenced by the Union Bank against the University for the foreclosure of a mortgage upon which the sum of about $11,000 was due. The attendance at the sale was quite large. Only one bid, however, was received, and the property was struck off to Peck & Hoosen, for the sum of $7,000 This sum is not equal to the amount of the claim upon which the sale was made, which is a aggregate sum of the liabilities of the institution of which this was the third mortgage, to over $50,000 The University will be temporarily continued under its present organization Professors and students will remain, and classes will be conducted as usual, until new arrangements can be made. With the sale, however, ... of the Troy University, as such and under ... ends. The institution is now private pro...

...e Calhoun —Our way-ward Southern

brethren, after shipping from the Union, find it hard to dwell together in unity among the nations. Colonel Calhoun, of South Carolina, formerly our Secretary of Legation at Paris, has just been murdered in a duel by Major Alfred Rhett, of the same State, a member of that notorious family of Rhetts whose low reputation by the point of the pen a track for several years past.

Secretary Smith, of the Interior, during his recent visit to Indiana, made a speech, in which he said

"Richmond will be taken, Kentucky will be freed of the rebel hordes, our armies will march into the heart of Georgia and Alabama, Vicksburg will be taken, the Mississippi will be kept open, Charleston, Savannah and Mobile would be possessed and held as New Orleans is, but he hoped the city of Charleston would be razed to the ground, its foundations ploughed up and sowed with salt, and an imperishable monument erected upon its site to mark the spot where **treason** was first developed, and to commemorate the doom that came upon it. And he had told Secretary Welles a few days ago to hurry up his cheese-boxes, so that the people would be gratified with its speedy accomplishment. He would never compromise with traitors, never—the war should be continued twenty-five years, to the end of the century, before he would yield one inch of territory for an independent Government. But the end is nearer than we imagine. Let the **North** remain true to the Union and give it united support, and all will be well"

Admiral Dupont's Report of the Capture of the Two British Vessel, SCOTIA and ANGLIA

Flag-Ship WABASH, Port Royal Harbor, S. C., October 29, 1862

SIR—I have the honor to report to the Department the capture, on the 24th instant, of the British steamer Scotia, by the United States barque Restless, Acting Volunteer Lieutenant E. Conroy, commanding, off Bull's Bay

The steamer was discovered at daylight standing towards Bull's Island. Acting Volunteer Lieutenant Conroy immediately got under way with his vessel, and at the same time sent two armed boats to the leeward of the steamer, which forced her to run ashore. He then ran in with the Restless to cut her off and keep her from running out, should she get off before the boats could reach her.

When the boats got alongside it was discovered that the Captain, an old offender named Lisby, with a gentleman and a lady, (passengers,) had left the steamer in an open boat

The crew were in a state of intoxication, so that they became almost unmanageable, and Lieut. Conroy ordered them to be transferred on board the Restless, and put in irons.

Lieutenant Conroy did not succeed in getting her off until the morning of the 26th, during which time he was compelled to anchor with the Restless within gunshot of the prize, to protect her, and, at low tide, his own vessel touched bottom several times, but without sustaining any material injury. He reports the loss by drowning of John Martin, seaman, of the Restless, and a fireman of the Scotia, in consequence of the swamping of a boat in trying to get out a hawser. In getting off the Scotia, and afterwards in bringing her to Port Royal, the engineers of that vessel rendered every assistance in their power, for which Lieut. Conroy presumed that they should receive compensation.

I have further the honor to report the capture at Bull's Bay, on the 27th, of the British steamer Anglia by the boats of the U. S. steamer Flag

The Restless, then under the command of Acting Master Griswold, (Lieutenant Conroy being temporarily under command of the Scotia,) had discovered the steamer entering Bull's Bay the evening before, but she having passed so far to windward of her, the Restless could not prevent her getting in, and having only one small boat belonging to the ship, Acting Master Griswold did not think it prudent to send her in pursuit—but he got the Restless in a position to command the channel, for the purpose of preventing the escape of the steamer.

On the next day the Flag, Lieutenant Conroy on board, on his way to join his vessel, arrived at the anchorage of the Restless, and on receiving the above information, Commodore Strong, under the pilotage of Lieut. Conroy, ran the Flag close to the bar, which his vessel could not cross, and despatched four armed gunboats, under Lieuts. Carpenter and Conroy, inside of Bull's Island.

The steamer was discovered on shore, near Jack Creek, about four miles from the entrance of Bull's Bay, but was soon safely got off, all of her officers and crew being on board, except the pilot and six men, who had gone to Charleston the evening previous. The crew rendered every assistance in getting her off. Lieut. Conroy then piloted the Anglia out of Bull's Bay and over the bar.

The Anglia, when captured, was almost out of coal, and was sent by Captain Gordon, senior officer off Charleston harbor, to be supplied. She is the same vessel which attempted, on the night of the 18th of September last, to enter Charleston harbor by Sanford's channel, but was headed off, though she succeeded in escaping in the darkness

I shall despatch both these steamers north as soon as possible.

Before closing this despatch I cannot forbear calling the attention of the Department to the energy and activity displayed by Acting Lieutenant Conroy, of the Restless

Very respectfully, your obt. servant,

S. F. DUPONT, Rear Admiral,
Com. S. A. Bloch. Signed.

A released prisoner from Richmond, who says he was on board the Merrimac No. 2, reports that that vessel is thoroughly and heavily clad with iron, and is in every way a tough customer. She has been completed about a month, and has made several trips to Fort Darling. She has as yet but one gun on board, but the other guns for her were all ready The machinery works well, and she can easily make eight miles per hour.

The New York City Tract Society has, during the last year, distributed 28,046 Tracts and 692 bound volumes.

Rev Mr. Hay Discharged from Arrest—Harrisburg, October 29th—Rev. C. A. Hay, whose arrest by General Wool was noticed in to-day's papers, had a hearing in Baltimore before that officer, and was discharged.

He returned home last evening The circumstances of the arrest are peculiar, and will be made the subject of an investigation

Never did an arrest cause more surprise than that of Dr. Hay, as he was widely known as a most devoted, active and indefatigable friend of the Union. His arrest will simply make his character and his services as a friend of his country more widely known.

Pennsylvania Legislature

ON JOINT BALLOT.

	U	R	D.
Senate,		20	13
House,		46	54
		66	67

Democratic majority, 1

From North Carolina—A Rebel Negro Brigade.

New York, Oct. 31st.—The steamer Hare arrived this morning from Newbern

The Wilmington (N. C) announces the arrival of seven regiments of negroes to garrison towns and fortifications during the sickly season. They have been in camps of instruction under white officers for three months.

The Rebellion.—The arrival of the steamship Ericsson from Port Royal has put us in possession of the facts respecting the attack by General Mitchell's forces, on Wednesday last, upon the Charleston and Savannah Railroad The expedition was one of some magnitude, consisting of the gunboats of Commodore Drayton and Ferry. The main body of the troops was landed under cover of gunboats at Mackay's Point, distant about fifteen miles from the railroad, and marched across the intervening country, a distance of about nine miles inland, where the enemy was met in force. A sharp fight of an hour drove him from his position, and making a second stand at a point two miles beyond, he was again compelled to retreat by our close pursuing troops The rebels made a third stand at the village of Pocotaligo taking the precaution to destroy the railroad bridge over the Pocotaligo river, thereby effectually preventing further pursuit. This victory was not achieved without severe loss on our side, and to fight appears to have been as hotly contested as any on a more extensive scale

While these events were happening at the front, Colonel Barton, with three hundred and fifty men, penetrated to the railroad at the Combahee, severing, during a few of the intervening days, the telegraph wire, besides tearing up a track laid with the rails, killing and wounding several, and capturing a stand of regimental colors

Commissioner Boutwell has also had what when the mark is of such a kind, is to be considered a merit, which is not to put on the required stamp, it will not be the party responsible to censure, while the stamp, cannot but add more to the cost to the maker Is this right?

General Grant [illegible] dated from St Louis on account of the effect of [illegible] Terry on the 27th ult., 1,400 rebels were captured by a body of Union troops under Colonel Lee, and sixty wagons [illegible] and captured Infantry, Grant also reports that the expedition to Cuckton, Ala., thirty miles [illegible] from New Madrid, under command of Captain Rogers, has been entirely successful, dispersing the guerrilla [illegible] burning [illegible] and capturing Colonel Clarke and one [illegible] Captain Clarke, three officers, fifty-seven men, [illegible] stands of arms, forty-two horses, thirteen mules, two [illegible] a large quantity of ammunition, forage, [illegible]

Mr. Buchanan's Reply to General Scott—The letter of Mr Buchanan closes thus "After a careful retrospect, I can solemnly declare, before God and my country, that I cannot reproach myself with any act of commission or omission since the existing troubles commenced. I have never doubted that my countrymen would yet do me justice. In my special message of the 8th of January, 1861, I presented a full and fair exposition of the alarming condition of the country, and urged Congress either to adopt measures of compromise, or, failing in this, to prepare for the last alternative. In both aspects my recommendations was disregarded.

I shall close this document with a quotation of the last sentences of that message, which are as follows.

"In conclusion, it may be permitted me to remark that I have often warned my countrymen of the dangers which now surround us. This may be the last time I shall refer to the subject officially. I feel that my duty has been faithfully, though it may be imperfectly, performed—and whatever the result may be, I shall carry to my grave the consciousness that I, at least, meant well for my country."

Late and Important From General McClellan's Army.

Headquarters Army of the Potomac, Nov 2, 10 P. M.

To His Excellency the President:

I have just received a despatch from Gen. McClellan, dated at Snicker's Gap, 6 P. M., stating that he has full possession of the Gap.

When General Hancock arrived there, it was held by the enemy's cavalry, who were at once driven out. A column of from five to ten thousand rebel infantry advanced to retake it, but were dispersed by the fire of our rifled guns.

The position is a strong one from either side.

It is said that Jackson and A. P. Hill are to the valley opposite.

General Pleasanton had driven the enemy's cavalry several miles beyond Union, at three o'clock, P. M., exploding one of the caissons, and capturing ten of their wounded, left behind.

(Signed) R. B. MARCY,
Chief of Staff.

An important arrest was made last Thursday, of parties carrying quinia and medicines to the rebels. A wagon loaded with sundry family stoves, and a carriage, in which was found quinine and morphine words, to Secession, $10,000, were captured by our outer pickets The occupants of the carriage, Mr. G. H. Bailey, Mrs. Turner, and Miss L. Buckner, were also arrested and searched

Miss Buckner had several pounds of quinine and morphine secreted about her person. Letters were found upon her and Mr. Bailey. The party and the goods have been forwarded to Washington. The parties came very near escaping.

Charles James Faulkner, sent Minister to France by Buchanan, used this language on the Emancipation Debates in the Virginia Legislature in 1862, while then advocating the complete manumission of every slave in Virginia:

"But, Sir, it is said that society having conferred this right of property on the slaveholder, it cannot now take it away from him without an adequate compensation, by which is meant full value. I may be singular in the opinion, but I defy the legal research of the House to point me a principle recognised by the law, even in the ordinary course of adjudications, where the community pays for the property which is removed or destroyed because it is a nuisance and injurious to society."

The Social, Civil and Statistical Association, of The Colored People of Pennsylvania open a subscription list to aid the freed men at Port Royal and other points where they may be located and respectfully ask the co-operation of the colored citizens and others in this city, or elsewhere, in money or clothing.

Any amount of value received will be acknowledged, with the name of the donor, in the *Recorder*, where a constant record will be kept.

Subscriptions may be sent to Jacob C. White, at the office of the Lebanon Cemetery, 711 Lombard Street, and also to William Still, 107 North Fifth Street, and to Rev. E. Weaver, 619 Pine Street.

PAID.

Statistical Society,	$50 00
Clayton Miller,	2 00
William Still,	5 00
Robert Adger,	2 00
Henry Minturn,	2 00
Catherine Johnson,	2 00
Vasti Locke,	2 00
Wm. Warricks,	2 00
Harriet Shorter,	1 00
Sarah S. Hawkins,	1 00
Rev. Jonathan C. Gibbs,	1 00
James P. Clay,	1 00
Benjamin F Hall,	2 00
S M S.,	2 00
Elizabeth Gordon,	1 00
F J Dreer,	5 00

It affords us pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of ten dollars, the proceeds of Miss Anna E. Dickinson's lecture at Concert Hall for the contrabands, contributed to the S. C. and Statistical Association, to be applied as intended. WM. STILL.

Cor. Sec. of S., C. and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Penna.

Married.

On the 3d instant, by Rev. T. Strother, Mr. SANFORD BOARDS to Miss ELVIRA SINGLETON.

Also, on the 23d instant, by Rev. T. Strother, Mr LORENZO DOW PARTRIDGE to Miss MARTHA WILSON all of Terre Haute, Ind.

On the 14th of November, by Rev. Joseph Smith, Theodore Williams and Miss Hannah Arthur. The marriage took place in Greenland, N. J.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MRS MARTHA COLLINS,
730 Russell Street, above Fitzwater.

Begs leave to inform her friends and the public generally, that she has opened an INFANT SCHOOL for Boys and Girls, to whom she will pay special attention in teaching the primary departments of Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, also Singing, upon the most reasonable and accommodating terms. She does not hesitate to say that she will be able to please all who may give her a trial.

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Advertisements.

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met it being the thirteenth convention, April 10th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows

From Garnet Union No 4, D. of T.: from Phœnix Union, No. 8, D. of T., from Northern Union, No 18, D of T., Welsh Union, of Chambersburgh Pa from Dr. Rue Union, of Carlisle, Pa., from Mount Olive Union, No. 19, D. of T.: from Vanbrackle Union, No. 10, D of T., of Norristown, Pa

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows—

Grand P., Sister Bennet, Grand Associate Sister Burns Grand Treasurer, Sister Fauvett, Grand Conductress, C. Thompson, Grand Sentinel, A. E. Duckett, Grand Chaplain Sister Hall

G P P, Sister E. Rogers, G P P Sister Anderson,
" " E. Bowen, " " J. F Black,
" " M. H Bundy, " " E. A Green,
" " S Newman, " " White,
" " S. Davis, " " S Hall.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY

The Stated Quarterly Meetings of the Society, are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August, and November.

The meeting of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the society

MRS. SARAH CARTER,
President
Mr. I. R Seymour, Secty

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CERTIFICATES

Providence, R. I., Nov. 27 1861

Rev. L. S Lewis: Dear Sir I have been afflicted with the rheumatism eleven years during which time I tried almost everything, but received no sure relief For the last four months my hands and joints were so swollen, that at times I could not walk or use my shipper. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and at the first application was instantly relieved After using one or two bottles, I was enabled to enjoy the free use of my limbs Rev GEORGE A RUE

Newport, R. I., October 29, 1861.

Rev. L. S Lewis: Dear Sir I have been affected for a number of years, more or less, with a pain and weakness in my chest arising from some cause unknown to me. I made two applications of your Liniment, and was relieved. I was attacked with the diphtheria, and was cured by using your Liniment. Its worth has proved itself ten times its cost ANTHONY RANDOLPH

Newport, R. I., Nov. 19, 1861

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been cured of stiffening in my joints by using your Liniment. I recommend it to all who are thus troubled.

RICHARD WHITE.

Newport, R. I., Nov. 17, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—Your Liniment is, truly, all that it is recommended to be. I have tried it, and it has successfully cured my bunions. SOPHIA TAYLOR.

Newport, R. I., Oct 7, 1861.

Mr. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have had a pain and stiffness in my neck and back for some time. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and applied it twice, which effected a cure. I recommend it to the public

Mrs EVELINA DEMOND

Providence, Dec 10, 1861.

Rev L. S Lewis Dear Sir For upwards of three years I have been very lame at times, arising from a sprain. I have tried a great many things, without any definite results. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and was effectually relieved. Mrs PHEBE A. MORSE

Newport R. I., Oct. 10, 1861.

Rev Mr. Lewis—I have been afflicted with the rheumatism for some time. I used your Liniment, which has removed it successfully. It has also cured my swelled joints. Mrs. ELIZABETH THOROUGHGOOD

Newport, R I., Nov. 20, 1861.

Rev. Mr Lewis My boy was troubled with the chilblain I applied your Liniment a few times, and it cured him. Mrs. ADELINE JONES

Steamer Perry, Sept. 3, 1861.

Rev. Mr Lewis—I have used your Liniment for rheumatic pains of long standing—also, lameness in the feet, &c. It is a perfect remedy where other things have failed. Mrs. SUSAN GARDINER

Providence, Rhode Island, Aug. 19, 1861

Rev. L. S Lewis—I have been afflicted for upwards of seven years with swelled joints. I have tried almost everything, without the desired effect At last I obtained a bottle of your Liniment, which relieved me successfully. Mrs. MARY A. JEWITT.

Providence, Nov., 1861.

Mr. L. S. Lewis—I had a very severe attack of rheumatism last fall, during which time I tried almost everything—but nothing so effectual as your Family Liniment. I would not be without it

Mrs. LUCY WATERMAN.

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NOTICE

To the friends of Religious Literature and human progress of the City and County of Philadelphia

This certifies that Miss Mary Still is a legally authorized agent for the City and County of Philadelphia, Penna., to solicit subscribers and donations for the Christian Recorder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

We, therefore, take great pleasure to recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy, and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable, that those to whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to the great cause

(Signed) ELISHA WEAVER,
Editor & General Book Steward.
No. 619 Pine St., Phila.

For the Christian Recorder

BUCKS COUNTY SS.—TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS MAY COME.

I, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace, in and for the county of Bucks, do hereby certify that I am acquainted and know Emily Johnson, (formerly Rodney, who was married to Samuel Johnson, who was married before William Hawk, Esq., of Bristol, Bucks County, as appears by record on his docket; and after careful examination and mature reflection, I feel myself fully safe in saying that the said Johnson had a wife living at the time he married the said Emily Rodney, and further, as that I have the evidence of Daniel Kimmonl (local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church) Charles Emmons, (Class leader) and Benjamin Cummings, (white minister) that he had one or more wives living at the time he married the said Emily Johnson; and the evidence, an affirmation, of the said Emily Johnson, that he had a wife living at the time she married him, when, at the time she married him, she had no knowledge of.

Affirmed and subscribed before me May 6th, 1862. Wm Blakey J P } her Emily Johnston mark

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FRIENDS FROM THE LAND WE LEFT.

[But few persons who have left their native land can read the following simple and touching lines without feeling their bosoms swell with emotions of love for the land of their birth and youthful days.]

It's sweet, in a distant land, to meet
Wi' ocht that tells o' hame,
That gars us mind o' by-gone days,
And makes us burne again,
Whiles unco little stirs the heart,
Its feelings to reveal,
And unco little brings to mind
The land we like me weel.

A budding flower, a briery bush,
A bird in the bit sae high,
An antrin word frae a friendly tongue,
Or a blink frae a kindly ee,
Will often gar the blood rin fast,
Or flush the cheeks with pride,
As they mind us o' the land we left
Across the Atlantic's tide.

It's sweet to meet wi' the gowan gay,
Or the bearded thistle keen,
Or the hawthorn, with its flowery sway,
Or a broken bank ase green,
For the saucy thistle's our emblem bauld,*
And the gowan lifts us ee,
And the thorn and bark thegither grow,
In the land ayont the sea.

It's sweet to sit by the Burnie's bank,
And watch its waters flow,
And track the minnows at their play
In the ripping brook below;
For it minds us how we wade the burn,
And plaited the rushes green,
Nor dreamed that time would bear us from
That well-remembered scene

It's sweet to hear the auge that sing
In simple Scottish strains,
Of Scotland's name, and Scotland's fame,
And Scotland's streams and plains;
But aye the awsecome o' the mag,
Where'er we live, shall be,
Auld Scotland! though we wander far,
We'll still remember thee!

But it's sweeter than the sweetest auge
That ever poet sung,
When far away from friends and hame,
To hear our mither tongue.
The simple, half-forgotten words,
Our blythesome burn-time knew,
How keenly they recall to mind
The land we dearly lue!

Then how sweet maun't be, in a place like this,
Unlooked for friends to find;
And, instead o' the stranger's cauldrif smile,
To meet with a welcome kind;
To meet the grasp o' the ready hand,
That betokens a heart as free;
And traces o' our auld-world hame,
On ilka side to see!

The auld ha' clock, frae the banks o' Tweed,
Still wags in this unco place;
And it stands at the wa', like a bashfu' bairn,
With its hands afore its face.
Let us, like it, keep wagging on,
Where'er our lot may fa',
Nor idly look, with vain regret,
To the land that's far awa'.

But still, though many a year has past
Since we frae hame did part,
Remembrance of our native land
Lies treasured in the heart.
The ties that bind us to its shores
By time shall ne'er be reft;
Where'er the land we live in be,
We like the land we left.

EVENINGS AT THE STATE FAIR.

FIRST EVENING—DR. FITCH ON GRAIN APHIS, MIDGE, ETC.

The following essay by Dr. Fitch on insects injurious to grain, was read the first evening of the late State Fair at Rochester. We give the discussion, following it as we find it in the *Rural New Yorker*.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: I am requested to prefuce the discussion, this evening, by presenting to the audience some account of the Grain Aphis—an insect new to us in America, and which, during the past and present year, has been more prominent in the public regard than any other insect

In the grain fields of Europe this grain aphis has existed from time immemorial. It was scientifically named and described eighty-one years ago, by the distinguished German entomologist, Fabricius, who met with it in fields of oats, and therefore named it the *Aphis Avenæ*, or the oat aphis, he being unaware that it occurred equally common upon other kinds of grain also.

But our European accounts of it are quite meagre and imperfect. About all that we gather from them is, that it is an insect which shows itself upon the grain about the time of harvest, and that in some instances it has been known to be so multiplied, in particular places, as to literally swarm upon and cover the heads of the grain in many of the fields.

These few general facts, are all the information which the world has hitherto had of this insect. What became of it during the remainder of the year, where, and in what condition it lurks after harvest time, and until harvest time again approaches, had never been investigated. It was remaining for us in this country to trace out its abiding place and its habits during the autumn, winter and spring, and thus complete its history the year round, as we have been able to do within the past eighteen months—under the instruction of this Society, and under the auspices of the State of New York.

In this country, this grain aphis had never been observed, and it was not known that we had such an insect here, until last year, when it suddenly appeared in excessive numbers over all the New England States, and the State of New York, except here in its western section, and also in the adjoining districts of Canada and of Pennsylvania. Throughout all this vast extent of country every grain field was invaded by it; many of these fields were thronged, and a portion of them were literally covered and smothered by this insect.

This year it has moved westward, making its appearance in the same manner all over Western New York, Canada West, Northern Ohio, and at least a portion of Michigan, as I judge, from the numerous letters which have been sent me with grain-heads containing this insect, and from the notices of it in the public prints—whilst at the East, where it was so numerous last year, so that, except in a few localities, it would not have been noticed had not everybody been so eagerly searching for it.

But though this insect has only been noticed in this country the past and the present years, we do not suppose it has newly arrived upon this continent. It has no doubt been present in our grain fields heretofore; but in such limited numbers, and so scattered about upon the growing grain, that it failed to be observed. It is seventeen years ago that I began to examine the wheat midge, and in looking at that and other insects upon this wheat, I recollect I have occasionally seen this aphis. But as only two or three individuals of this kind were to be found at a time, I supposed it to be of no importance, and thus gave no attention to it, until it began to appear in such abundance the past year.

Although it is a common habit of plant lice to become extremely numerous, at times, upon the particular kinds of vegetation which they respectively infest, we meet with no recorded instance in which one of these insects has been known to become so suddenly and excessively multiplied over such a vast extent of territory as has happened in our country with this grain aphis the past and present years

I suppose almost every person in this audience has seen these insects crowded together upon the heads of wheat, of oats, barley, or rye, and has observed that they were a kind of plant louse, similar to what we frequently see upon the leaves of cabbages in our gardens, and on the apple, the cherry, and other trees. As it resembles these common and well known insects so closely in its form, its motions, and habits, it will not be necessary for me to give any particular description of it.

With regard to the mode in which it injures the grain, I would observe that it has a slender, sharp-pointed bill or trunk, which it holds under its breast when this implement is not in use. With this it punctures the leaves and stalks of the grain and sucks their juice. It thereby has no occasion to leave the particular plant on which it is born, as it always has an ample store of nourishment directly under its feet. Hence it has no use for wings to carry it, like other insects, from place to place in search of food. It needs wings for only one purpose, namely, to enable it to emigrate to fields of grain which are unoccupied, in order to start colonies in them. Only a small portion of these insects, therefore, acquire wings; and these fly away from the winter grain to plant their race upon the spring-sowed wheat and oats.

The latter part of June, when the grain has advanced so that the heads or ears begin to put forth, two most remarkable changes occur in this insect, whereby it appears to become another creature, a different species, in the middle of summer from that which is seen in the spring and autumn

One of these changes is in its habits. Before the heads appear, it lives singly, scattered about upon the leaves and stalks of the grain, and the young lice, as fast as they are born, leave their parents and wander away. But no sooner are the heads protruded from their sheaths preparatory to blooming and growing the kernels of the grain, than this aphis wholly forsakes all the other parts of the plant and becomes congregated upon the heads—evidently because the juices which the plant elaborates for the growth of its flowers and seeds are much more nutritious, more dainty and palatable to these insects, than are the juices which circulate in the leaves and stalks. They here fix themselves upon the base of the chaffs which envelop the kernels, and inserting their beaks, they suck out the juices which should go, first, to grow the flowers, and after that to fill and perfect the kernels. And now, the young lice which are born, instead of scattering themselves and travelling away, settle down closely around their parent, crowding so compactly together as they can stow themselves. Thus it comes to pass, that when these insects are numerous, as we have recently had them, in many of our grain fields, scarcely an ear can be found which has not a cluster of these lice around the base of almost every kernel, all with their *tiny* bills inserted therein, pumping out the juices which should go to swell and perfect the seed. Thus this grain aphis, from being a solitary insect, wandering about singly upon the leaves and stalks, becomes a gregarious insect, clustered together in flocks, and remaining fixed and stationary upon the lower or butt ends of the kernels

At the same time another change, equally remarkable, takes place in *the color* of these insects. So long as they nourish themselves on the coarse juices of the stalks and leaves, their bodies are all of a grass-green color. But, when they come to feed on the more delicate juices of the flowers, they begin to bear young of an orange color. One of the grass green insects having stationed herself at the base of a kernel, the next day, in the group of little ones around her, a yellow one will occur, all the others being green like their parent. A day or two later, as the nourishment she derived from the leaves becomes more dissipated from her body and replaced by that now obtained from the kernels, half the young she produces will be of this yellow color. And still later, all the young are yellow, no green ones being any longer born. And the old ones, after a time, dying and disappearing, all these insects, some weeks before harvest time, become changed to a yellow color, their hue inclining more to red in some, and yellow in others

It is truly curious that this green insect, thus, on coming to feed on the juices which grow the flowers, begin to produce young of a gay yellow color similar to that of the flowers.

By depriving the kernels of a portion of the milky juice which should go to swell and mature them, this insect causes the ripened grain to be more or less shrunken and light of weight.

Rye, however, grows so rapidly and ripens so early that it outstrips this aphis in its increase, and thus sustains no material injury from it. Winter wheat, ripening more slowly, experiences more injury. But the crops which ripen latest, and when this aphis has become multiplied to the greatest extent, namely, spring wheat and oats, become the most thronged and sustain the greatest injury.

Let us next inquire how it is that this insect is able to become so suddenly and so excessively multiplied as we have had it, in the Eastern part of our State last year, and here in its Western part this year.

I may observe that a hundred years ago it was a current opinion among men of science that certain insects and other creatures pertaining to the lower orders of the animal kingdom were generated spontaneously. But, more recently, when these instances of supposed spontaneous combustion came to be closely investigated, one after another of them were found not to be such So that at this day the scientific world discards the theory that there is or can be any such thing as spontaneous generation All living things descend from parents; and it is by a pairing of the sexes that young are produced, and that each species is continued in existence—some classes of animals bringing forth their young alive, others laying eggs from which their young hatch

Insects are of this latter kind They are all produced from eggs But in the generation of the plant lice, we meet with one of the most remarkable anomalies which we anywhere find in the works of nature. These insects bring forth their young alive, at one time, and they lay eggs at another time. All the plant lice which we see upon our trees during the spring and summer are females, and these do not produce eggs, but living young, which mature in a few days, and (wonderful to tell!) they are fertile, without any intercourse of the sexes. It is only when cold weather and frosty nights arrive, that males are produced. The insects then pair, and the females thereupon lay eggs. These eggs remain through the winter, to be hatched by the warmth of the following spring. The young from these eggs grow up and commence bearing living young, no males and no eggs being produced, except as the closing act of their operations in autumn

Such are the general facts with regard to the generation of the insects of this aphis group. And I had supposed it would be the same with this grain aphis. Some of you may have been present and heard the remarks which I made on this subject at our Fair at Watertown a year ago I stated that the eggs of this insect would probably be found late in autumn, scattered about upon the leaves of the fall sowed wheat and rye—which eggs would hatch with the warmth of the following spring, to start the insect upon the grain again this year. But when frosty nights arrived last autumn, and when the aphis on the apple trees was found paired, and the females were busy depositing their eggs, to my surprise, nothing of this kind occurred with this aphis upon the grain. The mature lice continued to produce young ones, until they and their young became congested upon the leaves of the young grain by the advancing cold of the season. And in this state they were buried beneath the snows of winter, and with the warmth of the ensuing spring they were thawed, and returned to life again.

To be better assured upon the subject, I placed some of these insects on grain growing in flower-pots and kept during the winter in a warm room In this situation they continued alive and continued to bear young through the whole winter season.

Thus I have watched this grain aphis the year round, so closely, that I am perfectly assured no eggs were laid and no males produced. Occasionally an individual was noticed, varying somewhat from the others, and which I have, therefore, suspected might be a male; but, on imprisoning such specimens in vials over night, I have invariably found young lice with them next morning

When, and under what circumstances, males occur—if they ever do occur—is yet remaining to be discovered. At present it seems as though these insects might go on forever, producing young, without any intercourse of the sexes

With regard to their fecundity, those which have no wings, and which remain on the stalks of grain on which they are born, are much more prolific than those which have wings and wander abroad. By enclosing them separately in vials, I found the winged females quite uniformly gave birth to two young lice in a single night, whilst the wingless ones produced four in the same time We frequently see young lice produced in the day time, but fewer appear to be born than during the night The winged ones are much slower in coming to maturity I placed several young lice, the morning after they were born, upon some grain growing in a flower-pot, and on the third morning afterwards, I found four little ones around each of them, showing that the wingless ones come to maturity in three days. It will thus be seen with what prodigious rapidity these creatures multiply. They almost double their numbers daily. A single one producing four young daily, and these becoming equally prolific when they are three days old, her descendants in twenty days, if all live, will number upwards of two millions. This will serve to explain to us how it is that this insect becomes so excessively numerous upon the grain at harvest time, as we have seen it

As they multiply so rapidly, it is evident no vegetation which they infest would escape destruction from these plant lice, if nature had not herself provided most efficient means for checking and subduing them. We accordingly find that these insects are preyed up on and consumed by other insects, to a greater extent than are any other kinds of injurious insects wherewith we are molested. There are whole groups and tribes of predaceous insects, which sub-ist exclusively upon the plant lice of different kinds

A tribe of very small Ichneumon flies, named Aphidius, are parasitic destroyers of these insects—puncturing and thrusting an egg into the body of the aphis, from which hatches a minute worm which feeds within the aphis till it kills it. I have found two species of the parasites destroying the grain aphis

Another most efficient destroyer is the Lady Bug or Coccinella, of which there are numerous species, all of which are continually searching plant-lice to feed upon, these being the sole nourishment of the lady bug, both in its larva and its perfect state.

In addition to these are the Syrphus flies, the golden-eyed flies, and the lace-winged flies, all mortal enemies to the different kinds of Aphis.

By such means is it that these plant lice upon the grain as on other vegetation, are usually but a transitory evil—these their foes and destroyers, always gathering around them wherever they become numerous, and multiplying until they overbalance and subdue them

Some one asked for a description of the Lady Bug. Dr. Fitch described it as follows: It is about the size and shape of half of a small pea, of a yellowish red color, with round, black spots upon it.

Question.—Is it poisonous to animals?

Dr Fitch knew a singular instance where swine had been pastured in a field where the lady bug was numerous All of the herd were taken sick, and some of them died The swine were removed from that field to another, and such as were so removed recovered. Dr. F said that it was possible that the swine were poisoned by eating large quantities of the lady bug; for if it is taken in the fingers and crushed, an acrid juice is emitted, which is doubtless poisonous, inasmuch as it is the insect's only means of defence. He had thought it possible that this particular herd of swine might have been poisoned by it.

Question.—Is there any prospect of the Aphis becoming a permanent pest in the country?

Answer.—I think not. Its enemies are too numerous for that Not more than a single year at a time, will they be likely to ravage in a single locality. As before said, they seem to be migrating westward.

Q.—Is the midge a permanent pest? is it plenty here at all seasons?

A.—There is no doubt that the midge is plenty in all parts of the country. The character of the season governs its ravages. If the latter part of June is wet, look out for the midge; if dry, there is no danger. In dry weather it cannot subsist on the uplands; it returns to the lowlands.

T. C. Peters.—We are fast reaching the maximum of former years in the amount of wheat sown in Western New York, and it is an important matter to us to know how to avoid the ravages of the midge. Do you recommend thorough culture?

Dr. Fitch.—Strong growing wheat will produce despite the midge. Yes, I do recommend thorough culture as one of the preventives of the ravages of the midge; also of the Hessian fly and other insects.

Q.—What is the effect of the work of the aphis upon the grain—upon the kernel?

A.—The insect extracts the juices from the plant, which aid in developing and maturing the kernel This diminishes the size of the grain—sometimes virtually destroying it, for the substance is almost gone.

Mr. Geddes, of Onondago, does not agree with Dr. Fitch concerning his theory with reference to the existence of the midge. He doubts if the midge exists in as great numbers one year as another or if they are present at all; for prior to the past six years he had failed to get a crop of wheat for some years on their account; while the past six years he had grown it successfully His success, he thinks, is not due to dry Junes, but to the fact that the midge had disappeared He doubts too if his success is due to superior culture; for he used to summer fallow all his land; now he turns it over and seeds after barley, oats, &c., &c

T. C. Peters.—So far as white wheat is concerned, the theory of the effect of the season upon the ravages of the midge upon it, is correct. But the Mediterranean is the only variety that can be grown now safely He thinks the white wheat has very much degenerated.

Other gentlemen present coincided with him in this matter, and united in asserting that the best mode of redeeming white wheat was to change the seed. It was further agreed that the Mediterranean had greatly improved by cultivation—that it was "bleaching out."

Mr Bishop, of Wyoming, asked if early or late sowing had not had to do with checking the ravages of the Aphis?

Dr. Fitch replied, yes. Its ravages are greatest on the late sown wheat. Late sowing is not advised, if the object is to avoid its ravages. The same remark applies conversely to the midge. It does not so seriously affect the late, as the early sown wheat

Prest Connell.—Have you observed the Aphis in the ground around the roots of the barley?

Dr. F. had so discovered it.

Mr Geddes.—Why is it that the midge should have appeared one year, and not doubled the second and tripled the third, &c, &c? He thought the midge was disappearing.

Dr. Fitch said there were two successive years when the midge disappeared, and then the third year appeared again, and was very destructive. He does not think it was because the midge passed away from the country, but because the season was not favorable to its development—or at least not favorable to its operations on wheat—it passed to some other grain.

At this point there was a rambling conversational discussion upon the relative value of different varieties of wheat. Much of this the reporter was unable to hear. But he heard enough to establish the fact that there were many present who believed the Mediterranean the safest and best wheat to sow; that it was improving in character, while the white wheat of the Genesee Valley was deteriorating A few claimed that better flour could be made from the Mediterranean than from any other wheat.

EXERCISE OF MIND ESSENTIAL TO HEALTH.

The perfect health of the lower animals is not the perfect health of man. The one having more nervousness, demands corresponding life

If we would have healthy bodies, our brains must be regularly and vigorously used. The Greeks employed gymnastics, but neglected not earnestness in art, speculation, and politics. They had the mental life full of energy and beauty, as well as the athletic and graceful frame.

How we weary of the novel and light literature, and yet endure protracted study over works requiring mental grasp!

TALKS ABOUT WAR.

RANK, INSIGNIA OF RANK.

In an army every man's power and his pay depend on his rank—that is, upon the office that he holds If he is a private soldier, he has no power or authority He has only to obey orders Above the private soldier there are more than a dozen ranks or grades of officers going up from the Corporal to the Lieutenant-General.

Every officer is required to wear something which on duty that shows just what his rank is These are called the badges or insignia of rank. When you meet a man in the street at home, you can't tell whether he is a lawyer, or a doctor, or a farmer; whether he is a rich man or a poor man But the moment you meet a soldier, you can tell whether he is a private or an officer, and if an officer, just what his rank and his pay are—that is, if you understand all about these badges or insignia of rank. Let me, then, explain them to you.

Officers are either commissioned or non-commissioned. The commissioned officers are appointed by the Governors of the States in the volunteer army, and by the President in the regular army Then are nine grades of commissioned officers whose pay ranges from $100 a month up to $800

The commissioned officers all wear shoulder straps. These are pieces of cloth one and three eighths of an inch wide and four inches long, bordered with an embroidery of gold a quarter of an inch wide. The color of the cloth in the shoulder-strap tells to which arm of the service the officer belongs. In the artillery the cloth is scarlet—in the infantry it is light blue, and in the cavalry it is yellow. General officers, that is, those above a Colonel in rank, and the Staff officers of these rank, wear dark blue shoulder-straps

A Second Lieutenant, who is the lowest commissioned officer, has nothing inside of the gold bordering of his shoulder-straps. A First Lieutenant has a little gold embroidered bar just inside of each end of the border of his straps, and parallel with the end. A Captain has two such bars in each end; that is, four in each strap A Major has, instead of the bars of gold, a gold embroidered leaf in each end of each strap. A Lieutenant Colonel has a silver embroidered leaf in each end of each strap. A Colonel has a silver embroidered eagle in the middle of each strap. A Brigadier-General has a silver embroidered star with five rays in the place of the eagle. A Major-General has two such stars in each strap A Lieutenant-General has three stars, the centre one being larger than the other two

Whenever you see a man with shoulder-straps on, you know he is a commissioned officer; and you can tell what arm of the service he belongs to by the color of the cloth in his straps, and what his rank is by what is worked or embroidered inside of the border of his straps.

Non-commissioned officers all wear chevrons upon both sleeves of their coats, between the elbow and the shoulder. These chevrons are made of silk or worsted binding half an inch wide. In the artillery the binding is scarlet; in the infantry light blue, and in the cavalry yellow. The chevron is in the form of a letter A turned upside down. The point or angle of the A being turned towards the elbow.

A Corporal has two bars of worsted binding on each sleeve. A Sergeant has three bars. An Orderly Sergeant, has three bars and a lozenge or diamond above them in the open angle which they make. An Ordnance Sergeant, who has charge of the ammunition, has three bars and a star in silk binding. A Quartermaster's Sergeant has three bars and a tie in silk. A Sergeant Major has three bars and an arc over them in silk. A Hospital Steward has a half chevron of green cloth on each arm, and a "Caduceus," or snake twisted around a rod, embroidered yellow silk

The non-commissioned officers are appointed by the Colonel of the regiment, and may be reduced to the ranks, that is, made private soldiers again, whenever he thinks that they neglect their duty, or are guilty of any crime. The Corporals get no more pay than privates—namely, $13.00 a month The Sergeants get $17 a month. The Orderly and Hospital Steward, $20. The Sergeant Major and Quartermaster Sergeant $21.

You see that there is a great difference between the pay of commissioned and non-commissioned officers. But the non-commissioned officers are supplied by the government with food, called "rations" in the army, and with $42.00 worth of clothing every year. The commissioned officers have to feed and clothe themselves

REMARKABLE ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE

AN AMERICAN PRESTER JOHN—A NEW YORK SAILOR RULING A CHINESE CITY—LIFE AND PROPERTY SUBJECT TO HIS WILL.

The great lands of the Orient, the homes and cradles of fancy and romance, have not entirely renounced their old character. Occasionally, amid the smoke of battle, we have wafted to us a little breeze from the far East, a bit of fairy life and romance worth

——the good old days
Of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid.

The latest advices from China inform us, through the medium of private letters, of the unprecedented career in that country of a young American of this State, who, though but twenty-nine years of age, has reached a position which reminds one of the dim legends of Prester John Here is a brief recountal of the story of adventure:—

About twelve years ago Edward Forester, country lad, born in Jefferson county, in this State, decided, like a great many other boys, to go to sea. His friends opposed the idea, but, of course, the love of ocean life was too strong to be resisted, and young Forester joined those who "go down to the sea in ships." He was successful, and soon became the mate of a whaling ship, though then scarcely beyond his majority.

In Honolulu Forester made the acquaintance of a merchant of Hakodadi, and went with him to Japan Here he remained two or three years engaged in commercial pursuits. Thence he went to China, where he was taken into the Imperial service. He became popular both with the foreigners and native authorities at Shanghai, and was finally made second in command to Gen Ward, in place of Col Margrave, who was severely wounded in some recent engagement.

In this capacity the quondam sailor continued to be much liked, and now enjoys the confidence of all the Mandarins in the province, and is admitted to their confidence, as well as the highest and most exclusive Chinese Society. At one time he led a band of two hundred men against the Rebels, only nine of them returning, the rest having been all killed. He has now twenty thousand troops under his command

For his services he has been made a Mandarin of the Blue Button, and his name stands high in Pekin. His rank obliges him to keep at least twelve servants. The latest letters received from him (to May 1st) state that he is in command of the city of Soungkaing, sleeps with the city keys under his pillow; while not one of the 200,000 inhabitants of the place—not even the highest Mandarin—can enter or leave without his permission, and at a word from him any individual out of that 200,000 may lose his head

Mr Forester enjoys also the friendship of Admiral Hope, General Mitchell, and the other English and French officers in China. Admiral Hope he reports as severely wounded in a recent fight

On the 1st of May the English, French and imperialist troops were preparing to attack Chinfoo, of which Forester will be made Military Governor. He predicts the removal or deposing of the so-called Heavenly Emperor within a year

Such is the brief and brilliant career in the East of a genuine specimen of Young America The American Mandarin has friends and relatives living in this city, as well as in the North on part of the State who will learn with satisfaction and pleasure of his influence and power in far-off lands

N. Y Post, ub.

Family Circle.

THE MISSIONARY CHILD.

Beneath the eastern sunshine
A little maiden play'd;
Her life seemed filled with happiness,
Unknown to evening shade.
A mother's gentle hand was seen
In fragrant fondness twining,
And the love light of a father's eye
Beam'd on the child with blessing.

Beneath the eastern sunshine
There march'd an armed band,
And loud the dreadful war cry,
Was raised throughout the land;
Then many a loving father
Went forth in coat of mail,
And returned no more to bless his child,
Or stay the widow's wail

Beneath the eastern sunshine
With aching heart and head,
A crouched weary captive
Were by the victors led
Among them was the little maid,
From home and country driven,
And the only Friend she had not lost
Was her Father's God in heaven.

Still 'neath the eastern sunshine,
Though 'mid a stranger race,
The little captive served her God
And sought His helpful grace;
And in the heathen household
Where'ever her lot trodwell,
To those around she told of Him
Who doeth all things well.

Beneath the eastern sunshine
A haughty noble rode,
Eager to prove the healing power
Of the little maiden's God,
To the home he left a leper foul,
In health and peace he came,
And the heart so proud now humbly bow'd
Before Jehovah's name.

Ah, surely Heaven's own sunshine
Was resting on the maid,
As timidly her trembling tones
The word of life convey'd!
Upon the evergreen of a child
Angels might come and look,
And the "Gold for a memorial"
In God's most blessed Book. Issa

—*Juvenile Missionary, Magazine.*

IN A MINUTE

"Henry," said Mrs. Williams to her son, who was employed in drawing horses on a slate, "there are hens in the garden; go and drive them out, or they will do mischief there."

"Yes, ma'am," said Henry, "I will go."

Mrs. Williams left him, in order to attend to her domestic matters. He kept on drawing. Did he mean to disobey his mother? Oh, no. He said in sincerity "I will go;" but added, mentally, "in a minute." He had nearly finished a picture of a house. He wanted to finish it before he went. It would take him but a minute. He did not finish it as soon as he expected. When it was nearly finished according to his original plan, a new thought struck him, and he rubbed out a part of his work, and thus his "minute" became a very long one. In fact, he was so occupied with his work, that he forgot his mother had spoken to him. In about a quarter of an hour his mother came to him and said, "Henry, the hens are back again in the garden, and they are scratching up our flower-bed."

"Are they?" said Henry, in a tone of surprise. "I'll drive them so far away that they won't get back again very soon" Henry intended to make the impression on his mother's mind that he had promptly obeyed her by driving out the hens, and that they had made their way back again

That was deceiving her. It was acting a lie instead of telling one, and it was just as bad Henry never made false statements to his mother. He would have felt deeply grieved if any one had accused him of telling a falsehood. Young persons must not deceive themselves in regard to this matter. A lie consists in deceiving. Deceit can be practised by actions as well as by words.

Henry came into the house weeping. "What is the matter?" said Mrs. Williams.

"The hens have scratched up all my flowers, and have dug great holes in the bed to dust themselves in. The seeds I had planted were just coming up, and they are all scratched up. Why didn't you tell me they were there before they had destroyed my bed?"

This was not very respectful language for a boy to use to his mother. He felt angry and guilty, and wanted somebody to blame. I think it quite likely the reader has felt and acted in a similar way.

This language brought his disobedience to light. Until he spoke thus, his mother thought he had driven the hens out when she told him to, and that they had come back again. She now suspected he had not

"How far did you drive them when I told you they were in the garden?" said she, in a tone that convinced Henry that she knew he had not heeded her command

"I waited just a minute till I had finished my house, before I went. If you had told me they were on my flower-bed, I should have gone at once"

"You should go at once whenever I tell you to. Your remark implies that you will obey your mother when it is for your interest to do so. That is not obedience. You are to do what your parents tell you to do, because they tell you to do it. If you do the act from selfish motives, and without regard to their authority, you do not obey them. Besides, you waited more than 'just a minute' It is now nearly or quite half an hour since I spoke to you. The hens were then just coming in at the further end of the walk. If you had obeyed me, they would not have touched your bed. The loss of your flowers is a just punishment for your disobedience."

"I didn't mean to wait so long. I meant to wait just a minute, and then I forgot that you told me."

"That is no good excuse. To forget a duty does not excuse us from performing it. Life would be a very different thing from what it now is, if forgetfulness of a duty atoned for not doing it. If you intend to obey your parents, you must do what they tell you to, when they tell you"

"I do mean to be obedient"

A neighbor coming in at that moment broke off the conversation Henry retired not at all satisfied with himself and with what had taken place If he had thought over matters as he should have done, he would have formed, at least, two resolutions. 1, Never to act a lie, 2, To render a prompt obedience to his parent's commands.

CHILD'S CHRISTIAN ALPHABET

A is an Advocate, Jesus his name,
B is a Babe, in weakness who came;
C the Comforter, Christ's dearest Friend,
D the Deliverer to bring you relief.
E the Eternal, the Ancient of Days
F is the Faithful, all worthy of praise,
G is our God, and our Guide from the fall,
H is the Highest and Holiest of all
I is the Innocent Victim who bled,
J is the Justifier, the great and the dead
K is our King, let our hearts be his throne,
L is the Lamb that was slain to atone
M is Messiah, by prophets foretold,
N is the Nail-[illegible]
O the Omnipotent, make him your stay,
P is the Portion that ne'er shall decay,
Q is the Queen, the church of Christ's choice,
R the Redeemer, O, head ye his voice
S is salvation from hell and from sin,
T is the Truth, let her rule you within,
U the Unspeakable Gift of our God,
V is the Vine where each branch has abode
W is the Way to the Father on high,
X our example to live and to die,
Y is his Yoke that is easy to bear,
Z is his Zeal for the honor of his care
Virtues to emerge the trust of our heart
Our Brother, our Prophet, our Priest, Lord, thou art.

"On parent's knee, a helpless, new-born child,
Weeping, thou sit'st, while all around thee smiled!
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Then, then, may'st smile, whilst all around thee weep!

In conversation do not exalt yourselves, but bring [illegible]

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FIFTY AND FIFTEEN

With gradual gleam the day was dawning;
Some lingering stars were seen
When swung the garden gate behind us,—
He fifty, I fifteen.

The high topped chaise and old gray pony
Stood waiting in the lane:
Idly my father swayed the whip-lash,
Lightly he held the reins.

The stars went softly back to heaven;
The night fogs rolled away,
And runs of gold, and crown of crimson
Along the hill tops lay.

That morn, the fields they surely never
So fair an aspect wore;
And never from the purple clover
Such perfume rose before.

O'er hills, and low romantic valleys
And flowery by-roads through,
I sang my maniest songs to cheer,
That he might sing their tune.

Our souls lay open to all pleasures,
No shadow came between;
Two children happy with their leisure,
He fifty, I fifteen.

* * * * * *

As on my couch in languor lonely
I weave beguiling rhyme,
Comes back with strangely sweet remembrance
That far removed time.

The slow-paced years have brought sad changes
That morn and this between;
And now on earth my years are fifty,
And his, in heaven fifteen

[illegible] DYING.

[illegible] W. H. C. SOMER.

[illegible] voice of complaining
[illegible]halinde and dell;
[illegible]inging, and crochets are singing
[illegible] song of farewell!
[illegible]ees, but where are the roses
[illegible]l with her tresses of gold?
[illegible]re sighing, where darkly are lying
[illegible]beaten leaves on the mould

[illegible]ooking me, for barren before me
[illegible] hills that I loved when a boy;
No more in shadows of oak on the meadows
Stout mowers their scanning enjoy.
The stubble, how lonely! weeds shooting up only
Where grain clothed the generous soil,
And reapers were swinging their cradles and singing
Blithe strains to enliven the toil.

Cattle are wading where willows are shading
The low, shallow bed of the stream;
Thistle down floating, is sadly denoting
That summer will pass like a dream.
The harvest moon, sailing through mist, is unveiling
Her dusk like a blood-painted shield,
While school-boy and maiden, their baskets fruit-laden,
Are home from the blackberry field.

Dark swells of ocean, with long-measured motion,
Moan as they break on the shore;
Airy tongues wailing for beauty's cheek paling,
Chime in with the desolate roar.
Stars have grown dimmer, less dazzling the glimmer
Of the fire-fly lamps on the lawn;
Flocks cease chiddling, are honey-drops holding,
But light from the landscape is gone.

Throned on the thistle, the botanist's whistle
Made cheerful the meadows of June;
Mead larks saluting the morn with the fluting,
Replied to his rapturous tune.
Hoarse crows are calling, and first leaves are falling,
But still a mild loveliness reigns;
A sweet haunting sadness, though vanished in gladness,
And glory from nature, remains.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Editor:—Again the snow flakes have carpeted our sometimes dusty then muddy city Every thing looks white and pure, and if some celestial visitor, upon whom the charm of deception could effect its bewilderment, were to visit our wicked and corrupt metropolis, he might suppose all was purity and perfection

They have been holding a series of meetings in Israel Church for the last two weeks, the result of which has been the conversion of many souls. The entire church presents a more spiritual aspect at present, than she has for some time.

Last Sabbath, the 2d inst., the second quarterly meeting of the grand Sabbath School Union was held in Israel Church, at 3 o'clock, P. M. This association is composed of delegates from the various Sabbath Schools of the entire city, organized by Bishop Payne and the late Rev. John F. Cook, seventeen years ago.

The meeting was opened by singing and prayer, roll called, minutes of the previous meeting read and approved. The President, Mr. John Thos. Johnson, then called for the quarterly reports of the various schools, the majority of which were very intelligently represented. And the flattering reports which came from many of the schools indubitably showed, that neither industry nor discretionary genius commensurate to the work were lacking. After which the following gentlemen addressed the audience:—

Rev. Adolphus W. Winkfield, who spoke to children. His remarks were very pathetic, and suitably adapted to the tender feelings of the young. Likely, no one then present could have ingratiated himself into the youthful minds, and retained their attention more successfully, than did Mr. Winkfield. I also think the good brother is destined for the work of the Christian ministry, as the zeal and burning fervor which is manifest in his gestures, glows in his countenance, burns in his words, yet threaded with so much Christian love, bespoke a fitness for some higher calling in the Christian church.

Rev. Alexander Sandy, of the Third Baptist Church, spoke to the teachers. His remarks were very pointed, and uncompromising with non-attendance of Sabbath School teachers. He paid a [illegible]ing tribute to those trifling parents who [illegible]y or mean to discharge their parental [illegible]ne showing the almost impossibility [illegible]th School rearing children for God, when the parents took no interest in their religious training.

3d, John Thos. Johnson, President, spoke to the parents. His remarks evinced no small acquaintance with literature. He handled his subject in a masterly manner and demonstrated clearly, that the reflection of cast could only be abrogated by the force of literary competition.

Mr H. A. Wormly is the Secretary of the Association. This gentleman has the appearance of one who possesses the ability adequate to whatever position may be in reserve for him.

Upon the whole, the demonstration told well for those who are engaged in the work of youthful culture.

I had the pleasure of visiting Baltimore this week, where I found assembled the Executive Board of the Baltimore Annual Conference Missionary Society, which Board is composed of Rt. Rev D A Payne, and Revs J M Brown, A W. Wayman, J A Handy, B F Tanner Jas Lynch, H M Turner. They were in session three days, during which time some heavy discussions took place. Two applications for establishing missionary fields were presented. One was sent from Africa, and the other from South Carolina. The application from Africa was largely and warmly debated upon. Not being authorized by the Board, I forbear giving the result of its proceedings; but will merely state to the members of the Baltimore Annual Conference, that they will soon be officially notified to raise the sum of thirty five cents from each and every member of their circuit or station, to meet the exigencies of our missionary demand. The Board adjourned to meet in Washington the 1st Monday in December.

I also met in the Monumental City the distinguished lecturer and very popular orator, Mr. Wm. J. Watkins. Baltimore is his birth place, and no man ever experienced from his friends a more cordial reception, upon his return from Hayti. He has been lecturing for some time to crowded houses, though an admission fee has been charged. No lectures among our people have been so well attended. I will give you the subjects which he has been discussing:—

1st. The colored people of the United States—our defects, our duties, and our probable destiny

2d. The relation of the colored population of the United States to the present crisis.

3d. Human progress.

4th. Our wants, as a people.

He has surpassed the expectations of all by his splendid elocution, his inimitable power of description, his bold and vivid imagery, his burning satire, and his glowing eloquence. He first lectured by invitation of the Galbraith Lyceum, though the Baptist Church in which he was to lecture was refused at a very late hour by Rev. Noah Davis, (colored,) on the ground of Mr. Watkins' abolition notoriety.

The Presbyterian Church, of which Rev. Hiram Revels is the learned and faithful pastor, was tendered, and crowded to overflowing, and he has since lectured in Bethel and Sharp Street Churches. Thus, *the people* rebuked the needless timidity, the suicidal jealousy of old decrepid fogyism. A man of Mr. Watkins' calibre cannot be suppressed, and I am glad to know that no man among us has more ardent friends than he. May the Lord prosper him in his efforts to instruct and to elevate those who so much need his counsels.

I am informed that the Fifteenth St. Presbyterian Church has employed a temporary pastor. He is a white minister, and said to be a very good man, but only an ordinary preacher. May Heaven bless his labors.

The Central American Expedition will be delayed for some three or four months. The reason of which is, that the President concurs with the views of Secretary Seward, in first making a treaty with the Government of New Granada, so that all emigrants will be entitled to the protection guaranteed by the United States Government, and this treaty must be ratified by Congress. I suppose this arrangement has constituted the basis of Mr Seward's heretofore urged objections. I am informed that the prospective Governor, Mr Joseph E Williams, will occupy an office in the Interior Department till the expedition is ready.

H. M. T.

Washington, Nov. 8th, 1862

For the Christian Recorder.

Lawrence, Kansas, Nov. 4th, 1862

Mr. Editor—I drop a few lines to your paper, to let the friends know over east how we are getting along here in Kansas. I reached my charge on the 18th day of October, and found the society in quite a low state, in consequence of the war. Many of the brethren were called into the service in defence of the state from invasion, and are still in camp near Fort Lincoln, well armed and equipped. Cheering news reached here on Sunday morning, that a portion of the colored Regiment had an engagement with a band of guerillas, on last Thursday, and after 3 hours' hard fighting, succeeded in driving them from Kansas soil, killing 20 and wounding a great many. There were 8 colored soldiers killed, and Lieut. Crow, a white officer. The informant said that the blacks fought with a valor, never surpassed by any soldiers. I think the battle will have a telling effect among the whites here, many of them at least who have predicted that the colored men would run if they came into battle: they are convinced that they will fight. There was quite an excitement here on Sunday night. A report gained currency somehow that Quantrill, the notorious bushwhacker, was going to invade Lawrence that night. The Home Guards were soon in their places, with muskets in hand, ready to give him a warm reception. The women did not sleep on their arms, but I learn that many of them slept in their daily attire with sandals or shoes on, not knowing what moment they would have to take their leave of the city, but thank God, the day broke on us all safe again, and all is quiet again in the city. We have commenced a protracted meeting, and there is indication of much good being done. There were 8 persons forward to the altar of prayer last night, and they seemed to be deeply engaged, and the church is becoming aroused. May God pour out his Spirit upon us. More anon.

J M. WILKERSON.

For the Christian Recorder.

Rev. Weaver,—I thought that I would furnish this Communication, from the western border of the Indiana Annual Conference. Well, I visited Muscatine, found the church in a backslidden state, and my young brother doing all that he could do. I spent a week with them, preached five times, lectured the Sabbath School and parents, for the school was like the church, very thinly attended, notwithstanding Bro. A. Clark was trying hard to keep the Sabbath School in existence. I on the Sabbath attended to the baptism of children, and at night the sacrament of the Lord's supper, after which the doors of the church were opened, for the reception of members or probationers. Two came forward and joined the church. The Altar or Mourners' bench was prepared, and invitation given: seven came forward for the prayers of the church, and before I left that city, one of the mourners, a contraband, found peace to her troubled soul. Since that time four others have professed, and Bro Paine writes me that the interest of the meeting was still increasing in Keokuk. We are striving to arouse from sleep. We held our first Quarterly Meeting, the 26th and 27th of October, had a pleasant time, two joined the church, and we expect to have a good time yet, a refreshing season from the Lord, and we are preparing the paschal lamb for New Year's night. When our brethren, by order of our good President, declared that we shall leave Egypt, then we will sing,

The year of Jubilee is come,
Return ye ransomed sinners home

So this last Sabbath I have just spent at Quincy. I preached on Saturday night and Sunday morning, met the Sabbath School at three o'clock, found seven teachers, thirty five children an unseen visitor present. After hearing them read and passed through their catechism, I delivered a short lecture, and the school closed. Last night Bro M T. Newsome and myself administered the sacrament of the Lord's supper. The presence of the Lord was with us, and I am led to believe that the good Lord will bless the labors of his servants in Quincy yet, although they had become alienated from the paths of duty. To-night the love-feast. I think that we will be able to send several subscribers for the Recorder, to commence with the first of the year. Receive my respects. Remember me to your lady. No more, but remain your fellow laborer in Christ,

ABRAHAM T. HALL.

For the Christian Recorder.

Bro. Weaver.—I suppose sir, you would like to hear from the old prairie State since I entered on my field of labor. I have made two rounds on the circuit, which is one hundred and fifty three miles long. My first Quarterly meeting came off on the 18th and 19th of October in Galesburg. Truly the Lord was with us there. Bro. Moses Allen, a local preacher from Pennsylvania, who has recently moved to Knoxville, Ill., assisted me. Bro Allen is acquainted with many of our eastern ministers. One joined the church on probation, two were baptized by pouring, and some 40 took sacrament. Galesburg is a very handsome little city, located in a fertile prairie, 100 miles from Quincy, 168 miles from Chicago, 45 miles from Burlington, Iowa, and 50 miles from Peoria. The Railroads cross at Galesburg, going to each one of the above named cities, which makes it a place of considerable business. The iron horses are hauling contrabands of war in there, and they are uniting with our church. Galesburg is a place that is noted for education. It has a new school Presbyterian college, a fine large female Academy, and also a Universalist College. Both white and colored go to school together.

I will now say a something about the Christian Recorder and Repository. Sir, as I promised in our Annual Conference, I am doing all I can to get subscribers for each of them.

N B—I now send you four new subscribers' names, and also enclose to you $2 00, to pay their subscription the January R Allen, Peoria, Ill., 50 cents, Mrs N A Wells, Bloomington, Ill 50 cents, Mrs Helen Yancy, Bloomington, Ill., 50 cents, Miss Nancy Cooper, Bloomington, Ill, 50 cents. Yours for universal liberty, and the extension of Messiah's kingdom over all the earth. W. J. DAVIS.

Bloomington, Ill., Nov. 4th, 1862

ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS

[Continued from No 93]

The God of the Universe is a just God; and he is pouring out his wrath upon the country in political dissension, rebellion and cruel war: to avenge for the many wrongs inflicted upon an oppressed and helpless race.

The general impression of the people who come here to-day, is to celebrate the anniversary of emancipation in the West Indies; but I beg leave to say that we have some here to commemorate another day. The act on that day is highly important to our race; and amidst the din of battle and the clash of murderous arms, the joyous shouts of emancipation and freedom go up in one continuous outburst of thanks and praises to God for unbounded goodness in loosening the bonds of slavery from many of our race in the District of Columbia. Thank God that is one step toward ameliorating the condition of many of our countrymen. The recognition of Liberia and Hayti also deserve notice by us, as being calculated to elevate us in some degree. We see with all the civil commotion, bloodshed and devastation, the executive Department of this nation has done more for us than has been done heretofore.

I would say as a people we should be as forbearing as possible upon the issue that is now agitating the public mind, and let us look well to our own interests. We cannot do this better than by constant cultivation of the mind, moral and social improvement, which are the great influences that work for our elevation among nations.

No nation on earth has ever been recognized by enlightened governments unless they have made sufficient progress in art and science to take a high position among the intellectual nations of the earth. Hence if we ever expect to be a people that nations will honor, we must make the most rapid advancement inward the hill of fame. A new energy should be instilled into the mind of every colored man in this country; a determination [illegible] will to conquer all difficulties that may arise before him.

There is one great and important feature that I wish to impress deeply upon the mind of every one present, and that is UNION. Alas! we are sadly deficient in this. We need more unanimity of action, unanimity of purpose, and unanimity of feeling, to make us a prosperous race. We are not self sacrificing. We are too selfish; too jealous of each other's prosperity to ever effect great good among ourselves. Fellow citizens, I hope that the glorious sentiments which have been uttered this day will never be effaced from the memory of those who are participating in the pleasures of this grand demonstration. Honorable freemen, I feel that the day of our future glory is dawning, that ere long the bright sun of our destiny will break forth from behind the dark cloud of oppression and adversity, and will shed its benign and effulgent rays over a down-trodden race, who will once more be crowned with the blessings of liberty, happiness, and refinement.

J. W. H. S.

DESCRIPTION OF PEKIN.

BY AN ENGLISH MISSIONARY.

An opportunity was afforded me of seeing Pekin early in the present month a little before the relaxation of the restrictions on passports. I send you this brief account of some of the things I saw.

The streets and gates are singularly regular. The Tartar city is square. There are two gates in each wall, placed opposite to each other; but the south wall has three gates instead of two, the middle one being in front of the Imperial palace. Conceive of walls from forty to sixty feet high, and thirty five feet wide, crowned with lofty towers, of several stories, over the nine gates and at the corners. Had not the Chinese Government yielded, our troops would have found no little difficulty in forcing an entrance through such bulwarks. So said a Colonel of one of our regiments to me lately, and with reason.

The Tartar city is three miles and a half across. In its centre is the Imperial city, which, within a triple wall, encloses the palace. The approaches to the top of the wall consist of gradually rising slopes suitable for cavalry to mount and close to the gates. Some of them are open, and invite the visitor to ascend them. From the wall in the vicinity of the south central gate, there is a fine view of the palace. A succession of yellow tiled roofs are seen stretching far to the north. Between them is 'Prospect Hill,' or 'Hill of Beauty,' an artificial mound made to beautify the palace.

Let the reader suppose himself to be walking from this spot to the handsome terre-plain to the eastward; he will observe the English and French flags waving, on his left, over gay, green-tiled roofs, which once protected princes of the Imperial family. He will also notice the Russian church very near them, and nearer yet to the wall he may observe a street where a crowd of Coreans are congregated. Their clothes are of white cotton, manufactured by themselves. A handkerchief is tied around their unshaven heads. They wear laced shoes. In all these points differing from the Chinese, they exhibit also a bustling, disputatious, quarrelsome disposition, which scandalizes those who watch them. But this may wear off on better acquaintance. They drive bargains with *ginseng*, the root whose tonic virtues are so celebrated in China, in a stout paper, and strong odor, all of them products of their own peninsula.

After turning the angle of the wall, the Astronomical Observatory comes into view. It is an open terrace adjoining the wall, and equally high. On this terrace are displayed the beautifully cast observing instruments of Verbiest. They are of bronze, and appear to have been executed with great accuracy. The large celestial globe is six feet in diameter. After a century and a half of exposure to skyey influences, they look fresh and capable of being used to advantage. Below this 'terrace for observing the stars,' there are seen lying on a slight elevation at the bottom the astronomical instruments made in the Mongolian dynasty, nearly six hundred years ago, by the Chinese mathematician, Kwo-shou king.

Near the Observatory is the Examination Hall, where thousands of students gather to acquire distinction in a struggle for literary honors. I met several candidates who had just arrived by steamer from Canton. Lower degrees are granted in the provinces; but that of Doctor in Literature is Arts given in the capital. They were Masters of only who braved the inconveniences of a sea voyage, rather than be cheated by the disordered state of the intermediate provinces in their purpose of reaching Pekin. Only 200 out of 5,000, they told me, can receive the coveted honor. Their own chance was not a bad one, because, coming from remote provinces, twelve or fifteen hundred miles distant, they would share in the advantage gained by the equitable distribution which the Emperor makes of the 200 diplomas among the provinces to which candidates belong.

LIFE IN THE ALPS.

BY MARY H. C. BOOTH.

Pontresina, Switzerland.

Here, among the white hills of God—

"Where the first word of creation
Loudly through the air yet rings"—

the world is just as he made it. No despot dare desecrate his altars of freedom here; for the Alpine mountains are his holy temples—his shrines, the little hills. Pomps and vanities and idleness have nothing in common with the majesty of mountain nature. Switzerland belies herself in her cities. The real Switzer can no more be transplanted from his native Alps than can the chamois. Let him go out into the world; he wonders at first, and listens; he hears but the clink of the dollar! It comes to be music by-and-by. Back in the stillness of twilight he wanders; faintly and more faint

"The echoes of the voice of God
Are sounding in his soul."

Down in the valleys, the dollar; up on the hill-tops, God's smile! He waits in the cities and wavers. Men call him avaricious. He is but human. The chamois goes bounding the high hill-sides. The dear old chamois! They grow on the mountains together. Look, pretty creature, he comes! Back to the Alps and the chamois, never again to wander—never again to roam!

I have just returned from a six hours' promenade, or rather *clambering*, upon the Montenasch glacier. It lies at the foot of the Rosatch Alp, nearly opposite the Pitz Languard, by the valley of Pontresina. It is a branch of the great Bernina glacier, which extends for an uninterrupted distance of fifty miles. The range of the Bernina Alps border upon Italy. They vary in height from 8,000 to 12,000 feet.

After an energetic tramp of three hours, during which we scarcely felt the incumbrance of our bodies, owing to the exhilarating effect of the light bracing air of the glacier, we paused to rest; and, having seated ourselves upon a pile of rocks in a glacier dell, partook of the welcome luncheon with which our provident guides had provided us. It consisted of bread, cheese, wine, and Italian sausage. The sausage, which one can eat if one must, is made of the meat of donkeys.—*Independent.*

"How changed the scene since merry Jean Baptiste
Paddled his pirogue on La Belle Riviere,
And from its banks some lone Loyola priest
Echoed the night song of the voyageur."

LIBERALITY OF GERMAN CONVERTS.—Rev. L. S. Jacoby writes to *The Missionary Advocate* a report of the amounts collected in the German Conference during the year. The total sum is $7,510, with 1,753 members in full connection, and 824 on probation. He says:

"You will be astonished when you look at the sum that has been collected. Consider also that several churches have been built: Ludwigsburg, Basle, Edwege, and Bremerhaven; and the members gave nobly to this object. I thought our church would be pleased to see that our poor Germans do all they possibly can."

PROTESTANT AND CATHOLIC LITERATURE IN GERMANY.

It is a remarkable fact that while the German Confederation counts about twenty-three millions of Protestants, the literature of the country is overwhelmingly under the control of Protestants. An immense majority of the new books published from year to year are by Protestant authors. The number of periodicals edited by Protestants is at least ten times as large as that published by Catholics. The Protestants have more Universities than the Catholics, and even at the Catholic Universities the most distinguished professors are Protestants. Nearly each of the learned societies known under the name of academies of science is under the predominant influence of Protestantism.

The fact of this remarkable inferiority is generally admitted by Catholics. They are, however, not quite agreed as to its causes. Sometimes they are candid enough to count the general lethargy and indifference of priests and people as one of the causes; and we have found, even in Catholic papers of Germany, statements on this subject which we consider obvious exaggerations; as, for instance, that of the several thousand publishing houses, only a few dozens were controlled by Catholics; that the aggregate list of subscribers to all the Catholic papers of Germany did not reach the number of priests, and so forth. At other times the Catholic papers endeavor to explain their inferiority in literature by attributing to German governments gross partiality in the patronage of literature; and as a principal argument for this charge, they refer to the great discrepancy in the number between the Protestant and Catholic professors at the Universities. They demand that the governments should appoint at the state universities no more Protestant professors than the Protestants, by the numerical proportion of the Protestant population in the several states, are entitled to; and they indulge the hope that such a policy would have a telling effect on the aspects of German Literature.

DR.

This demand for a division of the professorial chairs among the Protestants and Catholics, according to their respective population, has been made with special tenacity by the Catholic party in the Prussian parliament. Ever since Prussia has received a constitutional government, they have urged the matter upon the attention of the two Chambers. The statistics collected by them are of the highest importance and interest, and deserve to be well pondered, for it can easily be shown that they prove something quite different from what the Catholic party finds in them. The following are the most important points:

Prussia has six complete universities, Berlin, Bonn, Breslau, Halle, Konigsberg, Greifswalde, and one half-university, Munster, (with only two faculties, theology and philosophy, while the complete universities have two more, law and medicine.) Of these institutions three are strictly denominational; Halle and Konigsberg admitting only Protestants, and Munster admitting only Catholic professors. The other four are open to professors of both denominations. The statutes of Greifswalde exclude likewise Catholics; but the spirit of the age has broken down the restriction, and occasionally a Roman Catholic professor has been admitted. Berlin (without reckoning the Protestant faculty of theology) has ninety-two professors, of whom three are Catholic, one is Jewish, and the rest are Protestants. The University of Breslau is founded and conducted on the principle of absolute parity between the Catholics and Protestants. Each party has its own theological faculty, and all the other chairs are open to the most accomplished candidates, whatever may be their religion. In the period from 1811 to 1861, the relation between the professors of the two denominations in the three non-theological faculties has been as follows: one hundred and two Protestants and twenty-three Catholics. The University of Bonn is, like Breslau, based on the parity principle. The relation between the two Churches was, in 1861, in the faculty of law, six Protestants and four Catholics; in the faculty of medicine, ten Protestants, two Catholics; in the faculty of philosophy, twenty-seven Protestants, ten Catholics.

These figures are, of course, most mortifying to the Catholic party, and, to console themselves, they raise the cry of *parcitality*. But the Government finds it easy to refute this charge. It need only refer to the fact, that the Catholic students of the kingdom are at liberty to complete their course of studies without attending any lectures of Protestant professors. They might furnish therefore as many candidates for the professorial chairs as the Protestants. But it is well known that such is not the case. There are half a dozen Protestant candidates for every chair to one Catholic. These candidates for professorial chairs at the Universities generally receive without difficulty the right of giving lectures, without receiving any salary from the state, and they are thus called *Privatdocent*. Now, the relation between Catholics and Protestants in this class of lecturers, on whose appointment the Government has little or no influence, is nearly the same as in the class of professors, above referred to. In selecting the professors, the Government of Prussia is guided by the literary reputation of the candidates. Now, in every science, the number of Protestant authors is large, that of Catholics small; and unless the Government of Prussia should be compelled to adopt the principle to inquire first into each candidate's denominational connection, and make his promotion dependent more on his religious opinions than on his scientific attainments, the number of Catholic professors must necessarily remain inferior to that of Protestants, until they, by their own exertions, conquer a far more prominent and honorable place in the province of Literature.—*Independent.*

LIGHT AND SHADE

BY MRS A. D. WOODBRIDGE

I won't not weep always, tho many a tear
Must fall on life's pathway, so lonely and drear,
But o'ers in the desert love's fountain is free,
And mercy's sweet words are manna to me.

I would not *smile* always, for oft on the air,
Comes the deep sigh of anguish—the voice of despair—
Yet o'er for the wretched, whose hopes are all riven,
Still, still, there is joy—there is rapture in heaven.

I would not *fear* always, tho' error's dark cloud
Gathers thick, the last beacon of faith to enshroud,
The bright Sun of Righteousness shines through the gloom,
And the rainbow of promise o'er arches the tomb.

But I would *hope* always, till o'er my rapt soul
The waves of fruition unceasing shall roll;
Then, then shall this restless, worn spirit, be free—
My Saviour! 'tis waiting a summons from thee,

Christian Watchman.

GREED OF GAIN.

"*When goods increase, they are increased that eat them.*" Eaters come from all sides, for the rich are always subject to claims proportionate to their wealth. Luther says, "This is a wonderful and a glorious saying: 'An avaricious man is never contented: he is always scraping and collecting.' And for whom does he gather? Whatever he may fancy, it is as the proverb says—'a niggard will have his splendor.' So warns the Scripture, and such is the lesson of experience from the beginning of the world, that all hoarded up treasures, especially such as are due to injustice, find their distributers and devourers, either during the life, or after the death of the avaricious collectors, who themselves get nothing but the toil and labor. King Solomon was also a rich king. Who made use of his great possessions? His royal household. Who uses, who eats and drinks up the wealth of princes? All manner of attendants, troopers, servants, waiters, officials, and innumerable other fellows who do not in the least deserve it. Whoso, then, gathers riches, gathers devourers. Therefore why plague thyself to collect much and to increase thy treasure? However many possessions thou hast, thou canst not do more than fill thy belly and clothe thy poor body. If God gives thee riches, use thy share as thou usest thy share of water, *and let the rest flow on;* if thou doest it not, thy gathering will still be in vain."—*Hungenberg on Ecclesiastes.*

SPIRITUAL BALANCE-SHEET.

We hope parents and teachers will take pleasure in explaining the following spiritual balance-sheet to their children and pupils. It is a good subject through which to interest them in spiritual things.

"For I reckon that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us."—Rom: viii. 18.

How frequently we dwell on present trials and sufferings, rather than on "the glory which shall be revealed in us!" We think more of the "light affliction which is but for a moment," than of the "eternal weight of glory" which is in reserve for us. Paul was a man who knew how to work experimentally on suffering and trial. Perhaps no one ever endured so great a variety of suffering as he did, and no mortal ever had such manifestations of the Divine glory. I never think of the above text but I imagine a sort of a spiritual balance-sheet laid before the tried and afflicted Christian, drawn up by one who is fully competent, under Divine influence, to give such a detail of losses and gains, and of riches in actual reversion, as will not fail to cheer amidst the trials and vicissitudes of which he is the object, if he will but calmly and prayerfully, and in faith, consider this statement, relying on the faithfulness of that God who influenced the apostle to draw it up for the consolation of the children of God.

Let us now take a glance at the balance-sheet, in the hope that we also may arrive at the same conclusion as did the Apostle Paul.

DR.

"THE SUFFERINGS OF THE PRESENT TIME."

In labors more abundant.
In stripes above measure.
In prisons more frequent.
In deaths oft.
Five times received I forty stripes, save one.
Thrice was I beaten with rods.
Once was I stoned.
Thrice I suffered shipwreck.
A night and day have I been in the deep
In journeys often.
In perils of robbers.
In perils of my own countrymen.
In perils by the heathen.
In perils in the city.
In perils in the wilderness.
In perils in the sea.
In perils among false brethren.
In weariness and painfulness.
In watchfulness often.
In hunger and thirst.
In faintings often.
In cold and nakedness.
Besides those things which are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches.

Total. "Light afflictions, but for a moment."

CR.

"THE GLORY TO BE REVEALED IN US."

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens.

Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love him.

That he might make known the riches of his glory on the vessels of mercy, which he hath prepared unto glory.

Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.

When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory.

And so shall we ever be with the Lord.

Total. "An eternal weight of glory."

The Apostle Paul, having carefully examined the foregoing account, deliberately makes the following declaration: "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

MINISTERIAL CONFESSION.

Soon after the first great defection took place from the principles of the Second Reformation, and judgments were sent upon the nation and Church of Scotland, a remarkable paper entitled "The Sins of the Ministry," was prepared and published by distinguished servants of Christ, who bewailed the course of the apostacy that had entered. This was in 1651, after the admission of Malignants to places of power and trust, consequent upon the passing of the "Public Resolutions." The ministry of that day made in this remarkable paper a very full confession of their own sins, as among the principal causes of bringing down tokens of Divine judgment upon the Church and the land. We insert a number of the principal heads of Confession as suggesting matters for solemn consideration to ministers and candidates for the sacred office.

SINS BEFORE ENTERING THE MINISTRY.

"Lightness and profanity in conversation, unsuitable to that holy calling which they did intend, not thoroughly repented of. Not studying to be in Christ, before they be in the ministry; nor to have the practical knowledge and experience of the mystery of the gospel in themselves, before they preach it to others. Neglecting to fit themselves for the work of the ministry, in not improving prayer and fellowship with God, and opportunities of a lively ministry, and other means, and not mourning for these neglects. Not studying sufficiently, nor resolving to take up the cross of Christ. Negligence to entertain a right and sense of sin and misery; not wrestling against corruption, nor studying of mortification and subduedness of spirit. Rom viii 14, 15."

SINS IN ENTERING THE MINISTRY.

"Entering to the ministry without respect to a commission from Jesus Christ; by which it hath come to pass, that many have run unsent. Entering to the ministry not from the love of Christ, nor from a desire to honor God in gaining of souls, but for by-ends, for a name and for a livelihood in the world, notwithstanding a solemn declaration to the contrary at admission. Too much weighed with inclination to be called to the ministry in a place where we have carnal relations. Rom. i. 1—15."

CONFESSION IN RELATION TO MINISTERIAL DUTIES.

"Not entertaining that edge of spirit in ministerial duties, which we found at the first entry to the ministry. Great neglect of reading, and other preparation; or preparation, merely literal and bookish, making an idol of a book, which hinders communion with God, or presuming on by-gone assistance, and praying little. Trusting to gifts, parts, and pains taken for preparation, whereby God is provoked to blast good matter, well ordered and warded. Careless in employing Christ, and drawing virtue out of him, for enabling us to preach *in the Spirit and in power*. In praying for assistance, we pray more for assistance to the messenger, than to the message which we carry, not caring what become of the word, if we be with some measure of assistance carried on in the duty. The matter we bring forth is not seriously recommended to God by prayer, to be quickened to His people. Neglect of prayer after the word is preached, that it may receive the first and latter rain; and that the Lord would put in the hearts of His people what we speak to them in His name. Neglect to warn, in preaching, of snares and sins in public affairs by some; and too much, too frequent and unnecessary speaking by others of public business and transactions. Exceeding great neglect and unskillfulness to set forth the excellencies and usefulness of [and the necessity of an interest in] Jesus Christ, and the new covenant, which ought to be the great subject of a minister's study and preaching. Speaking of Christ more by hearsay, than from knowledge and experience, or any real impression of him upon the heart. The way of most ministers preaching too legal. Want of sobriety in preaching the gospel; not savoring any thing but what is new; so that the substantials of religion bear but little bulk. Not preaching Christ in the simplicity of the gospel, nor ourselves the people's servants, for Christ's sake. Preaching of Christ's preaching anent Christ's leaving of the land, without brokenness of heart, or stirring up of ourselves to take hold of him. Not preaching with bowels of compassion to them that are in hazard to perish. Preaching against public sins, neither in such a way, nor for such an end, as we ought,—for the gaining of souls, and drawing men out of their sins, but rather because it is of our concernment to say something of those evils. Bitterness, instead of zeal, in speaking against malignants, sectaries, and other scandalous persons; and unfaithfulness therein. Not studying to know the particular condition of the souls of the people, that we may speak to them accordingly; nor keeping a particular record thereof, though convinced of the usefulness of this. Not carefully choosing what may be most profitable and edifying; and want of wisdom, in application to the several conditions of souls, not so careful to bring home the point by application, as to find out the doctrine; nor speaking the same with that reverence which becomes His word and message. Choosing texts, wherein we have something to say, rather than suiting to the condition of souls and time, and frequent preaching of the same things, that we may not be put to the pains of new study. Such a way of reading, preaching and prayer, as puts us in those duties further from God. Too soon satisfied in the discharge of duties and holding off challenges of conscience with excuses. Indulging the body, and wasting much time idly. Too much eyeing our own credit and applause; and being taken up with it when we get it, and unsatisfied when it is wanting. Timorousness in delivering God's message; letting people die in reigning sins without warning. Studying the discharge of duties, rather to free ourselves from censure, than to approve ourselves to God. Not making all the counsel of God known to his people; and particularly not giving testimony in times of defection. Not studying to profit by our own doctrine, nor the doctrine of others. For most part, preaching as if we ourselves were not concerned in the message which we carry to the people. Not rejoicing at the conversion of sinners; but content with the outthriving of the Lord's work amongst his people, as suiting best with our minds; fearing, if they should thrive better, we should be more put to it, and less esteemed of by them. Many, in preaching and practice, bearing down the power of godliness. We preach not as before God, but as to men; as doth appear by the different pains in our preparation to speak to our ordinary hearers, and to others to whom we would approve ourselves. Not making the ministry a work in earnest, as a thing to be accounted for in every duty; which makes much laziness and unfruitfulness; doing duties *ex officio*, not *ex conscientia officii*, rather to discharge our calling than our conscience. Phil. i. 3—8."

THE REMEMBRANCE OF JESUS.

(A THOUGHT FOR AUTUMN.)

Christian disciple, remember Him who, though he was rich, yet, for your sake became poor. Place yourself in His soul's stead, if you can. Think of the pinchings of poverty, of hunger, thirst, the want of shelter and of home; think of privation, exposure, the pelting of the pitiless storm, of night coming on, and nowhere to lay your head; think of the feeling of despair, which would overwhelm the soul to find yourself in such a state—friendless, homeless, outcast! The thought is almost more than we can bear; yet Jesus Christ endured the bitter reality: and in so doing, he has taught a lesson of perpetual obligation to his disciples—to sympathize with the poor in their trials, to enter into a compassionate sense of their infirmities, to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, to relieve the necessitous, and, by the timely offices of Christian love, to lighten the burdens of the afflicted soul. "The poor," saith Jesus, "have ye always with you;" and they are here to call forth the tender charities of the Christian heart, to exercise us in the merciful duties of our holy religion, and to awaken in us the deepest feelings of gratitude towards God, who has made us to differ, in the allotments of His providence, from so many of our fellow men. Our duty, then, is apparent. It is enforced by the teachings of Him who himself became poor, that in all the conditions of life he might be a merciful High Priest in things pertaining to God.

Christian disciple, think of Him who, for our sake, became poor; think of Him as destitute, and without a home; think of Him when the spectacle of want is before your eyes, and remember that He will recognise as done to himself what you do to them. Oh! awful doom of the unmerciful Christian who turns away from his own flesh, and bids the suffering leave his dwelling unrelieved! He did not think it was the Man of Calvary who stood there! he thought it was his neighbor, whom he had aided before, and whom old age and want again and again drove to his comfortable home. But no; it was Jesus, in the person of that poor disciple. Those repro

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, November 15, 1862.

NOTICE

TO THE DISTRICTS OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW ENGLAND, OHIO, INDIANA, AND MISSOURI, OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH MINISTERS

Dear Brethren:—As we have a number of superannuated ministers on the list in said Districts, therefore it will be expected that the ministers and preachers, on their circuits and stations, will do all they can to collect the *ten cent money*; and we also recommend that the Class leaders be instructed to collect and set the amount on the Class book opposite each member's name, as also all the collections called, per Discipline, for the Annual Conference, and publish the same once every quarter, that it may be seen who they are that work for God and his cause. We think it is time to give credit to those of our people who do work, so that God's name may be glorified.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

Mrs. S. Shorter Hawkins, the Christian and accommodating lady, has improved her fall and winter stock of de laines, calicos, flannels, muslins, shawls, &c. She also keeps on hand regalia and dress trimming. Persons wishing to buy a supply for the fall and winter, on a fair and cheap scale, should go to No. 615 Lombard Street, Philadelphia. For farther particulars, we refer you to her advertisement in another column.

NIGHT SCHOOL.

A first-rate chance for getting an education. Let all who can, go to the well known and established night school in Raspberry Alley, kept by the Quaker friends, for the benefit of the colored men and women of Philadelphia, who have not had an opportunity of getting an education in their younger days. They can now get it free, by attending this school. Will not every man and woman who wants to learn to read and write, go to the Friends' Night School? They have the best of teachers, and our good friend, Mr. Allen, who is the principal, I believe, put into our hands the report for 1862, of which we will have occasion to speak again. Those who want books for said school, will come to our book store, No. 619 Pine Street. We will also freely give any information concerning said school.

OUR WESTERN BRETHREN.

We refer our readers to our Kansas letter, which will, no doubt, be found interesting to all. It will be seen that Kansas makes use of her able bodied colored citizens to defend her against the rebel invaders of the State, and that they make noble and brave soldiers. May the good Lord bless our young brother Wilkerson in his new field of labor. We publish also a very interesting letter from Rev. A. T. Hall, of Keokuk, to which we refer our readers.

HYMN BOOKS.

We are getting letters every week from brethren requesting us to send them hymn books. We will say again that we have not more than seven or eight hymn books in the store, and have not got any more to bind up. We fell one hundred short of our number. The brethren have sent in for them and stripped us of all. Hence we have neither books nor money as yet. And here let us say that not a single brother who writes for books has sent us one red cent. Now how brethren can think that we can live and pay thirty or forty dollars every week, and get bread to eat, and pay house rent, gas bills, &c., is a mystery yet to be fathomed. Brethren ought to think while we try to do good for the connexion, and send a collection now and then.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Mr. Thos. Anderson, Moorestown,	50
Mr. Michael Johnson, West Philadelphia,	1 00
Mr. Anthony Ballard, Germantown,	1 00
Rev. H. M. Turner, Baltimore,	5 00
Miss Lavinia Gales, Boston,	1 00

Northern Union, No. 16, Daughters of Temperance, intend celebrating their fourteenth anniversary on Thursday evening, Nov. 20th, at Union Church, Coates Street below Fifth. The Hope Grand Union, and all subordinate Unions working under Hope Grand Union, are invited to attend. Addresses will be delivered by the pastor in charge, Rev. Anthony L. Stanford, and Rev. Elisha Weaver.

THE FREEDMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

MR. EDITOR:—We, the Committee of the Freedmen's Association, the members and well wishers of the A. M. E. Union Church, on Coates Street, below Fifth Street, have purchased, collected, and made up clothing for men, women, and children to the amount of $757, and have sent them to Washington to the Union Relief Association of Union Bethel Church, to be distributed among the so-called contrabands.

Mr. EDWARD YOUNG, *Secretary*,
Rev. HENRY DAVIS, *Chairman*.

LECTURE AT THE INSTITUTE FOR COLORED YOUTH.

Last Thursday night Prof. J. Collins lectured to the school and others upon the subject of Cuba. He commenced a little before we arrived. He gave a sketch of the forms and habits of that people; of there being only one religion—the Roman Catholic; of the cathedral, where the remains of Christopher Columbus were deposited.

BISHOP NAZREY.

A mistake occurred in our 95th number in regard to Bishop Nazrey's whereabouts. Instead of remaining in Bordentown up to the 17th inst., he will remain in Philadelphia until the 17th inst., and will then leave for the Bridgeton Circuit under Rev. J. Woodlin.

HOLINESS

Holiness will constrain us to lead an exemplary life before God and man. For if we hate sin our conduct will show it by forsaking sin, and turning to the Lord. If we love God for his holiness, we will mingle with delight in his service. If we love thy law for its purity, we will rejoice in rendering obedience to its commands.

WILMINGTON AND RETURN

This city has, so far as we know, been loyal and loyal to the Government, much more so than many other portions of the State. Our route to the city was down the Delaware River upon the Wilmington packet, which plies between Philadelphia and Wilmington. Our good brother Sluby, who is the elder in charge of our church in that city, extended to us an invitation to come down and spend the Sabbath with him and his flock, and it would cost us nothing. We enjoyed our trip very much upon the floating waves in the steamer or packet. Last Sabbath it snowed pretty much all day long, and you may imagine that Wilmington had her share of slush and mud. We attended church three times that day, and spoke twice for them, morning and evening, and Rev. Brother Sluby preached in the afternoon. There was not a very large turnout at either of the services, but better in the evening than during the day. There are a great many of our people in Wilmington, and some as intelligent minds as we find any where, according to their opportunity for improvement. There is our friend and brother Cooper, who teaches every day school for the people, a man of no ordinary ability, and who by the way is a steward in our church. Brother Hamilton, also, is another good brother of much information. He, too, is one of Bro. Sluby's stewards. There is one thing that attracted our attention, and it would be well for the church if they would drop the habit, and that is, slumbering or nodding, which some would call sleeping. Bro. Sluby is possessed of studious habits, and is laboring hard for the prize essay on the renowned Luther, and all we have to say to the Baltimore brethren is, that if any of them get the prize it will be by the skin of their teeth. We laid the claims of the Recorder before the friends and members of the church at Wilmington; and though we did not do much, we are thankful for those we did get. Many expressed a desire, but had not the means. They promised to be on hand by the first of the year, with a club of fifteen cash subscribers.

We are pleased to acknowledge the following, up to the 1st of January, 1863:—

Frisby J. Cooper,	50
Daniel P. Hamilton,	$1 25
Rev. Peter S. Williams,	35
Ann E. White,	35

We also disposed of some papers. We are glad to find that the Recorder is almost universally beloved by pretty much all classes who chance to read it. And as Bishop Nazrey wisely said, all that is needed upon the part of our brethren is to make a little stronger effort, and the work will go on.

We were very sorry on our return from Wilmington to find a bundle of Recorders returned from a good brother who has got considerably in our debt, and caused us to pay double postage for the connexion. If that good brother did not wish to take them any longer, why did he not keep the papers, and tell us by way of writing that he could not take them any longer? I am sure it would have shown the part of a financier in behalf of the church. By not doing so he robs himself. We hope to receive a letter from that good brother giving his reasons for pursuing such a course, and containing twelve or fifteen dollars, and all will be right.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM FRANKFORD

The Jubilee of the A. M. E. Church took place on the 14th day of October, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Richard Robinson. At which time the committee of arrangements had a tent located in an open lot near Brown St., and had provided a very large dinner, and all enjoyed themselves with refreshments in abundance. In the midst of our feasting, the Revs. Davis and Fuller gave very eloquent discourses on the occasion. At 7 o'clock in the evening, the whole assembly repaired to the church, and the Rev. William Moore, of Trenton, delivered a very elaborate address, followed by the Rev. William Fuller; and, after enjoying themselves about an hour and a half in said church, they returned back to the tent with songs of praise to the living God for bringing the church out of the debt of $1400, which she has been laboring under for many years. Such was the joy manifested by the young as was never expressed on any other occasion, and we trust that the labors thereof will never be forgotten in the annals of time. Our prayer to God is, that, through the labors of the ministry, many who are sitting in the region and shadow of death may hearken to the voice of God and be saved.

Frankford, Oct. 14th, 1862

THE SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION.

The Sabbath School Convention met on Wednesday last, and had a fair representation. Rev. Bishop Nazrey was chosen Chairman, and Revs. Roberson and Campbell were chosen Vice-Presidents. The Revs. Woodlin and Schureman were appointed Secretaries. The Convention appointed a Committee to bring business before the Convention for action. We had, upon the whole, a very pleasant time. The Convention adopted a union organization for the Philadelphia District, and appointed a Committee to draft by-laws and a constitution for the government of said society. Convention held a day and a half, and then adjourned to meet at the call of the President of the meeting. Although the Convention did not come up quite to our views, yet it is an effort to diffuse more intelligently religious principles in the minds of our young and rising generation. The Convention did one thing that every District under the jurisdiction of the A. M. E. Church should do; that is, they recommended that all books wanted for the Sabbath School shall be bought from the Book Concern of the A. M. E. Church. Let all of our people do the same, and send us the money for what they want.

A VERY SAD ACCIDENT

As our Rev. and esteemed aged father Roberson was on his way from the Sabbath School Convention to his home in Frankford, Pa., being compelled to stand on the front platform of the cars, when near the Episcopal Hospital, there was a cart on the track, and as it was turning from the track, it is said one of the wheels sprang off and struck the Rev. father, breaking his arm near the shoulder, and knocking him speechless. As the City Railway Companies have refused to admit colored people inside the cars, they ought, therefore, be made to pay for it. A man of his age and worth—a man whose moral and religious status is not to be equalled of his age—a man of God to be treated so! God save the people!

For the Christian Recorder.

O, THOU ART GONE!

Boston, Nov. [illegible], 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—Please give this a place in your noble paper. I notice in your last column a very interesting letter from the Rev. H. M. Turner, concerning the contrabands in Washington. We are also glad to hear from them, and to learn the condition of them, as we, the colored citizens of Boston, are alive and trying to do for them. Also, one thing particularly, I noticed in his answer to Rev. J. P. Campbell, that a hospital was much needed for the contrabands. His question was, Can we have it? I say yes, we can, for old Massachusetts is ever ready to do her share with the rest of her sister States. And I believe that every little child would be willing to save one cent per week, as well as the gentlemen [illegible] for that great and noble cause.

[illegible]
A [illegible]
O'er thy dear form I've breathed a last farewell!
My dear, dear brother, how shall language tell

[illegible]
Securely destined to the silent tomb;
[illegible]
Of pleasure past, of joys which once have been,

But all are past, and I myself must wail,
A dreary mourner, and sad desolate;
But hush, my wayward heart be still,
And humbly bend to meet thy Father's will.

He called you, brother, from this world of care,
The holy joys of Paradise to share:
Thy happy soul has found a glad release,
And breathest now the air of love and peace.

And shall I mourn, when thou, so truly blest,
Hast found a home of pure and lasting rest!
O, no; but upwards will I fix my trust,
And then, O then, when this poor drooping dust

Shall sleep in death, most gladly will I rise
[illegible]
In yonder heavens, washed pure from every stain,
O brother, dear brother, we soon shall meet again!

In memory of Mr. ANOS N GALE, who died in the city of Boston, on the 7th day of July, 1862. Written by his much beloved sister, LAVINIA.

MY PLAYMATES.

BY GEORGE WILBER SE.

COME, see my cunning playmates,—
[illegible]
We have such merry frolics,
[illegible]
My Newfoundland's my pony;
I ride upon his back,
Or, harnessed to my carriage,
I drive him on the track.

With sober coat, and shaggy,
Of such majestic size,
With more as truly noble,
And such expressive eyes,
With gait so quiet and stately,
I think him quite a steed;
The kingly nature of him
He graces well indeed.

And here's my curly spaniel,
Full many a mile we've run,
For [illegible]
He's just the dog for fun.
My things he often catches,
And bounds away so fleet,
Then back he circles with them,
And lays them at my feet.

He chases too, my kitty,
And Malta likes the race;
But if he barks too loudly,
[illegible]
Yet strikes him very softly,
And he politely bows,
As if to ask her pardon
For all his harsh "wow, wows."

And you must see my cosset,
A snowy lamb is he;
And all his antic frskings
Are innocent and free.
And then I've doves so gentle
They light upon my head,
Or sit upon my shoulder,
And from my hand eat bread.

My playmate group is pleasant,
And we have pastimes rare;
We're all good friends together,
And troubled by no care.
We have no noisy quarrels,
Our family agree;
And, sporting in good nature,
We're happy, gay, and free.

Home Monthly.

INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE FIELD.

Within a few feet of each other, lay two young men wounded by cannon balls, and near to death. Mr. H. approached one of them, and told him he had but a little time to live. He replied that he was a Christian, and enlisted prepared to die at any moment. He asked for a Bible, as he had left his in the knapsack thrown away on the battle-field—the treasure his mother gave him. Another copy was brought, a chapter read, prayer offered, and he died in the triumphs of gospel hope.

When the other dying young soldier was addressed on the subject of personal salvation, he replied with an oath that he didn't care whether he died or not, and after a kind entreaty to prepare to meet God, he answered, in a musing mood, "No, sir; after having lived such a life,—for I have never prayed,—I will not let you pray with me now. I will face the music; I will die as I am." Soon he was gone, a monument of that "hardness of heart and blindness of mind" which attends a fatal departure from God.

PENNSYLVANIA ANNUAL MEETING.

The Thirty-sixth Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Colonization Society was held on Monday evening, October 13, 1862, at the Rooms of the Society, No 609 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. An unusually large number of our prominent and influential citizens were present. The Rev. W. W. Spear, D. D., was called upon to preside, and Robert B. Davidson, Esq., was chosen Secretary.

After the reading and approval of the Minutes, and the transaction of other business, the Annual Statement of the Board of Managers for the year ending September 30, was submitted and approved. The following extracts will interest our readers.

RECAPTURED AFRICANS.

Advices of an encouraging character continue to proceed from the Liberian Republic. Prosperity attends all interests. Peace has prevailed. Agriculture is meeting with greatly increased attention. It is peculiarly gratifying to be assured that the beneficence and humanity extended to the four thousand five hundred native Africans taken by our government cruisers from slavers, and landed in that thriving State between August 20th, 1860, and May 20th, 1861, [illegible] less than nine months—have been worthily bestowed, and that they are duly advancing in knowledge, virtue and the [illegible] of Christian life. We trust that no change will be made in the disposition of recaptured Africans, but that the policy inaugurated by President Monroe will be faithfully adhered to—that of returning all such to their native Continent.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

It is believed that the shipments of slaves from the western regions of Africa have been much reduced of late—owing mostly to the operation of the new treaty between the Governments of the United States and Great Britain, which authorizes the detention and search of suspected craft, in certain localities, by the men of war of each nation. Before many months, we trust, the exigencies of affairs at home will allow our authorities to enlarge the squadron in that quarter, and substitute steamers for sailing vessels. It may not be too much to express the further hope that ere long the government of Great Britain may unite with our own in another measure to put an end to this execrable traffic, and that is to demand that the only government that now admits of its being carried on within its limits shall cease to encourage or allow it. Settlements of civilized colored men, scattered along the African seaboard, as the most effectual barriers in the prosecution of this high crime against humanity. Liberia has swept this terrible evil from nigh seven hundred miles of the coast—her own territory—and in this regard is worthy of the best wishes, active sympathy and liberal support of Christendom.

EXPLORATIONS OF LIBERIA.

Considering the employment of our Navy in the promotion of valuable public interests or enlarging the boundaries of science, what more noble and important mission could be prosecuted by our Government, than an exploration of the interior of western Africa—that large tract of country lying east of the Republic of Liberia. The preliminary investigations have been made

The channels of commerce which might thus be opened would doubtless prove an ample compensation for [illegible] has [illegible] employment for her ships, work for her people, and a market for her manufactures. Her appropriation for the exportation of the Niger during the [illegible], was $12,000 or $15,000. Another efforts have met and are meeting with marked success. Her importations from Western Africa for the first six months of the last and present year, as officially published, are as follows—in American currency:—

	1861.	1862.
From British possessions on West Coast of Africa,	$350,030	$295,985
From other parts of the West Coast of Africa,	2094,610	3242,265
Total,	$2,149,740	$3,647,820

This return exhibits also a surprising growth of the products of this region of West Africa, and their absorption by that sagacious people. The trade is admitted to be very [illegible]

RECOGNISED BY THE UNITED STATES.

A bill having this object in view was reported by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, and passed in that body by a vote of thirty-two yeas to seven nays. It subsequently met with the approbation of the House of Representatives by a vote of eighty-six yeas to thirty-seven nays; and received the signature of the President, June 5th, 1862. A diplomatic representative, Abraham Hanson, Esq., has proceeded to Monrovia, via England. The Government of the United States, therefore, ranks as the twelfth power of the world that has acknowledged Liberian independence, and joined in the elevation of the American colored race to the dignity of nationality. We also take pleasure in being able to state that a treaty, just and liberal in its nature, is now in course of negotiation between the two—mother and daughter—Republics.

THEIR PERMANENT HOME.

Never has the welfare of the colored population in our midst attracted so universal and profound interest among all patriots, philanthropists, and Christians, as at this day. It is conceded that here they cannot attain perfect social equality and the highest happiness, and that independence, culture, and position, can be achieved only by removal. Whither, then, will they go? "To Africa. Emigration to any part of this continent, or its isles, can at the most, be but a temporary expedient. The causes that impel their departure from the United States will produce the same results wherever the white man rules. The laws of climate, soil, races, and civilization, do not essentially change. Colonization in Central America can only be a brief halt in the march to their ancestral land. To this issue the increasing attractions of Africa are evidently pointing. Civilization and religion are beautifying her with graces that cannot fail to enkindle desire in her dispersed children. Agriculture is adorning her hills and valleys. Education is moulding the rude natives into civilized people. Art is lending her charms to the region that has for centuries been a grief to humanity. Every year augments the attractiveness of Africa, and the time is rapidly approaching, when her 'sons from far' and 'her daughters from the ends of the earth' will flock to her in admiration and joy."

The Society proceeded to an election, which resulted as follows, when an adjournment took place:

President.—JOHN P. CROZER.
Recording Secretary.—ROBERT B. DAVIDSON.
Treasurer.—WILLIAM COPPINGER.

THANKSGIVING DAY IN PENNSYLVANIA

The Governor has issued the following proclamation:

In the name and by the authority of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, Andrew G. Curtin, Governor of the said Commonwealth.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, It is a good thing to render thanks unto God for all his mercy and loving-kindness; therefore

I, Andrew G. Curtin, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do recommend that Thursday, the 27th day of November next, be set apart by the people of the Commonwealth as a day of solemn Prayer and Thanksgiving to the Almighty, giving him humble thanks that he has been graciously pleased to protect our free institutions and Government, and to keep us from sickness and pestilence, and to cause the earth to bring forth her increase, so that our garners are choked with the harvest; and to look so favorably on the toil of his children, that industry has thriven among us and labor has its reward; and also that he has delivered us from the hands of our enemies, and filled our officers and men in the field with a loyal and intrepid spirit, and given them victory; and that he has poured out upon us (albeit unworthy) other great and manifold blessings.

Beseeching him to help and govern us in his steadfast fear and love; and to put into our minds good desires, so that by his continual help we may have a right judgment in all things; and especially praying him to give to Christian Churches grace to hate the thing which is evil and to utter the teachings of truth and righteousness, declaring openly the whole counsel of God; and most heartily entreating him to bestow upon our civil rulers wisdom and earnestness in council, and upon our military leaders zeal and vigor in action, that the fires of rebellion may be quenched; that we, being armed with his defence, may be preserved from all perils, and that hereafter our people, living in peace and quietness, may from generation to generation, reap the abundant fruits of his mercy, and with joy and thankfulness praise and magnify his holy name.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State, at Harrisburg, this twentieth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Commonwealth the eighty-seventh.

ANDREW G. CURTIN.

By the Governor. ELI SLIFER,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

SABBATH SCENES IN HYDE PARK.

The friends of the Sabbath in England have vainly resisted the incoming of continental Sabbath usages. Between the upper mill stone of a selfish aristocracy, with Lord Stanley as its leader, and the nether mill-stone of the pauperised classes, marshalled by the "Sunday league," the Sabbath has been ground to powder in the metropolis. After a long contest, Sydenham Palace was opened to its thousands of stockholders on Sabbath, and Sabbath bands were authorized by Government in Hyde Park. The remonstrances of the best friends of public morals, in view of this dangerous innovation, were unheeded, and the experiment has been carried out of gathering countless thousands of people in the splendid pleasure grounds of London, to enjoy their Sabbath pastime.

The latest British journals bring us quite instructive illustrations of the results of this experiment. The violators of the Fourth Commandment found an easy transition to the violation of the Sixth. During two or three successive Sabbaths, the bands of music gave way to bands of rioters. A graphic account is given of the second Sabbath's riot, witnessed or participated in by about 200,000 people, with a free use of fists, clubs and dirks, and resulting in [illegible] or life. The immediate subject of the quarrel was the appointment of "Irish roughs" [illegible] musicians in the interest of Garibaldi. The fight raged for hours, and until darkness and the appearance of large bodies of police compelled a truce—*until another Sabbath.*

Occurrences like these may serve to moderate the Pharisaism that attributes to Republican America, in a time of war, the lawlessness which manifests itself in monarchical England in a time of peace. Perhaps they may be overruled for the recovery of [illegible] from the scandalous drift toward its desecration in the metropolis of a Sabbath-keeping kingdom.

We [illegible] our very satisfaction in the fact that the attempts made three or four years ago, to pervert our noble Central Park into a Sabbath pleasure ground, with bands and boats, and refreshment rooms for Sabbath-breakers, were also [illegible] Saturday is the gala day here, as it should be, and as we trust it will be, for all time—thanks to a majority of the Commissioners, and the timely action of our faithful Sabbath Committee. [illegible] the adoption of the European holiday Sabbath; it would bring with it the monster riots of Hyde Park, or the conscienceless sports of the Bois de Boulogne, with the mysterious sphynx of the Tuileries in the back ground.

New York Observer.

HOW TO WRITE FOR A NEWSPAPER.—As a general rule short [illegible] are the best liked. A gentleman in a bank once told us when we asked him to subscribe for a certain quarterly review; Read a Review! why I never read anything longer than a telegraphic dispatch. But I will take it and send it to brother, who is a minister in the country. The public like a short article when it is a condensation.

This introduces a second idea. An article to be printed should absolutely have something in it. If professed argument, it should be conclusive; if pathetic, it should moisten the eye; if an anecdote, it should have a sharp point; if philosophy, it should go to the primitive; if practical, it should fly like an arrow to its work; if spiritual, it should awe the soul that reads it.

MRS. SENATOR HARLAN, of Iowa, who has been an angel of mercy among the sick and wounded in our army, writes from Culpeper, Va., after the recent bloody Cedar Mountain fight, as follows:

It was truly affecting to see how grateful they all were for the smallest attention. One of these, a Colonel of a Pennsylvania regiment, was partially paralyzed. After he had eaten the nourishment we had prepared for him, he said to Mrs. Fales and me, speaking with the greatest difficulty, "I will be the friend of your husband as long as I live; and you, Captain," turning to Captain Hodge, "may God bless you; I will never forget you."

As we were bending over another, a private who had been mortally wounded in the head, trying to stop the flow of blood from the wound, he looked up at us and said in a plaintive voice, "How good it looks to see women; it makes me think of my mother and home." He inquired, "What are your names?" When we told him he remarked, "I am done with this, but I will remember you in another world." He was bleeding to death, and expired in fifteen minutes afterwards.

Although it seems to do the sick men good to see ladies—and doubtless women can do many things for the sick better than men can; yet I am sorry to say, many who are admitted to the hospitals are perfectly worthless. They have not sense enough to take care of themselves at home, much less to take care of the sick in the army. They require more waiting on ten times over than all they do is worth. They try the patience of the officers beyond measure, and I am not surprised that they should feel annoyed often on that account, to see women coming within the lines. We had a sample of them yesterday morning. An officer came to our door at an early hour with a couple of ladies, and requested us to provide for them, as they had been riding in the cars for some hours, without any thing to eat. We had but one plate, one knife, one tin cup left, having given every thing else to the hospitals. We, however, prepared food and fed them. We then asked the ladies if they had brought hospital goods to distribute. They said, "No." We inquired if they had come as nurses. "No," was the answer. Well, we continued, what is the object of your visit? They replied, "To look after the sick and superintend." I need hardly add that such women are worse than useless. In the place of helping others the men are worn out waiting on them. A large number of the women, officers' wives, surgeons' wives, sanitary women, and so called nurses, whom I have seen within the lines, I am compelled to believe, go to be waited on and not to help the suffering. We want workers; women who have sense enough to take care of themselves, and the strength and nobleness of heart to wait on the sick.

GEORGIA AGAINST THE CONSCRIPT LAW

We stated two or three days ago that the Elbert County, (Georgia) Supreme Court had decided the Confederate Conscript Law to be unconstitutional. We have since received a fuller account of the proceedings in the case.

The matter having been brought before the Court on a writ of habeas corpus, the following point, among others, was presented:

"The conscript act is unconstitutional; and therefore the act itself, and all regulations and orders based upon it, are likewise void."

The argument of the Court upon the points raised is of great length. We append the concluding paragraphs of the decision:

"In the preamble of our Confederate Constitution care is taken to assert and maintain that the States are sovereign and independent. In what sense can this be said of Georgia, if every man of her militia can be taken from under the control of her constitutional Commander-in-chief without his consent? Must he abdicate his most important duties by permitting himself to be disarmed of his forces, and all this, too, in violation of his oath of office, in case he should think them necessary for the protection of the State?

"If Congress can pass a conscript act with certain exemptions, they can pass it without exemptions. No one will deny this. If, therefore, they have the power to prescribe what shall—(here are a few words in our copy of the decision that cannot be made out)—may take the Governor, General Assembly, and the whole Judiciary, and thus annihilate the State Government.

"The palpable infraction of the Confederate compact is sometimes—issued, principally—defended on the plea of necessity. What dangerous fallacy! We have expended one hundred thousand lives and untold millions of money to maintain the Constitution and the independence of the States, and shall we now violate it, and destroy the State Government? As reasonably might we commit suicide to avoid personal danger.

"Nor is this plea of necessity true in fact. The conscript law can only furnish men. We have, and had before, State laws to reach every man in the State, between eighteen and forty-five, and to say the conscript law was necessary to procure men is to maintain the arithmetical absurdity that there is more men in the country between eighteen and thirty-five than between eighteen and forty-five.

"Whereupon, and for these reasons, it is ordered and adjudged by the Court that the act of the Confederate Congress, known as the Conscript Law, and entitled 'An act to further provide for the public defence,' is void; and the plaintiff, James M. Lyon[illegible] is discharged from the custody and control of SIDNEY P. BAKER, and from the custody and control of the Sheriff of this Court, and he set at liberty to go wherever he pleases."

GRANARIES OF THE WEST

The following extract is from Mr. Trollope's recent travels in the United States:

I was at Chicago and at Buffalo in October, 1861. I went down to the granaries and climbed up into the elevators. I saw the wheat running in rivers from one vessel to another, and from the railroad vans up into the huge lofts on the top stories of the warehouses. [illegible] run up hill as easily as they do down. I saw the corn measured by the forty bushel measure with as much ease as we measure an ounce of cheese, and with greater rapidity. I ascertained that the work went on, week day and Sabbath, day and night incessantly; rivers of wheat and rivers of maize ever running. I saw men bathed in corn as they distributed it in its flow. I saw bins by the score laden with wheat, in each of which bins there was a space for a comfortable residence. I breathed the flour, and drank the flour, and felt myself to be enveloped in a world of bread-stuff. And then I believed, understood, and brought it home to myself as a fact, that here in the corn lands of Michigan, and amid the bluffs of Wisconsin, and in the [illegible] plains of Minnesota, and the prairies of Illinois, God had prepared the food for the increasing millions of the Eastern world, as also for the coming millions of the Western. I began then to know what it was for a country to overflow with milk and honey, to burst with its fruits, and be smothered by its own riches. From St. Paul down the Mississippi by the shores of Wisconsin and Iowa—by the ports on Lake Pepin—by La Crosse, from which one railway runs eastward—by Prairie du Chien, the terminus of a second—by Dunleith, Fulton, and Rock Island, from whence three other lines run eastward, all through that wonderful state of Illinois—the farmer's glory—along the ports of the great lakes, through Michigan, Illinois, Ohio, and further Pennsylvania, up to Buffalo, the great gate of the Western Ceres, the loud cry was this: "How shall we rid ourselves of our corn and wheat?" The result has been the passage of 60,000,000 bushels of breadstuffs through the gate in one year! Let those who are susceptible of statistics ponder that. For them who are not I can only give this advice: Let them go to Buffalo next October and look for themselves.

ENGLISH TAXATION.

London, Sept. 13, 1862.

Just at this time, when your new system of taxation is going into operation, and especially when the English Press is making such a fuss about that system, it may interest you to know something of the condition of the English people in this respect. Groaning, as they do, beneath the excessive burden which they have to bear, their sneers at us seem rather out of place, especially as even the extraordinary demands temporarily made upon American citizens do not yet begin to rival those perpetually fastened upon themselves, and from which there is no possibility of future escape.

Strolling not long since, through some of the most beautiful portions of Kent, I picked up, accidentally one of the forms used by the official Assessors, a copy of which is left with every resident, who is compelled to fill up the blanks and return it to that officer, under a penalty, in case of failure, of no less than two hundred and fifty dollars. From this paper I glean the following particulars:—

For every person employed in the following capacities, a tax of one guinea (say five dollars) is [illegible] viz:—Master of Her Majesty's Horse, Steward, Master of the horse, Groom of the Chamber, Valet de Caambre, Butler, Under Butler, Clerk of the kitchen, Confectioner, Cook, House Porter, Footman, Running Footman, Coachman, Groom, Postilion, Stable Boy, or Helper in Stables, Gardener, Park-keeper, Game-keeper, Huntsman, Whipper-in, or by whatever name or names male servants really acting in any of the said capacities shall be called, or whether such male servants shall have been retained or employed in one or more of the said capacities. Also every such servant hired with any carriage or horses for one year or any longer period. Also, on all male persons employed in any of the above capacities, and not being servants to their employers, if such employers are chargeable for a servant or carriage, or for more than one horse. Also, on all waiters or servants employed to wait on guests, or in any of the above capacities in Taverns, Coffee-houses, Inns, Ale-houses, or any other house licensed to sell wine, &c., by retail, and in Hotels or Lodging houses, although not licensed, except occasional waiters. Also, on all male persons retained for Husbandry, Manufacture, or Trade, and employed as Coachman, Postilion, Groom, or helper in the stables, if the master of such person shall be chargeable for any carriage or for two or more horses kept for the purpose of riding or drawing carriages.

On all servants under eighteen years of age, employed in any of the above capacities, and on Under Gardeners and Under Game-keepers, a tax of two dollars and a half a head is laid.

On four wheel carriages, if drawn by two or more horses or mules, the tax is about seventeen dollars; if drawn by one horse or mule only, ten dollars; if their wheels are less than thirty inches in diameter, and they are drawn by two or more ponies or mules, neither of which exceeds thirteen hands in height, the tax is about eight dollars; and if drawn by only one such pony or mule, it is five dollars.

Two-wheel carriages, drawn by two or more animals, exceeding thirteen hands in height, pay ten dollars each; if by one such animal, three dollars and a half; if drawn by a pony or mule, under thirteen hands, the tax is two dollars and a half.

In the above cases the tax is the same, whether the party owns or hires the carriage by the year.

On carriages used by common carriers, if not otherwise taxed under some license, the duty, if with four wheels, is about eleven dollars; if with only two wheels, about six dollars.

On all horses or mules exceeding thirteen hands in height, the tax is five dollars, except in the cases of farmers, bailiffs, shepherds or herdsmen, rectors, vicars, curates, Roman Catholic priests who have taken the oath, Dissenting ministers and teachers not following any regular occupation, except that of schoolmaster, physicians, surgeons and apothecaries, who may each keep a single animal on payment of two dollars and a half. Other horses, ponies, mules, and the beasts used by common carriers also pay two dollars and a half.

Dogs, of any description, are taxed about three dollars each, but no man is compelled to pay for more than sixty-six; so that a pack of hounds, of that or a larger number, pays about two hundred dollars per annum.

Every individual, master or servant, who wears hair powder, pays an annual duty of about five dollars and a half.

Any person having plate, or a seal-ring, or any article bearing a crest, or other armorial device, or using paper for letters or envelopes impressed with a crest, is liable to a duty of a little more than three dollars; and if he is so unfortunate as to be the owner of a first-class four-wheel carriage, this duty is increased to about twelve dollars and a half.

I think this hair-powder and stamped-envelope tax may be set off against our tax on crinoline, and some other articles.

But this is only a single paper that is periodically thrust before every citizen of England, and does not embrace a half or a quarter of the demands made by the Government upon the people. When you come to add to this the poor rates, water rates, and other rates almost nameless and numberless, and wind up with an income tax of more than ten per cent, I think you will be ready to conclude that the English people submit to a burden infinitely greater than has yet been imposed in the United States. When you find the Government collectors taking from every individual about fifty per cent. of his ordinary income, (a state of things which I trust will never be known here,) you will begin to realize something of the present [illegible] of the system of taxation in this blessed country.

OUR CONSCRIPTS AS COMPARED WITH THOSE OF EUROPE.

Recent events have familiarised the people with the drafting laws of the United States. It may be a matter of interest to compare them with those of foreign Governments.

The regiments of England are generally filled by recruiting, but if those means fail, recourse is had to the ballot, and the requisite number is drawn from men between 17 and 25 years of age. The time of service is five years, and to peace the man can be called out to exercise for from three to fifty-six days. In time of war, the militia is placed on the same footing as the regular army.

The general conscription law of France embraces all between twenty and twenty-seven years of age. Substitutes can be offered. The term of service is four or five years, and a fourth part of the recruits are held as a reserve.

In Russia, no substitute can be tendered, but a dispensation can be purchased for a thousand rubles. Estate holders and the higher classes enjoy exemption. Under the banners all serfs become free. Russia presents almost the appearance of a vast camp. Her villages embrace the following classes:

1st. The master colonist—the *pater familias*.
2d. The assistant, who assists in cultivating the land.
3d. The agricultural soldier, who aids him when off duty.
4th. The reserve man, who is substituted for the soldier in case of need.
5th. The cantonists, from thirteen to fifteen.

The laws of Turkey are, in many respects, similar to those of France. The ballot brings 25,000 men under the banners, each conscript order being made for a special district.

Sardinia requires universal service, from the twentieth year, the men being in two classes—the *ordinanza*, for eight years uninterruptedly, and the *provinziali*, for six years. Substitutes are allowed.

Austria, with an army of 450,000 men, of whom 50,000 are cavalry, has but little need of severe drafting regulations. Her Cossacks, when 13,000 conscripts were demanded, in 1858, marched 120,000 on Vienna. Men are liable from twenty to fifty years of age, to serve in the field, and to sixty years, in domestic service.

The son of a count performs military duty alongside of a tailor's apprentice, in the monarchy of Prussia. Such is the effect of the Landwehr system. The first levy is organized for immediate service, and is drawn from men between twenty-six and thirty-two years of age. The second levy includes those between thirty-two and thirty-nine years.

The States of the German Confederation have distinct laws. Saxony requires six years' service, with the privilege of substitution. Nassau, Mecklenburg Schwerin and Oldenburg are the same. The laws of Wirtemberg render men under 32 years liable to serve. Electoral Hesse allows substitutes, and requires citizens from 20 to 30 to take up arms. Brunswick requires seven years' service, with two years in the reserve.

The conscripts in Sweden are chosen from all those capable of bearing arms between 20 and 25 years of age. The classes are five in number.

The ballot in Denmark selects those who must serve eight years in the army, including two years in the reserve. The first levy includes those under 38 years of age, and the second, those under 45 years.

Universal conscription is the law of Belgium. The ballot is used and substitutes are allowed. The term of service is eight years, of which about one-half is spent on furlough.

The War Reserve of the Dutch is in three levies, including all those between 25 and 35 years of age who are capable of bearing arms.

OPERATIONS OF THE CHURCH OF ROME AMONG THE GREEKS.—Says a Paris letter to a contemporary:—

"The Holy Father takes the liveliest and kindest interest in Eastern affairs. He appears fully convinced that his Pontificate is destined to witness important events in the East, in which he hopes to find consolation for the sorrows he experiences elsewhere. 100,000 francs has been collected by the members of the Oriental schools, and placed at the disposal of the Sovereign Pontiff, who has desired that the greater [illegible] assigned to the Greeks, who have [illegible] less than others. They have received fifty thousand francs, the [illegible] been divided between the Bulgarian [illegible] menians. Since the abjuration [illegible] tion, nearly two thousand Greeks [illegible] ple have asked admission into the [illegible] Church. Arrangements for them to worship [illegible] sequently much needed. According to [illegible] foreign Pontiff, the fifty thousand francs [illegible] have been allotted to them will [illegible] purchase of a site and the commencement of the building of a church. The Holy Father also intends founding, in Constantinople, a seminary of the Greek Rite, for the education of Greeks. A Bulgarian seminary will be established at Adrianople; it has been entrusted to the Polish Fathers of The Resurrection. The Pere Charles Kaczmarunster, with two other Fathers, have commenced their labours. The establishment of a Bulgarian hierarchy is contemplated. M. Arabajelemi and the Pere Raphael will shortly be consecrated Bishops, and soon afterwards another Bulgarian priest will be consecrated, as well as a Pol

Domestic Items.

Stamped Envelopes.—Postage stamped envelopes [illegible] pounds, and had that, leaving their dead and wounded on the field." When I tell you to reciprocate your [illegible] ments, and be ready at the morning's alarm to follow [illegible] pleasure of the [illegible] see worthy colleagues, and of the country and [illegible] it. I have not received the re- [illegible] ports of the various [illegible] I have now to tell [illegible] the magnificent [illegible] the battle and the [illegible] Rebels in the [illegible] Mc- [illegible] Dana, Kelly, Meagher, Burns and a host [illegible] others, to mention. They numbered, according to their own authority, nearly forty thousand men — almost double your own numbers. You fought them into the position we desired on the third, punishing them terribly, and on the 4th or three hours after the infantry went into action, they were completely beaten. You [illegible] and pursued [illegible] twenty three officers and men; some of their most [illegible] officers falling, among whom was the gallant Col. Rogers, of the Second Texas, who bore their colors at the head of his storming column to the edge of the ditch of "Battery Rodenelt," where he fell. Their wounded, as the sworn rolls, must exceed five thousand. You took two thousand two hundred and sixty-eight prisoners, among whom are one hundred and thirty-seven field officers, captains and subalterns, representing

> 53 regiments of Infantry,
> 10 regiments of Cavalry,
> 13 batteries of Artillery,
> 7 Battalions,

making sixty-nine regiments, thirteen batteries, seven battalions, besides several companies. You captured 3,300 stand of small arms, fourteen stands of colors two pieces of artillery and a large quantity of equipments. You pursued his retreating columns forty miles in force with infantry, and sixty-nine miles with cavalry, and were ready to follow him to Mobile, if necessary, had you received orders. I congratulate you on these decisive results. In the name of the Government and the people, I thank you. I beg you to unite with me in giving humble thanks to the Great Master of all for our victories."

A New Paper.—An Anti-Slavery, paper in the French language has just been started in New Orleans. It is called *L'Union*, and addresses itself, in particular, to the French people of color, to whom it appeals in stirring articles, to join the Union troops and aid them in the establishment of a "Republican system without stain, of a democracy without fetters." The first number reproduces a letter, addressed two years ago by Victor Hugo to a Haytien poet.

The Price of Coffee.—Coffee, since the passage of the new tariff act, and the very material falling off of supplies, has matured considerably in price. One year ago Rio coffee could be bought at from eight to ten cents per pound. At the present time the price is thirty and thirty-one cents.

Advanced Prices.—Barley and Barley Malt have advanced during the past week, from fifteen to twenty cents per bushel. Hops have also advanced two cents per pound. This is indeed sad news for lager beer brewers, and must cause the shedding of many Teutonic tears.

High Price of Cotton.—Cotton, which sold in this city less than eighteen months ago for fifteen cents per pound, was disposed of yesterday at sixty-three cents cash, and more was desired at the same figure.

Increase in the Price of Petroleum.—The low stage of water in the West, and the increase of consumption, have made a very material advance in the present petroleum. The refined article has risen from thirty to fifty cents per gallon. The exports from this port since the first of January have been over two millions. The exports from New York during the same time reached five millions of gallons.

A Noble Fellow.—The Lycoming *Gazette*, in detailing incidents of the draft in that county, mentions the following:—"Probably the most striking instance of disinterested generosity occurred in Porter township. Andrew Taylor, a man of large family and limited means, was drafted, when William Hoover, of Pine Creek Township, Clinton county, who is in no way related to Taylor, voluntarily went to him and, without pay, had his name entered as a substitute, because, as he said, Taylor had too large a family to leave and go to war.

At a War Meeting.—Last week at Chicago, some one offered a cow to the first married volunteer. The first volunteer was a single man, who stepped forward amidst enthusiastic applause, some cheering the man and others the cow. "Gentlemen," said he, "I belong to the class that can't be cowed."

The First Rifles made by machinery to use the Minnie ball, or its equivalent, were made at Windsor, Vermont, and Hartford, Conn., for the English government. The machinery and tools for the armory at Enfield, England, were made at Windsor, Vt.; Hartford, Conn., and Chicopee, Mass.

The Rev Mr. Talbott.—The "old friend" of Gen. Nelson, and whom, it will be recollected, he baptized within fifteen minutes of his wanton, violent outrage, alluded thus confidently to the effect of the ceremony in his funeral address:

"When I was called to attend him, at his request, I found him rapidly passing away. I almost spoke to him, and found him conscious that he was dying, and I found that the instructions must be brief. I asked him of his belief in Christ our Saviour. I exhorted him to forgive every human being against whom he had any malice, and he did. I repeated the Apostles' Creed, and asked him if he would be baptized in that faith. He replied, 'Baptize me in that faith, quick! now! for I am going!' He turned his face full upon me. I sprinkled the drops of the bright new birth upon the brow where clustering human hair [illegible] and I breathed a fervent prayer to God that his Spirit would seal to his soul the beautiful sign, and give the warrior forgiveness, rest. Conscious to the last, his repentance was as deep and fervent, his conviction as overwhelming, as I ever saw, and his last audible words were a prayer for the forgiveness of his sins. I did baptize him in the faith of God and his Son Jesus Christ, and of the holy church. I received the dying confession. Back again, at last, and in that holy church whose breast is broad enough for eighteen centuries to lay their hoary heads upon, humbly as a child, he found a place to die!"

Advance of the Army.

Rappahannock, Va., Nov. 6.—Gen. Pleasanton to-day reports that Gen. Jackson occupies Chester Gap with his rebel command.

The town of Warrenton was occupied by our troops at 3 o'clock this afternoon, we taking the prisoners belonging to the 3d Virginia Cavalry, and two infantry soldiers, who stated that their regiments had gone up the valley.

Gainesville, Va., Nov. 7.—General Reynolds' corps, of General McClellan's command, took possession of Warrenton yesterday, the enemy evacuating it without fighting.

The Alabama in Chase of an American Ship.—New York, November 7th.—The bark Mary Rice, of Yarmouth, N. S., reports, October 30th, in latitude 41, longitude 69.30, saw two ships, one of which was believed to be the Alabama, which was in pursuit of the other, and gaining rapidly. The latter was believed to be an American. They were heading northeast by east, and distant eighteen or twenty miles.

A Daughter of Semmes in Philadelphia.—A daughter of the great Semmes is now in Philadelphia, and her mother and two sisters reside in Washington, while the father is cruising the ocean, sinking, burning and destroying everything that crosses his path bearing the flag of the United States—the flag that covers and protects his family.

General McClellan Relieved from Command.—Sharpsburg, Va., Nov. 5.—The order relieving General McClellan from the command of the Army of the Potomac was received at headquarters at Hagerstown last night.

It was entirely unexpected to all, every one was taken by surprise.

Gen. McClellan and his staff will leave to-morrow for Trenton, where he is ordered to report.

The order was delivered to him by Gen. Buckingham in person.

The last official act of the late commander of the Army of the Potomac was the issuing of an address to the troops of a few words, informing them that the command devolved on General Burnside, and taking leave of them.

From the Army of the Potomac

Headquarters Army of the Potomac,
Warrenton, Monday Evening, Nov. 10.

At 9 o'clock last evening all the officers belonging to the headquarters assembled at the General's tent to bid him farewell. The only toast given was by Gen McClellan, being—"The Army of the Potomac."

General McClellan and staff, accompanied by Gen Burnside, to-day bid farewell to the army, making a procession the several army corps. As the General rode through the ranks, the torn and tattered banners of the veteran regiments were dipped to greet him, while the thousands of soldiers gave vent to their feelings [illegible] cheers.

The General and his staff will leave by special train to-morrow for the North.

[illegible] Headquarters [illegible] Gen. Burnside [illegible] has taking command of the army:

"In accordance with General Orders No. 182 issued by the President of the United States, I hereby assume command of the Army of the Potomac. Patriotism and the exercise of my every energy in the direction of the army, aided by the full and hearty co-operation of its officers and men, will, I hope, under the blessing of God, lead to success. Having been a witness of the [illegible] I assume their command. To the Ninth corps, so long and intimately associated with me, I need say nothing. Our business are ideal. We have [illegible] but want a personal confidence in the unswerving loyalty and determination of the gallant army now intrusted to my care. I accept its [illegible] with the steadfast assurance that the just cause must prevail."

Gen McClellan's Farewell to the Army.—Warrenton, November 11.—Major-General McClellan [illegible] Warrenton Junction a salute was fired. During the night he had received an application [illegible] ranks, when the whole command [illegible] the enemy's capital would be a new parting scene. He said, in response, while on the platform of the train, at last:

"I wish you to stand by General Burnside as you have stood by me, and all will be well. Good-by."

To this there was a spontaneous and enthusiastic response.

The troops were also drawn up in line at Bristow and Manassas Junction, where similar scenes were [illegible] and where General McClellan was complimented with enthusiastic cheers.

The party arrived here this afternoon just in time to take the five o'clock train of cars for Baltimore.

The cars being detained, owing to some impediment on the track, Gen. McClellan reorganized the many soldiers quartered in that vicinity, when he was greeted with [illegible] cheers.

The following farewell order to the troops composing the Army of the Potomac was read yesterday morning on dress parade:—

Headquarters Army of the Potomac, Camp near Rectortown, Nov. 7, 1862.—Officers and soldiers of the Army of the Potomac:—An order of the President devolves upon Major-General Burnside the command of this army. In parting from you, I cannot express the love and gratitude I bear to you. As an army you have grown up under my care. In you I have never found [illegible] of coldness.

The battles you have fought under my command will proudly live in our national history.

The glory you have achieved, our mutual peril and fatigue; the graves of our comrades fallen in battle and by disease, the broken forms of those whom wounds and sickness have disabled, are the strongest assertions which can exist among men united still by an indissoluble determination that we will ever be comrades in supporting the Constitution of our country and the nationality of its people.

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN,
Major-General U. S. Army.

The War in Virginia—Gen. Sickles Moving to Rappahannock Station—Gen. Sigel Looking after Jackson.—[Special despatch to the Washington Star.]—Manassas Junction, November 9.—It is understood here that a considerable portion of Gen. Sigel's force have moved from their late position in front of us along the line of the Manassas railroad. Take it for granted that dismission is to attend especially to the possible movements of Jackson, who is believed to be still in the valley.

Gen. Sickles is on the way to-day to Rappahannock Station, with sufficient infantry and artillery to hold the important bridge there post permanently, with the assistance of Bayard's Cavalry, who have had it in possession, uninjured, (though requiring strengthening to bear our numerous army trains,) for twenty-four hours past.

Major-General Burnside, I believe, continues his headquarters at Warrentown for the time being.

The Present Situation.—General Rosecrans, with the army of the Ohio, is on the way South, through middle Tennessee. General Grant is moving down into Mississippi. Gen Curtis is operating on the opposite bank of the great river in Arkansas. General McClernand is organizing his army, with its face towards the Gulf. General Granger is marching through middle Kentucky. General Cox is making headway up the valley of the Kanawha, and, far away beyond any of these, General Schofield has just driven the rebels from South-west Missouri, where men are beginning to cast their eyes forward to the day of deliverance of the patriots in Northern and Western Texas. Thus we have a sketch—and but a hurried sketch—of the land operations in progress, which it would be fatal to have interrupted.

On the Mississippi Admiral Porter is preparing to clear away the obstructions at Vicksburg, so as to open up the great highway of the North-western States to the Gulf. Charleston, as may be seen by Beauregard's [illegible] proud boast of the coming retribution. Savannah and Mobile are to receive attention, and generally the work on the coast commenced last winter is to be completed during the present.

Foreign Summary.

The Tory Aristocracy.—The London Freeman thus refers to what is beginning to be popularly understood:

"Our English aristocracy make a capital political harvest out of the American war. Of course, as men professing humanity, they deplore the bloodshed, but, as haters of popular power, they chuckle over Republican calamities. At the very commencement of the quarrel we predicted that our aristocrats would sympathize with the South, even before they hoped it would succeed. They regarded the South, historically, as first peopled by Cavaliers, the North as colonized by Roundheads. They saw in Southern planters men regarding trade as beneath them, and labor as disgraceful, men living in wealth and luxury on immense estates, cultivated, not by political serfs only, but by bondsmen—they looked on such men as by birth and status their nearest American representatives, and they, like the planters, indeed, themselves, despised the Northerners as a set of tradesmen and mechanics. Democracy was but nominal in the South. The omnipotent slaveholders held a lower class in a political subjection as complete as the personal subjection of their negroes. They were a race of landed despots—there or four hundred thousand slaveholders holding the sex or seven millions of workers in Southern States completely in their power. English Toryism and Landlordism could but regard them, therefore, as the cream of American society."

Loss of American Travel.—At a meeting of the South-eastern Railway Company, the one over whose roads the continental traffic chiefly passes, the Chairman, in moving the adoption of the semi-annual report, stated, among other causes affecting the prosperity of the line, that "the continuance of the civil war in America, by withdrawing from Europe a large number of American travellers—an increasing class of passengers of late years—has had an averse effect upon the railway, considerably [illegible] in proportion to the [illegible] ding English lines." It is to be hoped that the despatches of the [illegible] are now [illegible] very little by all classes of the English community at large.

There are in Great Britain 1,010 Roman Catholic chapels and stations, 12 [illegible] 30 monasteries, 162 convents, 1,288 bishops and priests, and nineteen military chaplains. There has been a considerable increase, through various influences, during the last ten years.

During the year 1861 the British and Foreign Bible Society sold in Italy, through their agents and nearly thirty colporteurs, about thirty thousand copies of the Scriptures, in whole or in part, many of them in [illegible] languages. The [illegible] through the [illegible] depositories, and about three hundred copies more.

The Edinburgh City Mission employed last year 70 agents, of whom 32 gave their whole time to the work. Of the entire number 50 were males and 20 females. By their labors 60,000 persons were brought under the influences of the Gospel, of whom two-thirds never attended a place of worship.

The city of Paris contains a population of 1,700,000 souls, and 78 theatres, concerts and ball-rooms. The number of Roman Catholic places of worship is 65, furnishing in all accommodation for only twenty-six thousand persons.

Sabbath Schools in Ireland.—Answers to these queries have been returned from a large number of the congregations, from which your committee regret that [illegible] one of the congregations in the Assembly—that those who are able to read are almost without exception, [illegible] weekly meetings for preparation and prayer; that almost all the schools are opened and closed with devotional exercises; that there has not [illegible] much done for missions during the past as in the previous year, and that there are three hundred and [illegible] ten without any.

The promise to enlarge room for petroleum has become so great at Liverpool that the Mersey Dock Board have just decided to go at capacious warehouses near the Great Float at Birkenhead, at a cost of some thirty thousand dollars.

Ballooning.—Mr Glaisher, the celebrated scientific aeronaut, and Mr Coxwell, the great daring aeronaut of the age, last week ascended in a balloon to the almost incredible height of six miles. The observations of the former will prove most valuable to science, but both gentlemen had a narrow escape from destruction. Mr. Glaisher became totally insensible at about the fifth mile, but Mr. Coxwell went on until his hands were frozen, and he was just able to pull the cord attached [illegible] with his teeth, and [illegible] to the earth. Mr. Coxwell [illegible] to [illegible] with most extraordinary [illegible] at all.

A [illegible] **Paris** [illegible] **Bonaparte** [illegible] **Dr. Lacroix** [illegible] **papers, who** [illegible] **ing a jury at 80 roquet-** [illegible].

The English public expressed [illegible] horror at intelligence when it was brought under their notice. They were not aware that the finding of the body of a dead child was of so common an occurrence that there were instances of it every day. So common was it that the police seemed to think no more of finding a dead child than they did of finding a dead cat or a dead dog."

Conspiracy in Russia.—A letter from St. Petersburg [illegible] *The Nord* [illegible] says that a conspiracy existed in Emperor's life, [illegible] world. [illegible] attempt at assassination, which would have been made on the Emperor, in the subject of [illegible] Rome, which was [illegible] at Zarskoje Selo, has happily recovered an anonymous letter acquainting him with all the details of the intended attempt. The person took place as announced, but previous to the arrival of the Emperor, all the officers were called out of the ranks, formed into a circle, and had their pockets searched. In the pocket of one of them, said to be an ex-lieutenant of the Emperor, a loaded revolver was found."

Japan.—Jeddo, the capital of Japan, is without exception, the largest and most populous city in the world. It contains the vast number of 1,300,000 dwellings, and 5,000,000 of human souls. Many of the streets are nineteen paramaris in length, which is equivalent to twenty-two English miles.

In Lombardy, it is reckoned that out of every one hundred persons [illegible] from birth [illegible] read, in Piedmont, twenty-four; in Tuscany, seventeen; in Rome's [illegible] one; in Naples, matters are even worse. According to the report of the General-Inspector of Schools, of the 1,845 congregations of the provinces [illegible] have no schools, and in a population of 6,000,000 souls, only 67,10 have received any education. Quite recently several elementary schools have been established in Naples, and are very numerously attended. Count Cavour, before his death, designated a great part of his estate for the purpose of promoting the education of the people.

Spiritual Destitution in Liverpool.—A writer in the "Church and State Review," a new and handsomely printed periodical, just started under the auspices of the well-known Archdeacon Denison, tells us that in Liverpool there are 2,341 public houses and beer shops, or one to 160 of the population. Of these, 175 are licensed [illegible] unquestioned, and 97 are licensed for gambling. In the same city, 28 adults in every 10,000 die prematurely, while in other parts of England the number is only 46. "Shall, indeed," the writer adds, "it is to think that while fleets of ships sail up the Mersey, bringing into the port of Liverpool wealth such as Crœsus never knew, there should be a depth of destitution, and a deeper depth still of vice, immorality—physical and social—a degradation unreached by any of the schemes of the benevolent; and for which Christ's holy Catholic Church at present offers no remedy. Thousands are lingering in unspeakable misery in cellars, unvisited, through the lack of laborers, by the ministers of Christ, the unhappy victims of physical and moral pestilence, etc. Multitudes are utter strangers to the name and [illegible] name of Christianity. Numbers, for want of [illegible] and want of sympathy, fall into the delusions of Mormonism, or are the ready prey of any spirited pretender. Meanwhile, every nameless and shameless vice is perpetrated in the dark alleys of this modern Tyre." [illegible] "All the arises from the simple fact that while the devil's emissaries are active and powerful, the Church agencies have been too few or too powerless. Thus, while temptation and vice stare you in the face at every turn, the preventives and remedies are to be sought out with comparative labor and difficulty."—*Christ. Times.*

Just Punishment.—*The Levant* (Constantinople) *Herald* says that the Porte has notified Mr. Edward Joy Morris, American Minister to Turkey, that the firman ordering the execution of Achmat, one of the assassins of Rev. Mr. Coffin, has been sent to Adana. With respect to the other assassin, Hafil, who has been also condemned to death, the Cannakam of Pavas has pledged himself to deliver him to the Government within the interval of three months.

Letters from Egypt represent the cotton crop in that country as a complete success, and opening dazzling visions of future wealth. Prices rule from three and four times the former average, and the value of the coming crop is estimated at [illegible] Turkey has [illegible] also produce for the English market about 60,000 bales from her Asiatic provinces.

Married.

On the 30th of October, 1862, by Rev. Henry Davis, in Philadelphia, Mr. Moses Ricks to Mrs. Paulena Ricks, both of Philadelphia.

Died.

At her residence, in Terre Haute, Ind., October 29th, 1862, Mrs. Mary Bonds, in the 65th year of her age.

Sister Bonds has been a widow about fifteen years. She has been an exemplary member of the A. M. E. Church for twenty-five years. Her disease was scrofula in its most aggravated form. She endured great bodily suffering; but bore her affliction with Christian fortitude, and looked forward with joyful anticipation to the time when her suffering should be over. She died in the full triumph of a living faith. She leaves three children and a large circle of friends and acquaintances to mourn her loss. Farewell, dear sister, thou art gone from the church militant, on earth, to join the church triumphant, above the skies

> O, how happy is she now,
> With her crown upon her brow!
> Oh, how happily does she sing
> Worthy is my Saviour King.

P. H.

The Social, Civil and Statistical Association, of The Colored People of Pennsylvania open a subscription list to aid the freed men at Port Royal and other points where they may be located, and respectfully ask the co-operation of the colored citizens and others in this city, or elsewhere, in money or clothing.

Any amount of value received will be acknowledged, with the name of the donor, in the *Recorder*, where a constant record will be kept.

Subscriptions may be sent to Jacob C. White, at the office of the Le Lamon Cemetery, 711 Lombard Street, and also to William Still, 107 North Fifth Street, and to Rich. Wesner, 61 Pine Street.

PAID

Statistical Society,	$50 00
Clayton Miller,	2 00
William Still,	5 00
Robert Adger,	2 00
Henry Minturn,	2 00
Catherine Johnson,	2 00
Vasti Locke,	2 00
Wm. Warwicks,	2 00
Harriet Shriver,	1 00
Sarah S. Hawkins,	1 00
Rev. Jonathan C. Gibbs,	1 00
James P. Clay,	1 00
Benjamin F. Hall,	2 00
S. M. S.,	2 00
[illegible]	1 00
P. J. Dreer,	5 00

It affords us pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of ten dollars, the proceeds of Miss Anna E Dickinson's lecture at Concert Hall for the contrabands, contributed to the S. C. and Statistical Association, to be applied as intended. Wm. Still,

Cor. Sec. of S. C. and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Penn.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MRS MARTHA COLLINS,
730 Russell Street, above Fitzwater.

Begs leave to inform her friends and the public generally, that she has opened an INFANT SCHOOL for Boys and Girls, both sexes, who will pay special attention in teaching the primary departments of Reading, Writing and Arithmetic, also Singing, upon the most reasonable and accommodating terms. She does not hesitate to say that she will be able to please all who may give her a trial.

MRS [illegible] SHORTER HAWKINS'
DRY GOODS, HOSIERRY, AND TRIMMING STORE,
No 618 Lombard Street, Philadelphia

Mrs H calls the attention of her friends and patrons to a new stock of Fall and Winter Goods, consisting of Delaines, Calicoes, Flannels, Muslins, Drills, Shawls, Hamerial, and Hoop Skirts.

N B Regalia and Dress Trimmings still on hand. All will be sold as near the old prices as possible. Call and see

Advertisements.

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met at being the fifteenth convention, April 6th, 1862. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

From Garnet Union No 4, D of T [illegible] from Phœnix Union, No 5, D of I [illegible] from Northern Union No 10, D of I, Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh Pa., from Oil Best Union, of Carlisle, Pa., from Mount Olive Union, No 19 D of I [illegible] from Vanbrackle Union No 15, D of I, of Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—

Grand P., Sister Bennett; Grand Associate, Sister Burris; Grand Treasurer, Sister Lavertie; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E Dunbar; Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall

G P P, Sister E R [illegible], to P P Sister Anderson,
" " E Brown, " " J I [illegible],
" " M. H. Henry, " " E. A Clark,
" " S Newman, " " Wood,
" " S. Davis, " " A Hall.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORN ST SOCIETY
The Stated Quarterly Meetings of the Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August and November.

The meeting of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the society.

Mrs Sarah Carter,
President.
Mr. I. R Stevens, Sec'y.

THE BOOK DEPOSITORY
OF THE
AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,
No. 619 Pine Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

We keep on hand, in connexion with our other books Sabbath school books of various kinds, Question Books; Catechisms, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. We have a good assortment of such books as are generally used in the Public Schools. Also, Stationery, Inks, Pens, Paper, Envelopes and Blank Books.

THE DEATH-BED OF THE REV JOHN WESLEY

Wanted Canvassing Agents for this [illegible] work. [illegible] Address [illegible] Publishers,
W. M. SMITH, Proprietor,
702 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

WANTED.—The charge of a Public School. Reference as to ability can be given. Apply to
J. W. A., 1641 Helmuth St.

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Made in the Best Manner, expressly for RETAIL SALES. Lowest Selling Prices marked in Plain figures. All Goods made to order warranted satisfactory. Our One-Price System is strictly adhered to. All are thereby treated alike.
JONES & CO.,
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GOOD NEWS
To Tailors, Dress makers, and to those wishing to be such. Also, to owners of sewing machines, sizing-boards, and large families,—[illegible] Parts Vests, Pants, Sack and Frock Coats.

Local and Travelling Agents Wanted.
Address REV WM SHADDY
Carpenters Basket P.
Oct 30 1y Mrs Mary Warner, wife of the late [illegible] paper [illegible] Pa. Jan 25

JAMES DOWNS,
DEALER IN
NEW AND SECOND HAND
CLOTHING,
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No 17 3mo. PHILADELPHIA

WILLIAM STILL'S
STOVE STORE,
107 NORTH FIFTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and all in want of good stoves, that he has now on hand a general variety of excellent PARLOR, COOK and CHAMBER STOVES, including Gas burning, as well as other patterns, which he is selling at very low rates. He buys entirely for cash, of the best wholesale purchases, and of course can sell much cheaper than those buying on the usual credit system. At any rate his friends are invited to give him a call and examine for themselves, before purchasing elsewhere, as he feels that they would be convinced that it would be to their interest to give him their patronage. Coal orders constantly on hand. WM STILL.

JOSEPH H. COLE,
CONTINENTAL RESTAURANT,
No 717 LOMBARD STREET, PHILA.,
(Above Seventh St., under Philadelphia Institute,)

Where he continues to keep always on hand the very best assortment of OYSTERS and other refreshments—hoping that all his friends and the public in general will favor him with their patronage.

☞ Meals served at all hours. Families supplied with Oysters of the best quality and flavor at the shortest notice.

☞ Also, public and private waiting done on the most reasonable terms. 1y

MISS JANE JOHNSON,
Respectfully informs her friends and the public, that she continues laying out and shrouding the dead.

☞ All orders will be immediately attended to.

RESIDENCE,
618 South 8th St

"UNION COTTAGE,"
ATLANTIC CITY, NEAR THE INLET

The subscriber will always be happy to welcome her numerous friends, and the public in general.

TERMS.

Board per week,	$6 00
" " day,	1 25
Single meals,	50

S. H. WAILES, *Proprietress.*

BOARDING
IN BROOKLYN

MRS E PLANT (formerly Richardson) respectfully announces that she has opened a first-class BOARDING & LODGING HOUSE at No 97 Hall STREET, Brooklyn—where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being centrally located in a very pleasant part of the city, and within five minutes' walk of Fulton Ferry, is made thus a very desirable and convenient place.

BOARDING.

Mrs. AMIA WILLIAM, of Cape May, will open the Banker House for the season, for the accommodation of all who wish to spend the season there, and she will spare no pains to make all comfortable. Those wishing to spend one, two, or three days, will find the Banker House the right spot. Prices very reasonable. Sept

COAL, STOVES, &c., &c.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the store,

NO. 107 NORTH FIFTH STREET,

formerly occupied as the Anti-Slavery Office, (where he has been engaged for the last fourteen years,) to occupy it henceforth as a place of business for the sale of

COAL, STOVES, &c.

Having made arrangements with one of the first Coal Dealers in the city, to furnish the best qualities of Lehigh, Schuylkill, &c., at the lowest Cash prices, he hopes to give full satisfaction in this branch of his business.

He will also keep constantly on hand a general assortment of good NEW and SECOND-HAND STOVES, FURNACES &c.

Persons wishing Stoves taken down, stored away, put up, or cleaned, can be promptly accommodated by applying as above.

He hopes by energy and strict attention to business to obtain a fair share of patronage.

WM STILL,
107 North Fifth Street, Philadelphia

REFERENCES.

J M McKim,	Dr Caspar Wistar,
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WANTED,
One or two respectable colored men in a quiet and respectable family to lodge, where they can secure all the comforts of a home, with a furnished room.

INQUIRE,
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REV LEWIS S. LEWIS'
FAMILY LINIMENT
IS PREPARED WITH GREAT CARE,
EXPRESSLY FOR FAMILY USE

Its composition is very simple, containing nothing that is injurious in any form, and there is no danger in its use from exposure to the weather. No family should be without it. Having a wish to benefit mankind in general, and those afflicted in particular—and having had recourse to the article in several cases of rheumatism, bunions, chilblains, and other lameness, it proving to be a remedy in every case—I therefore recommend it to the public.

CERTIFICATES

Providence, R. I., Nov 27, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with the rheumatism eleven years, during which time I tried almost everything, but received no cure relief. For the last four months my limbs and joints were so swollen, that at times I could not walk or use my slippers. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and at the first application was instantly relieved. After using one or two bottles, I was enabled to enjoy the use of my limbs. Rev GEORGE A. RUE

Newport, R I., October 29, 1861

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been cured of a number of years, more or less, with a pain and weakness in my chest, arising from some cause unknown to me. I made two applications of your Liniment, and was relieved. I was attacked with the diphtheria, and was cured by using your Liniment. Its worth has proved itself ten times its cost. ANTHONY RANDOLPH

Newport, R. I., Nov. 19, 1861

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been cured of stiffening in my joints by using your Liniment. I recommend it to all who are thus troubled RICHARD WHITE.

Newport, R. I., Nov. 17, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—Your Liniment is, truly, all that it is recommended to be. I have tried it, and it has successfully cured my bunions. SOPHIA TAYLOR.

Newport, R. I., Oct 2, 1861.

Mr. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have had a pain and stiffness in my neck and back for some time. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and applied it twice, which effected a cure. I recommend it to the public Mrs EVELINA DEMOND

Providence, Dec 10, 1861

Rev. L. S Lewis—Dear Sir: For upwards of three years I have been very lame at times, arising from a sprain. I have tried a great many things, without any definite results. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and was effectually relieved. Mrs PHEBE A. MORSE

Newport, R. I., Oct. 16, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—I have been afflicted with the rheumatism for some time. I used your Liniment, which has removed it successfully. It has also cured my swelled joints. Mrs. ELIZABETH THOROUGHGOOD.

Newport, R. I., Nov 20, 1861.

Rev Mr Lewis—My boy was troubled with the chilblains. I applied your Liniment a few times, and it cured him. Mrs. ADELINE JONES.

Stranger Ferry, Sept. 3, 1861.

Rev. Mr Lewis—I have used your Liniment for rheumatic pains of long standing—also, lameness in the feet. Re It is a perfect remedy where other things have failed Mrs. SUSAN GARDINER.

Providence, Rhode Island, Aug. 19, 1861

Rev. L. S. Lewis—I have been afflicted for upwards of seven years with swelled joints. I have tried almost everything, without the desired effect. At last I obtained a bottle of your Liniment, which relieved me successfully. Mrs. MARY A. JEWITT.

Providence, Nov., 1861.

Mr. L. S. Lewis—I had a very severe attack of rheumatism last fall, during which time I tried almost everything—but nothing so effectual as your Family Liniment. I would not be without it. Mrs. LUCY WATERMAN.

MANUFACTURED BY
REV. LEWIS S. LEWIS,
No. 115 Meeting St., Providence, R. I.,
TO WHOM ALL ORDERS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED.
PRICE, 25 CTS PER BOTTLE.

☞ *Sold in Newport by Mrs MARTHA J. RANDOLPH, No. 1 Spencer Court.* 1y

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All the latest and best Publications, and a Gift with each Book purchased. Beautifully and appropriately bound copies of the prose and poetical writings of all the standard British and American authors, together with an extensive and superb array of Miscellaneous Books, all embracing the choicest castings from the fields of Literature!

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Respectfully informs her friends and the public, that she still continues the Undertaking business at the old establishment No 641 Lombard St., and being thankful for past favors, hopes still to obtain a share of the patronage of the public

Ready made Coffins always on hand. Also a handsome Hearse and Carriages, with careful drivers, to attend funerals on the most moderate terms.

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YELLOW "	ADAMANTINE "
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WHITE "	BARNETT'S "
CASTILE "	WAX,
HONEY "	TALLOW,
PALM "	SAL SODA
PONCINE "	SOFT SOAP.

March 2—1y.

FINE CAKE BAKERY,
CONFECTIONERY AND ICE CREAM SALOON,
No. 801 South Street.

Ellis J Peer would announce that he keeps constantly on hand a general assortment of all kinds of Cakes, Creams, Jellies, and Pastries

Festivals, Balls, and Private Parties served upon the shortest notice, and warranted to give general satisfaction. jan 19 1m.

NOTICE.

To the friends of Religious Literature and human progress of the City and County of Philadelphia:

This certifies that Miss Mary Still is a legally authorized agent for the City and County of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, to solicit subscribers and donations for the Christian Recorder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America

We, therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy, and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable, that those to whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to this great cause

(Signed) ELISHA WEAVER,
Editor & General Book Steward.
No. 519 Pine St., Phila.

For the Christian Recorder

BUCKS COUNTY SS.—TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS MAY COME.

I, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace, in and for the county of Bucks, do hereby certify that I am acquainted and know Emily Johnson—formerly Rooney, who was married to Samuel Johnson, who was married before William Hawk, Esq., of Bristol, Bucks County, as appears by record on his docket; and after careful examination and mature reflection, I feel myself fully safe in saying that the said Johnson had a wife living at the time he married the said Emily Rooney; and further say that I have the evidence of Daniel Emmons, Local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Charles Emmons, (Class leader) and Benjamin Cummings, (who is exhorter) that he had one or more wives living at the time he married the said Emily Johnson; and the evidence, on affirmation, of the said Emily Johnson, that he had a wife living at the time she married him, which, at the time she married him, she had no knowledge of.

Affirmed and subscribed before me March 10th 1862 Wm Blakey J P

her
Emily X Johnston
mark

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GENERAL FURNISHING UNDERTAKER
NO. 427 SOUTH 6TH ST.,
Second Door Below Bethel Church

OUR OWN BOOK-STORE.

Catalogue of Books for Sale at the Book Depository of the A. M. E. Church, located at No. 619 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa.

	Retail price
Pronouncing Bible,	$2 75
Watson's Biblical and Theological Dictionary,	2 50
Watson's Theological Institutes, 2 vols	4 70
History of Methodism, 2 vols.,	2 50
Wheelan's Commentary on Matthew and Mark,	1 85
Horne's Introduction to the Bible,	85
Positive Theology,	60
The Poet Preacher,	60
Saints' Rest	50
Pilgrim's Progress	75
Defence of our Fathers. Bishop Emory,	60
Life of Wesley,	50
Cavel's Dictionary of the Holy Bible, S S.,	60
Cole's Concordance,	1 00
The Christian Maiden. Priestley,	75
Our Friends in Heaven,	60
The Sacred Hour. Rev. M. P. Gaddis,	75
Sacred Rock. Rev W C Smith,	75
Missionary among the Cannibals,	65
Path of Life. Rev. D. Wise,	60
The Missionary in Many Lands,	85
Reminiscences of Public Speaking,	50
The Life of Faith Exemplified. Mrs. H. A. Rogers	50
Little Foot-prints in Bible Lands,	40

THE TRUNDLE BED.

As I recovered through the attic,
I entered the children's room
As it pattered on the shingles
And against the window plane,
Peering over chests and boxes
Which with dust were thickly spread,
Saw I in the farthest corner
What was once my trundle bed

So I drew it from the recess
Where it had remained so long,
Hearing all the while the music
Of my mother's voice in song,
As she sung in accents sweetest
What I since have often read:
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."

As I listened, recollections
That I thought had been forgot,
Came with all the gush of memory,
Rushing, thronging to the spot,
And I wandered back to childhood,
To those merry days of yore,
When I knelt beside my mother
By this bed upon the floor.

Then it was, with hands so gently
Placed upon my infant head,
That she taught my lips to utter
Carefully the words she said.
Never can they be forgotten,
Deep are they in memory graven:
"Hallowed be thy name, O Father!
Father! who art in heaven."

Thus she taught me; then she told me
Of its import great and deep;
After which I learned to utter
"Now I lay me down to sleep."
Then it was, with hands uplifted,
And in accents soft and mild,
That my mother asked: "Our Father!
O do thou now bless my child!"

Years have passed, and that dear mother
Long has mouldered 'neath the sod,
And I trust her sainted spirit
Revels in the home of God.
But that scene at Summer twilight
Never has from memory fled;
And it comes in all its freshness
When I see my trundle-bed.

"BE COURTEOUS," AT HOME.

1 Peter iii. 8–12

Why not be polite? How much does it cost to say, "I thank you?" Why not practise it at home—to your husband, to your wife, to your children, your domestics? If a stranger does you some little act of courtesy, how sweet the smiling acknowledgment! if your husband or wife, ah! "it's a matter of course"—no need of thanks.

Should a visitor or acquaintance tread on your dress—your best, very best—and by accident tear it, how profuse you are with your "Never minds," "Don't think of it," "Accidents will happen." If a *husband* does it, he gets a frown, if a child, it is punished

"Ah! these are little things," say you. They all tell mightily upon the heart, let me assure you; and little as they are, they disturb peace, or create pleasure in the family circle.

A gentleman stops at a friend's house, and finds it in confusion. *He* does not see anything to apologize for—" never thinks of such matters " Everything is right—cold supper, cold room, crying children—"perfectly comfortable!" Goes home where his wife has been taking care of the children or attending the sick, and working her life almost out. Then he does not see why things can't be kept in order; "there never were such cross children before!" No apologies accepted at home. Oh! why not look at the sunny side of *home* as well as abroad, and try pleasant words instead of surly ones!

Why not be agreeable at home?—Why not use freely that golden coin of courtesy? How sweetly those little words sound, "Many thanks," or "You are very kind!" Doubly, yes, thrice sweet from the lips we love, when smiles make the eyes sparkle with the light of affection!

Be polite to your children. Be courteous to your servants. Do you expect them to be mindful of your welfare, to grow glad at your approach, to bound away to do your pleasure before the request is half spoken? Then with all your authority mingle kindness and cheerfulness. Brothers and sisters, be amiable, be courteous among yourselves and your servants. If at table one person be speaking, listen kindly till he has finished, and then you will meet the same attention, and much family love will arise from this mutual forbearance. "*Don't be always dawting*," but try to be pitiful and self-denying for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and yours will be a family where the Holy Spirit shines, and where Jesus will come to dwell.

ONLY A JEW'S HARP.

This toy, once so well-known and so great a fa-ite among school boys, seems now almost forgotten. Occasionally, with an invoice of German goods, it crosses the Atlantic,—but it is seldom ordered. It is generally seen, rusting its life away in idleness, in the shop-windows of those ancient dames in our sea-board towns who dispense pencils, peppermint-drops, and peanuts to the urchins of the neighborhood.

Yet in the hands of skilful performers, great are the capabilities of this despised toy. It is in common use throughout Europe, more especially in the Netherlands and among the peasants of Tyrol. It is also known in Asia; and the Greeks of Smyrna call it, in imitation of its sound, *biambo*. The origin of this instrument is lost in the long lapse of time, but it evidently derives its name from the Jews, who are, and have always (i. e., from time immemorial) been great venders of it. Some are of opinion that its proper title is jaw's harp, but this is probably a mere fancy.

Composed of two parts only, a body and a tongue, and these too, of rude workmanship, it makes no pretensions to beauty or grace; still, at the skilful touch of a friend, its wierd-like music so entrances the senses, that its ungainly appearance is ignored. The body, a bar of iron bent somewhat in the form of a horse-shoe with elongated points; the tongue, a thin strip of steel joined at the upper part of the body, is elastic and bent at the end, so that the fingers may touch it more readily. This tongue produces in itself only a sound which serves as a drone, although it appears to set like the bow of a violin in exciting other sounds, by breaking the current of air from the mouth; the acuteness or gravity of which are determined by the pressure of the lips and the size of the cavity of the mouth.

The memoirs of Madame Genglis first made known the astonishing proficiency of a poor German soldier in playing the jew's harp. This musician was in the service of Frederick the Great, and finding himself on duty under the windows of the king, played this, his favorite instrument, with so much skill, that Frederick thought he heard a distant orchestra. Surprised on learning that such an effect could be produced by a single man with two jew's harps, he ordered him into his presence. The soldier refused, alleging he only could be relieved by his colonel, and that, if he obeyed the king he would punish him the next day for having failed in his duty.

Being presented the next day to Frederick, he was heard with admiration, and received his discharge and fifty dollars. His name was Koch—he had no knowledge of music, but owed his success entirely to natural taste. He made his fortune by travelling about and performing both in public and private. He lived in Vienna till past eighty. He used two jew's harps at once, in the same manner as the Tyrolese, and produced the harmony of two notes struck at the same moment, which was considered by the musically curious as somewhat extraordinary when the limited powers of the instrument were considered.—*Musical Review.*

RARE COIN

A great rarity in the shape of a coin has lately been sold at Paris; namely, a silver one struck of at Breslau in 1751. Among the persons employed at that time in the mint, was an Austrian, who, out of hatred to Frederick II, of Prussia, who had taken possession of Silesia by right of conquest, conceived the idea of revenging himself on that monarch in the following manner: The motto on the coin, *Ein reiche thaler*, (a crown of the kingdom,) he divided in such a manner as to make it read, *Ein reich nesel er*, (he stole a kingdom.) The King ordered these insulting coins to be all melted down, but some few of them still exist

PAY FOR BRAIN WORK

AUTHORS

Wilkie Collins is said liberally for the story of "No Name," now being published in Dickens' *All the Year Round*, and Sampson Low, the London publisher, will also pay him $20,000 for the copyright, to publish, when completed in the periodical, in the usual book form. Anthony Trollope has commenced another novel, "The Small House at Allington," in the *Cornhill Magazine*, which pays him $25,000 for it. In the same magazine Marian Evans, author of "Adam Bede" has an Italian story, entitled "Romola," (almost as dull as Mrs Stowe's "Agnes of Sorrento,") for which the modest sum of [illegible] has been paid. Then, there is a most exciting tale, called "Aurora Floyd," now publishing in *Temple Bar*, well paid for there, of course, for which, to be issued in book form when completed, a publisher will pay $20,000 to the fair author—*she*, we breathe it as a particular secret, being a Miss M. E. Brandon, who had previously written some rather good poetry, and has another three-volume novel: "Lady Audley's Secret," advertised to appear in the first week of this present October. Here, for four novels, each of which has had the bloom brushed off by previous appearance in magazines, is the immense sum of $100,000 paid, besides what the authors have respectively received from the editors of the magazines aforesaid.

ARTIST

The pencil seems to be as well paid just now as the pen. We shall mention one noted instance. In 1858, William Powell Frith, then in his fortieth year, produced a picture called "The Derby Day," for which to engrave a print from, one Mr. Flatow paid him 3,000 guineas, (only $15,750,) and then cleared nearly the whole amount by exhibiting the paintings to the public at 25 cents a head. For another picture, "The Railway Station," also by Mr Frith, the same speculator paid 8,750 guineas, ($45,935,) the largest amount received by any living artist for a single work. This, also, has been exhibited, and up to the middle of September, 83,000 persons, (whose admission yielded $20,754,) had visited it, many of them also subscribing for the costly engraving about to be made from it. Mr Flatow has now commissioned Mr. Frith to paint him three smaller pictures of London life, for which he will be paid ten thousand pounds, or $50,000 of our money. The subjects are to be "Morning," a scene in Covent Garden; "Afternoon," showing Regent-street in the full tide of fashion; and "Night," being the Haymarket, at a late hour, when vice prevails, and the worst aspect of metropolitan life is observable. Here, for five pictures in four years, one London artist receives $110,750. It would appear nearly incredible, but is true.—*Dr. Mackenzie.*

LIFE AND LETTERS OF IRVING.—"The new volume of the *Life and Letters of Washington Irving*, edited by his nephew, Mr. Pierre Irving, just published, stands out among the books of our necessarily scanty list as a book which would be welcome at any season among our clubs and circulating libraries. It comes down to a period more within the circle of sympathies of the present generation than the preceding volume. There are many who will read it, who will well remember the literary circles of 1820–1832, in which Washington Irving, then in the prime of life, was a distinguished lion. American and American authors were not much in fashion among us in those days; readers did not then count by millions; and the comparatively small body for whom books were then written and published were incredulous of anything good coming from that uncouth people, whom aristocratic travellers reported to be incessantly engaged in worshipping dollars, clearing forests, and growing corn and cotton.

"The 'miasion,' as the phrase is, of Washington Irving appears to be to dispel this delusion. His style was singularly free from everything like literary trick, or what is now called sensational writing. Goldsmith, of whose life he made a pleasant narrative, was his model: but he added to the original a grace of his own, and a kind of humor which was certain to be relished among English readers. Apparently impressed with the necessity of vindicating his countrymen from English prejudice by his own simple example, he set up for a fine gentleman among us, and did not escape, among enemies, the reproach of being a coxcomb. But he grew in favor here in a degree to which no American author had yet attained. It was whispered among fashionable folks that this unexpected importation from the United States had become secretly convinced of the superior charm and more congenial character of English refinement, and would not go back to his own country at any price; in fact, that he was in spirit no American at all, but one who had been born in that country by a sort of freak of nature."—*Lond. Publish. Circular*

A WORD TO MINISTERS.—MISTAH EDITAH: The-ah sh no few ah than fou-ah ministas to ou-ah place, and num-ah-ous othas of ou-ah acquaintance, who have a singul-ah defect in thei-ah delliv-ah-y, o-ah (or) ra:h-ah thei-ah pronounciation, being unable to sound the lett-ah r when occ-uhring (occurring) in wo'ds o-ah syllables following a vowel. These pu'sons have ou-ah hea-ah-tiest (beartiest) sympathy in so fah as thei-ah defect is nat-uh al (natural) o-ah unavoidable; but we have the uncha-ah-tableness to suspect that this, in gen-uh-al is not a nat uh-al but an assumed defect—assumed to give *prettiness* or peculia uh-ty to thei-ah speech; and in so fah as *this* is the case, they have ou-ah seve-ah-est censhah, (censure)—*Independent*

HOW BODIES ARE EMBALMED.

Embalming, which is coming much into practice of late, is thus performed:—The modern embalmer finds an artery into which he can place the nozzle of an injecting syringe. The artery in the upper part of the arm, called the brachial, or the artery in the neck, the carotid, answers the purpose. Into this artery, the embalming fluid, consisting of alum, or corrosive sublimate, is injected until it permeates every structure. The solution sometimes retains its fluidity; sometimes it is so constituted that while it is warm in the fluid, on cooling it sets, and becomes more or less hard. After the injection, the artery is closed, the opening through the skin is neatly sewn up, and the operation is completed. Great numbers of the officers of the army, who have fallen in the engagements in Virginia, have been embalmed in this manner by Dr. Holmes, of Brooklyn, New York, and sent home to their relatives.

QUICKSILVER MINES IN CALIFORNIA.

Among the inexhaustible resources of California, quicksilver is one of the most interesting and profitable, for the simple reason that the cost of mining and extracting the metal from its ore, the cinnabar, is the least expensive of all the costly and valuable ones, such as gold, silver, and copper. The yield of quicksilver is from 5 per cent down to 25 per cent, and the mode of separating is quite simple.

The New Almaden mine has sixteen furnaces, producing daily one hundred flasks of seventy five pounds of quicksilver each. There are numerous other cinnabar mines, and the likelihood is that quicksilver will soon form an important item of export.

Cinnabar, when ground fine, is called vermilion It was much an article of traffic by the Indians along the coast as their red paint. From them the early white settlers of California learned the locality

A VALUABLE CAT.

For some days last week, says the *New Bedford Mercury*, the servant in charge of the city residence each morning, at the back door of the house a number of eggs. She was puzzled to account for the circumstance, until a neighbor discovered a cat bringing an apple by the stem, and depositing it at the door, and then going away and repeating the operation. On Saturday morning, the Major, who is the owner of the animal invaluable as a *purr-veyor*, discovered thirteen pears and an apple, as the result of the previous night's foraging of puss. Of street integrity, our friend investigated the case, and found that his cat, though regardless of the rights of property, was an excellent judge of pears and apples, having selected her plunder from the grounds of Mr. Thomas A Green, who has had rare success in the culture of fine fruit. The Major has made [illegible] by acceptance of the spoils, and so we tell the whole story. We learn that the cat is not for sale.

USE OF LEAVES

In many sections of our country, oak leaves are extensively used as bedding for domestic animals They are gathered in the forests in autumn, and stored in some convenient place till wanted. This affords them time to dry, which increases their power of absorption, and renders them more valuable in taking up and preserving the liquid voidings, and also facilitate, through this means, the decomposition of the vegetable fibre when used as a manure * * * We spread leaves around the trunks of trees, the blossoming of which it is desirable to retard in spring; we apply them also in "mulching," the object of which is to retain moisture in the soil for the benefit if trees newly transplanted.

In compost, also, we may often see the value of leaves strongly exemplified, for experience has long assured us that few more really valuable accessions can be made to the compost heap or yarn, than that obtained from the forest. In the cultivation of young fruit trees, this species of dressing is now greatly valued. From one to two years are required to prepare them for this purpose, according to the particular use to which they are to be applied. Any kind of forest leaves will be found valuable for this purpose. All that is necessary is to afford them time to decompose. The foliage of the alder, bass, poplar, willow, and other similar trees, is more readily decomposed than that of the elm or oak; but they possess less consistence, and consequently tend less to the increase of the compost head.—*N. E. Farmer*

HEADING LATE CABBAGES.—It sometimes happens, either through the lateness of the season, or neglect in early planting, that cabbages do not head completely before cold weather sets in. These are often fed out to cattle, or thrown away, while by a little care they might be made to head during the fall and early winter. To accomplish this, proceed as follows: first, make a wide drench, and transplant the cabbages into it, setting them together in a triple row At each end of the row, drive in a crotched stake, and lay a rail from one to the other, to form a ridge pole a foot or more above the cabbages. Make a roof of old boards or slabs, one end resting on the pole, and the other on the ground, so as to shed water. Over this, lay a little straw, six or more inches thick, of earth, making the surface smooth and hard, so as to be nearly rain-proof. At each end of the row, leave a ventilating hole, which must be loosely filled with straw in cold weather. Cabbages so managed, will continue to grow, and will fill up their heads considerably before mid-winter. When taken out in spring they will be tender, crisp, and beautifully blanched.—*American Agriculturist.*

GOD IS LIGHT

Eternal Light! Eternal Light!
How pure the soul must be,
When placed within thy searching sight
It shrinks not, but with calm delight,
Can live and look on Thee!

The spirits that surround the throne
May bear the burning blaze;
But that is surely theirs alone,
For they have never, never known
A fallen world like this!

Oh! how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
The uncreated beam!

There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode;
An offering, and a sacrifice—
A Holy Spirit's energies—
An advocate with God.

These—these prepare us for the sight
Of majesty above,
The sons of ignorance and night
Can stand in the "Eternal Light"
Through the "Eternal Love."

Baptist Miscellany.

LOVE WITHOUT DISSIMULATION.

Love is essential to true religion. It is an invariable accompaniment of the new birth, communicated in regeneration, and flowing out of a renewed heart, as water flows out of a fountain. As certainly as Christians are taught of God to believe the gospel, so certainly they are taught of Him to love His people. "But as touching brotherly love," says Paul to the Thessalonians, "ye need not that I write unto you; for ye yourselves are taught of God to love one another" There can be no true religion without love. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not *love*, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not *love*, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not *love*, it profiteth me nothing." 1 Cor. xiii. 1—3.

But the Apostle insists on *undissembled* love "Let love be without dissimulation" (Rom. xii. 9;) literally, "Let love be *unhypocritical*." The language implies that there is such a thing as *feigned* love. Not only is love sometimes pretended where it does not exist, but even *hatred* in some instances assumes that appearance. Thus, Joab on one occasion took Abner aside as if he meant to speak with him quietly, and smote him there under the fifth rib, that he died; and on another occasion, while pretending to make the kindest inquiries respecting the welfare of Amasa, he took him by the beard with the one hand to kiss him, and slew him with a sword that lay concealed in the other. Judas, too, betrayed the Son of Man with a kiss. But this is the wolf in sheep's clothing—hatred attired in the guise of love. 2 Sam. iii. 27; xx.[Luke xxii. 47, 48.

The Apostolic precept requires "love unfeigned," and forbids the profession of affection without a corresponding feeling in the heart. It is in direct opposition to those hollow compliments which abound in the world, and which it is to be feared, are but too common in the church. Let us instance a few cases: —When public speakers, for example, laud each other to the skies on the platform, but slight or despise the objects of their adulation in private circles, *that* is "hypocritical love;" but when they avoid flattering on the platform, and endeavor to uphold each other's reputation in their private intercourse with the world, *this* is "love without dissimulation" When parties endeavor to upset the authority of a ruler, civil or sacred, by worming themselves into the favor of the people by "good words and fair speeches" as Absalom did, *that* is "hypocritical love;" but when they maintain the prerogatives of lawfully constituted authority, though it should be at the expense of making themselves unpopular, when these prerogatives are invaded, *this* is "love without dissimulation." When persons pretend to sympathise with injured innocence, and yet do not stand up in defence of those that are wronged (Prov. ix. 12.) *that* is "hypocritical love;" but to pluck the spoil out of the teeth of the wicked as behold chap xxix 17, [illegible] "love without dissimulation." To say to a brother or sister who is "naked and destitute of daily food, depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled, and [illegible] are needful for the body," *that* is "hypocritical love;" but to visit the sick, feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, *this* is "love without dissimulation. [illegible] and prefers to sympathize with each in the absence of the other, "*that* is "hypocritical love;" but to drive away the "backbiting tongue" with "an angry look," to make as many allowances for the absent party as truth will permit, to speak of one's faults to his face, and of his virtues to those who bear him ill will, *this* is "love without dissimulation"

"True Christian love is distinguished by *sincerity* Hence it is called "love unfeigned," and "love out of a pure heart" "And this I pray," says Paul to the Philippians, "that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment; that ye may approve things that are excellent; that ye may be *sincere* and without offence till the day of Christ" Sincere love is expressed more by deeds than by words. The actions speak louder than the voice Thus Jesus proved the sincerity of His love by dying for His people, and he is our pattern as well as our propitiation. "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us: *and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.*" 1 John iii 16 J. B

DIVIDING WITH GOD.

A merchant, in answer to inquiries, refers back to a period when, he says, "In consecrating my life anew to God, aware of the insnaring influences of riches and the necessity of deciding on a plan of charity before wealth should bias my judgment, I adopted the following system:—

"I decided to balance my accounts, as nearly as I could, every month; and reserving such portion of profits as might appear adequate to cover probable losses, to lay aside, by entry on a benevolent account, one-tenth of the remaining profits, great or small, as a fund for benevolent expenditure, supporting myself and my family on the remaining nine-tenths. I further determined, that if at any time my net profits, that is, profits from which clerk hire and store expenses had been deducted, should exceed $500 in a month, I would give twelve and a half per cent.; if over $700, fifteen per cent.; if over $900, seventeen and a half per cent; if over $1,100, twenty per cent.; if over $1,300, twenty-two and a half per cent.; thus increasing the proportion of the whole, as God should prosper, until, at $1,500, I should give twenty-five per cent., or $375 a month. As a capital was of the utmost importance to my success in business, I decided not to increase the foregoing scale until I had acquired a certain capital, after which I would give one quarter of all my net profits, great or small; and on the acquisition of another certain amount of capital, I decided to give half; and on acquiring what I determined would be a full sufficiency of capital, then to give the *whole* of my net profits.

"It is now several years since I adopted this plan, and under it I have acquired a handsome capital, and have been prospered beyond my most sanguine expectations. Although constantly giving, I have never yet touched the bottom of my fund, and have been repeatedly astonished to find what large drafts it would bear. True, during some months I have encountered a salutary trial of faith, when this rule has led me to lay by the tenth, while the remainder seemed inadequate to my support; but the tide has soon turned, and with gratitude I have recognised a heavenly hand more than making good all past deficiencies.

"This system has been of great advantage to me, enabling me to feel that my life is directly employed for God. It has afforded me happiness in enabling me to portion out the Lord's money, and has enlisted my mind more in the progress of Christ's cause. Happy privilege, which the humblest may enjoy, of thus associating the common labors of life with the grateful service of the Saviour, and of making that which naturally leads the heart from God, subserve the highest spiritual good

"This system has saved me from commercial dangers, by leading me to simplify business and avoid extensive credits. It has made me a better merchant; for the monthly pecuniary observations which I have been wont to take, though often quite laborious, have brought me to a better knowledge of the state of my affairs, and led me to be more cautious and prudent than I should otherwise have been. I believe this system tends to enlarge the Christian's views, increase his disinterestedness, and lead him to shun the tricks of trade. My own observation also confirms the belief, that even warm-hearted Christians must determine beforehand on the system they will adopt, if they would secure the benefits of the gospel plan to themselves, under the grace and providence of God, or its happy results to the cause of Christ."

RULES FOR USING THE TONGUE.

The tongue is called in the Bible "an unruly member." Our own experience accords perfectly with the statement, and observations on the tongues of others have satisfied us of the fact. We think the following rules, if carefully followed, will be found of great use in taming that which has not yet been perfectly tamed.

1. Never use your tongue in speaking anything but truth. The God of Truth, who made the tongue, did not intend it for any other use. It will not work well in falsehood, it will run into such inconsistencies as to detect itself. To use the organ for publishing falsehood, is as incongruous as the use of the eye for hearing, or the ear for smelling.

2. Do not use your tongue too much. It is a kind of waste-gate to let off the thoughts as they collect and expand the mind; but if the waste-gate is always open the water will soon run shallow. Many people use their tongues too much. Shut the gate and let streams of thought flow in till the mind is full, and then you may let off with some effect.

3. Never let the stream of passion move the tongue. Some people, when they are about to put this member in motion, hoist the wrong gate—they let out Passion instead of Reason. The tongue then makes a great noise, disturbs the quiet of the neighbors, exhausts the person's strength, but does no good. The whirlwind has ceased, but what is the benefit?

4. Look into the pond and see if there is water enough to move the wheel to any purpose before you open the gate; or plainly, think before you speak.

5. Never put the tongue in motion while your respondent has his in motion. The two streams will meet, and the reaction will be so great that the words of neither will reach the other, but come back in a blinding sprinkle upon himself.

THE LORDS PRAYER A MISSIONARY PRAYER.

Not only does the whole prayer aim at the advancement of Christ's kingdom, but in three distinct petitions, it directs us to pray for the coming of that kingdom, before we ask even for our daily bread.

Hallowed be thy name. Where sin abounds, God's name is not hallowed, but profaned; his attributes are despised, his worship neglected, and his altars overthrown to make way for idolatry and superstition. The prayer is, that God, as a Father, may be every where feared, and reverenced, and loved; that he may be sanctified in every heart, and honored and obeyed in every life; and that all may seek and find their happiness in him.

Thy kingdom come. The kingdom which is "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost;" the kingdom whose head is Christ. For the coming of this kingdom we are to pray, till every where its doctrines are taught, its ordinances observed, its laws obeyed, and its Spirit diffused, to the glory of God and the salvation of men

Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. We pray that God's will may every where be supreme; that every human will may be brought into perfect accordance with it; and he will may be done on earth as it is in heaven, cheerfully, universally, continually, till the whole world shall become [illegible] the world to Christ

Such are the three great petitions of this prayer; all closely connected, and mutually dependent, and each presenting [illegible] the world to Christ

Is this prayer our prayer? In the sincerity and fulness of our hearts can we and do we offer [illegible] through Christ can we, and do we, even before asking for daily bread, send up habitually, in all the fulness of its meaning, the prayer,—"Hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven?" If so, then we shall feel the importance of Christ's kingdom. Wherever the gospel is not preached, we shall feel that it should be. Far above all personal aims, far before any worldly object, we shall prize and seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness. The coming of Christ's kingdom in its purity and power, will be the burden of our desires and supplications. In the closet, the family, the monthly concert, the public devotions of the sanctuary, our earnest prayer will be that the Holy Spirit may be poured out continually, that Christ's kingdom may come, and his will be done on earth, as in heaven.

We shall also give for the extension of Christ's kingdom. "Will you lend us in prayer?" said the chairman of a missionary meeting [illegible] rable minister of Christ The latter, as he rose, began feeling in his pocket, as if for something to give, when the former, supposing he had been misunderstood, said, "I did not ask you to contribute, but to pray" "Yes, yes," was the reply, "I know it, but I cannot pray without giving too." In the same spirit we should give as well as pray for the establishment of Christ's kingdom, as stewards of the manifold gifts of God. First giving ourselves to the Lord, we shall do what we can that others may be led to him Acting on the great principle of the Bible, that every Christian is a missionary in the sphere where God has placed him, we shall live for the upholding of his kingdom, as he gives opportunity. In our hearts, in the family, in the neighborhood, in the Sabbath-school, in the church, through the land, to the end of the earth, we shall do all in our power that the wide world may be redeemed, and its kingdoms become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ, that he may reign forever and ever.

Let us ask for grace that we may ever pray this missionary prayer, and ever live in accordance with its spirit

Abridged from the Am. Messenger

Family Circle.

PRUDY'S WHITE TEA

BY SOPHIE MAY.

"Blessings on the blessed children!" said Aunt Madge, coming into the nursery with a newly ironed apron for Susy. "So we little folks are going out to spend the day, are we?"

"Yes," said Prudy, dancing in high glee, "grandma wants me to go, and I'm going. I mean to do every single thing grandma wants me to."

"I wish you would go with us, Aunt Madge," said Grace, pouting, "we don't have half so good times with Aunt Louise."

"No, we don't!" said Prudy, "she wants us to 'take care' all the time. She don't love little girls when she has *the nervous*."

Almost while they were talking, Aunt Louise came into the room, looking prettier than ever in her new pink dress. She was a very young lady, hardly fifteen years old.

"Come, Prudy," said she, smiling, "you run up stairs and get my parasol, will you, that's a darling!"

But Prudy was picking a pebble out of her shoe, and did not start at once

"Ah," said Aunt Louise, drawing on her gloves, "Prudy isn't going to mind me!"

"Well, don't you see me getting up out of my chair? There, now, don't you see me got clear to the door!" said the child

"Oh dear!" said poor Aunt Louise, "what shall I do all this long day with three noisy children? I'm afraid some of them will get drowned, or run over, or break their necks! You see if something awful doesn't happen before we get back!"

"Oh, I hope not," replied her sister Madge, laughing.

"Here's your parasol, auntie," said Prudy, coming back. "I know who I love best of any body in this house, and it ain't the one that's got her bonnet on! It's you, e-r-e-s-t aunt, M-i-g, Madge!"

"Well, you ought to love your aunt *Meg*, all of you," said aunt Louise, laughing, "for she thinks you children are as lovely as little white rose-buds. Come, are you all ready? Then run along, and I'll follow after."

"Oh I'm so glad I'm alive," cried little Prudy, hopping on one foot "I hope I shall never die!"

"I just mean to be careful and not get a speck of dirt on my clean apron," whispered Susy to Grace. "I wish I'd brought my bib."

They had such a pleasant walk through the streets of the beautiful village, "in the sunshine calm and sweet." When they had almost reached Aunt Mary's house, Aunt Louise said:

"Now tell me if you're going to be good children, so I shan't be ashamed of you?"

"Why yes, indeed, auntie," said Grace, looking quite grieved.

"Oh, auntie," said Susy, "did you think we were going to be naughty?"

"No, you'll mean to be good, I dare say if you don't forget it. And you'll be a nice, dear little girl, won't you, Prudy?"

"I don' know," said Prudy, coolly.

"Don't know? Why, do you think I should have taken you visiting, if I hadn't supposed you'd try to be good?"

"Well, I didn't say I wouldn't," replied Prudy, with some dignity. "I said 'I don' know,' and when I say 'I don' know,' I mean yes."

"Well, I'm sure I hope you'll do the very best you can, and not make anybody crazy," sighed Aunt Louise.

By this time they had gone up the nice gravel-walk, and Grace had rung the door-bell Aunt Mary came to the door, opening her arms as if she wanted to embrace them all at once.

"Dear little souls," said she, "come right into the house and let me take off your things! I've been looking for you these two hours. This is my little nephew, Lonnie Adams. Shake hands with the little girls, my dear."

Lonnie was a fair-haired, sickly little boy, seven years old. The children felt acquainted with him at once. It was so pleasant in Aunt Mary's shaded parlor, and they took such delight in looking at the books and pictures, that they were all sorry when Aunt Louise "got nervous," and thought it was time they went off somewhere to play

"Very well," said dear Aunt Mary, "they may go with Lonnie all over the house and grounds if they like."

So all over the house and grounds they went in a few minutes, and at last came to a stand-still in Bridget's chamber over the kitchen, tired enough to sit down awhile—all but Prudy, who "didn't have any kind of tiredness about her."

"Look here, Prudy Parlin," said Grace, "you mustn't open that drawer!"

"Who owns it?" said Prudy, putting in both hands.

"Why, Bridget, I suppose"

"No, she doesn't," said Prudy, "God owns this drawer, and he's willing I should look into it as long as I'm a mind to"

But I'll tell Aunt Louise, you see if I don't That's the way little Paddy girls act that steal things!"

"I ain't a *stealer*," said Prudy "Now Gracey Clifford, I saw you once, and you was [illegible] cream out the cream-pot! Oh, here's a ink stand!"

"Put it right back," said Susy, "and come away"

"Let me take it," cried Lonnie, seizing it out of Prudy's hands

"I'm going to put it up at auction. I'm Mr Nelson riding horseback," said he, jumping on a stand "I'm ringing a bell. Oh yes! Oh yes! [illegible] my fine, fresh ink!"

"Give it to me," cried Grace, "it isn't yours!"

"Fresh ink, red as a lob-ster!"

"This minute," cried Grace

"As green as a pea. Who'll bid? Going! Going!

"Give it to me, Lonnie," said Susy, getting into a chair and reaching after it "You ain't fair a bit!"

"Do you say you bid a bit? It's yours. Going! Gone! Knocked off to Miss Parlin!"

Somehow in knocking it off out came the stopper, and over went the ink on Susy's fair, white [illegible] dress, frightening

"Don't tell that *I* did it!" cried he. "You know I didn't mean to. Won't you promise not to tell?"

"Yes," said Susy; though she ought not to have promised any such thing

Oh dear! Oh dear! what was to be done? Little black streams were trickling down the apron on to the dress. Grace pulled Susy to the sink, and Prudy thought she meant to put her into the washbowl, and tried to help

"I guess this honey soap will take it out," said Susy; but with all their washing and rinsing they could not make black white, any more than the poor negro could, who scoured his face

Stop a minute," cried Grace; "soap only makes it worse. Ma puts on milk."

"Oh dear, I wish we had some!" said Susy; "how can we get it?"

"I'll go milk the cow," said little Lonnie, anxious to do something

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Grace; "we'll send Prudy down stairs to Bridget to ask for some milk to-day"

"I like milk and water the best," said Prudy, "with lots of sugar"

"Well, get that," said Grace. "It's just as good; and come right back with it, and don't tell about the ink getting spilled

Aunt Mary and Bridget were talking up the dinner when Prudy went down into the kitchen, calling out:

"Oh, Bridget, may I have some white tea?"

"White tay, is it?" said Bridget, "and what may that be, now?"

"Oh, some white tea in a cup, you know, with sugar. They let me have it every little once in a while."

"Milk and water, I suppose," said Aunt Mary; "hadn't you better wait till dinner, my dear?"

"But the girls can't wait," said Prudy, "they want it now"

"Oh, it's for the girls, is it?"

"Yes, but when they've washed the apron, I can drink the rest—with white sugar in it."

"The apron," said Aunt Mary, "what apron?"

"Oh, nothing but Susy's! I told grandma I'd be good, and I did be good—it wasn't *me* spilt the ink"

"Has some ink been spilled?" said Aunt Mary, and she rose from her chair and stopped beating the pudding sauce.

"Oh, I ain't a going to tell," cried Prudy, beginning to tremble. "I didn't, did I? They wouldn't 'low me to tell!"

Aunt Louise, passing through the kitchen, caught some of the last words, and rushed up stairs two steps at a time

"Just as I expected! Oh Susy Parlin, you naughty, naughty girl! What have you been into? Who spilled that ink?"

"It got tipped over," answered Susy, in a fright, but not forgetting her promise

"Of course it got tipped over! but not without hands, you careless girl! Do you get your shaker and march home as quick as ever you can. I must go with you."

Lonnie should have come forward now like a little gentleman and told the whole story, but—he had run away.

"Oh auntie," said Grace, "she wasn't a bit to blame—she"—

"Not a word," said Aunt Louise, "she shouldn't meddle with ink. If she was my little girl, I would have her sent to bed for the day. That dress and apron ought to be soaked this very minute. Susy never can keep out of mischief!"

"Och," muttered Bridget, who was listening at the stairs; "it's not much like the child's mother she is! A mother can [illegible] by when the children does such capers, and wait thil they get more sinse"

Poor little Susy had to go home in the noonday sun, hanging down her head like a guilty child, and crying all the way. Some of her tears were for her soiled clothes, some for her auntie's sharp words, and some for the nice dinner she had left.

"Oh Aunt Madge," sobbed she, when they had got home. "I kept as far behind Aunt Louise as I could, all the way, so nobody would think I was her little girl. She was ashamed of me, I looked so."

"There, there, try not cry," said Aunt Madge, as she took off Susy's soiled clothes.

"But I can't stop crying, I feel so bad! If there's any body that gets into a fuss, it's always me. Why is it always me? I'm all the time making some kind of trouble, and I wish there wasn't any such girl as me!"

Tears came into Aunt Madge's kind gray eyes, and she made up her mind that the poor little child should be comforted. So she quietly put away the silk dress she had been trying to finish, and after dinner took the fresh, tidy, happy little Susy across the fields to Aunt Mary's again, where the unhappy day was finished very joyfully after all.

"The truth is, Louise," said Aunt Madge, that night after the children were in bed, "Lonnie spilled that ink and Susy was not at all to blame! You scolded her without mercy for being careless, and she bore it all, because she would not break her promise to that cowardly boy!"

"Oh, how unjust I have been!" said Aunt Louise.

"You have, indeed," said Aunt Madge. "Only think what a trifling thing it is for a little child to soil her dress! And what a *great* thing to have her keep her word! Susy has a tender heart, and it grieves her to be blamed unjustly, but she would bear it all rather than tell a falsehood. For my part, I am proud of such a noble, truthful little niece"

COURTSHIP IN "HARD TIMES"

The following story of an English merchant's courtship when business was "pressing," may serve as an example while times are so very "hard:"—"The lady called at his counting house, and said that her business was to consult him on the propriety, or otherwise, of her accepting an offer of marriage which she had received. Now, for the first time, occurred to the merchant the idea of the holy estate in his own case. 'Marriage,' said he, listlessly turning over some West India correspondence. 'Well, I suppose everybody ought to marry, though such a thing never occurred to me before.—Have you given this gentleman an affirmative answer?' 'No.' 'Are your feelings particularly engaged in this matter?' 'Not particularly.' 'Well, then, Madam,' said he, turning round on his stool, 'if that be the case, and if you could dispense with courtship, for which I have no time, and think you could be comfortable with me, I am your humble servant to command' There were some people who thought that the lady had a purpose in going there; but if so, she prudently disguised it. She said she would consider the matter. The merchant saw her out with the same coolness as if she was merely one of his correspondents, and when she was gone five minutes, was once more immerged in his letters and ledgers. A day or two after he had a communication from the lady accepting his offer, very considerately excusing him from an elaborate courtship, and leaving him to name the 'most convenient day'—They were married"

THE WOMEN OF A NATION

I do not hesitate to say that the women give to every nation a moral temperament, which shows itself in the politics A hundred times I have seen weak men show real public virtue, because [illegible] were supported them, not by advice as to particulars, but by fortifying their feelings of duty, and by directing their ambition More frequently, I must confess, I have observed the domestic influence gradually [illegible] heater, self-seeker, thinking of public business only as a means of making himself comfortable—and this simply by contact with a well conducted woman, a faithful wife, an excellent mother, but [illegible] was entirely absent — *Inquirer*

(From the Youth's Evangelist)

WHAT CAN I DO?

A TRUE STORY

Robert S—— was the son of poor, filthy, and drunken parents They professed the Roman Catholic faith; but at the time I knew them they were so reduced by intemperance that they could not, or would not, attend even the services of their own church As I said, they were poor, and Robert, then about seven years old, was put to work with his father He was already a very bad boy, and soon learned to swear like his father For years he lived in ignorance—ignorance of that I cared [illegible] when one

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dating series correct.

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G. H. GRAHAM, [illegible]
Rev. L. ROSS

Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder.

FOR THE NATION

ISAIAH XXXII. 15

Say, in this wild, corrupted nation,
Blessed with a few who seek the Lord?
Say, in there one in every station
Who loves to obey Jehovah's word?

Are all agreed to increase the sadness
Of these dark and gloomy times?
Do all run on in head-strong madness
And scorn repentance at the throne?

Is this, indeed, our sad condition?
No—let me bless the God of grace!
There are a few, who, with contrition,
Lament for sin before his face.

Let me encourage their confession,
Their strong entreaties for this land;
Though it is a time of great transgression,
Yet surely God is still at hand.

Yet, humble souls, pray without ceasing
To you the Lord will lend an ear.
While sins and judgments are increasing,
O, pray in faith and persevere.

O, pray! nor be too much dejected:
Ask all in Jesus' worthy name,
Your suit shall never be rejected—
Through him we may forgiveness claim

Can manners join in each petition!
Nor tempt the Lord by your delay.
He gives repentance and remission
To all who do sincerely pray

Let every soul, in every station,
Join their assistance. Who can tell
But God may turn and bless the nation,
And send contention down to hell.

WILLIAM HAZZARD

For the Christian Recorder

ASK WHAT I SHALL GIVE THEE

1 KINGS III 5.

Shew me the soul to doubts exposed,
That such this question as proposed,
Ask, saith the Lord, and let me know
What I shall now on thee bestow

Say what thy wants and what thy woes,
Dost thou in me thy trust repose?
Art thou, my friend, sincerely true?
Speak, for thy spring of thought I view.

Art thou to nearness inclined?
Ask, and I will sublimate thy mind
Dost thou want love to Jesus' name?
Ask, and his matchless love proclaim.

Dost thou want peace and pardon sealed
Ask, for they wait to be revealed.
Dost thou want faith and holy fear?
Ask, and behold the blessing near.

Dost thou want strength 'gainst sin to fight?
Ask, and I'll make thee strong in might.
Dost thou want light and life divine?
Ask, and eternal life is thine.

Wilt thou be made completely whole?
Ask, and I'll renovate thy soul.
This instant ask, arise and pray,
Nor lose such blessings by delay

My kind and worthy friends, Adieu! May peace be multiplied to you! WM. HAZZARD.

For the Christian Recorder.

FREEDMEN AT FORTRESS MONROE, VA.

BRO. WEAVER:—At your request, I present to the public through you a brief view of the operations and wants among the Freedmen, among whom I have been laboring for more than a year past. With authority from Washington and Fortress Monroe, I commenced labors about Sept. 1, 1861 I made appeals for clothing, and several hundred barrels of new and second hand were distributed; books and teachers were sent, and a number of scholars organized, and numerous meetings and other missionary operations established. I was called to confirm the marriage of a number who, under the slave system, had lived together, or "taken up with each other," by mutual consent. Fortress Monroe and the vicinity near Hampton were the first scenes of my labors. As soon as the advance of our army permitted it, last Spring, we built a church and school house out of the ruins of the old Court-house—a place of injustice and oppression, thus being converted into a place for the education and salvation of the oppressed. There in sight of the whipping-tree, with its bark lacerated with the same strokes that fell on quivering flesh, we are teaching a free education and a free religion. Our work has now spread to Yorktown, Newport News, Norfolk, Portsmouth, and Suffolk, and has been attended with great success. Our first school in Hampton being first organized, is first in advancement. Its first teacher was the lamented Mary Peake, a free colored lady, whose memoir is soon to be published, and will be read with great interest. The present teacher is Miss P. Day, from Central New York, aided by several assistants. It now numbers 500, in two departments. On the 29th ult., I had the pleasure of attending a Quarterly rehearsal. The order of the school compared favorably with the best regulated schools of any section of our country, while all the exercises were marked with close attention and general [illegible] almost motionless silence for several minutes—an excellent discipline of self-command. The examination in different branches was very satisfactory, evincing capacity and assiduity on the part of both [illegible] a facility in reckoning, that will prevent the rising generation from being as subject to imposition as the present, and it was gratifying to hear many, who, a few months ago, commenced with the alphabet, reading with great fluency and propriety. Conspicuous among them were little Daisy Peake and Maria Cheeseman, each five years of age. Little Maria, at that early age, has the stability of riper years, and is often employed as monitor to keep the smaller classes. The speaking, considering the time devoted to preparation, disclosed the elocutionary powers of the Anglo Africans, as one of their peculiar characteristics. But the singing showed them capable of special excellence in music. In solo, semi chorus and chorus, the performance [illegible] every respect the school may be regarded as an excellent model for like efforts among Freedmen elsewhere. And in view of present educational success among this long neglected race, we must exclaim, what hath the Lord wrought! Several of the teachers employed are colored, and there is want of others, as ministers and teachers. Our [illegible] fruits of a full harvest of better things to come. And without claim to prophecy we may express the assurance that there is a better day coming. But before that better day arrives, we must supply the present pressing want.

[illegible] slaves are in good condition, morally, educationally, and physically,—many of them signally illustrating the ability of the colored man to take care of himself when "turned loose" on the continent.

But government has recently taken large numbers of able bodied men into service, and left thousands of women and children in Camps near Fortress Monroe and Norfolk, supplied with provisions, but quite destitute of clothing and bedding,—especially of shoes. Articles, new and second hand, will reach them by being sent to C. B. Wilder, Supt. Fortress Monroe, Va. The Quarter Master of this place is authorized to transport them free of charge.

L. C. LOCKWOOD,
Missionary

For the Christian Recorder.

A MOTHER'S LOVE

October the 28th, 1862

What are the correct views on this subject? Why is a love so deep planted in the bosom of the mother, that no language can describe it? You have seen the child die, and heard the lamentations of the father. The wailings of David over his son still ring in our ears, but the sorrows of the bereaved mother are too deep for wailing. You never hear her voice on such an occasion. Nature has given her no means by which to convey the agony of her sorrows. Why has God created this love in her heart?

The Indian mother who hangs her infant to the bough of the tree, and sings her wood song while the winds rock it, thinks no further than to rear up her child to be a warrior or a hunter. The African mother who carries her infant on her back to her daily toil, may think no further than that he may be a slave under a kind master, and the heart of the mother can never grow cold; her offspring may go out one by one, and be scattered to the four quarters of the globe, but the rivers that run, and the mountains that rear their heads, and the long deserts that lie between her and them, neither loosen her love, nor loosen the bonds which hold them to her heart. Time and distance do nothing towards extinguishing eternal fires, which burn in her heart from the moment that she first gazed on the face of her babe, to that in which she closes her eyes in the slumbers of death. She never remits her care, her anxieties, or her love for him.

The great object before the mother then, is to train up her child for eternity, for the service and presence of God to everlasting ages

And is it of any great consequence, whether as he passes through the streets he have the applause of beggars and of the vile of all classes? The good in the land will honor him. Let your child have heaven honor him, the Redeemed Church, and angels, and Christ, and God, the Father, and of what consequence are the honors of earth?

Suppose your son [illegible] among strangers, of what consequence is it whether he travel as a poor man's son, or a rich man's? The journey of life will soon be over, and he will never be asked whether he were rich or poor; you may not see him the object of admiration here, but hereafter you may see him stand among the sons of light at the right hand of Jesus.

JOSEPH C. CLARK

Woodbury, New Jersey

For the Christian Recorder

[illegible], Oct. 20, 1862

Dear Friend:—I am a native of Kent County, State of Delaware. The history of my being in Philadelphia to-day, is this. The colored people in Kent County, are the objects of hate, on the part of those whose sympathies favor the present rebellion against the government. Numbers have suffered to some extent, by being *murdered* and expelled from their home. These are facts to which I am witness. About two weeks ago, I was attacked, at least my house was surrounded about twelve o'clock at night, by a party of men who commanded me to clear my house in five minutes. I answered from the upper window, *my back-room*, that my family could not quit in such short time, as my family were sick; they then said that I could leave myself. Thinking it best for me to leave, and supposing that I was the principal object of their search, I came out by another door than that which they were guarding; and had got some distance from the house, before I was discovered by them, when they commenced firing shot at me. I ran and they pursued me, firing all the time, some of the shot taking effect, though not to any serious extent.

I am here now without any means of subsistence, my season's labor being left to the mercy of those whose vow is, that no negroes like me, *about the wars, and the principles which enter into it*, shall remain among them.

You may well judge, what the condition of my family is at present, and under the circumstances which I have mentioned. I am anxious to bring them to this city as early as possible.

There can be no doubt, but that plunder is a great object in these raids, which have occurred [illegible].

Any assistance from the public will be thankfully received. If I have employment, I can [illegible] indulgence of a friendly public.

Yours respectfully.

[illegible]—An English barrister who was accustomed to train students for the practice of law, and who [illegible] why he put students, from the very first, to the study and analysis of the most difficult parts of the sacred Scriptures?" "Because," said he, "there is nothing else like it in our language for the development of mind and character."

For the Christian Recorder.

MR. EDITOR:—Having some business with a minister who is a member of Bethel church, I called at his residence, and not finding him there I was informed that he was at the church. I proceeded to the church, and on entering the church I was surprised to find a number of persons there conversing, of both sexes. I remained at the door a few seconds to inquire of some of the members, if the meeting was a private one or not, but I was unable to get the desired information, however, I was informed that I could remain. But, as the gentleman I wished to see was not present, I withdrew without a knowledge of the nature of the meeting. But in a short time I found my friend, whom I was seeking, and he informed me the meeting was a convention, and invited me to go back with him. The invitation was accepted, though quite busy and should have been at my [illegible] at that hour; but I could not think of such a thing as there being a Convention of Coloured persons, called for the purpose of advancing the Coloured Race in any degree, and I [illegible] to be present if there was any avenue through which I could get admission and proceeded with my friend to the church. I had been seated but a few moments before I was surprised to learn that coloured children had been and was yet taught in Sabbath Schools by white teachers, within a few squares of Bethel church, and that they were not taught the Methodist Doctrines, though their parents were Methodists.

Again that the books used in the Sabbath-schools of the A. M. E. Church had been purchased at other Book stores and not at our own. This was almost too much for me to patiently bear, but it was followed by what I considered still worse. That was a resolution "requesting the ministers and teachers," for fear I have mistaken the words of the resolution, I will say it requested those whose duty it was to purchase the books, to buy them at their own book store.

But before the question was put to vote, the General Book Agent was called upon to answer, what was supposed to be, important questions, viz:—1st. Can you furnish such books as are needed? the answer was "I can," and will if called upon, and if I should not have those particular books at the time, give me one week's notice, and you can be accommodated. 2d. Will you sell them as cheaply as they can be obtained at other book stores? Answer, as cheap as they can be bought at any wholesale store in New York. 3d. You must not refer to New York but Philadelphia. To this the General Agent informed the gentlemen that New York was the general depot, and the place where books could be bought cheaper than in any other city.

Now, Sir, whilst these questions were being put to the Agent and answered, you cannot imagine my feelings. It was with great difficulty that I kept my seat. But knowing that I had no rights that the convention was bound to respect, I remained silent.

Now, Sir, let me call your attention to what, I think, is a great mistake with our people, and I must say a burning shame. 1st. If I am correctly informed, there are over forty thousand members of the A. M. E. church in this country, and they have only one weekly newspaper, and that is only [illegible] the General Book Steward, and many of the subscribers of the said paper are not members of the Methodist Church. Is it not painful to think that forty thousand members of the church will not sustain a single paper as it should be, what is or should be the influence of those forty thousand earnestly engaged to obtain subscribers? Should not each one have influence sufficient to obtain one outside of the church to subscribe? Yes, they should average at least three,—this being done it would give the paper a circulation [illegible] sixty thousand copies, and this being accomplished how long would it be before the A. M. E. church Book Concern would stand No 1 with all denominations?

But instead of this being done, the convention is of necessity, compelled to pass a resolution to request the leading members of the connexion to encourage their own Book Concern. Sir, just think of it, is that resolution to appear on record twenty years hence that our own people would not encourage their own store and labor, and go and place their means in the hands of their most [illegible]

I appeal to you, Sir, if possible have that resolution expunged from the minutes of your next meeting, and if any one object, open the door of the church and point to the sacred tomb of the [illegible] and ask them what he would say, if it was possible for the dead to speak. He would say, encourage [illegible] everywhere, and in every branch of business. If proof of this be demanded, refer them to the Rev. Stephen Smith, and ask him if that same Father and Founder did not send to him at Columbia, and buy all the lumber that he used in building two houses in Pine St., and solely because he was a coloured man? And what would he say now if it were possible for him to see how far his own beloved and long oppressed people had retrograded. How unwilling they are to maintain their reputation, and their independence, that he made so many sacrifices to obtain. I have no doubt that he often thought of what comfort and consolation it would be to his children, and his children's children. The concerns also think he was always the first of his race in this country to adopt plans for the independance of his own people, and that they would continue to improve. But, oh! where are they now, or where will they be if such a resolution must stand recorded on the minutes of the [illegible]

But, Sir, never let it so remain; let it be expunged: I would suggest this,—That every Elder, Deacon, or Preacher that has charge of a church or congregation, shall make it a duty to impress it upon his people at least once a month from the pulpit, and inform them of the great necessity of encouraging their own people by the purchase of books from their own book store, supporting the Editors to do the same in their closets and the teachers in their schools, and not rely in Philadelphia, but throughout the connexion [illegible] that in twelve months, you will see great and good effects.

Now, a word about the [illegible] that already alluded to. They were asked in a mild manner, and I am well persuaded they were intended [illegible] Long acquainted with the parties that asked them. I am thus satisfied of the fact.

But I only complain of this,—It is a question that I never asked a gentleman or brother, "Will you accommodate me as cheaply as other persons." But I try him and if I think his prices are high, reason with him, and it may be that he can explain the cause.

I should be glad if I could be allowed through the columns of your paper, to say something about the great necessity of our people to encourage each other, but lest it might be thought by some that I had some selfish motives, I will refrain. I have only to say, that I feel it my duty to encourage my own people, when and wherever I can. I have never bought but one ton of coal from any one but Messrs. Smith and Vidal,—I never ask them is their coal as cheap as other people, or do they give good weight.

But a few weeks ago I had an occasion to visit a lady's dwelling, and seeing that her coal bin had just been replenished, I inquired of her the amount of coal received. She answered, One and a half tons, the price paid for it, $6.50. For curiosity I took a tape from my pocket and took the dimensions as near as possible, and on my return home, I found that I had just received a ton myself, and upon measurement from the same tape, I think that she had about one bushel more coal than myself. Now, if that bushel weighs 1000 pounds, then her ton was as good as mine; but if not, I got the best weight and at a cheaper rate.

The same day I met another lady, and in conversation learned that she was going out to Broad Street, to purchase a ton of coal, for which she said she would have to pay seven dollars, and that it was too bad these hard times. I answered, Yes, but I thought she could do better, that Smith and Vidal could furnish her coal cheaper. Then of course she asked if their coal was good. My reply was, that I was not a judge of coal, but knowing that my wife was,—who was a friend of her's, I told her that my wife had been using their coal for eight or ten years, and had found no fault yet. [illegible] the trouble. Finding the next question, I said they will give you good weight, and if she would go with me I would go to the office and learn the price, as I wished to pay for a ton I had just received. But like other women, not wishing to be hurried into measures, she declined, and said she would return home; if I would see Mr. Smith, she would wait until I returned. I proceeded immediately to his residence, and was informed by Mr. Vidal that the coal could be delivered that day for six dollars and twenty-five cents per ton. I returned and reported, and after a few minutes she told me if he would let her have it for six dollars she would take it. My patience being tried I did not return. I was afterwards informed that she had purchased the ton of coal at seven dollars, and not that at six dollars and twenty-five cents. I have only mentioned this circumstance as one among the thousands that occur with our people.

WILLIAM H. [illegible]

Philadelphia, Nov. 19, 1862

ALONE WITH JESUS

Alone with Jesus! leave me here,
Without a wish, without a fear;
My pulse is weak and faint my breath,
But is he not the Lord of death?
And if I live, or if I die,
'Tis all the same when he is nigh.

Alone with Jesus! ye who weep,
Seek comfort elsewhere [illegible]
My [illegible]
And yours—O, I have proved it long,
But when had earthly friend the power
To comfort in a dying hour!

Alone with Jesus! O how sweet
In health to worship at his feet!
But sweeter far, when day by day
We droop, and pine, and waste away,
To feel his arms around us close,
And in his bosom find repose!

Alone with Jesus! how secure;
Vile in myself, in him how pure,
The tempests beat, the waters beat,
They harm me not in my retreat.
Night deepens—and its gloom and chill
[illegible]

Alone with Jesus! what a calm
The infant in its mother's arms!
Before me death and judgment rise,
I turn my head and close my eyes.
There's naught for me to fear, or do,
I know that he will bear me through!

Alone with Jesus! [illegible]
I even see my friends through him;
Time, space, all things, below, above,
Reveal to me one Life, one Love:
That One in whom all glories shine
All beauties meet—that One is mine!

THE FORGIVEN ARE FORGIVING

What we feel God is to us becomes very much the determining tone of our character to others. That person who looks up to God as an angry and revengeful judge, ever exacting, will look forth upon [illegible] acting also and never giving. But he who is taught to look up to God as forgiving and giving, and that continually, will go forth the exponent of the same holy and beautiful spirit; forgiving [illegible] for Christ's sake has forgiven us. Let me explain, however, that this forgiveness of your brother, this forgiveness of injury, is not a mere stifling of temper. There are men, constitutionally, of a proud, haughty spirit, who may have received a great injury; their spirit is chafed, they are irritated, vexed, but such is their pride that they do not show it. They dwell upon the offence—they cherish the revenge in their own hearts; and would not show that they were chafed or irritated, or let an expression escape their lips that they are so. This is not forgiving one another; forgiveness of one another is in the heart; it lies in the subduedness of the heart, the warming of the affections, the sanctifying of all the feelings. It is not silence without, but inner kindness. It is not management for the sake of appearance, but it is love in the inmost recesses of the human heart. And this feeling is happiness. Is it not, now, one of the striking incidental proofs of the divine origin of this blessed book, that everything it recommends so far contributes to the present happiness of man, and everything it dissuades from so far discourages what would do men injury? Fallen as our nature is, it feels that all the malignant passions are springs of wretchedness. Revenge, envy, hatred, malice, all uncharitableness, are stings that enter [illegible] And, on the other hand, fallen as we are, difficult as it may be, love, charity, peace, forgiving one another, thinking the best of everybody, wishing well to every human being, are emotions so far fraught with happiness. And if there be one happy emotion upon earth, it is first the sense that we are forgiven, and only second, our spirit of forgiveness. [illegible] The great poet has reflected the same sentiment when he said,—

It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
[illegible]
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest. It becomes
[illegible]

So true is it, "Blessed are the merciful." We see in these truths the true extinction of war, national, social, universal. It is not a Peace Society, or Peace [illegible] tions, that will ever arrest the ravages of war. It is the sinner, not the soldier, that makes war. It is [illegible] the cannon its dread mission. It is man's evil heart, not the firebrands or the match, that ignites the gunpowder. And the reform that is to end in universal peace is the regeneration of every heart; and only when every heart is regenerated, and not till then, will war cease. Terrible as war is, terrible as it is in our present experience, yet it is, and will be, and will bless more, until man personally becomes man forgiven, and through the force of that forgiveness learns to forgive as he is forgiven. I do not say that every war is the result of passion on our part. No doubt there are sinfulness and imperfection in it. The only war that this blessed gospel admits is a defensive one; and even such war is exceptional; it provides for it as a thing that will be. When kings on their thrones, when cabinet ministers in their cabinets, when fathers in their families, when masters in their places of business, shall all pray from the depths of the heart, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors," then and only then—then and only then, when Christ shall come, and the kingdom shall be His, and His glory shall lighten every soul, the sword shall be beaten into the ploughshare, and the spear into the pruning-hook, and the nations shall learn war no more.—*Dr. [illegible]*

TESTIMONY OF AN AGED SAINT

At a prayer meeting held recently, at one of our watering places, a distinguished clergyman rose and said:

"I have twice in my life, been brought very low by illness, so that I supposed myself near the eternal world. The first time, I had a great sense of the worthlessness of earthly things. Everything connected with this life seemed small—exceedingly small—and of little consequence. I did not wish to return to it, and engage again in its bustling scenes. They seemed too trivial to engage the attention of an immortal being. I longed to bid them adieu, and depart to a brighter world where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

"The second experience was quite different. I was [illegible] and I was thankful for the privilege of living in this world, and of doing good *even in the smallest things*. I saw that every act of life took hold on eternity—that it was a great privilege to live here, that I might do something, even if it were but a small act, to advance the Redeemer's kingdom; and that no effort put forth in this direction, with reliance upon divine aid, could be lost. It appeared to me an unspeakable privilege to live here, to do anything, *however small*, to promote the glory of God, and the good of man. I wished to come back to life for this purpose. The speaker added, with deep emotion: "It seemed to me that, to get this deep impression was worth all the suffering of a severe illness."

MELANCHOLY DAYS

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
Of sodden woods, and wailing winds, and meadows brown and sere." —*Bryant.*

"Yes, indeed, the melancholy days *have* come." I said to myself as the rain beat against the windows, and the wind brought successive showers of yellow leaves to the ground. Every thing seemed dismal on that first day of November, and I felt a premature shiver as I thought of the cold, icy clouds that would continually be coming up somewhere between me and the shy November sun.

Nov. 3d—Well, I awoke this morning expecting another day of wailing winds and all the other dismal *et ceteras* the poet has appropriated to November. "The melancholy days," indeed! Why, I awoke this morning in the softest air and sweetest light that ever blessed an autumn day. And I have lived to see its sun go down in mellow beauty, and to shame myself for the chills and dreariness too soon anticipated.

How the katy-dids and crickets have revelled to-day in the few green boughs left by the early frosts, and the too domestic fly has been all alive in the glad sunshine. Some writer speaks of a summer day, in her experience, that was a poem; and friend Clio by my side, and I conclude that this first sweet greeting of the month of gloom has been another. "And yet," says Clio, "I don't exactly like that expression, 'a poem.'" "Oh!" I reply, "the poetry, my friend, is all in the soul of him who notes the [illegible] to-day, with its fallen leaves, and dripping skies, and melancholy presentiments, was also a poem; but sadder, darker, more suggestive of the dreary side of life."

Has not each day of our life, despite its great cares, and its little cares, its vexations and its cloudy skies, a poetry and a beauty of its own, and a deep meaning to the attentive soul? We have much to say—every one has—of days of beauty or of sadness; days of trial; days of gloom; but the brightness or the darkness, the pleasure or the sorrow of any day, springs more from the beholder's own mind, than from the outer world. Sunshine has no light for a sad heart, music is often but the voice of wailing to an afflicted spirit.

Would we have the days always bright and cheerful, we must make our lives so. The poet's [illegible] days will have little sorrow for the healthful, happy beings. Our days, made bright by duties well or nobly done, will have no need of mourning with the "wailing winds," or shivering with a sympathetic chill, because the [illegible] woods are bare and the meadows brown.

Let us always be looking for sunshine, though the clouds may sometimes lower above our heads. By cheerful, dutiful obedience to the good of every day, let us make of each one a sweet and happy poem, that will be beautiful in recollection, lovely in repetition.

Another thought connected with the closing hours of such a day. How will it seem to have been spent, as seen from eternity? Have its thoughts, desires, and acts been such as can then be reviewed with no remorse for evil done—with no regret for duties left undone?

Thus might we profitably question each day as it takes its place with those that have gone before into the vast eternity, adding thereto the prayer of the Psalmist, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

A GENERAL JUDGMENT

Disbelievers in revelation have sometimes questioned the necessity and propriety of a general judgment, on the ground that every man's doom [illegible] death. It is to be remembered, however, that the purpose of the judgment is not simply to decide each man's doom for eternity, but also to reveal the character of God as a moral Governor in its true light, and to justify before the universe his dealings with his creatures.

In referring to the last day, Paul speaks of it, [illegible] to teach that one important design of the judgment is to reveal to men the righteousness of the divine administration. God's justice is now often called into question; his treatment of sinners is said to be arbitrary and unrighteous. The existence of moral evil, the inability of man, and the fearful doom denounced against the impenitent are often represented, by unbelievers and skeptics, as evidence of a lack of justice in God's dealings with men. A most important purpose in view, therefore, in a general judgment, is the vindication before all men of the divine righteousness. "The Lord cometh, to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds, which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against him."

The judgment will furnish complete and lasting refutation of all objections, drawn from the course of Divine Providence, against God's perfect justice. Every mouth will be stopped, and the ways of God to man will be fully justified. Thus a final judgment will be both proper and necessary, though death fixes every man's condition for eternity.—*The Examiner.*

LACUSTRINE HABITATIONS.

A work has been recently published in France by M. Troyon, entitled the *Lacustrine Abodes of Men*, or the relics of primeval antiquity discovered in the lakes of Switzerland. It appears that the boatmen on those lakes have, from time immemorial, observed in various places near the shore, under the calm transparent water, the heads of numberless wooden stakes protruding through the deposit which is generally found at the bottom. Along with these large blocks of wood have been visible, stags' horns of great size, bones, and fragments of pottery. There was a lurking traditional belief that these were the remains of dwellings, occupied by the people of ancient times who built on the lakes in order to shelter themselves from wild beasts. For centuries, however, no one had been tempted to look closer into these scattered fragments of a forgotten world. It was not until the year 1854 that the attention of scientific men was called to the discovery, and the result of the earliest investigations on the subject was to establish the existence of a submerged "lake village" in a certain part of Lake Zurich. This discovery was rapidly followed by others. Similar sites have been traced in Lakes Constance, Geneva, Neufchatel, Bienne, Morat, Sempach, and in several smaller ones. Indeed, they now seem to multiply in the zeal-books of archæologists with almost inconvenient rapidity. Two years ago twenty-six such village-sites had been described in the Lake of Neufchatel alone; twenty-four in that of Geneva; sixteen in that of Constance; and the amount of ancient objects recovered from their debris has reached a truly formidable magnitude. Twenty-four thousand of these have been raised from a single locality in Lake Neufchatel. "We are still very far," says M. Troyon, "from having recovered all the relics imbedded in the silt of the lakes and peat of the valleys. Nevertheless we are by this time acquainted with a sufficient number of points of remarkable richness to enable us to give, by their description, an idea of that ancient population which had the habit of living on these waters."

These people were of smaller stature than the present inhabitants of Europe, as is shown by the diminutive size of their ornaments, and in particular by the grasp of the handles of their implements. They were a race of hunters; arrow heads and lance-heads, and the bones of wild animals are heaped around their dwellings. They were also pastoral, for the bones of sheep and oxen, and in some instances of a small species of horse, are found in close juxtaposition with those of the deer, the wild boar, and other beasts of the forest. They were, to some extent, agricultural, for grains of wheat and barley, kernels of cultivated fruit, nuts, and cakes of unleavened meal, and even slices of small apples and pears, as if cut for preserving, are found among the relics. There are less certain traces of mats, or cordage, of hemp or flax. These pre historical men had their domestic animals, and fed their dogs with the relics of their dinner; for almost all the bones containing marrow are broken, while many of them are marked by the teeth of dogs.

SUPPORT OF THE MINISTRY.

In a recent address the Rev. Dr. Guthrie made an earnest appeal to Christian parents to devote their sons of promise to the ministry, and to Christians generally to provide more generously for the maintenance of those who hold the sacred office. The foreign correspondent of one of our exchanges gives the following quotation as dispensing of a "pious evasion" of the duty of providing for the [illegible] ministry at the present time:

It was contained in a remark made by a lady to the wife of a poor minister of a wealthy congregation, who, by keeping boarders, had to eke out a living that some of the merchant princes in his congregation could have paid out of their own pockets and never missed it. The lady, rustling in silks, and in a blaze of jewels, went to visit the minister's wife, more a lady than herself, with the exception of the dress. The lady condoled with the minister's wife on the straitened circumstances and means of the minister, and she condoled thus: "Ah, my dear!" looking into the pale, care-worn face of the excellent woman, "My dear," she said, "your reward is above!" From the bloodless lips of some poor sinner in an unfurnished garret, where the man of God has gone to smooth the dying pillow and to minister consolation in that last dark hour, I have been thankful to hear those words, "Your reward is above" but from the silks and satins—disgusting! It is cant, the vilest cant, and enough to make religion sink in the nostrils of the world. Would that saying pay the minister's stipend—pay the minister's accounts? Fancy the worthy man going to his baker or his butcher, and instead of paying down money turning up the white of his eyes, saying, "Your reward is above" I fancy they would say, "O no, my good sir, that will not pay the bill!" And I say what does not pay the bill does not pay the minister's stipends as they ought to be paid.

LO! I AM WITH YOU

Amid that prostration of earthly hopes, when unable to glance one thought on a dark future, when the stricken spirit, like a wounded bird hes struggling in the dust, with broken wing and wailing cry, longing for pinions to fly away from a weary world to the rest and quiet of the grave; to that hour of earthly dissolution, he who has the keys of death at his girdle, nay, who has tasted death himself, and better still, who has com- [illegible] cheer you, to comfort you, to support and sustain you. I, who once wept at a grave, am here to weep with you; I will be at your side in all that trying future; I will make my grace sufficient for you, and my promises precious to you, and my love better than all the earthly affection. The one is changeable—the one must perish; I am the strength of your heart and your portion forever.

PREACHING POLITICS.—In Dr. Sprague's [illegible] the life of Dr. David Ely, of Huntingdon, Conn., in which may be found a very good illustration of [illegible] now a days. The Doctor was a zealous friend of the cause of the American Colonies in the days of the American Revolution, and among his people were a good many tories, who were on the watch for his words. He was charged with preaching politics in a neighboring parish, and it was thought proper to trace the report to its source. The parish was visited, and inquiry [illegible] "Well, sir if he did not *preach* politics, he *pr*[illegible] "What did he say?" "Why, he said, *Thou shalt not steal!*"

COME TO JESUS

BY WM. BRAND [illegible]

"Lead me, Saviour, like a Shepherd, lead us."

Children! hear the Saviour saying,
With a voice of tender love,
"Come to me, my voice obeying,
[illegible]
Come to Jesus!
Come and seek the home above.

Learn of Him, the meek and lowly,
He will give you strength and grace;
In his footsteps, pure and holy,
Now begin the heavenly race.
Come to Jesus!
He will be your resting place.

While the days of youth are winging
Swiftly in their rapid flight,
Come, with joy and gladness bringing,
All the hopes that charm the sight.
Come to Jesus!
Make his service your delight.

He is kind and all-forgiving,
He is still the children's Friend;
Gracious Shepherd! He is living,
And he chosen will defend.
Come to Jesus!
He will keep you to the end.

Jesus from his throne [illegible]
By his voice of tender love;
Come, before him humbly falling,
Seek the glorious rest above.
Come to Jesus!
Come and find the rest above.

Christian Intelligencer.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Some [illegible] have been so deluded as to cause them to deny this great doctrine; affirming that man is no better, in his final state, than the beasts of the field. This appears singular in the extreme—why man, who is endowed with such valuable reasoning powers, and with a mind susceptible of such great development and increase, should imagine himself calculated to exist only during the short career allotted him this side the grave. It [illegible] why man given at first such a weak and imbecile mind, which strengthens only by exercise and observation, and that slowly? Why is he not at first blessed with a fully developed reason, competent to guide him discreetly through the various vicissitudes of life, since, according to their doctrine, this is the ultimate end of his existence? Why should man be permitted to toil from day to day, and from year to year, until his eyes are dimmed with age, and his body tottering over the grave, endeavoring to improve himself and prepare for usefulness and intellectual enjoyment? For, when he has become thus fitted to live and employ his improved talents for the benefit and happiness of himself and his fellow beings, his physical abilities are worn out and inadequate to the task. How, then, shall he be repaid for his industrious toil? Does it not appear from this, that it would have been more to his advantage had he been content with nature's gifts as presented, without uselessly wasting his time to improve them?

If truth be the foundation of this doctrine, why do we not rather behold man possessing a mind capable of immediate perfect development and full attainment in mental acquirements? Why are we gifted with conscientiousness—a sense of right and wrong, and an innate desire for the ultimate triumph of good over evil? Why is it that we seldom, if never meet with contentment in man, but always this habit of looking forward with confident desire to a change for the better—to better times, to an improvement in everything; for we seldom yield for a moment to despair. Let a man be cast down in what manner he may, he still believes he will not always remain so, but hopes it will be better with him, in some manner, ere long.

Now, we see not the least mark of this disposition in the beast, which *all* acknowledge to be destined only for this world. If the beast receives sufficient food and shelter, and is mercifully used, he appears fully satisfied and contented, desiring [illegible]

These few thoughts are, I think, sufficient to scatter to the wind this erroneous doctrine of the mortality of the soul in the mind of a reasonable person. Who can fail to believe that man is destined for endless ages of eternity? Is it not a [illegible] that we improve our blessed privileges this side the grave, our minds and souls shall strengthen, and grow in purity and holiness, becoming more and more like the great Creator of the universe? We can, also, at one thought, see the great sin of wasting our time—allowing the precious gifts of God to pass unnoticed and unimproved. Need it surprise us, if, after a life of sin and neglect, our immortal souls be consigned to endless punishment? Nay, might we not rather be more surprised that we are not stricken down in the midst of our daring [illegible] ness? I need not refer any one to the word of God for [illegible] every one knows the incontrovertible evidences therein given. If nature and nature's God declare the immortality of the soul, why should insignificant man dare to deny it? Let us rather labor for the everlasting salvation offered us by grace, through Jesus Christ, our only hope.

P.

TRUST IN GOD.

"Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help," is an old precept, well known and easily repeated. One would think that such a precept would be accepted at once in times of distress. But, though we can talk about it nobly, and recommend it to others when everything goes smoothly with us, how prone we are to go to one and another for help in seasons of affliction; forgetting to look up to the hills whence cometh our help. Hence so many passages in God's Word declaring the folly of trusting in man, and directing our attention to Him alone who can succor in time of need. Hence, too, it is that we are so often like the heath in the desert, not seeing when good cometh.

PUT YOUR SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL.

There's a voice that speaks within us
In we own no craven heart,
As we [illegible] on pathway
Taking our appointed part;
And it bids us bear our burden,
Heavy though it seem and feel,
[illegible]
Put our shoulder to the wheel

What though clouds are darking o'er us,
They but hide a tranquil sky,
Or should storm drops fall around us,
Soon the sunshine bids them dry.
[illegible]
Heart, be stout and true as steel!
[illegible]
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

Fainting hands will never aid us
To upright the load of care;
"Up and stirring" be your motto,
Work to suffer, strong to bear.
'Tis not chance that guides our footsteps,
Or our destiny can seal;
With a will then, strong and steady,
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

Men of worth have conn'd the lesson
Men of might have trod its truth,
Aged lips have breathed the maxim
[illegible]
And be sure throughout life's journey
Many a wounded heart would heal,
If we all as friends and brothers
Put our shoulder to the wheel.

We hear a great deal about the duty of filial obedience, but who says anything about parental [illegible] [illegible] time [illegible] and not so much among the poor as among the rich. It is not enough to bequeath money to children. Give them counsel, example, discipline—that is, give them a share of your time.

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, November 22, 1862.

REPORT

Look here, brethren, read this, and remember it, too:—

The meeting of the Executive Committee, and their appeal to the ministers having the charge of circuits and stations and to the members of the A. M. E Church, is as follows:

Dear Brethren and Friends:—According to the authority vested in our Editor and General Book Steward, he called together the Executive Committee of the Book Concern on the 15th of November, at which time we had a very pleasant interview together in relation to the present flattering condition of the Book Concern and the wants of the Church.

Brethren, let us tell you for once that the Book Concern is really in a prosperous condition—and how it is that our Editor and General Book Steward has so managed to keep the Book Concern and paper in the hopeful condition in which we find it, and with such scant means, we confess we are at a loss to know—and more especially in times like these, when many a firm and paper, with a much larger capital, have succumbed. But, brethren, in order to hold this position, and to keep up a growing interest throughout the connexion, there are means needed—first, there is a very great demand for hymn-books in every direction in the connexion, and our Editor and General Book Steward has informed us there is only about seven or eight in the store, and has no more to bind up. Therefore, the Committee deem it advisable, in view of such a demand for our hymn-books, and especially in the Western country, to advise our General Book Steward to get out another edition, so that our people may be supplied. Tracts, too, brethren, it will require about $500. This should be done without delay. We therefore recommend to each elder, deacon and preacher to properly lay this vital matter before their congregations, and to take up a free-will collection, and to forward the same to the Gen. Book Steward and Editor, so that it may be in his hands by the 15th of December, or 20th, at the farthest—and he will give each credit through this paper. Now we ask our brethren, shall the Book Steward have the amount? We will answer for the Philadelphia district—our portion will be forthcoming. We also recommend to our Bishops, while travelling around, to speak of this matter.

Committee.—William Moore, L. S. Lewis, W. H. Waters, Stephen Smith, and W. D. W. Schureman.

ELISHA WEAVER, Chairman.

CONCERT AT NATIONAL HALL.

Mr. A. Burris and his troupe propose giving one of their interesting concerts for the benefit of the contrabands in Washington, D. C. We bespeak a full house on the occasion, for two reasons—first, because the object is a humane one, and an act of much-needed charity; second, we believe that the manner in which the concert is to be conducted will secure an overflowing and intelligent audience.

The musical talent and ability of Mr. Burris and his company of artists are too well known to need any special reference from us. They have done much, and their untiring efforts should meet with a liberal patronage from an appreciating and generous public.

NOTICE.

We recommend to all of our ministers and members of the Church to read a common-sense article written by Dr. Longfellow, which we think will be sufficient to open their eyes—and then to act accordingly.

NOTICE

The Ladies of the Dorcas Society will hold a Grand Social Repast at the Philadelphia Institute, Lombard Street, on Thursday evening, the 27th instant, 1862—the proceeds to be applied to the benefit of the Society. Admission, only Ten Cents. ☞ Tickets can be had at the Book Store, No. 619 Pine street.

We hope to see the Hall crowded on the occasion, for the Society has done much good—and they most certainly deserve great praise for their untiring energy.

PUBLIC LECTURES AT OUR HIGH SCHOOL.

In our issue last week we briefly called attention to the lecture at the High School rooms, Lombard Street above Seventh, by Professor John Collins. The lecture was on *Cube*. It was full of instruction, given in a very free, lively and interesting manner. It was illustrated by over thirty drawings and sketches. Such a lecture one could not attend without being both entertained and instructed. It was the first of a course of lectures to be given at the same place, on topics of scientific, literary, and religious interest. We desire to call the attention of our readers to this course. It will consist of ten or twelve discourses, which are all prepared with particular reference to imparting instruction in an interesting and entertaining manner. They will be given one every two weeks, and are open free to all. We are sure that all of our readers, especially our young friends, ought, as far as possible, to attend. An hour once in two weeks cannot be better spent by our young friends. We invite them to attend.

The second lecture of the course will be given by Professor E. D. Bassett, next Wednesday evening, 26th inst., on the *Atmosphere*. It will be fully illustrated by numerous experiments with the air-pump and by other means. Remember, *next Wednesday evening, beginning at 8 o'clock*.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Of Rev. S. T. Jones, of Steubenville, O., for hymn-books,	$6 75
Rev. S. T. Jones, for *Recorder*,	1 00
Mrs. Dorsey,	1 00
Mr. P. R. Brake, of Frankford, Pa.,	1 25
Of Rev. James Lynch,	1 00

NOTICE.

By request, Dr. H. J. Brown of Burlington, will deliver another of his interesting scientific lectures on Philosophy and Phrenology, in Bethel Wesley Church, Lombard Street, on Wednesday evening next, November 26th. The lectures will be illustrated with a beautiful collection of life size paintings. Admission 10 cts. The lecture will commence at 7½ o'clock precisely, and will conclude with a public phrenological examination.

J. A. WILLIAMS, *Pastor*

GREAT devotion to literary pursuits, without active exertion, often engender indigestion and want of manliness.

PASSING AWAY.

Having received intelligence on last Tuesday morning that our much esteemed and beloved brother in the gospel, Father Roberson, of Frankford, was very low, and rapidly sinking, I gave notice to the Rev Stephen Smith, and we at once agreed to go out and see him. Brother Smith got out his carriage, and we started at 1 o'clock for Frankford. Brethren and friends, you may imagine our feelings as we drew near his quiet homestead—language cannot describe the emotions that pressed our heart-strings as we alighted from the carriage at his door. Several persons were standing around in the yard, whose countenances bore the imprint of sadness. We entered the door, and with slow and muffled tread we approached the bed side of the dying hero. We saw the finger of death hovering over his calm brow. We were told by his dear motherly wife, and several other persons around his couch, that he knew no one, failing even to recognise his wife. I knelt down by his bed-side, and asked him if he knew me. At once he opened his eyes, as from a deep meditation, and whispered out that it was Elisha. (He used to address me that way.) He told me it was all well with him, praise the Lord. He also recognised Brother Smith, one of the old east elders now in the church. We left for home that evening, with no hopes of again seeing him alive in this world. While we are writing, we are almost confident that he is in that better land with saints and angels. But while we pen these lines, we cannot but mourn over the manner in which he lost his life—by being compelled to stand on the front of the cars on that rainy, disagreeable night—an old man of God, some seventy years of age—a burning shame to an enlightened people, in a Christian land. We could not have expected more among the savage nations. Had he been some lazy thief, or a drunkard, it would have been bad enough then, but more excusable. As we shall say more about our father and brother again, we will close by saying that if he has departed this life, we shall more definitely refer to him.

DIED.

On last Tuesday night, at two minutes after 11 o'clock, at his residence in Frankford, the Rev RICHARD ROBERSON, a minister of long-standing in the A. M. E. Church departed this life. His funeral will take place on Sabbath, the 23d inst. His remains will be conveyed to the church in Frankford, of which he was the elder in charge, and, after some remarks shall have been made, he will be conveyed to the mother dust.

A great and good man has passed away. The aged Christian warrior has thrown aside his shield and buckler, and entered into his rest. He was a man of much moral and religious worth. The Philadelphia Conference has lost one of her old, tried and trusty defenders. He leaves behind him to mourn his loss a very dear and motherly wife. Farewell, Father Roberson—but we hope to see you again.

We refer our readers to a report of the ministers

A MEETING ON THE DEATH OF REV RICHARD ROBERSON.

A number of the ministers of the A. M. E. Church Assembly this morning, Nov. 20th, 1862, at 10 o'clock, at Bethel Church, Sixth Street, pursuant to the call of Rev. J. P. Campbell, for the purpose of taking under consideration the departure and funeral service of the Rev. Richard Roberson, who departed this life at 11 o'clock, P. M., on Tuesday night, the 18th, aged about 70 years. The Rev. J. G. Bulaugh was appointed Chairman, and A. L. Stanford Secretary

Resolved, That a committee of five, consisting of three Itinerant and two Local Elders, be appointed to draft a series of resolutions, expressive of our deep feeling of regret, in consequence of the demise of our venerable father and brother, the late Rev. Richard Roberson. Committee appointed, viz., Revs. J. G Bulaugh, A. L. Stanford, E. Weaver, S. Smith, and J. P. B. Eddy.

Resolved, That the committee be requested to report on Saturday morning at ten o'clock, at Bethel Church.

Resolved, That the Bishops and ministers be hereby notified of the death of one of the eldest Itinerant ministers connected with our wide spread connexion. His funeral services will be solemnly performed on the following Sabbath, at his residence in the city of Frankford, between the hours of 1 and 2 o'clock, P. M., from thence his remains will be conveyed to the church of which he was pastor in said city, where religious services will commence at 3 o'clock, after which the body of this tried and faithful friend to the cause of Christianity, will be placed to rest in the silent sepulchre.

The committee appointed, with the approval of all present, recommend the above notice through the Recorder, as being the most expedient way of communicating the said news to many friends of the deceased.

Chairman.—J. G. Bulaugh.
Secretary.—A. L. Stanford.

DIED.

We also record the death of Mrs. Thomas Todd, the wife of Bro. Todd, who is one of the oldest members in Bethel Church. Sister Todd departed this life on last Tuesday morning, the 18th inst. She died in living triumph of faith in Jesus. Brother Todd, her husband, must be about 60 years old.

THE VISITATION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

We believe that the Holy Spirit has really paid a pleasant visit to Bethel A. M. E. Church, in Sixth Street, Philadelphia. The Rev. J. P. Campbell, who is the elder in charge, conducts the revival in the name of our good Lord. There has been a number of conversions. Sometimes, when the Church is praying for the Lord to bless them, a revival, and to be with them, certain obstacles arise which tend to impede the movement. Rum is the first that comes around the altar, and sometimes it prevents those from coming who would otherwise do so. They look at the moral status. But the good work has been going steadily on in Bethel Church. We think that no one need be ashamed [illegible] the most of them at any rate. [illegible] grace in the hearts, and that they may ever prove to [illegible] the cause of Jesus will did [illegible] they might live [illegible] Our heart's desire and prayer to God is, that a radical change in the moral condition of our people in this city should be speedily effected. There is a work for each Christian to do to bring this state of things about. Oh, Christians, let us work together sweetly, let us see eye to eye, let us see as one man, let us pray as one prayer—and God will most surely bless the effort.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT.

Mr. Editor.—Among the most interesting occurrences that have taken place since you last heard from your correspondent, is the removal of Gen McClellan, that man who was Napoleonized through the papers, and crowned by negro chattel-makers, monarch of America. It was thought by many here, as it was thought of John C Calhoun in South Carolina, that if McClellan would die the world would end, but [illegible] earth lies."

Though I am informed that a few military epaulet straps, became strangulated at the idea, and resigned; but with that exception I believe every body thinks it was done through military necessity.

Abraham Lincoln will yet write his name upon the pages of History, so indelibly, that time's indefatigable cycles shall never be able to efface it. Not only has he proved himself above the fledges of partyism, by killing Gen. Fremont on the one side, and Gen. McClellan on the other, but that proclamation, over which the triumphant notes of heaven rolled along the confines of bliss, with evidences of higher ecstasies, than customarily, reverberated in overpowering rapture, across the boundaries of light and felicity, will tell upon the annals of eternity in character, of such splendor, as shall gild the name of Abraham Lincoln forever. Would that Milton's poetic notes could unthread the maze of his virtues, and they were engraven in the rock of ages. But his acts will stand emblazoned in colors of glaring glory, amid the retinue of the world honored, till the sun of time shall set no more to rise.

The choir of Israel church assisted by some of the celebrated vocalists of Union Bethel, and 15th Street Presbyterian churches, gave a grand concert for the benefit of said church, on last Monday and Tuesday nights. The concert was conducted by Prof. J. F Wilkerson, whose acquaintance with musical science none will question. I deem it inexpedient to deal in personalities in this matter, as so many would be entitled to a panegyrical notice, that adequate remarks might be an intrusion upon your columns. But the pieces were well selected and judiciously executed. The singing, however, was much better the second than it was the first night. This grew out of the fact, that they neglected on the first night, to ventilate the church, and the crowd being so dense, the oxygen of the air was soon exhausted or absorbed, and the house became so impregnated with carbonized matter, that a harsh hoarseness soon followed, which materially disturbed the symphony of the music. But that annoyance was arrested the second night by a more philosophical discretion. And thus nature and art were brought into harmony, with such a glorious success, that the rhapsodical modulations which poured wave after wave through the ravished audience, held them enchantingly till the spell was broken by its *finis*, and then laudatory acclamations burst forth, the shouts, whistles, hand claps and feet stamps, in every part of the house. The concert upon the whole was a grand affair, and not unproductive of a moral lesson.

Several distinguished ladies, belonging to said church, have been holding what they call a festival in the new lecture room for the past week. The names are too numerous to give in detail, but Mrs. Casandra Dent, a lady of unflinching nerve, was the prime mover of it.

The several colored churches in the city were notified last Sabbath to send five delegates on Friday night to Union Bethel church, as business of importance would demand their attention. In accordance with said notice they met, at which time they temporarily organized themselves into a meeting, by electing Mr. William Slade as chairman and secretary pro. tem., &c. The object of the meeting was then stated, to be for the purpose of organizing upon some systematic basis, a plan by which the contrabands in our city could be cared for, and the commiseration of the various churches could be converged into Union Relief Associations, and stop that too long practised fraud, which has been going on by parties assuming to be friends, when their acts prove them inveterate enemies to our people. They, however, adjourned without doing more than laying out the plan of operation. I will give a fuller account in my next.

This afternoon a terrible explosion took place in the hospital lot, near Seventh Street bridge. It appears they had some powder condemned by the Government, to which they set fire, and the powder proved to be a great deal better than they anticipated. And thus it made the most terrific report ever heard by any in this city. It appeared that the very foundations of the earth gave way, and not only did hands shake and tremble, but the very air vibrations were so dreadfully intensified, that for whole squares it shivered every glass window to atoms. In many places it not only broke the glass, but knocked out the entire sash, split doors and silenced clocks.

I was told that the excitement would likely injure some persons considerably.

The first Baptist church have granted their pastor, Rev. Mr. Leonard, a furlough for six months, for the purpose visiting Liberia. Rev. Mr. Maddan, recently from the Allegheny Institute, is employed to fill his place till his return.

A venerable sister many years a member of Israel church, viz.: Sylvia Wilson, died yesterday, Nov. 14th, at 6 o'clock, P. M., after a week's sickness. She will be remembered by several ministers, as her house was always the receptacle for that class of care-burdened travellers.

President Lincoln has been for several days refusing to see any one, however high their position. He is either preparing his message, or don't intend to be swerved from his principles.

H. M. T.

Washington, Nov. 15th, 1862.

NOTICE

We have on hand bottles of liniment gotten up by Rev. J. C. Lewis. This medicine [illegible] and we can offer it to the public [illegible] and all [illegible] get of us will have it. Any [illegible] which [illegible]

A child of six years falling asleep at church during a long Sabbath evening discourse, waking before its conclusion, innocently asked: "Mother, is it this Sabbath night or is it next Sabbath night?"

For the Christian Recorder.

NOT AT AFFLICTIONS.

DEAR FRIENDS:—While travelling through the scenes of time, we meet with many trials and afflictions; but, thank God, they are the means which our heavenly Father uses to recover us from the influence of this sinful world, and to promote our usefulness here and our happiness beyond this vale of tears. Hear what the Psalmist says: "Before I was afflicted, I went astray; but now have I learned to keep thy law." Who knows to what extremity of sin and folly we might have gone, had God not laid the rod of afflictions upon us? Eternal [illegible] earth lies."

[illegible] laws, and walk not in his judgments, he will visit their transgressions with a rod, and their iniquities with stripes. Sometimes we set our affections inordinately upon a dear brother or sister, perhaps a lovely child. In this we sinned. God saw that we were growing earthly-minded. He commissioned the messenger of death to remove that idol out of the way, that we might find our all in him. He hath declared that he doth not willingly grieve nor afflict the children of men; but his faithfulness prompted him to remove from us that which he foresaw would prove our ruin. By this he calls us back to himself, that we may lose sight of the things that would bind us to earth, and place our affections on things heavenly and divine. Afflictions serve as a test of Christian graces. When he hath tried us, we shall come forth as gold. It was by afflictions that I was brought to the Saviour. Again, I say, afflictions are designed to promote our happiness hereafter. They yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness to those that are exercised thereby. Therefore, let us not mourn at afflictions, but rather rejoice, knowing that our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, will work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. And at the last day we shall stand with that company which no man can number, which have come up through great tribulation—have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

H. A. B. J.

MR. EDITOR:—It is but three weeks since I was informed that there was such a paper as *The Christian Recorder*. I have purchased three of Bro Shreeves, and, indeed, I have become very much interested in this paper; and I am happy, indeed, to see that our people, who, for many years, have been ground down to the earth by the iron heel of affliction, are not ashamed nor afraid to come up and let their enemies know that they are a people that are not brutes; but men and women, possessing intellects as well as themselves.

Yours, truly,
HESTER A. B. JAY.

Providence, R. I.

For the Christian Recorder

I will say a word in reference to brother Shreeves; he has been quite successful thus far. The society seems to be becoming more active and spirited, and he has some awakenings, and there seems to be an impression made upon the consciences of many, tending toward good. The Sabbath-school is in a thriving state, and quite encouraging. They had quite an interesting exhibition for the benefit of their library, the purchasing of books, &c., on the 13th. They had a crowded house, and were insisted on to have it over again, to which they consented, and it will come off on the 19th inst.

In conclusion I would assign brother Shreeves from department, he being a young man, a strictly correct Christian gentleman. Pray for him, that he may, as Joseph of old, ever be able to care for and feed his flock, with wholesome food, and be the instrument of gathering in the lost sheep.

L. S. LEWIS.

For the Christian Recorder.

MR. EDITOR:—The past week has been one of some interest in our city, in a religious, as well as a literary point of view.

Rev. James Lynch has just closed a protracted meeting of some considerable interest. Many were added to his charge. They bid fair to become useful in their day and generation.

Rev. Bishop Payne has been in our city for two weeks. He preached a very able missionary sermon in Bethel Church on Sabbath before last. He showed the importance of our Church waking up to the great subject of missions. He also informed the congregation that there would soon be an opening in South Carolina.

Bishop Payne also preached last Sabbath in the Sharp St. M. E. Church, to a very large congregation. His text was Deut. v. 20. The sermon was much admired by all who heard it.

On last Thursday night a large and intelligent congregation assembled at Bethel Church, to witness the presentation of a gold headed cane to Bishop Payne, by the young gentlemen of the several lyceums of our city. The presentation speech was made by Mr. Jas. H. A. Johnson, of the Galbreath Lyceum. It was short, but much to the purpose. He assured the Bishop that the only motive which actuated them to present him that cane was a desire to show their appreciation of him as a Christian minister and a scholar.

Bishop Payne replied, thanking the young gentlemen for their kindness in presenting him a staff upon which to lean as he treads the down-hill of time. He said he should remember their kindness throughout his future life. He urged them to go on in their literary pursuit until they become scholars of the first magnitude.

On the same occasion, Mrs E. L. Tillman, on the part of the ladies of our city, presented to the lady of Rev James Lynch, a beautiful set of China. By this act of kindness Mrs. Lynch is assured that she is welcome to our city.

On last Saturday morning, the "Mary Caroline Stevens," (the Colonization Ship) sailed from the port for Liberia, Africa. Among the passengers were Mrs. Alexander Crummel and Mrs. McKinney Armstrong. We recognised among the passengers the familiar face of Rev. John Seys, the long and tried friend of African Colonization. There were several very intelligent young men from St Thomas also on board. We wish them all a pleasant and safe passage.

Mr Wm J. Watkins, the gifted orator, is lecturing to large congregations in our city. Mr. W., as a lecturer, has no superior in this state.

[illegible] A. M. E. Church recently by [illegible] York Pa., will be ordained on next Sabbath, the 23d inst. We hope to see many of our friends there to help us [illegible] Conference next year.

A. W. W.

Baltimore, Nov. 12th, 1862.

Doctor—"John, did Mrs. Green get the medicine I ordered?" Druggist's Clerk—"I guess so, for I saw crape on the door this morning."

FAST LIVING.

It is painful to know how many families strive desperately and yet unavailingly, to "get ahead" in New York City; the failure arising too often from their setting out with a style of living which was decided on in ignorance of what it ought to be, in consequence of forming an opinion from those who were living beyond their means, or who had resources greater than their own, thus the strife to "keep up," involves those excessive efforts, those anxious toils and corroding cares which eat out all the joys of life, undermine the health, and make a premature grave, leaving children with no other heritage, but the necessities of the same toils and cares, with the same false ambitions, and to make of life a failure, also!

THE BLIND.—It is stated that there are about [illegible] the proportion being greater near the equator and less toward the poles. In Egypt, one in every hundred of the population is blind, while in Russia the proportion is about one in one thousand; the average throughout Europe is one in 1400. In the United States there are about 18,000 blind persons, averaging one in 1550 of the population. The first efforts to ameliorate the condition of the blind, as a class, were made in Paris in 1782, when a school was established with such success that similar institutions were soon commenced in many parts of Great Britain. The first school of the kind in this country was opened in Boston in 1832, and Mr Bowen was one of six children who were first gathered within it. There are now sixteen of these benevolent organizations in the country.

HOW TO BUILD AN ICE HOUSE

Since publishing the following mode of constructing our own ice house two years since, we have received numerous applications for a copy of the paper containing it, and by others that we would republish it. To republish is the best we can do. The success of the house has more than met our expectations, which were confident. When well packed there is comparatively no waste.

We built our own house, twenty feet square, all above ground, enclosing the same with tongue and groove plank—one and a quarter inch thick—with battened joints. Next inward of this we [illegible] dressed boards nailed on horizontally. Within this was placed [illegible] dressed boards, [illegible] and grooved, and placed also horizontally. The latter space or chamber was packed with spent tan, charcoal dust, and rice chaff, in equal parts. This we are satisfied is the best arrangement for the protection of ice from the exterior heat of summer. However heated the outer surface may become, it will not communicate that heat through the air chamber to the contiguous chamber filled with packing. Besides, the space packed is constantly chilled by its contiguity to the large body of ice within.

In our own structure we carried the inner ceiling to and under the rafters, so as to create an air space under the roof. In this, however, were left ventilating openings, so as to avoid the accumulation of heated air. The sides of the ice should have a packing of saw-dust, shavings or straw, closely pressed next to the ceiling, and well covered on the top when filled.

MAXIMS FOR PARENTS.

(FROM A HANDBILL PUBLISHED IN BIRMINGHAM.)

"When the ground is soft and gentle, it is time to sow the seed; when the branch is tender, we can train it easiest; when the stream is small we can best turn its course."

1. Begin to train your children from the cradle. From their earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of obedience, *instant, unhesitating* obedience. Obedience is very soon understood even by an infant. *Read* Prov. xxii. 6; Col. iii. 20; Eph. vi 1—3.

2 Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children understand that you mean exactly what you say. Gen. xxiii. 19; 1 Samuel iii. 13; 1 Timothy iii 4.

3. Never give them anything because they cry for it.

4. Seldom threaten; and be always careful to keep your word. Prov. xiv. 18; xxiii 13, 14; Lev xix. 3.

5. Never promise them anything unless you are sure you can give them what you promise.

6. Always punish your children for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish in a passion. Be calm as a clock, yet decisive. Prov. xiv. 29; [illegible]

7. Do not be always correcting your children; and never use violent or terrifying punishments. Take the rod (as Solomon says,) let it tingle, and pray God to bless it. A little boy had been guilty of lying and stealing. His father talked with him on the greatness of his sin, told him he must punish him, represented to him the consequences, as far worse than his present punishment, and then chastised him. [illegible] child, and from that time he shunned both [illegible] what you have forbidden under the same [illegible] 9. Teach them early to tell the truth on *all* occasions. If you allow them to shuffle and deceive in *small* matters, they will soon do it in greater, till all reverence for truth is lost. Prov. xii. [illegible]

10. Be very careful what company your children keep. He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed. Prov. xiii 20.

11 Make your children useful as soon as they are able, and find employment for them as soon as possible. Prov. x 4, xviii 9, xix. 15; 2 Thess. iii 10.

12. Teach your children not to waste anything; to be clean and tidy; to sit down quietly and in good order to their meals; to take care of, and mend their clothes; to have a place for everything, and everything in its place." 1 Cor xiv. 40; John vi. 12.

13 Never suffer yourself to be amused by an immodest action; nor, by a smile, encourage those seeds of evil which, unless destroyed, will bring forth the fruits of vice and misery. Eph. v. 11, 12.

14 Encourage your children to do well; show them you are pleased when they do well. Prov. i. 1, 9.

15. Teach your children to pray, by praying with and for them yourself. Maintain the worship of God in your family, if you desire His blessing to descend on you and yours. Josh. xxiv. 15 Psalm ci 2.

16. Impress upon their minds that eternity is before them, and that those only are truly wise who secure eternal blessings. Say, "My child, what concerns you most, what I am most anxious about, is not what you are to be, or to possess here, for a little while; but what you are to be, [illegible] 15; Matt. xix 14

[illegible] *they would wish their children to be*; for it is only by the power of the Gospel of Christ in our own hearts that we shall be enabled to bring up our children for God.

GENTLEMANLY LADIES.—In a railroad car the seats [illegible] by a [illegible] one of the ladies, with a smile, hesitating, with *this*," said the gallant Hibernian, "yer welcome [illegible] and time, for a smile from such *gentlemanly* ladies!" and he retired hostily to the next car, amid the cheers of his fellow passengers.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE WAR

1860.

Meeting of South Carolina Secession Convention
[illegible]
Major Anderson moves [illegible] Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter
John B. Floyd resigned position as Secretary of War
[illegible]

1861

Jan 1 Ben Wade introduces [illegible] in the Senate
Departure of South Carolina Commissioners from Washington
Buchanan—Fast
Mississippi Convention passed ordinance of secession
State of the Union
Florida and Alabama passed the ordinance of secession
[illegible]
Navy Yard at Pensacola seized by the rebels
Secession ordinance passed by Georgia Convention
Jeff Davis withdrew from the Senate
[illegible]
Feb 4 Mint and custom house at New Orleans
The Montgomery Convention organized
[illegible]
Jeff Davis elected President and Alexander H. Stephens Vice President of the Southern Confederacy by the Montgomery Convention
Jeff Davis Inaugurated
Mar 4 Pres Lincoln arrived in Washington
Texas declared out of the Union
Cowrie from the Montgomery Government at Washington
[illegible]
April 11 President's call for 75,000 men
[illegible]
Massachusetts Sixth regiment attacked in Baltimore
New York Seventh regiment reaches Washington
Gosport Navy Yard abandoned
24,000 stand of arms taken by Illinois troops from St Louis Arsenal
Capture of Camp Frost at St Louis by General Lyon
General Butler enters Baltimore
Ordinance of secession passed by North Carolina Convention
Telegraphic despatches seized throughout the South
[illegible]
Battle of Boonville, Mo.
Marshall Kane arrested
[illegible]
Battle of Carthage, Missouri
Rich Mountain, Western Va
[illegible]
Battle of Bull Run
General Fremont arrives at St. Louis
General McClellan arrives at Washington
Battle of Dug Spring, Mo.
[illegible]
Battle of Wilson's Creek, and death of General Lyon
The banks agree to take $50,000,000 of Government loan
Capture of Forts at Hatteras
General Fremont's proclamation
General Grant takes possession of Paducah
Battle of Summerville, Western Va
The President modifies Fremont's Proclamation
Battle of Cheat Mountain, Western Va
Surrender of Lexington, Mo.
National Fast
Munson's Hill evacuated
Wilson's Zouaves attacked at Santa Rosa Island
[illegible]
Attack on our fleet at the mouth of the Mississippi
Battle of Ball's Bluff and death of Senator Baker
[illegible]
Zagonyi's charge at Springfield
Gen. McClellan appointed General in-chief
Battle of Belmont, Mo
Capture of Port Royal, S. C.
General Halleck appointed Fremont's successor
[illegible]
Fast in rebel States
News of the capture of Mason and Slidell
The rebels attack Fort Pickens
Congress met
General Phelps landed troops at Ship Island
Battle of Camp Alleghany
Stone fleet sunk in Charleston harbor
Battle of Drainsville
News of the settlement of the Trent affair

1862.

Jan. 9 General Burnside's fleet sailed from Annapolis
18 Banks defeated Humphrey Marshall
Secretary Cameron retires from the Cabinet (about)
[illegible]
Feb 13 Battle of Mill Spring and death of Zollicoffer
20 Expulsion of Mr Bright of Indiana from the Senate (about)
25 Capture of Fort Henry
[illegible]
Feb 6 Fort Donelson
16 [illegible]
27 Nashville occupied (about)
Mar. 6—8 Battle of Pea Ridge
Destruction of the Cumberland and Congress by the Merrimac
Manassas evacuated by the rebels
[illegible] of Newbern
Evacuation of New Madrid by the rebels (about)
15 [illegible]
28 Battle of Winchester
Apr. 6, 7 Shiloh or Pittsburgh Landing
7 Surrender of Island No 10 to Com Foote
11 Fort Pulaski
[illegible]
[illegible] of New Orleans
Evacuation of Yorktown
Battle of Williamsburgh
Gen Wool takes possession of Norfolk
Battle of West Point
[illegible]
Head [illegible]
Naval battle near Fort Wright on the Mississippi
[illegible]
The Merrimac blown up
Robert Small runs the steamer Planter out of Charleston
The Monitor and Galena repulsed near Fort Darling on James River
Hunter's proclamation annulled by the President
Federal Victory at Lewisburgh, Western Va.
Col. Kenley's 1st Maryland regiment routed at Front Royal
May 8 Gen Banks retreats through Winchester
23 Evacuation of Corinth
31 and June 1 Battle of Fair Oaks or Seven Pines
6 Great naval victory before Memphis
8 Battle of Cross Keys
8 Port Republic
18 Rebel raid at White House, rear McClellan's army
26—July 1 Retreat at James Island near Charleston
Great battles in front of Richmond
26 President Lincoln calls for 300,000 volunteers
July 1 Congress adjourns
10 The rebels attack Murfreesboro
16 General Pope takes command of the Army of Virginia
The rebel iron clad gunboat Arkansas succeeds in passing our fleet to Vicksburg
21 The President calls for 300,000 militia
Aug 1 Battle of Malvern Hill
5 Engagements at Cumberland Gap
Battle of Baton Rouge, and destruction of the Arkansas
6 Gen McCook murdered by the rebels
Great War Meeting at Washington, and speech
[illegible]
Battle of Cedar Mountain
Surrender of Independence, Mo
[illegible]
Indian massacres in Minnesota begin
[illegible]
Williamsburg evacuated by the Federal troops
Guerilla raid on Catlett's Station
[illegible]
Battle of Kettle Run
Battle of Richmond, Ky.
Second Battle of Bull Run
[illegible]
Battle of Chantilly, Gens Kearney and Stevens
[illegible]
General McClellan assumes command at Washington
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Md., and Munfordsville, Ky.
Surrender of Harper's Ferry
[illegible]
Battle of Antietam
Rebel evacuation of Maryland
Retreat of Price at Iuka
Emancipation Proclamation of Pres Lincoln
Convention of Loyal Governors at Altoona Pa

GENERALS OF THE SOUTHWEST

ROSECRANS.—Major General WM. STARKE ROSECRANS is about five feet eight inches; firmly built—his shape displaying his German origin—his motions are quick, his mind almost intuitive. His age is about forty two. His face is weather-worn, but bears a warm, cordial style, which never leaves it. When conversing he looks you square in the face. There is no air of superiority in his manner, he approaches you as a friend, talks to you as a friend, and bids you good day as a friend. His orders to officers are given with a pleasant recognition of their rights. He cannot but be popular, it is constitutional. He has now a big job on his hands, but it will be done in a soldierly manner.

CRITTENDEN.—Major General Thos L. CRITTENDEN (son of Hon John J.) is perhaps thirty-eight years of age, five feet nine inches; little in form, and active in motion; his hair, eyes and beard are quite dark, his face weather-beaten, bearing a strong resemblance to his father's. General CRITTENDEN is mild natured, gentlemanly [illegible] and has an affable shake of the hand and a pleasant word for all, in fact, a true Kentucky gentleman. As an officer he is [illegible] deservedly popular with his officers and men; is a good, not a great, soldier, and I think an honest, true-hearted patriot.

HOUSEAU.—Here are form and features that give the world assurance of a man. Major-General LOVELL H. ROUSSEAU, in form and feature, is probably the most conspicuous General in the American army. He is full six feet two inches in height, of heavy, muscular frame, at the same time lithe and active. His face says fight all over it. He is very dark-featured, big-whiskered, and eyes like coals of fire, and a nose decidedly of the pugilistic curve. He lives the Union and fights it [illegible] He led the first regiment of [illegible] into the city of Louisville after the war began—the Louisville legion. He did this against the protest of large numbers of influential tender footed Unionists, who feared that the bloody scenes enacted at Baltimore would be re-enacted. But he told them he was prepared for the issue, and should seek it. His regiment was not molested, but on the contrary was received with the most marked manifestations of gratification. It was a great blow for the Union cause in Kentucky. After that day BRECKINRIDGE, PRESTON and other Secessionists, deemed it valorous to get out of the State.

DUMONT.—Brigadier General EBENEZER DUMONT, our Indiana General, is full five feet four inches in height, his legs monopolizing the lion's share of his longitude; weighs about 110 pounds; [illegible] hair, and moustache very dark, in fact, quite Frenchy. He is perhaps forty-five years of age. General DUMONT has the reputation of being a good soldier.

BOYLE.—Brigadier-General JAMES T. BOYLE is post commander here. In height he measures five feet eight, inclined to corpulency, and perhaps forty years of age. His complexion is fair, his hair light and curly. He is well suited to his place; cordial, gentlemanly, ready to do a favor, attentive to his duties, and hates Rebels, whom he denounces in good SAXON.

JOE PARSONS—A MARYLAND BRAVE

A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript*, writing from the hospitals of Alexandria, relates the following anecdote:—Joe enlisted in the First Maryland Regiment, and was plainly a "rough" originally. As we passed along the hall we first saw him crouched near an open window, lustily singing, "I'm a bold Soldier boy," and observing the broad bandage over his eyes, I said, "What's your name, my good fellow?" "Joe, sir," he answered, "Joe Parsons." "And what is the matter with you?" "Blind, sir, blind as a bat." "In battle?" "Yes, at Antietam. Both eyes shot out at one clip." Poor Joe was in the front, at Antietam creek, and a Minnie ball had passed directly through his eyes, across his face, destroying his sight forever. He was but twenty years old, but he was as happy as a lark! "It is dreadful," I said. "I'm very thankful I am alive, sir. It might ha' been worse, yer see," he continued. And then he told his story.

"I was hit," he said, "and it knocked me down. I lay there all night, and the next day the fight was renewed. I could stand the pain, yer see, but the balls was flyin' all round, and I wanted to get away. I couldn't see nothin' though. So I waited and listened; and at last I heard a feller groanin' beyond me. 'Hello!' says I, "Hello, yourself,' says he. 'Who be yer?' says I—a Rebel?' 'You're a Yankee,' says he. 'So I am, says I; 'What's the matter with you?' 'My leg's smashed,' says he. 'Can't yer walk?' 'No,' 'Can yer see?' 'Yes.' 'Well,' says I, 'you're a Rebel, but will you do me a very little favor?' 'I will,' says he, 'if I kee.' Then I says, 'Well, ole butternut, I can't see nothin. My eyes is knocked out; but I ken walk. Come over yere. Let's git out o' this. You p'int the way, an' I'll tote yer off the field on my back.' 'Bully for you,' says he. And so we managed to git together. We shook hands on it. I took a wink outer his canteen, and he got on to my shoulders.

I did the walkin' for both, an' he did the navigatin.' An' of his didn't make me carry him straight into a Rebel Colonel's tent, a mile away, I'm a liar! How'sever, the Colonel came up, an' says he, 'Whar d'yer come from? who be yer?' I told him. He said I was done for, and couldn't do no more about'n; an' he sent me over to our lines. So, after three days, I came down here with the wounded boys, where we're doin' pretty well, all things considered." "But you will never see the light again, my poor fellow," I suggested, sympathetically. "That's so," he answered, glibly, "but I can't help it, you notice. I did my dooty—got shot, pop in the eye—an' that's my comfort'n, not my fault,—as the old man said of his blind hoss. But—I'm a bold soldier boy."

THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Come listen a while to me, my lad,
Come listen to me for a spell;
I'll tell a tale to you
For a moment be dumb,
For your uncle is going to tell
What befell
A youth who loved liquor too well.

A clever young man was he, my lad,
And with beauty uncommonly blest,
Ere with brandy and wine
He began to decline,
And he passed for a person possessed.
I protest,
The temperance plan is the best.

One evening he went to a tavern, my lad,
He [illegible]
And there spied a [illegible]
Rum, brandy and such,
There [illegible] right,"
What your aunt might entitle a fright.

The fellow fell into a snooze, my lad;
'Twas a horrible slumber he takes
He trembles with fear
[illegible]
Oh! how he quivers and shakes
When he wakes,
And raves about horrid great "snakes!"

'Tis a warning to you and me, my lad!
Next morning he took to his bed;
And he never got up
[illegible]
Though properly physicked and bled;
And I treat,
Next day, the poor fellow was dead!

You've heard of the snake in the grass, my lad—
Of the viper concealed in the grass,
But
Man's deadliest foe
Is a snake of a different class,
Alas!
'Tis the viper that lurks in the glass!

[illegible]
(A passion I think rather low,)
Don't visit to see 'em,
[illegible]
'Tis very much better to go
And visit a regular show.

Domestic Items.

Observance of the Sabbath

[illegible] Washington [illegible] general order has been issued respecting the observance of the [illegible] Sunday [illegible]

[illegible] Monroe, Washington [illegible] 1861, [illegible] and Navy, directs and enjoins the orderly observance of the Sabbath by the officers and men in the military and [illegible]

"The importance, for man and beast, of the proper rest of one day in seven, the right influence on the character of the soldier, a becoming deference to the best sentiment of mankind, a Christian people, and a due regard for the Divine will, demand that Sabbath labor in the army and navy be reduced to the measure of strict necessity.

"To [illegible] and [illegible] Navy [illegible] should not suffice, nor the cause they defend be imperiled by the profanation of the day and name of the Most High. At this time of public distress, adopting the words of Washington in 1776—'Men may find enough to do in the service of God and their country, without absolutely disowning themselves to vice and immorality.'

"The first general order issued by the Father of his Country, after the Declaration of Independence, indicates the spirit in which our institutions were founded, and [illegible] be defended.

"The General hopes and trusts that every officer and man will endeavor to act as becomes a Christian soldier, defending the dearest rights and liberties of his country."

(Signed) ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

National Finances.—The public debt of the United States may be divided into three classes—that contracted prior to the loan of $250,000,000, granted in July, 1861; the loan of that date, and those authorized by Congress at its last session.

The amount of debts of the first class will probably reach about $118,000,000. Of the second class, the $250,000,000 loan, $150,000,000 is made up of the 7 3-10ths, of which about $132,000,000 have been issued; $50,000,000 6 per cents due in 1881, and 50,000,000 of the demand notes, which were made receivable for dues at the custom House. About one-half of these are already cancelled, and are being retired at the rate of two hundred thousand dollars daily. Their places, however, are supplied by what are termed "new issue" of demand notes.

Since the passage of the Act of July, 1861, the Government has relied chiefly upon its demand notes—upon the deposits made with several of the Sub-Treasurers, and by the issue of certificates of indebtedness. Of the latter about sixty-six millions dollars have been issued. Of the new issue of Treasury notes, about one hundred and eighty million dollars are already in circulation. The Department is now paying them out at the rate of six hundred thousand dollars daily.

Of the [illegible] million [illegible] dred dollars have been issued. The exact amount of deposits with the Sub-Treasurer on call is about sixty-five million dollars. The aggregate [illegible] of the Department, consequently, will foot up as follows:—

Debts contracted prior to July, 1861,...	$118,000,000
Bonds bearing 7 3-10 per cent. interest,	132,000,000
Bonds bearing 6 per cent. interest, payable in 1881,.....	50,000,000
Certificates of indebtedness,.....	66,000,000
Deposits with the Sub-Treasury, and payable on call,.....	65,000,000
Treasury notes, now issued,.....	140,000,000
Custom House notes,.....	23,000,000
The Five-twenty year bonds,.....	18,571,100
Total indebtedness,.....	$855,571,100

The statement, we believe, is approximately correct, taking the figures as they stand on the 25th instant, and making the liabilities of Government considerably less than the current estimates. It should relieve all apprehension as to any embarrassment to be caused by our public debt. The interest on the total amount at six per cent. is only $39,214,266. But only $419,571,100 draw interest, reducing the charge upon the Treasury from this quarter to $25,974,266. To meet this charge we have the revenue from customs, which will probably equal $60,000,000, the present year, and the revenues from the extraordinary sources recently provided.

Where the Flood of Bank Paper Comes From.—By recent statements of the Banks in the three principal cities of the Union, their circulation and specie were as follows:

	specie.	circulation.
New York, Nov. 9,.....	$38,794,763	$9,782,490
Boston, Nov. 10,.....	7,885,980	8,194,125
Philadelphia, Nov 16,.....	5,221,621	4,709,487
Total,.....	$52,284,230	$22,675,472

This exhibit is quite suggestive. By the last annual report (1861) of the state of the Banks in the United States the specie and circulation of those in the loyal States were set down thus.

Specie,.....	$61,242,603
Circulation,.....	$146,240,847

By a comparison of these two tables it will be seen that the Banks of New York, Philadelphia and Boston hold more than five-sixths of all the specie to the credit of the Banks of the loyal States in 1861, and that, at the same time, they have issued less than one-sixth of the paper circulation emitted by the Banks of the same States.

Antidote for Chloroform.—Dr. Lambelle, the eminent Paris physician, says an electric shock is sure salvation to anybody dying from the effects of an overdose of chloroform.

Snow fell in Rome, Georgia, on the 20th of October.—*Mercury, 1st.*

Profanity in the Army.—The following order has been issued by General Howard for the suppression of profane swearing in the army:

"The General commanding this division has noticed with extreme pain, on the part of officers and men, the constant and very general use of profane oaths. He need not remind any thinking man of the vulgarity and meanness of this practice, nor speak of it as a positive violation of God's law, but will simply appeal to the good sense and better feelings of the members of his command, and urge them, by all they hold dear, to abstain from insulting Him whose protection they need.

By command of Gen. O. O. Howard."

How Pontoon Bridges are Made.—Pontoon boats are flat-bottomed, thirty feet long, two and a half feet wide at the bow, and five feet wide at the stern, swelling out at the sides to the width of six feet. Each fits on a running-gear of four wheels, and is used as a baggage-wagon for the pontoniers, carrying its proportions of string pieces and of plank. On reaching a river the boats are unloaded, floated across by a cable made fast up the stream, then the string pieces are laid across, from one boat to the next, and on these are placed the planks, each twenty-one feet long, which form the gangway of that width. It is a fine sight to see a regiment come to a river bank with a pontoon train, unload and launch their boats, moor them in a line, and in less than five minutes from the time when the word "halt!" was given, have a bridge say six hundred feet in length, over which an army can safely pass with artillery and luggage.

The Rice Crop.—A very large amount of land in this State was this season planted in corn, and it was reasonable to expect an enormous crop, capable of supplying that species of food in superabundance at a low price. But the season was marred by a drought, and in many parts of the State the corn crop was seriously injured, so that there will be no superabundance, and scarcely more than was produced last year from much less land planted in that greatest of cereals. The production of rice, too, the year, has been curtailed to a considerable extent by the removal of planters from the tide-water region.

Still, the season for rice has been good, and those who have planted have generally made good crops. If saved, the rice crop will very materially aid in supporting our people and the army collected for our defence. We therefore trust that [illegible] will be made by the planters to reap the fruits of their summer's exertions, and that our authorities will afford every facility and co-operation in making this large resource of subsistence available. It is a matter of no trifling importance to our people, and to the operations of our [illegible] Timely [illegible] trouble, and expense and suffering [illegible] ber 1st.

The Great Eastern.—Some months since, the steamer Great Eastern arrived at New York, but in going through the Sound she struck a sunken rock and stove a large hole in her bottom. She still remains at one of the piers of New York, unrepaired, and there is no dock large enough to receive her, that her repairs [illegible]

Her officers dare not cram the steam in her as she is, and the only way of getting at the hole is by building a coffer-dam under her. This is now being attempted, but it is not certain that the experiment will be successful. She is represented as a very filthy craft—no pains being taken to keep her clean or even decent.

A Queer Ship.—The "Keokuk," one of our new armored vessels, is said to be a very queer ship, and, if the description of her which we have seen be true, she is [illegible] queer. [illegible] every gun will be carried entirely below water. There will be not a port-hole, save in the cabins. A projectile in the stern will sink her. There was no keel laid to the centre of the [illegible] looking craft, but one at the bow and another at the stern, both of which extended toward the middle of the hull about sixteen feet. A seven foot ram protrudes from the bow. It is of cast iron throughout, and bears a resemblance to the [illegible] of up to the time.

A Ball Given by Thieves.—This is a [illegible] world. The announcement, though, [illegible] announced a ball [illegible] in the form of thieves, a ball [illegible] on Tuesday night last at a ball at Seventh Street Hall. A Thieves' Ball! Four hundred persons were in attendance.

There was no redeeming feature to this ball. The men who whirled the women in the many dances would pick your pocket at the street corner. The women [illegible] were plenty, oaths were as cheap as brass rings—[illegible] and golden bonds glittered in the head-dresses [illegible] mirth as guilt can feel when it dreams recollection is a momentary pleasure. The faces that peered into the glasses were representatives of those in the "Rogues' Gallery," at the Central Station. And these men and these women called themselves "Farmers' Sons and Mowers' Daughters."

Home, they say, exists among thieves, and the records of the ball were understood to be for the benefit of a professional hero who had committed a robbery in [illegible] Water [illegible] admirable gathering for the Quaker City in the year 1862.

The War in the South West.—Cairo, November 15.—All the partisan rangers who have been pillaging the country around Memphis have been disbanded by Pemberton and attached to regiments.

Cotton is reported to be coming forward again in considerable quantities in consequence of [illegible] ment.

The Grand Army of the Potomac

ITS ORGANIZATION.

[illegible] of the Army of the Potomac, November 15th—the following order was [illegible]

Headquarters Army of the Potomac, }
Near Warrenton, Va., Nov 15 }

GENERAL ORDER, No 184.

First—The organization of a portion of the army into three general divisions is hereby announced

Three grand divisions will be formed and commanded as follows

The Second and Ninth corps will form the right grand division, and will be commanded by Maj. Gen. E. V. Sumner.

The First and Sixth corps will form the left grand division, and will be commanded by Maj Gen. W. B. Franklin.

The Third and Fifth corps will form the centre grand division, and will be commanded by Maj. Gen. Joseph Hooker.

The Eleventh corps, with such other troops as may hereafter be assigned to it, will constitute a reserve [illegible]

Assignments of cavalry and future details will be announced in future orders.

[illegible] with instructions from the War Department [illegible] ments will have power to decide such questions relating to the internal management of their commands as are now forwarded to these headquarters for final action.

Major General Sigel will exercise all the powers in respect to his command above assigned to the commander of a grand division. Those cases which can only be decided by the departments at Washington, [illegible] departments without reference to these headquarters.

A Success in Western Virginia.—Washington, November 11.—The following despatch was received at the headquarters of the army:

Headquarters, Cincinnati, }
Nov. 12 }

To Major General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief

General Kelly, on the 10th instant, attacked Imboden's camp, eighteen miles south of Moorfield, Hardy county, Virginia, and routed him completely, killing and wounding many, and captured his camp, with fifty prisoners, a quantity of arms, and a large number of horses, cattle, hogs, wagons, &c. The enemy was entirely dispersed, and fled to the mountains.

(Signed) H. G. WRIGHT,
Major-General Commanding.

Battle of Bayou La Fourche.—New York, November 16th.—Advices from New Orleans report that the [illegible] under General Weitzel met the enemy at Labadieville, and defeated them after a brisk fight. Upwards of two hundred of the enemy were killed, wounded or taken prisoners, and one piece of artillery was captured.

The rebels were pursued towards Berwick's Bay—where Gov. Moore was supposed to be.

Our loss was eighteen killed and seventy-four wounded.

The rebels captured were paroled.

From General Burnside's Army.—Warrenton, Nov. 17th.—The Army of the Potomac is in motion. Gen. Hooker advanced early this morning. He will be followed during the day by the veteran divisions of Sumner and Franklin.

Our army moves with renewed vigor and spirits—and we may look for interesting news whenever the [illegible]

Jackson is retreating behind Manassas Gap.

The Indians.—On Monday evening, of last week, President Lincoln received a telegraphic despatch from Gen. Pope, transmitting the names of three hundred Minnesota Indians condemned by court martial to be hung for their participation in the horrible massacres in that State, and requesting his approval of the sentence of the court martial. The President immediately telegraphed to Gen. Pope to have sent on by mail a synopsis of the evidence adduced before the court martial for his inspection. It is reported that "the President has resolved that such an outrage, as the indiscriminate hanging of these Indians must certainly be, shall not take place, but will confirm the sentence of the court so far as inflicting punishment upon the guilty is concerned."

Whittier, the Quaker poet, is a candidate for the Senate of Massachusetts. He was once elected to the House from Haverhill.

Brig.-Gen. Neal Dow, of "Maine Law" fame, is commander of Pensacola and the surrounding country, in place of Colonel Wilson, of the New York Zouaves.

Rear Admiral Foote has lost three children within the last half year. The third died at New Haven, on Monday, October 20

Gen. Jameson.—The [illegible] death, at his home in Oldstown, Maine, of Brigadier General Charles D. Jameson. His age was about thirty-five years. He was by profession a lumberman and merchant.

Doctor Berrien, for many years rector of Trinity Church, New York city, died, November 7th, at his residence in Varick street, in the 75th year of his age. His health, for some weeks past, had been very infirm, and his demise, therefore, was not unlooked for. Doctor Berrien [illegible] of New York. He probably married more men and women, and baptized more children, in his day, than any other clergyman in the United States. As a pastor, he was earnest and faithful, and as a man he was respected and beloved by a wide circle of relatives and friends.

General Cass and the Proclamation.—A private letter from Colonel F. A. Eastman, of Chicago, dated Detroit, October 31, to one of the editors of the Chicago Tribune, contains gratifying information. He called upon the Hon Lewis Cass, to pay that venerable statesman his respects, and what transpired we give in Mr. Eastman's own language

"I told General Cass that I had always admired and supported him as a Democrat, but that perhaps he would not regard me as a Democrat now, as I had pledged my support to the [illegible] and to all war measures. He replied, 'You are right. The Government is right. You young men must sustain it.' Invited thus to continue the conversation, I said, 'But I approve of the Emancipation Proclamation and all.' The old patriot responded promptly, 'So do I.' [illegible] general topics, he came back to the Proclamation again. He also owned that whether or not the President had the constitutional right to declare the slaves free, the President's friends did not strengthen the measure by claiming it to be constitutional. 'I do not deny,' he said, 'that there is that in the Constitution to justify the act; but the circumstances of the country justify it.' He did not feel its effects upon the South."

Death of Hon James Madison Porter.—Easton, Nov. 11.—Hon James Madison Porter died at his residence in this place, this morning, in the 76th year of his age.

He was a son of General Andrew Porter, of the Revolutionary War, and himself served in the War of [illegible] the War of 1812-14, while Mr. Porter was a law student in Philadelphia, the city was threatened by the British, and he volunteered and served as a [illegible]

Mr. Porter was a prominent member of the Convention to amend the Constitution of Pennsylvania, and one of the most prominent members of the Convention. In March, 1843, President Tyler appointed him Secretary of War, [illegible] death of President Harrison

Prince De Joinville on the War.—What he thinks of our Armies and the Volunteer System.—Prince de Joinville, who, with his two nephews, the Count de Paris and the Duke de Chartres, made the campaign of the Potomac, has been furnishing to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* a description of the two armies, with some curious hints for volunteer officers. The following extracts are interesting:—

[illegible] OF THE VOLUNTEER SYSTEM.

[illegible]

As soon as Congress has voted the number of men, they calculate at Washington the quota which each State must furnish, according to its [illegible] and population. This examination being made, each Governor announces [illegible] his jurisdiction. The regiment, of one battalion only, is the American military unit. Affairs [illegible] is influence in the State, or among a certain portion of the population, which will enable him [illegible] too to the party, &c. From among the persons thus presented the Governor makes the choice. Generally the person upon whom the choice falls has had it down [illegible] of the regiment, and thus Mr Smith-So, a lawyer or a doctor, never having handled a sword, but feeling within himself an improved vocation, becomes a Colonel at the start, and puts himself in connexion with all the recruiting agencies, and with all the furnishers of equipments and clothing supplies for the future regiment. The next thing is to find the soldiers, and that's the difficulty, for there is a great deal of rivalry. They apply to all their comrades in the country, and resort to various plans. This is done quickly and well in America, for they have an inventive mind. Most frequently they find some friends, who, seized [illegible] recruits if they be made—the one captain, the other lieutenant, another sergeant, and so forth. The framework is formed and partly filled up; it only remains to complete it. It is then that recourse is had to [illegible] both in pompous terms all the advantages presented by entering into the corps. They go among the Catholic priests to procure freshmen, and give the coveted privilege of subtership to the individual that promises the [illegible] Governor, who approves everything. The regiment is mustered, clothed, equipped and forwarded by railroad to the seat of war. Sometimes, even frequently, the grades are made to depend on election; but that is generally only a formality, as everything has been arranged [illegible]

The inconveniences of this system are apparent. The officers, from the Colonel down to the lowest in rank, do not know the first word of the military art, [illegible] they have any real aptitude for it, and have warlike qualities, it remains for them to prove it. The soldiers have no illusion on this point. "They know [illegible] them," say they of those who command them. Therefore there is no superiority of knowledge on the part of the officer over the soldier, and no superiority of action [illegible] Most frequently, also, it is with an idea of being a candidate for political office that the officer has taken up arms. It is to make himself a name in the eyes of the voters, and these future voters are the soldiers. What would become of the popularity they expect to enjoy if they were rough to the soldiers, or showed themselves too exacting in the service? From all these causes result the want of authority with officers, and the want of respect among the soldiers, growing neither out of rank nor discipline. All that has been ameliorated by force of necessity, and in the school of experience. Even from the beginning there were exceptions to it; some Colonels, impelled by a real vocation, or animated by an ardent patriotism, knew how to overcome the obstacles placed in their path.

Sometimes, an officer of the regular army, [illegible] of distinguishing himself, and having enough influence in his State, raised a regiment and obtained from it an admirable result. Thus, a young engineer lieutenant, named Warren, was marvellously successful with the Fifth New York Regiment, of which he was Colonel. That regiment served as engineers and artillery at the siege of Yorktown, and having again become infantry, conducted itself as the most veteran troops at the battles of the Chickahominy, where it lost half its force. And yet these were volunteers—but they felt the knowledge and superiority of their chief. Most generally, however, the chief is a comrade, [illegible] [illegible] to the [illegible] [illegible] of the regiment, and thus Mr Smand

WEEP NOT

O precious word, by Jesus brought
To the poor widow—Weep thou not
When sore privation is my lot,
When, plagued by Persecution's hand,
I find no rest in all the land,
Weep not, saith Jesus, it is I
Who take away and give again;
Remember what I did at Nain
When I, too, meet that mortal foe,
Lo, Jesus hails me in the night:
O precious word, by Jesus brought
While in my heart these accents dwell,
I bid all gloomy grief farewell

Rebecca Mayo.

NOW

Arise, for the day is passing
While you lie dreaming on,
Your brothers are cased in armor,
And forth to the fight are gone.
Your place in the ranks awaits you;
Each man has a part to play;
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the stern to-day

Arise from the dreams of the morning
Of gaining a hard-fought field,
Of storming the airy fortress
Your life may have deeds of glory,
Of honor; God grant it may!
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or needed as now to-day

Arise! If the past detain you,
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever;
Cast her phantom arms away.
Of a noble strife to-day.

Arise! for the hour is passing,
Is the enemy marching to battle,
Stay not to brighten your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
You will wake and find it past.

Household Words.

From the Lutheran and Missionary

PEW BLEMISHES.

We refer not to the construction or adorning of the pews in our churches, although there are many things about them that sadly interfere with the comfort of worshippers. The old high-backs, over which we used to peep on our tip-toe, the wooden low-backs on which you can scarcely rest your elbow, the broad seats which refuse to allow the knee joint to work naturally, or the narrow seats from which you are continually sliding towards the centre of gravitation, are all "blemishes" that ought to be avoided in every sanctuary. But these are not the things we have in our mind's eye now. Neither do we allude to those blemishes often found on the backs or seats of pews, in the shape of knife-cuts or pencil marks, nor to the filthy stains on the pew floors in the shape of tobacco juice, the perpetrators of which deserve to be driven from God's house with a stronger whip of cords than that which was laid on the backs of the money chan; ers of old

We refer now rather to such blemishes as are found *in the people* who occupy these pews in our churches. And when we speak now of anything wrong in our pews, let it be understood as referring to their occupants

I. THE SLEEPY PEW

Some pews in our churches appear to be rented or occupied for the same purpose as you would engage a room at a hotel, that you might take a sleep and enjoy a rest. Some people are scarcely in their pews until they fix for sleep, and go asleep. Some plead constitutional infirmities, &c &c., but it is strange these infirmities should overcome them only on Sundays. We scarcely think if every worshipper *realized* the presence of God in his temple, and the awful issues that may hang on every service, they would be so filled with trembling as to shut out all possibility of sleep. The misfortune is, many good people enter upon the services with a sort of melancholy emptiness of mind and heart waiting to be acted upon by the influences of the sanctuary, and thus without any effort or intention, fall asleep. *Affinity* is the true antidote to sleep. In place of coming to church to be acted upon, people should come to act themselves, to keep their thoughts busily employed in self-examination, prayer, praise and meditation, and we feel confident there would be no temptation to sleep during service, and thus blemish the pew

II. THE SILENT PEW

This pew is just behind the other. Its occupants do not sleep, or if they do, it is with their eyes open. But they are silent. They take no part in the worship of God. They look coldly on, never raise a note of praise to their Creator, and by their expressionless faces disclose the fact that no emotion or thought is ever disturbed or excited. No wonder the pulpit sometimes is dull, when so many pews are *blank*, when there is no response of eye to eye, soul to soul, or tear to tear. We attended Rev. H. W Beecher's church one evening last summer. When the hymn was announced (to which was affixed an old familiar tune) the whole congregation arose, and every tongue in that congregation of thousands appeared to be unloosed to sing a song of glory. As Mr. Beecher sat there, with the multitude before, behind, above, around and beneath him, sending up their voices like the sound of many waters, we could see the fire kindling in his soul and shining out of its windows as he gazed around on the throng, which soon explained the secret of his power in uttering thoughts that breathed and words that burned. No pulpit can be dead that faces a congregation of living pews

III. THE CRITICAL PEW

Not every person who enters God's house, comes there to worship, neither does every person that listens to its instructions, do so to be profited. Many listen only to criticise. Something in the doctrine, language, or manner, &c., of every sermon displeases them, and forms a prolific theme for their terrible sarcasm. There are some pews in nearly every church that allow no Sunday to pass without discovering at least a mote in the pulpit, the choir, or their neighboring pews Well, all we can say now is, we pity them Like the orang-outang who thinks the hideousness of his countenance belongs to the brook, in whose clear waters it is reflected, these miserable people imagine the faults with which they are too familiar belong to their neighbors, in place of themselves Ah! reader, if you belong to this unhappy class, get rid of the "blemish" at once; but remember "it goeth out only by fasting and prayer."

IV. THE WORLDLY PEW

In this pew you always see the height of the fashions prominently and painfully displayed Every article of dress is carefully arranged to appear to the best advantage. The attention which in the beauty of holiness is sought to be supplied by an excess of the beauties of flowers and flounces, and the money that should be appropriated to pay for the *rent* of the pew, is applied to pay for its ornaments. But alas! these ornaments sadly belie the poverty of spirit that lies beneath them, and therefore we number them with the *blemishes* of the pew. From this pew there often come up cadences of whisperings and utterings from thought less or sacrilegious lips which never heard the invitation—"and let all the earth *keep silence* before him," but unwilling to listen themselves.

[illegible] them who are chatting to go in

Not always empty, but too frequently so. The least unpleasantness of weather, the least feeling [illegible] event to keep some pews vacant In vain do the [illegible] to such as profess to love God! The duties of the sanctuary stand open, the minister stands ready for his duty in the pulpit, God sends His Spirit down to bless, the showers of grace descend, but [illegible]

O ye pews, heed me your care! Repent of your ways and put these and other and all "blemishes" from you, and you will put new life and power and joy in the pulpit that stands before,—and new life and power and joy to the church of which you are a part, and new life and power and joy in the souls that dwell within you BETA

EXTRACTS FROM MARSH'S "ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE"

"Persons whose attention has not been specially drawn to the subject are little aware of the difficulty, I will not say of imitating or of writing down but even of *hearing* the peculiar sounds of foreign languages An anecdote may serve to illustrate this. There is a Persian word in very common use throughout the East—*bakhsheesh*—meaning a gift or a present It is the equivalent in meaning of the old English largess, and is employed by the attendants on great men and strangers, when gifts are made or expected, in just the same way The Turkish articulation of all words is exceedingly distinct, and the particular word, [illegible] which every traveller in Turkey hears [illegible] with an emphasis that makes it very impressive to the ears of a stranger; hence one would imagine that its true pronunciation would be readily seized by the obtusest ear. Notwithstanding this, a distinguished gentleman who had passed most of his life in foreign lands, and had spent many years at Constantinople in a diplomatic capacity, was unable to come any nearer to the sound of *bakhsheesh* than *bon chhanch*. He thus writes in one of his published letters:—"There is only one word in all my letters which I am certain (however they may be written) of not having spelt wrong, and that is the word *bakhshish*, which signifies a present!

[illegible] "This shallowness of popular English and American [illegible] feated than in the extravagant commendations which have been bestowed on some modern dictionary makers, as philosophical expositors and [illegible] der a constant temptation to save themselves labor by building on the foundation of their predecessors, and to study dictionaries, not literature. Thus they acquire the habit of regarding words as completely significant individuals, and they are prone to multiply descriptions, to make distinctions where no difference exists, and especially to ascribe to single vocables meanings which belong either to entire phraseological combinations, grammatical agglutinations, so to speak, or to a different member of the phrase from that to which they assign them."

[illegible] which is, in its nature, relative and conditional, to formulate that which in itself does not constitute an individual and complete idea, to make technical definition a mouthpiece for words which ought to be allowed to speak for themselves by exemplification. . . . . There does not exist a dictionary of any language, living or dead, whose definitions are to be considered evidence to the exact meaning of words."

PET WORDS AND TRANSIENT FORMS OF SPEECH

"Every generation, every year almost, has its pet words, applications, forms, and combinations, originating now in some accidental circumstance, now in some theory, early association, habits, or caprice of a favorite writer, which, for the time, constitute unsightly excrescences upon the body of the speech, but finally drop off and are forgotten To take single words: it is difficult at this moment to find a page in a popular French writer which does not contain the word *preoccuper*, or some of its derivatives. On the other side of the Channel, I must instance a more unfortunate case The epithet *lovely* can fitly be used only of *beings* capable of exciting, by their moral and physical perfections, the passion of love, and, at the same time, of reciprocating it. That only is *lovely* which is both [illegible] In the affectation and exaggeration which so often characterise the phraseology of polite society, this unhappy word was [illegible] and it soon became the one epithet of commendation in young ladies' seminaries and similar circles, where it was and is applied indiscriminately to all pleasing material objects, from a piece of plum cake to a Gothic cathedral. Ruskin unluckily adopted this school-girl triviality, and, by the popularity of his writings, has made it almost universal, thereby degrading, vulgarizing, and depriving of its true significance one of the noblest [illegible] (English Language — Pages 504, 505, note.)

SHAKSPERIAN TEXT.

The occurrence of so many obviously incorrect passages of Shakspeare's plays has led to a great [illegible] the *Saturday Review* says, very justly, in regard to this:—"Few and doubtful as are the facts of Shakspeare's life, there are features of his character, as depicted in his writings, on which we may rely securely. From these we are warranted in pronouncing him among the most healthy minded of men. His faculties were as well harmonized as those of Sophocles or Goethe. His imagination is not more potent or palpable than his good sense; his wit, inexhaustible as it was, did not surpass his wisdom When, therefore, we find—account being duly taken of the state of English language and thought in his time, and their diversity from our own—his writings obscure or unequal to the occasion, are we not warranted in believing that we read what he did not write, and that for such blemishes we have often to thank the corruption of the players or the carelessness of the printers? For the latter, the condition of the text in the early editions affords abundant proof; and the former is rendered highly probable by the unscrupulous dealings in every age of the servants of the scene with an author's words."

Shakspeare was extremely careful of his poems. The general correctness of the text of the "Venus [illegible] little reason to doubt that he personally corrected [illegible] ceivable reason he appears to have lost all control over the publication of his plays. He cannot have been unconscious of their value. But it is difficult, on any other supposition, to account for his neglect of them.—*Methodist.*

[illegible] head for his immense strength and skill in all athletic exercises, very frequently had the pleasure of lighting people who, led by curiosity, came to try if they could settle him or not. Lord D a great pugilist amateur, had come from London on purpose to fight the athletic Scot. The latter was working in an enclosure at a little distance from his house when the noble lord arrived. His lordship tied his horse to a tree, and addressed the farmer: "Friend, I have heard a great deal of talk about you, and I've come a great way to see which of us is the best man" The Scotch[illegible] the middle of the body, pitched him over the hedge, and then set about working again. When his lordship had got up: "Well," said the farmer, "have you anything more to say to me?" "No," replied his lordship, "but perhaps you'd be kind enough to throw me my horse!"

PRACTICAL ANSWERS TO PRACTICAL QUESTIONS

1 Is it right that in connection with religious [illegible] the choir, and the voluntaries and interludes occupy nothing a portion of the time appointed for worship? "The purpose of the organ is to incite calm, devo[illegible] drive or overpower, which often seems to be the aim of accompanyists They should rather follow them lead, always playing their parts modestly though firmly, and with correctness and dignity Voluntaries, Interludes, &c., should occupy the smallest possible space, so that they will fulfill the [illegible] in connection with religious worship?—"To nothing more than this does the adage apply, 'A place for everything and everything in its place' Such melodies as drinking songs, love ditties, or what not, though pretty enough of themselves, have worldly, if not low and degrading associations connected with them, and are not only ill-fitted, but insulting to the presence and worship of the great God."—*Dr. Clark.*

3 Is it right in singing to slide and drag the voice from one tone to another as we see to be esteemed elegant and fashionable at the present day? —"The portamento must be well distinguished from the disgustingly ill toned drawling of one tone into another, which is like the sound produced [illegible] by slowly running the finger up or down the same string. This is not singing, though it is by many practised as such, and so called. Give each note its absolute value as common sense will dictate, and the difficulty is at once obviated "—*Hawes*

4 Is it right to abuse language in singing, as many do, by calling *the, thee—fe, ter—ly, bee*, &c. Webster and other authorities give but one pronunciation of these words, and "there is [illegible] as in correct speaking and declamation and unquestionably they can be, so as not to interfere with any established rules of vocal art, and be all the more intelligible to the listener."—*Dwight's Journal of Music*

5 Is it right in teaching the young to play the piano, to occupy their time and attention with polkas, dances, operatic medleys, &c?—"The assurance has often been given by the authors of such music that they were designed for no such purpose; give them exercises, studies and real pianoforte compositions that they may first learn how to apply them; if their taste leads them no higher, let them amuse themselves with such things, when the skill already acquired will enable them to play them without the usual labor and drudge[illegible]

6. Is it right when one person is playing or singing, at the request of others, for some to converse either aloud or to whispers, in their presence? —"It is ungrateful and discourteous, and should [illegible] When [illegible] was playing a duet with his pupil, Ries, before a company of court ladies, at Vienna, on hearing them commence to talk, he snatched the hand of his pupil from the instrument, saying, "I do not play before such swine."—*Hauchler*

7. Is it right to estimate the skill of musical performers, vocal or instrumental, by the rapidity of their execution?—"To sing a simple melody with purity and taste, or to play a fugue and interpret it properly, exacts and evinces more talent and skill than the performance of the most difficult [illegible] quire merely rapidity of execution. It is a great error to suppose that mere agility of fingering or rapidity of executing music, displays a great musician or singer"—*S Thalberg*

THE KOHINOOR DIAMOND.

It will doubtless be remembered that the Kohinoor [illegible] exhibited under royalty's permission, in 1851, greatly disappointed beholders by its want of brilliance, and its entire deficiency in the production of the shifting flashes of color which constitute the distinguishing glory of the chemical equivalent of anthracite coal, so highly prized in all stages of human society. Up to that period, the Kohinoor had remained without any other than the original cutting it had received from Indian lapidaries at the time of its discovery. The Queen and Prince Consort, being desirous of adding to its brilliant cutting, confided it to Messrs Garrard for that purpose, at the close of the exhibition. By some accident, during the many adventures undergone by this marvellous stone, a large piece had been split off at the cleavage plane; and the desired improvement, owing to this injury, could only be effected at a great sacrifice in its weight. So successfully however has this very difficult undertaking been accomplished, and so greatly has its apparent size, as well as brilliancy, been increased by the operation, that the loss of weight is more than compensated. For the cutting of this splendid gem, a small steam-engine was built in their premises by Messrs Garrard; and two workmen were imported from Amsterdam—still the classic home of the lapidary's art—expressly to conduct the work, which [illegible]

The Queen and Prince Consort took the liveliest interest in the preparations for its accomplishment; and the late Duke of Wellington was allowed the honor of cutting the first facet, the hand of the illustrious veteran being carefully guided during the operation, by the two Dutch artists aforesaid. In its present state, the Kohinoor is oblong, about an inch in width, and an inch and a quarter long; slightly rounded at the corners. It is set in an arabesque border of small diamonds, of exquisitely graceful design, whose style may be best described as being suggested, apparently, by the lines of the old Bourbon *fleur-de-lys* This setting, somewhat longer than broad, is in harmony with the proportions of the stone itself, is more than double the size of the jewel. It is furnished with hooks and clasps, cunningly hidden at the back of the setting, by means of which it can be used as a brooch, put into a bracelet, or inserted into the crown. The Queen is very partial to the Kohinoor in its new state; and frequently wears it. So magnificent is it, thanks to the skilful cutting and setting which have so wonderfully transformed it, that the other great diamond of the Exhibition—the "Star of the South," exhibited by the Dutch, and larger than the Kohinoor, looks, in comparison with the latter, like a lump of rock crystal only As the "Star of the South" is waiting for a buyer, its owners are endeavoring to cry up its money-value, and pretend that it is worth a couple of millions sterling; an estimate whose gross exaggeration is evident from the fact that the far purer and more beautiful Kohinoor, as now cut, is valued, with its setting, at £150,000

The Directors of the Bank of England recently received an anonymous letter, stating that the writer had the means of access to their bullion-room. They treated the matter as a hoax, and took no notice of the letter. Another more [illegible] bullion room at any hour they pleased to name [illegible] appointing "some dark and midnight hour" for [illegible] lantern in hand, repaired to the bullion room, locked themselves in, and awaited the arrival [illegible] to the floor were without much trouble displaced, and in a few minutes the Guy Fawkes of the bank stood in the midst of the astonished Directors. His story was simple and straightforward An old drain ran under the bullion room the existence of which had become known to him, [illegible] away enormous sums. Inquiry was made No thing had been abstracted, and the Directors rewarded the honesty and ingenuity of their anonymous correspondent—a working man who had been employed in repairing the sewers—by a pro[illegible]

THE mind of a man of genius is a focus which [illegible] lights and fires of ten thousand surrounding [illegible]

ECONOMY IN BURNING COAL

The price of coal and in fact of almost every article used in the family, demands the practice of great economy by every housekeeper. The fact that many families are supplied with fuel from the coal gleaned from ashes thrown into the streets, is proof of the need of economy in [illegible] Not is there any waste in the [illegible] ted on my heart Is there, in this free and enlightened country, no redress for wrongs like these? I ask this repeatedly, and am as repeatedly assured there is none. All I can do, therefore, is to write a clear statement of the circumstances under which I suffer, in the hope that my fate may prove a warning to other young bachelors, and lead them to beware of bazaars and [illegible]

I am a young man of good family, with a handsome allowance, and first rate expectations. I suppose I should be called a catch by match-making mammas and their daughters I am a captain in [illegible] whiskers are unexceptionable. Altogether, till misfortune overtook me, I was as pleasant, good-looking a young fellow as ever flirted at a waltz, or made love at a picnic

One morning last July, while lounging in my quarters at Dover, and doing nothing in particular, I received the following pink note

"DEAR CAPTAIN BRANTHWAYTE:—We have all been very busy here getting up a fancy fair in aid of the endowment fund of a new church at Clay cum-Stickle The Rev. Augustus Needall has kindly consented to undertake the responsible duties of the incumbent, but his principles will not allow him to enter on his new and arduous sphere until the endowment fund is completed. The dear man says so wisely and feelingly: 'How can I administer to the wants of a numerous and starving flock, when so many of the bare necessaries of life are wanting to myself?' So we want about £2000 more to make up a nice little income, and build him a commodious parsonage, and then we shall do charmingly. His excellent wife is aiding us, heart and soul; and you, I am sure, will likewise contribute your mite, and bring over some of your brother officers to do the same The day is fixed for next Thursday. Bring your friends to lunch at my house, and do not fail me

"Yours, sincerely,

"CECILIA PRYOR

"P. S.—There will be a ball in the evening at the Assembly Rooms for the same object. Tickets, £1 1s. How many will you have?"

Now, I knew Mrs Pryor was a busy, meddlesome person, but I also knew that pretty girls [illegible] off forthwith, promising to bring over half a dozen friends, for whom tickets might be secured Thursday being fine, we set off in high spirits, and reached Pluckwell in time for a good lunch at Mrs. Pryor's, after which we started for the scene of action.

We soon reached the large field in which the [illegible] paid cheerfully, it being the first demand. In the field, we found the usual wheel of fortune, gipsy's tent, refreshment stall, and one large marquee with gaily dressed counters and still more gayly dressed girls behind them. Crowds of people moved about the field, looking as miserable [illegible] as we do on funerals. [illegible] my companion exclaimed "Hullo! Branthwayte, look at that little creature there standing on the chair." I looked round, of course, little thinking what would be [illegible] and [illegible] by the sweetest little fairy eyes ever looked upon. There she stood on a chair, before a little looking glass, trying on a pink hood, which she was endeavoring to persuade some idiot to buy

Never before had I seen such charming unconsciousness, such naïveté, such grace. I don't know what she had on; it was something white, and cloudy and angelic. But much clothing seemed superfluous in her case, for clouds of golden curls fell showering to her tiny waist, and were brushed back from the sweetest, gentlest, and withal most piquant face in the world. (I am aware that I am using a great many adjectives, but really the [illegible] deserves them.)

My first feeling on seeing her was that I had never truly loved till then; my second, an almost irresistible inclination to knock down that driveling maniac, who was actually hesitating about buying the hood. He said it would be of no use to him *Fool!*

In a moment I was beside the chair and, speechless with emotion, I tendered a sovereign for the precious article.

"Ah! that's capital," she said, with the sweetest look of gratitude. "Why, Mr Screwker has been doubting whether he would give me fifteen shillings for it. I hope *you* don't want any change?"

"Change!" I gasped; "never"

"Then come to our stall," she said, jumping daintily down from her elevated post, "and I will find some of my very own work for you."

I, of course, followed her to a large stall, where three other charming girls and a handsome mamma [illegible] and [illegible] I gave [illegible] price for a cigar-case, which she said she had worked. (I don't believe she had, for it was hideous.) Of course, too, I had to buy something quite useless of all the three sisters, and to put into all the raffles, winning at last a large wax doll, several sizes larger than a child of six months. As this last acquisition embarrassed me a good deal, I gave it back to her, and afterwards saw her sell it over again for a considerable sum to a good natured old gentleman

"You make a capital shopwoman," I said

"Ah, yes, I have some tolerable dodges. I did a good business before you came in faded sixpenny bouquets, which I sold for five shillings. They were so worthless that a good many people gave them back to me, and I sold them over again. I sold one nine times, and made forty-five shillings [illegible] "at the folly of some people," with a sly glance at me. I ventured on a tender reproach: "And nothing whispered to you to keep a bouquet for [illegible] bad, a beauty, if you like;" and off she danced, and waving me back, when I would have followed; and beckoning to an elderly grave looking person, who stood by the stall, and who was to all appearance the father of the charming quartette.

She soon came running back breathless, her hands full of lovely rosebuds. On the way she attacked that stingy Mr Screwker who would not buy the hood, and whom she now tried to tempt with a half opened Glorie de Dijon

"How much do you want for it?" said he.

"Whatever you please," was the demure reply.

He pulled out a handful of silver, and was, I suspect, looking for a sixpence, when in a moment she pounced on the whole handful, with an "Oh, thank you, you are too generous," and swept it into her pocket. The fellow's dismay was delicious to behold; but he could only submit, for she was off [illegible] right and left, till, when she reached me, there was only one left

"Now, what will you give me for this?"

"Anything, everything, all the money I have left," I cried thrusting my hands into my pockets But alas! they were empty; nor could all my [illegible] fourpenny piece. Imagine my dismay

"My dear girl," I stammered, "you see this is all I have left."

"Oh, you surely can't intend to be so mean?" when I ran all the way up the garden to fetch them, and pricked my finger, and made it bleed and she held out a little white punctured forefinger to verify her words. "You have your watch," she added, "and you can redeem it to-morrow." I own I felt rather staggered at this My watch was a valuable family relic, set with brilliants, and on the safety of which depended the favor of an aged and gouty uncle, of crabbed disposition, [illegible] were fixed on me, and seemed to wonder at my delay All prudential considerations vanished I placed the watch in the outstretched hand, and received the rose bud from the other

"Wear it to night, and I will dance with you," she whispered, as our eyes met for a moment

She turned away with a faint blush, and I left the field to dine and dress for the evening. Did I say? and dress? I suppose I performed these operations, but I have no recollection of anything of the sort. I could only dream of the past, and hope for the future. If it had been for any one else in the world, I should have said that I was going to make a fool of myself. But any infatuation for her, so far superior to all existing creatures, could not but elevate and honor any man whom she might choose to accept So I started for the ball at ten o'clock, fully determined to propose at once She was late, but at last I saw her coming up the stairs, followed by her three sisters, with the mamma and the clergyman I had seen with them in the afternoon I fancied her eyes rested on the rose bud in my buttonhole, and that they beamed with a soft approbation. Cheered by this tacit encouragement, I seized hold of the first steward I met, and begged him to introduce me to "that young lady," pointing her out. I thought his face wore an amused smile as he complied [illegible] sounding circumstances, so anxious was I to catch her name. The usual formula was pronounced: "Captain Branthwayte—Miss Nevil." Was that the name? I could not be sure. I had no time to think about it, before the waltz began at once, and I seemed to be floating in a sea of bliss with an angel in my arms, keeping time to the music of [illegible] way sofa, where I resolved to ask her to be mine [illegible] must have been rather unintelligible at first, for she [illegible] But when I managed to stammer out that I knew I was "quite unworthy of her, yet if the devotion of a lifetime," &c. she said quietly: 'I think you must mistake me for one of my sisters." I assured her such a mistake was quite impossible. "Then, you could not have heard my name."

"Oh yes," I said—"Miss Nevil I listened particularly for your name, and heard it quite well."

"My name is Mrs Needall. You must have seen my husband standing by my stall. The bazaar was for the endowment of our church and to [illegible] Of course I was [illegible] more, and took more money than any one; and I think you were my best customer," she added, with a triumphant toss of her little head that completely maddened me. I rushed from the room, took the next train back to Dover, and here I have been ever since, a most miserable man! I had not the heart to redeem my watch; so that, in addition to my other troubles, I may have incurred the lasting displeasure of my uncle, and lost the chance of some thousands a year. All this because I was fool enough to go and be swindled at a fancy fair

[illegible] to show how bad the fairs in England are. Of course nobody has ever heard of anything in the remotest degree like the above, in our country. [illegible]

THE FAIR

Mine is a case that should appear in the police reports rather than in the pages of this publica[illegible] My [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

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Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder.

ARISE AND BE DOING.

BY WM H MYERS.

"Arise and be doing, and the Lord will be with thee."
1 Chron. xxii. 16

Arise and be doing, and the Lord will be with thee;
He power will shield and protect thee from harm:
O, do not sit idle, when so much doth need thee,
But go forward relying on Jehovah's strong arm.

Arise and be doing, whilst youth is before thee,
Whilst the mind is untrammeled by vice or by sin,
And wait not for age, with its sorrows, to come o'er thee,
And expect then to rise 'mid its confusion and din.

Arise and be doing. O, reject not the warning!
Accept and improve it ere the moments have past,
For age is the evening, and youth is the morning
When deeds can be done that forever will last.

Arise and be doing, for a work is assigned thee;
Perform it with vigor and with all of thy might;
For why wilt thou suffer its chance to bind thee
In fetters of darkness, which deprives thee of light?

Arise and be doing, for a new light is gleaming
Upon our conditions, long lonely and sad.
The day star of freedom, in splendor, is beaming,
And bids us arise for the work to prepare.

Arise and be doing, tho' trials assail thee,
And foes in armed phalanx stand forth in array.
Our God he is with thee; he never will fail thee,
But will bring thee out conqueror in his own good way.

Then, arise and be doing. Let us all be employed
In doing something to promote the best interest of man,
Until vice and oppression shall at last be destroyed,
Then forever we'll reign at our Father's right hand.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 24th, 1862.

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

Boston, Nov. 20, 1862.

Mr. Editor:—A public meeting was held in the Twelfth Baptist Church, Boston, (Rev. L. A. Grimes,) on the evening of November 10th, for the purpose of hearing the statements of Mrs. Keckley, President of the Contraband Relief Association of Washington.

The Rev. J. Sella Martin was chosen Chairman. Mrs. Keckley, being introduced, gave a highly interesting account of the doings of the Association, appealing to her audience in an earnest and feeling manner to continue their efforts in behalf of the unfortunates at Washington and Alexandria. Several gentlemen present spoke seconding the appeal of Mrs. Keckley.

The statements of Mrs. Keckley were highly interesting, and coming from one fresh from the spot, and bearing upon their face the impress of truth and earnestness, they made a deep impression on the minds of those present.

It was voted to place in the hands of Mrs. Keckley a sum of money remaining in the hands of the Treasurer of a former meeting, together with the sum collected on that night, amounting to twenty-seven dollars. Mrs. Keckley was invited to meet with the two relief associations of Boston, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. Her visit to Boston has been one of interest. We hope much good will grow out of it. Yours, most respectfully, L. G.

For the Christian Recorder.

INTERESTING SCENE IN BETHEL CHURCH, BALTIMORE.

On Thursday night last a presentation of a handsome and costly China tea set was made to the wife of Rev. James Lynch, by a committee of the following ladies: Mrs. Caroline Barnes, Mrs. Eliza Tilghman, and Miss Lucy Cooper. Mrs. Tilghman, with a countenance beaming with geniality, kindness and good humor, with much ease and grace, made the presentation on behalf of the ladies. Mrs. Lynch received the gift in person, and while tendering her thanks, assured the ladies that she would ever cherish the gift. The matronly and soul-inspiring form of sister Barnes seemed to hover over all, and infuse life in the whole assembly—a true worker for the church, we all know how to prize her.

The interest of the occasion was intensified by the presentation of a handsomely carved gold headed cane to Rev. D. A. Payne, D. D., by the Lyceums of Baltimore city. Mr. James H. A. Johnson made the presentation address. Bishop Payne received the gift, and his response was truly affecting when he alluded to the fact that "he appeared before the audience with a constitution broken down—shattered—almost gone—by hard labor, of thirty years, for the advancement of his race, and that beautiful cane would support his tottering frame until he sat him down by Jordan's stream," the tears glistened in the eyes of many, who can bear witness to his devotion to his race.

Addresses were made by many of the most talented young gentlemen of the city. Mr. A. Handy and Mr. Jas H. Jordan particularly distinguished themselves.

Mr. Wm. Jas. Watkins was on hand, and added to the interest of the occasion by a few pertinent, racy and eloquent remarks.

Mr. George A Hackett, so noted for his gallantry as well as his activity, assisted in the arrangements of the evening, and helped to make everything pleasant

Bethel Church choir sent forth strains of sweetest music. How could we have had anything but a pleasant time? Delightful music, pretty ladies, with smiling faces, oratory, and gentlemen so obliging, Bishop Payne, in his most pleasant mood, stationed preachers all around him, and a young bride, with the crimson hue of modest blush upon her cheek, all united to render delightful the occasion.

About five hundred persons were present

Sister Barnes, knowing that Rev. James Lynch's church was much embarrassed by debt, managed the affair so as to yield a clear profit of fifty dollars

Last, but not least, the generosity of the trustees of Bethel Church, shone out in their giving the use of the main audience room for the exercises; while in the basement those true church workers, Mrs. Toogood, Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Thomas and Wilson prepared that which refreshed the inner man and increased the proceeds

Several gentlemen, among whom we will mention Mr. William H. Brown, were indefatigable in their exertions to have an *event*, or, as Mr. Watkins fitly termed it, an episode that would long be remembered.

Mrs Lynch retired delighted with her gift, and the trustees retired delighted with the money. Rev. James Lynch asked the blessing of God on them all, and the assembly retired

Ascetney

For the Christian Recorder.

RESPECTS OF A FRIEND

The sudden demise of our late brother, the Rev. Richard Roberson, has cast a gloom not only over the church and congregation of which he was pastor, but over all the kindred churches so far as the circumstances of his death have become known.

The writer of this Eulogy, having had an intimate acquaintance with the deceased, for a period exceeding thirty-four years, has thought proper to pay this last act of respect to an aged and esteemed friend, and his wisest counsellor

To those acquainted with our late brother, it would be superfluous to attempt to delineate his character of Christian virtues, his uniform uprightness, his charitable acts, his friendly intercourse, his disinterested kindness, his fervent prayer for the success of the gospel, all of which was seen and known by those who had his acquaintance; but to the stranger it may be a lesson of wisdom, it may stimulate him to reflection, it may cause him to make greater exertions to copy the virtues of those who have gone to that bourn from whence no traveller returns, and to reflect on the uncertainty of life, and that it may lead to emulation, has been the object of submitting these few words. Father Roberson was an ornament to his church, walking humbly before his God. Truly may it be said, that a great man has fallen in Israel

H. B.

Philadelphia, Nov. 25th, 1862.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON THE DEMISE OF THE LATE REV. RICHARD ROBERSON.

Dear Brethren:—Ministers of the A. M. E. Church, Philadelphia district: we, your committee appointed to draft a series of resolutions expressive of our deep feeling of regret, in consequence of the demise of our venerable father and brother, the late Rev. Richard Roberson; beg leave to report, viz.

Whereas, It has pleased the Great Disposer of all events to remove from our Itinerant ranks, a faithful yoke fellow and father in the gospel, Rev. Richard Roberson, from amid the severe trial and suffering of the present world, to the fair climes of a brighter and better land—a country that is heavenly;

Whereas, The death of father Roberson was caused by a fatal occurrence, while upon the platform of the city cars of Philadelphia, the position in which he was placed, being the result of absolute treachery existing in the breast of the white race against the colored in this city;

And whereas, Father Roberson has been for many years a faithful travelling minister of the A. M. E. Church, having been a member of the New York, Baltimore, and Philadelphia districts, also having labored for some time in New England and the island of Hayti, whose labors have been successful in the general extension of our beloved connexion;

And whereas, This faithful minister of God was one of the bright suns in the firmament of the A. M. E. Church, whose general deportment in life was exemplary, and his style of pulpit delivery peculiarly commanding, and as he at 11 o'clock, P. M., on the 18th of Nov., 1862, departed this life in glorious triumph;

Resolved, Therefore, that while acknowledging the Divine hand in this dark dispensation of Providence, we deeply deplore the loss of our beloved father and brother, for truly in his departure, this branch of the church militant has witnessed the shadows of the evening stretched out.

Resolved, That while we deeply regret that our father and brother has fallen a victim to death caused by wicked treachery, we have need to be consoled that he shines brighter amid the celestial sons of glory and bliss.

Resolved, That in his departure, the ministry of the Philadelphia district of the A. M. E. Church, also of the connexion, in general must acknowledge the loss of one of the most able, tried, untiring, and faithful defenders of Christianity in said church.

Resolved, That our heartfelt sympathy and condolence be with the widow, relatives, and friends, who are left to mourn the loss of the late Rev. Richard Roberson, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his bereaved widow.

R Weaver,
S. Smith,
J. P. Campbell,
} *Committee.*

Chairman.—Rev. J. C. Bullauin.
Secretary.—Rev. A. L. Stanford.

Albert was a great regular in school; feet, hands and tongue were never lazy, attentions to the detriment of that quiet so much desired there. One day, being more troublesome than usual, his teacher became displeased with him, and pointing to a seat in the corner, she sternly commanded him to take it. Albert obeyed, with a comical air, and with a flourish of infantile triumph, said, "Been wantin' to sit there all the mornin', but durse'n ask you."

The Duke of Wellington said, some five years ago, that there was not then in the British army a general who would know how to march twenty-five thousand men through the gateway into or out of Hyde Park

GEMS.

SELF-RESIGNATION: (OR DEVOTEDNESS OF HEART.)

The excellent Worthington, in his well known treatise on Self-resignation, says, "Self-resignation is the way to true rest,—a holy rest; the Sabbath of the soul, as St Austin calls it. If thou wilt enjoy the true rest, and keep the inward sabbath, thou must not do thine own ways, nor speak thine own words, nor find thine own pleasure (to borrow those words in Isaish lviii.) thou must cease from thine own works, as the phrase is, Heb. iv. 10 As the soul groweth in resignation, it returns more to its rest; it comes to be more as it would be by being more restored towards its original constitution, its first state. The resigned soul enjoys religion in all the sweetness and privileges thereof; it is prepared to taste and see how good the Lord is. To him that overcometh (that overcometh his own will,—these lusts that war against the soul,) shall be given the hidden manna, and the white stone with a new name written in it, known by him only that receiveth it; and a stranger intermeddleth not with his joy. Such a one hath meat to eat which the world knows not of, and is fed with the food of angels There is indeed, pain, in the first tearing off our wills from those things they cleaved and stuck fast to. As it is said of the milch kine that drew the ark, their calves being shut up, they went lowing all the way that they went to Bethshemesh. So it is with souls in their passage to resignation;—they, then parting with what was dear to them, fondly beloved, and eagerly pursued by them;—with that, in fact, which was their life and nature.

But they are no sooner arrived at this state but the bitterness of death is past,—the bitterness of the death of the old corrupt man; the hour of travail is over, and they remember no more the anguish, for joy that the new man, created after the image of God, is born within them. They have broken through the difficulties of the way and got out of the wilderness, over Jordan; and their feet are on the Holy land,—the land of righteousness and peace. Henceforth, the ways of religion are not (as before) grievous, but paths of peace and ways of pleasantness; flowery and sweet, rosy and soft ways. Religion is now become their temper, constitution and life; and sin is grievous, strange, and hard to them. 'Tis not so troublesome to be patient as to be passionate; to forgive as to revenge. Humility is more easy to them than pride; chastity and purity are more sweet than lust and sensuality. The inward voice of such a soul is, 'I delight to do thy will, O my God!' There is no such liberty as to be free to good, and enlarged to spiritual obedience. He that is so, hath an empire within him; he is in his own power; he hath victory over the world,—both the good and evil things of it; his mind is unhampered, disenthralled and set loose; and it is lord over those, whom before it obeyed. And what a glorious conquest is this! 'There is no victory more glorious,' says St. Cyprian, 'than that whereby we become conquerors over inordinate affections.'

[Let it be observed that by "resignation," throughout this treatise, Worthington means *self-resignation of heart.*]

WE SHOULD DO EVERY THING IN THE BEST MANNER.

"However mean or inconsiderable the act, there is something in the well doing of it which has fellowship with the noblest forms of manly virtue. Thus every action, down even to the drawing of a line or uttering of a syllable, is capable of a peculiar dignity in the manner of it, which we sometimes express by saying it is truly done, (as a line or tone is true;) so also, it is capable of dignity still higher in the motive of it. For there is no action so slight, nor so mean, but it may be done to a great purpose, and ennobled therefore; nor is there any purpose so great but that slight actions may help it much, most especially that chief of all purposes, the pleasing of God." Hence, George Herbert,

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as by thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

Ruskin.

PERSEVERANCE AND STABILITY.

The wonderfully enlightened Baxter, in speaking of perseverance, says, that, "Where faith hath kindled so much love to God and heaven and holiness, that it is become a divine nature in the soul, and operateth, as the love of children to parents, above mere reason, as a fixed habit, like a nature; then, grace cometh, to some, confirmed, and not movable." "Some there are," says Bishop Taylor, "who dare not sin—they dare not omit their hours of prayer, and they are restless in their spirits till they have done; but they go to it as to execution—they stay from it as long as they can,—they drive, like Pharaoh's chariots, with the wheels off, sadly and heavily. But he that is grown in grace, and hath made religion habitual to his spirit, is not at ease when he is doing the works of the old man; he rests in religion; and comforts his sorrows with thinking of his prayers."

QUEEN ESTHER'S ENTRANCE.

BY REV. THOS. GUTHRIE, D. D.

Within the palace, but without the throne-room of Shushan, Queen Esther stands. They who enter the King's presence unsummoned, do it at the peril of their life; and resolved in a good cause to dare the penalty, she stands there with her jewelled foot upon the grave. A noble spectacle! not so much for her unrivalled beauty, still less for the splendor of her apparel, as for the resolution to venture life, and either save her nation or perish in the attempt. In her blooming youth, in the admiration of the court, in the affections of her husband, in her lofty rank, in her queenly honors, she has everything to make life attractive. Her's is a golden cup; and it is foaming of pleasures to the brim. But her mind is made up to die; and so, with a silent prayer, and "*If I perish,* I perish," on her lips, she passes in, and now stands mute and pallid, yet calm and resolute, outside the ring of nobles, to hear her doom. Nor has she to endure the agony of a long suspense. Her fate, which seems to tremble in the balance, is soon determined. No sooner does the monarch catch sight of the beautiful woman, and brave and good as beautiful, whom he had raised from slavery to share his bed and throne, than her apprehensions vanish. The clouds break; and she finds, as we often do with Christ, that her fears have wronged her lord. Instantly his hand stretches out the golden sceptre; the business of the court is stopped; the queen, the queen! divides the crowd of nobles; and up that brilliant line she walks, in majesty and in charms that outvie her gems, to hear the blessed words, What wilt thou, Queen Esther? and what is thy request? it shall be given thee even to the half of the kingdom.

What wilt thou, Queen Esther? is but an echo of the voice which faith catches from the lips of Jesus; and the whole scene presents but a dim, imperfect image of that which heaven presents when the gate rolls open, and angels and archangels making way for him, a believer enters with his petitions. Was that beautiful woman once a slave? So was he. In her royal marriage was lowliness allied to majesty? So it is in his union, by faith, with Jesus Christ. And as to her royal apparel, the diadem, the cloth of gold bedecked with sparkling gems, in which her maids have attired their mistress, why, in the righteousness that clothes, and the graces of the Spirit that adorn him, the believer wears a robe which wins the admiration, not of men's but angels' eyes, and shines even amid the glories of a city whose gates are made of pearls, and whose streets are paved with gold. To the half of his kingdom, the Persian promised whatever his queen might ask; and generous, right royal was his offer: it helps us, by its very meanness, as a mole-hill at the foot of a mountain, as a taper's feeble, yellow flame held up against the blazing sun, to form some estimate of the boundless grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. Half his kingdom! He offers nothing by halves. His promise is illimitable. All mine is thine. Confining his generosity neither to kingdoms, nor continents, nor worlds, nor heaven itself, he lays the whole universe at a poor sinner's feet. Away, then, with fears and cares! There is nothing we need that we shall not get, nothing we can ask that we shall not receive. It pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell. Transferring divine wealth, if I may so speak, to our account in the bank of heaven, and giving us an unlimited credit there, Jesus says, "All things, whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

From the Lutheran and Missionary

WAIT AND SEE THE END.

If our eyes were always open to the sad, as well as to the beginning of troubles, we should find our experience similar to that of the merchant in the following story:—

"A merchant was one day returning from market. He was on horseback, and behind him was a valise filled with money. The rain fell with violence, and the good old man was wet to the skin. At this he was vexed, and murmured because God had given him such bad weather for his journey. He soon reached the borders of a thick forest. What was his horror on beholding on one side of the road a robber, with levelled gun, aiming at him and attempting to fire! But the powder being wet by the rain, the gun did not go off, and the merchant giving spurs to his horse, fortunately had time to escape. As soon as he found himself safe, he said to himself: 'How wrong was I not to endure the rain patiently, as sent by Providence! If the weather had been dry, I should not, probably, have been alive at this hour, and my little children would have expected my return in vain. The rain which caused me to murmur, came at a fortunate moment, to save my life and preserve my property."

It is thus with a multitude of our afflictions—by causing us light and short suffering, they preserve us from others far greater and of longer duration.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

We notice that some of our contemporaries in the New England States, New York, and other parts of the country, have raised the price of their circulation as well as their advertising rates. This action on their part has been rendered necessary by the sudden and enormous increase in the price of paper, the mantica, the increase in labor, and the diminution in the sources of supply. Paper is the material item in the composition of a newspaper, and, in the business of journals of large circulation like *The Press*, it is necessary to make provision a long way ahead, and to be prepared to anticipate any contingencies that may arise. There are two qualities of paper in general use among newspapers—that made of rags, and that made of straw and bleached. The former is of a clear surface, pure, white, and prints a soft and bright impression. The sheet on which this article is printed is a specimen of rag paper, the principal ingredient being cotton and the pulp, and refuse of cotton stuffs. The straw paper is a cheaper fabric, rough, brown, and brittle, discoloring with age and use, and often breaking into flaky fragments. This is becoming more generally used, as it is a cheaper fabric. But the price of bleaching has risen so highly, that straw paper is beginning to feel the effects of the coming crisis, and, in addition to the diminished supply and increased demand, we have the probability of a still greater advance. Printing inks are also advancing, partly because many of the ingredients composing ink have doubled and trebled in price. The effect of this is to cause the adulteration of inks, the printing of a pale sheet, and the production of an unsatisfactory newspaper.

HOW WIND INSTRUMENTS AFFECT THE HEALTH.

Mr. Alphonse Sax has written an article in *La France Musicale*, regarding the healthfulness of different instruments, from which we translate some passages. He says:

"I hear it said every day,—and it seems that physicians agree with the popular belief,—that wind instruments, and particularly brass ones, predispose to pulmonary complaints. . . . . I do not pretend to speak on matters of medical science. I only wish to oppose real facts to an opinion which I think to be erroneous. . . . . The son of a manufacturer and performer myself, I have been brought into contact with thousands of artists who play on these instruments which are thought to be so injurious to the health, and yet only three of these have, so far as I know, died of lung complaints Besides this, it is important to know—and the fact has been proved—that these were not the victims of their profession, but of excesses of all kinds, to which they were addicted.

"Persons who practice wind instruments, are, in general, distinguished—and anybody can verify the statement—by a broad chest and shoulders, an unequivocal sign of vigor. In the travelling bands that pass through our cities, who has not seen women playing the horn, the cornet, the trumpet, and even the trombone and ophicleide, and noticed that they all enjoyed perfect health, and exhibited a considerable development of the thorax? In an orchestra a curious circumstance can be noticed; and that is the corpulence, the strength which the players of wind instruments exhibit, and the spare frames of the disciples of Paganini. The same may be said, with more reason, of pianists.

"If I may be allowed to cite a personal instance, I will say that our family of twelve children was condemned, by the faculty, to pulmonary consumption. This sinister prediction of the physicians was realized by eight of us; but the other four—those who from early childhood blew upon wind instruments—still remain in full health, with every appearance of long life. Artists who play upon wind instruments are generally possessed of good appetites, easy digestions, and, after copious meals, they are able to play without fatigue or inconvenience, four or five hours. If, by chance, they are forced to suspend their use for a time, they lose their appetite, the digestion becomes difficult, and the general well-being and regular functions of the organs are disturbed. I have proven all this in my own person. In 1847, from certain causes, I was deprived of my flute and all other instruments for three months, and I became ill from the lack of that pulmonary exercise to which I was accustomed. When the crisis of my illness was over, I resumed my instrument, and my convalescence was so rapid that Dr. Requin was astonished. That wind instruments may produce the best effects, it is important that the professor should teach his pupils the mode of breathing. Respiration should be taken with the whole chest; first, because a large quantity of wind permits the best execution of a musical phrase; and secondly, because by this kind of exercise, the respiratory organs may acquire strength and energy

"The piano, the organ, the violin, obliged the artist unconsciously to nervously contract his chest to a musical phrase which demands sentiment, soul, the executant appears to wish to transfer his own life to the inanimate instrument under his hands, and render it, at will, sad or gay, full of excitement or rapture, as he is himself excited or rapt. He identifies himself with it; they exist through each other, and are but one. It is only on this condition that he becomes a true artist. But what does this condition cost him? He has sought to transfer his own life into the instrument; and might not one think, indeed, that his life is passing, when his troubled and gasping respiration is observed."

"The grave influences upon the health do not, cannot exist for those who perform wind instruments. However instinct with emotion the musical phrase may be, the full employment of the lungs is indispensable to the production of the sounds. . . . We may therefore conclude that if the practice of string instruments is prejudicial to the health, especially to persons predisposed to affections of the lungs, the practice of wind instruments is, on the contrary, of a nature to prevent these affections, or to diminish their violence in such persons. We should say that the exercise of wind instruments is to the organs of respiration what gymnastic exercise is to the body in general.—*Musical Times*

WEBSTER AND WIRT.

Daniel Webster was once engaged in a case in one of the Virginia courts, and the opposing counsel was William Wirt, author of the *Life of Patrick Henry*, which has been criticised as a brilliant romance.

In the progress of the case Mr. Webster produced a highly respectable witness, whose testimony (unless disproved or impeached) settled the case, and annihilated Mr. Wirt's client. After getting through the testimony he informed Mr. Wirt, with a significant expression, that he was through with the witness, and he was at his service. Mr. Wirt rose to commence the cross-examination, but seemed for a moment quite perplexed how to proceed, but quickly assumed a manner expressive of his incredulity as to the facts elicited, and coolly eyeing the witness a moment he said:—

"Mr K——, allow me to ask you whether you have ever read a work called *Baron Munchausen?*"

Before the witness had time to reply, Mr. Webster quickly rose to his feet and said:—

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Wirt, for the interruption; but there was one question I forgot to ask the witness, and if you will allow me that favor I promise not to interrupt you again"

Mr. Wirt, in the blandest manner, replied, "Yes, certainly," when Mr. Webster, in the most deliberate and solemn manner, said:—

"Sir, have you ever read Wirt's *Patrick Henry?*"

The effect was so irresistible that even the judge could not control his rigid features. Mr Wirt himself joined in the momentary laugh, and turning to Mr. Webster, said, "Suppose we submit this case to the jury without summing up?" which was assented to, and Mr. Webster's client won the case.

MARRIAGES OF CONSANGUINITY.

M. Boudin, so well known for his researches in medical statistical questions, thus concludes an interesting inquiry concerning the effects of marriages of consanguinity: 1. The opinions hitherto delivered, whether for or against the hurtfulness of these marriages, have for the most part not been based upon conclusive proofs. 2. It is the statistical method that can alone supply a scientific solution of the problem. 3. It results from my own researches that consanguineous marriages are contracted in France at the rate of 2 per cent.; and that deaf-mutes are the issue of consanguineous marriages in the proportion of 28 per cent at the Paris Imperial Institution, 25 per cent. at Lyons, and 30 per cent. at Bordeaux. 4. Marriages between nephews and aunts are contracted in France in the proportion of 0.014 per cent. (fourteen thousandths per cent.) while deaf mutes are the results of such marriages in the proportion of 2.04 per cent. In other words, deaf-mutes resulting from such marriages are 145 times more numerous than they should be. 5. Marriages between uncles and nieces are contracted in the proportion of 0.04 per cent. (four hundredths,) and the deaf-mutes resulting from such marriages reach 1.61 per cent., *i. e.*, the danger of engendering deaf-mutes is 40 times greater in this kind of alliance than it is in ordinary unions. 6. Marriages between cousin-germans are contracted in the proportion of 0.77 per cent. and deaf-mutes are produced in the proportion of 18.47 per cent., *i. e.*, 24 times more frequent than they should be. 7. The proportion of deaf-mutes proceeding from consanguineous origin would be still greater if we could take into account those which proceed indirectly from consanguineous marriages. 8. While at Berlin the proportion of deaf-mutes is but 6 in 10,000 among the Christians, it is 27 in 10,000 among the Jews. 9. In nearly the whole of the cases the deaf-mutes issuing from consanguineous marriages have parents who are perfectly healthy and exempt from hereditary affections. 10. When male and female deaf-mutes intermarry, not being consanguineous, the children they produce, with rare exceptions, are exempt from dumbness and deafness. 11. In the face of such facts as these, the hypothesis of a morbid hereditariness employed for the explanation of the frequency of deaf dumbness among infants the results of consanguineous marriages, is radically false. 12. The hypothesis of the pretended harmlessness of consanguineous marriages is contradicted by the most evident and well-verified facts, and can only be excused by the difficulty, or rather the impossibility, of giving a physiological explanation of the production of infirm children by parents who are physically irreproachable. M. Boudin, in proof of the practical importance of this kind of inquiries, states that in 1851 more than 15,000 men have been exempted in France from military service on account of deaf-dumbness, dumbness, or deafness.—*Report de Mem. de Med. Militaire and Medical Times*

THE MODEL EDITOR.

Artemus Ward thus describes him:

The Bugle Horn of Liberty is one of Baldinsville's most eminentest institootions. The advertisements are well written, and the deaths and marriages are conducted with signal ability. The editor, Mr Slinkers, is a polish'd, sharcastic writer. Folks in these parts will not soon forgit how he used up the Eagle of Freedom, a family journal published at Snoutville, near here. The controversy was about a plank road. "The road may be, as our contemporary says, a humbug, but our aunt isn't baldheded, and we haven't got a one-eyed sister Sal! Wooder if the Editor of the Eagle of Freedom sees it?" This used up the Eagle of Freedom feller, because his aunt's head does present a bald appearance, and his sister Sarah is very much one-eyed. For a genteel home thrust, Mr. Slinkers has few ekals. He is a man of great pluck likewise. He has a fierce nostril, and I b'lieve that if it wasn't absolutely necessary for him to remain here and announce in his paper, from week to week, that our Government is about to take vig'rous measures to put down the rebellion"—I b'lieve, the illustrio man would enlist as a Brigadier Gin'ral, and git his bounty

CARDS

Mr Romaine was once addressed by a lady, who expressed the great pleasure she had enjoyed in his preaching; and added, that she could comply with his requirements, with one exception

"And what is that, madam?" asked Mr. Romaine

"Cards, sir"

"You think you could not be happy without them?"

"No, sir, I know I could not"

"Then, madam, they are your god, and they must save you."

This pointed admonition led to serious reflection, and, finally, to the abandonment of such unworthy pleasure.

A GHOST STORY.

A friend of mine, a medical man, was on a fishing expedition with an old college acquaintance, an army surgeon, whom he had not met for many years, from his having been in India with his regiment. McDonald, the army surgeon, was a thorough Highlander, and slightly tinged with what is called the superstition of his countrymen, and, at the time I speak of, was liable to rather depressed spirits, from an unsound liver. His native air was, however, rapidly renewing his youth; and when he and his old friend paced along the banks of the fishing stream in a lonely part of Argyleshire, and sent their lines like glassy gossamers over the pools, and touched the water over a salmon's nose, so temptingly that the best principled and wisest fish could not resist the bite, McDonald had apparently regained all his buoyancy of spirit. They had been fishing together for about a week with great success, when McDonald proposed to pay a visit to a family he was acquainted with, which would separate him from his friend for some days. But whenever he spoke of their intended separation, he sank down into his old gloomy state, at one time declaring that he felt as if they were never to meet again. My friend tried to rally him, but in vain. They parted at the trouting stream, McDonald's route being across a mountain pass, with which, however, he had been well acquainted in his youth, through the road was lonely and wild in the extreme. The doctor returned early in the evening to his resting-place, which was a shepherd's house lying on the very outskirts of the "settlements," and beside a foaming mountain stream. The shepherd's only attendants at the time were two herd lads and three dogs. Attached to the hut, and communicating with it by a short passage, was rather a comfortable room, which "the Laird" had fitted up to serve as a sort of lodge for himself in the midst of his shooting-ground, and which he had put for a fortnight at the disposal of my friend.

Shortly after sunset on the day I mention, the wind began to rise suddenly to a gale, the rain descended in torrents, and the night became extremely dark. The shepherd seemed uneasy, and several times went to the door, to inspect the weather. At last he roused the fears of the doctor for McDonald's safety, by expressing the *hope* that by this time he was "owre that awfu' black moss, and across the red burn." Every traveller in the Highlands knows how rapidly these mountain streams rise, and how confusing the moor becomes in a dark night "The black moss and red burn" were words that were never after forgotten by the doctor, from the strange feelings they produced when first heard that night: for there came into his mind terrible thoughts and forebodings about poor McDonald, and reproaches for never having considered his possible danger in attempting such a journey alone. In vain the shepherd assured him that he must have reached a place of safety before the darkness and the storm came on. A presentiment which he could not cast off made him so miserable that he could hardly refrain from tears. But nothing could be done to relieve the anxiety now become so painful.

The doctor at last retired to bed about midnight. For a long time he could not sleep. The raging of the stream below the small window, and the *thuds* of the storm made him feverish and restless. But at last he fell into a sound and dreamless sleep. Out of this, however, he was suddenly roused by a peculiar noise in his room, not very loud, but utterly indescribable. He heard tap, tap, tap, at the window, and he knew, from the relation which the wall of the room bore to the rock, that the glass could not be touched by human hand. After listening for a moment, and forcing himself to smile at his nervousness, he turned round, and began again to seek repose. But now a noise began, too distinct and loud to make sleep possible. Starting and sitting up in bed, he heard repeated in rapid succession, as if some one was spitting in anger, and close to his bed—"Fit! fit! fit!" and then a prolonged "whir-r-r" from another part of the room, while every chair began to move, and the table to jerk. The doctor remained in breathless silence, with every faculty intensely acute. He frankly confessed that he heard his heart beating, for the sound was unearthly, so horrible, and something seemed to come so near him, that he began seriously to consider whether or not he had some attack of fever, which affected his brain—for remember, he had not tasted a drop of the shepherd's small store of whisky! He felt his own pulse, composed his spirits, and compelled himself to exercise calm judgment. Straining his eyes to discover anything, he plainly saw, at last, a white object moving, but without sound, before him. He knew that the door was shut, and the window also. An overpowering conviction then seized him, which he could not resist, that his friend McDonald was dead. By an effort, he seized a lucifer box on a chair beside him, and struck a light. No white object could be seen. The room appeared to be as when he went to bed The door was shut. He looked at his watch, and particularly marked that the hour was twenty-two minutes past three. But the match was hardly extinguished when, louder than ever, the same unearthly cry of "Fit! fit! fit!" was heard, followed by the same horrible "whir-r-r-r," which made his teeth chatter with great rapidity. Then the movement of the table and every chair in the room was resumed with increased violence, while the tapping on the window was heard above the storm. There was no bell in the room, but the doctor, on hearing all this frightful confusion of sounds again repeated, and beholding the white object moving toward him in terrible silence, began to thump the wooden partition, and to shout at the top of his voice for the shepherd, and having [illegible] his head under the blankets.

The shepherd soon made his appearance in his night shirt, with a small oil lamp, or "cruesy" over his head, anxiously inquiring, as he entered the room—

"What ails, doctor? What's wrang? Pity me, are ye ill?"

"Very!" cried the doctor. But before he could give any explanation a loud whirr was heard, with the old cry of "Fit!" close to the shepherd, while two chairs fell at his feet! The shepherd sprang back, with a half-scream of terror; the lamp was dashed to the ground, and the door violently shut.

"Come back!" shouted the doctor. "Come back, Duncan, instantly, I command you!"

The shepherd opened the door very partially, and said, in terrified accents—

"Hude be about us, that was awfu'! What [illegible]

"Heaven knows, Duncan," ejaculated the doctor, [illegible] "but we must pick up the chairs, and I shall strike a light."

Duncan did so in no small fear; but as he made his way to the bed in the darkness, to get a match from the doctor, something caught his foot; he fell, and then, amidst the same noises and tumults of chairs, which immediately filled the apartment, the "Fit! fit! fit! fit!" was prolonged with more vehemence than ever! The doctor sprang up, and made his way out of the room, but was several times tripped, by some unknown power, so that he had the greatest difficulty in reaching the door without a fall. He was followed by Duncan, and both rushed out of the room, shutting the door after them. A new light having been obtained, they both returned with extreme caution, and, it must be added, fear, in the hope of finding some cause or other for all those terrifying signs. Would it surprise our readers to hear that they searched the room in vain?—that, after minutely examining under the table, chairs, bed, everywhere, and with the door shut, not a trace could be found of anything. Would they believe that they heard during the day how poor McDonald had staggered, half dead from fatigue, into his friend's house, and falling into a fit, had died at *twenty two minutes past three* that morning? We do not ask any one to accept of all this as true; but we pledge our honor to the following facts:

The doctor, after the day's fishing was over, had packed his rod so as to take it into his bedroom; but he had left a minnow attached to the hook. A white cat who was left in the room swallowed the minnow, and was hooked. The unfortunate gourmand had vehemently protested against this intrusion into her upper lip by the violent "Fit! fit! fit!" with which she tried to spit the book out; the reel added the mysterious "whir-r-r," and the disengaged line, getting entangled in the legs of the chairs and table, as the hooked cat attempted to fly from her tormentor, set the furniture in motion, and tripped up both the shepherd and the doctor; while an ivy-branch kept tapping at the window! Will any one doubt the existence of ghosts and a spirit-world after this?

I have only to add that the doctor's skill was employed during the night in cutting the hook out of the cat's lip, while his poor patient, yet most impatient, was held by the shepherd in a bag, the head alone of pass, with hook and minnow, being visible. McDonald made his appearance in a day or two, rejoicing once more to see his friend, and greatly enjoying the ghost story. As the doctor finished the history of the night's horrors, he could not help laying down a proposition very dogmatically to his half-superstitious friends, and as some amends for his own terror. "Depend upon it," said he, "if we could thoroughly examine into all the stories of ghosts and apparitions, spirit-rapping, *et hoc genus omne*, they would turn out to be every bit as true as my own visit from the world of spirits, that is—*great humbug and nonsense.*"

We leave this heterodox sentiment with confidence in the hands of the illustrious dead, who spend so much time in disturbing furniture without even the apology of a hook and minnow. We have no doubt that Milton, Dante, Shakspeare, or probably Newton or Bacon, if properly invited, will cheerfully come as guests to any tea-party of true-believers in London and Boston, to contradict in the most authoritative manner the doctor's profane skepticism. We shall be glad to hear the views of these distinguished men, who it is alleged, though dead, yet speak; and we shall be proud to add them to our staff, and to number them among the contributors to *Good Words.* We despair of the cat. She has been silent ever since her great *debut* into spirit land. Her lips though sealed, are sealed.—*Dr. Macleod in Good Words.*

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR.

The neighbor! It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless,
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

The neighbor! 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door,
Go thou, and succor him.

The neighbor! 'Tis that weary man,
Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, cares, and pain;—
Go thou and comfort him.

The neighbor? 'Tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem,
Widow and orphan, helpless left;—
Go thou, and shelter them.

The neighbor! Yonder toiling slave,
Fettered in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave;—
Go thou, and ransom him.

Where'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favored than thine own,
Remember 'tis thy brother worm,
Thy brother, or thy son.

Oh! pass not, pass not heedless by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery—
Go, share thy lot with him.

FOR PU

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, November 29, 1862.

REPORT.

Look here, brethren, read this, and remember it, too:—

The meeting of the Executive Committee, and their appeal to the ministers having the charge of circuits and stations, and to the members of the A. M. E. Church, is as follows:

Dear Brethren and Friends: According to the authority vested in our Editor and General Book Steward, he called together the Executive Committee of the Book Concern on the 13th of November, at which time we had a very pleasant interview together in relation to the present flattering condition of the Book Concern and the wants of the Church.

Brethren, let us tell you for once that the Book Concern is really in a prosperous condition—and how it is that our Editor and General Book Steward has so managed to keep the Book Concern and paper in the hopeful condition in which we find it, and with such scant means, we confess we are at a loss to know—and more especially in times like these, when many a firm and paper, with a much larger capital, have succumbed. But, Brethren, in order to hold this position, and to keep up a growing interest throughout the connexion, there are means needed—first, there is a very great demand for hymn-books in every direction in the connexion, and our Editor and General Book Steward has informed us there is only about seven or eight in the store, and he has no more to bind up. Therefore, the Committee deem it advisable, in view of such a demand for our hymn-books, and especially in the Western country, to advise our General Book Steward to get out another edition, so that our people may be supplied. To do this, brethren, it will require about $500. This should be done without delay. We therefore recommend to each elder, deacon and preacher to properly lay this vital matter before their congregations, and to take up a free-will collection, and to forward the same to the Gen. Book Steward and Editor, so that it may be in his hands by the 15th of December, or 20th, at the farthest—and he will give each credit through this paper. Now we ask our brethren, shall the Book Steward have the amount? We will answer for the Philadelphia district—our portion will be forthcoming. We also recommend to our Bishops, while travelling around, to speak of this matter.

WILLIAM MOORE,
W. H. WATERS,
STEPHEN SMITH,
W. D. W. SCHUREMAN,
ELISHA WEAVER, *Ch'n.*

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

We would again say to those of our friends and brethren who are in debt to us, and especially to the RECORDER, to be so kind as to forward their money to us; for you may know that we stand greatly in need of it, also we would not ask you for it. We also hope that every one who respects the General Conference of the A. M. E. Church, will comply with the Committee's appeal, at the time set forth in their application; and those of our ministers who fail to see the Committee's appeal, we hope that any of the stewards, or even members, will have the kindness to call their preachers' attention to it, so that there can be no excuse, for now is the time to work. We would also say, that if the money be raised, we can then give brethren a chance to sell them in time, say until the sitting of their Conference, if they cannot settle before. Let the whole Connexion speak. We think that we can speak for the Indiana and the Missouri Conferences in behalf of each minister having charge. What says Bishop Quinn? The RECORDER will show the amount which each minister takes up in their station, on their different appointments. There is one other reason why the Committee's appeal should be strictly complied with, and that is, we are told by the Committee, that Bishop Payne states that he has now got the History of the A. M. E. Church complete, and ready for the press, with the approval of the Committee. Therefore, we should like to have it ready by the sitting of the General Conference, or before.

REVIVAL

The good work of the Lord has been going on in Bethel Church. Last Friday night, a week ago, the Rev. J. P. Campbell had his converts to mount the platform in front of the pulpit, to give in their experience, after which he would offer them to the Church on trial. There were some thirteen converts, and two had been reclaimed. May the Lord ever bless, and keep them faithful unto death.

The Rev. B. Philip Reynolds, M. D., V.D.M., of England, who has been in this country a few months, was in Bethel Church last Sunday night, the 23d inst., which was the first time he ever was in a colored church, and the first time he ever heard a colored man preach. He is said to be a strong advocate for liberty. He preached for Elder Campbell on the night of the 24th He proved himself to be master of what he was talking about. The Lord go with him wherever he goes.

Rev. A. W. Wayman, of Baltimore, was also in our city two days, or more, and preached for Elder Campbell on the night of the 26th inst. He looks very well. We are glad to hear of our old friend and brother in the Lord, Rev. William Jackson, and his kind lady; but we are sorry to hear of her illness. We shall look often now to hear from Brother Jackson.

NOTICE.

The Trustees of the A. M. E. Book Concern are hereby notified to meet in Philadelphia on the 9th of December, 1862. They are as follows:—Rev. Henry Davis, Mr. Abraham Fields, Rev. Stephen Smith, Mr. Isaiah Weir, Rev. B. Roberson, (deceased,) Rev. James Hollen, and Elisha Weaver, Chairman. Please to meet at 2 o'clock, P. M., punctually.

NOTICE

TO THE DISTRICTS OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW ENGLAND, OHIO, INDIANA, AND MISSOURI, OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH MINISTERS.

Dear Brethren:—As we have a number of superannuated ministers on the list in said Districts, therefore it will be expected that the ministers and preachers, on their circuits and stations, will do all they can to collect the *two cent money*; and we also recommend that the Class leaders be instructed to collect and set the amount on the Class book opposite each member's name, as also all the collections called, per Discipline, for the Annual Conference, and publish the same once every quarter, that it may be seen who they are that work for God and his cause. We think it is time to give credit to those of our people who do work, so that God's name may be glorified.

NOTICE.

The Rev. W. A. Alston, Rector of St. Thomas' Church, will be instituted to-morrow (Sabbath) 30 inst., in the morning, by Bishop Potter. Sermon by Dr. Hare.

A STRONG AND HUMANE APPEAL.

The "Independent" of New York has a strong and humane appeal to England, by Mr Frederick Douglass, to Great Britain, for non interference with this government. The ground upon which he predicates his appeal upon is sufficient to hold the old Mother Country (?) spell-bound on the subject of non-interference. We recommend our readers to get that paper and read it, it is the 20th of November

LECTURES.

On last Thursday night we had the pleasure of hearing Mr E. B Bassett lecture, his subject was the Atmosphere; a subject which seems dry to an uncultivated mind, but we assure all that it is a subject of great moment. After this lecture was over, we went to hear Dr. Brown, of Burlington, deliver one of his lectures on Phrenology. We never heard Dr. Brown before, and would say, that he lectures with as much ease, if not more so, than any one we have ever heard upon the subject. He is a second Fowler, though a colored man.

PAPER.

Paper has undergone a tremendous and sudden advance in price. We notice that the rates of the daily and weekly papers have been increased. The *Advocates* of the A. M. E. Church have raised to two dollars and a half. We have not yet determined whether or not we shall follow the general example by raising the subscription price of the *Christian Recorder*

THE DORCAS SOCIETY.

The above worthy organization had quite a pleasant time at their little mental feast on last Thursday night.

NOTICE.

Unless our brethren come immediately to our assistance, we shall be most unwillingly compelled to materially decrease the size of our paper. The present dimensions of the *Recorder* is 28 by 42. But, if we make the contemplated curtailment, it will be reduced to 26 by 32. The former size costs us from 20 to 22 cents per pound, while the latter is but 17 cents per pound. It now remains for our subscribers to say whether the change in size shall be made or not—whether they would rather pay two dollars and twenty-five cents per year, or have the present proportions of the paper reduced

FATHER ROBERSON'S FUNERAL

The funeral services of the remains of that great hero of the cross of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, took place as follows:—At one o'clock, the omnibus came in front of Bethel Church, in which a number of ministers of the New York and Philadelphia Conferences, with several ladies and gentlemen, to the number of twenty-four or twenty-five, took seats, and were driven out to Frankford Church, where we found the church-yard and street full of friends, white and colored. We alighted, when the ministers formed and marched to the house of the old soldier, where we found another large crowd in the street, in the yard, and in the house. A way was opened up for us to march in through the house, so that we could see the remains of this old veteran.

Rev. J. P. Campbell gave out the hymn—

"Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound!
My ears attend the cry;
Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie."

We then marched out, formed a procession, and proceeded to the church. The procession was very large, extending the length of two squares, or more, and there were hundreds who did not march with us. The corpse having been placed in front of the pulpit, the church was crowded to its utmost capacity, while there were hundreds who could gain no admittance, and had to stay outside. Rev. Stephen Smith commenced by reading, and singing the hymn—"And am I born to die, to lay this body down?" Prayer was addressed to the Throne of Grace, by Rev. J. P. B Eddy. Rev A. L. Stanford read 1st Corinthians, 15th chapter. The Rev Stephen Smith then arose and spoke of the departed hero, and of his long standing in the Church. The Rev. Henry Davis followed next, who spoke of the sainted Roberson. Rev Elisha Weaver was next in rotation to speak of the man of God who had gone from labor to reward—as he, too, had been with him the last day prior to the death blow which he received, and after he had received said blow. The Rev. Theodore Gould followed, in conclusion of the remarks, who also spoke very affectionately over the corpse. The friends and relatives then took their farewell sight of that beautiful corpse, after which we marched out in front of the church, where he was let down into the sepulchre, when Rev. W. D. W. Schureman read the funeral service in a grave and solemn manner, until he had gone through with all except the Lord's Prayer and the dismissal, which was performed by Rev. J P. Campbell. We then returned to our places of abode.

There must have been not less than six or seven hundred people present; and had it been at Bethel, there would have been not less than five or six thousand. Brethren of the Philadelphia Conference, and of the Church in general, we have lost a faithful, zealous, and unflinching soldier, who for many years wielded the sword for Jesus and His Church. He was esteemed and beloved by all; but his work is done; his trials, troubles, and afflictions are over. To day he plays on the golden harp. To-day he soars from mansion to mansion. To-day he enjoys the Christian's rest, which Jesus said He would prepare for all the faithful. Oh, dear father, we envy thee not! but will labor on to meet thee in that rest. From the rough winds and tides of this life, we bid thee farewell, but do resolve to see you again.

As we shall have occasion to speak of this good man again, through the columns of this paper, we shall stop for the present.

DIED

Sister Hannah Cornish, wife of Rev. John Cornish, departed this life on Sunday night, the 23d inst. We are informed that her hope was anchored in the Lord Jesus Christ. She leaves behind her a dear husband to mourn her loss. His field of labor is Bucks County Circuit

FUNERAL.

The funeral of the wife of Rev. John Cornish took place on Thursday last, (Thanksgiving Day,) and was attended by a large concourse of sorrowing relatives and friends

THE DESTINY OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH

BY THE STEWARD

The destiny of the A. M. E. Church depends upon the episcopacy, elders, deacons, and preachers having charge of the people

1st No country, with claims of government, has ever been known to stand long where the law was not respected by the subjects of that country The law demands respect, and it is the imperative duty of the executive of the law to see that it is respected in all of its ramifications. Any neglect on the part of the executive would prove his timidity and unfitness for such a responsible position. In A. D. 249, which was the seventh persecution under Decius, who was stimulated to attempt the very extirpation of the name of Christian,—and it was unfortunate for the gospel, that many errors had about this time crept into the Church,—the Christians were at variance with each other; self interest divided those whom social love ought to have united; and the virulence of pride occasioned a variety of factions.

2d The same is true of every branch of the Church militant, in every century, in the past, as well as in the present. Each branch of the Church has certain rules and regulations, by which they are to be governed. All persons making application for membership, take obligations upon themselves to love, cherish and obey all of her laws, rules, and regulations; to be careful that the least one of those rules are not trampled under their feet, but to study each one: that is to say, make yourself familiar with all of them, and, as far as lies in your power, comply with them. Now the A. M. E. Church, which covers a vast deal of territory, is, to all intents and purposes, a branch of the Church of Christ; and as such, she has once in every four years, a large legislative body, which meets at the time and place fixed upon from time to time by said body. In this body they make such laws and regulations as may be thought best for the time being. It is true that, on those occasions, we should legislate prayerfully, coolly, and calmly; so that whatever is done, should be done to the glory of God. But this is not always the case; for as there are sometimes many minds of different opinions, there will be a little contention, for each will think that his way is as good as any one's else, if not better. Therefore, some of the laws may not be just as they should be; so we let it run until we meet again.

3d. These laws having been made, the question presents itself to us in this form: Who are to see that these laws, rules, and regulations are strictly carried out? Who are to set the example? Bishops, ministers, or the members in said Church, who are under them. And how is this to be brought about?

(Continued.)

CITY CARS AND COLORED PASSENGERS.

At the annual Union Thanksgiving Meeting of the churches of the Reformed Presbyterian and United Presbyterian denominations in this city, held on Thursday afternoon, at the church of Rev. William Sterrett, 22d Street, near Callowhill, addresses were made by Rev. Messrs Crow, Price, Dr. Wylie, George H. Stuart, and others.

Mr. Price, of Frankford, referred, in a feeling manner, to the death of Rev. Richard Roberson, as the result of his exclusion from a Frankford car, and being compelled, on a dark and stormy night, to occupy the platform of said car.

At the conclusion of the meeting, Rev. A. G. M'Auley, of Kensington, rose and offered a resolution that a committee, consisting of six laymen, (three from each of the denominations here represented,) be appointed to print and circulate a petition in favor of permitting all respectable or well-behaved persons to occupy the cars, irrespective of condition or color. The resolution was adopted by the meeting without dissent, and the following persons appointed to attend to the matter:—Dr. M'Murray, Alexander Kerr, Thos. Stinson, Wm. Getty, Wm. S. Young, and another person, whose name we do not recollect.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT.

Mr. Editor:—There is nothing of importance that has transpired, since you last heard from us. There is some excitement here, in regard to a report, which has gained currency, relative to Jackson marching upon Washington, though it is thought to be a mere sensation report, got up by some traitorous sympathizer, for the purpose of producing an effect.

The friends of humanity are preparing to give a grand dinner to the contrabands, on Thursday, 27th inst., at which time there will be several distinguished persons, who will deliver addresses to them. We hope it will be a grand affair.

Bishop Payne is in the city, and will preach to-morrow, at Israel church. He looks to be the very picture of health.

I stated in my last, that I would give in full, the proceedings of the contraband convention, held at Union Bethel church, but as nothing of importance was done more than the election of officers, I will merely insert their names, for the benefit of the public

William Slade, Esq., President,
William H. Wilson, Vice President,
John T. Johnson, Recording Secretary,
James L. Thomas, Corresponding Secretary,
Benjamin F. Lannon, Treasurer.

The committee for drafting a constitution were, John T. Johnson, William H. Wilson, James L. Thomas.

The convention meets again on the 27th inst., at 2 o'clock, P. M., at which time I hope things will be brought to a working status.

Mr. William Slade, the President, is the right man in the right place. While I have no personal acquaintance with the gentleman, yet it affords me pleasure to say, that we need have no hesitancy or fears, that the position held by him will not be more than satisfactorily filled. His amiable traits of character which must necessarily be brought to a higher state of development, by virtue of the responsibilities of his present position, will rank him among the brightest gems of Washington.

The most of our churches will observe Thursday, (Thanksgiving day,) with religious services. H. M. T.

Washington, Nov. 22d, 1862.

RIDICULE.—It is not our criminal actions that we require courage to confess, but those that are ridiculous and foolish.

GLORY AND PROSPERITY.—It is better to look round on prosperity than back on glory.

BLESSED are they who see the day of glory, but more blessed are they who contribute to its approach.—SECKER

"Thou water to purge away sin,
Take all our thoughts in golden rain
Fall in our cave-like hearts, and, save
Their pathway, naught is found again.—H. L. Abbey.

For the Christian Recorder
DELHI INN, Nov. 20th, 1862.

Mr. Editor.—After my long silence to you, caused by the disadvantage of my appointment from Vincennes circuit to Blue River circuit, I now take this opportunity of communicating to you. I arrived in Dublin, Sept. 12th, stopped at Bro. James Wallace's, whom I found to be right, and a very hospitable gentleman. I made one round on my circuit, and found it in a low and discouraging condition at every point. Two weeks after my arrival here, my wife came. On the same day of her arrival she was seized with a malignant attack of bilious fever, which was very severe, but through the mercy of God, she was restored to health again Since then I have been around my circuit twice. At Blue River I found a very flattering prospect of doing much good, also at Connersville. Seven joined the church, and others appeared to be much interested

I held my Quarterly meeting at Dublin, on the 10th, 11th and 12th of October, at which time the good Lord owned our weak efforts, in trying to expound his word. Five joined the church, and four were happily converted to God.

On the 14th, Bishop Quinn paid us a visit, and preached us a very interesting discourse.

Through an invitation given by Bro. Trevan, at Richmond, I visited him, and we had a good time together.

I expect to commence my protracted meeting at Blue River, on the 22d, if the Lord is willing. Pray for us. Now in regard to the Recorder and Repository, we have presented their claims, and have the promise of some subscribers, to begin the 1st of Jan., 1863.

Very Respectfully,
WILLIAM JACKSON.

For the Christian Recorder.
XENIA, Nov. 23d, 1862

Dear Brother in the Lord:—Please permit me to ask you a few questions, through your valuable paper, for information, and to appease suffering humanity. There is a family here, one man, his wife, child and a woman as a servant, of our colour, inhabitants of the Haytien government They came here without means of support, and the man is an educated man and a printer by trade. He says he was teaching school, where he came from. He can speak several different languages, but he really does seem too lazy to work at any and every thing, to make a living for his family, and he got a great notion to return to Hayti, but had no means to go with, he being the only one in the family that can speak our language. The friends here held a meeting, and agreed to hold a levee, which we did. Made some $55 to send them away. About this time some changes took place, in those officers, &c., and he says he cannot find out any thing about them, whether they are still taking emigrants to Hayti or not, and as the family is in a suffering condition, we are willing to send them to Boston or New York, so that they may get to those people. Any information will be thankfully received, at your earliest convenience. I am with due regard,

Your obedient servant,
JOHN COUSINS, JR

This has been here ever since July last.—ED.

For the Christian Recorder.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The social, civil and statistical association, acknowledge the following contributions to the Contraband Fund:

Lewis Seymour,	$1 00
Juniata Hart,	25
Sarah M Douglass,	1 00
J. M. M Douglass', (penny collection,)	1 00
Ruth Harding,	1 00
Rev Peter Gardner,	1 00
Mrs. Chase,	80
By Mrs. H. S. Duterte:—	
James Brown, $1.00; M. Poor, $1.00; Mr. Lyons, $1 00; S. S. Hawkins, $1.00; H. S. Duterte, $1.00; Dr. Parlow, $1 00; George Curtis, $1.00 Hannah Mead, 50 cts.; D Parlow, Jr., 25 cts.; Mr. Douglass, 25 cts.; Mr Martin, 25 cts; Mrs D Parlow, 25 cts.; John Coulter, 25 cts.; cash, 25 cts; Thomas Glasgow, 5 cts; cash, 25 cts.; cash, 50 cts.; John Irvin, 25 cts; Mrs. Irvin, 25 cts.; Rev. Mr. Hardy, 10 cts.; Mrs. Lane, 25 cts., Mrs Landaway, 25 cts.	$10 90
By Mrs. Gertrude Offett: (From Sunday School of 1st Presbyterian Church.)	$30 51
By Moses Wheeler:— Rosetta Johnson, $1 00; John Deputy, Jr., $2 00; W. H. Price, 50 cts.; William Hopkins, 25 cts.	$3 75
By Morris Brown:— (From the A. M E. Church of St. Thomas,)	$2 81
By William Still:— (Rebecca White, $30 00; Abigail Goodwin and others, $17.00; Dr. J. Still, $5 00,)	$42 00
Clayton Miller,	1 00
Making	$146 52

JAMES C. WHITE, *Treas.*

Nov. 19th, 1862.

The following amounts have been previously received:

Clayton Miller,	$2 00
William Still,	5 00
Robert Adam,	2 00
S. M. S,	2 00
Henry Minton,	2 00
Catherine Johnson,	1 00
Vashti Locke,	2 00
William Warwick,	2 00
Harriet Shorter,	1 00
Sarah S Hawkins,	1 00
Rev S. C Gibbs,	1 00
James P. Clay,	1 00
Benjamin F Hill,	2 00
Anna E. Dickinson,	10 00
Appropriation by Association,	50 00
Making,	$84 00
Whole Amount,	$230 52

H. W., *Treas*

LEND YOUR PAPER

"A good instrument should not be lost any more than a good opportunity. A religious newspaper containing impressive paragraphs, admonitions, affecting narratives; showing the power and excellence of religion, cautions against the snares of a wicked world, raising exhibitions of the value of the soul, and a hearty recommendation of the Saviour, is an instrument which should not be thrown away. It must let such a paper be taken up as soon as your family have read it. You have neighbors who never see a religious paper, and probably never will, if left to themselves. These paragraphs will be fresh and attractive to them, and will be read. Mark some of the most striking pieces with your pen and hand the paper round among your neighbors. See that it goes to a good number of families. This may cost you a little time and attention but it is one of the most ready ways of doing good. The children in your neighborhood, the apprentice in his shop, and boarders in his house, may there read that which they never will forget; and the scrap which you throw away might save many souls, if it was put into circulation. There are secular papers enough which you can cast up and burn without compunction. But when the press has sent out, in any form, a message of salvation, do not stop it. Send it forward."

CHINA.

JEWS IN THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE

Many theologians and historians, both Jewish and Gentile, have advanced theories relative to the position of the various lost tribes. Every few years discovers some hitherto unknown community of Israelites in some foreign part of the earth But the most curious account that we have heard for some time was recently related by a Jewish officer in the British navy. It is as follows:

At the breaking out of the English war with China, he received his commission as lieutenant, and went to the seat of war, and served under Commander Rollins. Our friend was assigned the command of a small vessel carrying three guns, for the purpose of penetrating the rivers and streams of the interior, and preventing any hostile assemblages. He seldom advanced further than five or six miles from the principal rendezvous; but, on one occasion, tired of cruising about in the same places so often and meeting no opposition, he proceeded ten miles up the river, and still found no hinderance. He sailed on till he had advanced about thirty miles into the interior of the country, passing several cities and villages, but seeing no fortifications, and not being molested in any way

He was about to retrace his course, when, looking ahead, he thought that there appeared something in the distance resembling a fortification He determined to ascertain the nature of the place, and headed the ship for it. When he approached, he was surprised by seeing multitudes of Chinese junks and other small boats approaching the vessel. He ordered the decks cleared for action, in case of a fight. As the enemy approached nearer to the ship, they let fly a cloud of weapons and stones, which, however, did no injury. The lieutenant, thinking to scatter them, had one of his guns loaded with grape-shot, and poured it into them where the crowd appeared thickest. It must have done considerable execution, for now they raised a yell. They attempted to climb up the sides, but were met on every side by the sailors. Now the fight began in real earnest. With all their guns employed, it was as much as the Britishers could do to keep the natives from gaining a footing on board of the vessel.

The Chinese fought desperately; their leader, a tall, majestic-looking man, wielding a long, straight sword, seemed by his presence to inspire them with increased bravery. Seeing this an attempt was made to capture him. He had effected a footing on board for himself. A shot through the bottom of the canoe cuts off his retreat, and there is no hope for them but fighting till more come to their relief. After a brief struggle the capture of the chief is effected, and all the belligerents cease fighting. The British vessel then attempted to make its way out of the river; but the natives, as they perceive this, raise such a yell as we never heard before, and the chief, extending his hands, addresses his captors in a language which did not resemble the Chinese in any respect. The lieutenant was astounded at recognising the familiar tones of the Hebrew language. Thanks to his parents, in his youth he had received a good Hebrew education, and was able to carry on a conversation with the chief, who told him that if he would give him up he would promise that they would not be molested, but permitted a free egress, and also, if he desired, he would show him his city. The officer accepted the proposition, and, accompanied by him as a safeguard, and also a body of men from the ship, they visited the town. It was an immense city, surrounded on all sides by walls and fortifications, and contained over one million of inhabitants, all Jews. In no other part of the Chinese Empire are there any Jews. Here they are allowed every privilege. They can carry their produce to other cities, and trade with them, but are not allowed to emigrate. They have their own laws, and their chief officer is a Jewish Rabbi, who, with twenty others, enact laws, decide disputes, and deal out justice to the inhabitants of the city. In this tribunal is vested the power of life and death, and from their decision there is no appeal. They keep a standing army of the young men of the place to protect their city. Their laws command the observance of the Jewish religion; but their rites and ceremonies differ from ours in many respects. They observe the Sabbath on what is to us Thursday, but still they call it the seventh day. Their synagogues are the most beautiful buildings that are to be seen in the empire. They are all built in one style, which resembles a mixture of the Gothic and Corinthian, and are ornamented by beautiful pagodas. Each synagogue is capable of holding over 2,000 worshippers, and generally consists of a large hall, with an arched roof all of stained glass, which presents a beautiful appearance. The roof is supported by pillars of variegated marble, ornamented by fine porcelain cornices. On all the pillars are hangings of fine silk and damask. The building is illuminated by handsome candelabras, holding long and thin tapers of the whitest wax.

The holy ark is a beautiful structure in itself, and is approached by nine steps of the whitest marble. On opening the doors and drawing the curtain, the whole building is flooded by the light which issues forth. In every available spot inside the ark candles are placed, which are kept burning continually, but still are not seen. The effect, as may be imagined, is beautiful. In each house of worship there are three "sapheorem," which are written on pure white vellum. These are handled with the greatest care, and only by the priest himself. Woman are not allowed to enter the synagogues, except on holidays and days of festivity. In the aggregate, their rules are in strict accordance with our religion, and are sensible in themselves. The military leader who had been taken prisoner, together with the priests, spared no pains to make themselves understood, explaining everything which they thought would prove interesting.

The party spent about six hours examining the place and then returned to the ship, laden with presents, and what were to them curiosities. The officer has still in his possession several cabinets, not over four feet square, which contain over three hundred drawers and secret places

The most interesting curiosity which he received was a prayer book, written on Chinese vellum, which he presented to the British Museum. Several little articles yet remain in his possession, which are highly treasured by him.

Thus, a community of Israelites exist in Oriental China never heard of before, yet consisting of over one million souls, speaking the original sacred tongue, keeping their own laws, and possessing documents which record events in their history thousands of years ago.

COLLECTORS.

The passion for collecting is both varied and widely diffused. The objects which interest one mind may have no attraction for another, whose *penchant* lies in another direction, and yet each pursues its purpose with a tenacity almost invincible. Within due limits, the passion may be prosperous and useful, and yet it tends to what amounts to a mania, often ridiculous and expensive. In young persons it serves to concentrate attention and incites to perseverance, and we should be disposed to encourage it as a guard against idleness and listlessness, if not against practices positively vicious. The boy who collects plants for an herbarium, or minerals and coleoptera a cabinet, is usually employed at once in the study of nature, and is neglected alike duty and even in the time of pursuit as an agreeable recreation. The love of science and the love may be thus promoted. Besides the collection of the parts after he has read their study, there are many suggestions of curious phenomena about the manifestations of this passion. Books, for instance, are valuable, as the depositories of knowledge, and no one, who appreciates literature, can be blamed for seeking to multiply such stores, but when books are valued chiefly in proportion to their rarity, or some adventitious peculiarity of typography, the case is altered, and a species of mania is observable. One person, who would hesitate to give one hundred dollars for a Bible in beautiful typography, because of its modern date, may eagerly offer his thousands for one in black letter, because it is old. It is on record that an English nobleman gave upwards of eleven thousand dollars for a volume, because of its [illegible] rarity. Surely this was [illegible] of madness, and, although a case perhaps unparalleled, even to this day fabulous prices are given for books which have no other claims to notice than their extreme rarity.

DR. CUMMING.

I had the good fortune of hearing Dr. Cumming twice—forenoon and evening—in his own church. This church is situated in the heart of London, in a dark, crowded, smoky, dismal corner, opposite Drury Lane Theatre, not far from Holywell Street, and within earshot of some of the worst places in the city—just the locality for a Christian church. Light in darkness, purity in the midst of corruption, a spring of living water bubbling up in the heart of the desert, an ark of safety amid the surging of the great sea of wickedness—such is the church in the world, and such, in its place, is this church in the gloomy shadow of Drury Lane Theatre. The building looks sufficiently ancient to be a contemporary of Henry the Eighth. It is not large, and has no pretensions to architectural beauty. The pulpit is in the side, and deep tiers of galleries run along the front and the two ends. Two thousand persons can be accommodated with sitting or standing room within the sound of the preacher's voice. The audience is always large, and is highly respectable—for Dr Cumming is one of the most attractive preachers in London, and his talents are a sufficient counterpoise to the disadvantages of locality.

It was a cloudless autumn day on which I attended, and yet the GAS had to be kept burning ALL DAY! I believe it is seldom that service can be conducted in this church without more or less of artificial light.

In a previous letter I think I gave some account of the energy with which Dr Cumming's congregation carry on missionary operations in the dark district which surrounds them. This is a characteristic of every healthful church here—not content with merely keeping its members together, and feeding the lambs already within the fold—not afraid to gather in the outcast and the poor, and make them partakers of the rich gospel feast. In this respect let the churches of the Old Country be an example to ours in the new world.

Dr. Cumming, on entering the pulpit, assumed the attitude of prayer for a few minutes, and then gave out a Psalm, which was sung by the people standing. The singing was admirable. He gave out two or three chants, which were well sung.

The habit of singing the prose version of the Psalms is becoming more common, and I must say it is a very great improvement. It would take a congregation some time to learn the music of CHANTS, but once learnt what so beautiful! This is the good old scriptural way. Neither the Jewish church nor the Early Christian church knew anything of rhyme. Hymns are good, the "Psalms of David in metre" are incomparably better; but best of all are the "Psalms" in their grand simplicity, as you find them in the heart of the Bible. Dr Cumming's congregation can sing them with great effect, the volumes of melody swelling high above the noise of organ or of choir.

The Doctor read a chapter, making a few observations, as he went on I was much amused with one of his explanations: Having read, "free course," he added, "that is, unobstructed circulation." Several of his "explanations" were equally lucid. Himself a Scotchman, he spoke severely of the Scotch people for their irreverence in the house of God—for not offering up prayer on entering the church—for "bolting out when the service is over, as if a wild beast were rushing after them ready to tear them limb from limb." He also censured them for "the doleful and awful faces with which they go to the Lord's Table." He said that in Scotland the Lord's Supper was generally dispensed but once a year and was regarded with superstitious dread. There were days of fasting and preaching before it, and there was preaching after it. The scriptural idea was altogether forgotten, and what should be the happiest day of the year was looked upon as something awful. He thus gave his hearers an idea of Scotland and Scottish modes of conducting worship and dispensing the Lord's Supper which tended to make them better satisfied with the way things are conducted in London. It is not for me to say whether the Doctor was wholly right or wholly wrong. I confess that I have seen people "bolting out" at too fierce a rate from the House of God; and the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper may be abused, but I could not see much good in telling the faults of poor Scotch folk here, even if all he said were perfectly true. After dealing with the faults of Scotland in this fashion, the eloquent preacher proceeded to inculcate the duty of mutual forbearance in non-essentials. There should be no dispute between Presbytery and Prelacy. It should be matter of indifference whether we use a liturgy or do without it—whether or not we have instrumental music in our churches Those were the three points which he addressed as "non-essentials." He told us of some cases in which a man must remove the "diluvial deposit of self conceit." Puseyism he characterized as "Homœopathic Popery." He mentioned that he had often seen as many as FOUR ministers of the Episcopal church among his audience, and that he had had frequent intercourse with them. His text was, "Quench not the Spirit." The sermon was interesting, but evidently not studied with sufficient care, and hence its somewhat heterogeneous character. I am informed that he frequently indulges in severe criticism of Scotland and Scottish habits—the fact being that there is but little love lost between him and his native country—his Prophetical predilections making him the subject of ridicule there. On the whole I left the church in the morning not well satisfied. I therefore returned in the evening. His subject then was the "Parable of Lazarus and the Rich Man."

This evening discourse was in every respect admirable. I was thankful that I heard it. The preacher put forth his whole strength. He was in earnest, and dealing with a subject the most solemn and appalling that can ever fall to the lot of man. He confined himself to his subject and to Scriptural truth. He was thoroughly orthodox and evangelical—sound, eloquent, earnest—all that he carries a bearer of a message from God to dying men. The thronged congregation paid the stillest attention, and nothing was to be heard but calm, clear, soft voice of the preacher proclaiming the truth. Most agreeable was the contrast with the morning service; yet the very contrast made this discourse all the more impressive.

I am glad to learn that the Doctor now avoids the "Prophetical" line which was once his forte. It is not safe to predict that he is permanently cured of his erroneous notions in that direction, but I believe there is a great improvement. I heard not a whisper in either of his discourses, on his old hobbies, and this was a most agreeable disappointment. Dr. Cumming's strength lies in his evangelical doctrine. He preaches the Gospel faithfully, and on his vagaries are forgiven and forgotten. My own impression of him now is very favorable. He lacks the boldness, the magnificent strength, the opulent spontaneity of Spurgeon: he lacks the rich imagination, the classic elegance of James Hamilton: he lacks the calm, unassuming dignity, the profound originality of Henry Melville;—yet he must deservedly take rank with the Princes in Israel. As a sound Protestant, as a faithful evangelist, as an attractive popular writer, Dr. Cumming has done and is doing good service to his generation.

Presbyterian Witness Halifax

DYING WORDS OF MELANCTHON

It is related that Melancthon, just before he died, says and wish to be at some brave passages of Scripture read, and this desire having been not he was asked by his son-in-law, Sabinus, whether he would have anything else, to which he replied in these emphatic words, "*Mihi nihil, non Christus*" (nothing else but heaven.) And shortly after this he breathed his last. Will did one who sought to embalm his memory in verse, say

He sun went down in cloud on shore,
Around upon the main so fair,
In lovelier array.
But not like earth's declining light,
That comes and goes in night,
The [illegible] shore and [illegible] sea,
No bound, no setting beam can know,
Without a cloud or shade of woe,
In that eternal day.

IRISH MISSIONS.

Professor GIBSON read the report of the Continental Mission. He said, that as a friend from Italy was to address the meeting, he would not detain them long. The only facts to which he would allude particularly, were in regard to the financial affairs of the mission. He regretted that the contributions in aid of this most important field of operation were not increasing as they ought to do. Five years ago they had a balance on hand of £3,300; that balance was now reduced to £970; and they had claims in regard to the church in Canada and New Brunswick which amounted to about £700, leaving only between £200 and £300 to meet the important claims of France, Italy, and Belgium. He trusted that by the time the next annual statement was to be read, that the report would show a better state of things. He then read the report as follows:—

"The appeals for aid by our Continental brethren have been of late both numerous and urgent, and it is a matter of congratulation that this church is in a position to render them some encouragement and aid. The countries among whose several populations we have contributed during the past year to the dissemination of the truth are—France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy.

"FRANCE.—The Christian efforts in which we have been led to take a special interest, aiding them by grants from our funds, are—The Union of Evangelical Churches, a religious community for which we must ever feel a lively and fraternal regard, and with which are associated the honored names of Monod, Audebes, Pisch, and others, whose praise is in all the churches. The Evangelical Society of France, in connexion with which an unusual amount of effort has of late been concentrated upon the capital itself, where, while the Government has been surrounding it with fortresses and bastions, the society have sought in the strength of God to erect the true fortifications of schools and churches, by which to conserve the interests and extend the real glory of the empire. The Evangelical Society of Lyons.—The civil war in America, and the state of trade, generally, have deeply affected the manufacturing interest in this great mart of industry, and in the contributions, both for ordinary and evangelistic purposes, there has been a consequent diminution. The Central Society of Evangelisation.—When it is borne in mind that this society has constituted since its formation a rallying point for the evangelical party in the National Reformed Church of France, and that it has greatly contributed to the work of purification and revival, its operations will not fail to call forth our prayerful co-operation Although the aid which has been given to these seven agencies has only amounted during the year to £300, it is a gratifying circumstance that a bond of affiliation has thus been formed between this church and the representatives of that noble Protestant community, so famous in contending for the truth in days of old. For centuries has the papacy been the blight and bane of France, degrading her people, and now more than ever making a tremendous effort to darken her naturally bright intelligence, to undermine her moral strength, and bring her down to the dust again. But there are gratifying indications that the old enemy shall be eventually foiled in his attempts, and amid the reigning superstitions, there are assuring evidences that the Sun of righteousness has arisen with healing in his wings.

"IN BELGIUM.—The Missionary Church, which has received from us £150, and which tree to the name it bears, seeks to evangelise the community in which it is placed, while it has had peculiar trials, has also had peculiar encouragements during the year. One pastor, for instance, writes—'We have seventy applicants for communion, eighteen of whom have been entirely detached from the Church of Rome. Of our congregation, which including children, amounts to 650, only twelve were originally Protestants; the remaining 638 were not long ago Roman Catholics.

"During the past year an unusual amount of interest was awakened on behalf of the Swiss Churches, by the holding in Geneva, in September, of one of those great evangelical conferences, which form so peculiar and hopeful a characteristic of these times. Christians from the lands of Voltaire, Gibbon, Rousseau, and Frederick the Second, found in the middle of the nineteenth century a rendezvous in that city, which in the middle of the eighteenth had obtained a painful notoriety as the central seat of the infidelity of that unhappy period. The spirit of no earlier day predominated in their councils, and before they separated, they resolved that the third centenary of the death of Calvin should be celebrated in 1864, by a suitable recognition of the work achieved by the great reformer, and the erection of a permanent memorial of that commemoration. In such an object all true Protestant communities will rejoice to co-operate. The Evangelical Society of Geneva has received from the funds of our Continental mission, £100.

"Foremost in importance in restoring to Italy the blessings of the Reformation, is the Waldensian Church.—When the first deputies, commissioned by the Assembly to visit the Vaudois in 1855, appeared among them in their village capital, these interesting people, so long broken by persecution, had scarcely done more than timidly and cautiously plant their foot on a few spots beyond their native valleys. That they have not been inactive in the interval, or slow to enter by the great door and effectual which has meanwhile been opened, is attested by the fact that they have already above thirty churches and stations spread over all parts of the Italian peninsula, as well as Sicily, extending from Aosta and Courmayeur, as they

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

We quote from a letter of Rev. Dr. E. C Wines the following notice of the convicts' prayer-meeting in Sing-Sing prison:

The meeting is regarded as an experiment, and none are permitted to attend but those who have completed their work for the day. The meeting last Monday was the third of the kind that had been held So far, every thing has gone satisfactorily. Rarely, if ever, have I attended a religious service more solemn, interesting, or touching. Some thirty or more convicts gathered in the chapel, and spent an hour together in prayer and religious conference. The Chaplain presided, and took a general oversight and direction of the meeting. But the prayers and addresses were made by the prisoners themselves; and, considering the character and culture, or rather the want of culture, of the persons offering them, they were quite remarkable. Probably a half dozen short prayers were offered, and as many brief addresses made, interspersed with the singing of hymns. They were direct, earnest, and fervent; and some gave evidence of deep emotion. Several mentioned that their attention had been but recently turned to the subject of personal religion. A marked peculiarity of the prayers was, that in almost every instance confession was made in the first person singular. One convict, who was not able to attend, sent in a request for the prayers of his fellow-prisoners. It is impossible, of course, for man to read the heart; but the whole tone and spirit of the meeting were significant of sincerity in those who took part in it. The hour spent in the "convicts' prayer-meeting" was truly one of the most intense interest, and has left a record upon the memory which nothing can efface.

Ministers in the South—We learn from the South, that the Rev. Dr. Palmer is now residing in Columbia, South Carolina, where he is engaged temporarily in filling the Professorship in the Theological Seminary, made vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr. Thornwell. The Rev. Dr. Leyburn is residing at Athens, Georgia, and is there discharging his duties as Secretary of the Committee of Domestic Missions. The Rev. James McNeill, formerly Secretary of the American Bible Society, has left his post as editor of the *North Carolina Presbyterian* for a time, and entered the army. The Rev. Dr. Dabney, Professor in the Union Theological Seminary, is also in the Southern army, and is acting as an aid to General "Stonewall" Jackson. We have seen an order, issued by General Jackson, signed, "R. L. Dabney, Assistant Adjutant General."

The Theological Seminary of St Charles Borromeo—The object of this well known institution is to educate young gentlemen for the Roman Catholic ministry. It is located at Eighteenth and Race streets, and the maintenance of the students depends, to a considerable extent, upon the charity of the Catholics of the Diocese of Philadelphia. Students are placed in the branch preparatory Seminary, located near Rockdale, Delaware county, and from thence transferred to St. Charles, where their ecclesiastical course is generally completed. Some of the students are, however, sent to the American College at Rome

The collections referred to are made annually by volunteer members of the laity, who make exertions among their friends and neighbors to realize, individually, as much as possible. The amounts collected in each parish (each Roman Catholic Church having one assigned to it) are then placed in the hands of the Treasurer, who generally is the pastor of the congregation, and on about the Feast of the Saint (occurring annually on the 4th of November,) the returns are paid in to the general Treasurer, and frequently amount to from seven to ten thousand dollars

On last Sabbath morning it was announced from the altars of the Roman Catholic Churches of the city, that the Treasurer will close his books to-day (Friday.) Those whose names are not presented in as season will be omitted in the Annual Report, which will be prepared, as usual, for general distribution.

Florence Nightingale—The subjoined paragraph from the London Times of the 6th instant, will be read with regret:—"We regret to learn that there is only the very slightest foundation for the report of Miss Nightingale's restoration to health. She is able to remove from one place of residence to another—a very few miles—once a year, but she is scarcely able to leave her bed in the intervals, and quite unable to struggle with the flood of correspondence and applications of all kinds which the report of her partial recovery has brought upon her.

Personal.

Death of Brigadier General Francis E. Patterson—The accidental shooting of Brigadier-General Francis E Patterson on Saturday last occasioned much feeling among the men attached to Brigadier-General Sickles' Division—and particularly among those attached to the New Jersey Brigade. The circumstances of the tragedy were, essentially, as follows:—

It was the habit of General Patterson to place a revolver under his pillow on retiring for the night in his tent. This was done on Friday night last. About daylight on Saturday morning he awoke, and, for some purpose, displaced the revolver from under the pillow on which he slept, with his right hand, and while changing it to the left, probably with the intention of hanging the weapon up near his couch, it exploded. The barrel at the moment pointed towards the person of the reclining man, and the whole of the contents were received on his left breast, passing, it is believed, through the heart, and causing instant death.

The pirate **Captain Semmes** was placed upon the retired list by the United States Naval Board, because he was a "that man," and therefore an inefficient officer. As the old logics objected to his 2 10 nail them, what a pity it is, says Vanity Fair, some of them can't overtake him in his 290.

General Price's Son Pardoned.—The President has given Brigadier-General Edwin R. Price, son of Major-General Sterling Price, both of the rebel army, a free and a full pardon of all treasonable, felonious, and other crimes and misdemeanors whatever against the United States committed up to the 18th of November. General Price was taken prisoner some time since, paroled by Generes. Halleck, and afterwards exchanged for General Prentiss. Subsequently he resigned his commission in the rebel army, and his friends appealed for his pardon While on his parole and residing in Chariton county, Mo., he is said to have exerted himself to maintain peace and order by driving off the guerillas, and it is thought by some of the Unionmen of Missouri that his pardon will have a beneficial effect in that State.

The New Secretary of War.
[From the Richmond Enquirer, Nov 10.]

James A. Seddon, Esq., of Goochland county, Va., has been appointed Secretary of War, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of General G. W. Randolph. While Mr. Seddon has not been a great deal in public position, he has always borne a high reputation for ability and sagacious statesmanship It will be remembered that Mr Seddon was one of the Commissioners sent by the Virginia Legislature to attend the Peace Conference in Washington, near the close of Buchanan's Administration. He represented the Richmond district in the United States Congress, from 1845 to 1847, and from 1849 to 1851

Confederate Senator Elected—Milledgeville, November 19th, 1862—Herschell V. Johnson was elected Confederate Senator today.

Acquittal of Dr Moran—Baltimore, November 22d.—Dr Moran, the late surgeon to examine parties in Frederick county, Md., expert to draft, who was recently arrested on a charge of malfeasance in office, has been tried at Washington, and honorably acquitted.

United States Senator from New Jersey.—Trenton N J Nov 22d—Governor Olden has appointed Richard Field, of Princeton, United States Senator, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the Hon John R Thompson The term will expire on the 4th of March next

Bishop Simpson—It is stated that Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, contemplates making Washington his permanent place of residence, and the pastors of the Methodist churches have held a meeting to extend a cordial reception to the Bishop and his family.

Hon. Luther Bradish has been elected to the Presidency of the American Bible Society, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen.

Rev. R. Howard Wallace, of Little Britain, Orange County, New York, has been appointed chaplain of the 109th Regiment N Y. Volunteers, raised chiefly in Orange.

Rev John B Pinney, LL D., has been recognised as Consul General of the Republic of Liberia for the United States. We rejoice, for the sake of the interests of Liberia, in the appointment. A better selection could not have been made. Dr. Pinney was formerly Governor of Liberia, and for many years past has held the position of Secretary of the New York State Colonization Society.

Rev Dr Campbell, formerly of Petersburg, and well known, died at London, on the 18th of September last. In the year 1835 he sailed for India, joined the Indiana Mission, and took his station at Saharanpur, where he spent twenty-seven years in honorable and successful missionary labor. For many years before leaving Philadelphia he was in the ministry-room of Wardle & Brothers, and to the day of the death of Benjamin H. Warder, senior partner of the firm, Dr. Campbell kept up a correspondence with him. Warned of danger a few months ago, Dr. Campbell sought inward off death by proceeding to the Mission Retreat, at Landour, in the mountains, but failed—and there died

Hon William Ballard Preston—This gentleman, who was one of the Senators of Virginia in the Confederate States, died at the residence of Montgomery county, last Sabbath. He was about 70 years old at the time of his death, and had been Senator one year. He was the eldest son of the late Governor Preston, of Virginia, and was educated at Hampden Sidney College where he graduated in the year 1821. When the University opened in 1825 he was one among the first that matriculated. It was there that he received the rudiments of his legal education. In 1827 he came to the bar in Montgomery county, and gradually rising to the head of it, he practiced with great success in that and the adjoining counties for many years, if we are not mistaken, even to the day of his death.

About the year 1830 he was elected to the lower house of the Virginia Legislature, where he soon acquired an enviable reputation as a debater and a the rough man of business. He retired from the Legislature after a few years to resume his practice at the bar, but was returned to the State Senate again about the year 1839. At that time he was already one among the most prominent men of the State, and his reputation continued to increase, he was made a member of his Cabinet by General Tyler. Upon the death of that lamented chief, he retired to private life. He devoted, of late years, a great portion of his time to the subject of internal improvements, and was believed to possess as thorough a knowledge of the resources of Virginia as any man in the State. He was elected to the Senate last winter.

Domestic Items.

A Rainy Spell—Last week was what might literally be termed a "soaker." Sunbeams were as scarce as honest people, and rain-drops as plenty as blackberries in June. It seemed to get in the habit of raining and couldn't break itself. Umbrella stores, passenger railway cars, and hackney coaches reaped a rich harvest, and afternoon promenaders remained under cover. Stores were lighted with gas at a time that "old Sol" should have been performing the functions of his office. 9.25 inches of rain fell during the week, making 93,481.25 gallons to the acre.

The Louisiana Sugar Crop.—The first instalment of the new sugar crop was received in New Orleans on the 30th ult. The prospects are not favorable for saving any considerable proportion of it, though if the usual force of negroes was available, the largest crop ever raised in the State would be gathered this season. The negroes have been as insubordinate during the season that no wood has been secured, and there being no coal on hand, there are none of the usual requirements for taking off a crop of cane available.

Martin Van Buren's Will.—The will of President Van Buren has been admitted to probate at Hudson. It is dated January 13th, 1860, and commences as follows:—"I, Martin Van Buren, of the town of Kinderhook, county of Columbia, and State of New York, heretofore Governor of the State, and more recently President of the United States, but for the last and happiest year of my life a farmer in my native town, do make and declare the following to be my last will and testament," &c.

All in Silver Bricks.—It is proposed in Virginia City, Nevada, to ship immediately to the East for the benefit of the Sanitary Fund, the sum of $20,000, and in the novel currency of all or bricks. The Territorial Enterprise says:—"This shipment will be made in solid silver bricks, stamped with an appropriate inscription, and will prove the biggest advertisement for Nevada Territory that ingenuous brains have yet conceived. Those silver bricks will be curiously examined and commented on by many a one in New York, who would forget in fifteen minutes after he heard it, the fact that $20,000 in gold coin or treasury notes had been sent from the unknown land of Nevada

Atlantic Telegraph—Mr Cyrus Field has been speechmaking at Manchester, and other large English towns, in favor of the new Atlantic Telegraph which it is proposed to lay, in order to connect England with her North American colonies. Surely, Mr Field is merely taking much pains in the matter. It must be obvious to British subjects that it will be greatly to the advantage of England to connect her province of Nova Scotia with her American possessions, by a submarine telegraph from Valentia to Nova Scotia. The expense of this the United States, naturally or by private speculation, shall be submitted for money to meet the cost of this great benefit to England is not reasonable

Preparations for the Battle at Fredericksburg.—Last night was a busy one in Fredericksburg, the inhabitants being engaged in removing their persons and property. The military authorities were also not idle, as daylight this morning revealed to view a line of earthworks to the right and rear of the town—the result of last night's labor. Our artillery is now being placed in the most favorable positions, while the encampments, which were within range of the enemy's guns, are being moved further back from the river.

There are very strong reasons for not opening upon the city to-day, unless we are forced to do so by the enemy. The rebels have just fired a few shots, but no response has been made

Occoquan and vicinity are infested with a gang of incendiaries, who are doing great damage. On Monday night two immense barns, one owned by Mr Joseph Wible, and another by Dawson & Cohen, were both destroyed, with their valuable contents of hay and grain.

From the Upper Potomac—Harper's Ferry, Nov. 21.—We have a rumor that Jackson is still in the vicinity of Winchester with an army of forty thousand men The general impression is, however, that he is retiring in the direction of Gordonsville. All is now quiet along the lines though General Geary is sending out reconnoissances daily to notice the movements of the enemy.

A reconnoissance over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad by one of the Superintendents gives some idea of the extent of damage to the track of the Ohio Railroad by the rebels. The main track is torn up to the extent of about twenty-two miles, the rails rendered useless by heating, and the ties all burned. There is about an average of seventy rails to the mile only fit for relaying. The bridges at Martinsburg are all destroyed,

In the United States Supreme Court at Washington the black silk robes are abolished, the new members being averse to them, and at the next session the judges will sit in simple broadcloth.

We are glad to see the passenger railway corporations returning to reason. The action of the Board of Presidents in asking twenty per cent. to the cent of fare, when no other reason was assigned than that one or two small roads were not earning the twelve and fifteen per cent. dividends earned by other roads caused universal indignation, and is being repudiated by many of the leading roads. The Presidents of the roads on Fourth & Eighth, Chestnut & Walnut, Market and Tenth & Eleventh Streets, have declared they will not assent to the arrangement of the Board of Presidents. This will, of course end the matter, and we shall have no such scandalous tax as that originally intended. The determination of these Presidents in repudiating this outrage, deserves the thanks of the community.—*Press*

The graveyard at the south-west of the town of Warrenton, Virginia, attests how fearful has been the mortality among the Confederates. In this cemetery there are over a thousand new-made graves—the most of them being from the Cotton States. Georgians, from the inscriptions on the rough head-boards, seem to be in the majority. How the soldiers from this State have suffered since the war broke out. The mass of the rebel troops at Antietam were from Georgia. Fresh garlands of flowers are placed daily on many of the graves.

The War in Tennessee.—Nashville, November 21.—The expedition of two regiments of infantry, under Col. Carden, which has been scouring the country between here and Clarksville, has returned, having captured forty-three rebels, eighteen others, twenty mules, and a hundred muskets.

Another flag of truce, with rebel ladies for the South, will leave to-morrow.

A scout has arrived from Knoxville, which place he left on the 18th. There were no troops there, except the sick and convalescents. He understood that the rebel troops had gone West. At McMinnville there was a considerable force of conscripts from the surrounding counties. At Sparta there was a small force of rebels. He saw no other rebel troops, except at Kingston, where there were a few

General Rosecrans has ordered the release of three thousand bales of cotton, which were seized for the purpose of using them for breastworks in the vicinity recently. They will be shipped North as soon as the railway is open.

The enemy still evince a disposition to fight at Tullahoma.

The Last Words of a Dying Hero.—The following touching letter was written by Colonel Broadhead, of the Michigan Cavalry Regiment, who was killed in one of the battles at which General Pope commanded. Its touching pathos and high toned patriotism will awaken fresh regrets for the death of a brave soldier:

My Dearest Wife:—I write to you, mortally wounded, from the battle-field.—We are again defeated, and are thus reaches you your children will be fatherless

Before I die, let me implore that, in some way, it may be stated that General —— has been outwitted and that —— is a traitor. Had they done their duty as I did mine, and had led as I did, the dear old flag had waved in triumph.

I wrote to you yesterday morning. To-day is Sunday, and to-day I sink to the green couch of our final rest

I have fought well, my darling, and I was shot in the endeavor to rally our broken battalions. I could have escaped, but would not until all hope was gone, and was shot,—about the only one of our forces left on the field. Our cause is just, and our generals, not the enemy, have defeated us. In God's good time He will give us victory.

And now, good-by, wife and children.—Bring them up, I know you will, in the fear of God and love for the Saviour But for you and the dear ones dependent I should die happy I know the blow will fall with crushing weight on you Trust in Him who gave manna in the wilderness.

Dr. Nash is with me. It is now after midnight, and I have spent most of the night in sending messages to you.

Two bullets have gone through my chest, and directly through the lungs. I suffer but little now, but at first the pain was acute. I have won the soldier's name, and am ready to meet now, as I must, the soldier's fate. I hope that from heaven I may see the glorious old flag wave again over the undivided Union I have loved so well.

Farewell, wife and babes, and friends—We shall meet again. Your loving,

THORNTON

General McClellan's Speech.—"My Friends—I thank you cordially for the spontaneous if belated regard I accept it, not for myself, but for the Army of the Potomac, whose I once commanded, and to which you are so deeply interested. [Tremendous and continued cheering. Three cheers for the "Army of the Potomac"] Every letter from Yorktown to Antietam has added new proofs of the courage and devotion of the citizen soldiery of New York, and has increased the great debt of gratitude due to them by their country. [Cheers.] No portion of the broad Republic has more lavishly poured out its millions of treasure and thousands of brave men in the cause of our country than this great metropolis. [Cheers.] At the commencement of the struggle no community was more prompt in responding to the appeal of the Government for aid. No community has a greater stake in the success of our cause than this. None is more closely bound by the ties of kindred to the army with which I have been so long associated. [Great cheering.] I, therefore, and my former comrades with me, will feel doubly honored by the occurrence of the evening, and it is with a heart full to overflowing with gratitude that I again thank you for your presence to-night. [Great cheering.]

You know, that I am still a soldier, therefore you will expect no speech from me, and will now permit me to say good-night. [Long-continued cheering.]

Rags and Paper.—If the price of paper increases as much during the next three months as it has during the past three, it must have the effect of stopping many papers which are now published by political parties, merely for the sake of having organs. It will also stop off many other ephemeral publications, such as yellow-covered literature, and even some papers that hold out will so contract their dimensions, by using smaller type, that the supply of paper will be found ample in a very short time. Papers as well established as to fear no reverse will raise the price of subscription, but in the end the smaller and cheaper publications will take their places. Taking these things into consideration, then, it becomes necessary for everybody to assume the office of a domestic economist. Every one is interested in this, for, although it may not be a very lucrative employment, it will certainly do much towards keeping the price of paper from advancing higher

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MRS MARTHA COLLINS.

730 Russell Street, above Fitzwater.

Begs leave to inform her friends and the public generally, that she has opened an INFANT SCHOOL for Boys and Girls, to whom she will pay special attention in teaching the primary departments of Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, also Singing, upon the most reasonable and accommodating terms. She does not hesitate to say that she will be able to please all who may give her a trial.

MRS. S. SHORTER HAWKINS'
DRY GOODS, HOSIERRY, AND TRIMMING STORE.
No. 615 Lombard Street, Philadelphia

Mrs H calls the attention of her friends and patrons to a new stock of Fall and Winter Goods, consisting of Delaines, Calicoes, Flannels, Muslins, Drills, Shawls, Diamond, and Hoop-Skirts.

N B. Regalia and Dress Trimmings still on hand All will be sold as near the old prices as possible. Call and see

WM. H. LONGFELLOW,
SURGEON DENTIST.
No 1126 Rodman Street.
Between 11th and 12th, and Lombard and South Sts.
PHILADELPHIA

Every department of Dentistry attended to
Persons waited on at their residence, if desired
Nov 1.

Advertisements.

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 10th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

From Garnet Union No. 4, D. of T.; from Phenix Union, No. 8, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 16, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Dr Bias' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 10 D. of T.; from Yanbrackle Union, No. 15, D. of T., of Norristown, Pa

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:

Sister M. P., Sister Bonnet, Grand Associate, Sister Burrie; Grand Treasurer, Sister Fawcett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson, Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dubbart; Grand Chaplain Sister Hall

G. P. P., Sister K. Roberts, G. P. P. Sister Anderson,
" " E. Bowen, " " J. F. Bush,
" " M. H. Bundy, " " E. A. Clark,
" " S. Newman, " " White,
" " S. Davis, " " S. Hall.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORINTH SOCIETY.

The Stated Quarterly Meetings of this Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August, and November.

The meeting of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the society.

Mrs. Sarah Carter, President.
Mr. L. R. Seymour, Secty.

THE BOOK DEPOSITORY
OF THE
AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,
No. 619 Pine Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

We keep on hand, in connexion with our other books Sabbath School books of various kinds; Question Books; Catechisms, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. We have a good assortment of such books as are generally used in the Public Schools. Also, Stationery, Inks, Pens, Paper, Envelopes and Blank Books.

THE DEATH-BED OF THE REV. JOHN WESLEY.

Wanted (canvassing Agents for the splendid large engraving, back should be in every house and at the face of that great and good man. The work is selling with a rush to those selling this print. Send for Catalogue and Inscription.

WM. SMITH Publisher,
102 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

WANTED.—The charge of a Public School. Reference as to ability can be given. Apply to J. W. A., 1041 Hetherington St

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OF THE LATEST STYLES,

Made in the best Manner, expressly for RETAIL SALES Lowest Selling Prices marked in Plain Figures All Goods made to order warranted satisfactory Our One Price System is strictly adhered to. All are thereby treated alike. JONES & CO.,
Dec25-1y 604 Market Street

GOOD NEWS

To Tailors, Dress makers, and to those wishing to be such. Also, to those wishing a variety of Shapes, and large families.—Price of Set by parcel Post, those which each Subscriber has; you can have a set of Fashionable Ladies' Dresses, Boys' and Men's Pants, Vests Jackets, Sacks and Over coats

Local and Travelling Agents Wanted.

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Carlisle, Cumberland Co. Pa.

Or, apply to Mrs Mary C. Watson (wife of the Editor, this paper) 819 Pine St., Philada., Pa Jan 2-1y

JAMES DOWNS,
DEALER IN
NEW AND SECOND HAND
CLOTHING,
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No 17—3mo. PHILADELPHIA

WILLIAM STILL'S
STOVE STORE,
107 NORTH FIFTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and all is want of good stoves, that he has now on hand a general variety of excellent PARLOR, COOK and CHAMBER STOVES, including Gas-burning, as well as other patterns, which he is selling at very low rates. He buys entirely for cash, of the best wholesale foundries, and of course can sell much cheaper than those buying on the usual credit system. At any rate his friends are invited to give him a call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere, as he feels that they would be convinced that it would be to their interest to give him their patronage. Coal orders constantly on hand. WM. STILL.

JOSEPH H. COLE,
CONTINENTAL RESTAURANT,
No 717 LOMBARD STREET, PHILA,
(Above Seventh St., under Philadelphia Institute.)

Where he continues to keep always on hand the very best assortment of OYSTERS and other refreshments—hoping that all his friends and the public in general will favor him with their patronage.

☞ Meals served at all hours. Families supplied with oysters of the best quality and flavor at the shortest notice.

☞ Also, public and private waiting done on the most reasonable terms 1y

"UNION COTTAGE,"
ATLANTIC CITY, NEAR THE INLET

The subscriber will always be happy to welcome her numerous friends, and the public in general.

TERMS

Board per week,	$5 00
" day,	1 25
Single meals,	30

S. H WAILES Proprietress

BOARDING
IN BROOKLYN

MRS S. PLANT (formerly Richardson) respectfully announces that she has opened a first-class BOARDING & LODGING HOUSE at No. 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn—where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city, and within five minutes' walk of Fulton Ferry, is made thus a very desirable and convenient place.

BOARDING

Mrs AMIA WILLIAM, of Cape May, will open the Breakwater House for the season, for the accommodation of all who wish to spend the season there, and she will spare no pains to make all comfortable. Those wishing to spend one, two, or three days, will find the Breakwater House the right spot. Prices very reasonable. 1sept

COAL, STOVES, &c., &c.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the store,

NO. 107 NORTH FIFTH STREET,

formerly occupied as the Anti-Slavery Office, (where he has been engaged for the last fourteen years,) to occupy it himself with as a place of business for the sale of

COAL, STOVES, &c.

Having made arrangements with one of the first Coal Dealers in the city, to furnish the best qualities of Lehigh, Schuylkill, &c., at the lowest Cash prices, he hopes to give full satisfaction in this branch of his business

He will also keep constantly on hand a general assortment of good NEW and SECOND-HAND STOVES, FURNACES, &c.

Persons wishing Stoves taken down, stored away, put up, or cleaned, can be promptly accommodated by applying as above.

He hopes by energy and strict attention to business to obtain a fair share of patronage.

WM STILL,
107 North Fifth Street, Philadelphia

REFERENCES.

J M McKim,	Dr Casper Wister,
Samuel Rhoads,	James Mott,
Duncan Parrish,	Thomas Williamson,
Prof C D Cleveland.	W H Furness.

WANTED.

One or two respectable colored men to a quiet and respectable family to lodge, where they can secure all the comforts of a home, with a furnished room.

INQUIRE,
No. 424 South 7th St., Phila.

A few respectable men can be accommodated with board or lodging, on reasonable terms, at 1627 Lombard Street

N B.—Also a room to let. 3mo.

REV LEWIS S. LEWIS'
FAMILY LINIMENT
IS PREPARED WITH GREAT CARE,
EXPRESSLY FOR FAMILY USE.

Its composition is very simple, containing nothing that is injurious in any form, and there is no danger in its use from exposure to the weather. No family should be without it. Having a wish to benefit mankind in general, and those afflicted in particular—and having had recourse to the article in several cases of rheumatism, bunions, chilblains, and other lameness, it proving to be a remedy in every case—I therefore recommend it to the public.

CERTIFICATES
Providence, R. I., Nov 27, 1861

Rev L. S Lewis Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with the rheumatism eleven years, during which time I tried almost everything, but received no sure relief For the last four months my limbs and joints were so swollen, that at times I could not walk or use my slippers. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and at the first application was instantly relieved After using one or two bottles, I was enabled to enjoy the free use of my limbs. Rev. GEORGE A. RUE

Newport, R. I., October 29, 1861.

Rev L S Lewis Dear Sir: I have been afflicted for a number of years, more or less, with a pain and weakness in my chest, arising from some cause unknown to me. I made two applications of your Liniment, and was relieved. I was attacked with the diphtheria, and was cured by using your Liniment It's worth has proved itself ten times its cost. ANTHONY RANDOLPH

Newport, R. I., Nov. 19, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been cured of stiffening in my joints by using your Liniment. I recommend it to all who are thus troubled. RICHARD WHITE.

Newport, R. I., Nov 17, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—Your Liniment is, truly, all that it is recommended to be. I have tried it, and it has successfully cured my bunions SOPHIA TAYLOR.

Newport, R. I., Oct 7, 1861

Mr. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have had a pain and stiffness in my neck and back for some time. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and applied it twice, which effected a cure. I recommend it to the public Mrs EVELINA DRMOND

Providence, Dec. 10, 1861.

Rev L S Lewis Dear Sir: For upwards of three years I have been very lame at times, arising from a sprain. I have tried a great many things, without any definite results. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and was effectually relieved Mrs PHEBE A MORSE

Newport, R. I., Oct. 10, 1861.

Rev Mr. Lewis—I have been afflicted with the rheumatism for some time. I used your Liniment, which has removed it successfully. It has also cured my sweenied joints. Mrs ELIZABETH THOROUGHGOOD

Newport, R I, Nov 20, 1861.

Rev Mr Lewis—My boy was troubled with the chilblains. I applied your Liniment a few times, and it cured him Mrs. ADELINE JONES.

Stonehill Place, Sept 3, 1861.

Rev. Mr Lewis—I have used your Liniment for rheumatic pains of long standing—also, lameness in the feet, &c. It is a perfect remedy where other things have failed. Mrs. SUSAN GARDINER.

Providence, Rhode Island, Aug. 19, 1861

Rev. L. S Lewis—I have been afflicted for upwards of seven years with swelled joints. I have tried almost everything, without the desired effect. At last I obtained a bottle of your Liniment, which relieved me successfully. Mrs. MARY A. JEWITT.

Providence, Nov., 1861.

Mr L. S. Lewis—I had a very severe attack of rheumatism last fall, during which time I tried almost everything—but nothing so effectual as your Family Liniment. I would not be without it Mrs. LUCY WATERMAN.

MANUFACTURED BY
REV. LEWIS S. LEWIS,
No. 115 Meeting St., Providence, R. I.,

TO WHOM ALL ORDERS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED.

PRICE, 25 CTS PER BOTTLE

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All the latest and best Publications, and a Gift with each Book purchased. Beautifully and appropriately bound copies of the prose and poetical writings of all the standard British and American authors, together with an extensive and superb array of Miscellaneous Books, all embracing the choicest cullings from the fields of Literature!

Magnificent and costly presents, consisting in part of WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND SILVER WARE of the newest styles, and most exquisite finish. All Books are sold at the Publisher's regular prices, and every purchaser to the amount of $1 00, or more, is presented with a Gift, combining utility with ornament, varying in value from

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MRS. H. S. DUTERTE,
General Undertaker and Furnisher,

Respectfully informs her friends and the public, that she still continues the Undertaking business at the old establishment, No. 634 Lombard St., and being thankful for past favors, hopes still to obtain a share of the patronage of the public.

Ready made Coffins always on hand. Also a handsome Hearse and Carriages, with careful drivers, to attend funerals on the most moderate terms.

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MANUFACTURERS OF
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OLIVE SOAP,	STEARN CANDLES,
YELLOW "	ADAMANTINE "
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BROWN "	KINGSFORD'S STARCH,
WHITE "	HARVEY'S "
CASTILE "	WAX,
HONEY "	TALLOW,
PALM "	SAL SODA
PORCINE "	SOFT SOAP.

March 1—1y

FINE CAKE BAKERY.
CONFECTIONERY AND ICE CREAM SALOON,
No. 801 South Street.

Ellis J Poor would announce that he keeps constantly on hand a general assortment of all kinds of Cakes, Creams, Ices, and Pastries

Festivals, Balls, and Private Parties served upon the shortest notice, and warranted to give general satisfaction. Jan. 18—1m.

NOTICE.

To the friends of Religious Literature and human progress of the City and County of Philadelphia:

This certifies that Miss Mary Still is a legally authorized agent for the City and County of Philadelphia, Penna., to solicit subscribers and donations for the Christian Recorder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

We, therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy, and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable, that those to whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to this great cause.

(Signed) ELISHA WEAVER,
Editor & General Book Steward.
No. 910 Pine St., Phila.

For the Christian Recorder.

BUCKS COUNTY SS.—TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS MAY COME.

I, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace, in and for the county of Bucks, do hereby certify that I am acquainted and know Emily Johnson—formerly Rodney, who was married to Samuel Johnson, who was married before William Hawk, Esq., of Bristol, Bucks County, as appears by record on his docket; and after careful examination and mature reflection, I feel myself fully safe in saying that the said Johnson had a wife living at the time he married the said Emily Rodney; and further say that I have the evidence of Daniel Kinmond (local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church) Charles Kinmons, (Class leader) and Benjamin Cummings, (who is exhorter) that he had one or more wives living at the time he married the said Emily Johnson; and the evidence, on affirmation, of the said Emily Johnson, that he had a wife living at the time she married him, which, at the time she married him, she had no knowledge of.

Affirmed and subscribed before me May 6th, 1862. } her Emily X Johnston mark
Wm Blakey J P

THOMAS CHARNOCK,
GENERAL FURNISHING UNDERTAKER
No 427 SOUTH 6TH ST.,
Second Door Below Bethel Church

OUR OWN BOOK-STORE.

Catalogue of Books for Sale at the Book Depository of the A. M. E. Church, located at No. 619 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa.

	Retail price
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Watson's Theological Institute, 2 vols,	4 70
History of Methodism, 2 vols,	3 50
Whedon's Commentary on Matthew and Mark,	1 85
Horne's Introduction to the Bible,	65
Positive Theology,	60
The Poor Preacher	60
Saints' Rest,	50
Pilgrim's Progress,	75
Defence of our Fathers. Bishop Emory,	60
Life of Wesley,	50
Cotel's Dictionary of the Holy Bible, R. S.,	60
Cobb's Concordance,	1 00
The Christian Maiden. Priestley,	75
Our Friends in Heaven,	60
The Sacred Heart. Rev M. P. Gaddis,	75
Sketch Book. Rev. W. C. Smith,	75
Missionary among the Cannibals,	65
Path of Life. Rev. D. Wise,	60
Dr Macanulay in Many Lands.	55
Rudiments of Public Speaking,	50
The Life of Faith Exemplified. Mrs. H. A. Rodgers	50
Little Footprints in Bible Lands	40
The New Lute of Zion. For Choirs,	75
Memoir of Carvosso,	45
Young Man's and Young Lady's Counsellors,	50

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Fine Morocco, with Clasp,	1 12
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Local Preachers' License, per dozen,	38
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Marriage Certificates, etc	

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Lectures to Young Men,	40
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Village Blacksmith	40
Infant Teachers' Manual,	30
Claude's Essay,	40
Gerald and his Friend Philip,	30
Daisy Dawes	30
Girls at School,	30
What Norman Saw in the West,	30
Jane Atherton's Year at School,	30
Little Tiger Lily,	30
Sweet Cora Bell,	35
Hannah Lee	30
Dairyman's Daughter	30
Fletcher's Appeal on Common Sense,	30
Christian's Philosophy	40
Memoir of Mrs. Rodgers,	30
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Holy Angels,	30
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Bible Pictures for Children,	25
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Stories in Verse,	25
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Fletcher's Perfection,	25
Christian's Pattern	15
Little Amy's Falsehood and Four Little Words,	11
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Also, a variety of smaller ones too tedious to mention.	
Sabbath School Hymn Books, per dozen,	1 50
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Questions on the Old Testament,	12
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Also, a variety of Sabbath School Almanacs, little Hymn Books, Missionary Tracts, etc.	

PUBLIC SCHOOL BOOKS.

Course of Composition and Rhetoric,	1 00
First Lessons in English Composition,	00
Weld's Latin Reader, per dozen,	6 00
Greenleaf's Com. School Arithmetic, per doz

THE BIBLE-WOMAN IN LONDON.

A new feature has lately appeared in the exertions of benevolent persons among the distressed poor, and on the lower strata of London life. The Bible-woman is not merely a distributer of the Bible, as the name seems to indicate, but a distributer of all sorts of good things among the families of the poor. She is selected from the better informed and Christian women of the lower class. Sometimes she has risen from the very depths of St. Giles' parish by the instrumentality of the city missionary or the Scripture reader, or the district visitor. She receives 12s. 6d. a week for her services. She sets out every day to visit the sisterhood of sorrow, suffering, and poverty, ostensibly and directly to introduce the Bible, additionally and practically to see what can be done to help the helpless, and to say what can be said to comfort the downcast. It must be obvious to every reflecting mind that a true and cheering word often does more to lift a wretched mother out of her misery than a donation of money or clothes, needful in their place. The mere vulgar philanthropist does not understand this; he recognises no value in anything he can't handle, or weigh, or measure with a foot-rule; but kind words spoken by homely lips waken echoes that do not die, and inspire energies long laid prostrate that rise up and walk. The peculiar adaptation of this movement lies in the fact that the visitor is a woman and the objects visited are mothers and wives. The visitor is not a fine lady, full of sentimental benevolence, afraid of dirt and vulgarities, and keeping well to the windward of the subjects of her instruction; but one who has also been in poverty and trouble, who has lost infants, and knew not how to raise money to bury them—who had a husband and is a widow—who wrestled with poverty and nakedness, and hunger, and can tell what she felt, and how she got out of it, or got comfort in it—"*Quæque ipsa miserima vidi et quorum pars magna fui.*" Such a message knocking at the door of sickness must be welcome. It is human nature in its finest and purest type, giving off its sympathy and sacrifices and services to those who rarely hear a kind, and never an encouraging word.

Since the institution of this new class of laborers in the services of sorrow and suffering, about three years ago, 27,000 Bibles have been sold among the very poorest. The importance of selling, as distinguished from giving, cannot be exaggerated. Bibles lightly got are lightly held by the poor. What they receive gratis finds its way to the pawnbroker's shop in the course of a week or two, while the book for which they have paid 10d. in weekly half-pence, is retained and valued as hard-earned property, and only parted with in the last extremity. It seems to be the universally operative law among the poor that money raised by begging, and Bibles received gratuitously are not valued and speedily squandered. This is the common experience of these Bible-women, and we believe, the experience of the various societies which have directed their labors towards the elevation and instruction of the very lowest. In London alone, 160 Bible-women are visiting the neglected poor from house to house, pointing out ragged schools for their children, places of worship for their parents, clothing clubs, and mothers' meetings, and all other means of ameliorating their lot, and above all, their homes. In improving the domestic condition and management of the homes of the poor these visitors have done incalculable good. It is easily proved that the poor pay a higher price than the rich for everything they consume. They are ignorant of every element of thrift and economy. They live in filth and damp, and emid drying linen and on wet floors. The first victims of epidemics and first, owing to their exhausted constitutions, to sink under its attacks. A discreet and sympathising Bible-woman—we can write from personal knowledge—shows the poor woman where the best and most economical soap can be bought, where fuel can be had at a reasonable price. How easily good soap can be made at a reasonable cost, and the room kept clean and dry, and sweet, at no great expenditure of labor.

One offers a blanket early in the season, as soon as half of the price of it is paid in weekly pennies, and frocks and petticoats for the children cast off by the rich, are given as presents and rewards for tidiness. The effect of persistent treatment of this sort is soon apparent. It should never be forgotten that the poor man flies to the gin-shop, not only because he likes gin, but because he finds there a gas-light, a fire, a sanded floor and a newspaper. He is driven from home by its discomforts, and drawn to the gin-shop by far less objectionable attractions than gin. It is on this account that we cannot rely for the creation of temperate habits on the pledges and prescriptions of teetotal societies, but on the increased comforts, convenience, and cleanliness of the poor man's home. The wife and mother makes home. What she is it becomes. Her temper, tidiness, and economy are its very air, and light, and warmth. On her the Bible-woman sets with a force and a success which no other instrumentality has reached, and through her on children and fathers with a permanence it is impossible to dispute. We have no desire to question, far from it, the value of the labors of the city missionary. He is first and remains longest where vice, and fever, and ignorance reign. But, viewing the action of the Bible-woman on domestic and social life, regarding it as a means of training the poor from the dunghill and netting them, not indeed among princes, but among the decencies of the earth, we hold the mission of the Bible-woman to be a practical, comprehensive and effective agency. It secures an entrance inaccessible to others. It makes the sale of the Bible a pioneer to a many-sided and kindly influence. It receives a welcome which woman full of sympathy will always receive from woman full of sorrow. It supplies a link long lost, and occupies a field long neglected, and we hope it will receive an encouragement and support long withheld.—*London Times.*

THE EXTENT OF THE CREATION.

The distance of the nearest fixed star had been ascertained. It was the achievement of the illustrious Bessel. To reckon the distance of that star in miles would only bewilder. We must assume another unit, namely, the velocity of light. In eight minutes light rushes from the sun. From the highest fixed star it comes not in less than ten years, and would require thousands to cross our galaxy. Employing this standard of measure, the lecturer sets forth, in a way we have not space to report, the vast *extent* and wonderful *duration* of God's works, and their probable unity as one unspeakably grand system with a common centre. On this point of a common centre for all creation there might be two opinions; either the whole revolves about a common centre of gravity—a mere geometrical point—or round some wondrous body or mass sufficient to sway the whole into harmony; the only immovable thing that is—of magnitude past utterance, unimaginable, a boundless orb, surpassing in its own stupendous solidity all the firmaments of immensity together rolled—a region of God born resplendence, of light inaccessible and full of glory, the heaven of heavens, the home of light, the holy of holies, the throne and the sanctuary of the ineffable I AM!

Before the awful throne I leave you. I leave you there to wonder and adore. I leave you in the great presence of the Omnipotent. I leave you to look upon the Ancient of Days, who was before all things. But while I leave you thus, in awful reverence prone, and penetrated with the insignificance of yourselves and your dwelling-place, I put you in remembrance that the Creator's love is as boundless as his power as lasting as his eternity, and that he has been pleased to choose this little world of ours as the scene of the most marvellous work that creation has ever beheld, and fruit man as the subject of a restoration even more glorious than the wearing of a firmament; for a living mind is better than a dead universe, and the raising of a new creature from the ruins of a lost soul is at once the grandest and the costliest achievement of Omnipotence.—*Le Comte Nairne.*

NO VICES—NO VIRTUES.—"I recollect once being outside a stage in Illinois, and a man alighting by me offered me a cigar. I told him I had no vices. He said nothing, smoked for some time, and then grunted out, 'It's my experience that folks who have no vices have few virtues.'"

HYMN FOR THE UNIVERSE.

Roll on, thou Sun, forever roll,
Thou giant, rushing through the heaven,
Creation's wonder, nature's soul,
Thy garb with rich array angels craven,
The planets die without thy rays,
And darkness with its star-veil'd way
Flies in terror command each ray,
Thou brighter ardors in their keep.

Roll, lovely Earth! and still roll on,
With nature's many beauty bound,
While sun-rays, stars, the purple Moon,
Pursue thee through the blue profound;
And angels with delighted eyes
Behold thy tents of mount and stream,
From the high walls of paradise,
Swift-wheeling like a glorious dream

Roll, Planets! on your dazzling road,
For ever sweeping round the sun;
What eye beheld when first ye glowed!
What eye shall see your courses done!
Roll in your atomic majesty,
Ye deathless splendors of the skies!
High altars, from which angels see
The increase of creation rise.

Roll, Comets! and ye million Stars!
Ye that through loneliness nature roam;
Ye memories on your flame-winged cars;
Tell us in what more glorious dome—
What orb to which your lamps are dim,
What kingdom but by angels trod—
Tell us, where swells the eternal hymn
Around His throne—where dwells your God!

THE JEW'S LEAP.

Captain Riley, and his fellow-sufferers from shipwreck, in their journey from Santa Cruz towards Mogadore, crossed a remarkably dangerous and frightful pass called "The Jew's Leap." "The path," says Captain Riley, "which we were obliged to follow, was not more than two feet wide in one place, and on our left it broke off in a precipice of some hundred feet deep. The smallest slip of the mule or camel would have plunged the beast and its rider down the rocks to inevitable and instant death, as there was no bush or twig or anything to lay hold of, by which a man might save his life. Very fortunately for us, there had been no rain for a considerable time previous, so that the road was now dry. Rain told me it was never attempted when it was wet, and that many fatal accidents had happened there within his remembrance. One of these accidents he said he would mention

A company of Jews, six in number, proceeding from Santa Cruz to Morocco, came to this place with their loaded mules, after sunset, but in the twilight, and being very anxious to get past the precipice before night, they did not take precaution to look out and call aloud before they entered on it; for there is a place built at each end of this dangerous piece of road, from which a traveller may see if there are others on it, and the path or road not being quite half a mile in length, a person, by shouting lustily, can be heard from one end to the other. A company of Moors had entered at the other end, going towards Santa Cruz, at the same time; and they also, supposing that no others would dare pass it at that hour, came on without the usual precaution. When about halfway over, and unfortunately in the very spot where the parties met, there was no way of passing each other, or turning about to back either way. The Moors were mounted as well as the Jews; neither party would retire, nor would any one except the foremost get off his mule. The Moors soon became outrageous, and threatened to throw the Jews down headlong. The Jews, though they had always been treated like slaves, and forced to submit to every insult and indignity, yet finding themselves in this perilous situation, without the possibility of retiring, were unwilling to break their necks merely to accommodate the Moors. The foremost Jew carefully dismounted by getting over the head of his mule, bearing a stout stick in his hand; the Moor nearest him did the same, and came forward to attack him with his scimitar. Both Jew and Moor were fighting for their lives, as neither could retreat; the Jew's mule was first pitched down the craggy steep, and dashed to atoms by the fall. The Jew's stick was next hacked to pieces by the scimitar; when, finding it impossible to save his life, he seized the Moor in his arms, and springing off the precipice, both were instantly hurled to destruction. Two of the other Jews and one of the Moors lost their lives in the same way, together with eight mules! and the three Jews who made shift to escape, were hunted down and killed by the relations of the Moors who had lost their lives on the pass, and the pass has ever since been called "The Jew's Leap." It is, indeed, enough to produce dizziness, even in the head of a sailor; and if I had been told the story,' said the captain, "when I was sitting on this frightful ridge, I am not certain but that my imagination might have disturbed my faculties, and rendered me incapable of proceeding with safety along this perilous path." We must admit that it is a story to which we can listen with much more composure on a bright morning at one's own fireside, than on a dusky evening at the edge of the precipice.

A SINGULAR DISCOVERY OF MURDER.

A few years ago, a Mr. Martin was murdered at a place called Bilgay, and this murder was afterwards discovered in a most singular manner. The crime was committed on the 9th of February, on the high road, at one o'clock in the afternoon. The shot entered Mr. Martin's heart, and he fell down dead. He was returning from collecting some small sums of money, and had only five guineas about him, of which he was robbed, as well as of his watch and ring. The charge of the gun was rammed down with a written paper. This had been carefully taken up and carried away with the body. The writing was still legible. On this piece of paper there were expressions which are used in glass manufactories; but the paper was old, and bearing a date of near fifteen years back. Upon this single indication, the officer went to the owner of the glass manufactory at Bilney, examined his books, and succeeded in finding an article relative to the delivery of some glass, of which the paper in question was the bill of parcels. The suspicion immediately fell on the son-in-law of this individual. The man had been out of the country for ten years, and had only recently returned. Orders were given to arrest the person suspected. When the officers came to him, he was on his knees in a state of terror. In his fright he confessed the murder, and then showed where the watch and ring were to be found concealed beneath the thatch of his house. By this slight event of an undestroyed scrap of paper, justice overtook the offender. The remarkable manner in which offenders are detected, was lately seen in the case of a robbery. After the robbery, an officer, while walking in the streets of London, met two men of ill repute, and remarked that both of the men were wearing new boots. He took it for granted that these men had been confederates in some burglary, and that these boots were the results of the spoil. Upon this slight circumstance, the officer apprehended the men, and these men proved to be the identical persons who had committed the recent robbery, to which there was not the slightest clue, had not the offenders been betrayed by their own boots!

THE BRITISH REVENUE

The total revenue of the United Kingdom for the year ending June 30th, 1862, amounted to £69,685,780, derived from the following sources:

Customs,	£23,611,000
Excise,	18,047,000
Stamps,	8,657,945
Taxes,	3,154,000
Property Tax,	10,519,000
Post Office,	3,551,000
Crown Lands,	299,000
Miscellaneous,	1,802,844

Compared with the preceding year, the revenue shows a net decrease of £2,177,305, the falling off having taken place in the excise duty on paper, which has been abolished, and in property tax, which has been reduced during the year. The items of customs, stamps, post office, and miscellaneous show a fair increase over those of 1861. The last quarter differs but slightly from the corresponding one of last year.

The London *Times*, in its review of the government finances, observes, that for some time to come, to make ends meet the country must look not to any increase in the revenue, as to a decrease in the expenditure.

STEWART AND THE DRY GOODS TRADE

The Continental Monthly for November contains a sketch of *Stewart and the Dry Goods Trade of New York*, from which, as our readers may be curious to know something of this celebrated merchant, we gather a few facts.

Mr Stewart was, in his early years, engaged in teaching, but soon changed his employment for a small mercantile business. He commenced with but a limited capital, and opened a store on Broadway in 1827. This little concern in which he then was salesman, buyer, financier, and sole manager, has gradually increased in importance until it has become the present splendid establishment, whose name and fame are heard everywhere. The marble block which the firm now occupies was built nearly twenty years ago. It had been the site of an old-fashioned hotel called the 'Washington,' which had been destroyed by fire. Mr. Stewart bought the plot at auction for $70,000, a sum which now would be considered beneath half its value. To this was subsequently added adjacent lots in Broadway, Reade, and Chambers streets, and the present magnificent pile was reared. This establishment, large as it is, is still too small for the increasing business. Hence another mercantile palace has been erected by Mr. Stewart, in Broadway near Tenth street. This is intended for the retail trade, and is, no doubt, the most convenient as well as the most splendid structure of the kind in the world. After the retail department shall have been thus removed up town, the present store will be devoted to the wholesale trade. The firm of A. T. Stewart and Co., consists of Mr. Stewart and two partners, one of whom, Mr Fox, resides in Manchester, the other, Mr. Warton, in Paris. These gentlemen, with other persons acting as agents in the principal cities of Europe, are constantly engaged in furnishing the house with supplies of goods.

The amount of annual sales is not known to any but the managers of the concern. It has been estimated at from ten to twenty millions. In the retail department, the proceeds of which are included in this estimate, the daily sales vary, according to the weather and the season, from three thousand to twelve thousand dollars.

If the question be asked, by what means Mr. Stewart attained his present position, the answer is, by patient toil and forty years of close application to business. His remarkably fine taste in the selection of dress articles, by means of which he was always able to have better goods than his competitors, probably led to his first success. But an accidental quality like this, without the other elements of talent, could never save a merchant from bankruptcy. Mr. Stewart has everything reduced to a perfect system. Each branch of his trade is under a special manager, who is selected with a view to his qualifications for that department. The numerous failures which take place among the business men of New York give him his choice among them for his managers, so that he is always able to find the kind of men he needs and whom he can trust. He is an accurate judge of character, possessing a penetration which enables him to read man at a glance; so that it is rarely, if ever, that he is deceived. He sits close in his office, is seldom seen in the sales-rooms, or among his clerks, yet seems to know everything that is going on throughout the establishment.

It is said, so accurate is his comprehension of all the departments, that his clerks sometimes imagine that he has an invisible telegraph girdling the whole building. The men have a saying that if any one of them is absent, he is the one to be first called for.

But few of the thousands who trade at Stewart's ever get sight of the proprietor. He is only to be found at his office, which is situated on the second story, on the side of the house looking into Chambers street. Here he sits at his desk, absorbed by his responsibilities, directing the various energies of the great body of which he is the head. None, except a man of the highest executive ability, could endure the constant care, the earnest effort. He is the hardest worker in the concern.

It is not generally known that during these hours of application, and while engrossed in the management of his immense operations, no one is allowed to address him personally until his errand or business shall have been first laid before a subordinate. If it is of such a character that that gentleman can attend to it, it goes no further, and hence it rests with him to communicate it to his principal. To illustrate this circumstance, we relate the following incident: A few weeks ago a person entered the wholesale department, with an air of great importance, and demanded to see the proprietor. That proprietor could be very rarely seen, as he was sitting in his office, but the stranger was courteously met by the assistant, with the usual inquiry as to the nature of his business. The stranger, who was a government man, bristled up and exclaimed, indignantly, 'Sir, I come from Mr. Lincoln, and shall tell my business to no one but Mr. Stewart.' 'Sir,' replied the inevitable Mr Brown, 'if Mr. Lincoln himself were to come here, he would not see Mr. Stewart until he should have first told me his business.'"

Mr. Stewart's aspect and manners are plain and simple. There is nothing in his appearance to denote that he is more than a quiet, prosperous citizen, of respectable position in society.—*Methodist.*

THE JUDGE AND HIS DEMIJOHN.

A good story is told of Judge Lewis, of New Hampshire. He always kept a demijohn of good Jamaica in his private office for his particular friends. The judge had noticed for some time past, that on Monday morning his Jamaica was considerably lighter than he had left it on Saturday night. Another fact had established itself in his mind. His son Sam was missing from the paternal pew in church on Sabbaths. One Sabbath afternoon, Sam came in and went up stairs rather heavily, when the judge put the questing politedly to him—"Sam, where have you been?" "To church, sir." "Had a good sermon, Sam?" "Very powerful, sir; it quite staggered me." "Ah, I see," said the judge, "quite powerful—quite powerful!" The next Sabbath the son came home rather earlier than usual, and apparently not so much "under the weather." His father hailed him with, "Well, Sam, been to the 'Second Methodist' again to-day?" "Yes, sir." "Good sermon, my boy?" "Fact was, father, that I couldn't get in; the church was shut up and a ticket on the door." "Sorry, Sam; keep going—you may get some good by it yet." Sam says that on going to the office for his usual spiritual refreshment, he found the "John" empty, and bearing the following label: "There will be no service here to-day, the church is temporarily closed."

THE WANDERING JEW.

A Polish Jew, one Abraham Kalisch, having come to London to gain his livelihood as a peddler, and by begging from his wealthier brethren, was once assailed, on passing London Bridge, by a Christian, whom his long, reddish beard seemed to displease, and who, after some abuse in words, violently pulled the said beard. The crowd that quickly gathered, pitying the case, inoffensive Jew, laid hold of the assailant, and delivered him over to the police. He was prosecuted, in due course, and sentenced to pay to Abraham Kalisch the sum of thirty pounds damages. As soon as Abraham Kalisch had the thirty pounds in his pocket, and some ten pounds beside, previously earned by "trade," he returned to Poland, and made his appearance in his native town as a wealthy man, the owner of forty pounds—more than six hundred florins! Scorning the wretched life of a peddler, he now opened a shop with a glass front, and stocked it well with old clothes, and even with some new ones, besides boots and ribbons. He thus became the envy and pride of the community. All people were at a loss to understand how Abraham Kalisch in so short a time had become so rich in London; nor did Abraham Kalisch ever, by word or hint, betray his secret, until one evening when Leib Chasid, an old friend of his, and with a reddish beard like his own, seated with him at the fireside, said: "Abraham Kalisch, may you live long! Have you any idea of returning to London?"

"Leib Chasid, I have not," replied Abraham Kalisch.

"As true as you live?"

"As true as I live."

"Well, then, Abraham, why will you withhold from a brother the secret by which you made your fortune in that city? You left this country a poor ragged youth, and God Almighty sent you back as the wealthy Abraham Kalisch. Do you think the Lord performs such things for the benefit of a single individual alone, and not for your starving brother? May you live long! but would you appear before His throne with the responsibility of having left in misery a brother, whom a word from your lips could have made happy? Would you? May envy be far from your soul; but by your silence you incur the suspicion of envying a brother the chance of becoming as happy and wealthy as yourself. Now, in His holy name, I conjure thee, brother, to intrust me with thy secret and I promise never to return to this town, and never to set up shop in competition with thee."

Abraham Kalisch replied, "Who can see the ways of God? They are mysterious; and it is a mystery how I became rich; but as true as God lives, I will tell you all about it.

"Well, I am listening, brother; my heart stands still from anxiety."

"Now, Leib Chasid, suppose you go to London, and when there you ask for a bridge called London Bridge. You walk upon that bridge, when there will come a man who will curse you and pull your beard, upon which this man will pay you thirty pieces of gold. This is all."

The same evening Leib Chasid left for London. Although many, many years have elapsed since then, he still walks up and down London Bridge, and if at midnight, on passing along the bridge, you meet a man in a black robe (caftan,) and with a long, reddish beard, who whispers to you: "Zupf mee" (pull my beard,) it is Leib Chasid.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE law is a pretty bird, and has charming wings. 'Twould be quite a bird of Paradise, if it didn't carry such a terrible bill.

THE men who deserve, if they do not find, the greatest favor among women, are husband-men.

A PLUSH of hope renders toil and trial beautiful, as the sunbeam gives a sparkle to the winter's frost.

To all men the best friend is virtue; the best companions are high endeavors and honorable sentiments.

A MAN can't help what has been done behind his back, as the scamp said when he was kicked out of doors.

WHAT can the poor Rebel Confederacy do now?—moneyless, saltless, ramless, hopeless, lawless, and Godless.

DURING a recent visit of the school-ship Massachusetts to Hyannis, the citizens were invited to visit the vessel, and many did so. One old lady, after looking all over a nicely polished brass cannon, remarked, "Why! what a big spy-glass that is."

AT the Yale commencement exercises on the 31st ult., as the long line of assembled wisdom was entering the church—grave professors, venerable alumni, ambitious graduates, etc.—a rural gentleman standing by innocently interrogated, "What regiment is that?"

FIGHTING FOR FAME.—Two boys going home one day, found a box on the road, and disputed who was the finder. They fought the whole afternoon without coming to a decision. At last they agreed to divide the contents equally, but on opening the box, lo and behold! it was empty. Few wars have been more profitable than this to the parties concerned.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—Some months since the steamer Great Eastern arrived at New York, but in going through the sound she struck a sunken rock, and stove a large hole in her bottom. She still remains at one of the piers of New York, unrepaired, and there is no dock large enough to receive her, that repairs may be made. Her officers dare not cross the ocean in her as she is, and the only way of getting at the hole is by building a coffer-dam under her. This is now being attempted, but it is not certain that the experiment will be successful. She is represented as a very filthy craft, no pains being taken to keep her clean, or even decent.

Family Circle.

THE BIRD'S NEST

There's a nest in the hedge-row
Half hid by the leaves,
Amid the spray's white blossoms,
Bend o'er it like eaves.

God gave them their lodging,
He gives them their food,
And they trust he will give them
Whatever is good.

Ah! when your pure blessings,
My child, you forget,
When for some little trouble
You murmur and fret,

Hear sweet voices singing
In hedges and trees—
Will you be the less thankful,
Less trustful than these?

—*Presbyterian.*

THE BELOVED WIFE.

Only let a woman be sure that she is precious to her husband—not useful, not valuable, not convenient, simply, but lovely and beloved; let her be the recipient of his polite and hearty attentions; let her feel that her care and love are noticed, appreciated, and returned; let her opinion be asked, her approval sought, and her judgment respected in matters of which she is cognizant; in short, let her only be loved, honored and cherished in fulfillment of the marriage vow, and she will be to her husband, and her children, and society, a well spring of pleasure. She will bear pain, and toil, and anxiety; for her husband's love is to her as a tower and fortress. Shielded and sheltered therein, adversity will have lost its sting. She may suffer, but sympathy may dull the edge of her sorrow. A house with love in it—and by love, I mean love expressed in words, and looks, and deeds, for I have not one spark of faith in the love that never crops out—is to a house without love, as a person to a machine; the one is life, the other mechanism.

The unloved woman may have bread just as light, a house just as tidy as the other, but the latter has a spring of beauty about her, a joyousness, an aggressive, and penetrating, and pervading brightness, to which the former is a stranger. The deep happiness in her heart shines out in her face. She is a ray of sunlight in the house. She gleams all over it. It is airy, and gay, and graceful, and warm, and welcoming with her presence. She is full of devices, and plots, and sweet surprises for her husband and family. She has never done with the romance and poetry of life. She is herself a lyric poem, setting herself to all pure and gracious melodies. Humble household ways and duties have for her a golden significance. The prize makes the calling high, and the end dignifies the means. Her home is a paradise, not aimless, not pointless, but still a paradise; for "Love is Heaven, and Heaven is Love."

A LITTLE girl of three years, from beyond the Mississippi, who had never seen an apple-tree in full bloom, saw one in Ohio. She lifted her fat hands in the attitude of devotion, and exclaimed, "See God's big bouquet!"

I ASKED little Carrie once—
"When you eat a cookie with a hole in it, what do you do with the hole?"
"Oh," replied she, with perfect seriousness, "I leave the hole."

"THERE, now," cried a little girl while rummaging a drawer in a bureau, "there, now, grandpa has gone to heaven without his spectacles."

A STORY ABOUT PERU.

I am going to tell you a story about some strange people who lived in a far off country long ago. Get your book of maps. Find out the map of South America. Do you see that narrow strip of land bounded on the west by the Pacific ocean, hemmed in on the opposite side by a vast range of mountains? That country used to be called the Empire of Peru. Those mountains are the Andes. Volcanoes flame up here and there; frightful rents are in their sides, but high above all the smoke and moss, even above the clouds, the bolder peaks lift their heads in a veil of dazzling snow, and a great bird called the condor looks down at them as his broad wings bear him where scarcely any other bird would dare to soar.

People say that the name Andes means "copper," but these old mountains deserve to be called "gold mountains" instead. For many a mine of gold lies, no doubt, hidden in their dark depths, and the streams that rush down their sides carry golden seeds. Three hundred and fifty years ago the Peruvian Indians lived in the shadow of the Andes under the rule of their race, or king. In some places the gold lay so near the surface that a shrub accidentally pulled from the mountain side by some active climber, as he tried to scale the rugged steps of splintered rock, was enough to reveal the precious ore beneath. The finder would, of course, like to enrich himself; but if the Inca heard of the treasure he would claim it all. The entire gold of the country was considered the Inca's property, which he might use in ornamenting his palace, or present to the Temple of the Sun; for the Peruvians worshipped the sun, moon, and stars.

You are much shocked at this idolatry, I am sure. It is indeed a dreadful thing to be ignorant of the true God. But the Indians in Peru had no Bible. They saw that the sun was gloriously bright; that it gave light and warmth to everything, woke up the flowers and ripened the waving fields of corn; so, not knowing God who made the sun and calls himself "the Father of lights," they verily prayed to the works of his hands. They built temples, and adorned them with precious stones and masses of pure gold, to which they gave the pretty name of "sun tears." There were temples of the moon, also; but they were not so large or grand as those of the sun, and all the ornaments in them were made of silver. The stars and the rainbow, the thunder, lightning, and the planet Venus were also honored with incense and prayers. A great number of priests lived near the temples, ever ready to offer sacrifices of animals, grain, flowers, and sweet-scented gums, or join in one of the many feasts which were celebrated every month in honor of the sun.

But this was not all; for on grand occasions, such as the crowning of their Incas, the birth of an heir to the throne, or a great victory, a little child or a lovely young girl was cruelly chosen as the victim. So you see the hearts of these sun worshippers were cold, and dark, and wicked. Yours and mine are cold, and dark, and wicked too, except the love of Jesus has shone into them.

Instead, however, of wondering at the ignorance of the Peruvians, we are rather surprised that they made so many guesses at the truth. Perhaps they faintly remembered that their fathers had learned ages before, when the sons of Noah began to people the world a second time. They had some notion of heaven and hell, and knew that the soul lives forever, and that the body will rise again. But instead of laying their friends' bodies in the dust, as we do, to sleep until the resurrection morning, they made many efforts to preserve them from decay. So successful were these attempts, that if we had been in Cuzco, their greatest city, and had been allowed to walk through the Sun temple there, we might have seen long rows of dead kings and queens, not in their coffins, but sitting in golden chairs, dressed in royal robes, with their heads bent forward, their hands crossed on their bosoms, and their dusky faces wearing the wrinkles or the smile they had borne in life. And still sadder and stranger it would have been to see hundreds of the friends and servants of the dead Incs murdered with his tomb, that they might go to keep him company in another world. On some of the grand festivals invitations used to be sent out in the dead king's name, and a great party gathered at his house. Then the embalmed king was carried there, and placed at the head of his own table, and the guests ate their feast in presence of their ghastly host.

Would you like, now, to hear about the schools in Peru, and how the children managed to learn their lessons without books? Every child was obliged to be busy: idleness was punished as a crime. The little girls learned to spin and weave. The boys were taught to be masons, or stone-cutters, or road-makers, or miners. Some of them learned to make the gold and silver articles that adorned the palaces and temples, and many were trained to be soldiers; for the Peruvians were ever ready to fight with their neighbors. Doubtless, the little boys thought it would be very grand to carry a sword, and shield, and bow, and wear gay feathers, while they marched to battle under the rainbow flag of the Incs. They forgot that war always makes some children orphans, and that, next to sin, it is the most awful curse of our world.

But it was only the children of the rich who were taught what we would now call "book learning." These were put under the care of "amautas," or wise men, who told them stories about what happened long ago, taught them to speak their own language correctly, and instructed them in the laws and religion of Peru. These were their history, grammar and geography lessons. But no little Peruvian boy had to learn his alphabet, or write a copy, or bring his slate for sums. The use of letters and figures or even picture-writing, such as had been employed by the Egyptians and Mexicans, was unknown in Peru, so, of course, they had no books there. How do you think, then, they communicated their thoughts to persons at a distance, or laid them up for future generations? They tried to do so by means of quipus. The quipus was a cord made of many different colored threads, twisted together and tied in knots. Quipu means a knot. The different colored and many knotted threads had various meanings; red signified war; white, peace; yellow, gold; and the knots were so arranged as to express any desired number. Still, though the Peruvians learned to be very skilful in using these knotted cords, they were a poor substitute for written or printed characters. The quipus could at best only suggest thoughts, while with us twenty-six little letters can be made to express everything we know, desire, or love, bring to us the very words of those long dead, and convey our own to the most distant parts of the world. So, you see, that if the Peruvian children had no lesson-books, they had no story-books either. Worst of all, they had no Bible.

How much longer they might have lived under the government of their Incas, we cannot say, had not a nation far across the sea been tempted to invade the country. These people were the Spaniards. The prize which tempted them to Peru was gold. About 1511 a report reached Spain that there was a country on a distant shore, where gold and silver were as plentiful as iron was in Europe; but the exact position of this land remained a matter of doubt. Although some unsuccessful attempts at discovery were made very early, it was not until the close of the year 1531 that Francisco Pizarro, whose name has become famous in history for his cruelty, avarice, ambition, courage and success, landed in Peru. The simple natives were unable to resist the superior skill of European soldiers; the Inca was taken prisoner and slain, his treasures seized, and his chief city plundered. After ten years of bloodshed, Peru passed into the hands of Spain; but Pizarro, who had at the price of so much sin and sorrow won this bright Indian jewel for his country's crown, fell a victim to the hatred of his own countrymen. He was secretly killed in the city of Cuzco, where he had gained his greatest triumphs and committed his greatest crimes.

Sad indeed is the story of the conquest of Peru; but saddest of all, that men who bore the holy name of Christian, and carried the cross as their badge, should have had a little of the spirit of Jesus, who came into the world, not to destroy men's lives, but to save them.—*Truth's Champion.*

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Notice.—All letters and matters pertaining to the Book Concern subscribers, sale of papers, and all moneys belonging to Book Concern or for paper, must be directed to Rev Elisha Weaver, Box No 324, Philadelphia, and all matters sent by express, and in our city, must be directed to E. Weaver, No. 619 Pine St.

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Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder.

O, THOU ART GONE!

BY MRS. ELIZA DIXON.

Her form was graceful, and her eyes were bright,
Like morning skies when robed in cloudless light—
A queenly dignity sat on her mien:
With pride I spoke it, and 'twas plainly seen
Her God she loved the most, her husband next.
From duty aught could turn her. No pretext
Urged by a friend could lead her from the truth.
Pure as a sunbeam from her very youth,
Who did not love her! Who did see her face
But saw a mirror full of light and grace!
Hers was an angel's heart, as pure and high
As the bright sun that gilds the noon-day sky.
Oh! Hannah, Hannah, thou art gone, my love,
To see the glories of the world above.

O, holy virtue! Such thy pleasures are,
They banish sorrow, and they banish fear.
Thy gifts are crowns; thy palaces are gold,
Rising in grandeur, glorious to behold;
Thy gates are precious stones, thy rivers love;
Thy fruits the glories of the climes above.
No fang of asp, no scorpion's sting is there,
No breath of sin pollutes the limpid air.
There is not heard the voice of stormy strife,
And death ne'er treads that land of endless life.

Selected for the Christian Recorder.

[illegible].

Alone, at midnight, as he knelt, his spirit was aware
Of somewhat falling in between the silence and the prayer;

A bolt's dull clanger that hath sped so far, it thinks and does
So soon as it hath reached the ear wherein its errand lies;

And as he rose up from his knees, his spirit was aware
Of somewhat, forceful and unseen, that sought to hold him there;

As of a Form that stood behind, and on his shoulders prest
Both hands, to stay his rising up, and somewhat in his breast.

In accents clearer far than words, spake, "Pray yet longer, pray,
For one that ever prayed for thee, this night hath passed away;

"A soul, that climbing hour by hour the silver-shining stair
That leads to God's great treasure-house, grew covetous; and there

"Was stored no blessing and no boon, for thee she did not claim,
(So lowly, yet importunate!) and ever with thy name

"She linked—that none in earth or heaven might hinder it or stay—
One Other Name, so strong, that thine hath never missed its way.

"This very night within my arms this gracious soul I drew
Within the Gate, where many a prayer of hers had gone before;

"And where she resteth, evermore one constant song they raise
Of 'Holy, holy,' so that now I know not if she prays;

"But for the voice of praise in Heaven, a voice of Prayer hath gone
From Earth; thy name upriseth now no more; pray on, pray on!"

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Editor:—Though I am laboring under a severed head, yet a few words from the capital might be of interest to some.

Our city is verging back to its usual activity, or to that activity which it usually presents in time of Congress. Senators, Representatives, Clerks, Phonographers, &c., are pouring in continually, preparatory to the opening of one of the most telling sessions which I think will ever convene in Washington. The results of this Congress will touch the nation's heart-strings more than any previous one, not because destinies fraught with more interest should depend upon it, (except to the colored) but because that around which the nation's sympathy twirls, will be touched. I may be mistaken, I hope I am; but if any one will closely watch the sentiments of this nation as they are expressed in the papers, speeches, orations, and periodicals throughout the entire country, they will see that many who profess loyalty, had rather see the nation severed to atoms, than that the oppressed should go free. The deep concern now with thousands, is what the President is going to do with the negroes? They will tell you that they ought to be free. But if he is freed, what is he going to do *for* a livelihood, and where is he going to locate, &c.?

I would like to have the pleasure of whispering into their ears, the following words:

1st. That if we are freed, we intend to do as other men and women do:—*Just as we please.* Work when we get ready, eat when we have it, wash when we get dirty, sleep when it is night, get up in the morning, get married when we are suited, fight wars if we can't have peace, serve God or the devil, and die when we can't live But we never intend to be human chattels again, *World without end,* Amen

2d. As to where we are going; we have all the world before us. We are going to visit each other; going to pray when we get ready; in short, we are going *just where we please;* going to church, going to stay here, going away, going to Africa, Hayti, Central America, England, France, Egypt, and Jerusalem; and then we are going to the jail, gallows, penitentiary, whipping-post, to the grave, heaven, and hell. But we do not intend to be sent to either place unless we choose. But I tell you what we will have to do; If this nation don't mind, we will have to settle this American war. Talk about the mediation of France and England! We will be the mediator, if things don't change.

But you ask what am I grumbling about. Has not the President issued his emancipation proclamation? Yes, he has, but the hearts of the people have not The President has, but the country has not; and it must be done; else God will blow out the sun, burn up the sea, and thunder his wrath abroad.

Rev. Bishop Payne preached a missionary sermon last Sabbath afternoon in Israel Church. It had been announced on Saturday through the papers, and consequently it brought together a large concourse of both white and colored. His reasoning was masterly, but did not carry upon it that fervid pathos which often distinguishes his able efforts. He also lectured on Monday night before the Israel Lyceum, an organization lately formed. In this effort the Bishop so far surpassed the most sanguine expectations, that one could hardly value the lecture for admiring the man

Those who heard it will never forget it. The papers spoke of him the next day, as being acquainted with the encyclopedia of science, and an oriental and modern linguist; at the conclusion of which, he paid a glowing tribute to the industry of the pastor and congregation of Israel Church, for the improvements lately made thereon.

Prof. A. M. Green lectured before the Island Literary Association on Monday night, 20th inst. The subject was, "Things learned in the School Mythology." Permit me to say, that he handled his subject in a manner, that it appears none but the Professor could have done. He went back in the fields of Mythology, and brought out symbols browed with an inferential lustre; and canvassed them in such majestic diagrams, portraying them at the same time, in all that archetypal homogeneousness, which were peculiar in their day; so beautifully, that those present could not forbear saying, *You are a smart man.*

Thanksgiving day was celebrated in all circles throughout the city. But we will merely notice that part which relates to the contrabands.

Several members of the Freed Men Association, resolved, with the assistance of the several colored churches, to give the contrabands a dinner, as an expression of our regard, and of their welcome in our midst. However, the different churches last Sabbath collected for that purpose very liberally. The Asbury M. E. Church (colored) collected $51; Union Bethel A M E. Church, $30; 15th street Presbyterian, $27. Israel Church took up no collection, but by the advice of the pastor, each one sent whatever they chose to give to the pastor's study; from whence it was carried to the contraband quarters in a wagon Consequently on Thursday morning his office was thronged with incomers and outgoers, bringing baked chickens, turkeys, pigs, pies, custards, apples, almonds, candies, &c., to the amount of about $50; some estimated it at about $60, but I think it was worth about $50. I did not hear what the first Baptist Church did, but I am certain it acted nobly. Neither did I hear the sum from the other churches. But every thing was in order by 12 o'clock, at which time they commenced dining. The number of contrabands and citizens present were about two thousand, many of whom (I mean citizens) joined in the jaw-working operation.

Shortly after one o'clock, a stand was erected, and everybody clustered around. The President of the day introduced Rev. Bishop Payne, whose address was much admired. After which, Senator Pomeroy, Rev. Mr. Mitchell, Emigration Agent, the President's Private Secretary, Professor A. M. Green, Rev. H. M. Turner, and others none less estimable, delivered addresses.

The contrabands evinced through the entire course of the many lectures, a great deal of intelligence. The lectures were made up of the best of language, and many points were abstrusely stated, but when any thing suited them, it would be responded to, by glory to God, or Amen, or Hallelujah. It let gainsayers see, that we could understand something else, besides, *dis, dat,* and *dem.* But the most contemptible thing about the affair was, that some tried to turn it into an emigration meeting; now I am not so tight-brained, as not to want any thing said about emigration. My sentiments are, let it be discussed, and let those go who wish, and those stay who desire; let us have a free expression about it, for all this helps to develop intellect; it sets men to studying the physical and geographical condition of the globe. But to talk about moving the colored people from this country is foolishness. Though Professor Green in his able speech on the occasion, tore the entrails out of those who broached the subject, I am sorry that any thing was said only what tended to their elevation.

The contraband convention met the same evening at Union Bethel Church, but for want of the constitution, adjourned without doing any thing more than discharging the committee which had been appointed to draft it, and appointing another. Some resolutions were offered and passed. I was very much surprised to see them adopt Jefferson's Manual as a parliamentary guide; a book never designed to govern deliberative bodies, but prepared only for Legislative and Congressional halls. The President, however, (Mr. Wm. Slade) entered his protest to it; yet, on the other hand, the house loomed with intelligence: some exemplary speeches were made. They meet again on next Thursday evening. I have been requested by a member of the C. S. S. Society, to mention the trial of Mr. E. M. Thomas: all I care to say about it is, *Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.*

Several marriages came off on the 27th inst., but we will only mention two.

Miss Harriet S. Middleton, to Mr. Wm. P. Rider, by Rev. I. D. Brooks.

And Miss Mary Ann Burke, to Mr. Benjamin C. Bennett, by Rev. H. M. Turner

There was also a grand supper given in Ebenezer Church, Georgetown, D. C., on the evening of the 27th inst. H. M T

Washington, Nov 28th, 1862.

Mr. Editor:—*Whereas,* Several letters have been sent to me, from the North, and many relative to business demanding an immediate reply.

And Whereas, Several have been detained in the office for weeks, consequent upon not being numbered, please let me request them through your columns, to address South East Street, 03, Washington, D. C.

H M Turner.

No day without a line—Nulla dies sine linea—the maxim of an eminent painter. Practice makes perfect

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM BISHOP NAZREY

Mr Editor:—After a few days' silence, I again speak to the Church and the numerous readers of the *Recorder* about matters and things according to notice. The Sabbath School Convention met in Philadelphia; and, after spending some hours in deliberating on the best method of promoting the interest of the Sabbath School, we adjourned, and under sorrowful circumstances, which was the injury that prejudice exposed Father Robinson to, and in a few days terminated in his death. We hope the Church will, in the future, have the benefit of the deliberation. I then resumed my travels, and visited Brother Woodlin's circuit, and found everything in order; and, though it was a rainy week, still we visited every appointment; after which I returned to Philadelphia, as I could not hear anything of the whereabouts of the Elder on Cape May Circuit

I have noticed the appeals of the Editor and General Book Steward to the itinerary brethren in behalf of the Book Concern, saying to them that they had got the books from the store, and did not send the money for them, which left him unable to print or bind any more; therefore, he could not supply those who are continuously calling for books. I also saw a report coming from the committee having the management of the Concern, which speaks favorably of the office otherwise than a want of means. Well, brethren, such ought not to be the case. Though we may form our individual objections to some things that may not exactly come up to our notions, yet we should support that which is doing good, and is existing under laws made by ourselves. There never was a time when a circulating medium was so much needed among our people as at this time of passing events. It appears to me that there has been sufficient warning in this District since the rise of the last Annual Conference, to move every itinerant preacher in the A. M. E. Church to do his duties as per Discipline, in relation to the Book Concern.

First. Brother Schureman, who has not, perhaps, passed 38 summers, ruptured a blood vessel, and but for a skilful physician, he may have been helpless, and unable to do any kind of labor for many years, and where was the means of his support? The second case was that of the Rev. Richard Robinson, an old and well tried itinerant minister of Christ, and who was elected one of the vice-presidents of the Convention, and started from the performance of that important duty for his home—a distance of 5 miles; but, before he reached there, affliction met him in such a horrid manner that the physician could not even find the pieces of bones in his arm. If the Lord had suffered that old servant of the Church to have remained long, where was his support to come from? We have no more right to believe they would have been taken any better care of than those who are on the superannuated list. Now, and again, there is not one itinerant preacher that the liabilities of those or other disasters are not as many against them individually as were those of whom I have spoken; and is it possible that they will not attend to the means that look to their support under these circumstances? I say is it possible for men of their standing—men of their sense? Is it the act of wise men to so neglect their own interest? See Discipline, page 219, section 16. It shall be the duty of every preacher having the charge to do all in his power to make a collection of 2 cents per month from each member at the end of each month or quarter, &c., having a twofold object in view; and that is, the literature of the Church and its worn out itinerant ministers; and I hope none will disregard this important subject, for if they do, they must remember the door through which they are to pass at the Annual Conferences. See Discipline, page 225, section 7. The application of that law, in all the Annual Conferences, or its penalty, would be worth 2000 or $3000 to the Church annually; and, for want of its application, we are tending to disgrace. Preachers and people are requested to read and think on these things.

Having been in the field nearly all the time since last February, I shall now cease travelling for awhile until the winter storms pass over a little, but shall still be at work, as the work of a Bishop never ceases. The Church will hear from me all the time. All communications will be directed to the General Book Steward, No. 619 Pine Street, Philadelphia, until recalled.

W Nazrey.

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

BY MRS HEMANS.

Fear was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud,
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bowed.

And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill—
But One was there, who rose and said
To the wild sea, Be still!

And the wind ceased—it ceased—that word
Passed through the gloomy sky;
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And sank beneath his eye.

And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast,
As when the righteous fells asleep,
When death's fierce throes are past.

Thou that didst rule the angry hour,
And tame the tempest's mood,
O, send thy Spirit forth in power,
O'er our dark souls to brood!

Thou that didst bow the billow's pride,
Thy mandates to fulfil,
So speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak and say, Peace, be still!

PSALM CX. [S. M.]

The Lord said to my Lord,
"Have thou thy royal seat
On my right hand, till I shall lay
Thy foes to earth thy feet."

God shall thy rod of strength
Extend from Zion's hill;
Thine enemies afar shall bend,
And do thy sov'reign will.

Thy willing people come
To thee in day of power,
In holy beauties from morn's womb:
Thine best youth's dewy shower.

The Lord, who cannot change,
Hath sworn, "To thee consign,
As by Melchizedek were borne,
Priesthood and kingly reign."

The Lord on thy right hand,
Shall tread in his just wrath,
On many a monarch's impious head,
Along his victor path.

O'er heaps of slain he goes,
But first bows lowly down,
At the pour ru'let slakes his thirst,
Then rises to his crown.

LETTER FROM MUSCATINE.

Muscatine, Iowa, Oct. 30th, 1862.

Bro. Weaver:—I thought it my duty to let the friends know, through your columns, what we are doing out here in the West. Well, the war fever is very high here. The President's proclamation takes well with the great mass of the people; but there are some few who have raised a hubbub about it, fearing that the slaves would come up here and get ahead of them. But I need not take time to tell you who they are, or what they are, for you all know them

But to something else. We have had a protracted meeting going on ever since our Quarterly Meeting on the 18th, and the Lord has blessed our labors. We have had eight happily converted to God, and five mourners yet at the anxious seat crying for mercy. The Church seems to be awake to her duty, and her members seem to be growing in grace and the knowledge of the Lord. The Sabbath school is still prospering, though the Superintendent is quite sick at the present Most of the conversions that have yet taken place were Sabbath School scholars. Thank the Lord for Sabbath schools. The chaplain of the 35th Reg Iowa Vols., preached for us last evening, the 29th inst., from Prov. iv. 23. He is an able speaker, and explained the text in a manner satisfactory to all.

I have not been able to raise the amount to send you for the paper, nor have I succeeded in obtaining any subscribers as yet. But I am not discouraged; for I think when our meeting is over, so that I can have a little more time to spend in that way, I shall succeed.

I must now close for this time. I will write again as soon as something of interest occurs. Pray for us that the Lord may still pour his Spirit upon the church, and that there may be added to it many of such as shall be saved in his kingdom

Yours in Christ,

E C. Joiner

LETTER FROM PROVIDENCE.

Mr. Editor—Permit me for the first time since I have been in Providence, to inform you of the condition of our church in this city. It may be interesting to some to hear how we are getting along here. Our condition is very good, notwithstanding the distracted state of the country. The good work of the Lord is still going on. We had quite a reviving time at our Quarterly Meeting, which came off on the 24 of Nov. We had the help of the Rev Lewis S Lewis of Providence, and Rev. Wm. Johnson of Boston; the good Lord crowned the work with the outpouring of his Spirit. On Tuesday the 4th, we had our love feast, and we had a rejoicing time, for the Lord was with us. We had one convert, and others were inquiring the way to Jesus, the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world. We have had several converts lately, and some have been added to the church. May the good Lord continue his work. As for the temporal concerns of the church the Rev. Bishop Nazrey spoke of them in the 95th number of the Recorder, when speaking of his visit to the New England Conference district But I will say in addition to what the Bishop has said, that we are going to remain in our old place of worship this winter. I had the pleasure of marrying on the 27th of Nov., Mr. Ichabod Northup, of Providence, and Miss Charlotte M. Lewis, of Thompson, Conn. Among the guests were the Rev. Deacon Dorrell, Rev. Henry Scott, Rev. R. Parker, and Mrs. George T. Downing of Newport, R. I. It proved to be a very pleasant affair. J P. Shreeves.

Providence, Nov. 29th, 1862.

CONTRABANDS.

If there is any class of people, who, at this crisis demand the sympathy and immediate notice of the colored citizens of the North, it is assuredly the contraband. Chained to the oppressor for a century, devoid of light and knowledge, he is now suddenly awakened from his thraldom, to find himself penniless and surrounded by an almost insurmountable wall of prejudice. The thousands who swarm around the Federal Army have to work out for themselves an industrial and self-supporting character and that under innumerable disadvantages Many of them have successfully attained this end. Uncle Sam, by the force of events, has opened his heart sufficiently to strike off their chains, and they are all returning him thanks by faithfully doing his drudgery. The men are best fitted for this work; so while they follow the army, digging trenches and throwing up breastworks, the women and children are obliged to remain in the rear and support themselves; these are they that call forth our sympathy—these are they that demand in unmistakeable language, our immediate assistance. There are thousands of them at Fortress Monroe, Hilton Head, Cairo, and other places; and although the Government supplies them with food, they are in want of other necessaries that sustain life. Winter is hard by, and they must have blankets and comfortable clothing, or they will perish and die to our utter shame. They are now no longer brutes and chattels, but women and children; and if we do not stretch forth our arms to their relief, the curse is upon our head. We have hoped and prayed to this end, and now that the object is gradually accomplishing, one must pray less and work more. In this great national effort we are compelled to work and to suffer; for if we do not, we will achieve no national credit. There are many colored men that have suffered and are suffering for this cause. My appeal is not to them; it is to those that are not awake to their natural salvation. Contraband Aid Societies should be formed in every colored community, and every person should lend liberally

The colored citizens of Xenia have vowed not to be last in the race. A Contraband Aid Society has been formed here, and is under good headway, to which donations are daily given and monthly fees paid by the members. Investigating committees are also formed to furnish employment to the numerous contrabands that are flocking to our midst from the Kanawha. Our efforts are progressing finely, and Xenia bids fair to sustain her character. And females enter into the work with a nobleness of character that does them credit, earnestly applying their needles to the making and repairing of the goods that are donated, besides contributing largely to the obtaining of these goods

Our efforts are only begun, and we hope that every colored community will follow in the wake.

Yours for the cause,

J C Maxwell.

Xenia, Nov. 29th, 1862.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY.

"It can be done, and it shall be done," shouted the shrill, piping voice of Mrs. Jones, as she rose from the dinner-table, with indignation sitting upon her pale and wrinkled brow She did not utter another word; but her resolution was formed—for life or death—for weal or woe.

Mr. Jones was a stout, athletic old gentleman, verging on to the allotted three-score years and ten; but his eye was not dim, neither was his natural force abated, and he furnished a rare instance of a green, old age He often boasted that he was the first male white child born west of the Blue Mountain; and he inherited large and valuable estates on the banks of the beautiful Susquehanna, between Northumberland and Milton, or just above the ancient, Indian town of Shamokin. Nature had endowed him with a genial, jovial disposition, whose predominant characteristic was an irresistible propensity to enjoyment. After having received what was then styled a liberal education, he began at the early age of eighteen to manage his own estates, and to live as he listed upon their ample proceeds. And in a right jolly mood did the days and hours pass away

A favorite, and rather singular, amusement was, at odd times, to skip pennies upon the river, to see them glide along upon the glassy bosom of the water, and when pennies failed, he would sometimes finish the sport with silver coins.

One day while thus engaged, he was suddenly startled by the violent clatter of horse's hoofs, and looking up he beheld a magnificent steed, mounted by a female figure, careering towards him with the speed of the wind. He had just time to exclaim, "Good heavens!" when the horse, making a false step, the fair rider was precipitated to the earth. He was hastening with all possible speed to the rescue; but she sprang to her feet, exclaiming, "Have you firearms by you, sir? there is an enormous panther but a short distance up the way, and I have just escaped his terrible clutches, and he has frightened the wits out of my horse, and I fear he will be upon us again in a moment!"

But he calmed her fears by saying that it was not the nature of that animal to pursue his prey when it escaped at the rate at which she had been riding. In the mean time the horse, being relieved of his burden, slackened his speed, and presently, coming to a dead halt, turned around and walked deliberately back to the spot where his rider had fallen.

Mr. Jones assisted the unfortunate young lady in remounting, and insisted upon leading her horse by the reins, to prevent a recurrence of the recent catastrophe; but she peremptorily forbade any such interference with her liberty, and thanked him for such an implication of her cowardice and bad horsemanship. And, giving her horse the rein, she was soon out of sight; but not before Mr. Jones had made the politest bow of which he had any recollection since he had forgotten the instructions of his dancing-master.

"Proud as Lucifer! Wild as an antelope, and beautiful as Venus herself!" said Mr Jones inwardly, as he shouldered his rifle, which was his constant companion. If she thinks she is so competent, why let her go; I am sure I don't care. But I shall go and see about the panther.

Traversing a distance of perhaps half a mile, and turning a sharp bend, the monster at once became visible. He was sitting in the middle of the road, bracing himself up with his fore-paws, looking like a disappointed cur. The moment his eye caught the approaching form of Mr. Jones, he crouched down and gathered himself ready for a bound. Now, Mr. J. was a sure shot, and hence, without trepidation, he advanced within a hundred paces of his mark, and levelling his piece, he pulled the trigger, and the cold lead entered the hot brain of the beast, just between the eyes. It was like a nail driven in a sure place; for, having rolled upon his huge side, he made no movement beyond a slight tremor of the limbs. He measured twelve feet from tip to tip, and weighed four hundred and eleven pounds.

As might readily be supposed, the killing of such an animal created a wonderful gossip in all the region round about. Mr. Jones was looked upon, especially by the children, as a public benefactor for ridding the neighborhood of such a pest. But he himself had but little pleasure in contemplating the good deed he had accomplished. Indeed, to tell the truth, he rarely ever thought of it; for his mind had been so shocked by the perils of the young lady, that she was not out of his thoughts day nor night. And many attribute it to this fact, I know not how correctly, that she afterwards became Mrs. Jones.

They were now fairly embarked together upon the tide of life, happy in each other, although their views and tastes were widely different. She was highly aristocratic in all her notions of the fitness of things in human society, and would not, even to save her life, place herself below *her set.* He associated with any company that would afford him a joke and a laugh. She gratified her ambition in the display of extravagant and costly parties, while he discovered his highest gratification in chasing the deer upon the mountain, or drawing the speckled trout from the cool ripples, accompanied by a few congenial spirits and free-and-easy boon companions. She kept horses of rare and noble blood and pedigree, undoubted to the twelfth generation; and he kept hounds, from the fleet-footed greyhound, with graceful form and pointed nose, to the keen-scented, loud-mouthed trailer, with heavy dewlap and ears like leather aprons. It was, of course, but a short time until a large and expensive establishment was created, whose daily wants were well adapted to make trouble in the department of the finances. But, as yet, all things went merry as a marriage-bell, and it would not be generous at this time to disturb the bounding current of enjoyment. We will leave them now, and pass over a period of forty years.

The scene is changed. It lies five and thirty miles from the other, and is situated in the Muncy valley. The house is a little, unpainted frame shanty, with one room up stairs and one down. The domain is a lot of about fifty acres, in which Mr Jones holds an inalienable life estate There is no stable, and there are no horses; but half a dozen hungry hounds are lying in a semi-circle at the door, intently studying the philosophy of steam as it rises from the dinner-pot. This is all that remains of the grand estates and high life. Here Mr. and Mrs Jones are passing down the declivity of life. All the property they possessed that was liable to a writ or an execution, went long ago to pay their debts, and there are thousands still unpaid. Their children have grown up and left them, one to a home like their own in the vicinity, one to the far West, and one they know not whither.

Mrs. Jones could not now be recognised as being identical with the gay young wife of forty years ago. She is now past sixty, and age, ill health, disappointment and real sorrow have all left legible outlines upon her countenance. But she is still a vigorous talker, and it is exceedingly interesting to hear her trace, step by step, her genealogical descent from the house of Orleans on her mother's side, and from Charlemagne on that of her father. Mr. Jones, of course, looks older; otherwise he is little changed. He is in good health and quite happy, and divides his time between fishing, hunting, and telling stories at the public houses in the neighboring villages of Stumptown and Hardscrabble. At the last named art he is an adept, and like a certain preacher who is still living,—he needed but a single idea to begin with. Upon this he can frame a true story of an hour's length. But while I have been relating this, dinner has been prepared, and the aged couple are seated at their frugal meal, which is enlivened by the following conversation:

"I want that upper bed in the garden spaded this afternoon," said Mrs. Jones.

"Yes, my dear; Oh! yes, the garden must be dug; but I really cannot do it just now. You must wait till some other time."

"The same old story over, wait, wait, wait; I tell you it *must* be done to-day, for to-morrow is the longest day, and the cucumbers must be planted at early dawn,—a habit in which I have not failed for thirty years."

"You should have told me about this sooner."

"Sooner! Have not I asked you twenty times before to do it?" answered Mrs. Jones, wrathfully.

"Well," said Mr. J., "the upshot of the matter is, I have not time, and it is too hot to work to-day in the broiling sun, and the ground is so dry and hard that it is literally impossible to spade it before we have rain. I tell you, my dear, it cannot be done."

"It can be done, and it shall be done," was the emphatic reply, which closed the dialogue.

It is a comfortable evening in August, and the venerable pair are seated at the tea-table.

"What famous cucumbers these are; they are really delicious Where do they come from?" inquired Mr. Jones

"From the bed that could not be dug," was the curt and cutting reply.

Mr J. looked vacant for a moment, and then recollecting, he said, "Oh! did you get some one to dig it?"

"No; I dug it myself, and no thanks to any one."

"Why, Mrs. Jones, you astonish me! You, a frail, old and sickly woman, do work that a strong, healthy man might well be afraid to undertake!"

Here he paused, and presently exclaimed—

"But that shows what a power the will possesses over the other faculties of our nature. And, if people would only use it as they should, how much misery and wretchedness would be avoided, and what great good might be accomplished that is never begun, and scarcely thought of. Why, if my will had thus and uniformly asserted its authority over my other faculties, I should never have formed the detestable habits that have proved my ruin. I should have saved my estates and added to their value at least ten-fold, instead of being oppressed by debt, the payment of which is the remotest idea that could occupy my mind. I should have done more than this; I should have risen; I was always conscious that I possessed talent; but I never could force myself to use it. If I had only possessed more will-power, I should have gone to the Legislature and been a *benefactor,* and thence to Congress; and, perhaps, this very day, I would have been President of the United States. And you, my dear, why you would be mistress of the White House, and have fifty servants and carriages, with outriders and horses, of the very best blood, and—"

"I do wish you would stop your ranting," said Mrs J

"Ranting!" exclaimed Mr. J., "It is not ranting; but truth, sober truth. Why, my dear, there is yourself now, if the action of your will was uniform, you would be a perfect angel in reality, as you were in appearance when I married you. I mean if you had always exercised as much will in cultivating your moral disposition, in curbing your pride and extravagance, in bridling your ungovernable temper—"

"Mr. Jones, I tell you to hush this moment," interrupted the shrill, commanding voice of Mrs J.

"Well," he resumed after a moment, "if you will not allow me to speak of you, why there is the Rev. Mr. Pliable. A little exercise of the authority of the will over his sleepy energies, would prevent him from wasting the most valuable portion of the day like a sluggard in bed, and give him abundance of time to visit the people of his parish five times where he does not visit them once. It is really all that is wanting to make him a useful pastor and a star preacher. And there is deacon Smith, it only requires a little more will to resist temptation, to obviate the necessity of his coming so frequently before the vestry. The fact is, if it were mine to dictate how every man should use his will, I could soon ennoble every individual, Christianize the household, renovate the church, reform the state, regenerate the world, and render this mundane sphere a perfect paradise."

From the Lutheran and Missionary.

DISAPPOINTED BUT INSTRUCTED

Sometimes a very important truth comes to us in an unexpected way. It enters the heart, so to speak, at the back door, quietly and in unpretending guise But, having gained access, it puts on a royal crown, and reigns over the soul by its own right. Early in the history of the writer's family an event of this kind happened, a record of which may perhaps be of help to other parents. Deeply conscious of our own inexperience, my wife and I sought advice concerning the government and training of our eldest child from a friend of unpretending but deep piety, whom we knew to be remarkably successful in the management of children. We were thinking—at least I was—of some elaborate system with many details and many specific directions. But how was I taken all aback by the short and simple answer! It was for substance as follows: Be careful not to have too many commands, but see that they are all promptly obeyed. Let your children grow up in the habit of obeying you as a matter of course. Be careful of your spirit and manner, for here your children will be like you. They will imitate your tones, looks and ways, generally. When parents are kind and gentle in their words and manners, they may hope that their children will be the same: but when they speak in excited tones and manifest a hasty spirit, the children will do so too. You must expect that your children will be very much what you are yourselves."

And the lecture ended! I was disappointed very much, as was Naaman the Syrian, when he received from the prophet the simple direction to go and dip himself seven times in the Jordan. But the more I reflected on the advice of our friend, the more it grew in my appreciation. I thought of my own father. He was taken away in my childhood, and has lain in the grave now forty-five years. But I remember, as distinctly as yesterday, that we children always expected to obey him without hesitation and without reasoning on the subject. Why? Because he always thought before he spoke, and then gave his commands calmly, as one who knew that he had authority We understood also, from some little incidents that occurred in the family, that if necessary, obedience would be enforced. Next I thought of my teachers in the common school There was one to whom we boys always rendered prompt and exact obedience; not because we had ever reasoned on the matter or talked it over among ourselves, but from instinct. Here "instinct is a great matter." We read the man's character instinctively, and we knew that he must be obeyed. Then there was another whom we calculated to obey somewhat loosely. We did not mean to be too much out of the way, nor did we care about being very exact; for we had measured him too, and knew how far we might safely go. It is not the *quantity* of government, but its *quality,* that secures prompt obedience. When commands are considerately given and firmly enforced from the beginning, there will be, in general, no difficulty. But a moody unequal government, to-day very severe, to-morrow very lax, will spoil everything.

Then, as to the other part of our friend's admonition, that we should be careful of our own spirit and manner, its importance cannot well be overestimated. It is surprising how accurately little children read character. They do not reason—that is, not consciously—but with their exemplification eyes they look directly into the soul. As far back as my memory can reach, I know how much the word was worth of every one with whom I had near intercourse; that is, I knew whether he or she was truthful in regard to promises and threatenings; and all the children around me knew the same. Of course we all know who had self-control in little things as well as great, and who acted under the impulse of passion. Further than this, we knew from many little things in the daily life, which, because we were children, we did not fail to notice, how much meaning there was in mom's profession of supreme love towards God and concern for the salvation of their fellow-men. A child may not be able to gauge the contents of a barrel in a mathematical way; but only give him a chance to stand by and hear its sound and see its motions as it is rolled over the rough ground, and he will know with certainty whether it is full or empty. So a child that lives under the same roof with you, professed follower of Christ, and witnesses your daily life, will *feel,* if he cannot *describe,* the sincerity or hollowness of your profession. And remember it is not simply nor chiefly *your character* that is at stake, but *his salvation.* His youthful soul is plastic like wax. It is the divine law that it should be moulded and fashioned by the influences that surround it. Whether you will or not, you are every day making the little child that sits on your knees what you are yourself. If you are irritable, selfish, moody, or careless in regard to your word, you are forming him, notwithstanding all your good advice to the contrary, to be like yourself. If you are boastful and fond of vain show, crooked and deceitful in your dealings with your neighbors, or given to gossip and backbiting, you cannot hope that he will be modest, truthful, and kind in all his words and ways. If, instead of setting your affections on things above, you are worldly in your affections, he will feel the power of your example in his immortal soul. With your feet and eyes directed towards the treasures of this world, and both arms reached out in the full pursuit of them, in vain will you advise him to lay up for himself treasures in heaven. He will go the way he sees you going, not the way he hears you talking. Good advice, sustained by a corresponding life, is very precious. Such advice is true fire, and it will warm and burn. But advice contradicted by the life is (to borrow one of Dr. South's figures) only a flame painted on an altar. Even a little child knows that it is intended simply for show, and therefore he never attempts to warm his hands by it. What an immense formative power over their children has God committed to parents; and a power, too, which they cannot help exercising daily for good or evil! How solemn the account they must render of it at the last day! Let it be the holy ambition of every father and mother to be able, by God's helping grace, to say then: "Behold I, and the children which God hath given me."

Sherord.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

Great God, we thank thee for the life
Which we this day enjoy;
Our grateful hearts to thee would rise,
And praise our tongues employ.
Thy goodness crowned our early years—
Thy mercy follows still;
And through our few remaining days
Teach us to know thy will.
O who can count thy favors sent,
Or number blessings given,
More numerous than the fallen leaves,
Or all the stars of heaven.

We thank thee for the morning light,
For twinkling, vigil, orbs of night;
For noontide breeze, for gentle flow
Of streamlets murmuring soft and low;
For crystal dews and gentle showers;
For rainbow hues and blooming flowers;
For music borne upon the air
From feathered songsters sweet and fair;
For fragrance wafted on the gales;
For mountains high, and lovely vales;
For azure sky and silver moon;
For quiet eve and sultry noon;
The river's deep majestic tide,
And fertile vales extending wide;
For fragrant fields and fruitful trees;
For limpid lakes and rolling seas—
All these thy gracious hand has given,
All these the bounteous gifts of Heaven.

This beauteous world proclaims thy love,
It bears thy stamp impressed;
It paints the weary heart above
To oceans of peace and rest;
It tells of God—it shows his power,
In wisdom fully planned,
Its oceans roar and billows tower
At His divine command

We thank thee, Lord, for daily bread,
And countless blessings on us shed;
For sheltering roof at well supplied;
For needed wants well attended;
For friends, and home, and kindred dear;
For loving smiles, affection's tear.
We thank thee for a goodly land—
The home of freedom's chosen band;
The exile's hope from tyrant power,
A refuge to oppression's hour.
O save her now from perils great—
Steer thou, O Lord, the ship of state.
Confuse her foes, and from this night
Bring thou a morn of peace and light;—
May treason, crushed, no more assail;
Still thou the storm and hush the gale—
And then triumphant to thy praise
Our noblest hymn of thanks we'll raise.

But earthly anthems not alone
Demand our ardent praise;
We are immortal thou hast shown,
And born for endless days:
That here on earth our life's begun,
Which does not cease with death,
And countless years have yet to run
When we resign our breath.

We thank thee for redemption's plan
To save, exalt, and succor man;
And for thy word, which points the way
From night and shades to realms of day.

Thy gifts so lavishly bestowed
Should melt our hearts with love,
And lead us in that pleasant road,
Which ends in joys above
Grateful and humble may we be
For all thy mercies given,
And sing at length, from sin set free,
Thy endless praise in heaven. W. H.

Ancram, New York, Nov. 27, 1862

THE HEART.

O, could you read the human heart,
Its strange, mysterious depths explore,
What tongue could tell or pen impart
The riches of its hidden lore!

Hid from the world's distracting eye
What deep and burning feelings play,
Which o'en stern reason's power defy
And wear the sands of life away.

Think not beneath a smiling brow
To always find a joyous heart,
For wit's bright glow, and reason's flow,
Too often hide a cankering heart.

The bird with bruis'd and broken wing,
Oft tries to mount the air again,
Among its mates to gladly sing
Its last melodious dying strain.

The fire that lights a flashing eye,
May by a burning heart be fed,
Which in its anguish yearns to die,
While yet it seems to pleasure wed.

O, do not harshly judge the heart,
Though cold and vain it seems to be;
Nor rudely rend the veil to part
That hides its deep, deep mystery!

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, December 6, 1862.

REPORT.

Look here, brethren, read this, and remember it, too!—

The meeting of the Executive Committee, and their appeal to the ministers having the charge of circuits and stations, and to the members of the A. M. E. Church, is as follows:

Dear Brethren and Friends:—According to the authority vested in our Editor and General Book Steward, he called together the Executive Committee of the Book Concern on the 13th of November, at which time we had a very pleasant interview together in relation to the present flattering condition of the Book Concern and the wants of the Church.

Brethren, let us tell you for once that the Book Concern is really in a prosperous condition—and how it is that our Editor and General Book Steward has so managed to keep the Book Concern and paper in the hopeful condition in which we find it, and with such scant means, we confess we are at a loss to know—and more especially in times like these, when many a firm and paper, with a much larger capital, have succumbed. But, brethren, in order to hold this position, and to keep up a growing interest throughout the connexion, there are means needed—first, there is a very great demand for hymn-books in every direction in the connexion, and our Editor and General Book Steward has informed us there is only about seven or eight in the store, and he has no more to bind up. Therefore, the Committee deem it advisable, in view of such a demand for our hymn-books, and especially in the Western country, to advise our General Book Steward to get out another edition, so that our people may be supplied. To do this, brethren, it will require about $500. This should be done without delay. We therefore recommend to each elder, deacon and preacher to properly lay this vital matter before their congregations, and to take up a free-will collection, and to forward the same to the Gen. Book Steward and Editor, so that it may be in his hands by the 18th of December, or 20th, at the farthest—and he will give each credit through this paper. Now we ask our brethren, shall the Book Steward have the amount? We will answer for the Philadelphia district—our portion will be forthcoming. We also recommend to our Bishops, while travelling around, to speak of this matter.

WILLIAM MOORE,
W. H. WATERS,
STEPHEN SMITH,
W. D. W. SCHUREMAN,
ELISHA WEAVER, Ch'n.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Rev. H. J. Shreeve, of Providence, R. I.,	2 00
Rev. Jeremiah Young, of Reading,	1 00
Bro. John Cousins, of Xenia, O.,	1 00
Rev. E. T. Williams, of N. Haven, Conn.,	1 15
Mr. and Mrs. Francis Jackson, of Providence, R. I.,	1 00

LETTER.

We have received a letter from Rev. G. A. Rue, of Boston, who is appointed in the place of Rev. Jacob Mitchell, announcing his safe arrival and of the work before him. We hope the good Lord may bless brother Rue in his labors to build up Zion.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

December 13, 14, at Valley Hill.
December 21, at Pottsville.
December 28, at Reading.
January 5, 1862, at Downingtown.
January 12, at Centreville.
January 19, at Birdsborough.

JEREMIAH BULAUGH.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

December 20, 21, at Bordentown.
December 27, 28, at Allentown.
January 3, 4, 1863, at Cookstown.
Quarterly Conference at Fairhaven, Freehold Circuit, January 17.

JEREMIAH YOUNG.

LECTURE TO MOTHERS, AND ALL OTHERS.

Rev. E. Weaver will deliver a lecture to the mothers of Philadelphia, as a Union Lecture, in Brick Wesley Church, Lombard Street, just below Sixth. This lecture is intended to wake up mothers to their duty. It will be worth five dollars to all. We hope to see the church crammed and full on an occasion of this kind. We charge only 15 cents, which we hope no one will refuse to give; one-half the proceeds to go to the benefit of the *Christian Recorder*, which we have been publishing in this city for the benefit of all. Will every mother come, and persuade others to come? There are a number of ladies who have tickets for sale, and they can be had also at our Book Store, No. 619 Pine Street. We hope to be able to sell 500 tickets. We shall look to see who our friends are. The lecture will be delivered on Wednesday evening, Dec. 10th, at 7½ o'clock.

ELISHA WEAVER.

DR. LONGFELLOW.

This professional gentleman, as a Surgeon Dentist, is at No. 1126 Rodman Street, Philadelphia. We refer our readers to his advertisement on the fourth column of the third page of our paper. We recommend all ladies and gentlemen, who desire to get rid of the toothache, and want their teeth plugged in the best of order, to go to Dr. Longfellow, No. 1126 Rodman Street.

ST. THOMAS' CHURCH.

Last Sabbath morning we were at St. Thomas' Church, to see our old friend and brother, Rev. William Alston, installed. The services were very solemn and impressive, and were performed before Bishop Potter installed him. After half past 11 o'clock, Dr. Hare arose and took his text from the Gospel by Mark, 11th chapter and 13th verse. He did not have his sermon written, as is the usual custom in that church, and we were told that he never did write his sermons. It was as masterly a sermon as we have ever heard. We congratulate Rev. William Alston and flock with great success.

LETTERS FROM BRETHREN.

We have received letters from a number of brethren, speaking of their fields of labor. One from Rev. P. Myers, of New Albany, Ind. Glad to hear from you, my brother. May the Lord bless you. One from Brother Cousin, of Xenia. All right, Brother Cousin. One from Mr. Rue, of Boston, Mass. That is right, Brother Rue; do all you can for the cause. One from Brother Chase, of Lynn, Mass. The Lord be with you, my brother.

THE DESTINY OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH.

CONTINUED.

We answer, first, that it is the duty of the functionaries of the A. M. E. Church to see and carry out all of her laws, rules, and regulations, as far as it is practicable. But, then, where should the starting point be with the functionaries? Why, it seems to be clear to our mind, that it should begin in our Annual Conferences. Each one should administer the law alike, as far as in his power: that is to say, there should be, upon the whole, a oneness in every Conference, for the good and the spread of our beloved Zion. There should be link to link—that all things may be done to the honor and glory of God. The ministers who are truly called to preach the Gospel of the blessed Jesus—who are honest in their souls—who are loyal, and want every point of the law carried out, as far as practicable, are the persons who look to see that the functionaries enforce the law alike. This is right. But, to do this, we claim that, as an African M. E Church, with a plurality of Bishops, one thing is essential to the execution of these laws, for the good of all mankind who chance to fall under her liberal regulations. That thing is this: at least once a year, if not twice, the functionaries should meet, at some central point, for prayer, and counsel together upon each other's manner, as to how certain points of law, which may be considered somewhat difficult to understand, are understood by them; and then to decide how they will, in union, recommend the carrying out of those apparently difficult measures until the meeting of the next General Conference. They should, in this council, have every district before them, the kind of material that is in them, and what changes would really be necessary in any one or more of them—by way of exchanging some of the elders, out of one district, (for awhile, at any rate,) to another, for either the spiritual welfare of some portion of the work, or in a financial point of view. This is, we think, highly important in an Episcopal Church having more than one Bishop. It is important, first, because the functionaries ought to be a unit; and if there is not a unit among the Bishops, there will not be a unit in the next grade of ministers, who are also executives of the law. Again, where these regulations are kept up among Episcopal Bishops, rest assured that it has, and will have a telling influence over all other departments in the Church. No one, we presume, dare question this; for where there is union, there is strength.

In England, November, 1661, seven Bishops were sent to the Tower of London, a place which was surrounded with walls and a broad, deep ditch. In this confinement they were kept for not reading the King's declaration for liberty of conscience, (intended to bring the Roman Catholics into ecclesiastical and civil power,) and were tried in June, 1688, and acquitted on the 29th or 30th of said month. Now, in all probability, had not those Bishops held a consultation, and then and there declared that they would be a unit, and though they may have been separated for miles, yet there seemed to have been nothing which could be brought to bear to sever them in relation to what they conceived to be the best for the welfare of the Church and people who were committed to their care. Had they, while each one was in his diocese, administered the laws just to have suited their own peculiar views, there would not, nor could not have been a union, neither with the Bishops nor the people; for everybody have their friends; hence, when they were brought before the King, they were united, and therefore acquitted.

Now, we say to the Church, that wherever this state of things exists in the episcopacy, though hell may rage and vent his spite, Christ will save His heart's delight. Reasoning from the fact that such is the link or bond of love—that there is no place where the enemy can creep in, whereby he might do injury, so the destiny of the A. M. E. Church depends much upon the link of the functionaries.

(Continued.)

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND OTHERS.

It is now nearly two years since the revival of the *Christian Recorder*, and its enlargement to the present size. The *Recorder*, like all other things, has had its trials—it has felt the thumps and kicks. But be it remembered, my readers, that it has stood up through all the storm, and made its way to each subscriber as regularly as the weeks rolled around. The cry has been among the people, that they are willing to give in aid and support of a paper published by our people, if it would live. Well, it has lived two years. What say you now? Many of the weekly papers have advanced from $2.00 to $2.50, and some as high as $3.00 a year. We ask every candid and thinking man and woman, friend and foe, if any such there be, shall the *Recorder* be sustained? Will you determinedly give it your influence, by way of paying two dollars, cash? Will you recommend it to the favorable attention of your neighbors and friends, as well as to each brother and sister in the church? Will you speak to your elder—to your deacon—to your preacher? Will you help him to swell the number in your church—in your neighborhood? Let each one set to the work, and rest assured that success will attend. Will not each subscriber get two, and send us $2 by the first day of January, 1863? As all subscriptions end on the first day of January, will brethren be kind enough to keep this before their people? Let us turn over a new leaf, brethren.

We do believe that all real friends to religious literature, and this paper, will come up to our call. We say to our city subscribers that we shall, the good Lord willing, give all our patrons a call with the carrier, at which time we will expect $2 to be put in our hand. Will every lady and gentleman commence now and lay it by for the *Recorder*? We hope you will, for we have a number of bills to pay on or about the first of January, and are depending upon our friends, real friends, to stand by us. As we shall say something more or less until the first of the year, we will stop.

BISHOP NAZREY'S LETTER.

We hope that all of our brethren will read Bishop Nazrey's letter well, and then act accordingly; for it is just in place.

NOTICE

TO THE DISTRICTS OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW ENGLAND, OHIO, INDIANA, AND MISSOURI, OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH DISTRICTS.

Dear Brethren:—As we have a number of superannuated ministers on the list in said Districts, therefore it will be expected that the ministers and preachers, on their circuits and stations, will do all they can to collect the *missionary money*, and we also recommend that the Class leaders be instructed to collect and set the amount on the Class book opposite each member's name, as also all the collections called, per Discipline, for the Annual Conference, and publish the same once every quarter, that it may be seen who they are that work for God and his cause. We think it is time to give us all to those of our people who do work, so that God's name may be glorified!

(For the Christian Recorder.)

VINCENNES, Ind., Nov. 10th, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—I avail myself of this opportunity of writing to you, and as this is the first time that I have ever been permitted to write to the *Christian Recorder*, I will tell you how we are getting along in this portion of the Lord's vineyard.

Rev. H. B. Smith has had his first Quarterly Meeting, and we had a good time, though not such a time as I have witnessed here in the last past year. The Lord was with us during the time in which it was held—one week.

I wish to say something about our Sabbath School, which is in a fine condition. It numbers seventy-five scholars, and we would like to have the *Christian Recorder* as a Sunday School paper, as we had before, and we would like to know how much it would cost per year; for we felt lost when we gave it up. Also, I would like to know if you have any question book on the Old Testament, with answers to it, and if you have let me know the price of them. I was looking in the *Christian Recorder*, but did not know if any of them were suitable.

M. STEWART.

To our Vincennes letter we would just say, that we feel glad to hear from you, away out on the Wabash river. In relation to the question books on the Old Testament, we have them, but not with answers to the questions; better without. As regards the Sabbath School being supplied with the *Recorder*, we only say that the Vincennes brethren have the right view, and that if our Sabbath Schools in general will take hold of it, we will publish one side of the paper with the cuts and pictures, as we did before.

NOTICE

The Philadelphia Library Co. will celebrate their 20th anniversary, on Tuesday evening, Dec 9th, 1862, in the Lecture room of St. Thomas' Church, Fifth St. below Walnut. The President, D. B. Bowser, will deliver the Introductory address. Addresses will be delivered by Rev. William J. Alston, late of New York; Thomas M. Chester, of Harrisburg, and S. Morgan Smith. The exercises to commence at 8 o'clock. Tickets of Admission, 10 cents. To be had of D. B. Bowser, J. C. Bowers, Chas. Bustill, S. M. Smith, Franklin Turner, Wm. P. Price, J. C. White, Jr., F. C. Revels, Jas. S. Douglass, Moses Wheeler, James Prosser, and at the door.

For the Christian Recorder.

De Quincey, speaking of the grandeur and subtility of the human spirit, says most beautifully, "that all of our thoughts have not words corresponding to them; many of them in our yet imperfectly developed nature can never express themselves in acts, but must be *appreciable by God only*, like the silent melodies in a great musician's heart, never to roll forth from harp or organ."

In connexion with this idea, in how sublime a light does His name, —The Word—place our Saviour. Jesus Christ is the word of God, him in whom the Father's thought has found full and perfect utterance. "For I know the thoughts that I think concerning you," saith the Lord, "thoughts of peace and not of evil, *to give you an expected end.*"

A FRIEND.

MAXIMS.

They have much to do with the character of a community. Maxims not only form a nation's sentiment and action, but they are also indicative of a nation's thought and inner life.

Cicero styles maxims "the salt-pits of a nation." So, also, a man's favorite maxim is often the embodiment of his leading idea and aim—the die imprinting itself on his whole character and history.

Washington's maxim, imprinting itself on his whole character, was—Never put off till to-morrow what ought to be and can be done to-day.

Talleyrand's maxim was—Never do to-day what can be put off till to-morrow. Talleyrand true to his maxim, had no principle. He avowed that a *blunder* was worse than a crime. He lived by expedients. A wily politician, a perpetual office holder, he could not found a State, nor be an example to a race of freemen.

Torstenssohn, of the school of Adolphus, and the prosecutor of the Thirty Years' War, shattered by disease or deformity, not being able to walk or ride on horseback, carried at the head of his forces on a litter, he was yet the resistless, terrible, and victorious commander. Schiller says, his maxim was—Never count your enemies. In the heart of Germany, with his little force of Swedes, he marched against the finest armies and most renowned generals of Europe. He always fought, always *attacked*, however brave, strong, or numerous the enemy might be. He used vigilance and foresight—warding off perils and seizing advantages—but he dashed on the foe with fiery valor, inspiring the assailant and appalling the resisting force. He possessed that sublime courage which fears no danger and shrinks from no enemy. Torstenssohn felt that he was contending for truth, right, and humanity, against the gigantic tyranny of Austria. The brilliant succession of victories, freeing central Europe from the deadly evils of Austrian oppression, showed the grandeur and might of the maxim—He never counted his enemies.

Pelissier's maxim was—Il faut casser les oufs pour faire des omelettes—One must break eggs in order to make omelettes. The "eggs" of Pelissier are men. The omelette made by "breaking" them are fortune, fame, victory, dukedom, and a marshal's baton.

John Say's favorite maxim was—*Never to desert a friend and never count an enemy.* This maxim was reproduced in the man.

No day without an act of love—the maxim of the benevolent Lavater. It made him rich in good works and happy memories.

"COAX HIM, BOYS, COAX HIM."

Two boys passed my window one bright morning, carrying heavy pieces of furniture. One of them also held a string attached to a large dog's head. The dog was unwilling to trot very rapidly, and much to the lad's annoyance, would insist upon resting every few steps. The large boy grew impatient, for it was a hard work to carry such a heavy load, and at the same time drag the dog.

"Kick him, Jim, kick him," said he; and Jim set down his burden and began to kick; but the dog only growled, and refused to stir. Then Jim took a stick and began to beat him; but the obstinate fellow only whined, and remained perfectly still.

What was to be done? The boys were beginning to despair, when Frank Gage came along. "Coax him, boys, coax him," was Frank's manly suggestion. Some boys would have pouted, and thought Frank had nothing to say in the matter; but these seemed relieved by the advice, and began to pat "Trim," and speak kindly to him. What was the result? Why, "Trim" wagged his tail approvingly, and trotted off briskly.

Does not this little incident illustrate the power of kind words? There is a great deal of power and meaning to kind words and action. A little hymn you all know, says, "Kind words can never die." Have you ever tried the experiment? There is scarcely a person living who does not like a little coaxing and encouragement, and scarcely a person who cannot be influenced by gentle words and treatment. Be kind to everybody and every thing about you, always remembering the text, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."—*Child's Paper.*

NECESSITY OF DIVINE WASHING.

What are the directions which Elisha gives to the dignified invalid? He sends him word, saying, "Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean." Certainly this was a piece of advice as strange as it was unexpected, and surprised Naaman to such a degree as completely to ease him down from all the loftiness of his hopes. But who can mistake the deeply typical nature of the prophet's message? Even with respect to sin, the spiritual leprosy, we can only present a similar thing to that which Elisha ordered for his patient, a bath, a washing, a plunging—though certainly in a different flood to that of an earthly stream.

The prophet testifies that "for the house of David, a fountain is open for sin and uncleanness." And such is really the case. Plunge into it, thou guilty criminal, or thou mayst rub the skin from thy hand without eradicating the bloody spot from it. "If I wash thee not," said the Saviour to Simon, "thou hast no part with me." Read the first part of this sentence with a three-fold emphasis, and the one thing needful will fully unveil itself to thee.

Let the emphasis first rest upon the letter "I." "If *I* wash thee not." He must do it. Wash thyself with whatever, and in whatsoever thou pleasest—yet if Jesus do not wash thee, thou wilt continue unclean in the sight of God. Wash thee with good works, almsgiving, and devotional exercises. It will prove advantageous to thee; the world will commend thee. But thou must remain destitute of the commendations of the Most High, as long as thou art not washed by Jesus' hands. Let others wash thee by flattering opinions respecting thee, by favorable testimony and good report. This will also be of some profit to thee, but if thou desirest more than the applause of the world, take to heart the words, "If *I* wash thee not, thou hast no part with me."

"If I *wash* thee not." The emphasis lies upon the word *wash* if we read the sentence in another manner. It is not enough that Jesus does some particular thing for thee; he must wash thee, for thou art filthy from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot. "But," sayest thou, "he teaches and instructs me." And so a dunce might boast, and yet perish. "But he has heard my prayer and conferred benefits upon me." This he has done to many who are now consuming in the hottest hell. "And he preserves me from many ebullitions of sin; he often knocks at my door, and frequently refreshes me with his words." Be it so. The question here is, Has he washed thee? If not, whatever else he may have done to thee, we betide thee! It is the washing alone which proves effectual.

Read a third time, "If I wash *thee* not," and lay the emphasis on the word *thee*. "I know very well that I must be washed," sayest thou. But this knowledge is not sufficient. "I have also directed many to the fountain of the house of David." That may be: but hast thou been thyself in this bath? "This and that individual also received the forgiveness of their sins." We wish them joy upon the occasion. But listen; "If I wash *thee* not," saith the Lord, "thou hast no part with me." Hear it, and awake from thy delusion. O take this saying of the Lord, addressed to Simon, home with thee, as directed also to thee. I really know of nothing more important to inscribe on the tablets of the memory, than these words in their three fold reading. *He* must wash—thou must be *washed*—and He must wash *thee*, or else thou wilt remain what thou art, a sinner, and worthy of death.

THE FRUITFULNESS OF AGED CHRISTIANS CONSIDERED AND URGED.

PSALM XCII 14.

They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing.

"I remember," said God to Israel, "the kindness of thy youth, and the love of thine espousals." And this is true of all God's faithful servants, who entered into early and sincere engagements to be his, that he graciously remembers them. As an evidence of this, he hath made suitable provisions for their continual progress in wisdom and piety, and to prevent their being weary in well-doing. The ordinances which he hath instituted, and the promises which he hath made in his word, are adapted to answer this important end. Our text is one of those precious promises made to old disciples; and, as appears from the foregoing verse, hath a reference to religious ordinances, and their great usefulness in promoting the fruitfulness of the saints. I desire the particular attention of you, my aged friends, to it; as it will at once suggest to you a most important duty, and a strong encouragement.

The Psalmist, by a beautiful allegory, or figure, represents the righteous as trees planted in the house of the Lord; and then adds, "They shall flourish in the courts of our God." But in one respect the comparison fails. Trees, when they are grown to their bulk and maturity, begin to decay; then they generally produce less fruit, and what they produce is less valuable than in former years. But the righteous "shall *still* bring forth fruit in old age." They shall grow like trees, but not decay like them. Nature indeed decays; but grace, in which their real, valuable growth consists, shall continue to thrive. "They shall be fat," that is, strong and healthy; they shall be "flourishing," or (as the word signifies) green in holiness, peace, and joy. For the illustration of these words I would observe, that they express both the duty and the privilege of aged saints. Let us consider each.

I. *The text expresseth the duty of the righteous.*

Namely, to bring forth fruit in old age. It will be proper to consider the fruits which may be expected from them, and then show, how reasonable it is that they should produce them.

1. Let us consider the fruits which may be expected from them. And these are, in general, the fruits of knowledge and holiness. "It may be reasonably expected that they should be fruitful in knowledge;" be wise and judicious Christians; not children in understanding, while they are old in years, but strong men in Christ, filled with all knowledge, especially of the scripture and divine things, and able to instruct and admonish others. They should be fruitful likewise "in holiness and every good work;" eminent and exemplary for the discharge of every Christian duty; remarkably devout and serious, just and charitable, humble and heavenly-minded. Thus, St. Paul intimates, "that the aged men should be sober, grave, temperate, sound in faith, charity, in patience: the aged women likewise, that they be in behaviour as becometh holiness, not false accusers, or evil speakers, not addicted to slander and censoriousness, not given to much wine, but teachers of good things." But let us dwell a little upon the proper fruits of age; the graces which are particularly necessary for aged Christians to abound in, and which are peculiarly ornamental and lovely at that season. One is, great patience, meekness, and quietness of spirit. This is most needful for them amidst their pains, infirmities, and natural decays. If they have accustomed themselves to the government of their passions and to self denial, it will be easy and natural for them to manifest this amiable disposition. Their expectation of soon leaving this world and all its vexations, and putting off the body with all its infirmities, should promote and increase their resignation to the divine will, and their meekness and gentleness to all about them. To be weaned from the world and ready for death, is another fruit of age. All, especially the aged, should consider themselves as "pilgrims and strangers on earth." Their time is just ended; therefore they should not be desirous about or desirous of the riches and honors of this world. They should renounce its trifling pleasures, and be content and thankful, whatever their lot may be. Death and eternity should be much in their thoughts. They should be willing to leave a world where they know so little of God, and see do him as little service, and where their converse with him and enjoyment of him is so broken, interrupted, and imperfect. Again, a heavenly conversation is a proper fruit of age. It becomes the old to think much of the end of their journey, and their everlasting home. It becomes the righteous to meditate frequently on the salvation to which they are approaching, to the city with our eternal almost their Father's house, its employments, and the happiness which he hath there provided for all his children. Thus should their affections be set on things above, and heaven be the general, delightful subject of their thoughts and converse. Once more, a deep concern for the honor of God, the support of religion, and the good of mankind, should be found in all aged Christians. Thus should they grow in usefulness; "shewing God's strength to this generation, and his power to them that are to come." Their exhortations to others should be frequent and serious, as their words are weighty and impressive. Their prayers should be daily poured out for the piety and happiness of their families, of the church and the world; and they should breathe out their souls in fervent desires, that Christ and his cause may be glorified through the earth. They should, as far as they are able, extend their charity to the necessitous, particularly the aged poor, and especially contribute to support and promote the interest of religion. Let me now show,

2. How reasonable it is that such fruits should be found in them. It may be expected, from considering the nature of religion, as a vital principle, or the divine life in the soul. It is as natural for the spiritual life to grow, as it is for a living child, except the one and the other be diseased or neglected. If there be no progress in the ways of righteousness, no fruitfulness in old age, it is to be feared that there never was a real principle, no effectual work of grace, in the heart. If some have flourished for a season, and then decayed and become unfruitful, it is an evidence that they never have had a root in themselves. If any are good for nothing when they are old, there is reason to suspect they have been good for very little all their days. For true grace is growing: therefore, the path of the just is compared to "the shining light, which shineth more and more to the perfect day;" and a religious principle, or a work of regeneration, is compared by our Lord to "a well of water springing up unto everlasting life." Again, fruitfulness may be expected from aged Christians, through the natural force of habit and custom. Having been so long in Christ's school, we reasonably expect that they should have made a great progress in knowledge and religious skill; that they will be expert in the exercises of devotion; have a greater command of their passions and tongues, than younger persons; and not be, like them, tossed about with every wind of doctrine, or the sport of vanity and temptation. Having been trained up from their childhood in the way in which they should go, "when they are old, they will not depart from it." They have had more acquaintance with, and longer experience of, the goodness of God, the sinfulness and proclivities of Christ, the evil of sin, the emptiness of the world, and the pleasures of religion: and, therefore, their hearts will be more strongly influenced to judge and act accordingly. Further, they have, on some accounts, more advantages and fewer temptations than others. They generally have, or might have, less to do with the world than others; less commerce and converse with it, and fewer cares and anxieties about it. They have, by length of time, been undeceived in their expectations from it. Considering the short space before them, they have fewer temptations to oppression, injustice, fraud, envy, and discontent. Their bodily decays are a good preservative from the dangers which others are in, from fleshly lusts and sensible gratifications. They have less trouble from the appetites and desires of the body; more time to converse with God, with the Bible, and their own hearts, than the young and the busy; and, therefore, they ought to be more steady and abundant in the service of God. To this we are to add, that they may expect peculiar assistances from the Spirit of God, in proportion to their many prayers and improvements. "To him that hath shall be given." As it may be presumed that they have highly valued, earnestly sought, and carefully cherished, the influences of the Spirit of grace, they may expect a more abundant communication of them, and that the effects thereof will appear in their continual fruitfulness. There is ample provision made in the covenant of grace, that God will carry on the divine life in them; by a supply of the Spirit of Jesus continued to the end; that "the righteous shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger." Thus we have seen, that it is the duty of aged Christians to be fruitful in knowledge and holiness, in patience, in heavenly-mindedness, and a zeal for the support of religion. We have also seen, whence it may reasonably be expected that they should be so; even from the nature of religion, as a living principle in the soul; from their being habituated to the exercises of it; from some peculiar advantages attending their circumstances; and, above all, from the influences of the Spirit. I observe,

II. *The text may be considered as expressing the privilege and happiness of the righteous.*

As a gracious promise made to them, that they "shall flourish in the courts of God, and be fruitful in old age;" that time, which impairs their strength and every thing else in the natural world, shall improve their graces; meliorate or refine their fruit. And this they are to expect from divine influences attending the means of grace. God will not forsake them, nor take away his Holy Spirit from them: he will perform the good work begun in them, till the day of Christ. His powerful grace shall be exerted to preserve them green and flourishing to the end. The faithfulness of God is engaged to do this. Therefore, the Psalmist adds, in the verse following the text, "To show that the Lord is upright," or faithful to his promises. He then subjoins his own testimony to the truth of this; "He is my rock;" I have found him kind, powerful, and faithful in supporting the religious life in the soul, under all my difficulties and trials; and you will also find that "there is no unrighteousness in him." But it may be asked, Is this always the case? Do we not hear aged Christians, who appear to have been eminently holy and useful, sometimes lamenting and complaining of their leanness and unfruitfulness? And do we not see other aged persons, though they make no such complaints, evidently showing to all who know them, that they are almost fruitless and worthless? What shall we say to these things? "Is there uprightness with God? God forbid!" As to the first sort, who complain of their leanness, I would observe, that they sometimes mistake their own case and state. They find their affection to God and the Redeemer not so warm and lively as formerly; that there is more languor and distraction in their devotions; that they cannot so easily fix and command their thoughts, and are less affected with divine things than in time past. But all this may be owing to the decays of nature; their faculties may be weakened; their memories impaired: and it is well known that aged persons are less affected with objects of joy and sorrow than others. Their minds are less impressible than formerly. This is the natural consequence of age; and many middle-aged, yea young persons, of a relaxed habit, weak nerves, and languid spirits, experience the same. But consider, my companions in this tribulation, that, though the fervor of the affections may be lessened, the judgment may be more settled, the will more determined for God and religion than heretofore, and we may with firmer purpose of heart cleave to him. Sin may be more mortified than ever it has been, and the soul gradually advancing towards maturity in grace and fitness for heaven. We may have a more calm and yet resolute zeal for Christ and his interest than ever. These are to be considered as marks of fruitfulness and evidences for glory, and when these are experienced, the decrease of spiritual warmth and affection should not discourage us. Aged Christians may also be led to these complaints, by mistaking what their present duty is. You are sometimes ready to blame and condemn yourselves because you do so little to serve your God and your generation. But probably you are incapable of active services. Submission and patience seem to be the present duties of your age and circumstances. Allow me to express, in this connexion, that beautiful representation which Milton makes to this case, when he is lamenting his own blindness:

"God doth not need
Either man's works, or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly. Thousands, at his bidding, speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest.
They also serve, who only stand and wait."

But, with regard to some aged persons, their unfruitfulness is their own fault. God doth his part, but they will not do theirs. They are too much engaged in, and devoted to, the world; wrapt up in their own secular interest; and will do nothing or little, for the good of their fellow-creatures. They have contracted a habit of complaining: are fretful and peevish to all connected with them, and will neither speak nor look cheerfully; whereas "the joy of the Lord is the strength" of the soul. They neglect to mortify the sins that easily beset them, and grow formal in religious duties. They take no pains to exercise their faculties, and therefore these decay; just as some lose their limbs for want of motion and exercise. On these accounts, instead of being fruitful in old age, they are like shrubs, or "the heath in the desert." But nothing contributes so much to their unfruitfulness, as their becoming indifferent to religious ordinances; thinking themselves too wise and too good to need any further improvement; or, if they attend them, taking no pains to impress the truths and motives of the gospel on their hearts, and to engage their souls in the exercises of prayer and praise. There is one error into which aged Christians are apt to fall, and which is of most pernicious influence; but I choose to express it in the words of the pious Dr. Owen: "They are ready to think and say, that the preaching and religious exercises, which they had in former days, were far to be preferred above what they now enjoy; and they despise the ministers of the present age in comparison with their fathers. But the change is in themselves. They have lost their spiritual appetite. Being grown full of themselves and conceited of their own abilities, they have not that taste and relish for the word which they had formerly: and this is both the cause, and the evidence, of the decay of all their other graces." So that the fault is their own. They are not straitened in God, but in themselves. But with regard to many aged Christians, it must, in justice, be said, that their attendance upon ordinances is most regular, early, and serious, and their respect to their ministers very honorable and encouraging; and it is much to be wished, that all the younger would imitate their example. Having thus considered the text as expressing both the duty and the privilege of aged saints, I proceed to make some improvement of the subject.

APPLICATION.

1. *Let aged Christians labor after greater fruitfulness.* If you are not sensible, fathers, that there is room for further improvement in grace, you have not yet learned the first instruction in Christ's religion; to be poor in spirit, humble and lowly in heart. If you are not sensible, that you are in danger of decays and spiritual declensions; that they will prove injurious, and may be destructive to your souls, you are but "children in understanding;" yea, "know nothing as ye ought to know." But I hope and believe you are sensible of these things. Let me entreat you, therefore, to make it your great ambition to be fruitful, growing Christians: and in this let all your cares and thoughts centre. To that end, be often examining what fruit you produce, what ground you gain in the Christian race, and how the work of grace goeth on in your souls. Keep near to God by prayer, and watch in holy duties against that drowsiness and languor to which your infirmities expose you. Stir up yourselves to take hold on God; as "from him all your fruit is found." If you cannot address his throne with as much affection as formerly, do it at least with as much seriousness. Let your delight be in the law of the Lord, and meditate in it day and night. "Then you will be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, which bringeth forth his fruit in his season; and whose leaf shall not wither." Think of the dying words of the aged and learned Salmasius; "Oh! I have lost a world of time: had I but one year longer, I would spend it in reading and meditation upon David's psalms and Paul's epistles." Remember, also, that the promise in the text is made to those who "are planted in the house of the Lord." Continue your love to God's house and worship, and forsake not the good way, in which you have found so much edification and comfort. Live by faith in the all-sufficient Saviour, and abide in him to whom you are united, as the branches in the vine, and then you will bring forth much fruit. How dreadful will it be, if, after the kindness you have received from God, you give him reason to say of you, as he did of the Jews, "Thou hast been weary of me, O Israel." To excite you to this holy ambition to be fruitful, growing Christians, consider that your own peace and comfort depend upon it. To find grace thriving while nature is decaying, will support you under your infirmities, and open a fountain of pleasure, when all other sources of it are dried up. It will remove your doubts, enliven your hopes, and brighten your prospects of glory. After the apostle Paul had described his persecutions and sufferings, he adds, "Nevertheless we faint not;" and the reason follows, "Though our outward man perisheth, yet the inward man is renewed," or gains fresh strength, "day by day." If they who had an appearance of religion, and some zeal for it in their younger days, become cold, selfish, and indifferent, what comfort can they have? Nay, indeed, as I hinted above, it seems a proof of a heart naturally barren and destitute of saving grace. Consider again, that your continual fruitfulness will be for the honour of God and your profession. It will show, as the Psalmist observes, that "he is your rock, and that there is no unrighteousness in him." "Herein is my Father glorified," saith our Saviour, "that ye bring forth much fruit." It reflects an honour upon his word and ordinances, and the influences of his Spirit, that they make the aged, with all their natural decays, spiritually strong and healthy, and vigorous in every grace. And finally, it will be an example and an encouragement to others. It may lead the young to think more favorably of religion, and to love the house of God. They will suspect the usefulness of the means of grace, if they see you declining. If you, who have long tried the ways of God, forsake them, or go on slowly or mournfully in them, what a discouragement will this be to them! For their sake, and the sake of religion, do not put a stumbling-block before them. Let these motives engage you, "not to be slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." See that the graces of the Christian character be in you and abound, that you may not be barren and unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ; that you may adorn his doctrine, and hold fast your confidence to the end.

2. *They who would bring forth fruit in old age must begin betimes to do so.* My young friends, if you desire a holy, honorable, and happy old age, you must early cultivate your understandings, be ingrafted into Christ by faith, and be joined to the Lord by a solemn self-dedication. You must now lay in a stock of useful knowledge; contract habits of piety, subjection and self-government; and take the greatest pains to root out and subdue those passions and desires which are contrary to them. Religion is to be learned as a science, by thought and reading, practice and habit; and all under the influence of divine grace, which must be duly and earnestly sought. If you trifle away your youth, it is to be feared you will trifle away your age too. While you despise or pity old trifflers, remember that it was the idleness and barrenness of their youth, that made them worthless and despicable in age. I speak upon a supposition that you may live to be old; but that may not happen. It is great odds against any one that he will not. You now enjoy the means of grace. God now expects fruit from you. Year after year he comes, seeking it, and if he find none, he may say, "Cut down this fruitless tree; why cumbereth it the ground?" To the young, to all, I say, "The axe is laid to the root of the tree; and every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire." I add once more,

Love the great ordinances of public religion. Let me again remind you, that our text is spoken of those who are "planted in the house of the Lord," that is, who use his house and ordinances statedly and seriously attend upon them, and strive to improve them to the purposes for which they were instituted. They may be regularly attended, and yet the soul continue barren. There may be the leaves of an outward profession, but no fruit. Unless you are planted in God's house by faith and love, and make a serious, religious business of religious exercises, engaging the heart and affections in them, your attendance will be in vain. But where there are right dispositions and views, ordinances are adapted to promote the fruitfulness of Christians, and God hath promised his blessing with them. The Lord's supper is particularly suited to further our spiritual nourishment and growth in grace. In a word, all Christian ordinances have an evident tendency to revive and maintain the impressions of religion: to strengthen aged Christians under their burdens; to assist their thoughts in meditation and devotion; to comfort them with the views of the divine promises; to make the glories of their Father's house more familiar and delightful to their minds, and to reconcile them to the thoughts of death. I conclude with addressing you all, and especially the aged, in the words of the apostle; "God is my record, how greatly I long after you all in the bowels of Jesus Christ. And this I pray, that your love may abound yet more and more in all knowledge and judgment; that ye may be sincere and without offence, till the day of Christ, being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Christ Jesus, to the glory and praise of God." Amen.

RICHARD BAXTER.

REV. DR. WILLIAM BATES,—called "the silver-tongued Bates"—was the contemporary of Richard Baxter, and quite intimate with him. Describing him as a sermonizer, he says:

"In his sermons there was a rare union of arguments and motives, to convince the mind and gain the heart; all the fountains of reason and persuasion were open to his discerning eye. There was no resisting the force of his discourse, without denying reason and divine revelation. He had a marvellous facility and copiousness in speaking. There was a noble negligence in his style; for his great mind could not stoop to the affected eloquence of words. He despised flashy oratory; but his expressions were clear and powerful, so convicting the understanding, so entering the soul, so engaging the affections, that those were as deaf as adders who were not charmed by so wise a charmer. He was animated by the Holy Spirit, and breathed celestial fire to inspire heat and life in dead sinners, and to melt the obdurate in their frozen tombs."

We are quite prepared to hear such testimony to Baxter, when he himself, addressing his brother ministers, said:

"Oh, brethren, what men should we be in skill, resolution, and unwearied diligence! Did Paul say, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' And shall we be proud, or careless, or lazy, as if we were sufficient? As Peter saith to every Christian in reference to the great approaching change, 'What manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness!' so might I say to every minister, Seeing all these things are upon our hands, what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy endeavors and resolutions for our work! This is not a burden for the shoulders of a child. What skill doth every part of our work require! How much of moment is every part! To preach a sermon, I think, is not the hardest part, and yet what skill

Har wood Hospital, near Washington, D. C. Nov 20th, 1862.

I have lately been looking for a little time to give you some account of this large receptacle for the sick soldiers of our army—which is only one of many of the same kind, though, perhaps not on so large a scale.

"*Harewood*" is the name given to this place by *Corcoran*, the wealthy banker, who has expended some three hundred thousand dollars ($300,000) on the grounds, (which embrace between two and three hundred acres) in planting ornamental shrubbery and shade trees, and in fertilizing the soil, &c. &c. But Corcoran's daughter was to the "*Manor*" Her husband was and for aught I know, now is the Private Secretary of the legate ambassador, *Stoleti*, and soon. Whether *this* had any influence in the selection of this spot for a hospital, or not, I do not know; but at any rate the government did not deem it any too good a place for the object for which it is now appropriated—a home for the sick.

Since I have been here, we have had at one time, no fewer than thirty-three hundred (3,300) patients on the list But now the convalescents are almost daily returning to their Regiments. Others are obtaining furloughs and getting their discharges to go home; and not a few, thanks be to our Saviour, are receiving their discharge from earth to heaven; and if we confide in the word of God, we must believe that some are discharged from this world to the world of woe!—all of which diminish, faster than the new comers increase our number. We all have lived in tents, of which there were about five hundred, averaging from six or seven to a tent, until now.

To this large encampment there is a Chaplain, *Rev. John B. Meek*, formerly from Pennsylvania, a good man, and highly esteemed in the hospital, not only for the artless simplicity and suavity of his manners, under the dictates of a kind heart, but for his sincere piety. On account of his feeble health, he is allowed an assistant, a lay-preacher of his own selection, who, together with the Chaplain, visits the sick daily, and distributes through all the tents, such reading matter in the form of Testaments, Tracts, papers, &c., as he can obtain for that purpose.

Besides the regular religious services on the Sabbath, we have a daily union prayer-meeting, which is well attended. And it is here we meet the religious element of the hospital. At our first meeting, after reading the Scriptures and singing the song of Zion, we knelt before God, and before rising from our knees, six prayers were offered. From that time to the present, we have found that the daily union prayer-meeting has been the point of deep and affecting interest to the soldiers, and an effective means of reviving the feeble in spirit, and of unfolding the love which were hiding, for the quickening spirit of the Divine Christianity.

It would be difficult for me to describe the deep toned feeling which has been unfolded in the prayers of the soldiers on these blessed occasions. After praying for themselves and their loved ones at home, they pray for the army—for their brethren who are suffering on the battle-field, for their officers, for the President, and for the country—and that the war may be brought to a speedy and honorable close.

So large a hospital as this requires an extensive laundry, which has been supplied with help from the "contraband colony," which means the place for our poor colored brethren, whom the rebellion had driven from slavery to freedom. Among the many women brought from this colony, was *Rachel Sutherland*, who, with her husband and five children, came with the Brigade who were guarding the shores of Maryland in Charles County, nearly opposite Aquia creek to Washington. *Sandy*, Rachel's husband, an able-bodied man, who had obtained employment in one of the city hospitals, in an attempt to come out to Harewood hospital to visit his wife and children, was caught by the slave-hunters, and, under the fugitive slave-law, thrown into jail. *Rachel* becoming wearied with waiting for her husband, went in search of him, and she also was caught and lodged in jail, but not with her husband. Like criminals of the highest order, they were not allowed to see and converse with each other. There was Rachel in one room, actually "weeping for her children;" three of whom, one only an infant, she left at Harewood; and one, whom the slave-catchers had found at a place where he was employed, and hand-cuffed, and lodged him in jail in Port Tobacco, Maryland, where he is to remain, so says his master, until the war is over; with her husband in another room, mourning over his sad misfortune of being, for aught he knew, far removed from his wife, then close by him.

A friend to Rachel, who knew of her fate, and knew that her babes were crying for her while she was weeping for them, laid her case before Colonel Doster, the Provost Marshal, who found that both Rachel and her husband were "snatched up" while under "military protection," and proceeded, on the ground of *military necessity*, with a pass to the jail in Washington, and first demanded the person of Rachel, then of her husband. I had the pleasure of seeing parents and children, "a happy family," (all excepting the two eldest now in slavery again) together again under a safer protection than they or the slave hunters were aware of.

My reason for making this notice is, to give this important information through your paper, that if from Maryland, loyal as she is, or from rebellious Virginia, slaves come into our army, and are there fed, clothed, and employed, and paid wages on a contract for the army, slave-hunters must, to say the least, ask permission to carry them off. Rachel, for example, had by her ability and industry elevated herself to the head of our laundry It was a military necessity that she should be returned to her place. I have been over and looked at *Sandy* at his work in the hospital in the patent office, and seen him enjoying the confidence of his employers. But, alas for the beauties of slavery! be it in a loyal or disloyal state. Rachel told me that she weaned her master when a babe—that she watched over him tenderly through his childhood and youth—that he came early into possession of the estate—that she felt for him a tender affection; only that he would get into such terrible passions lately, and *beat her so badly*, that she could not stand it with him any longer. His beating her had produced a *lame side*, and she got herself and family off to save their lives. It was an interesting fact, that Rachel in pursuit of her husband, got into jail, and by that means got her husband out of jail, and has enlisted hundreds into a sympathy with her love of freedom.

Domestic Items.

Northern Sugar.—One of the results of the war may be the independence of the North and West of the Southern States for sugar, if not for cotton. Much attention is given to the cultivation, not only of the maple, but of the sorghum and beet, for sugar. The sorghum, a kind of sugar cane, has already been proved in the West, and its culture will be greatly increased. It is said that 150 gallons of syrup from an acre in Illinois is a small yield, and that 300 gallons have been produced. Ohio will produce 15,000,000 gallons of sorghum syrup this year. As but from three to five millions of plantation molasses and refined syrups were formerly imported into Cincinnati to supply this territory, of which that city was the market, it appears that the great West is already independent of Louisiana plantations.

The Springfield Armory.—This invaluable national establishment is now, as for many months back, working at its full capacity to supply the Springfield rifled musket. During the month of October it manufactured 20,000 muskets, and is now turning them out at the rate of eight hundred per day, which are shipped directly to the Government as fast as they are manufactured. Twenty-eight hundred men are constantly employed in the various workshops. Almost every mechanical operation, even to the cutting of the hole for the lock, is done by machinery, some of which is extremely complicated, and was devised for its present use

A Discharge from all the Forts.—A week or so ago the authorities at Washington issued a general jail delivery order, liberating the prisoners held for political reasons, in the several forts in the harbors north of Washington. In pursuance of that order, we have to-day the pleasure of announcing the release of all the persons heretofore held in custody at Fort Warren. It is scarcely dealing in metaphor to say that no discharge from the forts in question has ever been more gladly received by both those within and those without

Canal Tolls.—Albany, Nov. 28.—The amount received for canal tolls, from the opening of navigation to Nov. 23, 1862, was $5,078,480.

Efficiency of Express Companies.—Rev. D. Hunt reports that but a single box of twenty-five thousand sent from the Buffalo Aid Society to the Sanitary Commission at Washington, had been lost—and that more than compensated for the immense energy which marks its proceedings. The officers of the Boston Auxiliary Association report that every package sent from this city to Washington has been promptly received, with the exception of one case of goods which was accidentally left at Philadelphia, and after the delay of a few weeks, found its way back to No. 21 Summer street

Increase of Flour and its Price.—The amount of flour passing East, or sent through Buffalo, en route to New York, from January 1 to November 1, 1862, was, in round numbers 6,(000,000 bushels—11,000,000 more than in 1861, and 47,000,000 more than in 1860—and yet flour is nominally about two dollars a barrel more this year than either of the past two years, in consequence of the depreciated currency.

Effect of the late Rains.—The effect of the late rains may prove highly beneficial to the Union cause The following from the New York *World* will convince you:

"The heavy rain-storms of the past week occur at a period when they will prove of immense importance in a military point of view. The war has languished, east and west, because of the low stage of water in all the streams by which our military forces expect to penetrate the insurgent States. Neither the Tennessee nor Cumberland have been navigable; the Mississippi even was unavailable for military purposes, and vast quantities of needed army stores were at Pittsburgh and Cincinnati because of the low water of the Ohio. Our military operations east were retarded because of the low stage of water in all the Virginia streams, as long as the Potomac and Rappahannock were fordable, even to a team, until now. Their condition must be considered more than is generally understood in view of what General Burnside is about doing. And if, as has been given out, there is to be another demonstration up the York or James river, the rain will favor the movement. From these considerations it will be seen how timely have been the recent rains."

The President's Message.—A universal popular desire was gratified in this city on Monday evening last, by the publication of the President's Annual Message to Congress. It discusses the usual topics of administration, but its main interest will be found in two themes—the regulation of the finances for the war, and the subject of Emancipation

Our space will not permit giving it in full to our readers, but we condense and give the main points:

Taking it up in the order of arrangement adopted by the President, we find that our foreign relations are undisturbed except by claims growing out of our blockade of the Southern coast. Some of these claims are clear and are at once redressed; others are questionable, and for the settlement of these, mutual commissions are proposed to foreign governments, which, although kindly received, have not yet been agreed to. In all other respects our Foreign affairs are improved. The slave trade treaty with Great Britain is working well, as is also the new commercial treaty with Turkey. From this latter, and the treaties with Liberia and Hayti, improved commercial advantages are expected. A convention with Hanover has abolished the vexatious Stadt duties.

The prompt emancipation of our negroes abroad does not seem to work well. Several South American States protest against our sending them to their territories. Liberia and Hayti are, thus far, the only States to which African colonists can be sent, and to them the blacks are unwilling to go.

The project for connecting the United States with the old World by telegraph across the ocean, and by San Francisco, to connect with the Russian Overland Telegraph, has been favored by the President, but he does not give the details

Our organized territories are in a prosperous condition, and some are expected to make early application for admission as States. Their mineral resources the President thinks should be rapidly developed, and to this end he recommends that extraordinary measures be adopted in the way of explorations of their mineral resources, and the publication of the results in Europe and at home, to attract emigration and settlement

To the War and Navy Reports but brief reference is made. In Post Office affairs there is a gratifying improvement. The receipts from the *loyal States* in the year ending June 30th, 1862, were $8,299,820, which is within $750,000 of the total receipts from *all the States* in 1860-61. The expenditures for the same years were as follows:—$11,125,364 in 1861-62, against $13,606,759 in 1860-61, showing a decrease of about $2,481,000 on the last year, and of $3,776,000 as compared with 1860. The deficit has been reduced from $4,550,000 to $2,221,000. Foreign Governments have been invited, and some have agreed to meet in a Postal Convention, to simplify the rates of foreign postage, and to facilitate the transmittance of the foreign mails.

The public lands have ceased to be a source of revenue, but $37,476 having been received from that source on the quarter from July 1 to September 30, of this year. After the 1st of January, when the Homestead Act takes effect, the expenses can hardly be expected to support the Land Office and the cost of bringing the lands into market.

Our Indian affairs were lately in a bad condition A simultaneous rising seems to have been plotted from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains. It, however, spent its force in Minnesota, where it appears that not less than eight hundred men, women, and children were massacred. The President expresses no opinion upon the punishment of the savages who were captured in suppressing the revolt.

He briefly discusses the past and future plans of finance. The vast expenditures for the war have been met with unusual promptitude and certainty, and the National credit fully maintained. Large issues of United States notes have been unavoidable; but they have become a valued and universal currency, saving to the people immense sums in discounts and exchanges But a return to specie payments must be kept in view, and it is considered doubtful whether such a circulation, payable in coin, can be permanently maintained. The President, therefore, recommends the organization of Banking Associations, under a general Act of Congress, to which the Government is to furnish circulating notes upon a pledge of United States bonds. This, it is argued, would improve the currency, protect labor, furnish a cheap and safe exchange, and make a steady demand for the Government bonds.

The receipts into the Treasury for the fiscal year, were $583,885,247; and the disbursements for the same period were $570,844,701, leaving a balance, July 1st, 1862, of $13,040,547. Of these sums, however, $96,660,922 were expended in the redemption of the public debt, and should be deducted from both sides, which leaves the virtual receipts and expenditures for the year as follows:—

Receipts, ... $487,788,821 97
Expenditures, ... 474,783,788 10

Upon the subject of emancipation there are nearly three columns of earnest and impassioned appeal to the South. After showing that there can be no division of our territory; that geography is irrevocably opposed to it; that the outlets of the Valley of the Mississippi belong to all the people of that Valley and their successors forever; that there is no line, crooked or straight, that will do for a boundary; that even slavery would suffer by such a division; that there is no possible sovereignty that would not multiply, and not mitigate evils among us, that if there should be separation, re-union would be forced, however much of blood and treasure that process would have cost, the without slavery the Rebellion never would have existed, that without slavery it would not continue, and that the strife can be ended, with no concession by one party or the other, after showing all this, he comes down to the following proposition to amend the Constitution of the United States:

"Article —. Every State wherein slavery now exists, which shall abolish the same therein at any time or times before the 1st day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred, shall receive compensation from the United States as follows, to wit:—

"The President of the United States shall deliver to every such State, bonds of the United States, bearing interest at the rate of 6— for each slave shown to have been therein by the eighth census of the United States, said bonds to be delivered to such State by instalments, or in one parcel, accordingly as the same shall have been gradual, or at one time, within such State, and interest shall begin to run upon any such bonds only from the proper time of its delivery as aforesaid. Any State having received bonds as aforesaid, and afterwards re-introducing or tolerating slavery therein, shall refund to the United States the bonds received, or the value thereof, and all interest paid thereon.

"Article —. All slaves who shall have enjoyed actual freedom by the chances of the war, at any time before the end of the Rebellion, shall be forever free; but all owners of such who shall not have been disloyal, shall be compensated for them at the same rate as is provided for States adopting the abolishment of slavery, but in such a way that no slave shall be twice accounted for.

"Article —. Congress may appropriate money and otherwise provide for colonizing free colored persons, with their own consent, at any place or places without the United States."

Thus, the President thinks, as a plan of mutual concession, which will spare the evils of sudden emancipation, and be a prudent and economical measure compared with war. Before the measure could be consummated, the burden would be distributed over a period of years. This plan he recommends, as a practical way to secure the early restoration of the Union, but as additional means to that end, and the President seems to think that it would secure peace more speedily and maintain it more permanently than by force alone, and its cost would be less than the cost of war.

It closes with three words:

"Fellow citizens, we cannot escape history We, of this Congress and this Administration, will be remembered in spite of ourselves. No personal significance or importance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down in honor or dishonor to the latest generation.

We say, "We are for the Union." The world will not forget that we say this. We know how to save the Union. The world knows we do know how to save it. We—even we here—hold the power and bear the responsibility. In giving freedom to the slave we assure freedom to the free—honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve. We shall nobly save, or meanly lose the last best hope of earth. Other means may succeed, this could not fail. The way is plain, peaceful, generous, just—a way which if followed, the world will forever applaud and God must forever bless.

December 1st, 1862 ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The Report of the Secretary of the Navy.—The report of the Secretary of the Navy is a voluminous, but highly interesting document.

The naval operations and achievements during the past year are carefully and fully reviewed; and, while the exploits of the various vessels comprising the North and South Atlantic and the Eastern and Western Gulf Squadrons, and the Western Flotilla, are alluded to in complimentary and congratulatory terms, the service rendered by the vessels blockading the ports on the Southern coast is pronounced to have been an effective that even foreign statesmen who, a few months since, proclaimed a perfect blockade to be a "material impossibility," now acknowledge it to be conclusive and effectual.

The distribution of the naval force, the gun boat fleet, the James river flotilla, the success of the various expeditions South and West, the ravages of the "290" and other privateers, the present and past condition of the Navy, the introduction and importance of ironclads, the importance and necessity of a yard and depot for an iron-clad Navy, the advisability of establishing a naval depot on one of the rivers in the Valley of the Mississippi, the defences of our harbors, the Naval Academy, and other subjects connected with the Department, are briefly, or as *extenso*, referred to by the Secretary.

We are told that nearly the entire seaboard of the insurgent region—from Norfolk and the outlet of the Chesapeake, through Roanoke, Newbern and Beaufort, N. C., Port Royal, Tybee, Fernandina, Key West, Pensacola, to New Orleans and Galveston—is practically in our hands, held fast and irrevocably under the guns of our navy, or else garrisoned and governed by our military force, and but a short time can elapse before the few remaining ports which are still in the possession of the Rebels will be reduced to our occupation and authority.

In March, 1861, there were forty vessels in commission in the United States Navy, and in all but seven thousand six hundred men, two hundred and seven only of whom were on the Atlantic coast. At present, there are afloat and progressing to rapid completion four hundred and twenty seven vessels, carrying three thousand two hundred and sixty-eight guns, and of the capacity of three hundred and forty thousand and thirty-six tons. The seamen and other employees now on board the vessels, number twenty-eight thousand, while at the navy yards and stations twelve thousand mechanics and laborers are daily employed.

The Secretary of War, in his report to the President, after detailing the military operations of the past year, points to the fact that the Department of the Pacific has been free from any of the calamities occasioned by the rebellion, but an earnest and deep sympathy has been manifested by the loyal citizens of the Pacific States in support of the Union cause.

From a survey of the whole field of operations, it is apparent that whatever disasters our army may have suffered at particular points, a great advance has, nevertheless, been made since the commencement of the war,—which fact the Secretary proceeds to show.

The Union forces are now in the field under able commanders, stronger than ever, resolute and eager to be led against the enemy, and to crush the Rebellion by a vigorous winter campaign. The Armies of the Potomac and the West stand ready to vie with each other in the quickest and heaviest blows against the enemy.

Taught by experience the ruin of inaction and hazard of delay, a spirit of earnest activity seems to pervade the forces of the United States beyond what has hitherto been exhibited. In the numerous battles and engagements that have occurred, our armies in general have displayed the courage and determination that should inspire the officers and soldiers fighting in defence of their Government.

Under the calls of July and August, there are already in the field over four hundred and twenty thousand new troops, of which three hundred and ninety-nine thousand are volunteers, and three hundred and thirty-two thousand of them have volunteered for three years or during the war. It will be remembered that the call was made at one of those periods of despondency which occur in every national struggle.

An Attack on Newbern.—Newbern, Nov. 21.—On Tuesday, some four thousand rebels, under command of Brigadier General Martin, attempted to drive in our pickets and take the city. They advanced on the Trent road from Pollocksville, and succeeded in driving, after a brisk skirmish, the pickets a short distance. Some eight hundred of them were marched through the woods, seven miles, to capture two companies of the 27th Massachusetts, and one company of the 24th Massachusetts, stationed at Batchelder's Creek, on the railroad.

The rebels met with a hot reception, and were defeated in their attempts, falling back in disorder, retreating on a double quick. The rebels thought to take us unawares, but Colonel John Kurz, our efficient Provost Marshal then in command of the post, was prepared at all points.

Desertions from the rebel army are quite frequent. Fifteen deserters came in on the 16th.

Rumors from the Front.—Falmouth, Va., via Aquia Creek, Nov. 29.—From various rumors prevailing in camp, but evidently emanating from headquarters, no blow will be struck by this column until Banks, with the force now concentrated at Newport News, and on Long Island, is ready to move by Suffolk and Petersburg, upon the south side of Richmond.

It is known here that the Massachusetts regiments recently landed at Newbern and Hatteras Inlet, will garrison Southern North Carolina, whilst Gen. Foster's veterans will advance by the way of Weldon to join Banks at Suffolk.

Banks' force, when he effects a junction with Foster, will be fully seventy-five thousand. The rebels, it is believed, intend to attack Burnside before Banks is ready to move, and thus, if possible, overwhelm both columns in detail.

Southern News.—Cairo, Nov. 27.—The Galveston News, of the 7th instant, says that Sam Houston made a secession speech in Brenham lately.

Advices from Holly Springs, Miss., to Saturday report that nearly the entire population has emigrated. All the stores and most of the private residences were closed. A small Confederate force was there, but not quartered permanently.

The U. S. troops occupy Hudsonville, seven miles north of Holly Springs.

The Georgia Legislature passed a law recently for obstructing all the navigable streams in the State, and appropriating half a million for that purpose.

The First General Convention of the Episcopal Church, of the Confederate States, met at Augusta on the 19th inst.

Execution of the Murderer of an American Missionary in Turkey.—Washington, Nov. 28.—Commodore Dutton, of the ship Constellation, in a letter to the Navy Department, dated Smyrna, the 5th inst., says he had just received advices from our Consul at Beirut, Syria, that the Sultan's firman for the execution of the murderer of Mr. Goung, the American Missionary, reached Adana, at which the Constellation was still at anchor near that place, and the criminal was immediately beheaded in the presence of a vast concourse of people and without any popular outbreak, as had been anticipated

The War in Kentucky.—Louisville, Nov. 27.—An order which has been just issued by Gen. Boyle, gives much satisfaction to the conservative men in this section, and is complimented by the press. It is in substance as follows

"*Headquarters of the District of Western Kentucky.*"

Louisville, Nov. 27.

"All commanding officers serving in this district, are ordered not to permit negroes to enter their camps, and all officers and privates are forbidden to interfere or intermeddle with slaves in any way."

Stirring News from Burnside's Army.—Fredericksburg to be Attacked.—Washington, December 2.—Stirring news from General Burnside's head-quarters came in last night, indicating that he is on the point of making an attack upon Fredericksburg. Heavy siege guns were down on Saturday night, and it is evident that whatever the obstructions may have been in the way of an advance, General Burnside will make the attempt speedily to go forward.

He has had difficulty with the war department without a doubt, and especially with General Meigs, and it was reported last night that Meigs had been removed, with what truth it is impossible to ascertain to-day. All things are now arranged, and the understanding is perfect between General Burnside and General Halleck.

There is but one drawback, and it is a considerable one—the bad roads. They are in a terrible condition, and there is a prospect to-day that we are to have continued wet weather. If so, an advance is next to impossible.

Our reports from scouts, spies and deserters are all concurring that it is difficult to say whether the Rebels are withdrawing to Richmond, or only to their second tier of batteries.

Personal.

Mr. Holt's Position.—The Washington *National Republican* has the following explanation of the change of opinion which the changes in circumstances have wrought in Mr Holt's mind.

"As a Kentuckian, Mr. Holt naturally desired to see the Union without injury to slavery, and he has not yielded the hope of doing so, until events have demonstrated that it cannot be realized. One year ago he resisted the proclamation of General Fremont, offering liberty to the slaves of rebels To-day, he sustains the proclamation of the President, declaring all slaves to be free, in such States as shall remain insurrectionary after the first of January. The change which the progress of time has wrought in his mind is going on constantly among the genuine friends of the Union in the Border States. It has just manifested itself most signally in the election in Missouri. A few more courageous utterances, like this of Mr. Holt, will finish the good work."

Dr. Candlish.—On the 28th, at a breakfast in the Hopetoun Rooms, Queen Street, Edinburgh, Dr. Candlish was presented with a testimonial, consisting of a deed of trust, for behoof of himself and family, vesting the sum of £5000; a bank receipt for the sum of £520; and a piece of plate of the value of £120. The testimonial has been presented to the Reverend gentleman by his friends, "as a tribute of their esteem for his worth, of their admiration of his talents, and of their gratitude to God for the pre-eminent services which he has rendered to the interests of Christ's Crown and kingdom, both in his defence of the principles, and his conduct of the affairs of the Free Church of Scotland." Lord Dalhousie presided at the presentation.

William H Allen, LL.D., has resigned the presidency of Girard College, which he has held for the past thirteen years.

Foreign Summary.

Prussia seems likely at no distant day to be in the throes of a revolution. King William, notwithstanding the excitement in his capital, appears to be incapable of appreciating the storm he has provoked,—so true is it, according to the old axiom, that those whom the gods destroy they first make mad. In Berlin, the people are highly incensed, and the unconstitutional conduct of the Sovereign is discussed with great fury under the windows of the royal palace. Meetings of the electors have been held, but, hitherto, they have kept themselves within the limits of the law. One of their first acts was to propose a vote of thanks to the House of Commons for the patriotic spirit with which the representatives—to use the correct circumlocution of the Crown—a bad sign for the King, and showing an imminent determination to confront him. This address, we learn, has been signed in every part of the city, and the presumption is, that the provinces will sympathize with the spirited movement in the capital. The next session will bring matters to a crisis.

A Consultation has taken place respecting Garibaldi's wound, at which no less than seventeen physicians were present. The wound was probed to find the bullet, but without success. It is still believed to be in the ankle. The general state of Garibaldi's health is good, but a complete recovery cannot be expected for some time.—There are rumors of a change of Ministry at Rome, and it is said that Antonelli is to be succeeded by a Cardinal of liberal sympathies, who has long enjoyed the favor of the Pope. This statement, which rests on the authority of the Roman correspondent of a French paper, requires confirmation.

The Revolution in Greece has disappointed no one who has paid attention to what has long been passing there. In fact the exiled King Otho did all that he possibly could to disgust the Greeks, and he succeeded. He appears to be a weak man, unfit from the first to meet the wishes of the people, and his wife was the actual ruler. His Bavarian partialities was the first cause of offence, and he made the Germans thoroughly detested in the little kingdom. All chance of his restoration is at an end, and the dynasty of Otho, so far as the Greek people are concerned, is gone for ever. Nemesis pursues him fate, because he was the sole cause of the ruin which he has brought on himself. Even the officers and the men employed about his person did all that they could to further the revolution. He has not left behind him, it is said, a solitary partizan. A ruler who could produce this result was evidently unable to govern himself, much less govern others. He has arrived at Venice, and the leading European Powers will now have to find a successor to the vacant throne.

The *Gazette* of last night, it will be seen, contains some important news from China, showing a new complication there between the authorities, which the Hon. Mr. Bruce has forwarded to Earl Russell. Mr. Bruce is fond of high-handed measures, and we never see or hear the mention of his name without dreading another conflict with the celestials. In the instance, some tea appears to have been stopped for increased transit duty, and a gunboat was dispatched under the command of a lieutenant, by order of Mr Bruce, which seized all the mandarin and Chinese junks, and this caused the release of the tea so seized. A mode of proceeding like this is not calculated to make our relations with the Chinese government either friendly or permanent.

Abolition of Slavery in the Dutch West Indies.—The law for the abolition of slavery in the Dutch West Indies (already announced) passed the States General of Holland by a majority of 45 to 7. The following are the regulations adopted respecting the slave abolition at Surinam:

1. The abolition of slavery on the first of July, 1863
2. The owners to receive a compensation of 300 guilders (one hundred and twenty dollars) for each slave.
3. The supervision of the State not to continue for more than ten years at the outside.
4. The Government encourages immigration, and offers for that purpose, for a period of five years, premiums not to exceed a million of guilders (four hundred thousand dollars.)
5. Fixed labor to be obligatory on all the emancipated.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO THE FRIENDS OF OUR PATRIOT DEAD.

Repeated applications having been made to the subscriber to establish a branch of his business in the vicinity of the late battle fields, with a view of reducing the cost of bringing home the bodies of the dead, he respectfully announces that he has now established a branch at Bonnaroon, Md., and is prepared to attend to the business at greatly reduced rates. Orders from a distance promptly attended to.

The Burial Casket

furnished by me is equal to any other in use with regard to security, economy, and entire absence of any of the unpleasant circumstance which generally surround similar articles. Wherever used it has given entire satisfaction, and the subscriber challenges comparison with any Casket now before the public

Much complaint has been made of the extortious practised by unprincipled men engaged in this business, which the subscriber will honestly avoid.

JOHN GOOD, Undertaker.
No. 921 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.

MRS MARTHA COLLINS.
730 Russell Street, above Fitzwater,

Begs leave to inform her friends and the public generally, that she has opened an INFANT SCHOOL, for Boys and Girls, to whom she will pay special attention to Teaching the primary departments of Reading, Writing and Arithmetic, also Singing, upon the most reasonable and accommodating terms. She does not hesitate to say that she will be able to please all who may give her a trial.

MRS S SHORTER HAWKINS'
DRY GOODS, HOSIERRY, AND TRIMMING STORE.
No 618 Lombard Street, Philadelphia

Mrs H calls the attention of her friends and patrons to a new stock of Fall and Winter Goods, consisting of Delaines, Calicoes, Flannels, Muslins, Drills, Shawls, Bareges, and Hoop Skirts

N B. Regalia and Dress Trimmings still on hand All will be sold as near the old prices as possible. Call and see

WM H LONGFELLOW.
SURGEON DENTIST.
No. 1126 Rodman Street.
Between 11th and 12th, and Lombard and South Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA

Every department of Dentistry attended to.
Persons waited on at their residence, if desired
Nov. 17.

Advertisements.

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 10th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

From Gerrit Union No 4, D. of T.; from Phœnix Union, No. 8, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No 16, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Dr Bias' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 18, D. of T.; from Vanbrackle Union, No. 15, D. of T., of Norristown, Pa

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—

Grand P., Sister Bennet; Grand Associate, Sister Barrett; Grand Treasurer, Sister Fawcett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dukhart; Grand Chaplain Sister Hall

G P P, Sister E. Roberts, G P P Sister Anderson,
" " E. Bowles, " " J. J. Bland,
" " M. H. Dennis, " " E. A. Cease,
" " S. Newman, " " White,
" " S. Davis, " " S. Hall.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY.

The States Quarterly Meetings of this Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August, and November.

The meeting of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the society.

Mrs. Sarah Carter, President.
Mr. L. R. Seymour, Sec'y.

THE BOOK DEPOSITORY
OF THE
AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,
No. 619 Pine Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

We keep on hand, in connexion with our other books Sabbath school books of various kinds; Question Books, Catechisms, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. We have a good assortment of such books as are generally used in the Public Schools Also, Stationery, Inks, Pens, Paper, Envelopes and Blank Books.

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GOOD NEWS

To Tailors, Dress makers, and to those wishing to be such. Also, to owners of sewing machines, store-keepers, and large families,—for in one day by printed directions which each Instrument has, you can cut out 24 perfectly Ladies Dresses, Vests and Men's Pants. Vests, Jackets, Sack and Over-coats

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NEW AND SECOND HAND
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No 17—3mo. PHILADELPHIA

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STOVE STORE,
107 NORTH FIFTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA

The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and all in want of good stoves, that he has now on hand a general variety of excellent PARLOR, COOK and CHAMBER STOVES, including Gas burning, as well as other patterns, which he is selling at very low rates. He buys entirely for cash, of the best wholesale foundries, and of course can sell much cheaper than those buying on the usual credit system. At any rate his friends are invited to give him a call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere, as he feels that they would be convinced that it would be to their interest to give him their patronage. Coal orders constantly on hand. WM STILL.

JOSEPH H. COLE,
CONTINENTAL RESTAURANT,
NO. 717 LOMBARD STREET, PHILA,
(Above Seventh St., under Philadelphia Institute.)

Where he continues to keep always on hand the very best assortment of OYSTERS and other refreshments—hoping that all his friends and the public in general will favor him with their patronage

☞ Meals served at all hours. Families supplied with Oysters of the best quality and flavor at the shortest notice.

☞ Also, public and private waiting done on the most reasonable terms. 1y

"UNION COTTAGE,"
ATLANTIC CITY, NEAR THE INLET.

The subscriber will always be happy to welcome her numerous friends, and the public in general.

TERMS.

Board per week, ... $6 00
" " day, ... 1 25
Single meals, ... 50

S. H. WALLS, *Proprietress*

BOARDING
IN BROOKLYN

MRS. E. PLANT (formerly Richardson) respectfully announces that she has opened a first-class BOARDING & LODGING HOUSE at No 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn, where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city, and within five minutes' walk of Fulton Ferry, is made thus a very desirable and convenient place.

BOARDING

Mrs. AMIA WILLIAM, of Cape May, will open the Banker House for the season, for the accommodation of all who wish to spend the season there, and she will spare no pains to make all comfortable. Those wishing to spend one, two, or three days, will find the Banker House the right spot. Prices very reasonable. 1sep4

COAL, STOVES, &c., &c.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the store,

NO. 107 NORTH FIFTH STREET,

formerly occupied as the Anti-Slavery Office, (where he has been engaged for the last fourteen years,) to occupy it henceforth as a place of business for the sale of

COAL, STOVES, &C.

Having made arrangements with one of the first Coal Dealers in the city, to furnish the best qualities of Lehigh, Schuylkill, &c., at the lowest Cash prices, he hopes to give full satisfaction in this branch of his business

He will also keep constantly on hand a general assortment of good NEW and SECOND-HAND STOVES, FURNACES, &c

Persons wishing Stoves taken down, stored away, put up, or cleaned, can be promptly accommodated by applying as above.

He hopes by energy and strict attention to business to obtain a fair share of patronage.

WM. STILL,
107 North Fifth Street, Philadelphia

REFERENCES.

J M M'Kim, Dr Caspar Wister,
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WANTED,

One or two respectable colored men in a quiet and respectable family to lodge, where they can secure all the comforts of a home, with a furnished room.

INQUIRE,
No 424 South 7th St., Phila.

A few respectable men can be accommodated with board or lodging, on reasonable terms, at 1622 Lombard Street
N B.—Also rooms to let. 1mo.

REV. LEWIS S. LEWIS'
FAMILY LINIMENT
IS PREPARED WITH GREAT CARE,
EXPRESSLY FOR FAMILY USE.

Its composition is very simple, containing nothing that is injurious in any form, and there is no danger in its use from exposure to the weather. No family should be without it. Having a wish to benefit mankind in general, and those afflicted in particular—and having had recourse to the article in several cases of rheumatism, bunions, chilblains, and other lameness, it proving to be a remedy in every case—I therefore recommend it to the public.

CERTIFICATES

Providence, R. I., Nov 27, 1861

Rev L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with the rheumatism eleven years, during which time I tried almost everything, but received no sure relief For the last four months my limbs and joints were so swollen that at times I could not walk or use my fingers I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and at the first application was instantly relieved After using one or two bottles, I was enabled to enjoy the free use of my limbs. Rev. GEORGE A. RUE.

Newport, R I, October 29, 1861.

Rev L S Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been affected for a number of years, more or less, with a pain and weakness in my chest, arising from some cause unknown to me. I made two applications of your Liniment, and was relieved. I was attacked with the diphtheria, and was cured by using your Liniment its worth has proved itself ten times its cost. ANTHONY RANDOLPH.

Newport, R I., Nov. 19, 1861.

Rev. L S Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been cured of stiffening in my joints by using your Liniment. I recommend it to all who are thus troubled RICHARD WHITE.

Newport, R. I., Nov. 17, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—Your Liniment is, truly, all that it is recommended to be. I have tried it, and it has successfully cured my bunions. SOPHIA TAYLOR.

Newport, R. I., Oct. 7, 1861.

Mr. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have had a pain and stiffness in my neck and back for some time. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and applied it twice, which effected a cure. I recommend it to the public Mrs EVELINA DEMOND.

Providence, Dec 10, 1861

Rev. L. S Lewis—Dear Sir: For upwards of three years I have been very lame at times, arising from a sprain. I have tried a great many things, without any definite results. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and was effectually relieved. Mrs. PHEBE A. MORSE.

Newport, R. I., Oct. 10, 1861.

Rev Mr. Lewis—I have been afflicted with the rheumatism for some time. I used your Liniment, which has removed it successfully. It has also cured my swollen joints. Mrs. ELIZABETH THOROUGHGOOD.

Newport, R. I., Nov. 20, 1861,

Rev. Mr. Lewis—My boy was troubled with the chilblain I applied your Liniment a few times, and it cured him. Mrs. ADELINE JONES.

Stearns Ferry, Sept. 3, 1861.

Rev. Mr Lewis—I have used your Liniment for rheumatic pains of long standing—also, lameness in the feet, &c. It is a perfect remedy where other things have failed Miss SUSAN GARDINER.

Providence, Rhode Island, Aug. 19

SYRIAN SKETCHES.

The Syrians are more nearly allied in color and in their general features to Europeans than to Africans, notwithstanding the general impression that exists in the minds of some to the contrary. Whatever we may say of their character we cannot say that their skin is black. In fact, those inhabiting the cities are of a very fair complexion. The mountaineers and the sons of the Desert are however of a more tawny hue. This we would naturally anticipate from their constant exposure to the scorching rays of the sun.

The men generally shave their heads as bare as your hand. Their reasons for so doing I need not mention. As a substitute for nature's covering, they wear the tarbush. This is a kind of small red skull cap which is seldom if ever removed from the head night or day, in the house or in the street, excepting while the operation of shaving is being performed, in short while it is decidedly polite to enter a drawing room with bare feet, it would be a gross insult to uncover the head on doing so, particularly in the presence of a superior. Europeans in the East are not required however to conform to this custom, indeed they rather consider it a mark of respect for them to uncover their heads on entering a room.

It is customary for the young men to shave their faces as well as their heads, with the exception of the upper lip, nor is it surprising that the down on this part of the youthful face is allowed to remain untouched, for without this appendage so indicative of masculine prowess—so some folks nearer home seem to think—the manly youths would be considered a band of women, an indignity that their proud spirits could not brook for a single moment, even though the fair sex were more highly esteemed among them than they are.

There have been women in Syria for many long years; and lest some of my fair friends should feel piqued if their sex is passed by in silence, allow me to say a word or two about them. Like women in many other parts of the world, some of them are old, some are not old, some of them are pretty and some are not pretty, some of them can scold, and I would fain say that some cannot scold, could I do so without endangering my veracity. But unlike the women in some other parts of the world, they can scarcely be said to have any social position. The wife is the slave and not the companion of the husband; his word is law, and his will must be her pleasure. If he laughs, she is expected to laugh too; if he is in trouble, she must at least feign to be in trouble also. But if he takes upon himself to chastise her she must be mute, though I can't say that this is always the case. The wife must not sit down in the presence of her husband until permission is granted by him. Every woman is expected to know how to fill a pipe and clean her husband's shoes before she becomes a bride. The former, particularly, is an indispensable accomplishment. They know nothing of what we call social or domestic enjoyment. The husband seldom speaks to his wife excepting in the imperative mood, and if seen walking the street with her the finger of scorn is immediately pointed at him. If he should meet his wife on the street, he will not recognise her. If they happen to be walking in the same direction, she must keep fifty or a hundred yards behind him.

That some husbands have an affection for their wives no cannot doubt. But should even one of this affectionate class be absent from his home and accidentally meet an acquaintance, he makes many inquiries about the concerns of his house; as to the condition of his children, servants, cattle, sheep, mules, asses, &c., yet one never once mentions the name of his wife. All that the custom of the country allows, under such circumstances, to the most devoted husband, is to say, *Rief hal baite?* How is my house or household? which of course includes his wife. If he writes a letter to his wife, he directs it to his eldest son, though an infant. If, however, he is so unfortunate as to have no son, he directs his communication to an imaginary one whose name the father bears; the full import of which the wife understands, and feels at liberty to break the seal. He would feel degraded to direct a letter even to a woman that he loved.

Once when paying a friendly visit to a Druse Sheik on Lebanon, I asked him in the course of our conversation how many children he had? His reply was, "Three." But, said I, are not all those children in the room, yours? There are more than three here. "Yes," said he, "they are all my children," but, he continued, pointing to two in one corner, "These are *girls, they don't count.*"

Notwithstanding the contempt in which females are held in the East, a man without a wife after he has seen 18 or 20 summers is scarcely considered worthy of being called a man. He need not look for the sympathy or even the respect due from his friends, and he can never take a high position in society until he has conformed to this fundamental law. This, however, does not apply with equal force to foreigners living among them, for they are aware that in more civilized countries, a jolly old bachelor occupies rather an enviable position.

Though the poor girls have little to gain by the change, yet, actuated by a spirit of *pure benevolence*, they are willing to make any reasonable sacrifice to elevate the lords of creation to their proper position. The eagerness which they manifest to enter the married state—purely an Oriental characteristic *of course*—when we consider their motives, is truly refreshing. The anxiety of each to become an *arusse* being equalled only by her desire in due time to present her beloved spouse with a son. Marriage contracts are generally negotiated by the parents, and it is often the case that the parties most interested in the affair have never seen each other, and they seldom have any knowledge of what is going on till the whole matter is settled. Though it may seem rather incongruous, the bridegroom is required to pay a dowry to the father of the bride, which of course varies according to the circumstances of the parties, but is sometimes as high as £500, the whole of which must be paid before the marriage ceremony is performed.

Espousals often take place at what may be considered as a very *tender* age. I was once present at a ceremony of this kind in Damascus where the bridegroom had reached the mature age of *nine* years and the bride *seven*. I only know one lady, however, that was *married* under ten years of age.

If the first-born be a son, it brings joy and gladness to the house. The father is no longer called by his own name. He immediately receives the name of *Abu Ibnihu*. For example, If the son is named Gurges, the fond parent is called Abu Gurges, that is, the father of George.

But should the unfortunate wife be like Rachel or Hannah, or should she present her lord with a fine little daughter, the neighbors flock in to condole with the ill-treated husband, and out of commiseration for his forlorn condition, they give him the name of some imaginary son, by which he is ever afterwards known.

It is not uncommon, however, for a man to receive his name from some peculiar or prominent object about him; for example, a man with a long beard is called *Abu Duckan*; a man with a peculiar kind of coat, *Abu Cabbie*, and so on. Now as the tarbush, which is universally worn in the east, is a small red cap fitting closely to the head, the most noticeable object about an Englishman is his black hat, which unfortunately very much resembles one of their principal cooking utensils, so that I have frequently been scandalized by hearing my countrymen called *Abu Tangora*, that is, the father of a *big Pot*, which, however, considering an Englishman's love for a good dinner was not so very far astray, after all

Yours, EL HAKEEM.

Perdiccas asked Alexander what he reserved for himself before setting out on his eastward march—having given away, with lavish prodigality, estates and dominions. His only reply was—*Hope*—the secret of his sublime career.

FLYING FOXES OF CEYLON.

The singular inhabitants of Ceylon trees—the flying foxes—hang from them like fruit. The flight of these creatures is directed by means of a membrane attached to the inner side of each of the hind legs, and kept distended at the lower extremity by a projecting bone, just as a fore and aft sail is distended by a "gaff." Over the entire surface of the thin membrane of which they are formed, sentient nerves of the utmost delicacy are distributed, by means of which the animal is enabled during the darkness to direct his motions with security, avoiding objects against contact with which, at such time, its eyes, and other senses would be insufficient to protect it." By day they suspend themselves from the highest branches of the silk-cotton trees, hanging by the claws of the hind legs, with the head turned upward, and pressing the chin against the breast. At sunset, taking wing, they hover, with a murmuring sound, occasioned by the beating of their broad, membranous wings, around the fruit-trees, on which they feed till morning, when they resume their pensile attitude as before. They hang in such prodigious numbers, that the branches often give way beneath their accumulated weight. They fly in clouds as thick as bees or midges. "When at rest or asleep, the disposition of the limbs of the flying fox is most curious. At such times it suspends itself by one foot only, bringing the other close to his side, and thus it is enabled to wrap itself in the ample folds of its wings, which envelop it like a mantle, leaving only its upturned head uncovered. Its fur is thus protected from damp and rain, and to some extent its body is sheltered from the sun. As it collects its food by means of its mouth, either when on the wing, or when suspended within reach of it, the flying fox is always more or less liable to have the spoil wrested from it by its intrusive companions, before it can make good its way to some secure retreat in which to devour it unmolested. In such conflicts they bite viciously, tear each other with their hooks, and scream incessantly, till, taking to flight, the persecuted one reaches some place of safety, where he hangs by one foot, and grasping the fruit he has secured in the claws and opposite thumb of the other, he hastily reduces it to lumps, with which he stuffs his cheek-pouches till they become distended like those of a monkey, then, suspended in safety, he commences to chew and suck the juices, rejecting the refuse with his tongue."

THE FAITHFUL WIFE.

In 1793, M. de Talleyrand was in Boston. One day, whilst crossing the market place, he was compelled to stop by a long row of wagons, all loaded with vegetables. The wily courtier, generally as dead to emotion, could not but look with a kind of pleasure at these wagons, and the little waggoners, who, by-the-by, were young and pretty countrywomen. Suddenly the vehicles came to a stand, and the eyes of M de Talleyrand chanced to rest upon one of the young women who appeared more lovely and graceful than the others. An exclamation escaped from his lips. It at once attracted the attention of the fair one, whose country dress and large hat bespoke daily visits to the market. As she beheld the astonished Talleyrand, whom she recognised immediately, she burst out laughing.

"What! is it you?" exclaimed she.

"Yes, indeed, it is I. But you, what are you doing here?"

"I," said the young woman; "I am waiting for my turn to pass on. I am going to sell my greens and vegetables at the market."

At that moment the wagons began to move along; she of the straw hat applied the whip to the horse, told M. de Talleyrand the name of the village where she was living, requesting him earnestly to come and see her, disappeared and left him as if riveted to the spot by this strange apparition.

Who was this young market-woman? Madame la Comtesse de la Tour-du-pin (Mademoiselle de Dillon,) the most elegant among the ladies of the court of Louis the Sixteenth, King of France, and whose moral and intellectual worth had shone with so dazzling a lustre in the society of her numerous friends and admirers. At the time when the French nobility emigrated, she was young, lovely, endowed with the most remarkable talents, and, like all the ladies who held a rank at the court, had only had time to attend to such duties as belonged to her highly fashionable courtly life.

Let any one fancy the sufferings and agony of that woman, born in the lap of wealth, and who had breathed nothing but perfumes under the gilded ceilings of the royal palace at Versailles, when all at once she found herself surrounded with blood and massacres, and saw every kind of danger besetting her young and beloved husband and her infant child.

They succeeded in flying from France. It was their good fortune to escape from the bloody land where Robespierre and his associates were busy at the work of death. Alas! in those times of terror the poor children themselves abandoned with joy the parental roof, for no hiding-place was secure against the vigilant eye of those monsters who thirsted for innocent blood.

The fugitives landed in America, and first went to Boston, where they found a retreat. But what a change for the young, pretty, and fashionable lady, spoiled from her infancy by loud and continual praises of her beauty and talents!

Mons de la Tour-du-Pin was extravagantly fond of his wife. At the court of France he had seen her, with the proud eye of a husband, the object of general admiration. Indeed, her conduct had always been virtuous and exemplary. But now in a foreign land, and among unsophisticated republicans (1793,) what was the use of courtly refinement?

Happy as he was in seeing her escape from all the perils he had dreaded on her own account, still he could not but deplore the future lot of the wife of his bosom. However, with the prudent foresight of a good father and a kind husband, he secured himself against despair, and exerted himself to render their condition less miserable than that of many emigrants who were starving when the little money they had brought over with them had been exhausted. Not a word of English did he know; but his wife spoke it fluently, and admirably well.

They boarded at Mrs. Muller's, a good-natured, notable woman, who on every occasion evinced the greatest respect and admiration for her fair boarder; yet M. de la Tour-du-Pin was in constant dread lest the conversation of that good, plain, and well-meaning woman might be the cause of great *ennui* to his lady. What a contrast to the society of such gentlemen as M. de Narbonne, M. de Talleyrand, and the high-minded and polished nobility of France! Whenever he was thinking of this transition (particularly when absent from his wife, and ruling the garden of the cottage which they were going to inhabit,) he felt such pangs and heart-throbbings as to make him apprehensive on his return to Mrs. Muller to meet the looks of his beloved wife, whom he expected to see bathed in tears. Meanwhile the good hostess would give him a hearty shake of the hand and repeat to him, "Happy husband! Happy husband!"

At last came the day when the fugitive family left the boarding-house of Mrs. Muller to go and inhabit their little cottage, when they were to be at last exempt from want, with an only servant, a negro, a kind of Jack-o'-all-trades—viz., gardener, footman, and cook. The last function M de la Tour-du-Pin dreaded most of all to see him undertake.

It was almost dinner-time. The poor emigrant went into his little garden to gather some fruit, and carried as long as possible the intelligence home, his wife was absent; looking for her, he entered the kitchen, and saw a young country-woman, who, with her back to the door, was kneading dough; her arms of snowy whiteness were bare to the elbows. M de la Tour-du-Pin started; the young woman turned round. It was his beloved wife, who had exchanged her muslin and silk for a country dress, not as for a fancy ball, but to play the part of a real farmer's wife. At the sight of her husband, her cheeks crimsoned, and she joined her hands, in a supplicating manner. "Oh! my love," she said, "do not laugh at me. I am no expert as Mrs. Muller."

Too full of emotion to speak, he clasps her to his bosom, and kisses her fervently. From his inquiries, he learns that when he thought her given up to despair, she had employed her time in re-useful y for their future happiness. She had taken lessons from Mrs Muller and the servants, and, after six months, had become sharing in the culinary art, a thorough housekeeper, discovering her angelic nature and admirable fortitude.

"Dearest," continued she, "if you knew how easy it is! We in a moment understand what would cost a country-woman sometimes one or two years. Now we shall be happy—you will no longer be afraid of *ennui* for me, nor I of doubts about my abilities, of which I will give you many proofs," said she, looking with a bewitching smile at him. "Come, come, you promised us a salad, and I am going to bake for to morrow; the oven is hot. To-day the bread of the town will do—but oh!—henceforth leave it to me."

From that moment, Madame de la Tour-du-Pin kept her word; she insisted on going herself to Boston to sell her vegetables and cream-cheese. It was on such an errand to town that M de Talleyrand met her. The day after he went to pay her a visit, and found her in the poultry-yard, surrounded by a host of fowls, hungry chicks and pigeons.

She was all that she had promised to be. Besides, her health had been so much benefited, that she seemed less fatigued by the hous work, than if she had attended the balls of the winter. Her beauty, which had been remarkable in the gorgeous palace of Versailles, was dazzling in her cottage in the New World. M. de Talleyrand said so to her.

"Indeed!" replied she with *naiveté*, "indeed, do you think so? I am delighted to hear it. A woman is always and everywhere proud of her personal attraction."

At that moment the black servant bolted into the drawing-room, holding in his hands his jacket with a long rent in the back. "Missus, him jacket torn; please mend him." She immediately took a needle, repaired Gulliah's jacket, and continued the conversation with a charming simplicity.

This little adventure left a deep impression on the mind of M. de Talleyrand, who used to relate it with that tone of voice peculiar to his narrations.

A SLAVE'S LEGACY TO HISTORY.

Some years ago an aged African, who had been liberated from slavery in the Southern states, spent a year in New York, and had frequent interviews with a gentleman to whom he communicated a long account of his life, with a request that he would publish it.

He was from a country about three hundred miles east of Sierra Leone, had been educated for a Mohammedan teacher, and had been an instructor of youth many years before his captivity, which occurred when he was about forty.

During the subsequent thirty years, or thereabouts, when he was a slave in South Caroline, Alabama, and elsewhere, he bore a high character for integrity, as well as intelligence, and while awaiting in New York an opportunity to return to Africa, he gained the entire confidence of those who became acquainted with him. He expressed a strong desire that good men in America should become acquainted with his countrymen, of whom, he said, the greatest ignorance prevailed among us. When encouraged, therefore, to expect that his communications would some time be published, he devoted much time and labor to the task of communicating his recollections orally, writing occasionally in Arabic, (which he still was able to do,) recalling events and circumstances, and answering questions, with great care and patience. The notes which were written during each interview have been preserved, and, after much study of authorities, compiled into a volume. The writer has hitherto never found it convenient to publish them, but they contain many things which would be interesting and useful at the present time

Footah, the native country of the aged African, is one inhabited by a powerful Mohammedan nation, who have been for ages in a state of society corresponding with the principles of the Koran, and are far above the savage and barbarous condition which many people ignorantly imagine to be universal in Africa. Peculiar causes have thus far prevented foreigners from visiting that country, except in its northern extremity, where Park, Caillee, the Landers, and several other travellers have crossed it, on their way to the Niger and Timbuktu.

CULTIVATION OF CRANBERRIES ON UPLAND.

In answer to a letter of inquiry, relative to the upland cultivation of cranberries, Mr. J. C. Young of Lakeland, Long Island, writes as follows: —

The first attempt at the upland cultivation of the cranberry was made in the spring of 1854 by setting out some 12 or 5 feet square, with the cranberry; these vines produced in the fall of that year about one pint of very dark colored fruit. The vines then set out, without the least further attention to their cultivation, have continued to bear fruit each year, and are now in a perfectly healthy condition

In 1856 I planted out 14,400 square feet of land, walks included, less than the third of an acre, from which I gathered to the fall of 1859, twenty-five bushels of cranberries. In 1860 I gathered from the above piece forty-two bushels, an increase of some 78 per cent. on the crop of 1859.

I now have two-thirds of an acre in my garden appropriated to the growth of the cranberry. My success has induced many persons in this vicinity and elsewhere, to commence the cultivation of the fruit.

For successful cultivation, the land should be thoroughly broken up, all foul stuff removed, carefully raked, and brought as near level as can be; then laid out in lines 30, 36 or 48 inches apart—distance to be regulated by the system which may be afterwards adopted in the cultivation. Open the earth with a spade about six inches wide, and insert single plants at twelve inches distance from each other, drawing back the earth to the roots, carefully packing with the hand. The ground should be kept free from weeds. The vines have a great tendency to cover the space between the drills; but as most lands, unless frequently broken up, become foul, continued cultivation becomes necessary; cultivation, also, evidently adds largely to the high quality of the fruit. When cultivating, lift the runners covering the ground, and place them beside the drills, where they will gradually throw out rootlets and become part of the drill. My vines were set in drills at thirty inches apart. I use no manure, and have never irrigated.

The vines do best by being set out after the vernal season has fairly commenced. With spring or early summer warmth the vines grow vigorously, throwing out long runners the first season; the runners produce uprights the second season; each year the included fruit is produced, gradually increasing to the fourth year, including the planting season, when an abundant return may be anticipated.

My observations extend over several years, from 1851 to the present time. I have yet to witness any injury to the cranberry vine from drought; my vines are 51 feet above any water, have to depend for moisture upon the rains from heaven-ward and the dews of Long Island, from one or the other of which they have thus far been copiously supplied. They were taken from swamps and marshes, and put upon soil apparently unnatural to them, yet they thrive. I believe the lands of Long Island, (a spur of land projected 120 miles into the ocean,) to be peculiarly adapted to the cultivation of this fruit. Neither must I let the occasion pass without recording my thorough conviction that the soil in the middle of the Island, for a great extent to length, is equally well adapted to the growth of olives, the cereals, garden vegetables, and fruit. Skill, care and energy are all that is wanted.

Ploughman

Parents—all of you—rich and poor, do teach your children politeness. It is too much neglected.

NEWBURGH, AND WASHINGTON'S HEAD QUARTERS

BY BENSON J. LOSSING

Sixteen miles below Poughkeepsie, on the same side of the Hudson, is the small village of Fishkill Landing having for a back-ground, in a view of it from the river, the lofty range of the Fishkill Mountains, which form a portion of the High lands proper, through which the Hudson flows a few miles below. Here is the Fishkill and Newburgh railway-station, and a long wharf that stretches over the shallow bed of the river to the deep channel far in the direction of Newburgh. That large town lies upon the steep slope on the western shore, and presents a beautiful appearance to the traveller by railway or steamboat, especially when it is lighted up by the morning sun. Around that old town, the site of the oldest permanent settlement in Orange co., are clustered many associations of the war for independence, for near there the Continental Army encamped, there it was disbanded, and in a house yet standing, and well preserved, Washington had his headquarters for a long time.

The first European settlement at Newburgh was commenced in 1709, by some Palatines, who went up from New York for the purpose, and seated themselves a little above Quassaic (some call it called Chambers') Creek, where the Quassaic Indians resided, and laid the foundation of "Newburgh." They obtained a patent from Queen Anne in 1719, but becoming dissatisfied, they went some to Pennsylvania, and some to the Mohawk Valley. English, Irish, New England, and Huguenot settlers supplied their places. New Windsor (two miles below) and other places were settled, and a flourishing little commonwealth was commenced. New Windsor, upon the shores of a sheltered bay near the mouth of the Quassaic, was for some time the rival of Newburgh. They were included in the "Highland Precinct" until 1768, when they were divided into separate municipalities, and so remained until they were organized into towns in 1788.

The house occupied by Washington was built by Jonathan Hasbrouck in 17—, and is known by the respective names of "Hasbrouck House," and "Washington's Headquarters." It has been the property of the State for several years, and a sufficient annual appropriation from the State treasury is made to keep it, with the grounds around it, in good order. Within it are collected many relics of the Revolution, the war of 1812-15, and war with Mexico.

In connexion with this house, as the headquarters of the army, occurred one of the most interesting events in the life of Washington, to which allusion has already been made. It was in the spring of 1783. Peace had been declared; a preliminary treaty had been signed by Great Britain and the United States, and the Continental Army were soon to be disbanded. The civil confederacy was weak. For a long time the Congress had been unable to pay the army, and officers and soldiers were likely to be sent home penniless, large pecuniary creditors of the country whose independence they had achieved. Secret consultations were held among a few of the officers. They had lost faith in the Congress, and began to doubt the feasibility of republican government; and they indirectly offered the power and title of king to Washington. He spurned the proposition with indignation. Then an appeal to the officers of the army was written, and secretly disseminated, in which grievances were set forth, and they were advised to take matters into their own hands, and in effect, form a military despotism if the Congress should not speedily provide for their pay. Washington was informed of the movement. He resolved to control, without seeming to oppose it. He called a meeting of the officers, and the suspected ringleader of the movement was asked to preside. When all were assembled, Washington stepped forward and read to them a powerful appeal to their patriotism. His first words, before unfolding the paper, touched every heart. "You see, gentlemen," he said, as he placed his spectacles before his eyes, "that I have grown not only *gray*, but *blind*, in your service." His address, as usual, was short, pointed, convincing, and most persuasive. All eyes were filled with tears. The spirit of mutiny and revolt shrunk abashed, and the assembly resolved unanimously, "That the officers of the American army view with abhorrence, and reject with disdain, the infamous propositions contained in a late anonymous address to the officers of the army." The scene did not occur at headquarters, but in a large temporary building a few miles in the interior, near where the army lay at that time

In the centre of the Hasbrouck House, or Headquarters, is a large hall, having on one side an enormous fire-place, and containing seven doors, but only one window. Here Washington received his friends; here large companies dined; and here, from time to time, some of the most distinguished characters of the Revolution, civil and military, were assembled. Colonel Nicholas Fish of the Continental Army, used to relate an interesting fact connected with this room. He was in Paris a short time before the death of the Marquis de Lafayette, who had lodged many nights in both the rear of the "Hasbrouck House." Colonel Fish was invited, with the American minister on one occasion, to sup at the house of the distinguished Marbois, who was the French Secretary of Legation during the Revolution. Lafayette was one of the guests. At the supper-hour the company were shown into a room which contrasted quite oddly with the Parisian elegance of the other apartments, where they had spent the evening. A low, boarded, painted ceiling, with large beams, a single small uncurtained window, with numerous small doors, gave, at first, the idea of the kitchen, or largest room, of a Dutch or Belgian farm-house. On a long, rough table, was a repast, just as little in keeping with the refined *cuisines* of Paris, as the room was with its architecture. It consisted of a large dish of meat, uncouth-looking pastry, and wines in decanters and bottles, not unlocked by glasses and silver mugs, such as indicated other habits and tastes than those of modern Paris. "Do you know where we now are?" said Marbois to Lafayette and his American companions. They paused in surprise for a few minutes. They had seen something like it before, but when? and where?" "Ah! the seven doors and one window," exclaimed Lafayette, "and the silver camp-gold in, such as the marshals of France used in my youth! We are at Washington's Headquarters on the Hudson, fifty years ago!"—*London Art Journal*

DON'T BE TOO POSITIVE.

Always allow other people their opinions, and do not be too sure you are right. Remember, if you are right in one particular, you may be wrong in others. Do not be defiant, or boldly contradict; but calmly express your reasons, and patiently bear with those whose understanding is less clear, or whose reason is disturbed by passion. Rather than "It is" and "It isn't," "You did" and "You didn't," say "It seems to me," or "I think it is," or "If I mistake not." Avoid all rude and ill-natured expressions; as calling one fool ish, obstinate, or provokingly stupid. Our aim should be to advance the *truth*, not *ourselves*. It often happens that much time is wasted and temper lost in matters of insignificance, one party says the beam is hard, another says it is not—and there is a fuss. Jane and Susan go down into the street, but Mary declares it was somebody else, and then a difference ensues. All this shows a wrong spirit, and causes much bitterness, both in words and feelings. While in all cases concerning duty and happiness we are faithful to the right, let us remember to hold to the truth in meekness.

SUPERABUNDANCE OF MEN

There is according to the census, an excess of 733,258 males over females in the United States. This fact is noteworthy, and ought to quiet the apprehensions of those who feared the war would cause an undue preponderance of women after peace was declared. No matter how bloody the war may be, or long it lasts, it cannot make way with three quarters of a million of lives. The waste of life may make the ... but even then we shall be better off than England, where the females are in excess by nearly a million, and the social problem of the day is how to provide them with husbands or occupations.

GIVING AWAY THE BABY.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

"It was the third day after my husband's funeral," said the widow, "and I was so stunned by his sudden death that I could do nothing but sit and think over it, and try to realise how it could be so. Only the Sabbath before, he had been sitting with me, watching the baby, as he sat in the sunshine, laughing and clapping his little hands, as the shadows of the trees were flung across the bare floor, and moved by the passing breeze. Now the child was sitting in the same spot, the warm October sun streaming in on his bright curls, and making him look so pretty—so like a picture, that the father was gone from us forever.

"It seemed to me I must see his dear face once more—that he would surely lift the latch and come in, and take our child up, and say, as he often did—'Mother, what would you take for this little brother?'

"Even the baby missed him, and would come and stand at my knee, calling 'Papa! papa!' until I thought my poor heart would break. The oldest two children were at school; the rest were out playing, so that I was quite alone. By and by the baby was tired of his play, and came and got up into my lap.

"'Mamma cry? Mamma musn't;' he lisped out, and wiped my wet face with his little chubby hands; but I could only hold him closer to me, and then cry more bitterly.

Just then Mr. and Mrs. Lorrimer drove up in their handsome carriage. They lived not far off, and were our richest neighbors. When I had invited them in, and had dried my tears a little, they seemed at a loss how to begin the conversation, but Charlie had slid away from my side and went and stood at the lady's knee, and pointing to her heavy gold bracelet, said—'Pretty, pretty!' in his childish way. She took it off, and gave it to him, saying—

"'Won't you come to be my little boy, Charlie?'

"My mother's heart took fright at once. They had no children, and I seemed to feel as plainly as if they had told me, that they had come to ask me for one of mine.

"'No, no; mother could not spare him,' I said, quickly snatching him away, almost rudely, I fear.

"'My dear woman,' began Mr. Lorrimer, 'have you thought seriously of the impossibility of your getting along with five children, under twelve years of age? It has required all your husband's efforts to make a living for you—how can you hope to do it without him?'

"'We offer,' joined in his wife, 'to take the most helpless of your little ones—to give him all the advantages we would our own child; and surely you must see that God's hand is in it—that through us he intends to help you.'

"I need not tell you how long I withstood all their arguments. But at last, overcome by their entreaties, I consented to consider the matter. In two days they came for my answer. I never mentioned their visit to any of the children, and I had changed my mind almost every hour since I had seen them. At last convinced that it was for the child's good, I consented to give him up. When I went to dress him to go, my resolution almost failed me. I lingered over every article I put on him, and made every dear curl over and over before I could get it to please me; and I kissed the little white shoulders until they were all rosy. But at length he was ready, and I thought he never looked so pretty. He was full of animation, for he was old enough to know what it meant to 'go riding,' and he clapped his hands, and laughed aloud at the horses, as they were driven up. I handed him to his new mother, (the children supposed that he was to come back soon,) and he never even looked at me. Oh, how jealous my aching heart grew!

"When I came back into the house, the first thing my eye fell on was his cradle. I could only throw myself on it, and sob aloud. Then came the trial of telling the whole truth to the children. None of them seemed reconciled, and I felt that the worst was to come when the oldest two should return from school. I almost dreaded to meet them, especially Willie; he was like his father, so quiet and calm, outwardly, but hiding beneath his apparent coldness the strongest, deepest feelings. But the others went to meet them as they came home, and I was pleasantly disappointed in the way the oldest took it. He seemed to feel that I had done it for the best, and that he must hide his own sorrow for my sake. He was more thoughtful for my comfort, gentler than ever, only very still and grave.

"The day ended as the longest will at last, and it came time to go to bed. I had taken Willie to sleep down stairs near me. Since his father's death, the other children slept just above us. Well, when I came to lie down, there was the *empty pillow!* Baby had always laid his little rosy face so close to mine as he could get it, and slept with one little warm hand on my neck. All my grief broke out afresh when I thought of him. Willie raised up at last and said, earnestly—

"'Mother, it's Charlie you are crying for, isn't it?'

"'Yes,' I answered, 'I know it's for the best; but oh! it's so hard to give him up.'

"'Mother,' continued the child, 'when father died, we knew it was all for the best, because *God took him from us*; but I have been thinking ever since we laid down how poor little Charlie must be crying for you, and how God gave him to us, to love him and keep him; and now you have given him away. If he had meant him to be Mr and Mrs. Lorrimer's baby, wouldn't he have given him to them at first?'

"The child's words carried more weight with them than all the arguments of my rich neighbors. After considering a moment, I said impulsively—

"'Oh, if I only had him back, he should never go away again, no matter how poor we might be.'

"The moon was shining so brightly that it was almost as light as day, and presently Willie said—

"'Mother, it's only half a mile across the fields, and they won't go to bed for a long time at Mr Lorrimer's; let us go and get Charlie. Why, mother, I seem to hear him crying now.'

"Urged by the child's entreaties and the food prompting of my own heart, I consented. I think I never walked half a mile so quickly in my life, and neither of us spoke until we reached the mansion. Then we stopped a moment for breath, and sure enough, we could hear baby screaming at the top of his voice. We went round to the sitting-room door and knocked. They seemed half frightened when they saw who it was, but asked us in politely. A hired nurse was walking with the child up and down the floor, trying to pacify it. Mrs Lorrimer had wearied herself out, and was lying on a lounge.

"'Come to mother,' Willie said, and he brought the little fellow to me at once.

"He clung to me, still sobbing, yet smiling all the while to find himself in my arms.

"'I cannot give him up,' I said at last, when I could get my voice clear. 'You must let me take him home.'

"They evidently thought me the silliest of women; but their cold words only made me the more determined, and we started back in less than half an hour after we came, I carrying the baby; Willie offered to help me, but I felt as though I could carry him in my arms forever.

"When I had laid him in bed, now fast asleep, but still sobbing, and reaching out his little hands, to feel if I was there, I said, 'God helping me, come what will, I will never part with one of my living children again,' and *I never did.*

"I need not tell you how wild with joy the rest of the children were when they found baby in bed next morning; they almost fought over the little fellow, and from that day forth it was their greatest pleasure to amuse Charlie and have him with them.

"When the affair came to be known, many blamed me, and many fevers that my rich neighbors might have done me they withheld, I think, for my folly, as they called it. But a few poor women, like myself, that had always nursed their own children, said I did right. We had many trials, and then comforts and blessings to share together, but our hardships only bound us more closely together.

"All my children proved comforts and blessings to me. [illegible] Willie said, we know that was for the best. The rest married in the course of time, and left me; but the prop of my old days, the one whose industry and management gave me this plentiful and comfortable home, has never left me since the day I gave him away.—*Little Pilgrim.*

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THE RESURRECTION NOT SEEN BY MAN.

It is a remarkable fact, that the actual scene of the resurrection of our Lord, not only was not witnessed by any human eye, but is not recorded by any of the evangelists. This is a striking fact, the significance of which is commonly overlooked. Indeed the fact itself has not been noticed, and yet it is a fact of no small interest. They record the closed grave, the watch, and the seal, on the evening of the sixth day. They then record the open and empty grave on the morning of the first day, but that mysterious and stupendous event by which the grave was emptied is not recorded. It is announced immediately by the angels as having taken place, and afterwards established by the most unanswerable evidence; but its actual occurrence is not recorded by any of the sacred writers. The omission is a very remarkable one, considering the momentous importance of the occurrence itself. Had three writers been inventing a fiction, such an omission would have been incredible. This fact being the main fact of the story, it would have been narrated with details of time and attending circumstance in the most careful manner, so that all cavil should be excluded. But inasmuch as there was really no eye-witness to the fact itself, in its actual occurrence, with a strict and scrupulous regard to historical accuracy that is very striking; and that is one of those minute marks of absolute verity that would never occur to an inventor, but which, when brought to our notice, illustrates the conscientious and careful truthfulness of the writers in the most convincing manner.

The nearest approach to such a record is in the words of Matthew above, but this only records the opening of the grave by the angel, an event of which there were eye-witnesses in the keepers, but not the actual rising from the dead and coming forth from the grave, of which there was no eye-witness. It is obvious from the record, that the resurrection must have taken place about the dawning of the day, and was perhaps coincident with the rolling away of the stone by the angel; but this fact is matter of inference and not of record. Hence, to attempt a description of this sublime and stupendous scene, would be to attempt what the evangelists have not attempted, and to supplement the records of inspiration. A veil of deep mystery and awe is hung over the actual event, which it were presumption in us to endeavour to remove.

But the question may naturally be asked, Why was it thus left? Why were the death and the ascension made to occur in the presence of witnesses, whilst the resurrection, an event that is declared to lie at the foundation of the whole system of Christianity, was witnessed by none? Why did not Christ rise in the presence of a crowd, as he had died, and thus compel their belief in his divine mission, and their recognition of his claims as Messiah?

It might be sufficient to reply, that it is no part of the scheme of redemption to compel belief, and that we have no right to either expect or demand more than sufficient evidence to warrant belief. And there were reasons of fitness that doubtless required that this august and awful scene should take place, not in the presence of a clamorous crowd, but in the sublime solitude of that silent dawn, when the keepers were as dead men. But there is another reason usually overlooked, that has no small force. Whether it was so arranged for this special purpose we will not affirm. But it is obvious that, by this arrangement, this fundamental fact of the Christian system, in which all have exactly the same interest, comes to all with exactly the same proof. To the first disciples, with the doubtful exception of Mary Magdalene, it was brought as it is to us, a matter of testimony supported by subsequent proof. The women were called to believe it on the testimony of the angels, the disciples on the testimony of the women, and the world on the testimony of the disciples. The women had subsequent corroboration of the testimony of the angels, the disciples of theirs, and we of the disciples; but in each case, the first demand to believe is on the same ground, the testimony of competent witnesses, and not ocular demonstration. The subsequent proofs in the case of the women and disciples include this ocular demonstration; but they were required first to believe on the testimony of competent and credible witnesses, just as we are, and not on the evidence of their own senses. Hence it is apparent that to this fundamental fact, all are placed on the same level; and the only question that can be raised is whether we possess corroborating proof of the testimony handed down to us, that ought to satisfy us, and that by the ordinary laws of human belief warrant and require an assent. This will be discussed when we reach the testimony.

We have here then the dawn of the great morning, the rising of the Sun of righteousness with healing in his wings. And like all the great facts that lie at the foundation of our hopes, it is so arranged as to be matter of faith corroborated by reason, supported by sufficient and unanswerable proof; but, after all presented to us as a thing to be believed because it is true, and not because we can prove it to be true. The measure of our ability to establish the true faith is demanded of men as a duty, and not requested as a favour, and unbelief is a damning sin. When the day has dawned, the light is its own evidence to the open eye.

Last Days of Jesus.

OUR DIVINE INTERCESSOR.

There are individuals upon earth for whom no one feels inclined to pray, because they are too depraved. There are those who even dare not pray for themselves, because their consciences testify that such worthless creatures as they are, cannot reckon upon being heard. What a prospect is here opened to people of this description! Ah! if no heart beats for them on earth, the heart of the King of kings may still feel for them. If amongst their friends, not one is found to intercede for them, yet possibly, the Lord of Glory is not ashamed of bearing their names before His Father's throne. Oh! what hope beams on Calvary for a sinful world! And if the great Intercessor appears there for a transgressor, how does His intercession succeed! Though a whole world should protest against it, His prayer saves whom He will. His voice penetrates the heart of the Eternal Father with irresistible power. His entreaties are commands. Mountains of sin vanish before his intercession. How highly characteristic and deeply significant is the fact that the Lord, with this prayer, commences the seven expressions He uttered on the cross. The words, "Forgive them!" show us not merely the heaven of loving-kindness which He carries in His bosom, but it also darts like a flash of lightning through the gloom of the entire night of suffering and despair, the mysterious position which the holy One of Israel here occupies as Surety, Mediator, and High Priest.—*Krummacher.*

LOOK UP.

We are told that Sir Edward Parry and his party, in one of their Arctic expeditions, were going straight toward the North Pole, travelling at the rate of ten miles a day. But the ice over which they travelled was drifting straight toward the equator at the rate of twelve miles a day; and yet no man among them would have known that they were making two miles a day backward unless he had raised his eyes from the track in which he was plodding.

Just so in human life; men start off in a Christian course with firm step and high resolve. The prospect flows beyond truths contained in the canon, and they move on with thoughts fixed on heaven. But they forget that the currents of earth are all against them; that the ice floes of worldly business and the hot streams of pleasure are alike drifting them away from the haven of their hopes. With eyes prone to the ground, they are unconscious of their backward motion, and talk of progress, it may be, while they are floating down with the current and tide to their ruin.

It was only when they looked up and saw the North Star gradually sinking towards the horizon, that Parry and his men became aware that they were going wrong. So the Christian must keep his eyes lifted from the earth above, if he would know which way he is travelling, and when he sees the Sun of Righteousness growing low and dim in the heavens, he may be sure that—he is drifting downward and away, and that darkness and danger await him.

PERVERSION OF THE MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

The following paragraph lately went the round of the newspapers;—"Extraordinary Flight of the Marchioness of Queensberry.—The *Globe* of Friday, August 20th, contains the following announcement:—We have authority to state that the Marchioness of Queensberry, who has so lately become a Roman Catholic, left her residence near Weybridge, last week, clandestinely, taking with her the three youngest of her six fatherless children and leaving no clue to her place of hiding. There is no doubt that the guardian and the nearest relatives of the late Marquis have the power to trace her ladyship's flight, and through the strong arm of English law to rescue the children and make them wards to Chancery." Thus another victim amongst the higher ranks has been added to the recent triumphs of Rome. This case is in many respects most instructive. The Dowager Marchioness of Queensberry was, we understand, not long ago a high church Episcopalian. She then fell into the hands of the Plymouth Brethren, and imbibed their peculiar tenets. Separating herself from all visible churches, she affected to find the true unity of the Church in no outward organization. Setting thus at defiance the lessons of the Bible in one important particular, she still professed to be zealous in promoting revivals of religion and social improvement. At Edinburgh she did a good deal in this way, but evidently without being firmly rooted in any fixed principles of Divine truth, and without the blessed influence of the regular ministrations of the sanctuary. By and by she seems to have gone to Weybridge, in the immediate neighborhood of the French priests, and, no doubt, of a very of Jesuit priests, who know so well how to deal with sensitive and defenceless females. In England she would discover that the so called unity of the Plymouth Brethren had broken out into an open rupture between the Newtonites and the Darbyites, whilst she seems to have been attracted at the same time with the specious social efforts of the Popish Sisters of Charity, and the shallow pretences of unity in the Church of Rome. To a friend in Edinburgh her Ladyship wrote some time ago, that the efforts of these so called Sisters of Charity were by no means to be appreciated. At present, probably, she was just entering the Roman trap, and now, in all likelihood, she has been removed to some Popish country until she be steeped in Romanism beyond recall. There is one striking fact connected with these recent perversions, that Rome seldom again loses her victims. Like the evil woman in the Divine word, "None that go unto her return again, neither take they hold on the paths of life." Many rivers run into this dead sea of Rome, but they are generally swallowed up there, and none return.—Some of those born in the Church of Rome, no doubt, escape, and more yet will, we trust, be brought out of that house of bondage when the cry resounds throughout the world, "Come out of her, my people;" but it seems to be a special judgment on those who wilfully and recklessly go from the pure light of the Gospel back into the darkness of Romanism, that God says of them, "They are joined to their idols, let them alone."

Amidst such striking illustrations, however, of the power, earnestness, and cunning of this mysterious system, are we still to be coolly told that there is no danger, and that Rome is making no progress? Are we still to be told that those ministers of the Gospel are doing their duty and are more spiritual, forsooth, than others, who ridicule the anxiety of better men, conceal the truth from their people, and cry, Peace, peace, when there is no peace? It is high time that such sinful conduct were spoken of in terms of just denunciation.—*Bulwark.*

PRINCE EUGENE'S PRAYER

Prince Eugene, says the *Presbyterian*, was one of the greatest generals of modern times, worthy of being ranked with Napoleon or Wellington, with Marlborough or Frederick the Great. He was a Savoy prince, of the same race as the present Victor Emanuel.

Prince Eugene's Prayer, which all the officers of the Duke of Marlborough's Army knew by heart or memory

I believe in thee, O my God, do thou strengthen my faith; I hope in thee, confirm my hopes; I love thee, influence my love more and more; I repent me of my sins, but do thou increase my repentance. As my first beginning I worship thee; as my last end I long for thee; as my eternal benefactor I praise thee; and as my supreme benefactor I pray to thee, that it may please thee, O Lord, to guide and lead me by thy providence, to keep me in my obedience by thy justice, to comfort me by thy mercy, and protect me by thy Almighty power. I submit to thee all my thoughts, words, and actions, as well as my afflictions, pains, and sufferings, and I desire to have thee always in my mind, to do all my works in thy name, and for thy sake to bear all adversity with patience. I desire to will what thou will, O God, because it is agreeable to thee. O give me grace that I may be attentive in my prayers, temperate in my diet, vigilant in my conduct, and immoveable in all good purposes. Grant, most merciful Lord, that I may be true and faithful to those who have intrusted me with their secrets, that I may be kind and courteous toward all men, and that both in my words and actions I may show unto them a good example. Dispose my heart to admire and praise thy goodness, to hate all error and evil works, to love my neighbor and despise the world. Assist me, good Lord, in subduing lust by mortification, covetousness by liberality, anger by mildness, and lukewarmness by zeal and fervency. Enable me to conduct myself with prudence in all transactions, and show courage in danger, patience in adversity, and in prosperity an humble mind. Let thy grace illumine my understanding, direct my will, sanctify my body, and bless my soul. Make me diligent in curing all irregular affections, zealous in employing thy grace, careful in keeping thy commandments, and constant in working out my salvation. Finally, O God make me sensible how little is the world, how great are the heavens, how short is time, and how long a blessed eternity. O that I may well prepare myself for death, that I may dread thy judgments, that I may avoid the torments of hell, and obtain of thee, O God eternal life, through the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

PRINCIPLE COMMANDS RESPECT.

Dr. Goodell states that during his missionary journey to Aleppo, he and his companions were obliged to spend a night at a Turkish *café*, where they were surrounded by a noisy set of natives. In the morning, when the question arose whether it was best to have prayers together, Dr. Goodell said that a Mussulman never hesitated to say his prayers in public, and why should they? He accordingly opened his Bible, read a chapter, and knelt to pray. He had hardly begun, when he noticed that the Turks had ceased their talking, and were intensely watching their proceedings. He at once passed from the English to the Turkish language, in which he continued his prayer, till when he closed, his "Amen" was echoed from the Mussulmans on all sides of the *café*. When they rose from their knees, the Turks clustered around them, and inquired who and what they were.

"Are you Protestants?" said they.

Yankee-like, Dr Goodell asked, "What are Protestants?"

"Those who do not tell lies," said one.

"Those who do not cheat," said another.

"Those who believe only in the Bible, and try to live as it tells them," said another.

"Yes," said Dr. Goodell, "we are Protestants."

INSANITY—RELIGION.—Dr. Ray, in the report of the Butler Hospital for the Insane in Rhode Island, says:

I believe—and it is in some measure the result of considerable observation of psychological states—that in this age of fast living nothing can be relied upon more surely for preserving the healthy balance of the mental faculties than an earnest, practical conviction of the great truths of Christianity.

Domestic Items.

Southern Items.—The Savannah *Republican* says: "Large quantities of provisions passed up the road [Georgia Central Railroad] on Monday and Tuesday, and contributed sixty thousand (60,000) pounds to the movement, and that the Confederate Government will issue receipts for all leaden pipes and other fixtures, and binds itself to replace them at the end of the war.

At Columbus, Georgia, Liverpool salt sells for $4 20 per sack; Virginia sides, $65 & 70 per hundred; bacon sides, 50 c. per pound; hams, 60 c.; flour, $20 per barrel; checked pants, $30; red blankets, $60."

Religious Newspapers.—The following paper has been adopted within the last week by a Convention of the Proprietors and Publishers of the principal religious papers of New York and Boston:

1. That in consequence of the price of paper having risen to 100 per cent.—has made it an imperative necessity on the part of publishers of newspapers to augment their issues, or to raise the terms of subscription, or to diminish the size of their sheets. The proprietors of religious newspapers in Boston and New York, having met in convention, and carefully considered the whole subject, have resolved:

1. That it is just and necessary that the price of their several journals should be raised on the opening of another year, or the size of the papers reduced, to cover the increased cost of production.

2. That whatever advertising rates are offered by the respective papers should be more rigidly adhered to, and that notices of marriages and deaths, obituaries and resolutions, and appeals by all societies and institutions soliciting funds from the public, should be paid for as advertisements.

3. That the law of the last session of Congress, levying a heavy tax on the materials of our business, and on the advertisements, and finally on the income of the publisher, is peculiarly oppressive upon newspapers, the circulation of which ought to be stimulated, and not curtailed during the war.

4. That the religious press, in the management of its business, in carrying its circulation and increasing its advertising patronage, ought to be governed, not only by the laws of trade, but by the highest Christian and [illegible] principles.

5. That we are impressed with a deep sense of the injustice on the part of those benevolent institutions which furnish newspapers at less than cost, supplying the deficiency from the funds contributed by the Christian public for another and specific object, while the religious newspapers would cheerfully publish all the necessary intelligence contained in them, and leave all the funds so appropriated to those cheap papers applied to the great objects of Christian benevolence.

6. That the Chairman and Secretary of this Convention be a Committee to transmit the third resolution to the President of the United States, to each member of the Cabinet, and to the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means in Congress.

The War in Mississippi.—SKIRMISHING BETWEEN THE UNION AND THE RETREATING REBEL FORCES.—Cairo, Dec. 8.—News from Oxford, Miss., to Thursday last, says that the rebels under General Jackson, who was in command of their rear guard, had a skirmish that morning with the Union advance near that town. The main body of the Rebel army, numbering 40,000 strong, had passed that way. Only a few hours before. The number of their sick and wounded was said to be very large. Oxford, where the skirmish above referred to occurred, is on the railroad between Grand Junction and Grenada, and forty-seven miles north of the latter place. Jackson's retreat by that line would seem to be cut off by General Hovey, who was at Grenada at the last accounts.

Cairo, Dec. 9th.—A special dispatch from Oxford, Miss., dated the 7th instant, says Colonel Dickey's cavalry had a two hours' engagement with the Rebels near Coffeeville, on Friday night.

The Rebels are said to have had 5000 infantry, cavalry and artillery. The Union loss was nine killed, fifty wounded and sixty missing, while that of the Rebels was three hundred in killed and wounded.

[Coffeeville is only ten miles north of Grenada. Col. Dickey's Cavalry is probably part of Gen. Hovey's army.]

Battle-Field Near Fayetteville.—Cairo, Dec. 8.—General Herron's forces, en route to reinforce General Blunt, met the enemy yesterday, on Crawford's Prairie, ten miles south of Fayetteville, and had a decided victory.

The Rebels were 24,000 strong, in four divisions, under Parsons, Marmaduke, Frost, and Rains, and all under General Hindman, embracing the flower of the Rebel army.

General Herron's forces consisted of about 6500 to 7000 men and twenty-four pieces of artillery.

The battle raged from 10 A. M., until dark, and was desperately fought.

About 4 o'clock General Blunt arrived from Cane Hill, with 5000 men and a strong force of artillery and attacked the Rebels in the rear.

We hold the whole field at dark, and before nine o'clock the entire Rebel force was in full retreat over Boston Mountain.

From the Upper Potomac.—WILLIAMSPORT, Md., via Hagerstown, Dec. 6th.—General Kenley, formerly of the First Maryland, and taken prisoner at Front Royal by Ewell's rebel division during the Banks' "skedaddle" from the Shenandoah Valley, is now commanding a division of four regiments Maryland regiments composed largely of Pennsylvanians, at this point. There has been no rebel demonstration either here or above, for ten days past. Our forces communicate by a continuous line with those of General Kelley at Hancock, Cumberland and New Creek.

There have been no active demonstrations of any consequence above us on the Potomac since General Kelley routed Col. Imboden's command near Papaw Tunnel.

No repairs will be made upon the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad westward from Martinsburgh until the heart of the rebellion is crushed on the Rappahannock or at Richmond, as that portion of the road has been three times destroyed.

Martinsburgh is alternately held by our cavalry and those of the enemy. Sharp skirmishing often takes place up the Valley toward Berryville and Winchester, but there is no definite result. The forces attacking the rear [illegible] are from General Geary's command at Harper's Ferry. There are large numbers of Union refugees to this part of Maryland, who dare not return, after repeated and lengthy absences from home.

The Virginia Legislature.—WHEELING, Va., Dec. 6th.—The Senate to-day passed a preamble and resolution, setting forth that United States Senator Carlisle had violated the instructions of the body that elected him, in failing to sustain the legitimate efforts of the government to suppress the insurrection; in opposing by his votes and speeches, both in and out of the United States Senate, measures which were absolutely necessary to the preservation of the Union and the enforcement of the laws, and in opposing the admission of Western Virginia as a new State into the Union. The resolution requests Mr. Carlisle to resign his seat in the United States Senate. It will come up in the House on Monday, and pass by a large majority.

In the House, to-day, a resolution was offered requesting the United States House of Representatives to pass the new State bill now pending before it, without alteration or amendment. It will also come up on Monday and pass by nearly a unanimous vote.

The Governor's message, which was sent in to the Legislature to-day, endorses the emancipation policy of the President.

Army of the Shenandoah.—GEN. GEARY'S OPERATIONS WITH HARPER'S FERRY.—New York, Dec. 7th.—Special Harper's Ferry dispatches state that General Geary, with 4,500 infantry, 12 pieces of artillery, and 500 cavalry marched upon Winchester, on the 3d instant, and demanded its surrender, which was complied with—the people exhibiting many signs of joy at his arrival. He reports to General Slocum, having left Harper's Ferry on the 1st, met the enemy's cavalry, under White, Henderson, and Blythe, at Charlestown, routing them with much loss in wounded. He marched into Berryville the same evening, again met the enemy, drew them into a trap, killed five and wounded eighteen. The same evening he marched [illegible] miles beyond Berryville. The next day he advanced beyond the Opequaun, skirmishing with the rebel cavalry and infantry, and hunsacked in Ash Hollow, between Berryville and Winchester.

Our troops captured 100 horses and mules, and several wagon loads of flour belonging to the rebel army. At Winchester, 125 rebels unable to escape, were paroled; 75 rebel conscripts claimed protection, which was granted, and 5 Union prisoners were released.

The Secretary of the Treasury reviews the controversy [illegible] in his report, basing in the establishment of a uniform national currency, to be furnished by Government in banking associations, and by them issued, upon the pledge of Federal security. This is preferred to a permanent circulation of United States treasury notes, the further issue of which is regarded only as a temporary alternative to meet the immediate necessities of the Government, and to facilitate the sale of the national loan, and the gradual substitution of the present circulation of the banks for that furnished by the Government. In urging this proposition, the Secretary disclaims any unfriendly feeling towards our banks, and gracefully acknowledges the patriotic and uniform support given by them to the government in the darkest periods of its financial history. But, while recognising their liberal devotion to the maintenance of the public credit, he refers to the privilege they enjoy, as makers of currency, and very justly concludes that, while other species of valuable property are taxed, a small tax upon their present circulation can be deemed neither unfair nor unreasonable. The amount of this tax is left for Congress to determine.

A very interesting part of the report is that which [illegible] the present condition of gold. Unscrupulous financiers are in the habit of saying that the present high price of gold is owing to the large issues of Government currency, and that this amount is a virtual depreciation of Treasury notes. The Secretary explains and [illegible] this error. The advance in gold is attributed to the fact that, on the suspension of specie payments, gold became an article of merchandize, and ceased to be used as currency. Taking advantage of this, together with the fear of foreign holders of American securities, and our own timid and nervous people, speculators produced an unnatural and factitious advance, which has been steadily receding since October 15th, when it reached its highest point. It is shown that the rise is not entirely attributable to an increase in the issues of paper currencies by a very cogent recapitulation of facts. On November 1st, 1861, the total currency, including United States notes, bank circulation, and coin, was $435,140,000; and on the same date in 1862 the aggregate currency of the country, the coin having been withdrawn from circulation—was $577,101,000—a very slight increase compared with the increased "demands of payments," growing out of the gigantic operations of the war. Moreover, trade which, at the former date, had not recovered from the first depression occasioned by the outbreak of hostilities, had revived, and a period of remarkable and almost unprecedented activity had succeeded to the deeper stagnation, thus really increasing the demand for a circulating medium wherewith to conduct exchanges. That there has been no material depreciation in the currency may be inferred from the fact that the prices of many [illegible] articles of home production and consumption have not materially advanced in price. In other words, the Secretary shows, by quotations from the market reports, that a Government dollar will buy as much wheat or pork and [illegible] as it would buy before the [illegible] other conclusive argument against the theory of great redundancy of circulation is the decline in the price of gold since October last, in the face of a very considerable increase in the amount of legal-tender notes.

Colored Emigration.—The recently published foreign correspondence shows that our Government proposed to a [illegible] American Congress that free colored people of African descent in the British colonies, but Earl Russell declined the proposition.

Gen. Wool.—Major-General Wool has been assigned to the command of the military district of Eastern Virginia, and will have his headquarters at Fortress Monroe. He succeeds General Dix, who has been assigned to the command of the Department of the Susquehanna, with headquarters at Baltimore

HOW THE BOYS MADE A NEWS PAPER

"When will your paper be out, Clarence?" asked Robert Morris, "the boys are all waiting for the first number, and we expect that the subscribers for the large weeklies will stop their papers when yours is published."

"You needn't make fun of us, Rob; nor do I want to brag; but when *The Monitor* appears, you will open your eyes, and to some purpose, too When you want us to publish an article for you, we'll think about it."

"I will be your war correspondent. You must put at the head of my articles, in black letters 'From our Special,' 'All quiet on the Potomac,' 'Stonewall Jackson not captured,' 'Washington safe.' Ah, you'll be glad to publish them."

Clarence Morris' father was a printer in a news paper office, and had promised to teach his son during the winter evenings, after he was through with his lessons, how to set type; and Clarence proposed to take John Fox as a partner, and start a paper. The boys all agreed to subscribe for it, and the new firm was anxious to commence business

As Clarence came running into the house one afternoon, he ran against a heavy box in the hall; and after rubbing his bruised shin, he looked at the box and saw the names Morris & Fox on the cover. He ran as quickly as he came in, to tell John that the type had come

"Hurrah!" said John, "suppose we advertise that *The Monitor* will be out next week"

"I wish we could; but I guess you forget that we must set all the type ourselves. Father says that we must start as Franklin did. So get up early every morning, and come to my house, and I will teach you what I learned the night before, and we shall get along bravely."

That night, after supper, Mr Morris said:

"Now, my son, when you have learned your lessons, I will give you a new lesson to learn; but you must not let your paper interfere with your studies, for if you are going to be an editor and printer, you will have need to study hard."

I think it took Clarence a little longer to learn his lessons that night; his thoughts went from his geography to what would appear in the first number of the paper, but finally he announced himself ready for type-setting.

"Let us bring in the box then, and we'll commence operations. Here's a jumbled up mess for you," said Mr. Morris, as he lifted the cover off "When type is in this shape, printers call it pi Here are letters, figures, spaces, and quadrats with a few et-ceteras, which I will explain as we have occasion to use them; this is all we shall need for *The Monitor*, but in printing-offices they require many other things. We have four styles of letters—the bourgeois for your editorial articles, brevier for stories, nonpareil for the advertisements, and the great primer for the head-lines of the advertisements; but I suppose you will not need the advertising type."

"Oh, yes, I will. Mr. James, the dry-goods merchant, has promised to take a column, and will pay five cents a line."

"Good! you are starting well, my son, for it costs money to print a newspaper, although some persons seem to think otherwise. But I overlooked the boxes. All this type must be assorted and placed in these little square cells or boxes—this is called distributing; place then two cases so that they will slope forward, one behind the other; the upper case is for the capital letters. You see there are fifty-two boxes or cells, and as there are twenty-six letters in the alphabet, there are just twice that number of boxes, intended to hold large and small capitals, side by side—the large ones on the left, and the small ones on the right. The lower-case contains boxes of a variety of sizes; those most central and convenient to the hand are largest, and in those we will put the letters to be most used."

This explanation takes less time than Mr Morris was engaged in distributing the type, and, after finishing, he asked Clarence if he would remember all that he had said

"Try me, father. If the boys knew how hard this is, I think they would pay their subscriptions in advance, and not wait (as they say) until I have published six numbers"

"You must have patience, son It took a number of men a great many years to place this art where we find it. Now suppose we try to set up the words, 'Patronize the Printer.' These are words you are particularly interested in, as you are about to start a paper. We will write them out, and put the copy before us. Printers say you must follow copy, if it goes out the window. Take this little iron tray, called a composing stick, in your left hand. What letter do you want?"

"A capital P," said Clarence, looking through the boxes of the Lower case

"Are you trying to remember, sir?—if so, try again!"

"Oh, yes! the upper case is the one for capitals Well, here it is What is this little nick or notch in the type for?"

"The nicks are made on the side of every type, a little from the bottom of the letter, and the type must be placed with these little notches from you Set the letter P at the left-hand corner of the stick. Here is 'a.' Now watch me closely, and I will slowly set up the sentences. It is done Now practise on this all the evening, and to-morrow night I will see how you progress."

John came to the house next morning, and Clarence told him all he could remember of what his father had said. After he had studied over the case some time, he asked, "Shall we advertise that *The Monitor* will be out next week?"

When Mr. Morris came home the next day, he brought a can of printer's ink, paper, a composition roller, which is made of glue and molasses, and a proof planer, which is a block of wood with a level surface, and with a piece of cloth drawn tight over it. At eight o'clock Clarence was ready, after studying hard on his grammar, to take another lesson.

"Now," said his father, "let us see what you have done;" and taking the type which made the sentence "Patronize the Printer," he set it in a small iron frame called a chase, and made it fast by putting in bits of wood called quoins, inked it with the roller, dampened a piece of paper, placed it on the type, and took the planer and applied the mallet. This made an impression on the paper, and is called taking a proof. "But see, it reads, 'Patronise the Printer;' you have not put in your spaces. There was once a barber who had on his sign,

What do you think
I will shave you for nothing
And give you something to drink

A man went in on the supposed invitation, and after he was shaved, asked for something to drink

"'No,' said the barber, 'you do not read my sign right. I say, What! do you think I will shave you for nothing, and give you something to drink?'"

Clarence laughed, and said he now saw the use of punctuation better than he ever did before.

"Not only punctuation," said the father, "but in printing, as in writing, you must have spaces between each word."

After about four weeks the paper was all set up, and there appeared in it editorial articles, stories, and poetry, all written by the boys and girls of Newton, and one article by Robert Mervin. Mr J. Rathbone thought it a good enough medium to give the publishers his advertisement of SKATES AND SKATING FOR BOYS and paid the same price that Mr. James did.

So the boys succeeded finely with their newspaper—getting new subscribers and new advertisements every week. We hope they will not stagger like their greater brethren of the press, under the present high price of paper

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A young needle-woman named Emeline Courtois, residing in the Rue de la Butte aux Cailles on returning home from delivering some work, was surprised to find a key in her door, and a strange, new-looking man in the room, engaged in making up all her [illegible]. Without pausing to inquire her presence of mind, the young woman asked, "Is Mad lle Emeline Courtois at home?" "Ah, my niece, you say," the fellow replied with the utmost coolness, "she's gone to an errand Call again in an hour." The young woman went down stairs in all haste, [illegible] immediately with a policeman, and the thief was taken to the police office.

ODE

OF THE UNION PARTY IN CHARLESTON IN 1832

In the following ode breathes a spirit which must commend itself to every patriotic citizen. It was written by the Rev. Dr. Gilman, of Charleston, and was sung at the Fourth of July Celebration, in 1832, by the Union party of that city. I had the satisfaction to be present, and to assist in the choir. The procession had moved to the Baptist church, to listen to an oration by Colonel Drayton, one of the influential men of the Unionists, while the Nullifiers were headed by the great Haynes, by Hamilton and others:

[illegible]
Hail, our spreading kindred here!
Hail, thou banner not yet torn,
Waving o'er the free!
While this day, in festal throng,
Millions swell the patriot's song,
Shall not we the notes prolong!
[illegible]

[illegible]
Who would draw the insidious line!
Though by birth one spot be mine,
Dear in all the rest—
[illegible]
Dear the central mountain band,
Dear [illegible]
Dear the prairie West!

By our ties entire and free,
By our law's deep-rooted tree,
By the past's proud memory,
By our Washington—
[illegible]
By our hopes—bright, buoyant, young,
By the tie of country strung,
We will still be one

Fathers! have ye bled in vain!
Ages, must ye droop again!
Maker, shall we rashly stain
Blessings sent by Thee!
[illegible]
While before thy throne we bow,
Ever to maintain, as now,
"Union—Liberty!"

Choir, and organ, and harmony, were drowned by the wild ejaculations; but it started feelings not unsuited to the sacredness of the place of meeting, and the light of the uplifted eye had to struggle through tears, and there was not a man present who would not, at that moment, have cheerfully sacrificed life, fortune, and position to "Union—Liberty!"

N Y Journal of Com

THE SPREAD EAGLE STYLE

The editor of the *Methodist Protestant*, Baltimore, in answer to a correspondent, thus gives his view of the spread eagle style of pulpit performance:

Young Flowery has a pretty good delivery, and if he would always be natural and not *try* to be theatrical, he would please. There is not much practical sense in him, for the reason that he has not cared to supply his mind with facts, and the information that belongs to them, which are always the basis of strong common sense He has a natural love for the beautiful, but it is uncultivated, and he too often mistakes a daub of flashy coloring for a finished picture Unfortunately he has fallen into the error of supposing that he has a *towering* imagination This is a sad misfortune. It is bad enough for a young preacher to have a towering imagination; and if any one of our readers is in possession of such a faculty, the sooner he gets rid of it the better. But with Young Flowery it is only a mistaken fancy; and the result is, he supposes himself not unfrequently to be *towering*, when he is only *floundering*. In such moments some of his critical friends are wont to say, "Young Flowery is now soaring in the spread eagle style;" but they, of course, speak ironically, and mean not to degrade the spread eagle by any such reference

The other day Young Flowery was making a temperance speech. Incidentally he referred to the physical effects of intoxication. This opened the way for a regular *spread* on the wondrous machinery of our physical organism; the fact that "we are fearfully and wonderfully made," was exhibited with an energy and passion rarely heard. By the time he had gotten through with his eloquent description, the people had pretty well forgotten that they were listening to a temperance lecture, and it required no great stretch of imagination to fancy the brother a lecturer on minute anatomy.

After a while some allusion was made to the superiority of mind over matter. Instantly Young Flowery began to soar. Mountains, forests, rivers, lakes, oceans, cataracts, whirlwinds and volcanoes, passed like a rapid panorama before the audience. Everything was as still as death. The earnestness of the speaker was startling. But the *temperance cause* was almost forgotten. It required a coming down to get himself and his audience back again to the subject under consideration

Presently he touched upon the *national* effects of the vice. Here was a very fine opportunity for assuring the audience that a profound patriotism pervaded his bosom. The early history of the country suggested the name of George Washington, and Washington suggested the Revolutionary War, and the war suggested the Star Spangled Banner, and the banner suggested the American Eagle, and what with them all, as they one after another awakened bursts of oratory, the people were quite carried away; but the temperance cause was far in the rear, and half the audience momentarily supposed the Fourth of July had come this year in the month of March

We notice one peculiarity in Young Flowery which is very apt to be found in "spread eagle orators." He is very fond of employing scientific terms; unfortunately he does not use them with a clear perception of what they mean. He almost invariably says *strata* for *stratum* and *phenomena* for *phenomenon*. This only exposes his ignorance to a few, however; the majority think he is learned, and so it passes off very well.

The writer of this was somewhat inclined to the spread eagle style in his boyhood, and can therefore sympathize with those who have a leaning that way. But he has lived to learn the folly of it, and is exceedingly anxious to induce others to avoid it Use a plain but forcible vocabulary; and be more solicitous to enforce your theme than to ornament it. Ornament is a good thing in its way; but it requires no little judgment to use it in its proper proportions

FARM HOUSES

A correspondent of the New Hampshire Journal of Agriculture says:—"In passing through [illegible] when [illegible] the only appearance of the farmers' premises. Bleak, barren, and unsightly, with hardly a tree, shrub, or flower to [illegible] who would wonder if such were to be his dwelling [illegible] out, and try his fortunes in some more lucrative business? Contentment in such a place would prove him something more or less than human

---

Cows eat Peas [illegible] more nourishing, as food for cattle than one hundred pounds of hay, and twenty-five pounds of peas are equal to double the weight of oats

---

It is said that in some of the agricultural districts the tax levied by the Federal Government will not pay for the collecting of it

MAJOR GENERALS OF VOLUNTEERS.

WHERE BORN, AND FROM WHAT STATES APPOINTED.

New York, directly and indirectly, gives eleven Major Generals to the war Of these, Major-Generals Henry W. Slocum, John J. Peck, Geo W. Morell, Schuyler Hamilton and George Granger, were born in and appointed from the State John A. Dix was born in New Hampshire, and Edwin D. Morgan and Edwin V Sumner, in Massachusetts, though all were appointed from New York Samuel R Curtis, born in New York, was appointed from Iowa

Massachusetts gives seven Major-Generals to the war, of whom only one was born in and from [illegible] Nathaniel P Banks. Major General B. F. [illegible] New Hampshire Darius M Couch, in New York, while Edwin D. Morgan and Edwin V. Sumner were appointed from New York, Erasmus D Keyes, from Maine, and gallant old "fighting Joe" Hooker, from California

Ohio is prolific in Major Generals, and literally swarms with Brigadiers, owing to the activity of Mr Chase on behalf of his friends. Ohio has nine Major-Generals, of whom Irvin M'Dowell, W T Sherman, A McD McCook, R C Schenck, Wm. S Rosecrans and S B M'Pherson are natives of her soil. U S Grant (Ohio born) was appointed from Illinois, and Don Carlos Buell, from Indiana. J. D. Cox, appointed from Ohio, was born in Canada.

Illinois has five Major Generals, of whom not one was born on her soil. David Hunter was born in the District of Columbia, John Pope and John A M'Clernand in Kentucky, U S Grant, in Ohio, and Stephen A Hurlbut, (brother to William H. Hurlbut, of *The Times*,) in South Carolina.

Missouri has two Major-Generals.—Ethan A Hitchcock, born in Vermont, and Franz Sigel, born in Germany

Rhode Island has one Major-General,—Ambrose E Burnside, born in Indiana (Banks, Burnside, McClellan, and Rosecrans, were all, previously to the war, attached to the Illinois Central Railroad.)

Indiana has three double-starred officers,—Lewis Wallace, Thomas A Morris, born in it, and Don Carlos Buell, appointed from it, though born in Ohio.

Iowa has one Major General,—Sam R Curtis, [illegible] New York

Kentucky gives birth to six Major Generals, and appoints three, to wit:—Cassius M Clay, William Nelson (deceased,) and Thomas L Crittenden. Astronomer General Ormsby M Mitchell was [illegible] New York, and [illegible] and M Cook[illegible] from Ireland [illegible] only and both.

Virginia gives two Major-Generals, and appoints one,—George H. Thomas The other Virginian, Jesse L. Reno, ("dead on the field of honor,") was appointed from Pennsylvania.

Pennsylvania gives birth to four Major-Generals, and appoints five. George Cadwalader, John G. Parke, S P Heintzelman, (that "grim veteran,") and Wm B Franklin, were born in and appointed from the "Keystone." Jesse L Reno was of Virginian birth.

New Hampshire has four Major-Generals in service, of whom but one, John G Foster, was appointed from her. General Dix was appointed from New York, B F Butler, from Massachusetts, and Fitz John Porter, (a New Englander, with strong Southern proclivities of old,) from the District of Columbia

The District of Columbia, by the way, appoints two Major-Generals,—Edward O C. Ord, born in Maryland, and Fitz John Porter, in New Hampshire. General Hunter, born in it, was appointed from Illinois.

Maine appoints one Major-General,—Erasmus D Keyes, born in Massachusetts.

New Jersey has no Major-General. The only one she ever had,—Philip Kearney, ("Philip, my King,") also "dead on the field of honor," was born in New York.

California is, of course, too much in her infancy to have given birth to any Major General. But in the selection of Joseph Hooker, born in Massachusetts, to be her standard bearer, she evinces a taste and judgment entitling her to become the mother of Generals immediately

Michigan appoints one Major General, but he is not a Michigander. Israel B. Richardson was born in Vermont.

Vermont's only native born Major General is William F. Smith Ethan A Hitchcock (the *Herald's* "Julius Cæsar Hitchcock,") was appointed from Missouri, and Israel B. Richardson, from Michigan

Connecticut (thrifty State!) thinks Major-Generals [illegible] Halleck, and so gives her own two to her two, John Sedgwick and Horatio Wright

South Carolina comes last on the list, [illegible] proudly taking the responsible duty of appointing one of the "still-necked Princetia generation" in the person of Stephen A Hurlbut, an officer who, though not devoid of faults, bears a deservedly high reputation for gallantry, coolness, and the qualities which most adorn a commander.

Why Wisconsin is not represented on the list, we are at a loss to imagine She is, of course, too young to have sons in the highest positions of command, but surely there are soldiers in her ranks deserving promotion Is there no Jersey [illegible] gallant Kearney's death? Even little Delaware might put forth a claim, basing it on the brilliant services of the Admiral she has given us—S F Dupont—an officer whose superior does not exist in any navy of the world. Maryland and Kansas are also without Major-Generals; although, doubtless, General James H. Lane would have no objections to the pay and handsome emoluments of the office; while, possibly, Brigadier General Emory might be attached more warmly to our service by the addition of another star to each shoulder-strap. Minnesota does not treat Brigadier General Shields well in neglecting to demand his promotion; while Oregon would have had a noble representative among our Major Generals had not death, on the field of battle, cut off the brilliant career of Gen. Isaac J. Stevens.

ODDS AND ENDS.

GRAMMATICAL ADVICE.

When man and wife at odds fall out,
Let Syntax be your tutor;
'Twixt masculine and feminine,
What should one be but neuter.

As daylight can be seen through the smallest holes, so the most trifling things show a person's character.

A German prince, when introduced to an Englishman, by the way of appropriately commencing the conversation, observed, "It is bad weather to-day." The Englishman shrugged his shoulders and replied, "Yes—but it is better than none."

When ex-Senator Truman Smith, of Connecticut, returned to Washington with his youthful, accomplished and handsome Alabama wife, some one asked how many slaves she had "Only one!" said Mr. S., placing his hand upon his heart

Teacher: "What part of speech is the word egg?" Boy: "Noun, sir" "What is its gender?" "Can't tell, sir." "Is it masculine, feminine or neuter?" "Can't say, sir, till it's hatched." "Well, then, my lad, you can't tell me the case" "Oh, yes, the shell, sir"

A lady at sea, full of apprehension in a gale of wind, [illegible] among other [illegible] questions, "We shall go to the bottom—how my head swims." "Madam, never fear," said one of the sailors, "you can never go to the bottom while your head swims"

"Well, what next?" said Mrs Partington, as she interrupted Ike, who was reading the war news.—"The pickets were driven in five miles? That will make a strong fence, indeed! I suppose they had to be driven in deep, to keep the [illegible] from digging [illegible]

A celebrated painter of animals states that a race horse will clear from twenty to twenty four feet at a bound; and from the impression left on the turf, he infers that a horse, at full gallop, [illegible] and the mode is one, two, three, four, and then the bound

A person was recently called into court for the purpose of proving the correctness of a doctor's bill, and asked by the lawyer whether "the doctor did not make several visits after the patient was out of danger?" "No," replied the witness, "I considered the patient in danger as long as the doctor continued his visits."

A TIMELY SCRUBBING.

"Abigail! water—soap—towels—quick!—a brush—get me his tooth-brush, nail brush, scrubber, anything! Hurry, quick—the brown soap, anything! Oh! fill his mouth—plaster it in—the nasty, [illegible] stuff! Hold him, James! hold his mouth open, head back—fast, James!" and all this in a perfect tempest of excitement; and hastily throwing a towel around the boy, and rolling up her sleeves, she enters upon the cleansing operation.

"Good gracious! Mrs. Osborne, what is the matter? You're goin' on dreffal," said Abigail, hardly knowing whether to laugh or cry at the [illegible]

"Has he hurt himself, Mrs. Osborne?" ventured to inquire James, holding the struggling boy in his firm grasp "Has he got the toothache? What ails you, Willie?"

"Tobacco! James, tobacco!" eagerly resumed Mrs. Osborne. "Our boy, our Willie, chewing pig tail!—had his mouth full—teeth all black—tongue all dirty—breath—ah! pah! shall I ever get it clean?" And in went the soap and the dripping brush, until the child's mouth looked like a shaving-pot, and he was nearly strangled in his efforts to resist the offensive application

"Hold still, child, hold still," she exclaimed, "soap's clean, but tobacco isn't! Ah! the dirty, poison stuff! Hold still; I'll scrub it off if I can There, now, rinse your mouth; rinse it well, gargle the water in your throat;" and the mother, suffering the flurry to subside, sank into a chair The three witnesses stood by amazed.

"If ever I need such a time!" said Miss Abigail, as she returned, laughing, to her cooking-stove

"Soap's healthy, they say it cures bile," remarked James, dryly, as he proceeded to his ordinary routine of business; "but I declare 'tain't so pleasant to have it chucked down your throat [illegible]

"Rinse it well, Willie," said his mother; "take plenty of water. Three, four, a dozen times"

There was no need of that exhortation, for more [illegible] and purges [illegible] were [illegible] that stubborn case soap out of the poor child's mouth. At last, after gasping and swallowings innumerable, he recovered his speech, while tears of anger, fright, surprise, or shame, or perhaps all together, flowed freely down his cheeks.

"You're too bad, mother; you 'most killed me 'Twan't pigtail at all—'twas honey-dew."

"'Twas tobacco, child, tobacco; that's what it was, and that's enough. No matter what the name is, no matter how much they honey and sweeten it up, 'twas tobacco, the filthy, poisonous weed in my Willie's mouth. What do you think father 'll say?"

That was an unanswerable question. Willie didn't like even to think about it So his mother, who, by this time, had resumed her usual tranquility, wiped the boy's face, and leading him back to the sitting-room, answered it for him

"He'll say, Willie, that he is ashamed, mortified, that a child of his should do such a coarse, vulgar, dirty thing. He'll say that he is grieved that you, knowing what his opinion and practice are about the use of tobacco, should go contrary to his wishes, and disobey and dishonor him by chewing it. He'll be surprised, perfectly astonished, that, after what was said upon the subject only the other night, you should slyly and deceitfully commit such a fault. Willie, he'll understand now, and so shall I, why you did not join the society in school, and why you were not willing to remain and hear your teacher's lecture. O Willie! my son, my dear child, I would not have believed it possible that *you* should have acted so wickedly" The mother was silent, and her face was red. Willie stood looking earnestly into the fire, the big tears rolling down his cheeks.

The Boy's Champion.

SOMNAMBULISM EXTRAORDINARY

The *Courrier de l'Isere* relates an extraordinary instance of somnambulism in a young workman at Grenoble. Two nights ago, while fast asleep, he left his house, descended towards the Quai de Saint Laurent, now in course of construction, and after walking about on that the stones and rubbish, went to board a boat at most [illegible] point, and then proceeded on the narrow planks which served for carrying the material to the landing place He afterwards, proceeded to the suspension bridge, and jumping lightly on one of the iron wire cables, effected the perilous ascent to the top of one of the lofty constructions on which the wires are drawn He there sat for a few minutes, turning his head right and left, as though looking at the number of persons who, in breathless anxiety, were watching his movements. He afterwards descended by [illegible] walked along the parapet of the quay, and returning to his lodgings, entered his bed in safety.

FAREWELL TO THE MILKMAID

Every one knows the charming part the milk maid has borne in all English pastoral writings Poet and novelist alike have written of her simple charms; but if all accounts are true, a recent Yankee invention will banish the milkmaid into the limbo of wooden ships and other obsolete matters. It appears that a milking machine, which had not previously excited any great attention in our own country, was on exhibition at the great London Fair Every day at eleven o'clock, the inventor milked a cow, to the admiration of a multitude of spectators. It is done by the application of a set of pump by which the four teats are all milked at once. Orders began to come in for it, and the inventor sold his right for $2[illegible] with a per centage on each sale. It is said that enough have already been sold to cover the first cost.

Journal of Agriculture.

SWALLOWED A HOLE.

The other day Charlie, five years old, found one of those curious bone-rimmed circles, which I believe ladies have named eyelets, and while playing in the garden swallowed it. The family were in the house busily engaged on a work of entomology, when Charlie ran in with mouth wide open, and eyes distended to their utmost capacity.

His mother caught him by the arm, and trembling with that deep anxiety which only a mother can feel inspired—

"What is the matter? What has happened?" The urchin, all agape, managed to articulate: "Water!"

It was brought him, when, after drinking [illegible]

"Oh! mother, I swallowed a hole!"

"Swallowed a hole?"

"Yes, mother, swallowed a hole with a piece of ivory around it!"

INCHES IN A BUSHEL

The American bushel contains 2150[illegible] cubic inches [illegible] English Winchester bushel. The new English Imperial bushel has 2218 1–5th inches, (or exactly 2218 192.) A box one foot square, inside measure, requires to be very nearly 7¼ inches high inside to hold half a bushel, or about 15 inches high to hold a bushel, (exactly 14 95 inches.) A box 18 inches square, and 9¼ inches deep holds very nearly a bushel The exact depth is 9 55 inches. A box containing 56 cubic feet holds 45 bushels of grain. To get the bushel contents of a box: multiply its inside length, breadth, and height together; multiply the product by 45, and divide this by 56. To get the size of a box holding [illegible] by 56, and divide the product by 45, and you have the number of feet required The height will depend upon the length and width. *Example:*—For 100 bushels, multiplying 100 by 56, and dividing by 45, gives about 124⅘ for the feet required This is almost exactly 5 feet every way.—*American*

Family Circle.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM UNCLE JEREMY.

Sober Cottage December 10th, 1861.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS:—I am only going to write to about half of you to-day. You will all read my letter, I hope, but I only intend it for my *boy* readers Some day again I hope to say something to the girls, when the boys will be, not forgotten, but passed over My little boys, do you not begin to fear the cold weather has made Uncle Jeremy a little cross and that he is now going to scold? No, I guess not, for you know I am not in the habit of scolding much, preferring to influence you rather by kind and gentle means. I want to give you some advice respecting your treatment of your sisters I am moved to do this from having on one or two occasions seen some little boys behave very rudely towards their sisters, who I know loved them with all their hearts. Nearly all of you have sisters. Some of you, unfortunately, have not. Some of you [illegible] who have, I desire to say, first, *speak* kindly and pleasantly to them. O, it is no offensive to me to hear a boy speak in a cross, angry tone to his little [illegible] impatient [illegible] ish. How much better is it to say, "Yes, dear sister," than a harsh "Yes, it is!" Does it not sound better to say, "No, thank you, sister," than to eject an ugly "naw" from your mouth? I have heard boys speaking to their sisters do it in such style as this: "You go away—I don't like you" "Nau, I won't" "There now, I told you so." "Yes, I did, and I don't care for you either." "I *will*, and I don't think it is any [illegible] If you [illegible] of you be so rude—not to say wicked? If so, will you not quit it immediately? And again, not tenderly towards your sisters. Remember they are not strong as you are, and cannot bear so much When you go to Sabbath School some of these mornings in the country, do not forget to carry your sister's book for her, and help her over the fences, and take her hand when you come to a muddy place on the road. Or, if you be in the city, do not start and run off from her, but walk prettily by her side Will not she feel much happier for that? Will not *you*? I [illegible] from a sister whom God took, but who have one or more left Little boy, do you recollect how you felt when that little sister was sick? Did you not promise to yourself, and to God, that if she would get well, you would *always* treat her well? I think you did Now, then, be kind to those who remain, for they may not be always with you. Your sister, little boy, is one of the very best friends you have I will not put her before your father and mother, but beside them Love her, do all you can to make her happy When you [illegible] her love How careful she will be that your clothes are well made and well kept! How she [illegible] chiefs! I can recollect how my sister helped to *fit me out* when I started to college. She saw that every button was on tightly, and every button-hole securely sewed. She got me a little box, into which she put some extra buttons, some needles and thread, a needle case, pin-cushion, etc. One thing I must tell you about the pin cushion. When she was putting the pins into it she arranged some of them so as to form the initials of her name—A. H J. Those pins I have never removed yet, though the box and cushion have been carried around many hundred miles. Still there is the A H J. of pin heads Perhaps the pins are rusting—I never pulled one out to see. I do not think I would remove them though they were the last pins in the universe. I have looked at those pins sometimes silently spelling [illegible] eyes while I thought how poorly her love had been requited Now, my little friends, when you are starting from home some day your sister will do just in the same way for you, hence be kind to your sister. And when you are far away among strangers, all the time enjoying the conveniences your sister has provided, you will not then have to mourn your thoughtlessness and folly

UNCLE JEREMY.

ALL ABOUT A KITE

"You can't come, now, that settles the matter. You broke my kite this morning, and I told you I would pay you for it."

"But I didn't intend to do it, Sam, and I am very sorry; besides, grandma told you to take me," and little Bob brushed a tear away from his cheek "Do take me, and I'll make you a new one when I get big"

"No, sir; mend your manners first;" and Sam went quickly off in the direction of his grandfather's

Mrs Wilson soon after found little Bob sobbing piteously; and with childlike simplicity he told his mother all his trouble, how he had trodden on Sam's kite in the morning accidentally, and broken it, and that his brother would not forgive him, but had left him at home to punish him for it "And you know, mother," he added, "I wouldn't do it on purpose"

"Samuel," replied the mother, "has acted very unjustly. He should have instantly forgiven you for the trifling harm you did him Come with me into the house," she said, lifting the little fellow in her arms, "and we will await your brother's return; I am afraid he has not yet prayed. Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors,"

"Are all these for me, mother? Two, four, six apples—and such fine fellows. O, what beauties! Don't I wish Sam was here! Shall I save them until he comes, and then we will have a 'gay old time?'" Little Bob soon forgot all his sorrows, and was ready to meet his brother and share with him the pretty apples his mother had given him. Soon Sam came home He did not look as if his trip had improved his temper

"You have returned early, Samuel," said his mother, not raising her eyes from off her knitting

"Yes, ma'am; they were all too cross for me over at grandpa's this afternoon, so I didn't stay"

"That is not usual," suggested his mother.

"No; but grandma said she knew something was up or Bob would have been with me, and she scolded so for not bringing him, that I am angry at every body"

Little Bob looked slyly across the room at Sam He scarcely knew whether to venture to speak "Sam, I am not angry at you for leaving me Come over here, look at these apples, all our own; ma gave them to us, and when I get big I'll make you a fine kite; won't I, mother?"

Mrs. Wilson made no reply. Sam seeing the large, beautiful fruit, joined his brother, and soon chatted away as merrily as if nothing had happened. The mother, however, was thinking seriously over the little accident to the kite

Sam was on his knees at prayer at the side of his little bed. Bob was already covered up with the clothes, and fast asleep. "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors, and lead us—"

"That's right, ma"

"Yes, my son, the words are; but why do you pray that petition, and act as you have done with your brother to-day? Is God to forgive you as [illegible] was a slight one; but the punishment you inflicted severe. You know his delight when he accompanies you. Try and learn to do as you would be done by It will prove a golden rule"

"I will try, ma; for I have felt so badly ever since I acted so to Bob, and he is such a forgiving little fellow himself"

"Ah, I am glad you have noticed that Take a lesson from him, my son Now finish your prayers, kiss your brother, and pray to be blessed with a kind, forgiving disposition, then I will never hear you saying again, 'I am angry with every body,' and you may have reason to hope your Father in heaven will forgive you"

Sam may live to be an old man, but he will never forget "All about that kite."

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" Chicago			2 [illegible] A M
Leave Crestline,	8 [illegible] A M	7 [illegible] P M	8 [illegible] P M
Arrive at Indianapolis,	12 [illegible] M	10 [illegible] P M	11 [illegible] A M
Leave Crestline,	8 [illegible] A M		8 [illegible] P M
Arrive at Chicago,	6 [illegible] P M		6 [illegible] A M

All Trains the night to Chicago without change of cars.
N B The time to Chicago is the same as by Steamboat Route
Tickets to the principal points of the West and Northwest, can be had at the Ticket Office of the Company, at the Depot, corner of Market and Twenty-fourth streets, Philadelphia.
PACIFIC TRAINS

	Mail	Fast Line	Express
Leave Chicago	10 [illegible] A M		7 [illegible] P M
" Fort Wayne	11 [illegible] P M		5 [illegible] A M
Arrive at Cr

No. 51

first sheet missing.

...ty to the truth revealed of God. There are also serious differences of opinion in regard to the time, the mode, the nature, and the purpose of this coming. [illegible] separate the wisest and best men in every branch of the visible church. It would be aside from our present purpose even to express an opinion in regard to these disputed points, and hence we allude to them only for a specific reason.

Why is so important an event declared in such a way, that for ages, if not from the beginning, there have been differences of opinion as to its time and manner? Why are not these things as explicitly revealed as the event itself? For the very reason, that the event is to be the great load star of the church's future in every age. Were it revealed with such absolute clearness as to time, circumstances, and manner, that its chronology could be calculated, it could never be what it was designed to be, the great awakener of the militant church. It is to be to the collective body of Christians, what the close of life is to the individual Christian, the great spur and stimulus to activity. Hence, like it, the event is certain, the time and manner uncertain; that the certainty might cause men to work because the night cometh, and that the uncertainty might cause us to work while it is called to-day. Hence, to each age this event stands at once a near and a remote event: near, if measured by the standard of heaven, remote, if by that of earth; but in either case the great, decisive event of the future, that for which the church in the wilderness below, and the souls beneath the altar above, have been crying, "How long, O Lord?" and for which a groaning and travailing creation has been waiting for the glorious manifestation of the sons of God.

This only we need know, that "this same Jesus" shall so come in like manner as he was seen to go into heaven. This *same* Jesus, who having loved his own, loved them to the end; who, having loved them on earth, will continue to love them in heaven. He shall so come as he was seen to go into heaven; not figuratively, but literally; not spiritually, but bodily; not to the eye of faith alone, but visibly; not in the presence of a few angels and a handful of disciples, but with "the ten thousand times ten thousand;" when every eye shall see him, and all the kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him. He shall come to make that "restitution of all things spoken of by the mouth of all the holy prophets since the world began." He shall come "to judge the world in righteousness," and "render to every man accord ing to his deeds;" to them who by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, honor, and immortality, eternal life: but unto them that are contentious, and do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness, indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, upon every soul of man that doeth evil." He shall come to say to those on his right hand, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

Hence this great event is the goal of the church's race; the triumphal end of her long warfare; the welcome home of her weary pilgrimage; the termination of her life militant; the beginning of her life triumphant. We can thus readily see why it is called "a glorious hope," and why it hung gleaming in the horizon of the church's hope in the days of her early struggles, as the bright Epiphany whose full appearance would compensate for all the sore struggling of the sorrowful and darkened past and present.

To the individual Christian it comes also with the same high power to comfort and arouse. It is true that to him death is nearer, in all human probability, than this great day, but death itself has all its dread or glad significance from its connexion with this great appearing. To us all, practically, the coming of death is the coming of judgment, for what is left undone at the one event, shall be found undone at the other. Hence for the same reason that the church is called to wait and to watch, in hope, in activity, and in submission, the individual Christian also is called to wait and to watch, that whenever the great messenger Death shall come, he may be found ready to go into the presence of the great Master with joy, and not with grief.

Hence, as the disciples returned to Jerusalem from Olivet with great joy, and waited for the promise of the Lord, in prayer, in faith, and in the discharge of duty, so should it be with the individual Christian after every visit to Olivet; after every opening of heaven to admit an ascending spirit; after every season of instruction, of discipline, or of trial. He should gird himself afresh for the duties and difficulties of the present, by the hope that he has of the glorious revelations of the future. Thus let each one strive to live more constantly in the light of the great Epiphany of the future—

> "The bright appearance of the Lord,
> While faith stands leaning on his word."
>
> —Last Days of Jesus.

"WILL YE ALSO GO AWAY?"

"Will ye also go away?" said the Saviour to His disciples. "Lord, to whom shall we go?" asked Peter; "thou hast the words of eternal life." To what teacher should they repair, that would be better qualified to instruct them? To what Jewish party should they apply, that they might better learn the way to heaven? To what sect of philosophers should they go, that they might find more consolation in the ills of life, be better supported in its trials, and find a more satisfactory answer to those questions which their very nature prompted them to ask? Difficulties there might be in the Christian religion, but where could they find fewer? Mysteries there might be, but where could they go where there were none?

And where will a man go now to find a system that is better fitted to meet the evils of the present world? This is a fair question, and one which it becomes every man to answer for himself. Can sinful, suffering, and dying man find a system that will better meet his condition? Will he go to heathenism? to the ancient philosophers? to the modern infidel? Do they propose a better way by which a guilty conscience may become calm, by which life's sorrows may be borne, and by which the pangs of death may be more patiently or triumphantly endured?

Oh, what is this world when we have turned away from the cross of Christ, and from the instruction which God has given us in His word? Man is seen upon the earth a strange being, playing a strange part, and encircled by mysteries. He has been created he knows not by whom, or when, or for what purpose. He begins to sin as soon as he begins to act, but he knows not why. He finds himself prone to evil by some mysterious law for which there is no explanation. He suffers, he knows not why. He lives, he knows not for what end; and when he dies, he goes into another world, he knows not whither nor why. He can do nothing to stay the progress of the plague which sweeps away the race, and he can only stand and weep over the grave which he digs with his pale brother, and which he himself must soon enter. Revealed religion comes and tells him who made him, and why; explains the way in which the race sank into this melancholy condition, and how it may be recovered, [illegible] him as an immortal being; reveals a brighter world, and explains to him how it may be his own. It originates no new form of disease, dips the arrow of death in no new poison, creates no new darkness around the grave, robs the suffe er of no consolations, and creates no new danger. Then why [illegible] why should [illegible]

[illegible] Way of Salvation.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT

A correspondent sends us several inquiri[illegible] ard to the authority of this practice, the best mode of observing it, and the benefits resulting.

As to the *authority* for this usage, such sentences of inspiration as "in everything give thanks," "Whatsoever ye do, whether ye eat or drink, do all to the glory of God," seem amply sufficient — [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

GENERAL MITCHELL.

The following pathetic poem, we are told by the Editor of Brownlow Mitchell, the wife of the unfortunate, appeared in the New York *Evening Post*.

"OLD STARS"

"Hung be the heavens with black"

I.

His mighty life was hurried away
By Carnoma's mighty sun,
The pestilence that walks by day
Smote him before his canvas seemed done.

II.

The Constellations (Lyre, sky
The Pleiades, the Southern Cross,
Looked sadly down to see him die,
Across a canvas not yet done.

III.

"Send him to us," the stars might cry—
"You do not feel his worth below;
Your petty great men do not try
The measure of human to know

IV.

"Send him to us. This is his place,
Not your puny jealousies;
You sacrificed him in your race
Of envies, strifes, and policies.

V.

"His eye could pierce our vast expanse,
His ear could hear our morning songs,
His mind, amid our mystic dance,
Could follow all our myriad throngs.

VI.

"Send him to us! no martyr's soul,
No hero slain in righteous wars,
No raptured saint could e'er control
A holier welcome from the stars."

VII.

Take him, ye stars! take him on high,
To your vast realms of boundless space.
But once be turned from you to try
His name on martial scrolls to trace.

VIII

That once was when his country's call
Said danger to her flag was nigh,
And then her banner's stars dimmed all
The radiant lights which gemmed the sky.

IX.

Take him, loved orbs! His country's life—
Freedom for all—for these he wars;
For these he welcomed bloody strife,
And followed in the wake of Mars.

THE SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE JEWS IN EUROPE.

In a former number we depicted the political condition of the Jews in Europe. We now present an interesting account of their social condition:

In Austria, which, next to Russia, has the largest Jewish population of any of the European states, the Jews wield a great influence. Several of their prominent bankers have been raised to the rank of nobles, and one of them, Baron von Rothschild, has been called by the Emperor into the senate of the empire. A large number of Jews have been elected members of town-councils and provincial diets, and the province of Upper Austria has sent two Jews to the lower house of the Legislature. The Czechs, of Bohemia, who, like all the Sclavi, have been noted as fanatical persecutors of the Jews, have now made the full equality of Jews and Christians a part of their programme. In Gallicia, where, until 1848, the Jews had to pay a disgraceful "Jew's tax," amounting to over a million thalers annually, the leaders of the National party have boldly opposed the strong national prejudice against the Jews, and three of the latter have been elected members of the Gallician Diet. Strange to say, Hungary alone has been more slow than any other portion of Austria in meeting the just demands of the Jews, although Teleky, Pulsky, Klapka, Eotvos, Deak, and other leading patriots, warmly espoused their cause. In 1861, a Jew was for the first time appointed ordinary professor at an Austrian university (Dr. Wesley at Prague,) and another (Dr. Eciscl) was appointed extraordinary professor at the University at Vienna.

In Prussia, a Jew, (Dr. Veit) was a prominent and influential member of the House of Deputies. The Minister of Justice decided, in 1861, that Jews could be appointed as Judges.

In Bavaria, an intolerant law, which restricted the setting of Jews to a number of places, was unanimously abolished by the three chambers, and the rights of the Jews warmly advocated by the Archbishop of Munich, the Bishop of Augsburg, and the Protestant Supreme Consistory.

In England, there are now five Israelites in the House of Commons. A Jewish mayor was elected at Rochester, and a Jewish high sheriff for Bucks. The Jewish Board of Deputies, under the presidency of Sir Moses Montefiore, continues to display a great activity in behalf of the general interests of Judaism.

In France, a considerable number of Jews are professors of universities and colleges, and their influence on literature is great. They have, for a population of only about eighty thousand souls, four weekly and monthly papers, all of which are well edited. A society established in Paris in 1860, under the name of "Alliance Israelite Universelle," bids fair to become, to a higher degree than any other association, a centre for the common interests of Judaism. The able Jewish financier, M. Fould, to whom the Emperor in his financial embarrassments, has been compelled to apply for help, has been appointed Minister of Finances.

In Holland, nearly every office of importance is filled by an Israelite.

In the First National Parliament of Italy, which country has a Jewish population of only forty thousand souls, there are six Jewish members; and two Jews have been appointed, in 1861, ordinary professors at the universities of Bologna and Pisa.

In the kingdom of Poland, where formerly the Jews were more bitterly hated than in any other country of Europe, the national movement seems to have put an end to all mutual animosity. The Jews have actively taken part in the patriotic demonstrations, and very recently seven Jewish students were exiled, together with eight Christians to Siberia. On the one hand, the merchants and manufacturers of Warsaw adopted, by acclamation, a resolution which abolishes all distinction between Jews and Christians; and the Archbishop of Warsaw, in a circular, enjoins toleration towards the Jews.

In the Mohammedan countries of Northern Africa, the Jews show themselves much more accessible to the Christian civilization than the Mohammedans, and their progress is likely to facilitate the success of Christian missions. In Morocco, where they were cruelly persecuted shortly before the war with Spain, they now number about one hundred and twenty thousand, and the Emperor has recently given strict orders to protect the Jews in future from any attacks of the populace. In Tunis, the Bey has appointed a Jewish brigadier-general, and the Italian residents have elected a Jew their President. *Jewish Record*

INFLUENCE OF DEVOTION.

If we know that an ordinary man is on intimate terms with God, that fact tends to give us confidence in him. Something within tells us that the praying person is one who will not injure us, and one whom we can safely trust. It was upon this principle that an infidel who was travelling, and who was overtaken by nightfall in a lonely and dangerous place, confessed that he was relieved of his fears of being assassinated when the owner of the cabin where he had taken shelter led the family in prayer before retiring to rest. The infidel slept soundly after such a manifestation. The cabin roofed and walled by prayer was, to him, an unsafe place, he thought. We have authority for another pleasing incident illustrating the same point. In exercising hospitality to a clergymen who arrived at a dwelling late in the evening, the heads of the house surrendered to him their own chamber. Their little daughter, three years of age, was asleep in the crib, and they concluded not to disturb her. Quite early in the morning she awoke, and looking toward the bed usually occupied by her parents, saw a stranger there. At first she was startled, and covered her head with the counterpane. Soon, however, she peeped out and said, "Man, do you pray to God?" "Yes," was the answer. "I love God, and pray to Him every day." The satisfied little head was then quietly pulled, turned over, and dropped asleep.—*Child at Home*

THE NEW DOME ON THE NATIONAL CAPITOL

The *National Intelligencer* says: "The magnificent dome of the Capitol, designed by Thomas U. Walter, and now in course of construction under his direction, is rapidly progressing to completion. The principal frame of the structure has been completed, the ribs of the cupola have been put in place, and the plates which constitute the outer covering are being set, and will be finished before the close of next month. After this shall have been done, nothing will be left to complete the exterior of the dome but the construction of the lantern, and the placing of the ornaments on the upper wood-work around the spring of the [illegible]. These ornamental ones now being cast, and [illegible] representing a heavy cornice, have been placed in position, and presents a very handsome appearance. The castings for the inner dome are in course of preparation, and will soon be ready.

"The present height of the work above the base-line of the Capitol is two hundred and fifteen feet, and the height of the portion yet to be constructed, including the crowning statue, is about seventy feet. About two hundred and seven thousand pounds of iron have been received during the past year, and to the same period about one million one hundred and eighty-two thousand pounds of the same material have been put on. The whole quantity of iron received from the beginning of the work up to the present time was about seven and a half millions of pounds, and, according to the estimates of the architect, about eight hundred thousand pounds more will be needed to complete the work.

"The dome will be crowned with Crawford's gigantic and imposing statue of Freedom, which is nineteen and a half feet high, and weighs about fifteen thousand pounds. This statue is made entirely of bronze, and is composed of five cents, the weight of the heaviest of which is about fifteen thousand pounds. It may now be seen on a temporary pedestal in the east grounds of the Capitol. The screw-bolts which now blemish it will be removed when it is put in place, and a rich and uniform bronze tint will be imparted to it. The entire cost of the statue was about twenty-five thousand dollars. The sum of seven hundred thousand dollars has been appropriated by Congress for the dome, the most of which has been expended. The original estimate of the cost of the dome was nine hundred and forty-five thousand dollars ($945,000)—but the distinguished architect, by rigid economy and a reduction of the weight of the structure, has been enabled to bring down the whole cost, including that of the crowning statue, to about nine hundred thousand dollars.

THE McDOWELL COURT OF INQUIRY

TESTIMONY OF GEN. McCLELLAN

Washington, Dec. 10, 1862

The Court met at 11 o'clock this morning.

The examination of General McCLELLAN was resumed

The following questions were put by General McDowell, and answered by General McClellan:—

Question.—What communication from the President, through General Franklin, or otherwise, did you receive as to the separation of General McDowell's corps from your army? Please state fully what you know concerning that separation so far as it relates to General McDowell, and what communication, if any, you made to the President concerning him in that action?

Answer.—The substance of the communication through General Franklin, from the President was, that the President assumed the responsibility of the change of destination of Gen. McDowell's corps, as necessary for the defence of Washington, although the troops actually left in Washington and in front of it, dispensable for its defence, were rather more than the garrison used by the engineer and artillery officers, and considerably more than the largest number recommended by any of the corps commanders to be left in the vicinity of Washington. I do not at present recall any communication made to the President in regard to the separation of General McDowell's corps. It would be necessary for me to consult my papers before I could answer the question definitely.

Question.—Do you recollect having received any telegram from General Franklin, prior to his joining you on the Peninsula, concerning General McDowell, and in connexion with the separation of the corps of the latter from your army?

Answer.—Yes, I remember merely the general tenor of the despatch, which was, that General Franklin's opinion, from his knowledge of the case, was that General McDowell had nothing to do with the separation of his corps from the army of the Potomac.

Question.—What was General Franklin's official position with respect to General McDowell, at the time of that despatch?

Answer.—He commanded a division in the corps of General McDowell.

Question.—Please examine the copy of the New York *Herald*, of Oct 31st, containing a speech of Hon. J. B. Haskins, at Tarrytown, New York, and state if the following remarks, attributed to you, to wit: "I have been unfortunate in not taking Richmond, in consequence of my plan not being carried out, because General McDowell did not reinforce me as he could have done, and as it was agreed upon he should have done," are true in their letter and spirit so far as relates to Gen. McDowell, and is not true in this, wherein are they not so?

Answer (smilingly.)—The incident related in the speech is entirely new to me. I never received any despatch informing me that General Halleck was made Commander-in-Chief, and am very sure that I never made the remark attributed to me in connexion as stated. I have no doubt said, for it has ever been my opinion, that the Army of the Potomac would have taken Richmond, had not the corps of General McDowell been separated from it. It is also my opinion, had the command of General McDowell joined the Army of the Potomac, to the month of May, by way of Hanover Court House, from Fredericksburg, that we would have had Richmond within a week after the junction. I do not hold General McDowell responsible in my own mind, for the failures to join me on either occasion.

The Court met at 11 o'clock, and the examination of General McClellan was resumed

The question propounded yesterday by the Court, and which was laid over at the request of General McClellan, was again read to the witness, as follows:—

You have stated that the troops were retained for the defence of Washington. Did these plans provide for a force to be retained from the troops then under your command, and if so, how large was the force to be retained, and what troops were to compose it?

Answer.—The troops to be retained for the defence of Washington were almost entirely from [illegible] gave from memory alone, an accurate statement of their position and strength. On the last of April I wrote a letter of instructions to General Banks, for his guidance in posting the troops in front of Washington, which letter would be a more full answer to the question than the general one I have given, which I will also submit to the Court if they desire it.

Question.—Gen. McDowell having made known to the Court that in his opinion it was safe and proper for him to proceed to co-operate with you against Richmond, and having yielded his purpose so as to do only in obedience to higher orders, you will state your judgment as to the soundness of that opinion, and of the military propriety of that purpose on the part of General McDowell [illegible]

Answer.—I cannot confine my judgment to what, in your judgment, was the object of Jackson's movement against Banks, on or about the 24th of May, and what were the probabilities of the success, if left unaided by the forces of the enemy at Richmond, and if Richmond was at the time additionally threatened by General McDowell's proposed co-operation with you, what force had the enemy to spare at that time to aid Jackson or otherwise to threaten Washington? What were the probabilities of the forces disposed of to attack Washington and, in what time and in what manner?

Answer.—I think that General McDowell was correct in his opinion that if Washington [illegible] I think that immediately after the reception of Hanover Court House by a portion of the Army of the Potomac, there was no relief force of any consequence between Hanover Court House and General McDowell; I think that the main object of Jackson's movement against Gen. Banks, was to prevent reinforcements being sent to the Army of the Potomac, and expressed that opinion in a telegram to the President, within a day of the time I received information of the movement of Jackson.

I think, that if General McDowell had moved direct upon Hanover Court House, instead of in the direction of Front Royal, Jackson would have rapidly retraced his steps to join the main Rebel army at Richmond. With a strong army [illegible] own in the vicinity of Richmond and threatening it, I do think the rebels would have detached a sufficient forces to seriously endanger the safety of Washington.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

DAYS MARKED WITH A WHITE STONE.—Applied to days of pleasure and happiness, which are treasured in the memory. *Origin*; The Romans used a white stone, or Cretan chalk to mark their lucky days on the calendar; and charcoal, to mark those considered unlucky.

In the heathen mythology the Muses were nine in number, namely—Clio, the Muse of History; Calliope, the Epic Muse; Melpomene, the Tragic Muse; Thalia, the Comic Muse; Euterpe, who presided over Music; Terpsichore, over Dancing; Erato, the Muse of Elegy and Amatory Song; Polyhymnia, the Muse of Sacred Song; Urania, the Muse of Astronomy.

CRISPIN.—A name applied to a shoemaker. *Origin*; Saint Crispin was a shoemaker; and consequently was chosen by the craft as their patron saint. It is related that he came from Rome to preach at Soissons, in France, towards the middle of the third century, and that it was his practice, after occupying the day in preaching, to work during the night by making shoes.

SHIP OF THE DESERT.—A figurative appellation for the camel. *Origin*. The excellent use of the camel as a beast of burden the number of miles it can journey without fatigue, the fewness of its wants, and the long period it can exist without nourishment justify the poetical idea of regarding camels as ships; the long tracts of desert, they traverse being figuratively termed seas.

CARTE-BLANCHE.—An unlimited authority, or a general instruction to a person to act to the best of his ability. Thus a general is said to have a *carte-blanche* from his sovereign when he is empowered to carry on a campaign at his own discretion. *Origin*; This is a French term, signifying literally "blank card," or paper." Such papers were formerly used in France as unconditional warrants for the apprehension of suspected persons, the conditions being afterwards filled in by the persons to whom they were delivered for execution.

NARCOTICS

The *North American Review* for October contains a valuable article on Narcotics. We shall do our readers a service by presenting some of its most important facts in a popular form. The use of narcotics is universal. Every people—from the savage, sunk in the lowest depths of pagan barbarism, to the highly enlightened Christian—has its favorite weed or gum, which is chewed or smoked for the purpose of producing that dreamy state in which worldly cares may be temporarily forgotten, and visions of happiness enjoyed. The Eastern nations have opium, hemp, and the betelnut. The North American Indian, and the European with him, next after the necessities of existence, cherish their beloved tobacco. Other tribes seek excitement from the cocoa and the stramonium; and the poor Siberian and Kamschatkan, in their frozen homes, out of reach of these luxuries, find in a fungus which grows upon the steppes, the means of soothing the irritation of the nervous system. We use them in our daily food. It is the narcotic principle which has made tea and coffee the standard beverages of civilized countries; and it is not unlikely that if lettuce were deprived of its opiatic juices, it would cease to be a favorite dish upon our dinner and tea-tables.

The use of narcotics is as ancient as it is universal. The seeds of the poppy, indeed, were first used as food, being ground in the same manner as wheat. This flour is said to have been quite nutritious. At the present day, a great deal of what is sold as olive oil is made from poppy seeds. Making so common use of this plant, mankind were not long in discovering that a state of delightful unconsciousness could be produced by tasting the juices of the capsule. Herodotus relates that the Scythians were accustomed to produce intoxication by the vapors of the hemp. It has been suggested by some one that the Lotophagi of Homer was the Indian hemp. If not this, it must have been opium. Drugs of this kind might have produced the vapor which inspired the Pythia at the oracle at Delphi. The author of the *Heathen Antiquities*, judging from his own experience, thinks that the [illegible] and [illegible] of the Egyptian philosophy were the fruits of narcotic intoxication.

A LOVING CHILD

A lady in New York was recently acquainted in a family in which there was a sweet bright little boy, of some five years, between [illegible] friendship. One day she said to him

"Willie, do you love me?"

"Yes, indeed!" he replied, with a clinging kiss [illegible]

"Why, I love you—I love you—up to the sky."

Just then his eye fell on his mother. Flinging his arms about her, and kissing her passionately,

"But, mamma, I love you way up to God!"

FATTENING SWINE.

[illegible] article on the subject, from which we make a few [illegible]

"On every hand there are some articles which may be useful in fattening swine, if taken to some, but which if not so taken, will be totally lost. Of these we may mention summer squashes, summer [illegible] of late kinds. Later in the season, pumpkins may be [illegible]

"Summer squashes, if cooked, will fatten hogs very fast. Many people who have used them for this purpose consider them, when cooked, as profitable a crop for summer and early autumn feeding as can be grown.

"In regard to apples, much has been said of their value as food for animals, especially for fattening swine. Various experiments indicate that [illegible] as much as potatoes for this purpose. Hogs will eat ripe, palatable apples raw, in considerable quantities; but they will not eat those which are hard—especially acid ones—to much extent. It is somewhat so with the human family. If we eat apples or pears raw, we want them fully ripe and mellow; but for baking or cooking in other ways we frequently use those which are not fully ripe. Hence, apples which are too hard to be fed to swine raw, may be given to them in a cooked state with advantage. It would probably be an object to save in this way many of the winter apples which are now falling from the trees. Most New England farmers are in the practice of cooking potatoes for hogs, and the same apparatus which is used for this purpose will answer for apples and other articles."

SURFACE APPLICATION OF MANURE.

From the results of various trials, Professor Voelcker seems to lean to the opinion that the spreading of farm yard manure on the surface of the soil, for even a considerable period before it is ploughed in is by no means an injurious a practice as we have hitherto been led to suppose. He says, "that on all soils with a moderate proportion of clay, no feat need be entertained of valuable fertilizing substance becoming wasted, if the manure cannot be ploughed in at once. Fresh and even well rotted dung, contains very little free ammonia, and since active fermentation, and with it the further evolution of free ammonia, is stopped by spreading out the manure on the field, valuable manuring matters cannot escape into the air by adopting this plan."

THE HAPPINESS OF CHILDREN.

The *right* of children to be happy, and the *duty* of parents to promote the happiness of their children, are matters that seem to be little considered. I may not be the person to do it, but somebody should call the attention of the readers of *The Independent* to this important subject. All the characteristics and surroundings of childhood mark it as a season that should be sacred to light-hearted enjoyment. It is as natural for a healthy child to be happy as it is for the birds to sing or the rosebuds to burst into bloom under the genial influence of the sunshine and the dew. Why should not the first eight or ten years of a child's life be a bright and joyous play spell, over which untimely cares and griefs cast none of their dark shadows? Surely we need not grudge our children this season of mirthful recreation, for the stern, cold realities of life will certainly overtake them full early. There are, I am aware, wise and good men who take an entirely different view of this subject. They seem all the while afraid that the children will be too happy, and set their faces against childish enjoyments as if they were deadly sins. Mr. Wesley, who was certainly a wise and good man, blundered most egregiously in this matter. Speaking of his famous Kingswood School, he says: "We have no play-days—the school being taught every day in the year but Sabbath; neither do we allow any time for play on any day." In justification of this preposterous and inhuman treatment of boys from six to fifteen years of age, he quotes what he calls "a wise German proverb: "*He that plays when he is a boy will play when he is a man.*" Who the sapient German was who first uttered the second nonsense we have no means of knowing; probably some stale and unsavory fogy, destitute of pleasant memories of childhood, and utterly incapable of sympathising with its joys or sorrows. We do not allow ourselves to take pleasure in the future of any child we cannot endeavor to degrade. Mr. Wesley was influenced by the purest motives in establishing the school at Kingswood; yet we confess to some satisfaction in reading what he says of the results of his experiment, after it has been continued through a quarter of a century. "The school," he says, "does not in any wise answer the design of the institution, either with regard to religion or learning. The children are not religious; neither do they improve in learning better than at other schools, nor yet so well." Of course not. Who would expect boys who are taught that all play is wicked to improve in anything that is good? But in spite of cast iron rules and grim and austere masters, boys will be boys.

Mr. Wesley is grieved that they will not be old men in the nursery and says: "*They ought never to play, but they do every day; yea, even in school.*" Good for the boys, say we. It is their inalienable right to have their fun and frolic somewhere—if not on the playground, in the school room; and as long as grass grows and water runs, may they claim and enjoy their privilege. Parents should know that it is much easier to control children when they are happy, than when they are miserable. Men are only enlarged editions of childhood, and not always improved editions at that. If you want to influence a man for his good, or secure from him a favor, you do not make your application when the wind is from the east, and his business affairs all confused and going wrong. You call on him on a genial day, when his surroundings are pleasant, and, if possible, soon after he has enjoyed a good dinner. I know families of children that are always exposed to an east wind, and houses in which there is provision enough, but never an enjoyable meal. There are other residences so located that the south wind always blows softly around them, and so arranged that every room from basement to attic is flooded with a mellow and golden light. Surely no arguments are needed to show in which class of houses it is least difficult to maintain a wholesome family discipline. Common humanity requires that children should be governed tenderly, and without any needless sacrifice of their enjoyments. It is a pleasant thing to see a noble animal like Rarey's Cossack trained and controlled so as to be led about by a single straw, and that without any resort to the savage beatings that were once regarded as indispensable in the management of horses.

Your boy, dear reader, is of more value than all the horses in the world, and has a right to every indulgence and all the happiness not inconsistent with his best interests. The families in which smiles and laughter are abundant, and where harsh and bitter words are seldom heard, are the ones that are most easily governed. There is great wisdom in the apostolic injunction, "Fathers, provoke not your children to anger: lest they be discouraged." When the spirits of children are embittered by the selfishness or tyranny of parents, they become discouraged, and grow reckless. Let them once feel that their parents are kind, considerate, loving and sympathizing, and they will be [illegible] to them forever. Oh, that all parents were wise! that they understood that to this matter the mother brings a double responsibility. She it is who stamps the coin of character, and makes the being who would be a savage, but for her gentle cares, [illegible]

The injustice and downright meanness of any needless interference with the happiness of children is apparent when we consider how much joy [illegible] by such things. What [illegible] cut off from outward sources of enjoyment, he has internal resources upon which he can draw and be happy. With children the case is different. The world in which they live is small, and chiefly external. [illegible] their vision is so narrow that a single cloud not bigger than a man's hand suffices to darken all their skies. We are too apt to forget it, but the sufferings and enjoyments of childhood are not only real, but intense. Your little girl has often to mourn friends. For days and weeks her heart has been full and brimming over with joyful anticipations. For the time being her journey leads her right through the land of Beulah, under sun bright skies, and where the songs of the birds never cease. But something occurs, and she is told that she must forego the anticipated pleasure. [illegible] you hardly make an effort to sooth her feelings, or reconcile her to the disappointment. Oh, if you had not wandered far from the blessed days of your own childhood, you would know how [illegible] are as real as any that you are to bear. Or your generous warm hearted boy has been led into some act of disobedience, and you call him up for reproof and punishment. You are excited—angry, perhaps—and at your first reproof his eyes are blinded with tears, and his emotions so choke him that he is unable to make any reply to your upbraiding words. You suppose him to be in a passion, or obstinate, and after correcting him, order him immediately out of your presence. But in truth he is grieved, not angry; and his tears are wrung from a loving and manly heart. The iron has entered his soul because he is treated with injustice. His own father misunderstands him, and will not allow him an opportunity to make explanations. He could make it all right if you would allow him to throw himself into your arms and tell you how sorry he is for his fault, and how anxious he is to be a good boy, and deserve your confidence and love. You may have suffered many times during your life from the "rash judgment and severity of selfish men." The treachery of professed friends may have cut you to the very quick of the soul, but none of these wounds are deeper or more painful than those you have inflicted in the heart of your noble boy by your blundering folly. There is a sacred and holy eloquence in the tears of children, and I never see them but my heart grows softer at the sight. They come not from the moral, but from what is spiritual and divine in human nature. The instinct which will warn and help us but for a moment weep. You may lay hold on a swine, and plunge a knife in its throat, and there is a strange and an outcry, but no tears. "I would not enter on my list of friends" the man who does not sympathize and sympathize with the sorrows of children.

I close this article, already reaching beyond my purpose that the time is short in which they can do anything to promote the happiness of their children. If you are taken from them, you desire to have a place in their pleasant and grateful remembrances. Or if you live and are required to lay your children in the grave, it will soothe your heart to remember that you did what you could to render their journey through life bright and beautiful. I shall never forget an incident that once occurred as I sat by the bedside of a dying boy. A servant in the family, a warm-hearted Irish girl, came into the room, looked at the poor suffering boy, and called him by name, but he was too sick to recognise or answer her. She struggled for a moment with her emotions, burst into tears and exclaimed, "Poor little Willie! Can't you speak to me once more? Oh, if you could only live, I would never speak a cross word to you again!" It was the expression of a feeling that thousands carry in their hearts, when they are losing or have lost friends. It is well for us to think of this when we are tempted to be impatient with our children. The Master may have need of them, and take them to himself. The rare of your boy may be soon run, and you compelled from the side of his coffin to review your conduct during the years that you have guided and governed him. And it will be a bitter and grievous thing to you, if to that hour conscience upbraids you with having caused him a single hour of needless sorrow.

The dear little girl whose presence fills all your house with light and melody, may soon be sleeping in her grave. Full well do I know that such a blow will almost break your heart. You will need then the comfort that comes from the remembrance that you always treated the dear child tenderly, and led her by gentle methods into the green pastures and beside the still waters. May the blessing of him who took the children in his arms and blessed them, be upon as many as remember and act upon his words. "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones: for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

—*Rev. R. M. Hatfield.*

OLD FATHER MORRIS

Old Father Morris sometimes used his illustrative talent to very good purpose in the way of rebuke. He had on his farm a fine orchard of peaches, from which some of the ten or twelve-year-old gentlemen helped themselves more liberally than even the old man's kindness thought expedient. Accordingly he took occasion to introduce into his sermon one Sabbath, in his little parish, on account of a journey he took, and how he saw a fine orchard of peaches which made his mouth water to look at them.

"So," says he, "I came up to the fence, and looked all around, for I would not have touched one of them *without leave* for all the world. At last I espied a man, and says I, 'Mister, won't you give me some of your peaches?' So the man came and gave me nigh about a bushel. And while I stood there eating I said, 'Mister, how do you manage to keep your peaches?'"

"Keep them!" said he, and he stared at me. "What do you mean?"

"Yes, sir," said I. "Don't the boys steal them?"

"Boys steal them!" said he. "No, indeed!"

"Why, sir," said I, "I have a whole lot full of peaches, and I cannot get half of them"—here the old man's voice became tremulous—"because the boys in my parish steal them so."

"Why," said he, "don't their parents teach them not to steal?"

And I grew all over in a cold sweat, and I told him "I was afraid they didn't."

"Why how you talk!" says the man. "Do tell me where you live?"

"Then," said Father Morris, the tears running over, "I was obliged to tell him I lived in the town of G."

After this, Father Morris kept his peaches.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

BE HONEST WITH GOD.

"Who conducted the prayer meeting?" said Mr. Gates, who had been kept at home by business, to his neighbor, Mr. Ransom, who stopped in on his way home from the meeting.

"The minister," was the reply.

"Who offered prayer?"

"Mr Eldridge, for one."

"I never heard him pray."

"I didn't like his prayer. He told the Lord a great many things which he don't know. A man ought to be honest with God."

"We must not judge our brethren."

"We may if we judge righteous judgment. Charity does not require us to see things as they are not—to put error for truth; Charity rejoiceth in the truth."

Men should be honest with their fellow-men; much more should they be honest with God. They should be honest in their confessions of sin. Some use language in confession which seems to express their feelings. They call themselves sinners, and say they do not so regard themselves. If those who hear them were to take them at their word, they would be greatly offended. Is it a small matter to make to God statements respecting ourselves which we do not believe?

Men should be honest in their prayers. They should not ask for things which they do not desire. Many do this. One asks for the [illegible] earnestly that to the world. Another asks for the spirit of self-denial. Men pray for things which it is usual to pray for, when in reality they do not desire them. That is not being honest with God.

Men should be honest with God in regard to their professions. One may say, "I give myself, soul and body to thy service," when no such consecration is made. Perhaps the real state of mind was a desire thus to consecrate oneself, or a sense of obligation to do so. The language used about [illegible] the true state of the soul. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked."

[illegible]

[illegible] On the fly leaf [illegible] found the following:

Manifestly what I am,
And mine the eternal salvation,

[illegible] note of the [illegible]

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Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE WORLD OF BLISS.

There is a world where Jesus holds
The mansion he prepared for souls;
'Tis far above this earth, we know,
And God's own people to it go.

Here they remain in sweet repose,
Relieved from sicknesses and woes.
Well might they, ever happy, say,
Our pleasures never pass away.

Sure they were sinners once like us,
They dwelt on earth, then turned to dust;
But now their voices blend above,
In anthems of redeeming love.

Oh! we who still with hope are blest,
And conscious of this perfect rest,
Must fight, if we expect to reign
With those who love the Saviour's name.

Then let us worship him aright,
Who changed our darkness into light;
And when our work is done below,
With him to that bright world we'll go.

H. BAKER.

Ashmun Institute, Dec. 15, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

BRO. WEAVER:—The scene is still changing. Every day brings its own current events. The Committees heresbouts have been variously interested since my last. New York has been favored with something novel and interesting in the debut of Madam Louise de Mortie of Boston. "*Reading the classics*" to a colored audience. It is truly refreshing to have such occurrences to relieve the mind and drive away the *ennui* consequent upon a continual round of *Concerts, Promenades, Mental feasts,* and *Prizes,* for "*the best-looking colored gentlemen and ladies in the room.*" To have true genius, learning, study, research, and thought, brought out and encouraged; to listen to true eloquence from the lips of high-toned woman, to have every cord touched with delicate fingers—tuned in symphony with the higher, the immortal life is surely exhilarating. How pleasant to ascend in thought, from the low, the grovelling, the mere animal of life, to revel in a world of ideas. To catch the inspiration of the *Poets,* and with them, far from the influence of terrestrial things, hie on in pursuit of the good, the gentle, and the lovely. Madam Mortie is a good reader, makes a fine appearance, very commanding in manner, and gave general satisfaction to her audience. She will doubtless be heard from again.

Great preparations are being made to celebrate the great jubilee of freedom on the first of Jan., in anticipation of the proclamation of emancipation, in Cooper Institute Hall, by the citizens of New York and Brooklyn. Many distinguished speakers are invited, and it is expected that there will be a great gathering on that evening among the *elite* of the "Twin sister" cities. Prominent among all things of great interest, is the gracious work of a revival of religion in Brooklyn. The Triune God has been pleased to visit his Zion here in copious showers of salvation, and brought many to reconciliation with himself. The means employed demonstrate the truth of the gospel promise, "Not by might nor by the power of man, but by my Spirit will I work, saith the Lord." Some months ago, a few faithful women of the Baptist Church began to hold prayer-meetings among themselves, desiring God to graciously look upon the languishing church, and restore unto it the joys of his salvation. The church was without a stated pastor; many years have passed since they have had a revival; dissensions and bickerings had been prominent in their midst; many had gone from their first love;—no Shepherd to guide, they turned to Christ, the Chief Shepherd of their souls. For weeks prayer-meetings were held at their houses in the afternoon of each day, and at church at night, until He, whose property is to have mercy, came down and blessed their labors. Many have been converted, and some fifty added to the church, mostly young persons connected with the Sunday School.

Thus the church is prospering, and will continue to do so as long as they confine themselves to the legitimate work of preaching the gospel, not stopping to quarrel with their neighbors about "*modes of Baptism,*" and the *essentiality of immersion;* the seeds of degeneracy which bring forth their fruit of bitterness, and the sure precursor of decay and weakness. Rev. Barnett, formerly of your city, is their present supply; young and full of zeal, he may be successful in doing much good under Divine guidance, following the injunction of the aged Paul to his son Timothy, 1 Tim. vi. 20, 21, and vi. 3—6. God speed him.

The good work has not stopped yet, it is still progressing in Bridge Street Church, Rev. R. H. Cain pastor. For some weeks I learn there have been prayer-meetings held in that church with increasing interest; preaching and exhortation have been employed, and a revival is the result. Many have been converted, and many more are inquiring the way of salvation. Elder J. A. Williams is on a visit to his family, and has preached several able discourses during these meetings. I think his powerful logic has had much to do with awakening many sinners. I do not think that the present pastor would get up a revival in ten years; he is a "*formal lecturer,* half Presbyterian and Methodist preacher," yet he is considered by many to be a very nice man. Your correspondent thinks that he displayed very little wisdom in having a protracted meeting and a *Fair* at the same time; but it is illustrative of his character as above described, "A nice man." Yet with all these incongruities, the work is going on. I stopped into the fair one evening this week, and found a large gathering of people there, a piano in full blast, and all enjoying themselves well. I heard an unusual blending of sounds, music, singing, and shouting; on inquiry I learned that there was a meeting up stairs. I found my way up, by passing through a winding stairway, and to my astonishment, found some seventy or one hundred persons in the upper part of the church; I will not soon forget the scene: at the mourners' bench were seven women kneeling in prayer. On the floor lay two more, still, as if in the iron grasp of death, others crying in deep agony of soul, "God have mercy on me, and save my soul, or I perish!" Many were weeping through the congregation. The members who are faithfully attending these meetings, are truly gifted in prayer, and seem to have great faith. There is a great work in progress, and many have been added to the church. Still the work goes on, meeting and fair, and no collision; both are well attended.

I learn that the circumstances were so pressing on the Trustees, that the fair could not be postponed, as their obligations are due on the 18th of January, 1863.

The Christian Recorder has become a very welcome visitor to many who have been taking it for this last year. Though the price has been raised many say they cannot do without it. The hardness of times has compelled some to stop the paper for a time, but, say they will renew soon. The Recorder is pronounced the best paper among us, and if it lives through this crisis, we may hope the future will bring greater prosperity, and more subscribers, and a wider circulation. Keep it alive till the proclamation is issued, and the army and navy shall protect all persons who shall seek to maintain their liberty against any claim or claims of their former masters, and all officers shall see this proclamation enforced in all the seceded states of the Union; then we will extend our Christian conquests to Louisiana, recapture our eighteen hundred members in New Orleans, and extend our BETHEL from sea to sea; filling the land with songs of praise, for the wonderful works of the Lord our God, when the rider and his horse shall be overthrown, and the people are free. More anon. JUNIUS.

For the Christian Recorder.

WE KNOW NOT THE GOOD WE CAN DO.

BY REV. JAMES LYNCH.

BALTIMORE, Md.

A few years ago there lived in one of the Districts of Baltimore city, a lady of deep piety and fervent zeal, which led her to feel solicitous for the spiritual welfare of all around her, irrespective of color. She had been for many years connected with a white Presbyterian church, to which she became attached very early in life, and thus formed the acquaintance of some of the leading working Christians of the city. The District in which she lived, had but few colored residents, while the whites were numerous and in a state of great spiritual destitution; their children would throng the corners on the Sabbath day, and indulge in every kind of mischief, while the parents would look on and give license by their manifest approbation. This lady's house and her children suffered by the riotous conduct of the juveniles, and she determined to break it up by invoking the strong arm, not of the law, but of God. An idea struck her; one Sunday afternoon after returning from church, she remarked to her husband, "Mr. M—— has a very large basement, and I know he would be glad to rent it. It might be gotten for a Sunday School, and I will see Mr. T—— and Mrs. S——, and get them to establish one. I know the L—— family, and the B—— family, and many others will send their children." Mr. M—— was seen: his objections and prejudices, (for he was a man who cared little for religion,) were all overcome. The persons designated to establish the school, were seen—they took hold of the enterprise; in a few months the basement was crowded; in less than four years a church was built, within a few yards of the basement where the school was first held. Many of the children were converted to Christ; their mothers and fathers also; and young men of position to-day were reared in that neighborhood and in that school, who prior to its establishment bid fair for *vagrancy.*

But before the above mentioned enterprise grew so strong, the ever watchful Methodists planted a mission school in close propinquity. They grew and outstripped the former. They soon built a church, and their mighty revivals shook the neighborhood again and again, until in scores of families the living God was revered and adored.

The colored lady has long since removed from Baltimore; few know of her connexion with the great religious movement, which has blessed the neighborhood, and the wonderful change which is the wonder of all; but when the records of churches, of societies, and individuals are read in the brilliant light of the judgment day—this deed of this lady, though done for a people who despise us, will be approved by millions, and honored by the many who have been saved by its instrumentality.

For the Christian Recorder.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT.

MR. EDITOR:—The most important news in Washington at the time, is the various comments on the retreat of General Burnside. Some supposing he was flogged by the rebels, and others, regarding it as a glorious retreat. From the looks of the morning papers, it appears that some frail freak has been discovered in the President's cabinet. *God save the nation, is all that I can say,* for the aspect of things never looked more gloomy, than they do this morning. When I am so conclusively led to the conviction, that this nation is endeavoring to raise us up from thraldom and degradation, and still see the angry cataracts, which pour so violently around the trembling threshold of her safety, falling often like peals of dissolving thunder, from the rugged clouds of an enraged sky, my most hearty commiseration throbs languidly for her. I sometimes hear these hateful politicians speaking so contemptibly of the negro, that all sympathy for the time being leaves me. But when my sober senses begin the work again, I find my affections lingering around the land of my birth, and thus voluntarily, or involuntarily, as the case may be, I find myself saying, *God save the nation.* But let us turn to something else.

Last Monday we had the pleasure of being in Baltimore, and to our great surprise, we learned that the Rev. John Wesley Brown, of the Sharp street M. E Church was dead. At three o'clock, P. M. we went to Sharp street church, where the funeral solemnities were to be held. Here we found about 2500 persons convened in, and around the church. Going into the basement we discovered some 50 ministers, including all denominations, in mourning attire, who marched two by two into the upper part of the church, where the congregation were so densely packed, that you might have imagined the girders of the church inadequate to the weight. And here I am at last, for I took down the contents of the funeral services, but have mislaid my report. So far as my memory serves me, the Rev. Mr. Peak prayed a most effective prayer, and Rev. Mr. Spridle delivered the discourse. Brother Spridle's remarks were very sublime till towards the close, when he gave vent to the spirit, and spoke though powerfully, yet somewhat at random. Rev. Mr. Bowser made the closing remarks, in which he wielded a pathos, that held in glorious check the entire audience. Brother Brown was one of the ablest ministers, belonging to the M. E. Church, in Baltimore. His death was peaceful. His last breathings were calm.

Rev. C. C. Leigh, the principal agent of the Freedmen's Association, in New York, preached in Israel Church last Sabbath evening, and it was one of the grandest discourses that I have heard from a white man in an age. He tore into atoms that lazy trifling spirit, that keeps too many of our people from the study of the natural sciences. He told them that the study of science alone gives strength and sinew to the mind. Unless they could grapple with science, they could never grapple with politics.

After which, the Rev. Mr. French spoke of his travels along the coast of South Carolina and Florida, and of the triumph of negro regiments. His remarks were so pleasing to the audience, that they forgot they were in the church, and went to clapping hands, stomping feet. Rev. Mr. Denison rose up and stated that he had just received a despatch that Gen. Burnside had been victorious, which created such a stir that the pastor dismissed them.

Rev. John M. Brown was there to-day, and brought from his all-honored congregation some two barrels and a box, consisting of 250 pieces of clothing for the contrabands. Ebenezer Church, of Baltimore, of which the ever active and industrious brother Brown is pastor, is made up of some of the most noble-hearted people belonging to the A. M. E. Church, and Big Bethel had better watch her.

The convention hitherto meeting at Union Bethel Church, met last Thursday at Israel. Your correspondent, being somewhat mortified in the commencement of the proceedings, did not take them down systematically as he intended. However, I was convinced that our people possessed the power of legislation. The house was densely crowded, and among the audience I noticed several congressmen and reporters, with any quantity of ladies and gentlemen, of all grades and classes.

Mr. John Thos. Johnson, Secretary, read one of the most intelligent reports of the previous meeting, to which I thought I ever listened.

Several motions were offered, and discussed with great dignity and strength of mind. Mr. William Slade, President, governed the association so very parliamentary, that Judge DAY, who made some remarks toward the close of the meeting, said: "That the House of Representatives ought to adjourn and come here, to learn parliamentary decorum." They adjourned, however, on a motion considering the propriety of each member of the association advancing five dollars, as the basis of an operation in the erection of a hospital.

Rev. A. W. Wayman passed through here to-day, on his way to Alexandria, for the purpose of delivering a scientific lecture.

Mr. Solomon G. Brown, who is really the colored philosopher of the United States, delivers a lecture on Geology, before the Israel Lyceum, on Monday evening next. H. M. T.

Washington, Dec. 20th, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE WAR.

MR. EDITOR:—This crisis deserves the attention of all thinking beings. Our country is torn asunder by what they call a civil war. Our government is turned upside down, and there is no chance of restoring it, as long as so many traitors remain in the North. We have men in our city that sympathize with the South, and they are allowed to speak in favor of the South. Let a man South speak in favor of the North, and they would take his head off. Give the South the advantage the North has, and they would have gained the victory long ago. The guns of the North are far superior to those of the South, and their means and support better. The above mentioned is one of the grand reasons why this war does not progress.

A great many of the head leaders North are traitors; look at Buell, McClellan, and others I could mention were it necessary. Look at some of the congressmen, Mr. Cox for one. We need no worse rebel than he is. He has been communicating with some of the head leaders of rebeldom, that want to creep back in congress with a union cloak of pretence; and he would gladly receive them were it in his power. Can we wonder at the confusion of our country? I think not. Look at the defeat of the Northern army. Why is it in a great many instances? It is because the head commanders are traitors, and do not do their duty. We see tokens of this every day, more or less. I hope the Lord may set the North right, and then they can whip the South right; there must be a renovation in the North before this thing can progress; the Union is divided, and people of the North sub divided. The great drawback is, what they will do with negroes when freed. Let them free them and they will take care of themselves, as they have taken care of the white people of the South. As for the free people of the North, I am sure they can take care of themselves. Give us the rights it was intended we should have, that is all we ask of them. The government has proposed the voluntary colonization of Americans of African descent in the British Colonies, but Mr. Russell declined the proposition. Gen. Webb, Minister to Brazil, has been exerting himself to effect a treaty, by which all the negroes of this country will be transplanted to the region of the Amazon, at the expense of the United States, and there endowed with land gratuitously by Brazil, and at the expiration of a term of years become citizens of Brazil. When I get ready I will colonise

Yours, J. C. MAXWELL.

BUBBLES.

I.

I stood on the brink in childhood,
And watched the bubbles go
From the rock-fretted sunny ripple
To the smoother lymph below;

And over the white creek-bottom,
Under them every one,
Went golden stars in the water,
All luminous in the sun.

But the bubbles brake on the surface,
And under, the stars of gold
Broke, and the hurrying water
Flowed onward, swift and cold.

II.

I stood on the brink in manhood,
And it came to my weary heart,—
In my breast so dull and heavy,
After the years of smart,—

That every hollowest bubble
Which over my life had passed
Still into its deeper current
Some sky-sweet gleam had cast;

That, however I mocked it gayly,
And guessed at its hollowness,
Still shone, with each bursting bubble,
One star in my soul the less.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

DO YOU READ YOUR RELIGIOUS PAPER?

Must everything be spiced with war news or war speculations in order to be read by ministers and Christians? We hope not, for the safety of our country, we think, depends much upon the maintenance of the spirit of prayer and piety. The medium through which we receive even the intelligence of the day is very important in its unconscious influence upon us. The reading of exciting, often unreliable intelligence, is most disastrous in its effect upon the mind and heart. We can know very much about individuals and families simply by knowing what papers they read most thoroughly. Shall then the papers that are most religious in their influence and aim be only casually read, or neglected altogether?

Boston Recorder.

SUDDEN DEATH.

We sometimes prepare surprise-parties for the very sake of pleasure. Distant friends are secretly gathered. Those whom the daily thoughts long for are brought into the house, and the parlor is filled. The unconscious one for whom all this is prepared, walking on some housekeeper's errand, by chance opens the door, when, with overwhelming surprise, she stands in the very midst of parents, brothers, sisters, companions, friends! And so to thousands is the privilege of sudden death. It is like the opening of a door. At one step they are within the charmed circle of everlasting love!

It is not *sudden* death that men have need to fear, but that *unpreparedness* for dying which sudden death lays open. He who is always prepared to die need see nothing terrible in *sudden* dying, but many things that are good, and some that are glorious!

Independent.

In the Austrian war budget, now under consideration, there is one item to which rats and mice are especially interested, as a sum of 2500 *f.* is demanded for the feeding of cats to be kept in the victualling magazines of the army.

THE DYING YEAR.

The dirge of the year will soon be sung,
The knell of his death is already rung,
He lies outstretched on his icy bier,
Around his brow is a simplet sere,
And Time, the sexton, with hurried tread
Prepares the turf for his narrow bed.

But now are the funeral rites are done,
The mourners are greeting his youthful son,
Forgetting the sire so lately dead,
With garlands they deck the infant's head;
As if in a bridal hall they trod,
Their footsteps trip o'er the new-laid sod.

Yet what hath the old man done, that he
Should suffer such gross indignity?
What foul misdeed has his lifetime shown,
For which, in his grave, he should thus atone?
Alas! I fear that the revelling throng
Have done to his ashes grievous wrong.

His life was a mingled tissue, like ours,
Of sorrow and gladness, sun and showers,
Of the leafless wood, and the blooming vale,
The breeze of Spring, and the Winter gale;
Like mists that fled at the dawn of day,
Or the breaking waves—it passed away.

'Tis said that he kept a secret scroll,
A record true of the human soul,
Wherein he graved with impartial pen,
The actions, feelings, and thoughts of men;
And few there are but would fain efface
Some lines his hand has been known to trace.

And therefore in idle mirth they tread
The turf that covers his lowly head,
And quaff, with shouts of innocent joy,
Rich goblets filled to the blooming boy!
Just so, when his aged sire was young,
Around his cradle they danced and sung.

But long ere the youth's bright locks are gray
Or the bloom on his cheek shall pass away,
Hearts joyous now shall be sad with fears,
And eyes now bright shall be dim with tears,
Hopes, blighted for ever—affections, crost,
Companions never'd, and friendships lost.

So let us live, that time's onward flow
May leave as it passes, no pang of woe;
That whether our lot be dark or bright,
The heart within may be true and right,
And its future records exhibit not
A single line we could wish to blot. W. B.

"HE IS MY CHRIST."

On a very hot day in July, I visited, as usual, one of the hospitals in Baltimore, where among fifty wounded soldiers recently exchanged and sent on from Richmond, I found one young man who interested me deeply. He was only nineteen, and had a father and mother living on a farm in one of the valleys of Pennsylvania. He was free to converse—an expression of patient resignation lighting up his soft brown eyes as he answered my inquiries, and listened to my expressions of sympathy.

At the battle of Gaines' Mills he was wounded, and taken as a prisoner to a rude building used as a hospital, where his right arm was amputated. While this was done he was perfectly conscious, the surgeon's supply of chloroform having failed. When I asked him how he was able to bear this, he said, "When I saw others suffering so much more, I could not think of myself." His food at this hospital was simply flour and water, boiled together. Soon after, they were removed to an old tobacco warehouse in Richmond, where they suffered greatly until exchanged.

I gave him a little book, and that beautiful tract, "A True Story of Lucknow." A smile passed over his face as he said, "I have read that," but he lent it to his comrade on the next cot. When I bade him good by, he said, "I shall see you soon, won't I? You'll be in every day, almost?" He hoped soon to walk around and see our city. He spoke of writing home, and I promised to write for him, and left him.

The next day he said he had not slept well, which he attributed to a fever he had had before he left Richmond.

Two days after, I visited him a third time, and a kind friend having brought some ice-cream for the wounded, a fellow soldier raised him in the bed, and fed him slowly, for he seemed weaker, and I noticed how pale and sunken his cheeks were. The next few days were fearfully hot, and circumstances prevented my seeing him. I thought him in no danger; but on my next visit, to my surprise I found that he was not living—his little cot was already tenanted by another.

"S. is dead," said the next patient, "he sank very fast, but he died happy.—Many a time I've seen his lips move in prayer when he was not able to speak; and he was a good Christian, too: you may be sure all is well with him. His brother came to take him home, and when informed that he could not live, you never saw a more distressed man than that brother. They were all expecting him home, and he himself had expected to go; but he said he was very happy and resigned."

He had asked the chaplain to pray with him—which he did, asking him how he felt.

"Happy," he said, "God is near me, and when I pray I feel that he blesses me; I feel it in my heart."

"How thankful you ought to be to have Christ near you, and with you."

"A smile of heavenly radiance lighted up the wan face, lending unearthly brightness to those beautiful eyes which neither I nor his mother or loved ones at home were ever to see again; and from those fast closing lips came precious words—to those who had loved him from his infancy and childish years, more precious now than anything that earth can give: 'HE IS MY CHRIST! HE IS MY CHRIST! PRAISE HIM!' That," said the chaplain, "was all he seemed able to say; but it was enough."

About a year before the breaking out of this wicked rebellion, he had united with the church in his native place. He was among the first nobly to respond to the call of his country, and in the true spirit of patriotism left a happy home to join the ranks as a private soldier. He went as a Christian. Wherever he was, Christ was with him. Many are led away by the influences of camp life, and neglect prayer; but it was not so with him. The testimony of those who knew him was that "he lived up to all he professed." And when he felt that death was approaching he said to those around him, "I am going to a better world."

From his wounded comrades, who had been with him in all his sufferings, I learned many little particulars concerning his consistent life. In the Libby warehouse at Richmond he often talked of home, and his great desire was to see his friends once more. I found that in every place he had been he had prayed openly and fearlessly. In the hospital, surrounded by hundreds of older and irreligious companions, he was not afraid, but lifted up his voice in prayer to God as his reconciled Father in Christ, not merely night and morning, but often through the day. One who was with him the night before his death, told me that through its long and lonely hours, when he was unable to speak, his lips constantly moved in silent prayer. This was his comfort in his dying hour; God was with him; he "felt in his heart that He blessed him, and that He was *his* Christ." *Precious words, thrice precious possession!*—*Am. Mess.*

A HOMELESS PRIESTHOOD.

It can require no argument to show that the very worst consequences might be expected to flow from any scheme which placed the weaker sex entirely at the mercy of the stronger; which aimed at the extirpation of all natural affection; and which, obliterating from the language the sacred word, HOME, annihilated, with the word, all the blessings of which home is the fountain. If there is any process by which a nation can be brutified, if there is any machinery by which a just constitution can be subverted, and a thriving people precipitated into the abyss of anarchy and carnage, it must be this. The policy of every wise government is, to throw all possible guards around the HOMES of its citizens; to make them sanctuaries where they may find a shelter in times of public disaster—garden-spots, where the affections may be nurtured into strength and beauty—schools, where men may be trained for their social and civil duties under a tutelage by no much better than any other, as it is marked in a higher degree by the union of authority and love. To debase the homes of a nation, is like poisoning the streams of which they drink. And to take away their homes altogether, (for this is what is contemplated,) to crucify their natural affections, and deprive them of the powerful stimulus to virtue and industry supplied by a specific personal interest in the walls of their own intelligence and labor—is no less to cut up their patriotism by the roots, than their fellow-feeling. What will men, thus reared, care for the country they inhabit? It is not their country. They have none of the ties which bind men so firmly to their native land. They have no stake in the soil. Still less are they knit to it by the hallowed associations which connect every thought of public calamity with objects enshrined in the deepest recesses of the heart. If the state falls, it must fall; they can take care of themselves, and this is all that concerns them.

In truth, the most effective way to destroy all patriotism, or rather to preclude it, among a body of men, is, to isolate them from the rest of the population, organize them into a distinct community, prohibit them from forming domestic alliances, and deny them the rights and privileges, the joys and the sorrows, which enter essentially into the proper conception of home. It matters little, as to the result, whether you impose upon them the intolerable yoke of a constrained celibacy, or indulge them in a licensed sensuality; in either case they are deprived of the talismanic power of home. Can a class of men, or, if you will, a society, thus situated, feel that love of country which throbs in the heart of every husband and father here? Look, by way of illustration, at the example which comes nearest to the case described among the existing institutions of Christendom. The Church of Rome is a very wise church; the experience of a thousand years has not been thrown away upon her. Her object is to subjugate the world to her dominion. All of her complicated and systematic mechanism—all her plans and movements, are framed and prosecuted with a reference to this end. It was deemed a prime necessity, that her priests of every grade should be held to an inflexible obedience to the Papal See; that all their interests, affections, sympathies, should be absorbed in the church. How has this been accomplished? Simply by forbidding them to have a HOME. They are not allowed to marry. If they were, their affections might be divided between their families and the church. Their allegiance might be divided between the foreign potentate they serve, and their country. They could not fail to become attached to the land which sheltered and nurtured their heart's best earthly treasures; and this attachment might, on emergency, conflict with their vows of ecclesiastical obedience. I cite the case by way of illustration, and am dealing with the principles it involves, not with persons. Doubtless, if the sacerdotal corps appertaining to the Romish Church in the United States, could be polled, there would be a universal protestation of attachment to our country and its institutions. But is it, in the nature of things, possible that they should feel on this subject as our citizens generally feel? Let any man ask himself the question, "What objects are the first to rush across my thoughts—upon what do my affections and my anxieties most promptly and most tenderly fasten—when my country is threatened with war, pestilence, famine, disunion, or any other catastrophe?" You have all answered this question before it could be fairly propounded. It is that HOME that rises up before you; those venerable parents, that beloved husband or wife, those budding olive-plants around your table, those brothers and sisters whose fellowship is a perpetual feast to you; these are the objects you think of, when you see a black cloud preparing to discharge its elements of destruction upon your country; and there is not one of you who will not say, that if, instead of being entangled in this golden net-work of affection, and bound to the soil by cords as strong as those which bind you to life, you were perfectly isolated from home and its endearments, while you might still desire the prosperity of your country, you could see that cloud rising with far greater composure, and anticipate the catastrophe of which it was to be the instrument, with comparative equanimity. This is what is meant when it is alleged that the Papal See, by cutting off her priesthood from a home, and coercing them, by her fiercest anathemas, into the cruel mortification of their best affections, or, as the necessary alternative, the secret indulgence of their sensual appetites, has unavoidably, and, we are warranted in saying, purposely enervated, if not precluded, their local and national attachments, and made patriotism in certain contingencies (as where the policy of their adopted country might be thought to conflict with the welfare of their church) an impracticable virtue to them.

The Bible in the Family.

OLD MAIDS.

Characters of this description are interspersed, through every community. It is pleasant to know, that if they are to be found among the class with whom we have to do at present, the fraternity also supplies very many examples of an opposite kind. Every one will recall, on the mention of the subject, the names of single women who are as free from selfishness as any human beings can expect to be. Instead of being engrossed with themselves, they illustrate the hint dropped a moment ago, and keep up a cordial interest in persons and things around them. They enjoy and reciprocate the affection of their relatives, and are ever on the alert to *perform* a kind office for any one who may require it. Perhaps, if society were explored for the purpose of finding the best personification of disinterested kindness, one of the readiest specimens would come up in the guise of a *Maiden Sister and Aunt.* You have all seen such a one. I shall not err much if I describe her as a lady of middle age, of easy and graceful manners, intelligent and self-possessed, with a heart full of the milk of human kindness. She has seen much of the world, and seen it to some purpose—for she is none of those people who go through life with their eyes and ears shut, and who know no more of men and things to-day than they did twenty years ago. Without being infallible in judgment, and, in truth a little predisposed to distrust persons on their first introduction, she has a great knowledge of character, and her estimate of a new visitor is usually pronounced with authority, and listened to with merited respect. She is the more entitled to form an opinion in these cases, that the responsibility of entertaining company is often devolved upon her, especially when they call at unreasonable hours. For it is one of the fundamental articles of the domestic creed that *she* is never engaged: all the other constituents of the household may be busy as often and as much as they choose; but she is at liberty to answer every call and to look after every interest which may demand attention. Let it be added to her honor, that she is as much at home in the parlor as to any other department, and *entertains* as agreeably as though that were her only function. In theory, as just intimated, it may be her only function; but in fact, her functions are somewhat multifarious. It would not comport with the place and the occasion to describe them in detail. Let it suffice to say that, having nothing in particular to do, she is expected to do everything by turns. Her sphere is neither the drawing-room nor the dining room, neither the library nor the nursery, neither the kitchen nor the laundry, neither the conservatory nor the garden, but all of these combined. The head of the family often confides to her his books and papers to be arranged, and money for the household expenses. Her sister (or sister-in-law, as the case may be) relies upon her to supply her own lack of service in all the branches of housewifery. The children look to her to assist them in their lessons, to do their trivial but oft-recurring mending, to choose their presents, and, when no one else can go, to accompany them in their rides and walks. Her hands are always free to bind up their bruised finger, and her lap to receive the infant. In sickness, she knows what to do, and has the gentleness and the fortitude to do it as it should be done. She watches night after night without complaining, gives the physicians calm and discriminating reports of the progress of the disease, and goes through the daily routine of her anxious ministrations, with all the tact and more than the tenderness she would have displayed had nursing been the business of her life. If the house is to undergo its semi-annual renovation, one at least of the laboring sons will be in her hand. If there is a journey, she must superintend the packing. If there is a wedding, the honor and burden of the preparation devolve on her. And, to crown all, she is the wise and faithful counsellor of the youthful group around her. She guards their morals, inquires about every new associate, lodges in their ears many a wholesome caution, encourages them to study the Scriptures, keeps them to a due observance of the Sabbath, and commends religion to them by exemplifying in her own character its benign influence upon the temper and the life. Is not this a woman to be honored and loved? A woman who lives for others, and finds her own happiness in promoting theirs? And are we not warranted, with such examples on the right hand and on the left, to saying that society supplies no finer exhibitions of the unselfish spirit than those which are frequently to be found among the unmarried females?—*Ib.*

QUESTIONS TO THOSE WHO NEGLECT PRAYER-MEETINGS.

1. Are you always better employed? If not, can it be right in you to absent yourself?

2. Do you get more good to your own soul, and do more good to others, by staying away? If not, can you be acting wisely?

3. Does your own conscience justify you, or have you not sometimes a difficulty in keeping it quiet on the subject?

4. Will a death-bed commend your present course, or will you then look upon your neglect of prayer-meetings with pleasure, think you?

5. Does not your pastor suffer by your neglect? Does it not hurt his feelings, cool his zeal, and hinder his usefulness?

6. Are not your fellow-members in the Church discouraged by you, and may you not thus offend Christ's little ones?

7. Is not your own family injured by your neglect? What will your children think of prayer-meetings, seeing you habitually neglect them? Is it surprising if they despise them?

8. Is there no reason to fear that unconverted sinners may be both hindered and led to think lightly of prayer, by your conduct?

9. Can you have a proper concern for the prosperity of the Church, the spread of Christ's cause, and the conversion of sinners, if you never meet to pray for them?

10. Are you sure that you fulfil your duty as a church-member, while you neglect prayer-meetings? If you think so, can you prove it?

11. Is there no selfishness, or pride, or worldly-mindedness, at the root of your neglect? If so, ought such things to be encouraged?

12. Would it be right to give up the prayer-meetings? Do you think this would please God, or improve the cause? But if all the members did as you do, must they not be given up? Could not the rest find excuses for staying away, think you, as well as you? Do you not think they would, if their hearts were as worldly, or as cold, or as indifferent about the prosperity of the cause as you appear to be?—*United Methodist Magazine.*

RELIGIOUS INTEREST IN A HOSPITAL.

A speaker in the Fulton street meeting, in a recent address, said there was considerable religious interest in the hospital on David's Island, in the neighborhood of New York city. He gives the following account:

"There had been a rising religious interest among these men for some time past. He had witnessed its commencement and progress. It had been most manifestly a moving of the Holy Spirit upon the minds of these men, and no human influence.—"You know," continued the speaker, "there are from two thousand five hundred to three thousand men upon this island in the hospital, and that this is a government institution, and intended to be permanent.

"I was there last evening. The meeting was exceedingly solemn and affecting. As soon as we entered the place of prayer, it was manifest that we were in the presence of earnest men.

"The meeting was conducted in the usual way, opening with singing, and reading of the Scriptures, and prayer. Then opportunity was offered for persons to speak who wished to do so. More than a score improved the opportunity offered, some telling of the good work of grace which the Lord had begun in their hearts, and some asking for the prayers of Christians, and some expressing the joy which they experienced in the confidence of their hearts that Christ had been revealed as a Savior, and that their sins had been blotted out. More than twenty persons sought permission to speak and could not obtain it.

"In order to allow all to express their desires, the leader said, 'We cannot prolong this meeting, for the hour has come for closing it; and as many have tried to speak and could not, as many asked for prayer among those who have spoken, and as many perhaps desire to ask for prayer, all who wish to be thus remembered at the throne of heavenly grace may rise.'

"To our astonishment, more than four hundred arose. It was an affecting sight. Most of those were young men. Some had been sick and were now convalescent. Some were wounded and were now getting well. Some came hobbling in on crutches, and some had to be brought in, being assisted by those who were able to help them.

"But in one thing all were alike. All were anxious on the subject of religion. All were concerned about their salvation."

OUR RELATION TO GOD.

Do you suppose a man to know himself, that he comes into this world on an other errand but to rise out of the vanities of time, into the riches of eternity? Do you suppose him to govern his inward thought and outward actions by this view of himself, and then to him every day has lost all its evil? Prosperity and adversity have no difference, because he receives and uses them both in the same spirit; life and death are equally welcome, because equally parts of his way to eternity. For poor and miserable as this life is, we have all of us *free* access to it that is great, and good, and happy, and carry within ourselves a key to all the treasures that heaven has to bestow upon us. We starve in the midst of plenty; groan under infirmities, with the remedy in our own hand; live and die without knowing or feeling anything of the One, only good, while we have it in our power to know and enjoy it in as great a reality as we know and feel the power of this world over us; for heaven is as near to our souls as this world is to our bodies; and we are created, we are redeemed, to have our conversation in it. God, the only good of all intelligent natures, is not an absent or distant God, but is more present in and to our souls, than to our own bodies; and we are strangers to heaven, and without God in the world, for this only reason, because we are void of that spirit of prayer which alone can, and never fails to unite us with the One, only good, to open heaven and the kingdom of God within us.

A root set in the finest soil; in the best climate, and blessed with all that sun, air and rain can do for it, is not in so sure a way of its growth to perfection, as every man may be whose spirit aspires after all that which God is ready and infinitely desirous to give him. For the sun meets not the stringing bud that stretches toward him with half that sympathy as God, the source of all good, communicates himself to the soul that longs to partake of him. We are all of us by birth the offspring of God, more nearly related to Him than we are to one another; for in Him we live, and move, and have our being.—*William Law.*

PRAYER IS THE SOUL OF CHRISTIAN WORK.

"Praying men may not always have been judicious; there may be some plausible foundation for separating the working from the praying man; foolish and impracticable things have been attempted by well-meaning and unwise people. Prayer, moreover, has its own sphere, and is not to encroach upon another; it is not to usurp the place of work. But neither is it to be divorced from work, nor is it less real and needful; and to say that the praying man is to be kept distinct from the working man is practically to close the common energies of life against the intrusion of prayer. Those who say it have a vague impression, that a man who lays stress upon prayer is deficient in practical wisdom; that the devotional element of character tends to remove a man from the region of common sense to the borders of the fairyland of sentiment; that he becomes a dreamer of dreams, that will never fit in the plain, rough order of the world. If that were true it would be worth considering. Any element of character existing in excess will disturb a man's balance. But if the inevitable tendency of a prayerful spirit were to thwart a man's activity and usefulness, it would be incompatible with Bible teaching and Christian principle. There is no need to deny any inevitable tendency of the kind. The Bible, which exhorts to prayer, is the most practical of all books; devout men are at least as practical as their neighbors; and if they were not, it would be because they have not rightly understood the Bible doctrine, or of some strong natural fault. If the men were singled out who laid almost extravagant stress upon prayer, whose belief in it would startle many modern Christians, they would be Augustine, and Bernard, and Luther, yet the men of the most various temperaments, and men of the rarest practical gifts and insight. For the greatest workers will always be the foremost in communion with God, and communion with God is the very heart of prayer."

"And so it happens, that in our own generation there is a singular group of men who, somewhat about the same time and without the least knowledge of one another, in very different spheres, took for their watchword, '*ora et labora.*' They are men who maintain that God exercises some direct influence in the affairs of the world, who therefore appeal to him in any puzzle or difficulty, who expect his help, and as they believe that he has the hearts of all men in his hand, do not know any special circle or class of men, or any special type of actions within which that help must be limited. They distinctly believe in God as their Father, and never care to realize him as a pure, infinite Intelligence, or as an eternal Law. They believe, also, that prayer is not an arbitrary provision for temporary circumstances, but that it is fixed in the ways of God, and in harmony with the settled relations of the world and the laws of human conduct. And they believe, that if in God's name they begin a fitting work, God will establish it, answer their prayers regarding it, enable them to deal wisely, righteously, and prosperously by it, and that behind every other means to its success, and

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, December 27, 1862.

REPORT.

Look here, brethren, read this; and remember it, too!—

The meeting of the Executive Committee, and their appeal to the ministers having the charge of circuits and stations, and to the members of the A. M. E. Church, is as follows:

Dear Brethren and Friends:—According to the authority vested in our Editor and General Book Steward, he called together the Executive Committee of the Book Concern on the 13th of November, at which time we had a very pleasant interview together in relation to the present flattering condition of the Book Concern, and the wants of the Church.

Brethren, let us tell you for once that the Book Concern is really in a prosperous condition—and how it is that our Editor and General Book Steward has so managed to keep the Book Concern and paper in the hopeful condition in which we find it, and with such scant means, we confess we are at a loss to know—and more especially in times like these, when many a firm and paper, with a much larger capital, have succumbed. But, brethren, in order to hold this position, and to keep up a growing interest throughout the connexion, there are means needed—first, there is a very great demand for hymn-books in every direction in the connexion, and our Editor and General Book Steward has informed us there is only seven or eight in the store, and he has no more to bind up. Therefore, the Committee deem it advisable, in view of such a demand for our hymn-books, and especially in the Western country, to advise our General Book Steward to get out another edition, so that our people may be supplied. To do this, brethren, it will require about $500. This should be done without delay. We therefore recommend each elder, deacon, and preacher to properly lay this vital matter before their congregations, and to take up a free-will collection, and to forward the same to the General Book Steward and Editor, so that it may be in his hands by the 18th of December, or 20th, at the farthest—and he will give each credit through this paper. Now we ask our brethren, shall the Book Steward have the amount? We will answer for the Philadelphia district—our portion will be forthcoming. We also recommend to our Bishops, while travelling around, to speak of this matter.

WILLIAM MOORE,
W. H. WATERS,
STEPHEN SMITH,
W. D. W. SCHUREMAN,
ELISHA WEAVER, *Ch'n.*

TO OUR BRETHREN WHO TAKE THE PAPER BY THE WEEK.

That, as the new year comes in, we must make a new arrangement with them, too; and that is, they must send us the avails of the papers they sell, either at the end of every week or every two weeks.

THE BLACK MAN.

We have received a copy of a very neatly gotten up book, by Mr. William Wells Brown. We have not as yet had time to peruse it entirely, but read the preface with a great deal of interest; and from all we have seen, as yet, consider it the climax of the work, and that alone would pay any one to read it. In relation to the names selected as the only great black men in this country, is a question upon which we may comment in the future, after we shall have given it a more thorough examination. Mr. Brown shows from his book the positive ability of black men as authors, &c. The book can be had for sale at our office, or at the store of Wm. Still, of Philadelphia, of Mr. Thos. Hamilton, of New York, the publisher, and at Boston, Mass., of R. F. Wallcut.

NOTICE TO OUR CITY SUBSCRIBERS.

Dear Patrons: The good Lord permitting, we shall be on hand on New Year's day. Will you be kind enough to have your $3,25 ready by the time we get there? and should we not get there on the first day, look for us on the second; and not only be ready yourself, but pay your neighbors a visit, and tell them to have it ready. Let Philadelphia show to the world, that she appreciates the services of the *Christian Recorder* these two years past, by subscribing to the amount of $500 to help to sustain the paper.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

ON THE FRANKFORD CIRCUIT, JAN. 1863.

Quarterly conference in Bristol Church, on the 3d of January, 1863, at 2 o'clock, P. M., and on the 3d and 4th, Quarterly Meeting in Bristol.

On the 10th and 11th, on Harrisburg Hill.

On the 24th and 25th, in Bensalem; and on the 31st of January and the first day of February, in Frankford.

REV. HENDERSON DAVIS, *Trav. Min.*
REV. HENRY DAVIS, *Elder in Charge.*

Quarterly Meeting in the A. M. E. Union Church, in Philadelphia, on the 17th and 18th of January, 1863. Also, on the evening of the 19th, at 7 o'clock, love feast in the above named church. REV. H. DAVIS, *Elder.*

FAIR.

The Ladies of the Sinking Fund of St. Thomas' Episcopal Church are holding a Fair for the sale of useful and fancy articles, for the benefit of the Church. It opens on Christmas eve, and will continue during the holidays, under the supervision of Mrs. Sebastian, Mrs. Miller, and Mrs. Reddin. The patronage of the public is earnestly solicited. The young ladies attending the tables will be found attentive, agreeable, and obliging. W. P. P.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

It is a pleasure to us to say to the whole world of mankind, that out of all this broad connexion, the Rev. Theodore Gould, of Princeton, is the only minister of God, so far, who has respected the call of the General Conference Committee, to aid in getting out another edition of our hymn-book. He has sent us for that purpose, $2,40. God bless him and his people. Also, on account for papers, $1,00.

THEFT.

Some good-for-nothing thief slipped into our house and stole our overcoat some time last Wednesday, or at night, from out of the hall. We hope that it may do him good, though we are sorry to have to go without it this cold weather.

QUARTERLY AND PROTRACTED MEETINGS.

Last Sabbath was Rev. Peter Gardiner's Quarterly Meeting, in Macedonia Church, Camden, New Jersey. As was noticed, the Rev. Henry Davis preached in the morning; we did not hear him, but were told he preached a very fine discourse. Rev. S. Smith preached at 3 o'clock, A. M., from the text: "Seek ye Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near." Brother Smith gave one of his warm discourses on the occasion. The stewards and members made a hard struggle to raise their minister's salary. At night we preached for Elder Gardiner, and had a very good time. The Camden people seem to be alive to their duty. We also got two new subscribers for the year, whose name will appear on the first of the year.

Elder Shureman has been holding a protracted meeting for nearly three weeks, in Zion's Mission. May the Lord bless the work.

Elder Davis of the A. M. E., Union Bethel, is also carrying on a protracted meeting: the interest manifested seems to be good.

The Lombard Street Presbyterian Church has been holding a Fair for the benefit of their church, which was very well attended. St. Thomas' Church, and some others, will hold one during the holidays. The Black Swan and others, gave a concert last Tuesday, in the Rev. Williams' Church, Big Wesley, Lombard Street, Phila.

OUR DEBTORS.

We have in the mildest terms, more or less, given those of our brethren to understand that their indebtedness to the Book Store was greatly needed. We don't want to call these brethren's names and the amount. We have over four hundred dollars of out-standing debts. Now how on earth does brethren expect us to live at all with a small capital, if brethren do not send to us the avails of books and papers? However, if all the brethren would send in subscribers accompanied with the cash, we could make out better.

THE WAR.

The war seems to be at a stand-point just now, though men don't know to-day what to-morrow will bring forth. General Burnside was defeated, by the Rebels; and yet after a due consideration, it can hardly be considered a defeat, for through some traitors, false to the obligations taken upon them, by some means gave the rebels the plans, which seem to have been agreed upon by the President, General Halleck and Burnside. But Burnside, seeing his plans had been betrayed by some hidden enemy, at once, like a good general, shifted the position of his men, in order to flank the foe in a direction they looked not for, and came very near proving successful. All we have to say is that when General Burnside attacks them again they may make their prayers.

And now, in relation to the President's proclamation, we hope and believe, that for the salvation of his country, he will enforce it to the very letter, though we can sympathize with the President in the great pressure brought around him by the border State men and others.

THE DESTINY OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH.

THE LOCAL PREACHERS, EXHORTERS, AND THE ENTIRE MEMBERSHIP.

CONTINUED.

In our last article we said the entire laity makes up the largest bulk of the Church. This is evidently true. We have also shown the connecting link down to the laity as it should be. In order that there may be perpetuity and unity, from the head to the foot, in the A. M. E. Church, it now becomes the imperative duty of the local preachers, exhorters, stewards, class leaders, trustees, and the entire membership to respect, with an eye single to the glory of God, all the laws and regulations of the A. M. E. Church. Well, how is this to be done? Let the local preachers, exhorters, and class leaders see that they do nothing that would in the least obstruct or impede any of the laws, rules, and regulations of the Church, since the link of union, of concord, and of reverence for all her laws has been kept sacred by the Bishops, elders, and deacons. When they joined this branch of the Christian Church, they did it from a matter of choice, they said, by way of pledging themselves to subscribe to all the doctrines, laws, rules, and regulations of the Church; and in view of said obligation, the strictest regard and respect should be entertained for them. The locality, we say, should be agreed and a unit. They should encourage every rule of the Church: they should have a love for all her regulations, such as our class meetings, prayer meetings, and love-feast meetings. They should look suspiciously upon those who would seek to trample under foot these tenets of our church. Again, they should have a profound respect for the Sabbath Schools—attend them on all occasions when circumstances will admit. They should also be teachers in our Sabbath schools, if capable, and their services are needed; for they help to make up the destiny of the A. M. E. Church. If they are not capable of teaching in the Sabbath School, this is a greater reason why they should attend, and become pupils of it; as they claim to be called to teach in the pulpit, so that they will be better enabled to teach; for if they have no love for the Sabbath School, and are incapable of teaching there, or will not attend to receive instructions, why, it is clear that they would be incapable of teaching adults, or even the children in a few months of the Sabbath school.

Again, they should encourage the literature of the Church, in all of its ramifications, because they came forward to join the church, that they subscribed most fully to all these things. They should countenance all the decrees of the Church. Thus, for instance; in order to inform themselves of the regulations of the Church, they should take our weekly papers. "Well, but," says one, "I can't read." Very well, you should have it in your family, and let them read it. "But," says he, none of my family can read." Well, then, get some one to read it for you, so that you may, to some degree, keep pace with the wants and prosperity of the Church. Mark when you cause to receive license to preach, how would you have felt if the elder had said to you, Well, John or William, you can't read, we don't want you? Is it not clear that your name would not have come under the category of preachers? Most assuredly it is.

Hence, the propriety of taking the organ of the church, whether it is a weekly or monthly paper. As a general thing, every local preacher, and exhorters should take the paper. The *Christian Recorder*, for instance, should be taken in the families of the locality, and exhorters in the church. They cannot be half as well informed of the movements of the Church, as they would most unquestionably be were they to take it. To do this, not only shows your obligation to the Church, but a oneness of action and link in the church. This evidently helps to make up the destiny of the A. M. E. Church.

Again, they should also take our monthly periodicals or quarterlies as the case may be. They should set good examples before the people: and how are they to do this unless they take themselves the literature of the Church. Now it is clearly to be seen by all clear-sighted persons that this is the next highly important course to be pursued by these lights of the Church for its destiny.

CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.

CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

We notify our friends and patrons, that their subscription ends by the first of the year, and we shall look for all persons who have taken our paper during the last year, to renew their subscription, by forwarding to us by mail, the small sum of two dollars and twenty-five cents, ($2,25,) which shall entitle you to the CHRISTIAN RECORDER for the year 1863. We also ask, not only to take it yourselves, but do not cease, until you can get your neighbor to take it. You need not have any fears about your not getting your paper, for we have proved to you, the last two years, that a paper can be kept in the field to the credit of all.

Now, let every true preacher and minister in our church, as well as others, turn over a new leaf, and say, "I will be responsible for twenty new readers of the RECORDER." In my charge, where they are small, and those who have large stations, say, "I know that I can be responsible for one, two, or three hundred lovers of literature, who will read the CHRISTIAN RECORDER for the year 1863." We know that there are a number of brethren who have done nothing for the paper and book concern; but we will look over all of that, if they will resolve to do better for the future. Why, brethren, on the first day of January we ought to have not less than one thousand dollars to come to our office, and what would that be with a connexion so large as ours? not a quarter of a cent apiece. In our next, for the New Year, we shall say more.

THE REPORT OF THE EXHIBITION AND CONCERT COMMITTEE.

We, the committee appointed by this board of "Sunday School" teachers to make arrangements for an exhibition and concert, have performed our duty in that direction.

It took place on the 4th of the present month in the presence of a large audience, and judging from expressions of suppressed joy uttered on that occasion after the conclusion of "Selections, Dialogues," &c., every one appeared to be gratified with the exercises of the evening.

From the time of creating the said committee until the specified time for it to take place, there was not exhibited that Christian unity of action and feeling among us in regard to that concert and exhibition as there should have been, but amidst all the opposition and obstacles that were thrown across our path to impede our progress, we have been enabled by the beneficent hand of the "Preserver of all good things" to surmount them all, and to accomplish successfully, the purpose for which we were appointed: furthermore, we can say that we have realized a handsome sum, a sum that we feel somewhat proud to mention. We have met our demands without resorting to the treasurer of the "Union Sunday School," and now we submit the following report to the consideration of the body.

The amount of money received,	$47 98
" " " expended,	20.50
Balance in hand,	$27.48

The report was received and a vote of thanks was extended to the committee for having discharged their duty so faithfully.

MR. EDITOR:—You must excuse us for intruding upon the columns of your paper, and for being so lengthy in our remarks. Sir, we have never served upon a committee where there were so much union and Christian feeling manifested as upon this. Permit me to remark to the Superintendent and Teacher:

"O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend."

Let us push forward with renewed courage and with an unshaken confidence in the Lord, knowing that our labor will be remunerated at the right hand of the Majesty on high, if we faint not in well doing. Teachers, young and old, trim your lamps afresh, rekindle your expiring zeal and persevere in every good and noble work, remembering that if your object is good and you are pursuing it by lawful means, you will be sure to attain it by looking upwards for assistance from the "Author and Finisher of our faith." "Then go forth with courage bold, with lamp and pitcher in your hand, bear with ignorance and superstition, until you have gained the desired end."

The committee of arrangements.

Mr. Jas. S. Thompson, *Pres.*
" Wm. T. Simpson, *Sec.*
Mrs. Rebecca Valentine,
Mrs. Maria T. Hollowell,
Mrs. —— Young,
Miss Esther Potter,
Miss Rebecca Redwood,
Miss Rebecca Washington.

For the Christian Recorder.

DONATION VISIT.

There was a donation visit given at the A. M. E. Church, Georgetown, D. C., for the benefit of the pastor. It was given by Mr. Richard Newton, a gentleman from Chenango Co., N. Y., who was recently united in the bonds of matrimony to one of the most respected females of Georgetown, D. C., Mrs. Matilda Barker.

Mr. Newton was assisted by a committee of ladies, consisting of Mrs. Newton, Miss Sarah Pryor, Marion J. Curry, Sarah H. Cooksey, Olivia Curry and Marion Lee.

The Committee (with one exception, Miss Lee, Methodist,) were some of the first class ladies, members of the Catholic church. These ladies appeared to comprehend the true meaning of the Apostle Peter's vision on the house-top, which the Apostle was bold in declaring at the house of Cornelius: Acts x. When these ladies were asked by Mr. Newton to assist him in the donation for the pastor, they were ready and willing, thereby showing that they were all friends of Christ and his ministers, believing that "there is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; for we are all one in Christ Jesus:" Gal. iii. 28. Mr. Newton furnished the table with the best that the season affords, at a cost of about $30, which was returned to him out of the money that was collected by the committee. Many persons said that they never enjoyed themselves better at any entertainment in the church.

Mr. Editor, you would have been pleased to have been there, to have seen the ladies and gentlemen enjoying themselves.

I was never more delighted. The next day, I had about $14 worth of provisions brought to my house, and a sum of money given me. Among the contributors were a few of my members, Sister M. J. Dove, E. Cooksey, A. Parker, B. Diggs; also Mrs. Brown, a member of my congregation, and Mrs. Carroll, a member of H. M. Turner's congregation. I trust that I may never forget the charity of Mr. Newton and those ladies. May the path of those ladies be illuminated with the Sun of Righteousness, and may the flowers of Divine grace continue to bud and blossom in their souls, until they shall be numbered with the saints in glory. And may Mr. Newton not only be a well-wisher, but may he become a faithful member of the church of Christ.

H. J. R.

Washington, D. C.

ABSTRACT OF A LETTER.

This letter was sent by the Executive Committee of Jamaica, to Mr. W. W. Bayley of New York, and to S. Huntington Jones of Philadelphia.

GENTLEMEN:—We trouble you with this communication, as our fellow-citizens, Messrs. Herschell and Orgill, have acquainted us of your readiness and desire to aid the scheme of the immigration of the colored population into Jamaica.

The English mail, for the arrival of which, we detained the steamer to New York for a day, has brought from the Secretary of State for the Colonies in London, a despatch, in which he desires that any who may have been sent to the United States for this purpose, should be enjoined to govern themselves implicitly by the directions of the British Minister at Washington.

We are thus urgent, relying on your co-operation in the matter, as we are aware that the colonies have already sent persons charged with a similar mission to the United States; and we do not desire that Jamaica should be left behind in the movements likely to be made in the matter of this immigration. The Governor of Jamaica has kindly addressed Lord Lyons, the Ambassador of England, to your Government, and acquainted him that you will probably apply to him for instructions.

We have, also, to enclose you a copy of the Governor's speech, on the opening of our Legislature, and also 120 copies of the report of our Land and Immigration Committee, with statement of owners and number of acres of land proposed, and the rates at which they are to be sold or leased to immigrants, which information, you will please circulate, in the mode which you deem best suited to aid in the movement.

We beg to observe, that besides these offers, the local committees of some of our parishes have not yet sent in the offers which they have received. We assure you, that there is every facility for the acquirement of large tracts of country in Jamaica.

A bill will be immediately introduced into the Legislature, to enable the Governor and Executive Committee, to provide funds for the purposes of this immigration, the general scope of which, has been already made known to the American Government through their Consul at Kingston.

For the Christian Recorder.

OBITUARY.

Departed this life in the blissful hope of immortality, on the 18th inst. between the hours of four and five o'clock, P. M., CATHERINE GARRISON, consort of Thomas Garrison. She became the subject of serious impressions from the startling intelligence of the sudden demise of that good and faithful minister of Christ, the Rev. Samuel Williams, who died at his post, battling against the powers of darkness in this city, on the 1st of December, 1860, whose sudden death seemed to electrify with sorrow and sadness this community. "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable his judgments and his ways "past finding out." Sister Garrison's impressions soon led to pungent convictions of sin, which terminated in a happy conversion to God; and, when going around, telling what a dear Saviour she had found. With tears of joy and sorrow streaming from her eyes, she said the idea of her sinning and dancing her soul to hell, while that good and faithful minister's body was dying and his spirit flying to heaven, so haunted and tormented her, that she could find no rest until she found rest in the wounds of a crucified Redeemer. From her conversion till her death, her life was that of a consistent Christian, and during her long and severe illness, which lasted four months, she bore up with Christian fortitude, and many excellent things were expressed by her during her illness. In the morning before she died, she had such a manifestation of the presence of her Lord, that she rejoiced and clapped her hands for joy, and with her hands clasped and her face radiant with a heavenly smile, she said to her mother, "O what a blessed thing it is to love and serve the Lord! All is well with me." At one o'clock, she called the family around her bedside and bade them adieu; afterwards she reached out her hand, clasped the hand of her husband, and said to him, "Soon we must part." Soon after, she took a sinking spell, and between the hours of four and five o'clock in the afternoon, her spirit took its flight to join the blood-washed in the better land. JOHN TIMUS.

Cleveland, Dec. 19th, 1862.

CONTRIBUTION OF CLOTHES FOR THE CONTRABANDS.

The committee appointed by the Executive Committee of the Social, Civil, and Statistical Association of the colored people of Pennsylvania to bring the wants of the suffering contrabands in and around Washington before the colored public of Philadelphia, respectfully acknowledge the receipts of clothing from the following parties:

S. Sewell, Mrs S. S. Hawkins, White, (2,) S. M. Douglass, C. B. Miller, Clayton Miller, Ellen Gordon, Clara Jones, R. B. Cutchin, Dr. Wilson, Mrs. Stokely, A. Gray, Joshua Brown, James P. Clay, Mrs. Robinson, Mr. Bascom, Miss Gale, Anderson, C. H. Bastill, Henry Harmon, S. M. Smith, S. Steward, Emily F. Davis, Elijah J. Davis, Lucy Taylor, Robert Adger, Rebecca Kelley, E. J. Peet, Moses Wheeler, Miss Abigail Goodwin, and others. Union Baptist Church, 2 boxes; Pearl Street Baptist Church, 2 barrels; Zoar Church, Sarah Saunders, Annis Spicer, Maria Clark, Patience E. Thomas, Jane Turpin, Rhoda Jones, W. H. Thomas, Mrs. Steward, Mrs. Emma Farbeaux, Miss Martha Farbeaux, C. B. Gardon, Rev. Peter Gardner, Mrs. Clayton Miller St. G. R. Taylor, C. B. Colly, H. White, Mrs. Catharine Johnson, Vasri Locke, C. S. Nelson, Peter Cline, Hiram Fry, and others.

The thanks of the committee are especially due to Mrs. Hill, Mrs. H. Johnson, Mrs. C. Johnson, and others, for rendering valuable services in making up new garments; likewise the praiseworthy exertions put forth by friends in Reading under the management of Messrs Nelson, Cline, Fry, and others, in procuring to a short space of time over two large boxes of clothing, proved that their sympathies and intentions may be relied upon.

As goods have been forwarded from time to time to the National Freedmen's Relief Society, we have had frequent letters from its officers informing us of their welcome reception by the contrabands, and of what were still needed; and we will here take the liberty to make a brief extract or two for the benefit of all our friends.

Extract of a letter from the President of the N. F. Relief Society to the Cor. Secretary.

I thank you, and we all thank you for these contributions of clothing. A distribution will be made to-morrow among the suffering poor at Alexandria, under the direction of our committee; also one box and a barrel from Josiah Hankinson. His address is not plainly written, and if you know him, please acknowledge the receipt of them for me. Allow me to say, that we are in great want of children's clothing for Alexandria. The poor little creatures are almost naked. You mention sending new shoes. No more acceptable gift could be made.

Extract of a letter from the Matron, Miss Patton.

DEAR FRIEND:—We received, Nov. 28th, seven boxes and two barrels of clothing, &c., from Philadelphia for the contrabands. Two of the large boxes came from the Union Baptist Church. They contained papers to that effect.

It was cheering to our hearts to see once more the needful coming forth, for our greatly afflicted people. Their eyes danced for joy at beholding them. You, sir, and those who have assisted in gathering together these things, have our warmest gratitude.

W. STILL,
JONATHAN C. GIBBS,
J. C. WHITE,
} *Committee.*

For the Christian Recorder.

Cleveland, Dec. 19, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—The Ohio Lodge, 1188, of the Grand United Order of Odd Fellows, gave a festival for the benefit of the contrabands. We cleared $38.60, which we sent to Cairo to assist in the great work of benevolence among the contrabands, which is much needed. The West is doing her duty in that direction.

Yours fraternally, D. H. C.

THE WHEREABOUTS.

Can any person give me any information of my three children, namely: Richard Christian, Rebecca Christian and Rachel Christian, who came from Winchester in General Banks' division? Any information in relation to the above three persons, who are my children, will be thankfully received.

(Signed) HENRY CHRISTIAN,
No. 624 Barclay St., Philada.

P. S.—Ministers will please announce to their congregations.

EPITAPH ON PIZARRO.

FOR A COLUMN AT TRUXILLE.

"Pizarro here was born, a greater name,
The lists of Glory boast not. Toil and Pain,
Famine and hostile elements, and hosts
Embattled, failed to check him in his course,
Not to be wearied, not to be deterred,
Not to be overcome. A mighty realm
He overran, and with relentless arm
Slew or enslaved its unoffending sons,
And wealth, and power, and fame were his rewards.
There is another world, beyond the grave,
According to their deeds where men are judged.
O reader! if thy daily bread be earned
By daily labor,—yea, however low,
However wretched, be thy lot assigned,
Thank thou, with deepest gratitude, the God
Who made thee, that thou art not such as he."

SOUTHEY.

FASHIONS.

The last bulletin of fashion contains the following passage which we would particularly commend to the attention of our lady readers:

It should be borne in mind, in giving orders for the length of the skirt of an out-door dress, that it has been decided in Paris that long trailing dresses are not to be worn in the street during the coming winter. For evening, or *grandes toilettes*, the dresses are all made with a train; but no such thing is to be seen worn by people of good taste when on foot. We welcome this news with delight, as the fashion of allowing a dress to sweep the streets was anything but a cleanly one.

WHAT IS PRAYER?

About twenty years ago, a little boy was put to bed at dark by his sister. He knelt down by a chair to say his prayers. A young lady, a visitor, was present, and listened whilst he repeated them. He knew that she was observing him; and, as he said them in a very careful manner, with his eyes raised to heaven, and his hands clasped, "How sweetly he prays!" whispered the lady. This was all she said, but he heard it, and his heart was filled with gratified pride. He had scarcely thought of God in his prayers, yet he went to bed glad and happy—not that he had pleased God, but because he himself had been praised! Was this prayer? I will tell you what he did afterwards, and then you can judge. One day he made a kite, but it would not fly, but turned round and round. After trying awhile to make it rise in the air, he became angry, and dashed it to the ground and stamped upon it with his feet. No one was near, and he cursed the kite—not loud, but softly, lest somebody should hear him. He did it with the same tongue which the young lady said had "prayed so sweetly." He forgot God when he cursed, as well as when he said his prayers. Had he prayed?

A few years passed away. He was now eight years old, and he often felt much trouble when he thought of his sins. There were no simple, instructive books published at the time, to teach young children the way to be saved. He knew that he ought to pray; but he did not rightly understand how Jesus Christ was Saviour. It is true that he often heard the minister and his mother speak of him, but no one explained to him, in a manner that he could understand, that he should love and trust the Saviour just as he would confide in his father. To quiet his conscience when it was uneasy, he resolved to say three prayers secretly every day. This plan he followed for a time; he then grew careless, and forgot to pray until something alarmed him, when he began again, and, to make up for lost time, he counted up the days in which he had forgotten his devotions, and remained on his knees until he had repeated three prayers for each neglected day. But it was very tiresome to stay so long on his knees, and he therefore hastened over them, as rapidly as his tongue could move, little feeling that something more was needed than the mere repeating of words. Was this prayer?

Many years more passed away, and he became a man. His father and mother died, and many of his friends beside. There were very few left in the world to love him, and he wandered to another city. He was sad and lonely; he felt that everything worldly was vain and unsatisfying. He had no true happiness here, and had no hope in looking to the life to come. He knew that God was not his friend; God could not be pleased with sinners; and he felt that he was a sinner. One Sabbath he went into a church and there heard of Christ in such a way as he never before heard. Overcome with sorrow, he went to his bed-room, and, in an agony of his soul, he threw himself upon the floor, and asked the Lord to have mercy on him. He felt that he could not rest himself down low enough before his Maker. He repented that he had sinned so long and so much against the good and holy God, and resolved, by the help of the Holy Spirit, to do so no more. He became a Christian; and then experienced that one moment's enjoyment of the love and favor of the Lord was worth ten thousand worlds. This was prayer.

English Magazine.

☞ Correspondents will please send their communications in before Tuesday.

DANGERS FROM WORKS OF FICTION.

There is also a danger to be guarded against, in young persons especially, of an over-indulgence of imagination in reading works of fiction, and in what is called "castle building." Not that such an exercise of the imagination is to be condemned as an evil in itself, supposing, of course, that we avoid immoral books; but an excess in the perusal of fictions is apt to disqualify any one for real life, by creating a distaste and disgust for actual every-day scenes and humble practical duties, which do not equal in brilliancy the ideal scenes and imaginary transactions of fiction. The heart may even become hardened against real objects of compassion, from our having been too much occupied in dwelling on the elegant and poetical pictures of ideal distress which tales and poems exhibit. For, in these, a flowing excitement being all that is aimed at, there is, of course, a studied exclusion of all those homely and sometimes disgusting circumstances which often accompany real distresses, such as we are called upon to sympathize with and to relieve.

And there is also a danger of our becoming dissatisfied with estimable friends, because they do not come up to the standard of the heroes and heroines of romances. And what are usually reckoned as *moral tales*, and are written with a good design, are sometimes the most hurtful in this way; for they commonly represent the good characters as perfect, and bad ones as fiends, being both quite unlike what we meet with in real life, and therefore serving to engender false notions. It is allowable, indeed, and right, to bestow cultivation on the *flower-gardens* of your mind, only they must not be allowed to take the place of the plain but necessary *corn-fields*, or lead you to neglect their cultivation.—*Extracts from Whately's Lesson on Mind.*

WHISKY AND NEWSPAPERS.

A glass of whisky is manufactured from perhaps a dozen grains of corn, the value of which is too small to be estimated. A pint of this mixture sells for one shilling, and if, of a good brand, is considered well worth the money. It is drunk in a minute or two—it fires the brain, sharpens the appetite, deranges and weakens the physical system. On the same sideboard upon which this pernicious beverage is served lies a newspaper. It is covered with half a million of types—it brings intelligence from the four quarters of the globe. The newspaper costs less than the glass of grog—the juice of a few grains of corn; but it is no less strange than true that there is a large portion of the community who think corn juice cheap and the newspaper dear.—*Leicestown Democrat.*

WIFE vs. LADY.

It is certainly not in good taste for a gentleman to speak of his wife as his "lady," or to register their names upon the books of a hotel as "John Smith and *lady*," or to ask a friend "How is your lady?" This is all fashionable vulgarity, and invariably betrays a lack of cultivation. The term *wife* is far more beautiful and appropriate, and refined, whatever may be said to the contrary. Suppose a lady were to say, instead of "my husband," "*my gentleman*," or suppose we were to speak of "Mrs. Fitz Maurice and her gentleman." The thing would be absolutely ludicrous, and its obverse is none the less so, if rightly considered. A man's wife is his wife, and not his lady: and we marvel this latter term is not absolutely tabooed in such a connexion, at least by intelligent and educated people.—*Providence Post.*

LETTER FROM TENNESSEE.

LEBANON, Nov. 26th, 1862.

DR. EDDY:—I have been an itinerant for several years, and have seen and heard a few things, but my experience within a month past "beats all." Starting from Camp Peoria, Peoria, Ill., a continuous railroad and steamboat ride of fifty hours brought us to Bolivar, Tenn. 'Twas late at night when we arrived, and as soon as I could get "Charley," my horse, out of the car, I tied him to one side of the depot platform, and lay down under his nose to sleep. That sleep was delicious and refreshing, albeit there was an apparent upward pressure of the plank I lay on which made my bones ache before daylight. By the way, doctor, a campaign in the South would be good for *you*. You would think it no hardship to rise early after passing a cold night, with one blanket, on a railroad platform! You would acknowledge the old-fashioned Methodist rule, in regard to rising at four, a decidedly good one—*under such circumstances*.

Morning came—the first Sabbath morning of November. The sky was clear, I think, and the sun shone brightly, I believe, but "I didn't see it." All around were the smoking camp-fires of an immense army; almost every foot of soil was ground to finest dust, inches deep; and the continual tramp of men, and trot of mules, and gallop of horses, filled the air with an unbroken cloud of dust, which mingled with the smoke of the camp-fires, obscured the sky, shut out the beauty of the sunlight, and—gave men of all colors a *sandy* complexion. All day we waited impatiently for an order to go into camp, expecting it every moment. Just at night it came, and before we got our tents pitched, we were ordered to move at four o'clock next morning.

THE FORWARD MOVEMENT

Of Gen. Grant's Army of the Tennessee, then commenced. The scene was a grand one. Cavalry, infantry, artillery, rolling in from all directions, and forming in one immense column, with firm, upright steps, *facing the South*. What a difference in the size of the old and new regiments, and what painful thoughts that difference suggests! "Look at that new regiment, boys," says a scarred veteran, as we pass; "it looks like a brigade!" "And yours, old fellow," we think, but don't say, "looks like a mere company." Many of these noble old regiments have been cut down by battle and disease until they can muster only about one-third of their original strength.

Two days' marching, made oppressively hard by the abundance of dust and the scarcity of water, brought us to Lagrange, Tenn., within half a mile of the northern boundary of Mississippi. There was much of interest to notice on the way. White men were rarely seen, although the country is well settled, and has been in a tolerable state of cultivation. The men have gone South, taking many of the able-bodied male slaves with them. Most of the women and children remain at home, keeping with them the female slaves and their children. Near where we camped the first night, our men found the bodies of two negro men and one woman who had been murdered a day or two before, while trying to escape to the Federal lines. The inevitable little bundle, which the runaway negro always carries, lay by each of them. 'Twas a sad spectacle, and yet it was only a very small specimen of "the great evil of slavery," and the blood of these murdered ones is but a drop in that sea of human gore which slavery causes to inundate the land.

The contrabands come in by droves. The government employs hundreds of them on the railroad, in handling army stores. They work with a will, apparently perfectly satisfied if they can get in return crackers and pork enough for themselves and their families.

HOW HE LOOKED AT IT.

An elderly man, who gave his name as "Dick," came into our camp and was employed by an officer. He is a quiet, but intelligent and moral old fellow, and gave me an account of his leaving "home."

"Why did you leave, uncle?" said I.

"Well, massa," he replied, "old missus too hard on me, 'tirely, an' when I couldn't stan's no longer, I jis lef."

"In the day time, was it?"

"Oh, no, sah! 'bout 'leven 'clock at night, and got to Bolivah 'fore mornin'; 'bout twenty miles."

"That was a pretty good walk," said I.

"I didn't walk it, sah, I rode hoss-back."

"Rode! do you own a horse?"

"Well—yes—no, sah—not 'xactly—reckon I do now—I took one!"

"Took one from your mistress?"

"Yes, massa."

"Don't you think you did very wrong, Dick, to take your mistress' horse?"

"Well, I do' know, sah; I didn't take the bes' one. She had three; two of 'em fuss-rate horses, but the one I took is ole, an' not berry fast, an' I offe'd to sell him fo' eight dolla's, sah."

"But, Dick, you took at least a thousand dollars from your mistress, besides the horse."

"How, sah?"

"Why, you were worth a thousand dollars, and you should have been satisfied with that much, without taking the poor woman's horse," said I, gravely.

The contraband scratched his woolly head, rolled up his eyes at me, and replied with emphasis:

"*I don't look at it jis dat way, massa.* I wo'ked ha'd fo' missus mo'n thirty yea's, an' I reckon in dat time I 'bout pay fo' myself. An' dis yea' missus gav me leave to raise a patch o' 'bacey fo' my own. Well, I wo'ked nights, an' Sabbaths, an' spar' times, an' raised a big patch (way prices is, wuff two hun'red dolla's, I reckon) o' 'bacey; an' when I got it tooken ear' of dis fall, ole missus took it 'way from me; give some to de neighbors; keep some fo' he' own use; an' sell some, an' keep de money, an' I reckon dat pay fo' de ole hoss!"

Failing to find any conscience in the darkey, I gave up the argument.

SECESH CHURCH AFFAIRS.

Since coming to Lagrange, I have attended services once at the Episcopal church, and once at the Presbyterian. Not a man was in attendance at the Episcopal church, except three or four Federal soldiers. A number of children and a few ladies, a number of them in deep mourning, were present. At the Presbyterian church there were about half-a-dozen men, beside those furnished by our army. Even in church, the younger portion of the secesh tried, in various ways, to show their hatred of the Union officers and soldiers who were present. The preacher, Rev. Dr. Waddell, prayed for "our rulers," leaving the people, if not the Lord, to guess who he meant. The sermon was an eloquent, but extremely Calvinistic one, on Regeneration. The Methodist church, under the pastoral care of another D. D., whose name I have forgotten, has been closed for some time, the said D. D. being in attendance upon what appears to be a long session of conference at Grenada, Miss. If he does not soon return, my congregation, which now worships out of doors, will probably take possession of his church, and give me a call to his pulpit. The Presbyterians here have a respectable college building, and formerly had a flourishing school, but secession has killed it, and its classic halls are now used as a military prison. The Methodists, too, have a female college, a splendid building, on beautiful ground, now put to the good and patriotic use of sheltering Union soldiers. W. S. PEMBROOK.

The Northwestern Christian Advocate.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

'Tis midnight's holy hour—and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and peaceless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling; 'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past: yet on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest,
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred,
As by a mourner's sigh, and on you cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand,
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn solemn,
And Winter with his aged locks, and breathe
In mournful cadences, that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the earth forever. 'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep
Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. The spectre lifts
The coffin-lid of hope, and joy, and love,
And, bending mournfully above the pale
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness. The year
Has gone, and with it many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course,
It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful,
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bold and joyous, and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded. I passed o'er
The battle-plain, where sword and spear and shield
Flash'd in the light of mid-day—and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and moulder'ing skeleton. It came
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
It breathed its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams. Remorseless Time—
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe—what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on
He presses, and forever

...K THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY. ...rse of this institution, shows ...y-nine students, who are dis... Senior class, 28. Middle ...ss, 19. The faculty is com... William H. Campbell, D. D., ...of Biblical Literature; Rev. ...bridge, D. D., Professor of Pas... ...nd Ecclesiastical, and Rev. Jo... D. D., Professor of Didactic and ...ology.

...their success is the barometer for ... harvest to ...eight of religious influence of ... in which they are held. Once ...standard, no matter how arbitrary, and it becomes the *Procrustean* bed to which everything must be measured. To determine a meeting to be successful, or otherwise, and the church to be in a state of revival or depression, as penitents appear, or fail to appear, or the "mourners' bench," is to constitute ourselves arbiters of the operations of the Spirit; not recognizing its possible working at all, unless it be in the way in which we are looking for it. Many may be under the influence of the Spirit at these meetings, but the Spirit may not indicate to them the "mourners' bench" as the way in which it designs to lead them to Christ.

To measure success from the apparent results of protracted meetings, has a tendency to discourage the Church when there is no real cause for it. God's work may be progressing, as the seed concealed from observation germinates in silence, when we conclude from what is apparent, that it is at a pause or in a state of retrogression.

As respects time, to make revivals and protracted meetings synonymous, is to postpone effort and afford a plea for idleness and carelessness during a great part of the year. It makes earnest prayer and labor and sacrifice of time in Christian enterprise periodical; whereas, this necessity should be ever present, ever felt. Many persons manifest seeming spiritual life during revivals, who relapse into inactivity, when the season has passed. These efforts are like the spasmodic twitchings of a corpse when plied by the galvanic battery to the steady, powerful action of a body continually animated by the living spirit.

Almost every Church, in inquiring for a minister, wants "a peculiar man," and "a smart man;" one that will "draw." The Rev. Dr. Snell, who was settled at North Brookfield, Mass., nearly *sixty-four* years, "had no marked talent," we are told in his biography, and yet he maintained his position, and was a most useful pastor, and stood high in the ranks of the ministry. When the committee-men, to procure a pastor for the Brookfield Church, called on Dr. Backus, who instructed many students, he remained with him over night. Dr. Backus called on all his students to lead in family devotions on the occasion, and when the deputy heard Mr. Snell pray, he said to Dr. Backus, "That is the man whom I want you to send as a candidate."

BISHOP POLK.—Bishop Polk (though still girded with the sword) on a late special occasion ordained Mr. Alexander Gordon Bakewell, who has since become a chaplain in the rebel army. Rev. Mr. Bakewell is a near relative, it is said, of a former clergyman of that name belonging to the diocese of Western New York.—*Cor. of The Gospel Messenger.*

NEW ORLEANS CLERGY.—*The Church Journal* speaks of the motions entertained by the New Orleans clergy as not quite what it holds itself. Would it not be more candid for our contemporary to inform its readers that those clergymen entertain that they have *left* the Episcopal Church altogether, and have joined another "church?" It is only by this hypothesis that their course, in turning the liturgy upside down, can at all be defended. They have formed an independent church, as much as did the Methodists, and shall be ... are entitled in ... as far more ...tion we would ...y: Is the commu... and his associates ... "the Church," or a ...order.

...The *Methodist*, in an ar... ...rm," thus speaks of the

...a desirable office in our ...e people pay its salary ... a few appointments the ...the pulpit than the ... in not a few he has little import... ...ical business, scarcely any that the ... not think could be done as well with... ...th him; and many appointments be... ...dge him their quarterly assessment toward his salary as a useless burden, some as so onerous in... ...convenience to their own scarcely manageable finances. Whether just or not, these are prevalent objections, and it cannot be denied that quite a general relief would be felt if the office could be so far modified as to deliver the churches from these alleged burdens."

UNITARIANS.—NEW ENGLAND UNITARIANS.—The Boston *Review* says that "as a whole it is obvious that New England U... is neither increasing nor aggressive, an... its foun... head, may be quoted as ...ponent of ... its quality and power, it has l... ...ring the last thirty years. Instead of ... city as formerly, it has been compelled ... its grasp, ... behold evangelical elements ... and maintain a power more than quadrupled in the number of its churches, members and influence.

REFORMED DUTCH.—A LIVE CHURCH.—The church on the Heights, Brooklyn, first organized twelve years ago under the pastoral care of the late Rev. Dr. Bethune, has just furnished a striking instance of church liberality. There has been from the first a mortgage resting on the property, amounting to sixteen thousand dollars, which was given for the cost of the ground. For several years previous to the installation of the present pastor (Rev. Dr. Eells,) the expenses outran the income, and there had accumulated from this deficiency an additional debt of over six thousand dollars, making a total encumbrance of $22,076.24. Before the war broke out, some desire had ...essed to remove this incubus upon the prosperity of the congregation; but during the depression which has been experienced since, all had felt that such an effort would be hopeless of success. Within a few months the congregation had evidently become more and more consolidated, and strongly imbued to their new pastor, and given various signs of increasing vitality. About ten days ago something was said among a few of the members about removing this debt; and although the allusion to the subject was at first incidental, the idea seemed to take a strong hold upon the people. All felt that a successful effort at such a time to present a church dedicated to God and free from every form of incumbrance, would not only strengthen their own association, but would encourage good men everywhere to renewed energy and zeal. On Sabbath a notice was read inviting the members of the congregation who were desirous of assisting in such an undertaking, to meet on Tuesday evening for this purpose. Last night the meeting was held, and although the weather was inauspicious, about fifty persons were present. A committee was appointed, who announced the total to be $22,076.24, was subscribed, payable Monday, the first day of December. Before the subscription closed, one of the elders stated that a wealthy gentleman of New York, learning of the object, had very liberally offered to give one hundred dollars toward the amount to be raised; but half a dozen members sprang to their feet at once to object, stating their preference to give the sum themselves, rather than to call upon any one outside of the congregation. The number of the subscribers was just fifty, making an average of $441.—*Journal of Commerce.*

CHRIST died because God was merciful; not to make him so, but to make channels through which a stream of salvation might flow to guilty sinners.

SUSPENSION OF THE CHEROKEE MISSION.—We call attention to the interesting statement of the Rev. G. Bishop, found on our first page. He has written it at our request. It gives a clear insight into the existing state of the Cherokee Mission.

As he refers to the extracts from former letters of his published in our columns, we will here give a brief recapitulation of the course of events, so that his communication may be properly understood.

The Cherokee Nation is divided; a part holds to the South, the other part to the Federal Union. In the beginning of September last, the Federal Cherokees made a raid upon the Moravian Mission at Spring Place and the neighborhood. At that time the following missionaries were engaged in the Nation: Rev. G. Bishop and wife, from the North, and the Assistants, James Ward and wife, half Cherokees, at Spring Place; and Rev. E. J. Mack and wife, from Salem, N. C., at Canaan. In this raid Br. Ward lost his life; Br. Bishop was carried off by the Federal Cherokees, and finally brought to Fort Scott, in Kansas; and Mrs. Bishop and Mrs. Ward with their families fled to Arkansas. After a long detention, Br. Bishop rejoined his family, and with the same succeeded in leaving the country and reaching Bethlehem in safety. Br. Mack and his family, and Mrs. Ward and her children, remain in the neighborhood of Maysville, Arkansas. Br. Bishop considers it impossible to continue the Mission until the return of better times.

We respond to his invitation, and call upon all our churches to present the case of the missionaries now in Arkansas, with earnest intercessions to the Lord.—*Moravian.*

M. E. CHURCH SOUTH.—Parson Brownlow, in a late letter from Tennessee, discourseth of this church as follows:

"The Methodist Annual Conferences was held at Athens, in East Tennessee, a few weeks ago, as I am told by gentlemen just from there, Bishop Earle presiding. As I anticipated, by one sweeping act, carried out in the same *infernal* spirit that originated the rebellion, the conference suspended the Union preachers from the exercise of their ministerial functions. They have, in effect, issued a new Gospel Commission, which runs thus: "Go ye into all the *South* and preach *Jeff. Davis* to every creature; he that believeth and is baptised shall be *damned;* he that believeth not shall be *saved.*' Let all men who wish for happiness after death, live and die in unbelief of this, 'another gospel.' The churches in the South have about played out, and there is but little left in any of them to induce an honorable and law-abiding man to remain in their fellowship.

"So far as I am individually concerned, I am so thoroughly convinced of the corruptions and profligacy of a majority of the ministers of my own church (Methodist,) that I would scorn to be associated with them in church relations. But I purpose, God willing, upon my return to East Tennessee, to call a convention of the Union-loving and law-abiding ministers and members of our church, at which we shall declare ourselves *the* church, and claim the church property, confident that we can hold it under the courts of the United States. We shall go further—we will expel the rebels from the church, under that chapter in the Wesleyan Discipline, which requires obedience to the 'powers that be,' and a ready and cheerful obedience to the laws of the land."

THE ORTHODOX FRIENDS have educated their youth for many years past at Westtown and Haverford Colleges. The Hicksite Friends, probably as numerous and as wealthy as the other branch, have had under consideration a project to establish an institution of learning similar to that at Haverford. The enterprise was originated some time since, and has received the encouragement of the yearly meetings of Philadelphia, New York and Baltimore. The proposed association is composed of shares of stock which are subscribed for at $250 each. Each share of stock is to be entitled to one vote in the management of affairs. The project has gradually gained ground, and is now advanced far enough to warrant confidence in its final success. A general conference of subscribers to the stock was held in Race street meeting-house, in Philadelphia, last week, which was largely attended. It was resolved to proceed at once with the work, enough means having been contributed for the purpose. The institution is intended to afford a thorough education to young persons of both sexes, at a low cost—the preference being given, of course, to members of the Society.

Special provisions are made for the benefit of young people of limited means, who will be enabled to procure an education upon very liberal terms. The general management of the concern is placed in the hands of twenty Friends—members of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. Simon Gilman and Pierson Mitchell, of Middletown are representatives from Bucks county. At the meeting recently held considerable interest was shown and a fair amount of subscriptions were received. The minimum amount of capital stock is fifty thousand dollars, which is not to be increased over two hundred thousand dollars.

It is as yet undecided whether the college will be located in the city or suburbs. Offers of ground have been made, seated at Darby, Chestnut Hill, and other places. Another meeting will shortly be held for the purpose of perfecting arrangements.

JEWISH.—BAPTISM OF A JEW IN MONTREAL.—The Toronto *Christian Guardian* says:—An interesting ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Freshman, on Monday evening, the 1st inst., in the Great James street Wesleyan church, Montreal. It was the baptism of Mr. David Hurwitz, who has recently been converted from Judaism to Christianity. About six weeks ago his attention was arrested while reading in Hebrew the sublime vision recorded in the 6th chapter of Isaiah; and he was particularly awakened by the 5th verse, —"Wo is me! for I am undone; for I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips; for my eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts!" These words led to a train of reflections which greatly alarmed his conscience, and caused him anxiously to read the books of Moses, hoping to find in the ancient system of sacrifice some relief for his soul. But he found none. He was encouraged to look to Christ as his Saviour by Brother Joseph Tomski, a Prussian Jew, who had been led to salvation by the instrective of the Rev. Dr. Freshman, and on the occasion of our beloved Brother Freshman's visit to Montreal, this anxious and troubled soul sought him out, and was led by him to venture his soul on Christ, and his answers were very pleasing to all that heard them.

Personal.

The Death of Gen. Ward.—Advices by the China mail fully confirm the reports previously received respecting the death of Gen. Ward. The event was deeply lamented, and much speculation prevailed in regard to its effect on the Imperial cause, which he had so heartily espoused.

Gen. F. T. Ward was born in Salem, Mass., November, 1831, and was the son of a well-known merchant of this city. His career was remarkably adventurous. He participated in all the important scenes of the Chinese war, and in July, 1860, sailed from New York, taking the California route to China. After making an engagement with the Tautai of Shanghai, he proceeded to organize a body of native soldiers, and in six weeks captured five large cities. He has since brought into the field 12,000 thoroughly drilled Chinamen, fought not less than 50 different battles, and received fifteen severe wounds. In his whole career he was regarded but twice, so that the Chinamen regarded him as almost invincible, and impervious to bullets. On the 20th of last September, however, he fell, mortally wounded, in an attempt to recapture the city of Tsechee.

Daniel Drew intends to purchase ground in Carmel, Putnam county, N. Y., for the purpose of establishing a college there. He purposes to endow it with five hundred thousand dollars.

Garibaldi.—News has reached us from Pisa, whence Dr. Zanetti writes that he has extracted the ball from Garibaldi's ankle, with the best results and success.

The grandson of Benedict Arnold, and only living male heir, is Rev. Edward Arnold, rector of a church in Hertfordshire, about twenty miles west of London. His age is 33 years.

Domestic Items.

The Cabinet and the Senate.—Washington, Dec. 21.—Last Tuesday the Republican members of the Senate met in caucus, and, after a session of four hours, during which several senators made fierce attacks upon Secretary Seward, making him responsible for our defeats, and declaring that the country was tired of the present conduct of the war. A resolution was offered by Senator Grimes, of Iowa, declaring a want of confidence in Secretary Seward, and requesting the President to remove him. This was passed by a vote of thirteen yeas to eleven nays. A long discussion was entered into; Senator Sumner making a lengthy speech, attacking the Foreign diplomacy of Secretary Seward. Others were made by Senators Sherman, Trumbull, Wade, &c. It was charged that Seward's policy was a Fabian one—that of delay; that he had encouraged McClellan in his delays; that his idea of surrounding the Rebels was a delusion; that he was responsible for sending the Banks Expedition away to the Gulf instead of the James river. They then adjourned over to Wednesday, when after the adjournment of the Senate, they resumed their consultations.

Senator Harris amended the resolution to read:—"That, in the judgment of the Senate, a reconstruction of the Cabinet would increase the confidence of the country."

Senator Sherman objected, because this was too broad; that Secretary Chase would resign at once if that was passed.

Senator Fessenden then amended it to read:—"A partial reconstruction," and upon that the resolution passed, and a committee of seven was formed. Afterwards Senators Howard and Harris were added, making it nine.

On Thursday, Senator King informed Mr. Seward of the action of the Senate, and he and Assistant Secretary Seward at once sent to the President their resignations. On Thursday evening the Committee of Nine waited on the President and laid the matter before him. No result was arrived at, but speeches were made by the enemies of Mr. Seward, in which he was denounced in unmeasured terms.

The Committee retired and left the matter in the hands of the President, believing that it was all right. The Committee from the Senatorial Caucus were invited by the President to meet him at the White House on Friday evening. On their arrival, they found the whole Cabinet there, excepting Secretary Seward.

The President introduced the subject and stated the object of the Committee.

Secretary Chase at once stated that he did not come there to be arraigned by Senators.

Senator Fessenden said he did not come there to arraign any one.

The President said they were all there on an equality, and invited an interchange of opinion.

Senator Harris stated that he was not a personal friend of Secretary Seward, though formerly a law partner, and thought there were a large number of Republicans who would rejoice at his leaving the Cabinet, while an equally large number were in favor of his remaining. He thought it would be impolitic and uncalled for—because he quietly opposed any changes.

Secretary Stanton said that the resolution was evidently aimed at some one else besides Secretary Seward. If any one supposed he was responsible for the disaster that had occurred they were mistaken; that all the charges made against him were false; that the President knew that the charge that he was responsible for the movement upon Fredericksburg was groundless; that neither he nor General Halleck were responsible.

Senator Grimes made a fierce onslaught upon Mr. Seward.

Mr. Fessenden was firm, but determined.

The meeting lasted until a late hour, and adjourned without any result being accomplished. Secretary Chase, however, tendered his resignation to the President, in order to place him in a position to use his own pleasure.

Postmaster Blair, who is, next to Mr. Seward, the most objectionable man, refused to resign. In all the interviews the President defended Mr. Seward warmly, denying that he has actively interfered with military movements, or that his policy has been detrimental to the conduct of the war. He expressed the most unbounded confidence in Secretaries Stanton and Chase; and thought Secretary Welles has done all that could be done.

He will not remove any member, and unless they resign and insist upon their resignations being accepted, there will be no change. The Senators have taken this step, considering it necessary for the successful prosecution of the war. They are still of that belief, and though the matter may be smothered over to-morrow, it will only be to burst forth again with renewed fury before long.

The excitement about the Cabinet is somewhat allayed to-night, Secretary Seward having signified his intention to withdraw his resignation, and the President having solicited Mr. Chase to withdraw his. Mr. Chase has concluded to give an answer to-morrow, and he has been waited upon to-night by several Senators to induce him to do so. No attack was made upon him, and his course has always given entire satisfaction.

The Committee from the Senate consisted of Senator Collamer (Chairman) and Senators Fessenden, Harris, Sumner, Wade, Trumbull, Grimes, Howard and Pomeroy. Of the Senators, Harris is the only one not in favor of any change. It is distinctly understood by the Senators that none of them will accept any position in the Cabinet, should a recast be made.

Report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War.—The Committee on the Conduct of the War returned this morning from the army, where they have been for four days investigating the late disaster. The testimony before them makes the number of killed and wounded less than ten thousand; one-half of the latter will be able to return to their regiments in a short time. General Burnside does not take such a sad view of the affair as do some others, and contends that had Franklin's Division maintained their position when gained on the left, he could have carried their whole line the next day and destroyed their army. He takes upon himself the responsibility of the assault; but a council of war, including his Generals, on Saturday night, were not in favor of continuing the attack, and he could only withdraw to this side. It was his plan to change the base from Warrenton to Acquia, and the fatal blunder appears to be in not having pontoons there to meet him. When Generals Halleck and Meigs were in consultation with him the plans were arranged, and the next day they were approved by the President, and he was ordered to go on. He was to have pontoons sent there, and he accordingly ordered General Sumner to march down and cross, but the boats did not come until ten days after his arrival there. When General Sumner arrived there to ford it, it would have required the men to have waded it in four feet of water, which Gen. Sumner thought he could not do. General Woodbury, Chief of Engineers, says the delay was in not getting the pontoons started in time. The committee were in session all night, at Mr. Covode's rooms, for several hours.

The testimony will make three pages of *The Inquirer*. It was taken down by Mr. Lord, the celebrated stenographer, and is nearly written out. The testimony of Generals Halleck and Meigs will be taken to-morrow, and the Committee will be ready to report to Congress on Tuesday.

General Hooit is exonerated from all blame in not having the railroad to Falmouth done in time. The President and Secretary Stanton are exonerated from all blame in the matter.

All the moves made are military ones, by military men, and this time as has always been the case, no civilian has interfered.

Delay in paying Soldiers.—In reply to an inquiry of the House why "grievous delays" happened in the payment of the soldiers, the Secretary of the Treasury, on Wednesday, replied:

"I beg leave to state that the requisitions of the Secretary of War for money for the payment of troops have always been promptly met at the Treasury, when absolute want of means did not prevent. Since the first of July, the sum of $90,554,281,64 have been paid in such requisitions, as follows:

For bounties on enlistment, .	$7,500,000,00
Recruiting, collecting, drilling and organizing, ...	10,172,390,41
Ordinary pay, ...	43,881,921,23

"The amount of requisitions of this description now in the Treasury Department unpaid is $28,780,000. These unpaid requisitions are about equal to the amount required for pay during one bi-monthly period. A portion of them represent pay which fell due before the commencement of the last bi-monthly period of September and October, while about equal amounts have been supplied for pay which has become due since its commencement. Precise information on these points can only be obtained from the books of the War Department.

"When the resources of the Treasury became inadequate to all the demands upon it, the Secretary of the Treasury communicated the fact to the Secretary of War and of the Navy, and requested them to designate the particular requisitions which they regarded as most urgent, to the amount of about $1,000,000 daily. To this extent requisitions are now daily met from customs, from internal revenue, from the proceeds of conversions, from temporary loans, and from new issues of United States notes. These resources, though large, are, as the Congress has been already informed, inadequate.

"No one can feel deeper regret than the Secretary, that a single American soldier lacks a single dollar of his pay, and no effort of his has been wanting to prevent such a condition. It is not in his power, however, to arrest the accumulation of demands upon the Treasury, beyond the possibilities of provision for them under existing legislation. In his annual report he has laid before Congress the measures which, in his judgment, will enable him to provide for the ultimate wants of the public service. If in this judgment he is fortunate enough to have their concurrence, he entertains the hope that all grounds of complaint because of delays of payment may be soon removed."

Official Report of General Foster.—WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—The following has just been received at the Head-quarters of the Army of the United States:—

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA, KINGSTON, December 14, 1862.—Major-General Halleck, Commanding the Army of the United States—General:—I have the honor to inform you that I left Newbern for this place on the 11th inst., but that, owing to the bad roads and consequent delays to the trains, &c., I did not reach S. W. Creek, five miles from this town, till the afternoon of the 13th. The enemy were posted there, but by a heavy artillery fire in front and a vigorous infantry attack on either flank, I succeeded in forcing a passage, and without much loss.

This morning I advanced on this town, and found the enemy strongly posted at a defile through a marsh bordering a creek. We succeeded, after five hours' hard fighting, in driving the enemy from their position.

The enemy retreated precipitately by the Goldsboro' and Pikeville roads. Their force was about six thousand men, with about twenty pieces of artillery. The result is that we have taken Kingston, captured eleven pieces of artillery, taken four to five hundred prisoners, and found a large amount of quartermaster's and commissary stores. Our loss will not probably exceed two hundred killed and wounded.

I am, General, with great respect, your obedient servant,

J. G. FOSTER,
Major-General Commanding.

Foreign Summary.

A Revolution in Japan.—SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 13th.—Commercial Circulars from Japan of the 25th of October, say that a revolution has broken out there, but of what character the published reports do not make clear.

The power of the Tycoon has been greatly restricted, and a policy adopted adverse to foreign interests.

Mr. Richardson, a prominent English merchant, had been assassinated by the servants of a Japanese Prince.

British Statistics.—In the first three-quarters of the present year the excess of births over deaths in Great Britain has been 248,537. Although marriages have decreased in England this year, the marriage-rate has been maintained in Scotland, apparently indicating that the general prosperity of that part of the kingdom has not been as seriously affected by the war in America. The marriage-rate in Scotland, however, is always greatly below that of England—a remarkable difference between countries so closely allied; nevertheless, the proportion of legitimate births to the population is as high in Scotland as in England, Scottish marriages being more fruitful than English. There has been an unusual proportion of male births in Scotland this year, rising in the third quarter to 107 boys to every 100 girls. Scotland has also differed this year from England in another respect; the mortality, low in England, has in Scotland been high throughout the year, owing to the unfavorable effect of the damp, cold, rainy weather in that northern clime.

Italy.—A letter from Lucca, in the *Opinione of Turin* says:—"We have a revolution here; but it is neither on account of Garibaldi nor of Mazzini: quite the contrary. It is because the Minister of Public Instruction has ventured to appoint a Protestant lady, Mrs. Burbidge, to a Professorship in the Normal School for females at Lucca. She had been teaching for two years in the Normal School of Rubigna, where she was held in the highest esteem. But Lucca could not brook the idea of allowing history and geography to be taught by a Protestant. All the priests and fanatics set to work, and got up such an agitation that the prefect had to despatch a counsellor in all haste to Turin to inform the Minister that he could not answer for the public peace unless Mrs. Burbidge were removed; and, to crown all, the Gonfaloniere, M. Simbaldi, who is also a deputy, has written to the minister, threatening to resign if the obnoxious appointment be maintained. What will the Minister do?

The Greek question remains unchanged. It is rumored that some of the Greeks will ask for the son of Lord Derby, in case they fail to obtain Prince Alfred as King.

It was rumored that Signor Pasolini was trying to form an Italian ministry.

A squadron of lancers recently mutinied at Petersburg.

The cotton famine distress in France was increasing in severity.

From Havana and Mexico.—NEW YORK, Dec. 11.—Midnight.—The steamer Eagle, from Havana the 6th inst., arrived to-night.

Vera Cruz dates of the 1st inst. had been received, but there was no mail, owing to the stringent enforcement of the prohibition of any communication with Vera Cruz.

The last American courier was fired on, and his two attendants killed. He was himself wounded, but succeeded in making his escape.

The despatches for Washington have gone via Acapulco, and will reach their destination by way of Panama.

The Minister to Washington from Chili, was unable to get further than Jalapa.

Mr. Russell, bearer of American despatches, and a Mexican Colonel, arrived from Vera Cruz and are passengers by the steamer Eagle.

The position of the French forces at Vera Cruz and Orizaba is represented as very critical, having no fodder for their cattle and no fresh food for their troops, who suffer from the dysentery.

The forts at Jalapa has been cut off from supplies from Vera Cruz, by the Mexicans retaking Puente Nacional, a part of which has been destroyed.

The Mexicans are actively fortifying Puebla and the city of Mexico, and the roads between them, and announce their determination to flood the whole valley by opening the sluices and taking down the walls of the lakes, rendering the city of Mexico impossible to be reached except by the turnpike, which will be defended.

The mate and steward of the barque Betty Williams are on board the Eagle in irons, charged with poisoning three Captains of the vessel, viz:—Captains Coffin, Hood and Bunts.

The new Captain-General of Cuba was daily expected at Havana.

Six of the crew of the rebel steamer California, which was wrecked near Sisal, have arrived at Havana.

Married.

By Elder J. H. Smith, on the 19th, Mr. THOMAS C. SMALL to Miss SARAH E. JONES, all of Mount Holly, New Jersey.

In the city of Detroit, Nov. 30th, 1862, by the Rev. H. J. Young, Mr. JOHN A. TATE, of Alabama, to Miss ELIZABETH WARREN, the adopted daughter of the Rev. John A. Warren.

[We notice this again, because it got mislaid, and the names of the parties could not be recollected.]

At Washington, D. C., Dec. 11th, 1862, by Rev. H. J. Rhodes, Mr. JAMES PLANT to Miss AMELIA JERICK, both of Georgetown, D. C.

At Georgetown, D. C., by the same, Dec. 16th, 1862, Mr. FREDERICK JONES, of Virginia, to Miss MARY BROWN, of Maryland.

At Georgetown, D. C., by the same, Dec. 16th, 1862, Mr. WILLIAM LEE to Miss ELIZABETH SMALL, both of Georgetown, D. C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MRS. MARTHA COLLINS,
730 Russell Street, above Fitzwater,

Begs leave to inform her friends and the public generally, that she has opened an INFANT SCHOOL for Boys and Girls, to whom she will pay special attention in teaching the primary departments of Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, also Singing, upon the most reasonable and accommodating terms. She does not hesitate to say that she will be able to please all who may give her a trial.

MRS. S. SHORTER HAWKINS'
DRY GOODS, HOSIERY, AND TRIMMING STORE,

No. 615 Lombard Street, Philadelphia.

Mrs. H. calls the attention of her friends and patrons to a new stock of Fall and Winter Goods, consisting of Delaines, Calicoes, Flannels, Muslins, Drills, Shawls, Balmorals, and Hoop-Skirts.

N. B. Regalia and Dress Trimmings still on hand. All will be sold as near the old prices as possible. Call and see.

A few respectable men can be accommodated with board or lodging, on reasonable terms, at 1627 Lombard Street.

N. B.—Also a room to let. 3mo.

Advertisements.

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 10th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

From Garnet Union No. 4, D. of T.; from Phœnix Union, No. 8, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 16, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Dr. Bias' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 19, D. of T.; from Vanbrachle Union, No. 15, of T., of Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—

Grand P., Sister Bennet; Grand Associate, Sister Burris; Grand Treasurer, Sister Fawcett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dukhart; Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall.

G. P. P., Sister E. Rossers,		G. P. P. Sister Anderson,	
" " " E. Bowie,	"	" J. F. Black,	"
" " " M. H. Jersey,	"	" E. A. Clark,	"
" " " S. Newman,	"	" White,	"
" " " S. Davis,	"	" S. Hall.	

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY.

THE STATED QUARTERLY MEETINGS of this Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May August, and November.

The meeting of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the Society.

Mrs. SARAH CARTER,
President.
Mr. L. R. SEYMOUR, Sec'y.

THE BOOK DEPOSITORY
OF THE
AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,
No. 619 Pine Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

We keep on hand, in connexion with our other books Sabbath school books of various kinds; Question Books; Catechisms, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. We have a good assortment of such books as are generally used in the Public Schools. Also, Stationery, Inks, Pens, Paper, Envelopes and Blank Books.

THE DEATH-BED OF THE REV. JOHN WESLEY.

Wanted Canvassing Agents for this splendid large engraving, which should be in every house of all admirers of that great and good man. The most liberal inducements offered to those selling their prints. Send for Catalogue and instructions.

WM. SMITH, Publisher,
702 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

WANTED.—The charge of a Public School. Reference as to ability can be given. Apply to
J. W. A., 1641 Helmuth St.

ONE-PRICE CLOTHING,
OF THE LATEST STYLES,

Made in the Best Manner, expressly for RETAIL SALES. Lowest Selling Prices marked in Plain Figures. All Goods made to order warranted satisfactory. Our One-Price System is strictly adhered to. All are thereby treated alike.

JONES & CO.,
904 MARKET STREET.
Dec23-1y

GOOD NEWS

To Tailors, Dress makers, and to those wishing to be such. Also, to owners of sewing machines, first-keepers, and large families.—So to one day (by printed directions which each Dollmaker has) you can learn to cut and fit perfectly, Ladies' Dresses, Boys' and Men's Pants, Vests, Jackets, Sack and Over-coats.

Local and Travelling Agents Wanted.

Address REV. WM. BRADLEY,
Carnegieville, Bucks Co., Pa.

Or, apply to Mrs. Mary C. Warner, (wife of the Editor of this paper,) 619 Pine St., Philada., Pa. Jan15—1y

JAMES DOWNS,
DEALER IN
NEW AND SECOND HAND
CLOTHING,
No. 225 South Second Street,
No. 17—3mo. PHILADELPHIA.

WILLIAM STILL'S
STOVE STORE,
107 NORTH FIFTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and all in want of good stoves, that he has now on hand a general variety of excellent PARLOR, COOK and CHAMBER STOVES, including Gas-burning, as well as other patterns, which he is selling at very low rates. He buys entirely for cash, of the best wholesale founders, and of course can sell much cheaper than those buying on the usual credit system. At any rate his friends are invited to give him a call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere, as he feels that they would be convinced that it would be to their interest to give him their patronage. Coal orders constantly on hand. WM. STILL.

JOSEPH H. COLE,
CONTINENTAL RESTAURANT,
NO. 717 LOMBARD STREET, PHILA.,
(Above Seventh St., under Philadelphia Institute,)

Where he continues to keep always on hand the very best assortment of OYSTERS and other refreshments—hoping that all his friends and the public in general will favor him with their patronage.

☞ Meals served at all hours. Families supplied with Oysters of the best quality and flavor at the shortest notice.

☞ Also, public and private waiting done on the most reasonable terms. 1y

"UNION COTTAGE,"
ATLANTIC CITY, NEAR THE INLET.

The subscriber will always be happy to welcome her numerous friends, and the public in general.

TERMS:

Board per week, ...	$6 00
" " day, ...	1 25
Single meals, ...	50

S. H. WAILES, *Proprietress.*

BOARDING
IN BROOKLYN.

MRS. S. PLANT (formerly Richardson) respectfully announces that she has opened a first-class BOARDING & LODGING HOUSE at No. 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn—where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city, and within five minutes' walk of Fulton Ferry, is made thus a very desirable and convenient place.

BOARDING.

Mrs. AMIA WILLIAM, of Cape May, will open the Banker House for the season, for the accommodation of all who wish to spend the season there, and she will spare no pains to make all comfortable. Those wishing to spend one, two, or three days, will find the Banker House the right spot. Prices very reasonable. 1my4

COAL, STOVES, &c., &c.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the store,

NO. 107 NORTH FIFTH STREET,

formerly occupied as the Anti-Slavery Office, (where he has been engaged for the last fourteen years,) to occupy it henceforth as a place of business for the sale of

COAL, STOVES, &c.

Having made arrangements with one of the first Coal Dealers in the city, to furnish the best qualities of Lehigh, Schuylkill, &c., at the lowest Cash prices, he hopes to give full satisfaction in this branch of his business.

He will also keep constantly on hand a general assortment of good NEW and SECOND-HAND STOVES, FURNACES, &c.

Persons wishing Stoves taken down, stored away, put up, or cleaned, can be promptly accommodated by applying as above.

He hopes by energy and strict attention to business to obtain a fair share of patronage.

WM. STILL,
107 North Fifth Street, Philadelphia

REFERENCES.

J. M. M'Kim,	Dr. Caspar Wistar,
Samuel Rhoads,	James Mott,
Dillwyn Parrish,	Thomas Williamson,
Prof. C. D. Cleveland.	W. H. Furness.

WANTED,

One or two respectable colored men in a quiet and respectable family to lodge, where they can secure all the comforts of a home, with a furnished room.

INQUIRE,
No. 424 South 7th St., Phila.

WM. H. LONGFELLOW,
SURGEON DENTIST,
No. 1126 Rodman Street,
Between 11th and 12th, and Lombard and South Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA.

Every department of Dentistry attended to.
Persons called on at their residence, if desired.
Nov 17

REV. LEWIS S. LEWIS'
FAMILY LINIMENT
IS PREPARED WITH GREAT CARE,
EXPRESSLY FOR FAMILY USE.

Its composition is very simple, containing nothing that is injurious in any form, and there is no danger to its use from exposure to the weather. No family should be without it. Having a wish to benefit mankind in general, and those afflicted in particular—and having had recourse to the article in several cases of rheumatism, bunions, chilblains, and other lameness, it proving to be a remedy in every case—I therefore recommend it to the public.

CERTIFICATES.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 27, 1861.

Rev. L. S. LEWIS—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with the rheumatism eleven years, during which time I tried almost everything, but received no sure relief. For the last four months my limbs and joints were so swollen, that at times I could not walk or use my slippers. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and at the first application was instantly relieved. After using one or two bottles, I was enabled to enjoy the free use of my limbs.

Rev. GEORGE A. RUE.

NEWPORT, R. I., October 29, 1861.

Rev. L. S. LEWIS—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted for a number of years, more or less, with a pain and weakness in my chest, arising from some cause unknown to me. I made two applications of your Liniment, and was relieved. I was attacked with the diphtheria, and was cured by using your Liniment. Its worth has proved itself ten times its cost. ANTHONY RANDOLPH.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 19, 1861.

Rev. L. S. LEWIS—Dear Sir: I have been cured of stiffening in my joints by using your Liniment. I recommend it to all who are thus troubled.

RICHARD WHITE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 17, 1861.

Rev. Mr. LEWIS—Your Liniment is, truly, all that it is recommended to be. I have tried it, and it has successfully cured my bunions. SOPHIA TAYLOR.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 7, 1861.

Mr. LEWIS—Dear Sir: I have had a pain and stiffness in my neck and back for some time. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and applied it twice, which effected a cure. I recommend it to the public.

Mrs. EVELINA DEMOND.

PROVIDENCE, Dec. 10, 1861.

Rev. L. S. LEWIS—Dear Sir: For upwards of three years I have been very lame at times, arising from a sprain. I have tried a great many things, without any definite results. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and was effectually relieved. Mrs. PHŒBE A. MORSE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 10, 1861.

Rev. Mr. LEWIS—I have been afflicted with the rheumatism for some time. I used your Liniment, which has removed it successfully. It has also cured my swelled joints. Mrs. ELIZABETH THOROUGHGOOD.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 20, 1861.

Rev. Mr. LEWIS—My boy was troubled with the chilblain. I applied your Liniment a few times, and it cured him. Mrs. ADELINE JONES.

STEAMER PERRY, Sept. 3, 1861.

Rev. Mr. LEWIS—I have used your Liniment for rheumatic pains of long standing—also, lameness in the feet, &c. It is a perfect remedy where other things have failed. Mrs. SUSAN GARDINER.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, Aug. 19, 1861.

Rev. L. S. LEWIS—I have been afflicted for upwards of seven years with swelled joints. I have tried almost everything, without the desired effect. At last I obtained a bottle of your Liniment, which relieved me successfully. Mrs. MARY A. JEWITT.

PROVIDENCE, Nov., 1861.

Mr. L. S. Lewis—I had a very severe attack of rheumatism last fall, during which time I tried almost everything—but nothing so effectual as your Family Liniment. I would not be without it.

Mrs. LUCY WATERMAN.

MANUFACTURED BY
REV. LEWIS S. LEWIS

LAST WORDS OF EMMETT.

"Let no man write my epitaph—for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, so let no prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let me repose in obscurity and peace until other times and other men can do justice to my character; when my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then—and not till then—let my epitaph be written."

He stood before the assembled crowd,
And not a glance had quailed;
Nor his lofty heart in high resolves
Had for an instant failed:
The haughty souls of bitterest foes
Within their bosom shook,
As he bent his clear eye proudly round,
With such a fearful look.

And these were the high words he spoke—
"Are not these lips as free
To bear their witness to the cause
Of glorious liberty—
As free to speak the sacred words
Which only tyrants fear,
As those which coldly break the rights
Of injured freedom here!

And they will speak—the fires that glow
Within this breast of mine,
Were kindled at the holy blaze
Of freedom's hallowed shrine;
And till the heart itself be dead,
Its beatings throb no more,
Its pulses still to freedom true,
Will tremble as before.

Ye have the power, if not the right
To crush this feeble frame,
But the spirit's fiery zeal
It is not yours to tame.
And while ye dare to brand with crime
That never stained my brow,
I too may dare to brave the power,
To which I will not bow.

Yes, do your worst—ye may spread your pall
To darken round my name,
But the fearless spirit ye cannot bend—
That still remains the same—
And for that name I would not stoop
To ask one memory,
Till every rock and blade of grass
Upon this soil is free.

Let not my martyr's fate be read
While Erin wears her chains;
I would not ask one friendly hand
To wipe away the stains:
And o'er the pillow of my rest
One tear must not be shed,
Till the holy cross of freedom may
Be placed above the dead."

MISCELLANY.

RAISING THE SUNKEN SHIPS.—The work of raising the sunken war vessels at Norfolk, Hampton Roads, etc., is actively and successfully progressing. The frigate United States was raised a few days since, pumped out, and towed to the Gosport Navy Yard. Work has also been commenced on the line-of-battle-ships Delaware and Columbus, and they will probably be raised, *whole*, in a few days. Preparations for raising the Cumberland, Congress, and Merrimac, are also actively in progress. The contractor, Mr. T. F. Wells, of Boston, is confident of his ability to raise the whole fleet—comprising thirteen war vessels—by the early part of next spring. A very large force of divers and machinery are employed on the work, and an investment of upward of $70,000 has been made in the enterprise.

AN OLD SOLDIER.—Thomas Stewart, aged 92 years, of East Newton, Ohio, was a private in the One Hundred and First Ohio Regiment, and took part in the battle of Perryville, where he was complimented for his bravery and soldierly bearing. He has four sons, two grandsons, and three sons-in-law at present in the army. He was born in 1770, at Litchfield, Conn., where his father now resides, aged 122 years.

PICKET GUARDS.—You read in the papers about "picket firing," about "capturing pickets," "driving in pickets," and so on. Perhaps you would like to know what the pickets of an army are. They are its sentinels, its watchmen, its look-outs, to give it early notice of danger. When an army encamps, the soldiers are tired and want to sleep. But if they should all lie down and go to sleep, an enemy might come and surprise and capture them. Hence, some are "detailed" from every company, and placed in charge of an officer, called the "officer of the guard." He takes them out from a quarter to half a mile, and places them where they can watch for the enemy without being seen. He is careful, also, to place them where they can readily run together and help each other if there is danger, or can send an alarm back, from one to another, to the officer or into camp. This is calling putting the guards in supporting distance. When the picket is posted by the officer, he is told to keep a constant look-out in every direction, and to listen for all unusual sounds. If a single man approaches, he is to challenge him, and if he cannot give the countersign, the picket is to call for the officer of the guard, and to keep the man at the point of the bayonet until the officer comes. If the man when challenged tries to run away, the picket is to shoot him, for he is probably a spy. If the picket sees or hears a large body of men approaching, he does not wait to challenge them, but fires his gun to give the alarm, and runs back. The other picket hearing his alarm falls back too, and form together under the officer of the guard. If the body of men coming seems to be more numerous than they, the guards fall back to the camp and rouse the whole army to resist an attack. This is called driving in the pickets. If a picket sleeps on his post, the enemy may capture him, and surprise the whole army. For this reason, sleeping while on guard is a great crime, according to the military law, and is punished with death. An army without pickets would be like a man blind and deaf on a railroad track. It would not know when danger was near, though liable to be overtaken by it at any moment.—*Christian Herald.*

THE MODEL OF MILAN CATHEDRAL.—A modest carpenter of Lecc, being, as every good Lombard must be, a great admirer of the cathedral, tried to copy some parts of it on a small scale. The work of pastime soon became the work of love, and after twenty years of constant toil he produced the complete model, which now adorns the Italian department of the International Exhibition. People of all classes flock around it every day; but, above all, it excites the wonder of the working man, who better understands what trials of patience and ingenuity it must have cost.

A FOREST OF NUTMEG-TREES.—Intelligence has been received by the Dutch Government, that Dr. Burstain while undertaking a scientific expedition to the Moluccs Islands and New Guinea, made an important discovery in the Island of Batjan. In his ascent of the chain of mountains known by the name of the Sahoolat range, which, it appears, had never been scientifically examined by any other European previously—he discovered, at a elevation of from 2,000 to 3,800 feet above the level of the sea, a very extensive forest of nutmeg-trees, laden with fruit of unusual size and excellent quality—in fact, far superior to any hitherto seen in the European markets. In consequence of the favorable nature of Dr. Burnstein's official communication, reporting that this nutmeg-tree forest extends over a very large tract of country, orders have been sent out from Holland to the governor-general to obtain a few picals of this produce as a sample, and send it to Holland, where its value will be practically tested by the price it fetches in the usual spice sales of the Netherlands Trading Company.

TREATMENT OF CROUP.

[illegible] an inflammation of the inner surface [illegible]pipe. Inflammation implies heat, and [illegible] must be subdued, or the patient will inevitably die. If prompt efforts are made to cool the parts in case of an attack of croup, relief will be as prompt as it is surprising and delightful. All know that hot water applied to a hot skin cools it, but all do not as well know and understand that cold water applied to an inflamed skin [illegible] certainly cool it off. Hence the application [illegible] water with linen cloths, or of almost boiling [illegible]ish woolen flannel are very efficient in [illegible] two or three pieces of [illegible] enough to cover

SEA-SICKNESS.

The July number of *Silliman's Journal* contains an article by R. M. Bache, of the United States Coast Survey, on the "Physiology of Sea Sickness." Prof. Bache asserts the theory that this distressing malady is not a disease of the stomach, but of the brain, and arises from the fact of the mind not being able to understand the varying motions of the boat as rapidly as the senses feel them, thus causing a conflict of impressions, and a consequent affection of the brain, which in turn deranges the nervous system and produces nausea.

The smell of food, close air, and similar matters, may aggravate the disease, but are not the primary cause of it. As soon as the mind is educated up to a point that enables it to conceive the idea of each motion as soon as it is felt, sea-sickness ceases.

Prof. Bache recommends persons going on board a vessel to eat an ordinary meal, and while on board to conform as closely as possible to their habits while on land. The deck is the best place to remain during sea-sickness, as the sight can there be best educated to the movements, and the fresh air has also a good effect. A steady gaze at the horizon enables the sufferer to quickly estimate the movements of the ship. If possible, choose a position amidships on deck, spread a mattress, lie down and look out at the horizon, and then all has been done that can be done to prevent or cure sea-sickness.

SALT FOR THE THROAT.

In these days, when diseases of the throat are so prevalent, and so many cases fatal, we feel it our duty to say a word in behalf of a simple, and what has been with us a most effective preventive, if not a positive cure for sore throat. For many years past, indeed we may say during the whole of a life of over forty years, we have been subject to a sore throat, and more particularly to a dry, hacking cough, which was not only distressing to ourselves, but to our friends and those with whom we were brought into business contact. Last fall we were induced to try what virtue there was in common salt. We commenced using it three times a day, morning, noon and night. We dissolved a large tablespoonful of pure table salt in about half a small tumbler full of cold water. With this we gargled the throat most thoroughly just before meal time. The result has been that during the winter we were not only free from the usual coughs and colds to which, as far as our memory extends, we have always been subject, but the dry, hacking cough has entirely disappeared. We attribute these satisfactory results to the salt gargle, and do most cordially recommend a trial of it to those of our readers who are subject to diseases of the throat. Many persons who have never tried the salt gargle have an impression that it is unpleasant. Such is not the case. On the contrary, it is pleasant, and after a few days' use, no person who loves a nice, clean mouth, and a first rate sharpener of the appetite, will abandon it.—*Farmer and Gardener.*

AN INSECT SAMSON.

Every one who has taken the common beetle in his hand knows that its limbs, if not remarkable for agility, are very powerful; but I was not prepared for so Samsonian a feat as that I have just witnessed. When the insect was brought to me, having no box immediately at hand, I was at a loss to know where to put it until I could kill it; but a quart bottle full of milk being on the table, I placed the beetle for the present under that, the hollow at the bottom allowing him room to stand upright. Presently to my surprise, the bottle began to move slowly, and glide along the smooth table, propelled by the muscular power of the imprisoned insect, and continued for some time to perambulate the surface, to the astonishment of all who witnessed it. The weight of the bottle and its contents could not have been less than three pounds and a half, while that of the beetle was about half an ounce; so that it readily moved a weight one hundred and twelve times exceeding its own. A better notion than figures can convey will be obtained of this fact by supposing a lad of fifteen to be imprisoned under the great bell of St. Paul's, which weighs 15,000 pounds, and to move it to and fro upon a smooth pavement by pushing within.—*Prof. Goss.*

WHY WASHINGTON IRVING DID NOT MARRY.

IT was while engaged in writing his "History of New York," that Irving, then a young man of twenty-six, was called to mourn the somewhat sudden death of Matilda Hoffman, whom he had hoped to call his wife. This young lady was the second daughter of Josiah Hoffman, and the sister of those two talented men, Chas. Fenno Hoffman, the poet, and Ogden Hoffman, the eloquent jurist. In her father's office, Washington Irving had essayed to study law, and with every prospect, if industrious and studious, of a partnership with Mr. Hoffman, as well as a matrimonial alliance with Matilda. These high hopes were disappointed by the decease of the young lady on the 20th of April, 1809, in the eighteenth year of her age.

There is a pathos about Irving's recital of the circumstances of her death, and of his own feelings, that is truly painful and tear-impelling. He says: "She was taken ill with a cold. Nothing was thought of it at first; but she grew rapidly worse, and fell into a consumption. I cannot tell you what I suffered. . . . I saw her fade rapidly away: beautiful and more beautiful and more angelic to the very last. I was often by her bedside; and in her wandering state of mind she would talk to me with a sweet, natural, and affecting eloquence, that was overpowering. I saw more of the beauty of her mind in that delirious state than I had ever known before. Her malady was rapid in its career, and hurried her off in two months. Her dying struggles were painful and protracted.

"For three days and nights I did not leave the house, and scarcely slept. I was by her when she died; all the family were assembled round her, some praying, others weeping, for she was adored by them all. I was the last one she looked upon. . . . I cannot tell you what a horrid state of mind I was in for a long time. I seemed to care for nothing; the world was a blank to me. I abandoned all thoughts of the law. I went into the country, but could not bear solitude, yet could not enjoy society. There was a dismal horror continually in my mind, that made me fear to be alone. I had often to get up in the night and seek the bed room of my brother, as if the having a human being by me would relieve me from the frightful gloom of my own thoughts.

"Months elapsed before my mind would resume any tone; but the despondency I had suffered for a long time in the course of this attachment, and the anguish that attended its catastrophe, seemed to give a turn to my whole character, and throw some clouds into my disposition, which have ever since hung about it. . . . I seemed to drift about without aim or object, at the mercy of every breeze; my heart wanted anchorage. I was naturally susceptible, and tried to form other attachments, but my heart would not hold on; it would continually recur to what it had lost; and whenever there was a pause in the hurry of novelty and excitement, I would sink into dismal dejection. For years I could not talk on the subject of this hopeless regret; I could not even mention her name, but her image was continually before me, and I dreamt of her incessantly."

Such was the language in which Irving poured forth his sorrows and sad memories, in a letter written many years ago to a lady who wondered at his celibacy, and expressed the wish to know why he had never married. Thirty years after her death, Irving was visiting Mr. Hoffman, and a grand-daughter in drawing out some sheets of music to be performed upon the piano, accidentally brought with them a piece of embroidery, which dropped upon the floor. "Washington," said Mr Hoffman, "this is a piece of poor Matilda's workmanship." His biographer describes the effect as electric. "He had been conversing in the sprightliest mood before," says Pierre M. Irving, "and he sank at once into utter silence, and in a few moments got up and left the house."—*Boston Post.*

POISONOUS COFFEE FOR SOLDIERS.

A friend writes from Vermont that the "Prepared Coffee," which is furnished extensively to the army, is a fruitful source of the sore sicknesses which are carrying so many thousands of strong men to the grave. He says that soldiers who have been in camp not over two months, and who were always healthy before, but then were taken down with typhoid fever, declare that it was the prepared coffee which produced the sickness. We name the matter in hopes that some skilful and humane surgeon or chemist in the army will look into it, and if the facts are so, take measures to have a stop put to this wholesale murder, and have the guilty punished.

GLIMPSES OF THE DUTCH.

THE DUTCHMAN'S PARADISE.

The paradise of a Dutchman is *Brück*. This is a village of about seven hundred inhabitants, an hour's journey or so north of Amsterdam. Cross the ferry in a short steamer, proceed for half an hour along the great Helder canal in a *Trekschuit*—a mode of conveyance, by the way, delightfully national in its order and peace—then hire a carriage, for which you must pay what is asked, or want it, and proceed leisurely along the banks of the canal for three or four miles, until you reach Brück. The peep one gets from the road across the country gives a perfect idea of Holland, which looks like the flat bottom of a boundless sea drained or draining off; the cattle in the fields, the scattered villages with their steeples, and tall trees here and there, with storks studying in earnest meditation on the margin of long ditches, all assure you that, in the mean time, the land has got the best of it. Yet it is impossible not to have damp, uneasy feelings, lest by some unnoticed power of evil—an unstopped leakage, dry rot in a sluice gate, or some mistake or other to which all things mundane are subject—a dyke should burst, and the whole Zuyder Zee pour itself like a deluge over the country, leaving you and your carriage out of sight of land.

Brück is well worth a peep. The only thing I had ever heard about it in history was the high state of its cleanliness, which had gone so far that the tails of the cows were suspended by cords lest they should be soiled by contact with the ground, and afterward be used to switch the pure and dappled sides of their possessors at any moment when the said possessors were suddenly thrown off their guard by the bite of some unmannerly insect.

I can certify to the reality of this caudal arrangement. It seemed, however, to be more cleanly than comfortable. The most ordinary sympathy with suffering caused an irritation in one's skin, as he saw the tail suddenly checked by the string, just when about to descend upon and sweep away a huge fly busy breakfasting about the backbone or shoulder-blade.

A model village preserved in a glass case could not be more free from dust, life, or human interest than this Brück. A small lake with innumerable small canals so interlace the cottages and streets, that it looks as if built upon a series of islands connected by bridges. The streets are all paved to the water's edge with small bricks. Each tree is bricked round to the trunk. Bricks keep down earth, grass, and damp, and are so thoroughly scoured and spotless that it is impossible to walk without an uneasy feeling of leaving a stain from some adhering dust of mother earth. The inhabitants (if there are any) seem to have resigned the town to sight-seekers. I am quite serious when I assure the reader that three travellers, at eleven o'clock in a fine summer forenoon, watched from a spot near the centre of the village, and did not for at least ten minutes see a living thing, except a cat stealing slowly towards a bird, which seemed to share the general repose. You ask, very naturally, What were the inhabitants about? I put this question at the time in a half-whisper, but there was no one to answer. All experienced, I think, a sort of superstitious awe from the unbroken quiet, so that the striking of a clock made us start. We visited the church-yard (naturally,) and found everything arranged with the same regard to order. There are no graves; but rows of small black wooden pegs driven into the ground, rising six inches above the grass, with a number on each, a little larger than those used for marking flowers, indicate the place where the late burghers of this Sleepy Hollow finally repose. I have never seen so prosaic and statistical a graveyard. Contrast with this the unfenced spot in a highland glen, its green grass mingling with the bracken and heather, and its well-marked mound, beside which the sheep and her lamb recline except when roused by the weeping mourner! To live in Brück, and be known after death, only as a number in its church-yard, would seem to be the perfection of order and the genius of contentment. To be mentioned by widow and children like an old account, a small sum, an item less from the total of the whole—as "our poor 46," or "our dear departed 154!" What an *in memoriam!* The intensity of the prose becomes pleasing to the fancy. I am not sure how far it would be unadvisable to send a colony of Irish peasantry and pigs to improve Brück!

CLEANLINESS OF THE DUTCH.

We cannot fail being struck by some features common to all Dutch cities. One, of course, is the cleanliness and order everywhere visible. The streets, with their small red brick pavement, are scrubbed like an in-door floor; and the fronts of the houses are all subjected to a constant watering from syringe pumps, like those used by our gardeners. The vessels in the canals are equally clean. They are ranged, as if by a theodolite, in straight lines, and what is wanting in elegance or variety of form—for they are all the same in rotundity of build, looking so like drawing-lessons—is made up in perfect cleanliness. Every bit of brass is beautifully scoured and polished. The sailors are constantly washing the oars or scrubbing the decks. At the stern may be seen small windows two feet square or so, with their white curtains tied up with ribbon, and probably a few small pots of flowers; and there live the whole family of the worthy masters of the *Vrow Catherina*. Most people are annoyed by the cleanliness of the Dutch. Scotchmen are always so. They cower, at least, praise it, but either express a mere sense of wonder at such a fuss being made about it, deplore the precious time wasted in scouring it, or detract from the supposed virtue, giving "no thanks" because of the abundance of water close at hand. I heard a Scotchman say, when treading carefully over a scrubbed street, "Did any one ever see the like of this? I do believe that the heaviest punishment which you could inflict upon these towns, would be to shake off the dust from your shoes and leave it with them!" This was pure envy. We must admit that Scotland and Ireland contain the filthiest villages in the world. "But that is the climate." No; look at Holland. Pray, my dear countryman, do not excuse such habits, but whenever you can, lecture your village neighbors on the blessings of water and the beauty of soap, and tell them about the cleanly Dutch.

A good story is told of Gottschalk during his late professional tour in Canada. At his concert in Montreal loud calls were made for "Dixie" as soon as he took his seat. For a moment the pianist was confused, but, soon collecting himself, he faced his audience and sat in silence for a few moments with folded arms. When the tumult ceased, he turned to his piano, and, as one of his companions says, played "Hail Columbia," the "Star-spangled Banner," and "Yankee Doodle," as they were never before played on that instrument. The audience were completely shamed, and, acknowledging the rebuke, were liberal in their applause during the rest of the evening. It may not be generally known that Gottschalk is a native of New Orleans, and for this exhibition of his patriotism he should have full credit.

THE BIBLE IN FORMING CHARACTER.

An English barrister, who was accustomed to train students for the practice of law, and who was not himself a religious man, was once asked why he put students, from the very first, to the study and analysis of the most difficult parts of the sacred Scriptures? "Because," said he, "there is nothing like it, in any language, for the development of mind and character."

ITEMS.

A living male gorilla has been brought to Liverpool. He appears quite docile, and amuses himself by dancing around the room at Mr. Newby's, the eminent naturalist, and attempting to sew pieces of blankets together. His skin is of an olive color, and as he is yet very young, only slightly covered with hair. He is remarkably fond of good living. Young Mr. Gorilla is about three feet and a half in height, very broad and thick across the chest, while his arms and legs are long and sinewy, displaying great strength. He has a great habit of putting his feet into any stray boots or shoes which may be lying about, and when he is discovered in his freaks, he invariably runs for protection to any lady who may be present. His face, unlike the generally entertained opinion, is not fierce or repulsive-looking, although the jaws are both broad and heavy.

THE question, "What becomes of all the pins?" is partly answered by one of the papers in Birmingham, England. An old sewer in that city, just opened for repairs for the first time in many years, was found to be paved with a deposit of millions of pins, compacted into a mass as hard as the slag from the blast-furnace. Every sewered town would probably furnish a similar spectacle.

LONDON will be riddled by pneumatic pipes shortly, as well as underground railways. The first pipe for blowing along letters at the rate of fourteen miles an hour is laid on between the North-Western railway terminus and the district post-office of that locality. It will be at work within a month, and then will be continued to the General Post-office, doubtless spreading with rapidity all over London.

A very happy comment on the annihilation of time and space by locomotive means of travel was made by a little girl who had ridden fifty miles in a railroad train, thus took a coach to her uncle's house, some five miles farther, and was asked on her arrival if she came by the cars. "We came a little way in the cars, and then all the rest of the way in a carriage."

IT is said that Rossini is busy with a composition which is to reproduce all the hideous noises with which he is plagued by the railway that passes close by his villa at Passy. The roaring, puffing, snorting, whistling, of the engines, the ringing of the bells, the shrieking of the conductors and passengers—in short, the whole chorivari of the iron rail is embodied in it, as Paris papers say, with great humor.

Family Circle.

NELLIE.

Our Nellie is a remarkably interesting child. Strangers call her beautiful, because she has red lips, pink cheeks, the most laughing blue eyes you ever saw, shaded by long dark lashes, and her hair is just a profusion of sunny curls. To me children are always the most interesting beings in the world, and there is nothing that I would not do for a sweet-faced, gentle little girl:—I say sweet-faced, for I think that children's faces are an index of the heart, and an unselfish little soul is sure to leave an impress of itself upon the face. So when Nellie is loving and generous, she is a priceless household treasure, and it is our delight to watch the unfoldings of the blossom which God has given us, and to guard and shield it from chilling, wintry winds. Still she is the cause of many a heartache, for she is a faulty little specimen of humanity, and there have been times when it seemed that our only hope of Nellie lay in that God had made the hearts of children naturally plastic, and susceptible to teaching and impression. Besides, we have noted, and with gladness, that whenever Nellie has been able *herself* to achieve a victory over some naughty little propensity, it always leaves a good and lasting impression. It has led me to believe with Thomas De Quincey, that children have "a specific power of contemplating the truth," and it is clear to me as to him, that in those paths "which require no knowledge of the world to unravel, they tread more firmly than men." I am going to tell you, now something about Nellie:—a little thing is itself, but quite a great thing for a five year-old girl.

One day, Nellie was sitting in the window stringing beads. She had a box full of them, and such treasures in the way of beads do not fall to the lot of many little girls. There were huge milk-white ones, that I verily believe were carved from a cow's horn, while others were pure and delicate as a pearl. There were black ones of every imaginable shape and size, some of which I knew to be "real jets;" then there were amber-hued circlets, chased miniature globes of emerald green, tiny gilded beads, so small that they looked like a heap of golden mustard-seed; azure-colored ones of various kinds, some as rarely blue as Nellie's eyes; others were as red as rubies, and as precious; besides piles of purple ones, yellow, and orange, and stone colour, and gray—in short, you would have thought that everything that ever was invented in the shape of a bead was represented in Nellie's box.

If you had seen her as she looked that afternoon, sitting in the sunlighted window, her face wrought into an earnest intent upon her work, you would have thought it a pleasant picture to look upon. The oft-quoted line of Keats came into my mind: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever;" and at the same time I remembered that a "thing of beauty" is not a "joy," when there is anything ugly or evil to mar or blemish it. And yet I thought she never looked so sweetly nor seemed so dear, as when, in a moment afterwards, she held up to my view a string upon which she had enshrined a ruby-colored bead in the midst of amber and gold colored ones of gradated sizes.

"I am making mamma a bracelet," she whispered, impressively, "but you must be very private about it, for it is to be a Christmas present," and down went the curly head again, and away flew the busy little fingers.

"Nellie," said I, "Mary Atkins is coming in to see you."

Mary is the only child of her mother, and she a widow. Our pleasant mansion upon the top of the hill, and Mrs. Atkins' tenement at the foot, are the only dwellings in sight of each other, so the two children are thrown much together. But Mary is different from Nellie. She is pale-faced, and, although she owns a pair of great wondering eyes, she is undemonstrative in her ways, and this afternoon she wore a calico dress, which, although clean, looked cold and meager by the side of Nellie's warm-colored wool-delaine. She did just what you would have thought—sat down by Nellie in her quiet way, and, without speaking, watched the bead-stringing with evident interest.

"Where did you get them?" she asked at last.

"My uncle sent them to me from New York," replied Nellie, with a toss of her curls. "He is a wholesale bead-merchant there, and has the monopoly of the trade."

Nellie had heard some one say this before: besides, she has a proclivity for the use of long words whenever she feels in a haughty humor.

"What will you ever do with so many?" asked Mary again.

"Oh, I shall find sufficient use for them," was the reply, with another toss of the head.

Her mother, who had come in, probably thought it a suitable time to break in upon Nellie's selfishness, for she selected a needle and thread from her work-basket, and said to Mary, "Here is a needle and thread for you, Nellie has so many beads that she will be glad to give you some; and you can have a nice time together."

But Mary hesitated, for a strange light came into Nellie's eyes, and her face was working like a small thunder cloud.

"Nellie!" said her mother, in a tone of both surprise and reproof.

Like a flash, the box of beads was thrown violently into Mary's lap, whence they rolled, hither and thither, over the carpet.

"She may have them *all!*" screamed Nellie. "Every one of my beautiful beads that Uncle James sent me from New York!" and stamping and screaming in her wrath, Nellie hid her face in the corner, while Mary's eyes only looked the more wondering, as with characteristic quietness she gathered up the various colored beauties, and deliberately walked home.

When Nellie's paroxysm had subsided, her mother took her, still sobbing, into her lap.

"Poor Nellie!" she said, "I do not wonder she sobs. Mamma is ready to cry too."

This took the child's attention! it was a phenomenon she never yet had witnessed.

"Mamma is ready to cry because she is so sorry and so very much ashamed. Mary has no uncle to send her pretty things from New York, and I know Uncle James would be sadly shocked if he knew Nellie was so selfish that she could not use a little self-denial, enough to make another little girl happy."

That night, when Nellie was being undressed, she looked up into my face, and in a little earnest way, that both charmed and surprised me, said, "What is self-denial?"

"Self-denial," said I, "is when a little girl gives up her own pleasure for the sake of making another happy."

"Would to be self-denial," she asked, "for me to give *all* my beads to Mary Atkins?"

"No, I don't think Mary would be any happier to take them all. I do not think Mary is selfish enough for that."

"Would it be self-denial to give her *half*?"

"Do you think it would?" said I.

She did not reply to my question, but looked up in her witching way, and said, "Do you use self-denial?"

"Yes," said I, "very often."

"Well, but did you when you were a *little girl?*"

"I am not sure;—I cannot remember."

"I guess you *didn't*," said she, "unless they *made* you do it."

About midnight I was awakened by Nellie, who said, "You know I've got eight rubies; would two be enough to give Mary Atkins for self-denial?"

"I think it would," said I.

"That would be enough for two bracelets, you know."

"Yes," said I, "I think it would be enough to give Mary; but I would go to sleep now, and not think of it until morning."

In the morning she awoke, happy as ever, until the sight of the box on the mantel shelf brought back the weighty subject.

"Oh dear," said she, impatiently, "I've got to use self-denial, and give some of my beads to Mary Atkins!"

"I should think you would do so, by all means," said her mother. "I do not see how you can atone for your behaviour yesterday in any other way."

Not long afterwards, I heard her in another room talking to herself in this way:

"Oh, you beautiful, *beautiful* beads. I do not want to give you away one bit! But you have so *many*," she continued in a tone as if another person was speaking. "I know it, and I suppose I can get more from Uncle James; but then I don't admire self-denial!"

Then all was silent; and when I went in where she was, she had assorted the beads, taking two of the "rubies," and about the same proportion of others she thought most valuable, and stood regarding them with quivering lip and chin. This was the crisis, the trial of victory, and I came to the rescue.

"That is enough," said I, "I don't think you can spare any more. I will do them up for you, and you may get your new hood and go and carry them to her."

She obeyed, without hesitation, and I saw her walking down the hill with the air of one relieved of a burden. It was not long, however, before she came back, flushed and excited.

"Mary Atkins," said she, "would not let me use self-denial! She said I had no business to get so angry, and she did not want my old beads. I guess she *did*, though!" continued Nellie. "I guess she told her mother, and her mother wouldn't let her!"

"Do you *want* her to have them?" said Nellie's mother.

"Why, yes, mamma: I want to give them to her."

"Shall I send for Mary to come up here?"

"Oh yes," said Nellie, evidently delighted at the prospect of a playmate.

A servant was despatched for Mary, who soon made her appearance; and the children spent one of the happiest of days, and exhausted the whole bead vocabulary in the manufacture of bracelets, necklaces, and ear-rings, without number. This happened three months ago, and that Nellie has not yet forgotten her lesson of self-denial is evident from the lectures she delivers upon the subject daily. If her dolls and kitten are not self-denying in their relations to each other, it is not from any lack of teaching from Nellie.—*Independent.*

HOPE.

Where is last summer? It is gone, and if a man were now to go North, every single latitude that he trod would be a latitude toward winter and toward death apparently. Where is the grass that a thousand cattle browsed upon, on as many hills? It is withered and faded. Where are the million flowers that grow in gardens, that twine along hedges, and that fill the very woods themselves with sweet odors? Not one is to be found. Where are the fruits, the nuts, and the myriad forms of growth in which the whole North abounded? They are all gone. In summer dead, then? Summer is not dead, nor hurt. Is vegetation dead? No, that is not dead: it sleepeth. The roots are safe enough. Have the leaves forsaken the branch? They have fallen, wavering in the air; but before they fell, did not every leaf hang out the colors of hope? Did they not for weeks say, "I go in glory to return in victory?" Come, then, winter! Let January and February do their worst. It will not be long before March will thunder the notes of triumph. It is as certain that there will be a spring as that there has been an autumn. And in this everlasting conflict, year in and year out, through all our latitudes, have we not, if we could read it, a great moral exemplar in the fact that autumn consumes, and spring recreates; and that though every year seems to come to death, every year is victorious? Grass and flower and leaf rise up from the grave of winter.

Beecher in Independent.

"PHILOPENA" IN GERMANY.

When a couple meet after having eaten philopena together, no advantage is taken of the other, until one of them pronounces the word "philopena." This is the warning that now the sport is to begin. Let us suppose that a gentleman calls upon a lady: she invites him to walk in, and at the same time speaks the talismanic word. If he accepts the offer to walk in, he is lost, unless she removes the ban by telling him to go away.

If she tells him to take off his hat, he must resolutely keep it on; if to be seated, he must stand; or if at the table she should hand him any article which he accepts, she wins the forfeit. At the same time he is watching to get her off her guard—for the first acceptance of any offer from the other ends the game. Both are constantly exercising their wits to prevent being caught, and the sports often goes on all the evening.

Perhaps the gentleman brings a little present and says:

"Knowing that I shall lose my philopena, have brought it along. Here it is."

If she is caught off her guard by this smooth speech, she loses—for he immediately claims forfeit. If neither wins at the first meeting, the sport is continued on the second; and it may happen that half a dozen parties meet at the same time, all anxious to win of their philopena partners, so that the scene often becomes ludicrous and amusing.

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